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REAL LIFE GAMEBOOKS

THE FEAR FACTOR

Terrorism in the City

Simon Farrell and
Jon Sutherland

Illustrated by Tim Sell



DRAGON

For Timothy Hall, Mr DPG . . . who shall be forever
'Tubby'.

Dragon
An imprint of the Children's Division
of the Collins Publishing Group
8 Grafton Street, London W1X 3LA

First published in paperback by Dragon Books 1988
First published in hardback by Andre Deutsch Limited 1988

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Collins Publishers 1988

ISBN 0-583-31265-9

Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Collins, Glasgow .

Set in Plantin

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REAL LIFE GAMEBOOKS

This is a new kind of role-playing gamebook. *Real Life Gamebooks* allow you to experience momentous world events at first hand. You become involved in actions which will shape the course of history, faced with a series of life and death decisions. You will meet and talk with major figures and become privy to their thoughts and actions, perhaps even influence their decisions yourself!

Think carefully before you make your choices. Danger waits for the unwary in these troubled times and the wrong decision could mean the end of your adventure before it has properly begun.

There are instructions on how to play *Real Life Gamebooks* (you will need a pencil, an eraser and two six-sided dice or the Random Number Table on page 17), a description of the events which are taking place in the world at the time, and a full personal background about your character and what may be expected of you.

You may not complete the story first time; you may wish to go back and try again, seeing what would happen if you made different choices. So fill in the Character Sheet on page 15 in pencil, and you can rub everything out when you want to have another try.

ENGLAND IN THE LATE 1980s

The powerful Western nations of the world, once able to do as they wished without question or complaint, are now far more aware of the political significance of their former colonies.

As the Third World rises, so the West's power becomes less absolute. The situation is all the more perilous as religious and political factions vie for ideological control over the emerging powers. For every legitimate organisation of freedom fighters, there are equal numbers of obscure, unfathomable and violent terror squads ready to rally to any flag. It has long been supposed that European terrorist groups work together, exchange information, give shelter and support and generally pool resources. For the European terrorist, a cause is often just an excuse for acts of uncompromising violence; their own ultimate aim - the anarchic overthrow of the legitimate government of their country.

In *The Fear Factor*, we put forward a scenario which is often considered possible by both security officials and terrorists alike; a single chaotic blow against the will of the western world, to break its resolve and shock it into believing that its own causes are lost.

For our purposes, the Iran-Iraq War is over, the Islamic Republic of Iran is victorious and holds sway over a defeated Iraq.

After the fall of Iraq, the West resolves to settle the matter that they have put off for so long. With the full co-operation of the USSR they propose to set up a powerful international peace-keeping force in the Middle East.

For most people in the West, however, these problems seem remote. Unemployment, drug abuse, alcoholism and crime are more immediate concerns.

A Catalogue of Terror

<i>Act</i>	<i>Group</i>
1975 Balcombe Street siege. 4 terrorists hold the occupants hostage for 6 days before surrendering.	IRA
1976 IRA terrorist leader shot dead in hospital.	UDA
1977 Diplomat murdered in London.	PFLP
2 terrorists blow themselves up while placing a bomb in the Egyptian embassy.	Syrian Int.
1978 PLO leader killed by Moslem fanatics.	Abu Nidal
Iraqi ex-Prime Minister murdered by political rivals.	Iraqi SS
Bulgarian defector murdered by poisoned umbrella tip.	Bulgarian SS
1979 Airey Neave MP blown up whilst leaving the House of Commons car park.	INLA
18 soldiers killed by double bomb attack.	INLA
1980 Iranian Siege. SAS storm embassy and kill 5 terrorists after they murdered 2 hostages.	Iraqi SS
1981 North Sea Oil terminal blown up during the Queen's visit to the Shetlands.	IRA
Government chemical warfare centre contaminated by anthrax virus.	Dark Harvest

Nail bomb attack on bus kills 2 soldiers and wounds 35.	IRA
Royal Marine commander loses leg in car bomb.	IRA
Bomb in Oxford Street burger bar kills soldier.	IRA
Attorney-General and family survive bomb attack.	IRA
Belfast MP murdered.	IRA
1982 Bomb kills 11 army bandsmen in Regents Park during concert. Another bomb injures members of the Household Cavalry on parade.	IRA
1983 Bomb outside Harrods kills 6 and wounds 64.	IRA
1984 Bomb in club injures 27.	Libyan SS
WPC killed outside Libyan embassy. Building stormed after seige.	Libyan SS
Anti-Gadaffi dissident murdered.	Libyan SS
Trawler intercepted off Ireland with cargo of weapons and explosives.	IRA
Bomb in Brighton hotel during Conservative Party Conference. Kills 5 and injures dozens.	IRA
Millions of Mars Bars are removed from shops after several found to be contaminated.	ALF
1986 Arab plants suitcase bomb in girl-friend's luggage before she boards plane for Israel.	Abu Nidal
1987 Several civilians blown up at Enniskillen Remembrance Day ceremony.	IRA

REAL LIFE GAMEBOOK RULES

THE SEVEN SKILLS

There are seven main types of skill in which a character would be proficient in these turbulent times. The degree of ability in any one of these skills will fall between 2 (the worst) and 12 (the best).

The choice of skills is entirely up to you. To start the game you are given a pool of 50 skill points which you can allocate amongst the seven skills. You must give at least 2 points to each of them, and you may not give more than 12 to any one.

The skills in *The Fear Factor* are: Strength, Observation, Luck, Persuasion, Firearm, Leadership and Combat. Read the information about each skill below and examine the sample character at the end of this section before you allocate your points and fill in the totals on your Character Sheet on page 15.

Strength: - This is your physical strength and is used for all forms of vigorous activity and non-combat situations.

Observation: - At times you will need this skill to stay out of trouble. Once in it, observation may save your life. This skill will also help you to remember things that you have seen.

Luck: - In certain situations, the only option you will have is to place your character's life in the hands of fate. It is often useful to be very lucky!

Persuasion: - In sticky circumstances you will need to be able to talk your way out of a problem. If you are caught cold with no weapon and nowhere to run, a bit of gentle persuasion will often pay off.

Firearm: - Although your character would not ordinarily be required to be a particularly good shot, you never know when this might come in handy. This skill covers all weapons from pistols to heavy machine guns.

Leadership: - All men need to be led and this skill will ensure that you are the leader. Better to be in control of the decisions than rely on someone else to make them for you, whether you are a terrorist or on the side of law and order.

Combat: - Occasionally, you will find yourself in a position without a weapon. This skill will enable you to fend off attacks and fight back in hand-to-hand combat.

HOW THE SKILLS WORK

Combat

There will be times in the course of the adventure when your character will have to fight. Although this

can almost always be avoided by making the correct choices, it is not always to your advantage to run from combat. In such cases, the paragraph at which the fight takes place will give you all the information you need. You will be told three things: What weapon you must use (if you have a choice, you will be told so), what kind of opponent you are facing, and which numbered paragraphs-to turn to if you are victorious or if you are beaten.

Your opponent will be described like this:

Terrorist Rifle 7

Included on your Character Sheet are a number of Combat Boxes. Each time you are about to enter a fight, you should use one of these Combat Boxes to fill in the details about yourself and your opponent. This is particularly useful if you are fighting more than one foe. Most importantly, do not forget to write down the number of the paragraph where the fight is taking place.

The way you decide the outcome of the battle is simple. Throw two dice, and if the number you roll is *equal to or less than* your own skill score then you have hit and killed your opponent. If you have no dice, use the Random Number Table on page 17 and follow the instructions on its use.

Once you have rolled the dice for your own attack, you must do the same for your opponent(s). If the number you roll is *equal to or less than* his skill score, he hits you.

The battle continues in this way, with you rolling

the dice for yourself and your opponent alternately, until either you or he is killed.

In some cases you automatically get the first shot, at other times your opponent(s) will shoot first. If it is not stated in the paragraph, you fire first.

Other Skills

In the course of your adventure, there will be times when you must use some of your other skills. For example, you may need to talk your way past a guard (Persuasion skill), or you may need to try your luck in a sticky situation.

Whenever you are asked to test any of your other skills, you must throw two dice and try to roll a number equal to or less than your score in that particular skill. If you have no dice, use the Random Number Table on page 17 and follow the instructions on its use. If you succeed, you will be asked to turn to one paragraph. If you fail, you will have to turn to a different one.

Sometimes you will have to make rolls to test several different skills to accomplish a task.

SAMPLE CHARACTER

- Strength:** 3 If the world could be likened to a patch of weeds, then you are the smallest and weakest on the planet.
- Observation:** 7 Not exactly 'hawkeye', but you have a better chance of seeing things and remembering them than most.
- Luck:** 8 Reasonably high. Quite a lucky character.
- Persuasion:** 8 Quite a smooth talker, but don't rely too heavily on the gift of the gab!
- Firearm:** 8 Not quite an expert, but should hit things more often than not.
- Leadership:** 12 Few could resist following you to the ends of the earth.
- Combat:** 4 You would be far better off sticking to a gun. You would last about ten seconds with Frank Bruno!

CHARACTER SHEET

SKILLS

- Strength
Observation
Luck
Persuasion
Firearm
Leadership
Combat

Ratings (2-12)

Fill in your Character Sheet in pencil so that you can rub out the totals and use the sheet again another time.

COMBAT BOXES

Paragraph you
came from:

Your Skill:

Opponent's:

REAL LIFE GAME BOOKS RANDOM NUMBER TABLE

If you do not have access to any six-sided dice, you may use this table instead. Simply place the book open in front of you and close your eyes. Point with your pencil until you touch the page and then open your eyes to read what number you have 'rolled'.

If any paragraph asks you for a number between one and six, then repeat the above instructions, but halve the number you 'roll', rounding down.

RANDOM NUMBER TABLE

10	7	11	4	7	9	9	5	4	12	10	8
5	5	6	3	6	10	7	7	8	8	7	3
6	8	11	7	9	5	2	4	8	6	6	9
11	6	7	11	8	3	5	7	10	6	12	9
7	9	7	3	10	6	5	4	8	8	7	5
6	6	9	8	2	10	5	4	8	7	4	9
5	4	8	9	7	7	7	8	6	12	5	6
7	11	8	6	4	7	8	3	9	2	8	7
5	6	11	9	9	3	10	4	6	5	10	10

PERSONAL BACKGROUND

Your name is Trevor Rowlands, and you are a resident of a seedy borough of central London.

Since leaving school last year you have been without a job - like millions of other people. Unable to find work, despite many attempts, you have left your parents' house and settled into a boring routine existence.

Your home is a simple one, barely three metres by three, on the ground floor of a house. Within the walls of your bedsit you can hope for a better future, but fear that nothing will change. Alone and friendless, since that is the way of the times, all you can do is wait for the next cheque from the Benefit Office and the solace that it brings, temporarily.

You do not realize at the time, but your attendance at a rally of the Action For Jobs Campaign on a May afternoon in Hyde Park will change your fortunes and future forever . . .



1

The centre of London has been brought to a standstill. The police had expected five thousand demonstrators; they had nearly fifty thousand on their hands - an uncontrollable crowd and a dangerous situation. There have already been incidents, fighting breaking out between demonstrators and gangs of skinheads out looking for trouble.

Yet you are glad you came. The government must be made to listen, made to act about the plight of the unemployed like yourself. But, as you stand some quarter of a mile from the stage in the middle of Hyde Park, trying to listen to the speeches, you know in your heart of hearts that even this massive demonstration of feeling will have little effect, and, not for the first time, rage at your own helplessness wells up inside you.

The Action For Jobs Campaign must not lose momentum. We cannot allow the government to ignore us, I ask each and everyone of you here today to join the AFJC. We already have a half million members. We need funds, willing hands and above all the clout that a million plus members would give us,' concludes the trade union leader, Frank Delman.

The thunderous applause and cheers nearly deafen

you. It reaches a crescendo as the actor, Colin Macdonald, steps forward to address the crowd.

'Friends! I've been with this campaign for only three months now, I didn't realize that by joining the campaign I'd be letting myself in for the abuse and hatred of the establishment. I've not been offered any work since then. They're frightened of us! They're frightened of all the little people! Alone we're nothing, together we're unstoppable! Don't be frightened of joining the AFJC, half a million others haven't been! We've got people at every exit to this park handing out membership forms. Take one, fill it in and join. Without you, the campaign is over, with you we'll win! Thank you for coming today!' he finishes.

The crowd roars again, the specks on the stage in the distance join arms and raise them together in salute to the applause. As messages for missing children, assembly points for coaches and travel information blare out over the tannoy, you start to push your way towards the tube station.

You reach the edge of the park some fifteen minutes later. You are tired, a little frayed, but nevertheless uplifted by today, although you realize that however strong the rhetoric from the stage, the AFJC is powerless to exert any influence on the government. A man in an orange cagoule thrusts a piece of paper into your hand. You stuff it in your pocket and follow the crowd towards Marble Arch.

Will you go home by tube (turn to **114**) or will you walk a little then catch a bus (turn to **84**)?

'I can't remember anything,' you reply.

'You're out of my hands, I'm afraid,' says the Inspector. 'I'm passing you on to intelligence. If you're hiding something, they'll get it out of you. The Director of Public Prosecutions has signed a detention order under the Prevention of Terrorism Act. You can be held for three weeks. You've not seen the last of me,' he concludes.

Now go to **233**.

'We just stay put and wait for them,' you say. 'Time isn't on our side though.'

'We can't just hang around and wait for them to kill us all,' screams Miguel.

'If they get you alive, God help you,' says Fieldmann to Miguel.

'Don't I know it! They'll want my blood for what I did in Oxford Street,' he replies.

The others start bickering amongst themselves about what to do, you are losing control of them. They have no discipline left and are at the end of their usefulness.

'I think that we ought to surrender,' says Fieldmann.

'Count me out,' you say.

'And me,' echoes Davina.

The rest of them are with Fieldmann. Make a Persuasion skill roll to prevent them from giving themselves up.

If you succeed, go to **19**; if you fail, go to **185**

4

Half-hidden in shadow is the slumped frame of a man. There is no doubt in your mind that he is the Secretary of State!

Before anything else can get in your way, you must decide what to do next. Will you continue your pretence of being Gross and wait for an opportunity to save Mosby (go to **177**) or will you make your play now and attack the terrorists when they least expect it (go to **90**)?

5

Pretence is pointless, so you order the others to get their weapons out and prepare to attack.

The SAS men have not noticed you yet; now is the time to seize your chance and storm forward.

There are seven SAS men, but your team have the first shots. Your team look like this:

Miguel	Ingrams 6
Franco	Pistol 5
Davina	Pistol 7
Nomso	Pistol 7

The opposition are:

First SAS	Heckler and Koch 6
Second SAS	Heckler and Koch 7
Third SAS	Heckler and Koch 7
Fourth SAS	Heckler and Koch 6
Fifth SAS	Heckler and Koch 9
Sixth SAS	Heckler and Koch 7
Seventh SAS	Heckler and Koch 8

Roll for each of your team in turn, saving yourself until last, for as long as they survive. All weapons will kill automatically at this range. If you survive and the SAS are all dead, go to **265**; if you are mortally wounded, go to **190**.

6

Franco and Dieter offer to do the job and you leave them on the bridge to man the detonator.

'Any trouble remember . . . throw the switch, take no chances,' he orders.

You drive away and head for south London. Hannah is supposed to meet you at the Waterloo Station taxi cab rank with the Secretary of State. Once he has been safely collected, you will drive back to the bridge to await the beginning of the speech.

'Once we cross the bridge, we get Mosby ready for execution, I don't mind doing it myself. As we drive past the gates of the Houses of Parliament, we throw his carcass out of the car and drive off. Simple?' he says.

'Not exactly. Do you honestly think that we won't be stopped?' you reply.

'Sure they'll try, so what?' he answers.

Not convinced with Wallace's reply, you cannot help but think that he has not really thought through the whole plan. It occurs to you that he probably did not expect the group would get as far with it as they have.

You pull into Waterloo Station a few minutes before

the rendezvous time and wait for Hannah to appear with the Secretary of State.

'She'll be in a stolen cab. Make the change over fast. We can't afford to slip up here,' says Wallace.

You sit and wait for a few tense minutes. Each time a cab arrives, you think that it will be Hannah. At two-thirty, ten minutes after the appointed time, she has still not shown.

'Drive away!' shouts Wallace.

'What?' you say.

'Drive away, something's gone wrong,' he repeats.

The driver quickly leaves the station and stops in a side street nearby.

'We have to call it off. Hannah not turning up can only mean one thing, the authorities are on to us and if we go ahead, we'll be driving into a trap,' he explains.

Do you agree with Wallace (go to **294**) or do you disagree with him (go to **81**)?

7

Suddenly someone shoots you. You have no idea where the shot came from. Whoever fired, they obviously did not mean to kill you. Your leg is on fire with pain. As you stumble to take the weight off your injured leg, you fall.

Now go to **173**.

8

The man is battered to the ground before your eyes. As two of the men kick the fallen man, the third looks around for his next victim.

His eyes meet with yours, it looks as if you are next! Make a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to **179**; if you fail, go to **284**.

9

Make a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to **288**; if you fail, go to **14**.

10

You spend the next day stripping and cleaning weapons. The squads will also be armed with American M72 bazookas. They are very effective, particularly against vehicles. Each of you get a chance to fire one in the quarry that afternoon.

The group seems divided as to whether the plans can be foolproof, and no one is really sure that kidnapping the American was a good idea. Wallace is tight-lipped, he will not say what the next phase of the plan will be. Whoever is paying the group's bills must be very well connected, although the bulk of your comrades are English, there are at least ten other nationalities represented from Oman to Australia.

Wallace calls a briefing meeting. The attack is to take place immediately.

Now go to **71**.

11

'I won't do it!' you shout. 'I'm not throwing away my life for money and especially not for Mosby's miserable life.'

'I was afraid that you would say that,' he replies. 'Consider this, you have broken several laws over the last couple of days, have you not? Would you like me to catalogue them for you . . .? Perhaps not, you do understand what I am saying to you, Mr Rowlands?'

Hamer is right. All he has to do is to hand you over to the police and they would have a field day.

Will you reconsider his offer? If so go to **74**; if not, go to **246**.

12

When you reach the entrance to the car park you find that the guard hut is deserted.

Make an Observation skill roll. If you succeed, go to **110**; if you fail, go to **264**.

13

More than a little groggy, you pick yourself off the pavement and catch your breath.

'Very athletic, I'm sure,' says a voice.

'You! How did you . . .?' you start.

'Rang the bell several times. Emergency stop!' she replies.

'Now what?' you enquire.

'Like I said before, I'll take you to see the boss,' she answers.

A Rover pulls up and the driver gets out, gives the keys to her and then saunters off down the road.

'Let's go,' she announces.

You both get in and drive off towards the A40. She

is not very talkative during the journey, not willing to answer any of your questions for the moment.

Now go to **218**.

14

The shot ricochets off the handrail and hits you in the leg before you can even move. You tumble helplessly down the staircase, to end precariously balanced on the platform with London whizzing by at 30 mph.

Gradually, you lose consciousness.

You nicker back into the land of the living, with little pain despite your leg wound. You cannot move, not because of your injury, but because you have been restrained. Stout leather bonds hold you to the couch you are lying upon.

The room you are in resembles a hospital casualty department, but you doubt that it is in fact any such thing.

You appear to be right, sitting on the far side of the room are the girl, Lorraine, and two men who do not look like doctors; they bear a remarkable resemblance to two men who were hanging around the police station.

'Awake are you?' asks one of the men.

'What does it look like!' you complain.

