



You rush out of the hospital and into your rented Triumph BR-50 coupe. Getting the whistleblowing tape from ruthless espionage agents will not be easy, but you were not hired to do easy jobs.

You roar across the Cape at high speed. Traffic is light. Within ten minutes, the Triumph is climbing along the high ridge leading to Galey Point. You can look down at a field of marsh grass, beyond which lies the great salt pond. At the end of a dirt road going off to your left is an abandoned lighthouse. A red Datsun pickup truck and two small cars are parked nearby. The sun is just above the horizon, and darkness will soon be setting in. With your Quasar high-revolution spotting scope, you scan the path leading down to the dunes that rim the shore, then examine the area around the lighthouse. You can see a blue-green rubber raft in