

For a long while there is silence. Are they preparing to attack or are they just conducting a war of nerves? You take a few steps down the hall, feeling along the wall. Your hand brushes against a doorknob. You open it and shine your torch-flood on a stocky man. There is a shining black shape in his hand. Standing next to him is Renato Carini!

"It's a pity," she says. "I enjoyed your company, but now that you know I'm really working for Moscow . . ."

The End