'We're sorry about the leg, Lorraine didn't mean to hit you. She just got a right rocket from the old man,' says the other.

'You shouldn't've tried to get away. I had a gun,' scolds Lorraine.

'I'm dreadfully sorry I got in the way,' you reply sarcastically.

Now go to **16**.

15

With Hall, Needham and Hughes, you descend to the ground floor once more by lift. It will be rather tricky to approach the men on the bridge without spooking them.

'We need some transport,' you say.

I'll get a car,' says Hall.

'Make sure it looks innocuous,' you tell him.

He nods and disappears down the tunnel.

Emerging just underneath Big Ben, you wait for Hall to bring the car around from the cloisters near the bridge.

You and Needham hide in the back, Hughes and I look like civilians anyway,' you say.

You get into the front seat and Hughes gets in behind the wheel. When the two policemen have hidden themselves on the back seat, you order Hughes to make for the bridge.

Passing the gate, you realize that it should not be open. There ought to be at least two policemen on duty here. The terrorists must have taken care of them already. There is no time to lose.

Now go to **56**.

16

A man in a white coat comes in to the room. He stoops over your leg, examining the damage and seems to be satisfied with the dressing on it.

'It will hurt for a couple of days, Mr Rowlands, nothing more. It is only a flesh wound,' he tells you.



'Glad to hear it, but it doesn't make it hurt any less,' you reply.

I'll give you an injection for that. You'll be right as rain by the morning, I assure you,' he insists.

The 'doctor' rolls up your sleeve, injects your arm expertly and painlessly, then leaves.

Slowly the world slips away into darkness and welcomerest.

Now go to **261**.

17

Wallace stops the car outside one of the barns, gets out and indicates that you follow him. You dive for cover behind the car as you hear automatic gun fire open up. Wallace laughs and tells you that the others are just practising with weapons.

'It's OK. You'll get used to that,' he says.



'Hope so, I'd make a great terrorist if I dived for cover every time I heard a shot,' you reply.

He nods and smiles, then takes you into the barn nearby.

'Well here we are, M16s, AK47s, rocket launchers, grenades, explosives, claymores and my favourite . . . the M60 heavy machine gun,' he says, patting the barrel of a gun on a tripod.

'You can start your own war with this lot!' you exclaim.

'Right! That's exactly what we're going to do,' says Wallace.

The armoury is very impressive, dozens of different weapons from dozens of different countries. It looks as if Direct Action has got not only the cause, but also the money to mount operations.

'Lee!' shouts Wallace.

'Coming Gwynn,' replies a voice from the back of the warehouse.

A tall, Mediterranean-looking man emerges carrying a box of grenades. He sets the weapons down on the ground and shakes hands with Wallace.

This is Trevor Rowlands,' says Gwynn.

'Pleased to meet you . . . new recruit? I'm Lee Zalacik, armourer and dogsbody,' he replies in a thick eastern European accent.

'Don't listen to him,' says Wallace, 'without him we'd never have got half of this stuff. Can you kit him up with gear, Lee. I've got to get along to the briefing.'

'Sure, come with me, Trevor,' says Zalacik.

The armourer gives you a full combat suit and equipment and issues you with an AK47.

'No ammo yet, not until you've learnt how to use it properly,' he says.

'Great. When do I get to try it out?' you ask.

'Tomorrow,' he replies. 'Now I'll sort you out a bed for the night.'

Now go to **164**.

18

Sliding the key into the lock, you turn the handle on the front door. The well-oiled hinges carry the oak door smoothly, and, as it swings open, you are faced with a brightly illuminated hallway in which several coats hang on a finely carved stand.

Suddenly a door opens at the far end of the hall. A woman steps out clad in a nightshirt, but carrying a pistol.

'Emma?' you ask tentatively.

'Yes,' she replies.

'Walace told me that if I needed a place to hide from the cops, to come here,' you tell her.

'Who are you? Close the door behind you. We don't want the world to see this,' she says waving the pistol.

'Sure,' you say, taking a step inside and closing the door silently behind you.

'Who are you?' she repeats.

'Gross, Nigel Gross,' you say.

'What are you to Wallace, Nigel Gross,' she asks.

'Demolitions man,' you reply.

'Come in. You responsible for the fireworks in Oxford Street?' she asks.

'Yep. Good one, eh? Sorry to, hear about Wallace. You were close?' you enquire.

'Kind of, he used to live here, sometimes,' she replies.

'I'm sorry. Look I've got nowhere else to go. My flat is under surveillance and I need to contact the group real fast,' you say.

'You weren't followed here, were you?' she asks anxiously.

You shake your head, then she relaxes a little and puts the gun down on the table.

'Sit down. I'll get you a drink. Why do you want to contact the others? I'm under strict instructions not to contact them at the moment. I've got visitors, you see,' she says indicating a room off the hall.

You will have to make a Persuasion skill roll to convince her. If you succeed, go to **181**; if you fail, go **200**.

19

We're dead the moment we walk out of that door,' you tell them.

They won't kill us, we'll have no weapons. They've got no reason,' replies Alwari.

'Every reason! We've kidnapped Mosby, killed police and soldiers, caused them a lot of embarrassment as well,' you state.

They know that you are telling the truth and give up any ideas of surrender.

'Let's try to get out my way,' you say.

Tying some bedsheets together, you make an improvised rope and throw it out of the back window. There will be less chance of being seen out there as the flat looks out into a private garden.

Now go to **127**.

20

Sprinting from the relative safety of the tent, you head for an abandoned car some fifty metres away. Bullets crash into the ground all around, but you ignore them and press on.

Wrenching the car door open, you slide across into the driver's seat. As you fumble for the ignition keys a sniper's bullet smashes through the windscreen and out through the back of the car. He will not have a second chance, you think as the car shudders into life and you kick the accelerator to the floor.

Pulling away at maximum speed, you skid and slide towards a ragged line of SAS men caught unprepared by your sudden manoeuvre. A hazy figure looms in front of you and you hit him at seventy mph. The man's body tumbles into the air on impact and lands behind you with a dull thud. Maintaining speed and control, you head off across the bridge and into south London.

Behind you, you hear the ear-splitting detonation of the explosives under the Houses of Parliament. Dieter must have thrown the switch as his last act of defiance.

Not daring to look back at the carnage, you drive a mile or so before ditching the car behind a block of flats. No doubt the description of the car is already being relayed across the city.

You leave your empty and useless automatic on the passenger seat, calmly check your pistol and saunter off towards the Burroughs tube station and a very uncertain future.

Your adventure ends here for the moment.

21

You duck swiftly and the knife embeds itself in the wardrobe behind you. Wallace curses at his bad aim and launches himself at you.

You must shoot him. Make a Firearms skill roll. If you succeed, go to **289**; if you fail, go to **144**.

22

Your burst from the AK47 rips into the front of the car. The driver is riddled with slugs and slumps forward on to the steering wheel.

The car spins out of control directly towards you. Make a Luck roll to avoid being run over. If you succeed, go to **227**; if you fail, go to **286**.

23

When the group arrive back, they have an unexpected guest with them - the American Secretary of State, Simon Mosby!

The group ambushed him and his escort in Berkshire and killed six CIA guards, his aide and driver.

Regrettably, three of those who went on the mission were killed.

You help unload the vehicles and listen to the survivors' stories. Bob takes care of the dead, burying them in the woods nearby. Wallace and Fieldmann take the Secretary of State into the farmhouse to be interrogated by Alwari and Baravelli, who had stayed behind.

Alwari is the group's hit-man, a professional killer who has got the 'politics bug', Barravelli is Direct Action's intelligence officer. They will probably give Mosby a very rough time.

Those who did not go on the mission have been detailed to guard the camp, so you take charge of the road block with one of the others.

Now go to **140**.

24

'We're going to the top of the building and keeping watch on the square,' says Hamer.

There are nine of you including Hamer and you have great difficulty squeezing into the servants' lift to take you to the top floor.

'This place wasn't built for modern use,' Hamer grumbles. 'It's about time Parliament considered moving somewhere more secure.'

You smile at the thought of Hamer striding into the Prime Minister's office and proclaiming that Parliament should consider 'moving to a more secure place'.

Your idle musings are abruptly halted as the lift

judders to a halt and the doors grind open to reveal a badly lit hallway.

'Up these steps,' orders Hamer.

You clamber up to the staircase with the others and find Hamer talking to two uniformed policemen already in position behind the parapets.

'What are your names?' asks Hamer.

'PCs Hall and Needham, sir,' says a slightly portly officer with a moustache.

'Good to have you with us. Armed I take it?' he continues.

They both nod. Obviously they are from the Diplomatic Protection Group who are always armed on duty.

'Rowlands,' he says calling you over to him.

'Yes, sir,' you mimic.

'Take these two officers and Davies and cover the Westminster bridge end of the building. No shooting until we've made sure what's going on,' he orders.

Detailing half of the others to watch the Westminster Abbey side of the square, he takes the remaining men to watch directly over the square itself.

Now to go **55**.

25

'Let me think for a minute. Yes ... he was wearing an army-style jacket and a h a t ... beret, I think,' you say.

'White, Black, Indian ... or what?' asks the inspector.

'White. He had blonde hair and a moustache,' you reply.

'Was there a car waiting?' questions the detective.

'Didn't see one,' you answer. 'He just ran into the crowd. I only saw him for a second, that's all.'

'It's not much, but it's something, I suppose. Thanks, we'll be in touch,' he concludes.

Now go to **103**.

26

Reunited with the others, you consider your options. If the terrorists intend to use the confusion caused by the main attack, they will either be prepared to blow up the car park, or be waiting to open fire on the milling crowd of MPs.

Will you order the men to search for explosives (go to **191**) or will you tell them to hunt out the terrorists, if there are any hidden down here (go to **228**)?

27

Charging forward, you dodge a volley of shots from the rear Sierra and roll into cover beside the Rolls Royce. Helmut is not so lucky, the remaining CIA man hits him, just before Wallace shoots the man.

The Secretary of State is a couple of metres away and helpless. Only the chauffeur is returning fire at Fieldmann. Seizing your opportunity, you grab at the handle and tear open the door.

Tut it down or I'll fire!' you shout.

'Put it down, Frank,' says Mosby quietly to his driver.



'Very sensible,' you agree.

'Get that fat scum out of the car,' orders Wallace.

You drag the Secretary of State out from under the dead body of his aide and on to the verge. Sporadic firing continues as Fieldmann checks the front car again for survivors and Wallace executes the driver.

'There was no need for that!' protests Mosby.

'There was no need for you to have done half the things you have done,' replies Wallace.

'Who in God's name are you?' demands Mosby.

'We are Direct Action, the military arm of the people! You, my dear Secretary of State, are our prisoner, prisoner of war, shall we say,' answers Wallace.

Collecting up the weapons and your fallen comrades is a gruesome affair, but necessary. No trace must be left as a clue for the police.

There were three casualties, Helmut and two of Wallace's people, but ends justify the means. Casualties are irrelevant, you have Mosby!

The Range Rovers are waiting for you by the time that everything is cleared up. Despite your victory, you mourn your dead comrades lying unceremoniously in the back of the vehicle.

Now turn to **142**.

28

'I know that I've not been with the group for very long, but I'd like the chance to try,' you say.

'I'm sorry, Trevor, you've not got enough experience yet. Next time, maybe,' replies Wallace.

If there is a 'next time', you think.

Now go to **168**.

29

You can only really consider two alternatives now that they will not make a deal for Mosby's life.

Will you repeat that they should surrender immediately (go to **180**) or will you burst into the room and get the Secretary of State out before they can consider what to do (go to **33**)?

30

The SAS men, exposed in the open, have no other option but to charge. Dieter is firing as fast as he can to try to stop them from the south bank, you must deal with the ones from the north.

There are three of them within range, you may have the first shot.

First SAS man	Heckler and Koch 7
Second SAS man	Heckler and Koch 7
Third SAS man	Heckler and Koch 8

All hits will kill automatically at this range. If you survive the fight, go to **206**; if you are mortally wounded, go to **109**.

31

You notice an extra short wire running off to a box of explosives. Dismantling that first, you set about disabling the charges and their detonators.

The others help you in your fevered activity, and soon the mines are left safe and the danger has passed.

Taking leave of the men in the car park, you walk out into the new sunrise with many thoughts and questions in your mind.

Outside, there has been a battle on the bridge, which seems to have been a costly victory for the police. Passing through the gates, you leave the Palace and step out on to the pavement beyond.

Now go to **221**.

32

Levy pushes the door open and strides in. Before she can speak, you open fire.

Make a Firearms skill roll. If you succeed, go to **184**; if you fail, go to **214**.

33

Pulling the inert body of Levy up from the floor, you position her in front of you. Carefully you twist the knob on the door and push her in.

As the limp frame slumps to the ground, you rush in, firing as you go.

Make a Firearms skill roll. If you succeed, go to **275**; if you fail, go to **77**.

34

You reach the tree-line before another shot is fired. Safely in the undergrowth, you dive amongst the trees, searching for a hiding place. If only you can find

somewhere until dark, there is a chance that you could set away.

It does not seem to be your day, though. Crashing through the bushes to your left is a man armed with a shotgun, he has seen you!

Will you run (go to **135**), attack him (go to **146**) or surrender (go to **157**)?

35

Several other people have the same idea as you. The tunnel seems to lead away from the platform, for the hubbub of the crowd is getting fainter. As you go around a bend in the tunnel, you see the fire exit from the station ahead. A staircase above winds around and around as far as the dim light allows you to see.

Beginning your climb, you hope that Marble Arch Station was not built too far below the surface. Now go to **225**.

36

The man fires and peppers your leg with pellets. You stumble to the ground, hitting your head on a log.

The blow knocks you out and you lie on the forest floor, defenceless.

Now go to **173**.

37

Clutching your automatic, you walk along the street with the other four close behind. You tell them to pretend to be a little drunk and noisy, with luck the police will not challenge you.



Suddenly, from out of the shadows loom three armed policemen.

That's Franco Grenada, the Basque terrorist!' shouts one of them, pulling out his pistol.

You will have to fight them.

First Policeman	Pistol 8
Second Policeman	Pistol 7
Third Policeman	Pistol 7

Your team look like this:

Miguel	Ingrams 6
Franco	Pistol 5
Davina	Pistol 7
Nomso	Pistol 7

The policeman will fire at the other four first and then at you. Since they have surprised you, they have the first shots. Roll for all your team in the order that they appear, so long as they are still alive! All weapons kill automatically at this range.

If you survive, go to **265**; if you are mortally wounded, go to **190**.

38

It is obvious that he intends to shoot you. You will just be able to get to your gun as he fires.

Wallace	Hand gun 8
---------	------------

Wallace fires first, if he misses, you may have a shot. Continue firing alternately until one of you is killed.

All shots at this range are automatic kills. If you kill Wallace, go to **268**; if not go to **69**.

39

Sending two of the MIS men to the river entrance, the two police to Big Ben, you take the remaining MIS man with you to the underground car park.

Jogging along in the half-light of the tunnels, you hope that you have done the right thing. If you find any terrorists in there, you may not have enough fire power to deal with them.

The passageway opens up into a huge concreted area full of cars. The MIS man is sure that the car park is only on two levels and has a guard post preventing any unauthorized access.

Most of the MPs must still be sitting in Parliament as the park is almost full. Each space is clearly marked for the individual member.

Will you check the entrance first (go to **12**) or will you first go to the spaces reserved for the Cabinet ministers (go to **299**)?

40

All the others, Wallace included, nod in agreement. They know that you are right. If you give up now, the authorities will have won. This may be your only chance to change the course of history.

Now go to **273**.



41

Realizing that it would be suicidal to try to jump off the bus, you halt and turn to go back up the staircase.

The woman is standing with her gun pointing straight at you, perfectly calm and ready.

'That was a bit stupid,' she says finally.

'I know, just instinct to run away from loaded guns,' you reply.

'Have we finished our fun and games?' she asks.

You nod.

'I won't need this then, will I?' she says, tucking her pistol back into her jacket.

'You won't,' you concede.

'We'll get off the next stop and I'll take you to see my boss,' she announces.

You both get off the bus and walk a few metres to a waiting car. Indicating that you should stop for a

second, she "talks to a man sitting in the driver's seat of the Rover.

The conversation ends abruptly with the man getting out and walking off down the street, giving her the keys to the car first.

'Let's go,' she says to you.

Now go to **218**.

42

Wandering back to the scene of the bombing, you force your way through to the front of the ghoulis onlookers and tap a constable on the shoulder.

'Yes, sir, what is it?' he asks politely.

'I ... er ... think I saw the man responsible for all that,' you say.

'I see, come with me, sir,' he replies.

You follow the policeman to a van bearing the Metropolitan Police emblem and 'Incident Control' written in black letters underneath it.

'Wait here, please,' says the constable, 'I'll just get Inspector Dunnett.'

You wait for a few minutes, noticing that the emergency seems to be under control. A line of black bags lie a few feet away. You shudder as you realize that they must be casualties from the bomb blast. Seven people killed, for what?

'Ah, Mr ... er?' asks a plain-clothes policeman, snapping your attention away from the corpses.

'Rowlands, Trevor Rowlands. I think I can describe the man who planted the bomb,' you reply.

'We don't know it was a bomb, as yet, sir,' he says.

'It must have been. I was only a few metres away when it went up,' you answer. 'I saw a man running out of the airline place only seconds before.'

'Lucky escape for you, then, wasn't it?' he says questioningly. 'I don't suppose that you had prior warning about it, did you?'

'What do you mean?' you shout.

'Listen, sir. The street isn't the right place to start shouting about what's what. You'll come down to the station and make a statement for us, won't you?' he asks, in such a way that you can't really refuse.

Now go to **66**.

43

You have barely covered a few metres before you hear a shot. A searing pain in your leg forces you to halt. Fighting against blacking out, you stumble and lose the battle.

Now go to **173**.

44

'Can I see him?' you ask, hiding your gun behind your back.

'Sure. In his full glory. Baravelli and Mohammed nave worked him over a bit,' she replies.

'Are they still here?' you reply.

'Mohammed is, but Marco's gone,' she answers. Hannah is babysitting with Mohammed at the moment. I was just going to relieve them when you knocked.'

So, there are three terrorists in the flat. Will you

take care of Levy first and cut down the odds (go to **139**) or will you wait and try to catch them all in the same volley in a minute (go to **32**)?

45

The sniper's bullet is fast and sure. The expert marksman kills you before you can even feel any pain. The plan was a bold one, but the authorities have not achieved their power without knowing how to deal with potential threats to their supremacy.

Your adventure ends here on Westminster Bridge, overlooked by the symbol of their dominance.

46

As you try to see what is going on, you hear the faint whizz of a bullet. There must be a sniper hidden somewhere above.

Make a Luck roll to avoid being hit. If you succeed, go to **202**; if you fail, go to **109**.

47

The sergeant is very patient with you, but learning so much so quickly is next to impossible. You do not stop all morning and by noon, your head is spinning with magazines, suppressive fire, short bursts, safety catches and the sound of automatic weapons ricocheting off the back of the firing range.

'Well, you've almost got the hang of the Ingram's sir. We'll concentrate on that. The one you've got is from a cache we found at Wallace's flat. It's highly



likely that Wallace could've given one to Gross. If we snatch a bite to eat now, we can continue until 15.00 hours. I'll show you the "ins and outs" of bomb-making, terrorist style,' he says.

'Thanks. I'm starving, I guess it's nerves,' you confide.

'No doubt, sir,' he replies rigidly.

