

"It surprises me, but I believe you are telling the truth," the bald man says. "You see, we decoded the first part of the whalesong. We know it meant come or follow, and you have confirmed that. But follow where?—to what secret place?"

"I don't know," you reply, as you reach for the \$30,000.

"Not so fast," the bald man says. "You've earned some of that, but not all. You'll get \$5,000 now and \$5,000 when you find out for us what the rest of the message is—where do the whales go? That's what we want. Will you do it?"

You nod affirmatively.

"Do not betray us, or we shall spare no expense to liquidate you."

Two guards usher you out onto the street. You return to your hotel and call Obbard to report on what happened.

"Good work!" he says. "On the basis of the information you've obtained, we can get a warrant to go in and recover the whalesong tape and break up the biggest spy operation in the country."

"Thanks," you say.

You feel good about what you have accomplished. Life should be good for a while, but you wonder how long you will be around to enjoy it.

The End