

DuMont may be in that room, but you decide to hide and let the enemy agents come to you, rather than expose yourself, so you cautiously explore the hallway. At the end is a utility room and workshop.

You hear voices and the sound of footsteps descending the stairs. In a moment you can tell they are opening the door to DuMont's room.

"All right, Comrade DuMont," a voice says. "It's time for you to go on a sea voyage."

Through the crack in the doorway you watch two men start to lead DuMont upstairs. There is no way to capture them without endangering his life.

You cautiously follow them up the stairs. The living room looks like the staging area for an amphibious assault. There are two rubber rafts, packs of equipment and food, and several automatic weapons. Suddenly, you see an opportunity—DuMont is separated from the agents. You run into the room, your auto-rifle at the ready.

"Don't any of you move!" you shout.

Keeping an eye on your prisoners, you call the local police, the FBI, and then Ozbard. You wait briefly, then breathe a sigh of relief as you hear the dull wail of sirens. Within a minute and a half, the police have taken the enemy agents in custody. It looks as if you can get some rest for a change.

You are about to leave with DuMont and return to Boston, when the phone rings. It's Ozbard.

"The president wants both of you to come to Washington immediately," he tells you.

You arrive at the White House early the next morning. The president greets you with a warm smile and a vigorous handshake.

"I have good news for you, Professor DuMont,"