After a short lunch-break, you throw yourself into the afternoon's session with the sergeant. He is at pains to tell you that the materials you are using are real and very dangerous. He has, for your safety and no doubt his, taken out the batteries from the detonator.

Three o'clock comes all too soon and the sergeant escorts you back to Hamer's office.

'How did it go, then?' he asks.

'He'll do, sir. I did the best I could in the limited time,' says the sergeant.

'You're dismissed for now. Report back here in an hour and issue Mr Rowlands with equipment. Get Hughes to arrange clothing for him, it should have arrived from London by now,' he continues.

You sit down and Hamer passes you a coffee, clears his throat and precedes with the briefing.

Hamer has another man in the group he has been unable to contact, save for a brief message by telephone an hour ago. It seems that the Secretary of State is in London, somewhere. As important, the terrorists are planning another attack. You are to go to the address of a known sympathizer called Emma Levy.

She has been identified as a close friend of Wallace and controls the information gathering in London for Baravelli, the group's intelligence officer.

You are to turn up on her doorstep later this evening and claim that Wallace, before he was killed, had told you to report to her to assist in the operation. Tell her that you cannot stay in your own flat in Haling, because the police have identified you as the Oxford Street bomber.

'What if she doesn't accept my story?' you ask.

'She cannot either confirm or deny it. Only Wallace would know the truth and he is dead. She cannot risk you staying at her flat and will pass you on to the group,' he replies.

'Then what?' you say.

'Just identify the target, discover where Mosby is being held and then get out. Zalacik will come out with you, if he is still alive. Here is a key to Emma Levy's flat,' he answers.

You nod, then, as if this one simple task was not enough, he continues: 'One more thing. The Secretary of State was over here on a specific mission. The western democracies, in conjunction with the Soviets are proposing to land a multi-national peace-keeping force in the Middle East. Every country is terrified about the fall of Iraq and the Iranian build-up on the Kuwait border. There was an attempted coup in Saudia Arabia this morning by Moslem fanatics. It appears that Direct Action thinks that holding Mosby willstop the accord. I personally fear for the lives of

all the heads of state attending the PM's speech at the Houses of Parliament tomorrow afternoon,' he warns.

'So you think that I've got until then?' you reply. 'And they'll kill Mosby as soon as the PM stands to address the leaders conference?'

He nods in agreement.

Two hours later, you find yourself outside the apartment block in Kensington. These terrorists sure know how to live, the place must be worth the best part of a half million!

You have a holdall with the Ingrams, five spare clips and a Colt Python pistol that the sergeant gave you just before you left the SAS headquarters.

Walking up the stairs to the flat, your mind races with the dangers ahead. You are in it now, up to the neck.

Will you use the key Hamer gave you (go to **18**) or will you knock first (go to **162**)?

48

'This is the best way out,' says the man.

You follow him to the stairwell, the baseball bat still in your hand. Suddenly, two skinheads appear on the landing above you.

Without a second thought, your companion pulls a gun, aims and shoots at the two men.

He is obviously a good, trained gunman as he hits both. One falls down the stairs, whilst the other crashes against the handrail, then slumps to the ground. With the shots still echoing through the tunnels, you follow the man up the stairs, dumbfounded.

'What the hell did you do that for?' you ask, panting for breath.

'It's war. People get killed. Those two would've got us, if me and my Walther hadn't got them first,' he says smiling.

'Who are you? Security?' you say.

'Course not. Shut up and follow me. The cops will be here as soon as they know that someone's used a gun,' he replies.

You reach the top of the stairwell together. You have no idea what you have got yourself into. This man is dangerous. Who is he working for?

'Quick, get into the car!' the man shouts.

You turn around and see three policemen running straight for you, they are barely fifty metres away. The man is revving an MGB and is very agitated.

'Come on, get in!' he screams.

Will you get in the car with the killer (go to **112**) or will you try and make a run for it (go to **278**)?

49

You launch yourself from the platform of the speeding bus. There is no time to choose a place to land.

Your body crashes into a corrugated iron fence, bounces off and comes to rest on the pavement.

Make a Strength skill roll to avoid passing out. If you succeed, go to **13**; if you fail, go to **293**.

50

Make a Persuasion skill roll. If you succeed, go to **85**; if you fail, go to **28**.

51

Alwari is first to react to your sudden move. Instinctively, he fires just as your hand reaches the butt of the Ingrams.

Make a Luck roll or take one wound.

With the Ingrams cocked and ready, you must open up on the terrorists. You cannot hit a specific target with the Ingrams, just spray the other side of the room. It is your turn to fire.

Emma Levy	Pistol 5
Hannah	Armalite 7
Mohammed Alwari	Uzi 8

Your Ingrams will kill either of the women automatically at this range. It will take two shots to kill Alwari. You can only afford to be hit by the pistol or the Uzi once, the Armalite will kill you outright. Continue the fight until either all the terrorists are dead, or you have been hit by the Armalite or twice by either of the other two weapons.

If you survive unscathed, go to **119**.

If you are alive, but wounded, go to **280**.

If you are mortally wounded, go to **159**.

52

Reunited with the rest of the men, you feel a little more confident about the task ahead of you. Somewhere in the car park are either terrorists or explosives, or both!

Now go to **191**.

53

The car heads for Kensington, no doubt the police have already identified it and its occupants. You are now a wanted murderer, although you only got caught up in all this accidentally.

Alwari drives the car into a Mews, toots the horn and an electrically operated garage opens up.

'Home and free,' he says jubilantly.

'Right,' you reply simply.

The car is no sooner in the garage, than the door closes swiftly behind you. Alwari gets out and ushers you towards a side door in the garage.

'Let's go see Gwynn and Marco,' he says.

The house is plain, but obviously expensive. Stripped pine abounds and polished wooden floors tell you little about the owners, save that their bank balances must be healthy.

'In here. A celebration drink, perhaps?' asks Alwari.

'I need something to calm my nerves if nothing else,' you reply.

'Scotch?' he asks.

'Fine,' you answer.

You take a medicinal sip of the malt whisky and settle back on a Futon couch. Two other men appear at the door, they look at Alwari, then at you.

'Who's this?' says the first man.

'Why did you bring him here?' demands the second.

'Hold your horses - one at a time!' replies Alwari.

Now go to **272**.

54

You duck into cover and wait to see who emerges. First into the room is a woman in combat gear, she is carrying an Armalite rifle. Just behind her is a man with an Uzi. There is the slightest hint of a third figure somewhere towards the back of the room. The seated figure is motionless.

Suddenly a thought flashes across your mind, it must be Mosby! Meanwhile, the two terrorists have advanced far enough to see the fallen body of Levy. In panic, they are heading back to the side room. You cannot wait any longer, you will be signing Mosby's death warrant if they get back into the room.

You will have to open fire on them. You have the first shot.

Hannah	Armalite 7
Mohammed Alwari	Uzi 8

Your Ingrams kills automatically at this range. You can only afford to be hit by the Uzi once, the Armalite will kill you outright. Continue the fight until either both the terrorists are dead, or you have been hit by the Armalite or twice by the Uzi.

If you survive unscathed, go to **119**.

If you are alive, but wounded, go to **280**.

If you are mortally wounded, go to **159**.

55

The murky, rain-soaked afternoon makes you all the more concerned. Traffic is still being allowed to pass across the bridge and to all intents and purposes everything appears to be normal.

Make an Observation skill roll. If you succeed, go to **128**; if you fail, go to **60**.

56

Hughes does a full circuit of the square to avoid attention, then starts out across Westminster Bridge.

No sooner have you got to within twenty metres of the Telecom tent, than a man steps out in front of you and levels a rocket launcher.

Make a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to **123**; if you fail, go to **189**.

57

You cover the short distance to the Telecom tent in a matter of seconds. There is heavy fire from both banks of the Thames.

The Range Rover is already under attack and you fear for the lives of your comrades, who even now may be dead, as you watch.

No sooner have you dived into the tent, than you throw the switch of the detonator. You cannot afford to wait.

As the world seems to erupt all around you, make a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to **300**; if you fail, go to **95**.

58

You watch for a few minutes, then see a van pull up beside the block of flats. Several black suited men jump out from the back. They must be SAS men. If

they are allowed to prepare for an attack, they will surely kill Fieldmann and Alwari.

Will you decide to help (go to **5**) or will you leave now and rejoin Wallace at Parliament Square as you believe that there is little you can do to help them (go to **232**)?

59

Fieldmann was right about the Ingrams. It does have a terrific rate of fire, but no penetration. The car, riddled with holes, screeches to a halt in front of you.

Amazingly, when the driver emerges, he is not afraid that you are carrying a gun.

'Where's Wallace! You fool, you've ruined everything! Mosby will be here in minutes!' he shouts.

Wallace, having heard the gunfire, is jogging towards you with two of his squad.

'Rowlands! What's happening? That's Hector, our contact,' he screams.

'The car wouldn't stop. I had to do something,' you reply.

'Get rid of the car,' he tells you 'Hector ... I'm sorry . . . he's new and trigger happy. I've got your money and we'll pay for the car.'

He manages to calm down the irate man with his words and then ushers him away.

Meanwhile, you and the others have pushed the car off the road and hidden it behind the hedgerow. There is still some glass on the road, but in the half-light of morning it should not be very easy to spot.

Wallace reappears without Hector. He is satisfied

with your job of hiding the car, but annoyed that the mistake happened in the first place.

'It's still on! Standby. Mosby will be here in just a few minutes. Hector says there'll be three cars, Mosby in the middle one. The two others have got three plainclothes CIA, handguns only, OK?' he reports.

'We'll stay here? What about the driver of the wrecked car?' you ask.

'I've knocked him out,' he replies. 'He'll claim he was ambushed, too. Back to your position and keep your heads down until the claymores go off.'

Now go to **213**.

60

Nothing seems to be out of the ordinary. You are beginning to worry whether your hunch was right after all.

Hamer is getting agitated, as he too has seen nothing.

'What's that down there? Looks like someone's spotted something on the bridge,' proclaims Needham.

Now go to **281**.

61

Feeling that it would be rather unwise to try anything, you walk towards the front door with the three men. As you reach it, it swings inwards to reveal a butler standing in a sumptuous oak-panelled hallway.

'Welcome, sir,' he says politely.



'Follow me. Major Hamer will see you in due course,' says the older man.

You pass through the hallway and into a room furnished with a bed and a chair.

'You'll wait here, please, Mr Rowlands,' the man tells you.

The two other men reappear and stand guard by the door, keeping to their typical silence. It seems that security men are not exactly the life and soul of a party! Exhausted, you fall asleep.

Now go to **261**.

62

The terrorists do not know that you have a gun ready to fire.

You get the first two shots before they can return fire. Make your initial rolls then roll for any remaining terrorist. You are not trained highly enough to choose your targets, so you must kill them in this order:

Emma Levy	Pistol 5
Hannah	Armalite 7
Mohammed Alwari	Uzi 8

Your Python kills automatically at this range. You can only afford to be hit by the pistol or the Uzi once, the Armalite will kill you outright. Continue the fight until either all the terrorists are dead, or you have been hit by the Armalite or twice by either of the other two weapons.

If you survive unscathed, go to **119**.
If you are alive, but wounded, go to **280**.
If you are mortally wounded, go to **159**.

63

It is futile to try to get away. They are obviously good shots. Meekly you return to the car and await instructions.

They usher you towards the house, they are a little more alert than before, their hands deep within their jackets, clutching their pistols. Feeling that it would be rather unwise to try anything else, you walk towards the front door with the three men. As you reach it, it swings inwards to reveal a butler standing in a sumptuous oak-panelled hallway.

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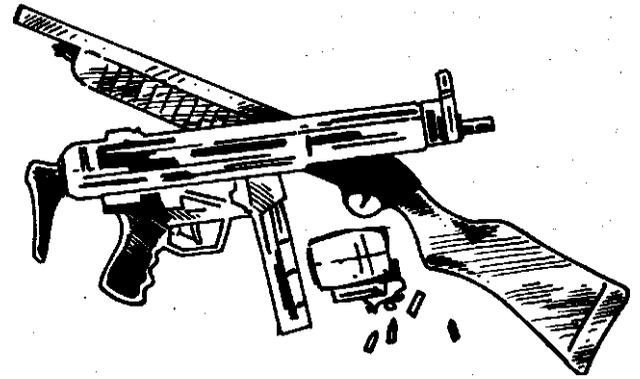
The two other men reappear and stand guard by the door, keeping to their typical silence. It seems that security men are not exactly the life and soul of a party! Exhausted, you fall asleep.

Now go to **261**.

64

A shot rings out, obviously not aimed at you, but to warn you.

66



Will you stop before the next shot, which would be meant for you (go to **63**) or risk running (go to **34**)?

65

'Stay here,' you say to the others.

'I'll back you up,' offers Hughes.

'All right, let's go,' you reply sprinting across the open space.

When you reach the entrance to the car park you find that the guard hut is deserted.

Make an Observation skill roll. If you succeed, go to **110**; if you fail, go to **264**.

66

The inspector is silent during the short journey to the station. When you arrive, you are ushered into a small interrogation room. A sergeant asks you to empty your pockets and put the contents on the table. Reluctantly, you comply with his wishes.

67

'I don't know what you expect to find. I've got a few pounds and my bedsit keys,' you say.

'What's this leaflet, sir?' asks the sergeant.

'I don't know, show me,' you reply.

'Not on your life!' he says. 'I'm showing this to the inspector. You wait here.'

You wait for several minutes, then the inspector reappears. He stops for a second by the door looking at the leaflet that the sergeant took from you.

'You're a member of Direct Action, then,' he says.

'I don't know what you're talking about,' you reply. 'I just wanted to give you some information. I think that I saw the bomber.'

'What do you know about these Communist AFJC militants? They're anti-establishment fanatics, you know, and I think you're one. Planted to throw us off the track, right?' he accuses.

'Fanatics? I'm not even a member of the campaign,' you reply. 'I'm a supporter, though. What's that got to do with anything?' you finish lamely, feeling rather confused.

'It's just that you were found with subversive material in your pocket.' He pauses, then, 'What do you know about "Direct Action"?' he asks sharply.

'Direct Action? Never heard of it,' you answer truthfully.

'Take a look at this, Mr Rowlands,' he says sarcastically.

He passes you a small leaflet with an application form printed on it to join the AFJC. On the back is a short statement from a group called 'Direct Action'.

'I don't understand. I was given this leaflet in the park as I left the demonstration,' you say.

'Oh yes. I don't suppose that you've been handing these things out, by any chance, have you?' he demands. 'And can you prove to me that what you say is correct?'

'Yes . . . well no. I just had that leaflet given to me by a guy standing near the exit to the park, just by Marble Arch,' you protest.

'You know what these "Direct Action" people are about, don't you? They want to bring down the State. They don't care who gets hurt doing it, either,' he says.

'You're crazy. I don't know what the heck you're talking about! I saw a guy running out of the airline office, then all hell was let loose. People lying around injured, I even helped someone. Ask him,' you reply, nodding towards the sergeant.

The fact is, we don't have any other leads. Right now you're the only "witness" who claims to have seen anything. That makes me just a little suspicious, Mr Rowlands,' says the detective.

'Look, I came here in good faith. I saw a man running out of the Office. Do you really think that if I had anything to do with it I'd be stupid enough to risk talking to you?' you ask.

'Maybe. Describe this man to me,' he demands.

Do you remember anything about the 'bomber'? Make an Observation skill roll. If you succeed, go to **25**; if you fail, go to **2**.

67

Just as you reach the vehicle you are challenged by an unseen policeman. You have no other option but to try to fight your way through to the car.

The rest of your team look like this:

Nomso	Ingrams 6
Franco	Pistol 5
Miguel	Pistol 7
Davina	Pistol 7

The opposition look like this:

First man	Pistol 6
Second man	Pistol 7
Third man	Pistol 7
Fourth man	Rifle 8
Fifth man	Heckler and Koch 9

The police will fire first since they have surprised you. Each time they hit they will kill one of your party. Leave yourself until last. If any of you survive you may fire back killing the police automatically if you hit them. Continue the fight until either you are all mortally wounded (go to **188**) or all the policemen are killed (go to **291**).

68

'The spy is Zalacik,' you say. At least you are telling the truth, though putting the SAS man in deadly danger.

'We know,' replies Levy calmly.

'If you know about it, why is he still breathing?' you ask.

'He's more useful that way,' she explains. 'At least for the moment. The authorities know that Direct Action has got the Secretary of State, but not where.'

'You've got him hidden somewhere else, then?' you reply innocently.

'Next door!' she confides.

You must make a very difficult decision. If she is telling the truth, then you have to get Mosby out. If she is lying, then if you do anything to arouse her suspicions, the game is up.

Will you make your move now (go to **282**) or will you wait for proof (go to **44**)?

69

Wallace's shot hits you. The power of the slug sends you crashing into the side of the car.

Your adventure ends here.

70

With bullets whizzing close by, you must make a very rapid decision. You are as close to the detonators as to the car, which way will you run?

If you wish to head for the car, go to **92**. If you wish to make sure that the plan reaches its final conclusion, go to **57**.

71

You all assemble in the farmhouse for the final briefing. Wallace has prepared maps for everyone and has

detailed itineraries of the patrols and other security measures around the Houses of Parliament.

Half-way through the briefing, the telephone rings. Wallace seems to have a heated argument with the caller, then slams the receiver down.

'Well, a change of plan. Who's the fourth squad leader?' he asks.

If you are the fourth squad leader, go to **222**; if you are not, go to **138**.

72

You manage to get some extra magazines for the Ingrams from one of the other SAS men and head for Hamer's car. No matter what, you decide to stick with him.

The Secretary of State shakes your hand, before being taken away to hospital for his injuries to be looked at. The doctor on the scene believes that he has at least three broken ribs.

By the time you are ready to go it is already morning. Time is running out. Hamer is constantly on his car telephone during the swift journey to Whitehall. He has alerted the Palace of Westminster security and told all policemen in the area to cease patrols around Parliament Square.

You stop at the top of Whitehall, just by Trafalgar Square, and pile out of the cars.

'We'll use the civil service underground access tunnels to Parliament. That way we'll not be seen by the terrorists. There's no telling where they are. No one has spotted anything yet. I hope for your sake



that you are right!' he says to you as you follow him into a grey, nondescript building.

'I'm positive that Mosby and I have got it right,' you reply, more than a little worried in case you are wrong.

The tunnels lead out in every direction under the buildings in Whitehall. Their sameness worries you as you stride along, not really knowing exactly where you are.

Hamer must have walked these passages a thousand times. For a man of his age, he has tremendous stamina and you have trouble keeping up with him. You pass flights of stairs leading to heaven knows where and illuminated passageways that snake away as far as the eye can see.

Presently you arrive at a locked solid metal door. This must be the entrance to the chambers under Parliament itself. A footman appears from out of the shadows and unlocks it. As Hamer and the bulk of his entourage pass through the portal, he tells four men to wait at this post.

'This is where we split up,' he announces. 'I want half of you to skirt the rooms on this level and the rest of you to follow me.'

Will you stay with Hamer (go to **24**) or will you check the rooms downstairs with the others (go to **229**)?

73

'The guy was white. He was wearing an army jacket and a hat, possibly a beret. Blonde hair and a moustache,' you remember.

'That's it? Was there a car waiting?' he asks.

'Didn't see one,' you reply. 'He just ran off. I only saw him for a few seconds.'

'OK, Mr Rowlands. Get in touch if you remember anything else. I'm Inspector John Dunnnett, here's my card.' He smiles. 'Good luck to you. The doctor says you'll be out this afternoon.'

Now go to **258**.

74

'I guess that I've really got no option,' you admit.

