



You are awakened by bright sunlight shining on your face. You are lying in an old-fashioned, iron-frame bed. Through the window you can see cows grazing in the distance. There's no chance to escape; your ankle is chained to the bedstead.

While you lie there, rubbing your throbbing head, two short, stocky thugs enter the room. They are almost comically similar—with crude, puffy faces and slicked-back, greasy hair.

While one of them covers you with a snub-nosed pistol, the other unchains you and forces you up out of bed. They lead you to another room and seat you at a table next to a telephone.

