

You step back and study the woman closely. Out of the corner of your eye, you notice a man in a black raincoat approaching. You whirl and run toward the entrance to the airport, then dash for a taxi and jump in.

"Take me to the Lord Dunbar Hotel," you tell the driver.

He accelerates down the airport access road, while you watch out the rear window. The Ford is following.

"Can you shake that car behind us?" you ask.

"I don't know, but I'll give it a try—I've always liked a good race."

He accelerates and then makes a screaming turn, doubling back on a side road. You hear the screeching of brakes behind you as the Ford tries to stay on your tail.

Your car gathers speed.

"If we can cross McCurdy Avenue before the light changes, they'll never get us," the driver says.

You glance at the speedometer; it's quivering at 66 MPH. The light is changing. McCurdy Avenue is about a hundred yards away. Now the light is yellow. A car ahead of you is braking to a stop. The black Ford is gaining from behind. Cross traffic is beginning to move as the light changes. You don't see how your driver can make the crossing, but that may be your only chance.

*If you tell the driver to gun it,
turn to page 46.*

*If you tell him to brake,
turn to page 50.*