'I guess you're right,' agrees Hamer.

'So I'll do it!' you tell him.

'Splendid,' he says. 'I have a man ready to train you in firearms, then later today I will personally brief you on your job. Take care to remember everything that you are told, it may save your life later. We must install you in Direct Action by tonight at the latest.'

Now go to **134**.

75

Your shot smashes through the windscreen of the truck and hits the driver. The vehicle comes to a shuddering stop beside the statue of Winston Churchill.

Throwing the weapon to a policeman, you hurtle towards the lift to help the policemen below.

Now go to **129**.

76

A shot rings out. Intense pain courses through your entire body. The bullet has hit your leg. There is no chance of escape now as you tumble down on to the neatly mown grass.

Now go to **173**.

77

Two hazy figures, caught in the zone of fire, tumble on to the bed. Your shots have sprayed the entire room and nothing could have lived through the attack.

Not only are there now three terrorists lying dead in front of you, but the slumped body of a man is in a chair just beyond.

With great dread, you step over the corpses and lift the head of the bound, inert man. It is the Secretary of State; you have killed him as well.

With no leads as to the target of the remaining terrorists, and the death of one of the most influential and powerful men in the world on your hands, you make the terrible telephone call to Hamer.

You are sure that he will not understand.

Your adventure ends here, or perhaps in prison if Hamer carries out his threats.

78

Wallace expertly pulls the gun away from your grasping hands, stands up, then neatly drills a hole in your cranium.

You got in too deep, too quickly. Your adventure ends here.

79

Seizing the opportunity as the dust still hangs high in the air, you make off across the bridge to freedom.

You cast your automatic into the Thames, then jump on a passing bus, still clutching the pistol hidden beneath your jacket. Casually, you pay the conductor and sit back, relaxed for the first time in hours.

The future will hold many perils for you; you may be the last surviving member of Direct Action and the world will be hunting you. For now, though, you can only think of sleep.

Some forty minutes later, you are awoken by someone shaking your shoulder. Springing up, you automatically reach for your pistol. Luckily, you regain control of yourself in time to see a smiling bus inspector looking down at you.

'It's the terminus. All change!' he says.

Sighing deeply with relief, you stand up and get off the bus.

Your adventure ends here.

80

The river entrance is on the other side of the building, although the route you take is straightforward, thanks to PC Hughes.

When you arrive, the door is locked, bolted and already guarded. It has been a wasted journey, but it does narrow down the possibilities.

'You've had your chance,' you say to the MIS man, 'I'm taking command.'

He accedes to your challenge, probably not wishing to take responsibility for any further mistakes.

Now go to **250**.

81

'I completely disagree with you! If they've caught Hannah, we've all the more reason to go on with the plan. Firstly, they won't be expecting us to. Secondly, I don't believe that Hannah would have cracked in such a short space of time. Thirdly, if they have got Mosby back and Hannah is their prisoner, we've all the more reason to show them that we're not beaten,' you argue.

The rest of your comrades seem divided. You must make a successful Persuasion skill roll to convince them. If you succeed, go to **40**; if you fail, go to **247**.

82

Wallace proudly extols the virtues of Direct Action throughout the whole journey.

It appears that DA is a small group at the moment, no more than forty people, recruited both internationally and from the ranks of the AFJC.

The latest target was the American International Airways office on Oxford Street. Wallace gleefully tells you that they killed seven, including four servicemen, and several dozen were injured by flying glass and falling masonry.

The car pulls into a dirt track with a sign marked 'Freeman's Farm'. Up ahead is a cluster of farm buildings, only visible from half-way up the track.

Just before the farm itself, two men stand at an improvised roadblock made from oil drums. They are both armed with automatic weapons, but wave the car through as soon as they recognize Wallace.

'This is home, for a few weeks at least,' he tells you.

'What happens next?' you ask.

'Well, first I take you to see the Quartermaster and get you kitted up, then we'll introduce you to the others,' he answers.

Now go to **17**.

83

'I'll do it,' you say.

'OK. Who else?' asks Wallace.

Dieter nods his assent to manning the detonator with you.

Stepping out of the car, you make sure that your automatic is well-hidden under your jacket. Dieter is a good man, very quiet, but reliable. You are sure that you will be able to count on him if the need arises.

'There are more arms hidden in the Telecom hut,' says Wallace as he waves a farewell and drives off across the bridge.

You quickly unzip the Telecom tent and slip inside so as not to attract too much attention to yourself. You cut a small neat hole in the fabric to give you a clear view of the Houses of Parliament and settle down to wait until three.

An hour passes very slowly, Dieter is silent and is clutching his gun very tightly. He cannot speak much

English so it is useless to try to engage him in conversation.

At nearly two-thirty, you notice that several unmarked cars pull up at the end of the bridge. No one gets out, as far as you can see. It seems odd, odder still when the traffic flow suddenly stops across the bridge. There is no other explanation. The authorities must be on to you.

You poke your head out of the tent and try to focus on the blurred movement on the far side of the bridge.

Make an Observation skill roll. If you succeed go to **269**; if you fail, go to **46**.

84

A few minutes' walk brings you into Oxford Street; the shoppers seem blissfully unaware of the huge demonstration in the park nearby. Although you have only a couple of pounds in your pocket, window shopping is the next thing to buying.

Looking at a shop display, you notice a man running out of the American International Airways office next door. He obviously changed his mind about his flight! He was wearing an army-style jacket and beret and has short, cropped blonde hair and a moustache. Just as you turn back to gaze into the shop window, the whole street echoes with the sound of an explosion.

The glass in the shop windows shatters, thousands of shards, propelled by the shock waves tear into the shoppers. Heavy chunks of masonry are falling into the street from above. Make a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to **267**; if you fail, go to **231**.

85

'I can handle myself fairly well,' you say.

'You've not been with us very long, Trevor,' replies Wallace.

'I know that, but I'm ready,' you assure him. 'Give me a chance and I'll prove myself. After all, we all know how important this job will be. I want to be there to make decisions that will affect all our lives.'

'Fair enough,' answers Wallace. Then, turning to the others, 'Any objections?' he asks,

There are a few whispers, but no one seems willing to rob you of your chance.

'Right then. Trevor is our fourth squadleader. That's settled. Those of you who have had explosives training are with me, all the others will be assigned your groups by Marco.'

Now to go **240**.

86

The momentum that the crowd has built up through panic is threatening to push you over the edge. Just at that second, the lights of an oncoming tube train loom out of the darkness of the tunnel.

Make a Strength skill roll or you will fall into the path of the speeding train. If you succeed, go to **199**; if you fail, go to **105**.

87

Hamer arranges for your arm to be attended to by a medic. The doctor tells you that it is only superficial and should not cause any immediate problems.

Meanwhile Hamer is involved in a heated discussion with the Secretary of State. From what you can hear, Hamer does not believe that Direct Action would be as bold as to attack the Houses of Parliament.

'I've heard most of that, but it's our only lead,' you say.

'On what basis do you make your assumption?' demands Hamer.

'On the same basis that influenced me. I happen to agree with him,' Mosby answers, before you have a chance to speak.

'Yes, sir. But I need hard facts,' replies Hamer.

As if to confirm your hypothesis, one of Hamer's men hands him a scale map of the Palace of Westminster marking the positions and routes of patrol of the police and security forces around it, which he has found in the flat.

'If that doesn't tell you something, then what would?' you exclaim.

'All right! Agreed!' concedes Hamer. 'It's the Houses of Parliament. If this is their map it proves it.'

'We think that they'll strike at three o'clock tomorrow when the PM rises to address the other heads of state,' you explain.

'That seems logical to me,' says Mosby. 'After all, what other opportunity would a group of international fanatics get to wipe out the most powerful men and women of the west, plus a Soviet delegation? In the ensuing chaos, everyone will be looking for someone to blame for the outrage and the chance of putting things right in the Middle East will be lost. That's just

what they want. It's taken me and my department almost two years to get this far, we can't afford any slip-ups.'

'We'll be ready for them,' says the major confidently.

Do you wish to be included on the mission? If you do you will have to make a successful Persuasion skill roll, and take two from your roll as you are wounded and less likely to be able to convince Hamer. If you succeed, go to **171**; if you fail, go to **263**. If you wish to bow out, go to **256**.

88

As you pull at a wire, the whole world seems to be engulfed in flames and shattered stone.

The device was obviously booby-trapped and designed to go off if anyone tampered with it.

You will never know if the heads of state are safe or died as a result of your bad luck.

Your adventure ends here.

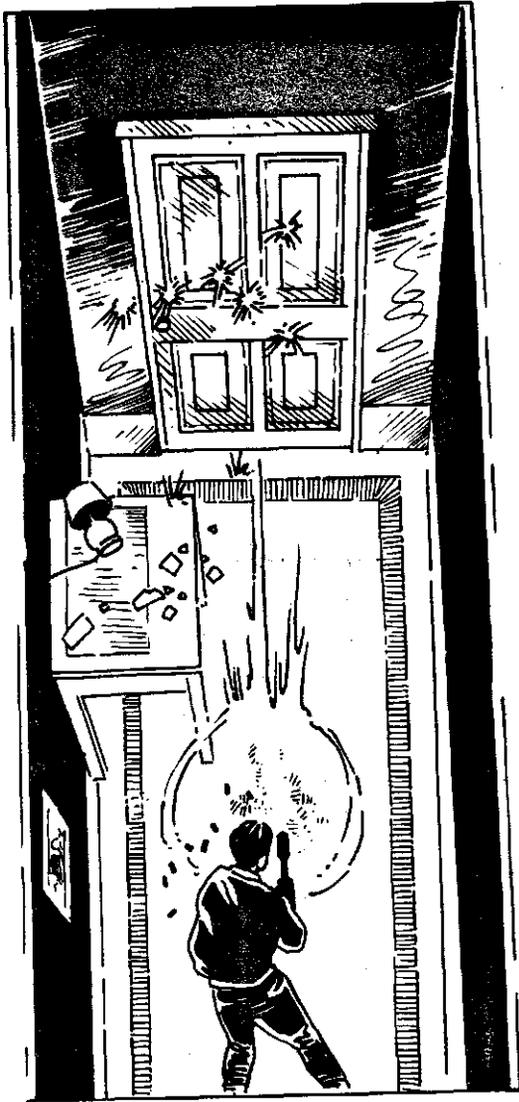
89

Pulling your Ingrains out of the bag, you tuck the spare clips into your trousers and then release the safety catch.

You hope that everything the sergeant told you stays in your mind as you boot the door down.

Spraying the hallway with 'suppressive fire', as they say in the textbooks, you thunder down the hall to the single door at the end.

Just as you get there, you hear a shot.



Make a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to **241**; if you fail, go to **121**.

90

Fumbling for your Ingrams, you quickly find the comfort of it's butt and produce it with a flourish.

Taking cover behind the sofa, you shout a warning to Levy. She tries to get to her pistol, but you cut her down before she can move.

Looming in the doorway of the side room, stands your other target, Hannah. She is trying desperately to release the safety catch as another figure darts into the room firing as he comes. You may fire first.

Hannah Armalite 7

Alwari Uzi 8

Your Ingrams will kill Hannah automatically at this range, but it will take two shots to kill Alwari. You can only afford to be hit by the Uzi once, the Armalite will kill you outright. Continue the fight until either all the terrorists are dead, or you have been hit by the Armalite or twice by the other weapon.

If you survive unscathed, go to **119**.

If you are alive, but wounded, go to **280**.

If you are mortally wounded, go to **159**.

91

Your accurate fire brings down the terrorists. But what were they guarding on the bridge?

A detonator with dozens of wires leading away from



it is sitting in a junction box beside the corpses of the men. It is beyond doubt that they intended to blow up the Houses of Parliament as soon as the PM stood up to address the assembled heads of state.

You, and only you, are there to dismantle it. Make a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to **115**; if you fail, go to **88**.

92

You manage to make it to the car just in time. The concentrated fire from the river side would have killed you instantly if you had not made your move now.

Nomso slams the car into reverse as soon as you have got in, and with the car door still open, he accelerates in reverse towards the south bank of the Thames.

You reach the end of the bridge and executing a handbrake turn, speed away into south London. Grad-

ually the firing dies away behind you and leaves you time for your thoughts.

The terrorists' cell is finished, you have no way of knowing whether the entire group has been compromised. Return to Freeman's Farm is out of the question, so too is any hope of contacting any of the others. The three of you are on your own.

Perhaps the world will hear again from Direct Action? For the time being your adventure ends here.

93

You are trapped in the garden and have no way of escape, so you can only begin negotiations for surrender. You are forced to make big concessions as you have no chance of getting out of this alive.

Gross attempts to break out on the left, but is cut down instantly. This is the final decider for you. First throwing down your weapons, you order the others to do the same. Your lives are not worthless and to kill the Secretary of State out of vindictiveness alone is pointless.

'We're coming out,' you shout.

'Send out the Secretary of State first,' demands a disembodied voice.

You comply and watch Mosby scuttle into the arms of a waiting policeman only to collapse there with nervous exhaustion.

As you stand with arms raised, you hear the last words in your life.

'They've tricked us! He's dead!' comes the scream.

Your life ends in a stream of bullets and grenades.
Your adventure ends here.

94

There is little that you can do, it is pointless to get involved when you cannot really tell the police anything. You did see a man running from the airline office, but you are not sure if you can remember anything about him.

Will you tell the police what you know (go to **42**) or forget it and just head home (go to **113**)?

95

A split second after you have thrown the switch, the whole world seems to tumble in on you. Whoever packed the charges for the mission did not intend there to be any survivors.

Your satisfaction at the last is robbed from you and your adventure ends here, a victim of your own terrorism.

96

Little by little and piece by piece the wall gradually gives way under your onslaught.

In less than fifteen minutes you have made a hole big enough to force your way through into the office block next door.

Alwari goes through first, followed by the Secretary of State, then you and the rest of the group. You think that whoever gave Mosby the beating he has

obviously had is a very dangerous person. You are glad that that person is on your side.

The open plan office is dark, illuminated only by the street lamps below in the street. You head for the exit to this floor where there should be a main staircase.

Now go to **193**.

97

'OK, I'll take you there myself,' she says. 'Mosby will be safe here, I suppose. Trouble is, they're just about to leave to set up the next job.'

'Couldn't we meet them there? I'd like to help out,' you say.

'I dunno. I'll have to ask the others,' she answers, rising to open the door to a side room.

You sit back, a little more relaxed. While she is not looking, you slide your holdall towards you and take out your pistol, slipping it between the cushions of the sofa.

Two others come back into the room with her, a man and a woman. Both are armed and obviously tense.

'So you're Gross, are you?' asks the woman.

'Yeah,' you reply.

'The hell you are!' exclaims the man, raising his pistol.

'What's going on. What d'you mean?' demands Levy.

'He's no more Gross than I'm the Secretary of State!' he shouts.

He obviously knows the real man, you cannot try to bluff your way out of this. Will you grab your gun and open fire (go to **62**) or will you try to reach for your Ingrams (go to **51**)?

98

The eight of you pile into two Range Rovers and speed off towards Berkshire. Your feelings are mixed over your readiness for the mission, but like you, most of the others have never fired a shot in anger before.

You are part of Hannah Fieldmann's team, the support squad. It will be your job to stand guard over Wallace's people while they lay the claymores.

It seems as if Wallace is leaving little to chance. The Claymore is a directional mine, which scatters a hail of steel balls nearly three hundred metres. They alone, would take out a vehicle. The firepower that you have between you all should put paid to anyone who survives.

After a couple of hours' journey, during which you are unable to sleep because you are too excited about the mission, Fieldmann announces that you have reached the destination.

'OK. Pile out. Get the vehicle into cover over there,' she says pointing at a copse some fifty metres away.

Wallace's squad are already checking the road and unloading the mines. Fieldmann sends you up the road with Helmut and goes the other way with Harry.

The two of you settle down in the hedgerow some hundred metres ahead of Wallace's party. The fevered

activity is uninterrupted for nearly half an hour, until you see the lights of an approaching car.

Will you stop the car (go to **118**) or will you let it pass (go to **298**)?

99

There's a traitor in the group,' you proclaim.

'Who?' she demands.

What will you tell her? If you wish to say that you can only tell the leader of the cell, go to **116**. If you wish to say it is Alwari, go to **219**. If you wish to say it is Zalacik, go to **68**.

100

Reluctantly, you get in. The brutal way he deals with people leaves you in no doubt that he would not hesitate to kill you.

'Thanks for your help. But why did you kill those men?' you ask again.

'Need. They were the enemy. The state is the enemy and those things are the enemy. They know the score as well as I do,' he replies.

'What are you? Obviously not police or state security?' you question.

'Obviously. There's no harm in me telling you, I suppose. The name is Alwari, Mohammed Alwari. Member of Direct Action,' he explains.

'Good grief! You're a terrorist!' you exclaim.

'Freedom fighter,' he replies. The only terrorists are the state.'

'Where are we going?' you ask.

'To some comrades. They'll decide what to do with you.'

There is not much you can do; the car is travelling at nearly 80mph and it would be suicide to try to get out.

Now go to **53**.

101

'Stay put! Shoot him. Don't risk edging forward, he can't be alone,' you warn.

Sure enough, he is not, darting amongst the cars to your left, are three more terrorists.

You will have to open fire on them alone. You may have the first shot.

First Terrorist	Pistol 7
Second Terrorist	Uzi 6
Third Terrorist	Armalite 6

If you are hit by the Armalite once or either of the other weapons twice, then go to **163**. If you are hit only once by either the Uzi or the pistol then reduce all your skills by 2 for the duration of the adventure. If you kill all the terrorists, then go to **117**.

102

'Look, I didn't ask you to come here and try to recruit me, did I?' you plead.

True, but I can't let you live and risk the cops getting my description out of you,' he replies.



'What have I got to gain by telling them anything?'
you answer.

He thinks for a minute, then snatches up his bag and heads for the door.

Before he can reach it, a volley of shots echoes through the room and Wallace's body is riddled with bullets. He crashes against the door, stays motionless for a second and then slumps to the floor.

Instinctively, you dive for cover, terror forcing out a scream.

'Shut up! Stand up and put your hands on your head!' orders a man in a flak jacket.

You obey without question, Wallace's body is almost unidentifiable. You do not wish to share the same fate. The three men visible at the window stay motionless, until the door to your room caves in.

Framed in the door is a woman, fairly ordinary looking and the last thing you expected.

'All right, Mr Rowlands. You can put your hands down now,' she says in carefully spoken words.

'What's going on? Who are you?' you protest.

'All right boys, mission over. Get someone in here to clean that up,' she says gesturing towards the fallen body of Wallace.

'He was a terrorist. We thought he was going to kill you,' she explains.

'What happens now?' you ask, still petrified.

'I'll have to take you to see my boss. Don't worry, you're quite safe with us,' she replies reassuringly.

'We're state security.'

Now go to **283**.

103

The police let you go after signing a statement. You refuse the offer of a lift home; it would not be a good idea to be seen in a police car in the area where you live.

You jump on a bus that will drop you close to the bedsit and spend the journey pondering over the events of the last few hours.

It seems incredible that you've survived a bombing and been literally accused of being a terrorist by the police - all just for being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Suddenly, you feel hot breath on your neck, then an arm clamps itself around your throat. The top of the bus is deserted apart from you and the attacker. You must make a Strength skill roll to avoid being throttled. If you succeed, go to **243**; if you fail, go to **198**.

104

You cannot remember what to do no matter how hard you try. Fieldmann will not budge from the safety of the rock, so you are alone with the bomb.

