

CAMP-X

VENGEANCE Weapon

"Let me get you a towel, Adara." Holding onto the edge of the tub, Blake attempted to stand up, but without success. Sinking back into the water, he mumbled, "Whew, that Ch, Chablis certainly packs a wallop! Remind me to go easy next time."

"You look like you've seen a ghost," laughed Maloney. "Come on Mac! Mac, you're starting to scare me. Seriously. Talk to me, boy!"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," Mac muttered.

"Okay, Mac, why don't you try me on?" Maloney urged.

Mac smile faintly. "Okay, if you insist. As I was taking the guy's papers, I had a good look at the passengers in the back of the first car."

"So, what did you see?"

"I saw, I saw... Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt sittin' there calm as cucumbers, in the rear seat."

"What? That's it; I've got a mind to report you to the Colonel, for sure this time. I've had your la-di-dah stories up to here. Next, you'll be reporting that little green Martians are flying in for appointments with Colonel Findlay. Get a grip, man!" Maloney stormed out of the gatehouse, to wander down the laneway mumbling to himself.

'Welcome to Casablanca! My Lord, it must be one hundred degrees!' Blake Grey got into line to await his turn to be checked through Customs. Gazing around at the sumptuous décor of the old building, he was intrigued that the large ceiling fans were barely revolving. 'No wonder it's so damn hot in here. How can they possibly be of any use in this suffocating heat? What's going on?'

A scuffle had broken out at the front of the line involving two burly gendarmes and a distraught man in a tan suit who they appeared to be attempting to restrain. Seconds later, 'tan suit' was lying spread-eagled on the marble floor, two service revolvers to his temples, protesting loudly that he was a Swiss diplomat, all interspersed with his cursing of France and Morocco in French, Italian and Arabic.

'Good take down boys!'

Grey reflected.

As if prearranged, the Prefect of Police appeared to order curtly, "Take him away."

Blake felt the sweat beginning on his brow. 'Careful Blake, don't blow it now.' When he reached the front of the line he complied immediately with the surly Customs Agent's demand, "*Papiers, passeport, s'il vous plaît, monsieur.*"

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