

"Brake!" you yell.

The driver brakes and swerves. The car careens to a stop against an embankment. The front, right fender crumples against a rock outcropping.

You glance back and see the Ford barreling over a concrete wall. Seconds later it explodes with a roar in a ravine below.

You thank your driver for his work. Strangely, he just smiles and says, "Any time."

Early the next morning, after a few hours' sleep at the Lord Dunbar Hotel, you rent a car and drive out to the farmhouse.

You park off the road a quarter of a mile from the farmhouse and cut through the scrub woods until you find a place from which you can observe without being seen.

Two approaches seem possible. An attic window is open. With your Mark III harpoon gun, you can shoot a line inside. Your line has a grapple on it, which will hook under the window when you pull. Then you can climb up the wall and into the attic and eavesdrop on everything going on in the house.

Another option is to knock on the front door and pretend you are one of their own agents.

If you attempt to enter through the attic,
turn to page 76.

If you attempt to bluff your way in,
turn to page 98.