You fix the probes into the 'plastic', then gritting your teeth begin attaching the wires to the detonator.

The first goes in with no problems, but as you attach the second, the world explodes around you.

You must have put the wires the wrong way round, but the explosion happens so quickly that there is hardly enough time even for that thought.

Your adventure ends here.

105

Still struggling, you are pushed off the platform and on to the track. Mercifully, you feel no pain as the thousands of volts course through your body.

Your adventure ends here.

106

'I can't remember anything. The concussion must've affected my memory. I'm sorry,' you reply.

'Convenient that,' he says. 'You're out of my hands, then. Intelligence wants to talk to you. If you've got any information for us, they'll find it. The door is guarded, so don't try anything stupid. They'll pick you up shortly.'

Now go to **233**.

107

When you finally come to, you are lying in a hospital bed. You can barely lift your head from the pillow. Your vision is blurred, but as you concentrate you can see a uniformed man sitting by the bed reading a newspaper.

'Ah, conscious, are we?' says the man.

'Where am I?' you ask.

'London Hospital, took a bit of a knock. Doc says you'll be all right, bit of concussion, that's all,' he replies.

'How long have I been out?' you continue.

'Oh, 'bout three hours. You shut up and stay still, I've got to go and get the Inspector. You're our prime witness, Mr Rowlands,' he finishes.

Wondering why on earth the police are guarding you, go to **251**.

108

The cars show no signs of tampering, but nonetheless, although there are no wires visible, you cannot help but think that something is amiss.

'Look at this, sir!' says Hughes, pointing to the lock of the Chancellor's Daimler.

'Someone has glued it up. Why?' you think out loud.

'Delay them getting into the car?' offers Hughes.

'That's it,' you say. 'When the heads of state try to escape from the terrorists' attack, none of them will be able to get into their cars.'

'But why? What's the point?' asks Hughes.

'They must intend either to blow up the car park or shoot them in the confusion,' you explain.

Will you search for hidden terrorists (go to **228**) or will you look for explosives (go to **191**)?

109

A bullet passes through your body. Before you even realize that you have been hit, you are dead. At least your death was quick and you did not have to face the lingering death of prison.

Your adventure ends here.

110

There're wires heading out across the entrance and over to the guard hut!' you exclaim.

'I see, and the poor devil who was on guard is lying over there with his throat cut,' says Hughes.

'What in heaven's name are they up to?' you ask.

Before you move on, if you are alone with Hughes it would be best to radio for the others. If there is going to be trouble, then you will need all the help you can get.

Now go to **52**.

111

Try as you will, you cannot grasp the fundamentals of firing a weapon as deadly as this. The 'kick', every time it fires, puts *you* off balance and spoils your aim.

'We'd better try something a bit lighter,' she says.

From out of one of the pockets of her combat suit, she pulls a smaller, innocuous looking weapon.

'This is the Ingrams. It's got a better rate of fire than the AK47, but less penetration. Watch this . . . it pulls up when you fire,' she explains.

Expertly, she riddles the targets with well-aimed fire, then changes the clip and passes it to you.

Holding the weapon tightly in your hands, you manage to hit the targets, not as well as she did, but at least you hit them.

'Keep practising. It's a good weapon, fires 1200 rounds per minute, deadly at close range,' she tells you.

You keep at it for the rest of the day, but only after three more days is she satisfied with your prowess.

'We'll start on explosives tomorrow. I hope your

hands don't shake,' she says, joking for the first time since you met her.

Now go to **230**.

112

With the police getting closer and the killer more irate, you jump into the car. Instantly, the man slams it into gear, screeches forward, executes a handbrake turn and speeds off down the road. The police are left puffing and cursing yards behind.

'Thanks for your help. But why did you kill those men?' you ask again.

'Need,' he replies. 'They were the enemy. The state is the enemy and those things are the enemy. They know the score as well as I do.'

'What are you? Obviously not police or state security?' you question.

'Obviously. There's no harm in me telling you, I suppose. The name is Alwari, Mohammed Alwari. Member of Direct Action,' he explains.

'Good grief! You're a terrorist!' you exclaim.

'Freedom fighter,' he replies. 'The only terrorists are the State.'

'Where are we going?' you ask.

To some comrades. They'll decide what to do with you.'

There is not much you can do, the car is travelling it nearly 80mph and it would be suicide to try to get out.

Now go to **53**.

113

Alone in your bedsit later that night, you watch the news on TV. It says that a bomb exploded in Oxford Street this afternoon, but the police do not seem to have any leads yet. The report on the mass march gets only a minute or so, and alleges that barely ten thousand protested against the government. Events in the Persian Gulf have taken a distinct turn for the worse. Since Iran overran Iraq and massed their tanks on the Kuwaiti border, the oil supplies to the West have been threatened. The Government are protesting loudly to Iran, but with the Moslem terrorists paralysing Saudi Arabia, the West's only powerful ally in the area, there seems little that Britain and the United States can do.

Abruptly the TV goes blank, so do the lights. The meter has run out. You stumble around in the dark, heading for the door where your jacket is hanging. Once there, you fumble in your pockets for a fifty pence piece. You find one, caught in a piece of paper and tentatively walk across the room to the cupboard.

The lights flicker back on as soon as the coin is in the slot and you have turned the mechanism for it to drop into the coin box below. The paper from your pocket is still in your hand. You make a coffee and sit down to read it.

The brightly coloured leaflet is a form for joining the AFJC. On the back are details of another organization called 'Direct Action'. They seem to support a more aggressive approach to the problems of unemployment. There is no address for this other group,

and you do not really understand why it is printed on the AFJC leaflet.

It only costs a pound to join the campaign, no great loss. You decide to sign up with AFJC and send the form to their headquarters tomorrow.

Now go to **145**.

114

The tube station is packed, thousands of people are crammed on to the platforms waiting for the next train.

The first train arrives. You do not even bother to try to get on it. In seconds it is full, the driver shouts for everyone to stand clear of the doors, they hiss shut and the train judders off.

The platform has thinned a little, although more people are crowding on to it all the time. You ease forward, trying to make sure that you can get on the next train. People are jostling you from every side. Persistence and liberal use of your elbows help you succeed, although you are now teetering on the edge of the platform.

Suddenly, from the far edge of the platform, a woman screams. Raised voices and curses tell you that something is amiss. The crowd begins to move away from the source of the commotion, heading straight for you. In seconds you may be swept aside and pushed off the platform and on to the tracks.

Will you stand your ground (go to **86**) or will you move quickly in the direction of the crowd (go to

204)? (illustration on following page)



115

Throwing caution to the wind, you tear at the wires surrounding the detonator. Suddenly you realize that simply removing the battery inside will do the trick.

Prising open the bottom of the detonator, you pull out the source of power to the device and place it safely on one side. Systematically, you take out the wires and tie their ends off to prevent any accidents.

When you have finished, you ceremoniously throw the battery into the Thames and head back across the bridge.

Hall is already being attended to by the medics and winks to you as you pass him.

'Take care of yourself,' you say. 'Sorry about your friend.'

'I pity the man who has to tell his wife and kids,' he replies.

You nod and glance at the burned out wreck of the car with the two limp bodies inside.

Turning away, you walk the rest of the distance in silence.

Now go to **221**.

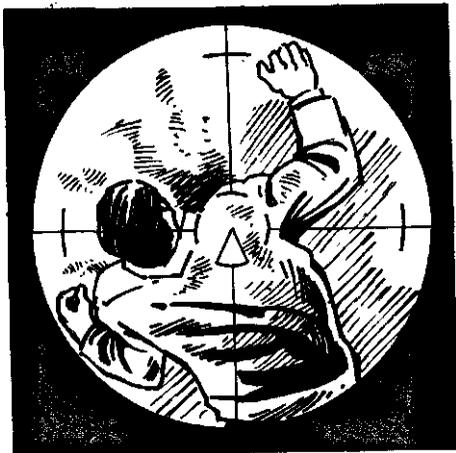
116

'I'm not good enough to tell your secrets to, then?' she says.

Her hand is reaching for the pistol, but then she changes her mind.

'I need a second opinion on this. Hannah!' she shouts.

The door to a side room open inwards, framed in



the doorway is another woman dressed in combat gear and holding an Armalite.

Make an Observation skill roll. If you succeed, go to **4**; if you fail, go to **166**.

117

You cut the terrorists down just as the others finish off the one behind the car. From this end of the car park, you can now see what they were defending.

A series of charges have been set up along the length of the exit point.

They obviously intended to blow them up from here, but where is the detonator?

In panic, you search for it but finding nothing, you have no other choice than to dismantle the mechanisms.

Make a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to **31**; if you fail, go to **88**.

118

Stepping out of the hedge, you wave your arms to stop the car. The driver flashes, but keeps on going.

Will you open fire (go to **152**) or will you stand your ground (go to **133**)?

119

The last terrorist falls under your rapid fire, his weapon discharging in his death grip. Kicking the body aside, you enter the room.

Mosby, tied to a chair is battered, bloody and bruised, but conscious. Whoever did this was an animal, full of hate and loathing for Mosby and what he stands for.

'Stay still, Mosby. I'll cut you free,' you say, fumbling for a boot-knife on the corpse of the male terrorist.

'Who are you? SAS?' asks Mosby.

'Nope. Just an innocent bystander, you could say,' you reply.

Mosby looks confused, but very relieved.

'Come with me and fix yourself a drink,' you tell him. 'It looks as if you need one.'

You help the injured man into the lounge, then grab the telephone and contact Hamer. You have saved the Secretary of State, but what are the other terrorists up to?

Now go to **292**.

120

Make a Luck roll as you try to sort out the problems with the wires. If you succeed, go to **245**; if you fail, go to **104**.

121

As you throw yourself against the end wall of the hall, preparing to tackle the next door, a volley of shots rips through the thin wood.

Several of the bullets hit you along your left hand side. It seems that Emma Levy was a real pro, unlike yourself.

Your adventure ends here.

122

As the thug swings his bat towards you, you smash him in the stomach with a well-aimed punch. He doubles up with pain, and you clasp both your hands together and bring them down on to the back of his neck. He collapses like a ragdoll. Snatching up the bat, you advance on the other two thugs.

Determined defence is the last thing they expected. Edging away, they pause for a second to pick up their fallen comrade, then disappear into the crowd.

You are almost knocked to the ground as the people gather around to express their thanks. Suddenly, you realize that although you were only defending yourself, you have broken the law. You could be in big trouble. The bat has your fingerprints on it, and you could even have killed the man.

'Quick! This way,' shouts a swarthy, balding man in his early forties.

Instinctively, you follow, not really knowing where he is taking you.

Now go to **48**.

123

You just manage to bail out before the rocket shatters the car. Hughes and Needham are dead, but Hall has been thrown clear on the other side of the road.

'You all right?' you shout to him.

'Leg's smashed, but I've still got the gun,' he replies falteringly.

It looks as if you cannot rely on him for long; he is badly hurt and may pass out at any time.

'Cover me!' you shout as you scramble to your feet.

He begins firing and brings down the terrorist who tired the launcher, but there are two more by a Telecom tent returning his shots. They have not yet seen you.

Charging forward, you open fire with the Ingrams.

You may have two free shots before the terrorists return fire.

First Terrorist Armalite 7

Second Terrorist AK477

If you are hit by either weapon, then go to **163**; if you survive, then go to **91**.

124

You throw your weapon out of the window and persuade Gross to do the same. Dragging Mosby out

of the room first, you open the door and begin your long descent into captivity.

Your adventure ends here.

125

The wall is far too thick and well made for you to make an impression on it. Reluctantly you have to give up the idea.

Now go to **3**.

126

You level the gun and fire, but instead of being dead, Wallace just sits there laughing at you.

'Blanks! Had to see if you could do it. Cold blooded killings are always the hardest,' he says.

You have been tricked, Wallace let you take the gun, he was testing you.

'Change your mind; you're ideal for the sort of thing we've got in mind,' he pleads.

Will you concede and go with him (go to **187**) or will you steadfastly refuse (go to **253**)?

127

You drop down into the garden first and take cover behind a rose bush. Scanning the windows overlooking the greenery, you can see nothing. The SAS are out there, somewhere.

The Secretary of State is lowered next and begrudgingly crouches beside you in silence. The others begin their descent one by one. By the time that Miguel,

Franco and Davina are with you, you are hoping that you have got away with it.

Optimism is foolish, though. Suddenly steady automatic fire brackets the window and kills Alwari, Fieldmann and Nomso instantly. You can hear footsteps and rustling nearby, they have been lying in wait all along.

The automatic fire is beginning to settle on your position and you fear that soon it will be all over.

Your adventure ends here.

128

You can just make out a Telecom repair tent a quarter of the way across the bridge. There are two men busily involved in running wires to and from the tent to a junction box on the other side of the road.

'Hall, you got your radio?' you ask.

'Yes, sir,' he replies.

'Check with control and see if there's any authorization been given for Telecom to be repairing at the moment,' you say. 'It doesn't seem very likely.'

The answer comes through in a few minutes. There is no record of repairs having been ordered for the lines that run across the bridge.

'That's them!' you announce.

Running back to Hamer, you tell him that you suspect the Telecom engineers are bogus.

'Can you handle it?' he asks.

Will you take it on (go to **15**) or will you stay up on the roof (go to **281**)?



129

With Hall, Needham and Hughes, you descend to the ground floor once more by lift. It will be rather tricky to approach the men on the bridge without spooking them.

'We need some transport,' you say.

'I'll get a car,' says Hall.

'Make sure it's fast,' you tell him.

He nods and disappears down the tunnel.

Emerging just underneath Big Ben, you wait for Hall to bring the car around from the cloisters near the bridge.

'You and Needham in the back,' you say. 'Hughes can drive.'

Hughes shoves his foot down on the accelerator and you head for the bridge. The policemen are falling back to the approaches, several lie inert on the road and pavement.

You get to within about twenty metres of the source of the firing, then see a man calmly step out with a rocket launcher!

Make a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to **123**; if you fail, go to **189**.

130

A police sniper deals with the driver of the vehicle, but the skirmish on the bridge needs your attention.

Now go to **129**.

131

'Get lost, whoever you are!' shouts the woman.

'I'm a friend of Wallace's. I need to speak to you,' you say through the letterbox.

Suddenly, your nose feels cold-steel touch it and faintly you hear the 'click' of a safety catch being released.

'Stand back from the door. Do it now! Keep your hands by your side and keep still,' commands the woman.

You obey and the door slowly eases open. A woman steps out clad in a nightshirt, but carrying a pistol.

'Emma?' you ask tentatively.

'Yes,' she replies.

'Wallace told me that if I needed a place to hide from the cops, to come here,' you tell her.

'Who are you?' she repeats.

'Gross, Nigel Gross,' you say.

'What are you to Wallace, Nigel Gross?' she asks.

'Demolitions man,' you reply.

'Come in. You responsible for the fireworks in Oxford Street?' is her next question.

'Yep. Good one, eh? Sorry to hear about Wallace. You were close?' you enquire.

'Kind of,' she replies. 'He used to live here, sometimes.'

'I'm sorry. Look I've got nowhere else to go. My flat is under surveillance and I need to contact the group real fast,' you say.

'You weren't followed here, were you?' she asks worriedly.

You shake your head, then she relaxes a little and puts the gun down on the table.

'Sit down. I'll get you a drink. Why do you want to contact the others. I'm under strict instructions not to contact them at the moment. I've got visitors, you see,' she says, indicating a room off the lounge.

You will have to make a Persuasion skill roll to convince her. If you succeed, go to **181**; if you fail, go to **200**.

132

In your panic to fire, you forget the way that the weapon pulls. The shots go high into the air above the car. Untouched, the vehicle hurtles straight for you.

You have no time to get out of the way before the car sends you spinning into the air. You will never know who was driving, or why the car would not stop.

Your adventure ends here.

133

The car screeches to a halt inches from you. Instantly the driver gets out.

'What the hell is this? Where's Wallace?' exclaims the man.

'He's about a hundred metres up the road. Who are you?' you demand.

'I'm Hector, one of the Secretary of State's aides,' he answers.

'Come with me, I'll take you to him. You must be our inside man. Any new information for us?' you inquire.

'Yes. For Wallace, not for anyone else. What's more I want my money first,' he replies.

Wallace, seeing the incident, is jogging towards you.

'Get back in cover. Mosby will be here shortly. What's up, Hector?' he asks the aide.

'I want my money and I've got some other information for you,' he says.

Wallace takes out a package and gives it to the man. Satisfied, Hector hands over a slip of paper.

'Good luck!' he says running back to the car.

He spins the car around, and heads off back the way he came.

'Get back to cover, everyone. Ten minutes at the most!' shouts Wallace.

Now go to **213**.

134

A burly Scottish sergeant enters the room, salutes the Major, then stands at ease beside you.

'This is Sergeant Matthews, our Master Armourer. He is seconded from the army. He still prefers to wear full uniform, although civilian dress is the custom here, eh Sergeant?' jokes Hamer.

'Yes, sir! Is this the ... er gentleman you wish me to train?' replies Matthews.

'Indeed it is. You'll have to cut some corners, you've only got until 15.00 hours to show him the ropes, Armalites, AK47s, Ingrams and hand guns. Don't forget to show him detonators; I doubt he'll need it, but he's supposed to be a bomber,' explains Hamer.

'Right, sir!' answers the sergeant. 'Anything else?'

'I don't think so. Bring him back here at 15.00 then,' concludes Hamer.

'Very good, sir,' says Matthews.

'Good luck to you both,' says a smiling Hamer.

Now go to **47**.

135

As you try to get away from the man with a shot gun, make a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to **271**; if you fail, go to **36**.

136

As the crowd enters a junction below the escalators, you force your way into a less packed section of the tunnel-way. Looking up at the escalators, you can see some skinhead thugs kicking, pummelling and pushing people back down into the crowd. They are attacking anyone who gets to the top of the escalators. Particularly brutal attention is paid to those wearing badges from the march. You are more than relieved that you did not try to get out that way.

The chanting is getting closer as the other skinheads force their way through the crowd still on the platforms. Before long they will be here.

Will you stay where you are (go to **178**) or will you try the side tunnel that you are in (go to **35**)?

137

'No way! I'll stick to the gun, if you don't mind,' you say, patting the barrel of the weapon.

'You have to learn this, one way or the other. Understand?' she replies crossly.

Make a Persuasion skill roll. If you succeed, go to **223**; if you fail, go to **255**.

138

Wallace tells the fourth squad to go and back up Fieldmann and Alwari who are holding the Secretary of State hostage somewhere in Kensington.

When the group has gone, he continues his briefing. You are to accompany him to the Houses of Parliament, keep watch on the sentries and man the detonators around Parliament Square.

Wallace is very quiet and thoughtful on the way into London, he obviously has much on his mind. Uppermost is the concern for Mosby and whether everything is still in order with the others who are holding him. He fears that the SAS may have already struck and know about the whole operation.

Suddenly, you wonder what happened to Zalacik who was supposed to be with your group. Tentatively, you ask Wallace.

'Lee? He . . . er had an accident just before we left, couldn't make it,' he replies.

'What sort of accident?' you ask.

'A terminal one. Now shut up. I want to think!' he shouts.

He must have suspected Zalacik of something to have killed him, but here is not the time and place to find out.

In less than another half an hour, you arrive in

Parliament Square. Taking a leisurely circuit of it, you stop beside the gate to the car park.

There are two uniformed policemen standing guard. Wallace calmly unwinds the window and stares at them for a second, then taps Nomso on the shoulder, indicating he should drive on.

Now go to **216**.

