

pavement, but there is a huge pile of garbage bags in the alley. A shot rings out. You don't have time to think. You jump.

You land in the heap of garbage—shaken, but with no broken bones. You climb down and run out of the alley into the street. There is a taxi nearby, and you throw open the door and dive inside. Keeping very low, you tell the driver to take you to La Guardia Airport. Three hours later, you are seated once again in Otthard's office in Washington.

"Good work," he says. "You got the tape and the information needed for us to break up the biggest spy ring in the country."

**The End**