139

You bring the butt of your Ingrams down hard on Levy's head. She does not even have a chance to cry out to warn the others. Dragging her Ump body aside, what will you do next?

Rush the room (go to **33**) or call on them to surrender (go to **296**)?

140

By eight the next morning, the whole group is assembled in the farmhouse for a strategy meeting. The Secretary of State has been taken away during the night by Fieldmann and Alwari.

'Comrades, our first major mission was a complete success. We suffered casualties, but in the final analysis, the damage we have inflicted justifies their sacrifice,' says Wallace.

'What's more, just as they are thinking that we'll go to ground and hide, we're going to hit them again,' adds Barravelli.

'What's the target?' asks Zalacik.

The Houses of Parliament!' announces Wallace.

'You're mad! You'll never get within half a mile of



the place. The authorities are bound to be alerted by now!' replies Zalacik.

'I know, but we must strike the enemy directly to the heart. With or without the Secretary of State, the Prime Minister is going to address a hastily convened assembly of the United Nations within the Palace of Westminster. What's more, the Russians have agreed, to attend, and all seems set for a multi-national peacekeeping force to be sent to the Middle East. The President of the capitalist States of America flies into London later today. Marco and his team have already penetrated Parliament's security and placed explosives within the grounds. As the Prime Minister stands up to address the meeting, we execute Mosby in full view of the cameras, then blow the entire building to pieces!' As Wallace finishes speaking, he laughs. He obviously relishes the thought of throwing the world into disorder.

You sit dumbfounded, keeping your thoughts to yourself. It is both a crazy scheme and a brave one. If the group destroy Parliament and kill as many heads of state as possible - the effect will be incalculable. Certainly, the ensuing chaos will stop the peacekeeping plan in its tracks.

To business then,' continues Wallace. 'There'll be five squads of four for this mission. Hannah is out, she is looking after Mosby for us. I will lead the headquarters section, Marco will lead the support team, Jean will lead one of the other squads. I need a fourth team leader. Any offers?'

Will you offer your services (go to **50**) or will you keep quiet (go to **168**)?

141

Inspiration flashes as you work out the answer to the problem.

'We'll smash a hole in that wall,' you announce pointing at the wall to the next building.

'Brilliant! They wouldn't expect that,' replies Alwari.

Make a Strength skill roll as your team begin smashing down the wall with anything that they can lay their hands on.

You must make four out of seven successful Strength skill rolls, one for each of the group in order to be successful. Use your own Strength each time to represent the others as well as your own. If you are successful four times, then go to **96**; if you fail to be successful four times, go to **125**.

142

Arriving back at the camp, you unload the vehicles and rest for a while. Lee takes care of the dead, burying them in the woods nearby. Wallace and Fieldmann take the Secretary of State into the farmhouse to be interrogated by Alwari and Barravelli who have been waiting for you to get back.

Alwari is the group's hit-man, a professional killer who has got the 'politics bug'. Barravelli is Direct Action's intelligence officer. They will probably give Mosby a very rough time.



Being up all night has exhausted you, and there does not seem to be any point in trying to stay awake. The people who did not go on the mission have been detailed to guard the camp, so you can rest in peace for a few hours.

Now go to **140**.

143

You pick up the rudimentaries quickly; your aim is good and Fieldmann seems satisfied with your progress. Gradually, over the next few days, you become as good a shot as she is.

'That's all I can teach you about the AK47,' she says.

'When do I get to use it in action?' you ask.

'Soon enough.' She replies. 'We'll start on explosives tomorrow. Little bit more tricky than the '47.'

Now go to **230**.

144

Your shot goes wide and Wallace's oncoming frame knocks you sprawling on to the bed. Desperately, you both struggle for possession of the weapon, but he is stronger and gradually gets the upperhand.

Suddenly you hear a dull hiss and his body goes limp. Someone has shot him!

You push the corpse off you and roll on to the floor, fumbling for the pistol still lying on the bed.

'I wouldn't if I were you,' says a female voice.

'Don't shoot!' you plead.

'You're in no danger from me, Mr Rowlands,' she answers. 'My name is Lorraine Kaye, state security.'

'He was trying to kill me,' you say falteringly.

'He would probably have succeeded,' she replies.

'Very comforting!' you exclaim.

'You'll have to come with me to see the boss,' she announces. 'My people will take care of Wallace.'

With little other option, you follow her out of the house and into a waiting Rover.

She is not very talkative on the way out of town carefully fending off your questions with vague answers. It does emerge, though, that she is in fact SAS.

Slightly worried to say the least, you fall silent and listen to Radio 4 on the car stereo.

Now go to **218**.

145

You post the form the next day; if they need you help then at least it will give you something to do

The days seem to drag, the television is boring, a continual round of imported Australian soap-operas and dreadful quiz-shows. News bulletins appear virtually every hour reporting the worsening conditions in the Gulf and the increasing threats to the West's oil supplies. The high point of the week comes when you receive your benefit cheque.

Only three more days pass before you get a reply from the AFJC and, surprisingly, it is not by mail. Just after lunch on the following Thursday, a representative from the campaign arrives at the house.

'Mr Rowlands? I'm Gwynn Wallace from AFJC. May I come in?' asks your caller, a man in his mid-twenties, rather athletic-looking and with a hint of a northern accent.

'Sure,' you reply. 'Room's a bit of a mess, I'm afraid, I wasn't expecting you to actually call.'

He nods, then follows you into your bedsit.

After making him a coffee, you sit down while he rustles through some papers.

'Right . . . the reason I've called in person is because your application form for membership has something else printed on the back,' he explains.

'Oh, that Direct Action stuff. I thought it was a bit strange myself,' you reply.

'Direct Action choose specific people at demos to give these special forms. It's a bit like an invitation to join,' he says.

'They're anarchists or something, aren't they?' you ask. 'Why do you think they are interested in me?'

The fact that you were alone, for one thing. Also

that you're fairly fit looking. Perfect material for the group.'

'You're Direct Action yourself, aren't you?' you reply.

'Yes. We'd like you to join us,' he says. 'I've had you checked out. You're clean, no police record, no links with the authorities and no ties.'

Are you interested? If you are, go to **187**; if you want to throw him out, go to **186**.

146

The man is obviously as surprised to see you as you are to see him. He does not have the chance to fire before you are on him.

You will have to fight him hand-to-hand, and quickly, before the others arrive on the scene.

Gamekeeper 5 Wounds 4

If you knock him out in two attacks, go to **249**; if you are knocked out or fail to finish him in two attacks, go to **7**.

147

You shove the woman to the side and make a break for it. You have barely reached the stairs when she calls out to you.

'Halt!' she screams. 'I'll shoot you down right there if I have to. I mean it!'

If you want to try to get into cover before she fires, go to **9**. If you don't want to take that risk, go to **242**.

148

'You're dead if I even hear a sound from the man out there,' you say.

'What's the good of all this? We don't want any bloodshed,' argues Wallace.

'Tell him to put the weapon down and back off from the window,' you order.

'No I won't. Either shoot me or give me the gun,' he replies. 'We're not messing about, you know.'

Wallace does not appear to be bluffing. He means it, people with convictions like his really do not care about their own safety.

You decide to give in. 'All right. Just get lost. If you don't want bloodshed then get out.'

Wallace looks to the man outside for a sign of assent. The man stands motionless and gives nothing away.

'Fine. Just give me the gun and we'll go,' answers Wallace.

'No way, just get out,' you reply. 'I'm keeping this . . . for now.'

'Do him, Marco!' shouts Wallace suddenly, diving for cover.

Make a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to **234**; if you fail, go to **161**.

149

You shove the woman to the side and head for the stairs. You have barely reached them when she calls out to you.

'Halt!' she screams. 'I'll shoot you down right there if I have to. I mean it!'

If you want to try to get into cover before she fires, go to **9**. If you do not want to take that risk, go to **242**.

150

You grab the gun with one hand and his wrist with the other. If you cannot force the gun barrel away from your chest, he will surely kill you.

Make a Combat skill roll. If you succeed, go to **170**; if you fail, go to **183**.

151

You put the explosive into a can and attach the wires to the detonator. Then, suddenly, you panic. Which wire goes where?

'Fieldmann!' you shout.

'No way!' she replies calmly. 'You're on your own now. Just stay put and work it out!'

Will you try to work it out yourself (go to **120**) or will you run (go to **252**)?

152

Are you armed with an AK47 or an Ingrams. If it is the AK47, go to **208**; if it is the Ingrams, go to **194**.

153

Reluctantly, you hand over the gun to Wallace. He smiles as he takes it, then signals to the other man to withdraw.

'I can't let you live, you know that,' he says.

'I won't tell anyone anything,' you reply.

'Can't risk that,' he counters.

Suddenly, you hear a noise outside the window, a dull thud, then something like a weight falling to the ground.

Wallace panics, snatches up his case, then levels the pistol at you. Just as his hand tightens around the grip and his finger extends to the trigger, the window shatters and the room is filled with the deafening rattle of automatic weapons' fire.

Wallace is cut down in front of you, before you can move, several rifles are pointing at you!

You shout out in terror at the sight of Wallace being killed.

'Shut up! Put your hands on your head, stay perfectly still!' orders a man in a flak jacket.

You obey without question, Wallace's body is almost unidentifiable, you do not wish to share the same fate. The three men visible at the window stay motionless, until the door to your room caves in.

Framed in the door is a woman, fairly ordinary looking and the last thing you expected.

'All right, Mr Rowlands,' she says, speaking slowly and carefully. 'You can put your hands down now.'

'What's going on? Who are you?' you protest.

'OK, boys, mission over. Get someone in here to clean that up,' she goes on, ignoring your question and gesturing towards the fallen body of Wallace.

'He was a terrorist,' she explains, turning her attention to you. 'We thought he was going to kill you.'

'What happens now?' you ask.

'I'll have to take you to see my boss. Don't worry you're quite safe with us. We're state security.'

Now go to **283**.

154

'Get lost you creeps!' you scream, throwing yourself on to the nearest thug.

'I'm gonna break your neck, Commie!' shouts the skinhead.

Several of the other people join in and attack the two men kicking the prostrate body.

You will have to fight the skinhead alone, and he has a baseball bat!

Skinhead thug Baseball Bat 7

If you win, go to **122**; if you fail, go to **248**.

155

'I give up!' you shout.

'Come with me!' replies the man. 'Carefully, no sudden moves or I'll use it.'

The two other men come crashing through the undergrowth, weapons ready, but stop when they see that you are already captured.

Now go to **63**.



156

You follow exactly what Fieldmann did, packing the explosives into the can, connecting the wires to the 'plastic', then to the detonator. When you've finished, you bring the detonator to her and prepare to set it off.

The explosion is as dramatic as the first, the crater is a little larger this time.

'Good work,' she says.

'Thanks,' you reply.

'Briefing for a job tonight. You're in!' she proclaims.

Very satisfied with yourself, you follow her back to the camp, then spend the rest of the afternoon on weapons training alone at the target range.

Now go to **211**.

157

You throw your hands up quickly, just in case the man is trigger-happy. He motions for you to kneel, then stands over you until the other three men arrive.

A little more cautious now, they take you back to the house. Their hands are inside their jackets, clutching their pistols. Feeling that it would be rather unwise to try anything else, you walk to the front door with the three men. As you reach it, it swings inwards to reveal a butler standing in a sumptuous oak-panelled hallway.

'Welcome, sir,' he says politely;

'Follow me,' says the older man.

You pass through the hallway and into a room furnished with a bed and a chair.

'You'll wait here, please, Mr Rowlands,' the man tells you.

The two other men reappear and stand guard by the door, keeping to their typical silence. It seems that security men are not exactly the life and soul of a party! Exhausted you fall asleep.

Now go to **261**.

158

'I want in,' you say to Hamer.

'Why?' comes the simple reply.

'I know these people and I've still got a chance of infiltrating the group,' you explain.

'I agree with your first statement,' he replies, 'But we have to rule out infiltration, it's far too late.'

You have to accept his reasoning, but at least he will let you assist in the mopping up of Direct Action.

Now go to **72**.

159

'There were too many bullets flying for you to survive.

The terrorists were well-prepared and well-armed, I ready for such an attack.

Your adventure ends here.

160

Carefully directing your fire so as not to hit Fieldmann and her colleague is difficult. She is very close to the RollsRoyce and under fire from the armed chauffeur.

Wallace's men have picked off all but one of the

CIA men, who is hiding behind the wrecked Sierra to the rear of the Rolls Royce.

Will you try to get him (go to **274**) or leave it to Wallace (go to **287**)?

161

Although your shots riddle Wallace's body, the man with the automatic gets you.

You are hit several times, but mercifully the shock to your system kills you before you feel any pain.

Your adventure ends here.

162

You rap the door three times without getting an answer. Then you hear a disembodied voice speaking faintly through the oak door.

'Who is it? ... who is it? ... what do you want?' says the voice.

You can tell that the voice is female, but not more.

Will you knock again (go to **131**) or will you (go to **195**)?

163

The terrorists are too well trained for you and cut you down. Tumbling to the hard stone ground, you cannot help but wonder about the incredible chain of events that has conspired to end your life at this moment.

Your adventure ends here.



164

Direct Action run the training camp as if it were an army establishment. You are woken up at 6.0 A.M. by a uniformed woman in her early twenties.

'I'm Hannah Fieldmann, weapons training. Pull on your kit, get breakfast in the farmhouse and meet me by the armoury in fifteen minutes,' she commands. Her accent sounds German.

Bleary-eyed and cold, you struggle out of the sleeping-bag and have a strip-wash. You pull on your clothes, collect your equipment and go to breakfast.

It looks as if most of the others have already finished and are sitting around smoking before starting their duties. You count twelve; nine men and three women, including Fieldmann.

Breakfast consists of a plate of cheese and fresh bread, washed down with several cups of coffee. Satisfied, you follow the German woman to the armoury.

'OK. Let's get you acquainted with this weapon,' she says briskly. 'It never leaves your side, right!'

'Right!' you reply.

'Here's three clips, let's get down to the firing range,' she says, ambling off with her Armalite slung over her shoulder.

Is your Firearms skill 8 or more? If it is, go to **143**; if it is not, go to **111**.

(illustration on previous page)

165

Your shot ploughs into the front of the vehicle and stops it. Seconds later the driver is hit by a police marksman and slumps on to the steering-wheel.



You head for the lift, intent on helping the police in trouble on the bridge.

Now turn to **129**.

166

You can vaguely make out the shape of another person in the room, but the light is so bad that you cannot be sure. It may be another terrorist, but you guess it's Mosby.

The second woman enters the room closely followed by a man, who is regarding you carefully.

'So you're Gross, are you?' asks the woman.

'Yeah,' you reply.

'The hell you are!' exclaims the man, raising his pistol.

'What's going on. What d'you mean?' demands Levy.

'He's no more Gross than I'm the Secretary of State!' shouts the man.

He obviously knows the real Gross. You cannot try to bluff your way out of this. Will you grab your gun and open fire (go to **62**) or will you try to reach for your Ingrams (go to **51**)?

167

'Sorry friend, could've used you,' says the killer.

He pulls his gun and puts a bullet through your forehead, he could not have risked you describing him to the police.

Your adventure ends here.

168

'I'll do it,' offers Tom Demeyer, the Dutchman. 'I've been with the group for over three months now and I think I know the ropes.'

'OK. That's settled,' replies Wallace. Those of you who have had explosives' training are with me, all the others will be assigned your groups by Marco.'

Did you successfully detonate the bomb in the quarry? If you did, go to **215**; if you did not, go to **10**.

169

Make a Firearms skill roll. If you succeed, go to **75**; if you fail, go to **165**.

170

Gradually his grip on the gun weakens. Wallace desperately swings at you with his free hand, but his feeble attempts fail.

Snatching the gun from his hand, you point it at him. Stepping back a foot or two, you gesture for him to put his hands on his head.

What will you do now? Kill him (go to **126**), call the police (go to **244**) or release him (go to **285**)?

171

'I'm not going to argue with you,' says Hamer.

'Just as well, you couldn't stop me now, not with my new found friend still here,' you reply, smiling at Mosby.

'It could be a blood-bath, you know that,' Hamer states. 'I don't take responsibility for anything that happens to you.'

'Don't take unnecessary risks,' says Mosby.

'OK. Mother hen!' you joke.

Now go to **72**.

172

Reduced to a couple of shots with your automatic, you spray the nearest SAS man and throw the switch of the detonator.

For a split second or so nothing happens. Then suddenly the whole north bank of the bridge explodes into a sheet of orange, red, black and yellow. The explosion is so loud that it shatters all the windows for miles around.

Rapidly, dust obscures all vision for hundreds of metres and the SAS men seize their opportunity to rush you.

You are caught without a loaded weapon, so the

fight is a quick and uneven one. A burst of fire riddles your body, but even before you fall, you are hit at least twenty times more.

Your adventure ends here, at least partially successful.

173

You flicker back into the land of the living with little pain, despite your leg wound. You cannot move, not because of your injury, but because you have been restrained. Stout leather bonds hold you to the couch you are lying upon.

The room resembles a hospital casualty department, but you doubt from your experiences during the day that that is in fact what it is.

You appear to be right, the two men sitting on the far side of the room do not look like doctors, but bear a remarkable resemblance to two of the men who brought you here.

'Awake, are you?' asks one of them.

'What does it look like!' you complain.

'We're sorry about the leg. Harry didn't mean to hit you. He just got a right rocket from the old man,' says the other.

'I'm dreadfully sorry I got in the way,' you reply sarcastically.

Now go to **16**.

174

The policemen on the bridge seem to be holding their own. You and your men have not betrayed your



position, just in case there are other terrorists somewhere in the square below.

'There! What's that!' shouts Crow.

You see a petrol truck approaching Parliament from the Embankment. The driver is going very fast and seems oblivious to traffic lights and road signs.

'That has to be them!' you shout.

Will you go down and tackle the situation (go to **130**) or will you try a shot at the driver (go to **169**)?

175

'I'm in command. I have seniority,' says one of the SAS men.

You nod grudgingly, although you don't feel completely happy in the hands of someone you do not know.

'We'll check the river access first,' he announces.

Now go to **80**.

176

Suddenly, you spot someone moving around a line of cars nearby.

Ordering the men to fan out, you advance on the suspect.

'Come out with your hands in the air!' you shout.

'Get me, pig!' shouts the man, opening fire with an automatic.

'Down! Everyone down!' you shout.

Slowly edging forward on your stomach, you reach a support pillar and crouch down behind it.

The rest of your men are scattered in a rough semi-circle in front of the terrorist.

Will you pin him down with fire (go to **101**) or charge him (go to **270**)?

177

Behind the woman, there is a man, standing nonchalantly with an Uzi machine pistol.

'So you're Gross, are you?' asks the woman.

'Yeah,' you reply.

'The hell you are!' exclaims the man, raising his pistol.

'What's going on? What d'you mean?' demands Levy.

'He's no more Gross than I'm the Home Secretary!' shouts the man.

He obviously knows the real Gross, you cannot try to bluff your way out of this. Will you grab your gun and open fire (go to **62**) or will you try to reach for your Ingrams (go to **51**)?

178

Sooner or later the police have got to get here. You hope they do before the skinheads do. You cannot understand what possible good these thugs think they are doing, assaulting innocent people.

Suddenly, smashing their way through the crowd, you see three of the men. One has a baseball bat; the other two are unarmed, but very big and muscular. Instantly, they set upon a man a few metres from

you. He does not stand a chance and no one is helping him.

Will you? If you will, go to **154**; if not, go to **8**.

179

The thug turns away then, shouting to the other two, barges his way towards the escalators.

Time to get out. There is no point waiting around in case they head back this way. A middle-aged woman is helping the beaten-up man to his feet. He is battered and very bloody; violence has got progressively worse on the underground lately.

You manage to get to the stairwell that leads to the surface and, after an exhausting climb, emerge into the daylight.

Now go to **113**.

180

'Throw out your weapons and surrender!' you shout.

'No way!' comes the joint reply.

For a second or so, you consider your next move. Suddenly, you hear a burst of gunfire from inside the room. They must have executed Mosby.

Kicking the door in, you see a dead terrorist lying on the bed and beside it the inert and bloody frame of the Secretary of State. Standing some feet away is a man holding a gun to his own head.

As you approach, gun in hand, he kills himself.

You have failed. Mosby is dead. The terrorists are dead. All dead before you could discover any clues to Direct Action's target.

With more than a little trepidation you make the call to Hamer.

Your adventure ends here.

181

'Look, I've got some information for the group that could affect the mission,' you tell her.

'How do you know about the mission?' she asks in astonishment.

'Wallace hinted at it the last time I saw him. I don't know where or what the target is, though,' you reply.

'What's the information?' she demands.

Will you tell her that you think there is a traitor in the group (go to **99**) or will you say that you cannot tell anyone except the person in charge (go to **97**)?

182

You walk a little further into the room, but as you step over the corpse of the woman, a side door flies open to reveal two more terrorists, and beyond them the bound and gagged figure of Simon Mosby.

The terrorists will have the first shot.

Hannah	Armalite 7
Mohammed Alwari	Uzi 8

Your Ingrams kills automatically at this range. You can only afford to be hit by the Uzi once, the Armalite will kill you outright. Continue the fight until either both the terrorists are dead, or you have been hit by the Armalite or twice by the Uzi.

If you survive unscathed, go to **119**.
If you are alive, but wounded, go to **280**.
If you are mortally wounded, go to **159**.

183

He is obviously too strong for you. The gun points steadily closer to your chest, any second now he will fire.

Will you give up (go to **257**) or will you still try to wrestle the weapon from him (go to **196**)?

184

Your shots riddle Levy, then catch the two other terrorists standing by the door. They have no chance to return fire before they, too, are cut down by your close and violent burst.

Gathering up the discarded weapons of the terrorists, you move towards the bound figure. As he looks up at you with fear in his eyes, you recognize the Secretary of State.

Thank God!' he says, as you remove the gag from his mouth.

'Thank Ingrams,' you reply sardonically.

'Are they dead?' he asks.

'Not yet,' you answer.

As you finish untying him, the man tries to stretch for his bootknife. Instinctively, you spray him with the automatic and he finally lies still. The woman has not moved, so you assume that she is already dead.

'I'll help you into the lounge,' you say to Mosby.
'Thanks, I owe you my life,' he replies.

'And Hamer owes me £250,000!' you answer.

'What are you, then?' he questions. 'You can't be SAS.'

'Quite right,' you reply. 'I'm a mercenary, I suppose.'

Then you realize that part of the deal was to find out the next target that the terrorists intend to hit.

Now go to **236**.

185

You fail to persuade them to stay, and join them in negotiations to surrender. Until you return the Secretary of State, the authorities will not discuss terms for your escape. However, you are adamant that you will not give him up, whatever the others decide.

Miguel agrees to stay with you. But as the others throw their weapons into the street, and begin heading for the door, you have second thoughts.

It is not too late to surrender if you wish. If you want to try to hold out; go to **201**; if you wish to surrender with the others, go to **124**.

186

'I only wanted to join the AFJC, not Direct Action,' you protest.

For some people, they go hand in glove. You're just the sort of person we're looking for. Aren't

you sick to death of the way that the West is destroying the World?' he replies. 'Don't you want to hit back?'

'Well, yes, but how?' you question.

'Are you interested or not?' he demands. 'I've told you too much already.'

Are you interested by now (go to **187**)? If you are sure that you are not, go to **235**.

187

'What does it involve?' you ask.

'Political commitment, mind and body. We'll train you, feed you, clothe you, house you and in return, you'll have to do some jobs for us,' he replies.

Quickly you weigh up the arguments. On the one hand you will be joining an illegal group responsible for terrible acts of violence. On the other hand this is perhaps your only chance to be more than a number on the DHSS computer.

'Sounds good. When can I start?' you say.

'Right now. There's a car outside to take us to the training camp. Get your gear together. Don't worry about the rent, that'll be taken care of. Your benefit cheques will be cashed as normal. No one will know that anything has changed,' he explains.

You grab a few things and put them in a bag, lock up and follow him out to the car. A whole new life is in front of you, you have so many questions, but now is not the time.

Now go to **82**.



188

You were hit several times in the space of a few seconds and hurled to the ground. So close and yet so far.

Your adventure ends here.

189

The car explodes into a ball of flames. Trapped in the wreckage, you cannot move a muscle to help yourself as the fire licks ever closer to you.

Your adventure ends here.

190

You are cut down by the enemy before you can reach any cover or protection. Their fire is so deadly that you doubt whether any of the team had a chance.

Your adventure ends here.

191

One of the men finds a wire running along the side of the wall. He is a demolitions expert and quickly disables it.

Meanwhile the rest of the men are advancing in a rough line along the length of the first level of the car park.

Make an Observation skill roll. If you succeed, go to **176**; if you fail, go to **276**.

192

'Look at me! I'm injured. Don't you think that if I had anything to do with it I would have been careful enough not to get hit by masonry,' you protest.

'Fair point, Mr Rowlands, and you are our only lead. But I had to make sure. What did you see?'

Do you think that you can describe the man you saw running from the scene? Make an Observation skill roll. If you succeed, go to **73**; if you fail, go to **106**.

193

You slip down the stairwell and through the back door, to find yourselves in a private garden surrounded by buildings.

Looking carefully around you cannot see any police or snipers hiding out there, but you are sure that as soon as the time is right they will strike.

You walk up to a rose bush and duck down behind it dragging the Secretary of State with you, just as hidden riflemen begin to pick off your people.

Instinctively, they dive for cover, but you realize that all is lost.

Now go to **93**.

194

Make a Firearms skill roll. If you succeed, go to **59**; if you fail, go to **132**.

195

'My name is Gross, I'm a friend of Wallace's,' you explain.

'Why've you turned up here? I don't know any Wallace,' she replies.

'Sure you do, you met him at the Marquee Club in '84,' you say, regurgitating some of the intelligence that Hamer told you.

'So I do know Wallace. But he's dead, so he's not here any more,' she replies tersely.

'I know that. I'm on the run and I need help,' you tell her.

'Wait a minute,' she says.

You hear her walk away from the door and you are left alone, pondering your next move.

Will you kick the door down (go to **89**) or will you wait for her to return (go to **237**)?

196

You make another desperate struggle for control of the gun. With great ease, Wallace fends you off.

As you fall to the floor, he lowers the pistol and fires.

Your adventure ends here.

197

After Alwari's explanation, you are more confused than ever - and shocked. From what little they give away, the group 'Direct Action' believe in just that, direct action. Violence if necessary, but using force instead of reason. They want to bring down the Government.

'Furthermore, we believe that any means justify the ends,' says Alwari.

'True. The Government doesn't understand anything else. Anyone will listen with a gun at his head!' continues Wallace.

'So why me?' you ask. 'Just 'cos I won a fight with a skinhead, why are you telling me all this? How do you know I won't go straight to the police?'

The three men look at each other. 'Well,' says Alwari, 'I suppose you might as well know that we've had our eye on you for a while. We hoped you might be suitable and your actions today seem to prove it.'

'And we know you won't go to the police,' adds Wallace, 'because if you don't join us, you'll never leave here alive.'

Will you join them (go to **224**) or will you refuse (go to **239**)?

198

Struggle as you will, the grip gets tighter and tighter. You are perilously close to passing out, when you hear a female voice.



'Don't turn around. Don't even more or I'll break your neck,' says the woman. 'What *did* you see today in Oxford Circus?'

'What's it to you?' you reply.

The grip gets tighter still and a second hand grabs your hair.

'OK! I'll tell you exactly what I told the Inspector!' you protest.

After you have recounted your story under the most painful of circumstances, the woman gradually softens her grip on your wind-pipe.

'Get up slowly, Mr Rowlands, and don't try anything stupid,' she says.

Gradually you rise from the seat, then spin around. Standing beside the seat in front of you is a tall well-built woman in her twenties. To all intents and purposes she looks like a secretary, but you realize, from the pain you still feel, that looks can be deceptive.

'Well?' you ask.

'Walk past me and get off at the next stop,' she says commandingly.

Will you obey (go to **207**) or will you make a run for it (go to **147**)?

199

You manage to force yourself away from the edge and rejoin the crowd that is surging down an access tunnel from the platform. From the screams and shouts behind you, you assume that other people have not been so lucky. The terrified screams of the

crowd are mingled with the urgent squeals of the train's brakes.

Now go to **204**.

200

'I've got some information that Wallace said was important. It's about the Secretary of State,' you lie.

'We've got him and I don't believe you, Nigel Gross,' she replies.

'Wait a minute . . .' you start.

'Hannah, come in here,' says Levy reaching for the gun.

'What's going on. I'm one of you,' you protest.

'We'll see. Hannah will want to know exactly what this information is, otherwise you're history,' she threatens.

The door to the side room open inwards. Framed in the doorway is another woman, dressed in combat gear and holding an Armalite.

Make an Observation skill roll. If you succeed, go to **4**; if you fail, go to **166**.

201

No sooner have the others been taken away in vans to the police station, than you sense a great deal of activity downstairs in the street.

A few minutes pass, then you hear the sound of breaking glass and a tremendous explosion as the wall of the front room caves in. The lights flicker out and you hear two dull thuds in the dark. Then, no more.

The SAS are deadly and faultless, they have tricked you and it is too late to change the inevitable course of events.

Your adventure ends here.

202

The sniper's shot misses you only by the merest whisker, imbedding itself deeply into the tarmac of the road rather than your head!

In the seconds it will take for the rifleman to reload, you cock your weapon and open fire indiscriminately towards the north end of the bridge.

Your burst brackets a partially hidden group of black-clad SAS men slowly advancing towards your position. You see three fall to the ground, then the sound of automatic fire tells you that they have given up the pretence of stealth and the fight is on.

Now turn to **30**.

203

Deftly, you shove the nearest man out of the way and run for the cover of the trees. Safety is only a few metres away.

Make a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to **64**; if you fail, go to **76**.

204

The crowd seem terrified of something or someone farther up the platform. As you are forced into a sick tunnel by the press of people, you can hear shouts ahead and behind.

'Kill the Commies! Kill the Commies!'

There is little that you can do but stay within the relative safety of the crowd and hope that whoever is causing the trouble doesn't come near you!

Now go to **136**.

205

Zalacik slams the phone down as you approach the car. A little flustered he gets out and tells you that he was checking with Fieldman that the Secretary of State was still secure.

You are not sure whether to believe him or not, but you are not sufficiently senior in the organization to really challenge what he says.

He wishes you well for the operation and walks back to the armoury. You are deeply suspicious of him, and concerned in case he is a traitor.

Nothing can be proved, so you busy yourself until a briefing is called later that day.

Now go to **71**.

206

The SAS threatening you are either all dead or wounded. Dieter has not been as lucky as you. A burst of fire from the south bank hit him three times. The SAS are expert shots and you were lucky not to have been hit by the same burst.

Dieter can play no further part in the action and you are left alone to defend the detonator. Now that you have to protect your rear as well as your front it is

inevitable that they will be able to overrun you very quickly.

You are left with only two alternatives. Will you throw the switch now, even though there is still fifteen minutes before the speech starts (go to **172**) or will you use the lull in the fighting to make a break for it (go to **20**)?

207

The bus pulls in at the next stop. Waiting there is a Rover with three men sitting in it. The woman walks over to it and opens the door. You stand a short distance away and watch.

There seems to be some disagreement between them, but she appears to win the argument. The three men get out and wander off down the street, the driver giving her the keys before he goes.

'Right, let's go,' she says.

'What was all that about? Who were they?' you ask.

'Full of questions, aren't we. And all questions that I can't answer at the moment. Let's just say that they were colleagues and I had a better use for the car!' she explains.

You get into the front passenger seat, whilst she walks around to the driver's side.

'I'll take you straight to Major Hamer,' she says 'Must get rid of this first, so uncomfortable.'

She reaches into her jacket pocket and pulls out Walther PPK and puts in into her shoulder bag on the back seat.

A good job that you did not tangle too much with her, she certainly knows how to look after herself.

Now go to **218**.

208

Make a Firearms skill roll. If you succeed, go to **22**; if you fail, go to **226**.

209

Levelling your Ingrams on the opening door, you fire a burst before anyone can get out.

Make a Firearms skill roll. If you succeed, go to **295**, if you fail, go to **259**.

210

'I'm on my own. I just want the Secretary of State. Throw him out of the room and I'll leave. You have my word,' you say.

Although your words sound hollow and your promises worse, incredibly you hear a voice acceding to our demands.

'You stay still. We're coming out with Mosby in front. If we even smell another cop, he's dead. Got it!' screams a man's voice.

Will you agree (go to **277**) or will you refuse their demands (go to **29**)?

211

Later that evening, the full complement of trained operatives, gather in the farmhouse kitchen. There are eight of you, including Wallace and Fieldmann.

'Hannah and myself will act as section leaders tonight,' says Wallace.

'Miguel and Bernardo, after the briefing, see Lee and draw eight claymores from the armoury,' orders Fieldmann.

'Listen up,' says Wallace, 'the target is the American Secretary of State, Simon Mosby!'

Barely able to quell the applause and shouts of jubilation, Wallace continues:

'The capitalist West is desperately trying to put together a multi-national peace-keeping army for the Gulf area. They're terrified that their oil supplies will dry up now that our brothers in arms, the Moslem freedom fighters, have gained control. If they manage to organize this, our comrades will be slaughtered and the revolution will be set back for decades. If we get Mosby, and the rest of our plan goes well, we can stop this potential threat before it can be realized. In exactly one hour from now, we head out into Berkshire. North of Reading is the country retreat of our glorious Home Secretary, where Mosby will be staying. His house, of course, is well-guarded. No go there, I'm afraid. We hit the Secretary of State on his way into London at 6.00 A.M. tomorrow. We'll claymore the road and take out the escorts. I want him alive if possible. Deborah's team will give support and cover my team while we set the claymores. Any questions?'

'How do we know which road he'll be using at that time? Don't they change the schedules and routes of VIPs at short notice just in case?' asks one of the men.

'Sure they do. We've got someone inside. A sympathizer, one of the house staff,' replies Fieldmann.

'Any more?' asks Wallace. 'Remember, the eyes of the world will be on us if we get him. No slip-ups!'

Now go to **98**.

212

'OK, so I believe you. Now what?' you say.

'Get off at the next stop and come with me to see the boss,' she replies.

'Why? I've told the cops everything that I know,' you complain.

'True. I've got your signed statement. The thing is, we're sure that you can give us more help,' she explains.

Will you go with her (go to **207**) or will you refuse (go to **149**)?

213

Sure enough, just as the sun begins to rise, you hear the sound of approaching cars. Signalling to Wallace and the claymore team, you duck back into cover.

Speeding along at nearly eighty mph, is an unmarked Sierra. As it turns the final bend in the road, barely a hundred metres from your position, you can see that there are three men inside.

Close behind is a Rolls Royce, from the look of it, specially converted for maximum protection for the Secretary of State. Some yards beyond that is another identical Sierra with another three CIA men.

Wallace allows the three cars to pass your position



and enter the killing zone he has set up with the claymores. As the first car reaches the last pair, all eight of the mines are detonated.

The first Sierra, riddled with steel balls, spins out of control and crashes into the hedgerow. The 'Roller', its tyres punctured, but otherwise undamaged, glides to a majestic stop on the other side of the road.

The third vehicle, having trailed behind the Rolls Royce further than it was supposed to, suffers damage to the front, killing the driver, then runs into the back of the Secretary of State's car.

In seconds, the surviving CIA bale out of their stricken vehicles. Mosby stays put, shielded bodily by his aide. Wallace's men have opened fire, whilst Fieldmann and Georgio are making for the Rolls Royce

Will you stay put and open fire (go to **160**) or will you assist Fieldmann (go to **27**)?

214

Your burst hits Levy, sending her sprawling to the ground, two other figures, caught in the zone of fire, nimble on to the bed. Your shots have sprayed the entire room and nothing could have lived through it.

Not only are there three terrorists lying dead in front of you, but the slumped body of a man is in a chair just beyond.

With great dread, you step over the corpses and lift the head of the bound, inert man. It is the Secretary of State, you have killed him as well.

With no leads as to the target of the remaining

terrorists, and the death of one of the most powerful men in the world on your hands, you make the terrible telephone call to Hamer.

You are sure that he will not understand.

Your adventure ends here, or perhaps in prison if Hamer carries out his threats.

215

You spend the next day preparing charges with the others in Wallace's group. At the last minute Lee Zalacik offers to join the team. Since he is the most experienced man with regard to explosives, Wallace puts you in Barravelli's squad instead, and tells the youngest member to drop out of the mission.

Although Wallace is keeping very tight lipped about the job, you have a feeling that it is imminent. It is very unlikely that he would want to have primed bombs lying around for long.

Later that day, you are all called for a detailed briefing. It seems that the attack will take place immediately.

Now go to **71**.

216

The Range Rover pulls gracefully away from the gates of the Houses of Parliament. You appear to be nothing more than a car load of innocent tourists looking at the sights of London from the comfort of your car. If only they knew that under the seats lies a devastating arsenal of weaponry, and in your minds, chaos and mayhem that defy description.



A quarter of the way across Westminster Bridge is a Telecom tent, you cannot see anyone working there and the tent is zipped shut.

'That's the detonator,' proclaims Wallace.

You cannot help but admire the gall of Wallace; he has great confidence and enough cheek to risk the whole operation from such an exposed position as a Telecom tent.

'I need two of you to man the position,' he says. 'I'll leave the detonation time up to you, in case you are attacked or challenged. But remember this, the PM begins the conference at 3.00 P.M. That's the best time, if we want to make sure of getting them all.'

Will you offer? If you will, go to **83**; if you wish to stay with Wallace and the back up team, go to **6**.

217

'What have you found out about their plans?' asks Hamer.

'Well . . . Mosby and I reckon that they're gonna hit the Houses of Parliament,' you reply.

'On what basis do you assume any such thing?' he demands.

'On the basis that I happen to agree with him,' Mosby answers for you.

'Yes, sir. But I need hard facts,' replies Hamer.

As if to confirm your hypothesis, one of Hamer's men hands him a scale map of the Palace of Westminster marking the positions and routes of patrol of the police and security forces around it. 'This was found in the street outside the flat,' he says. 'It doesn't belong to the Security people.'

'If that doesn't tell you something, then what will?' you exclaim.

'All right! Agreed! It's the Houses of Parliament,' concedes Hamer.

'We think that they'll hit the place at 3.00 P.M. tomorrow when the PM stands up to address the heads of state,' you explain.

'By God, I think you're right. If they could kill or maim the most powerful men and women in the Western world, not to mention the Soviet delegation, there'd be no hope of peace in the Middle East. We'll be ready for them,' decides the major.

'I hope so,' says Mosby fervently. 'We've taken over two years to put this initiative together, and get the Russians to come in.'

Will you offer to help (go to **158**) or will you bow out (go to **256**)?

218

The woman takes you to a house in the Oxfordshire countryside.

The house is imposing, secluded and obviously much used. Several cars are parked around the front of the house and there are signs of activity in the nearby woods.

This is where we say goodbye, Mr Rowlands,' she says. 'Just knock at the door and Jeffrey will take you to see Major Hamer.'

She stops by the front door and you get out, raise your hand in a gesture of farewell and saunter away.

As you reach the door, it swings carefully inwards to reveal a butler, immaculately attired in a dinner suit.

'This way, please,' he says.

The man ushers you into a room furnished with a bed and a chair. Two other men appear and stand guard by the door in silence, despite your attempts to talk with them. You begin to worry a little as to exactly what you have got yourself into, before falling into an exhausted sleep.

Now go to **261**.

219

'It's Alwari. He's working for the cops,' you lie.

'That's impossible!' she exclaims.

'I'm only repeating what Wallace told me,' you reply.

'Hannah! Mohammed! Get in here . . . Who are you really?' she demands.

The door to an adjoining room opens and two people enter the room; One is a woman carrying an Armalite, the other is a man; it is obvious to you that he is Mohammed Alwari.

Beyond the two figures, tied to a chair, you catch a glimpse of a suited man in his fifties - the Secretary of State!

Too late, you discover your mistake. You should never have accused a man you did not know.

Your adventure ends here, from the barrel of a silenced pistol.

220

'I'll do it, for the quarter of a million if nothing else,' you tell him.

'Splendid. I have a man ready to train you in firearms, then later today I will personally brief you on the matter,' he says. 'Take care to remember everything that you are told, it may save your life later. We must install you in Direct Action by tonight at the latest.'

Now go to 134.

221

With Parliament secure and the remaining terrorists dead, you walk, exhausted, into Parliament Square.

Hamer is standing with a broad grin on his face. With your help he has averted the greatest danger to Parliament since Guy Fawkes. It amuses you to think that Direct Action's plan was the modern day equivalent to the Gunpowder Plot.



'Well, Mr Rowlands, it's over!' he exclaims.

'And we're still in one piece, just,' you say.

'Now, young man. The money is yours . . . but have you ever considered a job with the SAS . . .?' he asks.

Your adventure ends here, for now.

222

'It's you, isn't it, Trevor?' says Wallace.

'Yes,' you reply.

'Well I need you to back up Hannah and Mohammed. They're having some problems with the Secretary of State,' he tells you.

'What sort of problems?' you ask.

'Dunno. I just got to arguing about what to do with him and the line went dead,' he answers. The cops could've put a trace on the call or something.'

'Give me the address. We're on our way,' you say.

With Miguel, Franco, Nomso and Davina you clamber into one of the Range Rovers and head for Kensington.

Wallace has told you that, if the police are watching the place, you must try to get in and back Fieldmann up. At all costs, the American must not get out alive.

All of you are tense and silent, consumed with your own thoughts and fears. The journey is all too brief and you must now use the limited skills that you have acquired over the last few days, if you want to stay alive.

You stop two streets away and casually walk to the end of the road where the flat is.

The police presence is obvious. It looks as if there are at least eight men hidden in doorways or behind cars adjacent to the flat.

Will you try to make it to the flat (go to **37**) or will you watch and wait for developments (go to **58**)?

223

'If you need a gunman, that's me. Bomb-maker, no. I want to see the whites of their eyes, not skulk behind cover and blow them to pieces,' you proclaim.

'OK. If that's the way you want to play it. Listen, bombing is a soft assignment. In, out and bang! No complications. Thought you'd like the option,' she replies.

'I'll stick to this,' you repeat, clutching the automatic.

'There's a job tonight, briefing later. See you,' she finishes.

Fieldmann walks away, up the trail to the top of the quarry then out of sight.

Alone, you breath a sigh of relief that you managed to convince her - the 'plastic' terrifies you.

Now go to **211**.

224

'What does it involve?' you ask.

'Political commitment, mind and body. We'll train you, feed you, clothe you, house you and in return, you'll have to do some jobs for us,' he replies.

Quickly you weigh up the arguments. On the one hand you can join a group of dangerous men involved

in illegal activities, giving you a chance to be more than just a number on the DHSS computer. On the other hand certain death at the hands of the terrorists awaits you.

'Sounds good. When can I start?' you say, choosing what you decide to be the lesser of two evils.

'Right now. There's a car outside to take us to the training camp. Mark has got some of your gear together. Don't worry about the rent, that'll be taken care of. Your benefit cheques will be cashed as normal. No one will know that anything has changed,' he answers.

You shake hands with Barravelli and Alwari, then follow Wallace out to the car. A whole new life is in front of you, you have so many questions, but now is not the time to ask them.

Now go to **82**.

225

The climb is exhausting. Luckily, there are no skin-heads waiting for you at the top of the stairwell. You swear that it will be a long time before you use the tube again. Violence has grown worse on the underground recently.

Now turn to **113**.

226

The shots tear huge holes in the front of the car, but the driver is uninjured. Screeching to a halt, his Montego destroyed, he leaps out to confront you.

Amazingly, he seems unconcerned with the fact that you are carrying a gun.

'Where's Wallace? You fool, you've ruined everything! Mosby will be here in minutes!' he shouts.

Wallace, having heard the gunfire, is running towards you with two of his squad.

'Rowlands! What's happening?' he screams. That's Hector, our contact.'

'The car wouldn't stop. I had to do something,' you reply.

'Get rid of the car,' he tells you. 'Hector . . . I'm sorry . . . he's new and trigger happy. I've got your money and we'll pay for the car.'

He manages to calm down the irate man with these words and then ushers him away.

Meanwhile, you and the others have pushed the car off the road and hidden it behind the hedgerow. There is still some glass on the road, but in the half-light of morning it should not be very easy to spot.

Wallace reappears without Hector. He is satisfied with your job of hiding the car, but annoyed that it happened in the first place.

'It's still on! Standby. Mosby will be here in just a few minutes. Hector says there'll be three cars, Mosby in the middle one. The two others have got three plainclothes CIA, handguns only, OK?' he reports.

'Do we stay here? What about the wrecked car and the driver?' you ask.

'I've knocked him out,' says Wallace. 'He'll claim he was ambushed too. Back to your positions and

keep your heads down until the claymores go off,' he replies.

Now go to **213**.

227

At the last minute, you throw yourself clear of the oncoming car. Barely able to take stock of events, you see the vehicle tumble off the road and turn over in the field. Seconds later it bursts into flames.

You have ruined the opportunity to kidnap the Secretary of State. As soon as the convoy spots the plume of smoke, they will realize that something is wrong and take another route.

Wallace is livid with you, it will be a long time before you are allowed out on a mission again - if ever.

Your adventure ends here, or perhaps in prison sooner than you expect.

228

Suddenly, one of the men spots someone moving around a line of cars nearby.

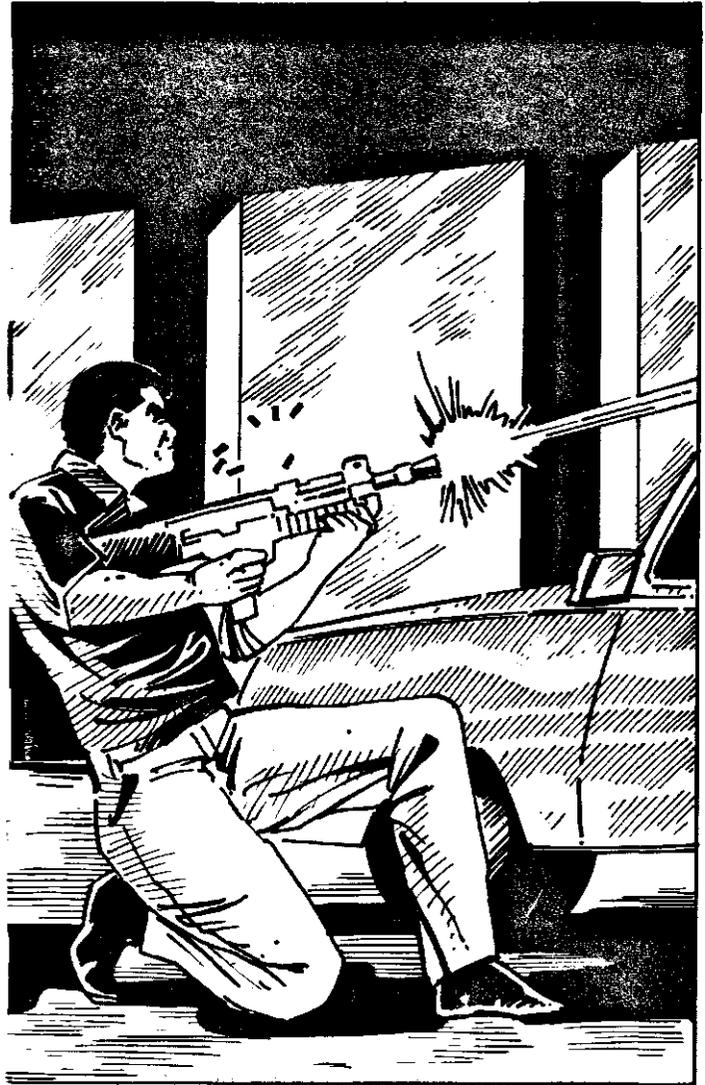
Ordering the men to fan out, you advance on the suspect.

'Come out with your hands in the air!' you shout.

'Get me, pig!' shouts the man, opening fire with an automatic.

'Down! Everyone down!' you shout.

Slowly edging forward on your stomach, you reach a support pillar and crouch down behind it.



The rest of your men are scattered in a rough semi-circle in front of the terrorist.

Will you pin him down with fire (go to **101**) or charge him (go to **270**)?

229

The labyrinthine basement of Parliament at first appears to be impossible to check. Luckily, one of the men with you served on security here some years ago and remembers the layout.

You must decide how exactly you are going to make the search and precisely what you are looking for.

Make a Leadership skill roll. If you succeed, go to **238**; if you fail, go to **175**.

230

They use a nearby abandoned quarry for explosives practice. As you walk in silence towards the site, with enough explosives in your back-pack to blow up half of the training camp, you hope that nothing will go wrong.

'Ever lost anybody? With explosives, I mean?' you ask.

'Once . . . couple of weeks ago,' she admits.

When you get there, she helps you unpack the explosives, then takes the detonators out of her pocket.

'Right . . . watch . . . listen . . . and shut up,' she says.

Carefully she unwraps a piece of the plastic explosives, then to your horror cuts it in two with a knife.

'Don't worry, it's perfectly safe without the detonator attached.'

Packing the explosive into a tin can, she then attaches two wires to the detonator and forces the two probes at the end of the wires into the 'plastic'.

'Right . . . now we take cover,' she tells you. 'Over there, behind that rock.'

You both crouch behind the rock, some fifty yards from the device. Without warning, she throws the switch.

A huge explosion erupts from the can, a thick plume of quarry dust rises, then falls, before she announces that it is your turn.

Will you try (go to **290**) or will you refuse (go to **137**)?

231

A stone slab hits you on your shoulder. In seconds you pass out with the pain, oblivious to the carnage that has been wrought around you.

Now go to **107**.

232

'We can't risk trying to help them, it'd be suicide,' you say to the others.

They nod agreement and follow you back to the RangeRover.

Now go to **67**.

233

Sometime later, three men arrive. They look as if they have just walked out of a spy movie. Trench-

coats, lightly pressed suits and sensible hair-cuts. They collect up your belongings and put them into a plastic wallet. Not one of them utters a word as they usher you out of the building and into a waiting Rover.

'What's going on? Where are you taking me?' you protest.

'That's not our or your concern, Mr Rowlands,' replies the eldest of the three.

'What d'you mean?' you ask, but get no response.

None of them even looks at you again for the whole journey. The car speeds out along the Westway and through the suburbs to Oxfordshire. Heaven knows where you are going, nor who wants to see you.

At last the car pulls off the main road, passes through a sleepy village and along a dirt road to a large house surrounded by woods. It is really not looking good. No one else knows where you are and anything could happen.

The car skids to a halt on the gravel forecourt in front of the house. The driver gets out, looks around, then opens the back door.

The first man clambers out, then gestures for you to follow him.

Will you chance an escape attempt (go to **203**) or decide not to risk it (go to **61**)?

234

Throwing yourself to the ground, you open fire several times. The man outside is spraying the room with gun fire. Then suddenly, all goes silent.

Tentatively, you stand up and fire another shot at Wallace.

Now go to **289**.

235

'I'm not interested. I'm not political, just unemployed. It's in my interests to support that AFJC, nothing more,' you say.

'We can't allow people to turn us down,' replies Wallace.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pistol. 'If you're not with us, you're against us, as they say.'

'Look, there's no need for all this drama! I just don't want to join your organization, that's all!' you protest.

It is obvious that Wallace intends to end the conversation with your death.

You have no alternative but to try to get the gun from him. Make a Strength skill roll as you lunge for the weapon. If you succeed, go to 150; if you fail, go to 78.

236

You check to see if Mosby is wounded once you get him on the sofa. He seems perfectly all right apart from the beating that he took at the hands of the terrorists earlier.

You fix him a drink and telephone Hamer.

Now go to **292**.

237

The muffled footsteps tell you that she has returned. The door opens and a woman steps out clad in a nightshirt, but carrying a pistol.

'Emma?' you ask tentatively.

'Yes. What are you to Wallace, Nigel Gross?' she asks.

'Demolitions man,' you reply.

'Come in. You responsible for the fireworks in Oxford Street?' she asks.

'Yep. Good one, eh?' you say proudly. 'Sorry to hear about Wallace, you were close, were you?'

'Kind of, he used to live here, sometimes,' she replies.

'I'm sorry. Look I've got nowhere else to go. My flat is under surveillance and I need to contact the group real fast,' you explain.

'You weren't followed here, were you?' she asks anxiously.

You shake your head, then she relaxes a little and puts the gun down on the table.

'Sit down. I'll get you a drink. Why do you want to contact the others? I'm under strict instructions not to contact them at the moment. I've got visitors, you see,' she says, indicating a room off the lounge.

You will have to make a Persuasion skill roll to convince her. If you succeed, go to **181**; if you fail, go to **200**.

238

'I'm taking command here,' you announce.

'On what grounds? You're not even SAS,' protest one of the men.

'Purely because I'm the only one who's had an



contact with this group. I think I know how they operate,' you reply.

The man concedes the point and the other four seem to agree with you.

You have three SAS men, armed with a mixture of automatics and hand-guns and two armed, plain-clothes police with L1 A1 rifles.

'I think it's pointless trying to cover all the ground down here. What are the access points to the base-ment, apart from the one from Whitehall?' you ask the man who has worked here before.

'Let me think. There's an access tunnel from the underground car park. A set of steps from the river and a disused tunnel near Big Ben,' he replies.

Will you split your group up into twos and check all three (go to **39**) or will you stay together and take one at a time (go to **250**)?

239

'Look, I've got in too deep, too fast,' you tell them.

'What are you trying to say? Not interested?' says Alwari.

'I guess so, where do we go from here?' you reply.

'Well . . . we're going to smash the state, you're going to your grave,' says Barravelli.

'Hang on, now! I won't tell anyone about you,' you protest.

'Too true, you won't,' replies Alwari, pulling his pistol.

'Not here,' says Wallace.

You sense some movement behind you, then Bar-

ravelli hits you with something hard. That is the last thing you remember.

Your adventure ends here.

240

Wallace explains to you that although he will give you details later, you will be responsible for guarding the approaches to Parliament Square. He expects you to set up a command post that can view all roads to the Houses of Parliament and be ready to detonate by remote control.

You spend the rest of the day pondering over a small scale map of the area. By the time you are called for the final briefing, you have formulated a plan in your mind.

A little later on in the afternoon, you see Zalacik making a telephone call from the car phone in one of the Range Rovers. It is strictly forbidden to make any contact before a mission.

Will you confront him (go to **205**) or will you ignore it and assume it is official business (go to **71**)?

241

A fusillade of shots rips through the thin wood of the door. Throwing yourself to the ground, you spray a full magazine into the room beyond.

Hearing a scream, you leap up and kick the door open, changing your magazine in the process. Emma Levy lies dead near the fragments of the door.



Make an Observation skill roll. If you succeed, go to **297**; if you fail, go to **182**.

242

'Hold it, Calamity Jane! No need for any violence! I'll come quietly. I'm your prisoner, OK?' you say with little other real option.

It looked obvious that if you had tried to make a break for it, she would have shot you dead.

'Get off at the next stop, Mr Rowlands,' she says coldly.

'And then what? Gonna shoot me in a deserted alleyway?' you ask, trying to sound cool.

'The SAS doesn't operate like that. We leave that sort of thing to the opposition,' she explains.

'Oh ... so heavily infiltrated, you employ them openly to do your dirty work, then?' you continue in the same sarcastic vein.

'Very droll, I'm sure,' she replies.

You both get off at the next stop. Despite the fact she has hidden the gun away again, you do not feel much inclined to try and make another break for it.

There is a Rover waiting just beyond the bus stop. Inside are three men and after a short conversation with the girl, whose name is Lorraine Kaye, they get out and head off down the street.

'Get in,' she says. 'I'm taking you to see Hamer.'

With little to lose, except you life, you get in.

Now go to **218**.

243

Gradually, you manage to break the grip of the stranger and hold his arm in a lock. Spinning around, you realize that it is a woman. Her free hand is fumbling for something in her pocket.

'Don't even try it. I'll break your arm,' you threaten.

'OK. Look, let me explain,' she protests.

'Try to, please do,' you say.

'My name is Lorraine Kaye, SAS,' she says.

'Prove it!' you reply.

'I was going to,' she exclaims.

She takes out a pass with her name and a photograph on it. You loosen your grip and look closer. It does not say anything about SAS, just that she is a civil servant.

'Why were you trying to throttle me?' you demand, letting her arm go.

'I wasn't, I just wanted to ask some questions without you trying to turn around,' she replies.

Do you believe her? If you do, go to **212**; if you do not, go to **260**.

244

'Now I've got the gun, I'm calling the cops,' you threaten.

'I wouldn't do that if I were you. Take a look out of the window,' he replies calmly.

You turn swiftly, just in case he is trying to trick you. Sure enough, someone is out there in the garden.

That is Marco. He is holding an AR18. It is an American weapon with a firepower of 800 rounds per minute. You'd be Swiss cheese in seconds,' says Wallace.

Will you try to bluff Wallace on the basis that Marco could get you, but you would be sure to get Wallace (go to **148**) or will you surrender the weapon (go to **153**)?

245

Probing the recesses of your mind to remember what Fieldmann did exactly, you manage to connect the wires as best you can.

Retreating swiftly from the bomb, you head back to where Fieldmann is still sitting.

'I think that's right,' you announce.

'Try it, then,' she commands.

The explosion is as dramatic as the first, the crater is a little larger this time.

'Good work,' she says.

'Thanks,' you reply.

'Briefing for a job tonight. You're in!' she proclaims.

Very satisfied with yourself, you follow her back to the camp, then spend the rest of the afternoon on weapons training alone at the target range.

Now go to **211**.

246

'No way.' you exclaim. 'You can threaten me all you like, but as soon as I get a chance I'm leaking this to the press.'

'They wouldn't print it. And besides, you'll never tell them anything anyway,' he states confidently.

'How so? What can you do to stop me?' you reply.

'I won't, but a Smith and Wesson .38 will,' he says, taking the pistol from his desk drawer.

Your adventure ends here.

247

The others cannot make up their minds about what to believe. Wallace is adamant that the plan has been compromised.

'I can't let you jeopardize the group by being captured,' he says. 'If you try to go ahead with the plan, you're bound to fail.'

'Defeatist! And you our glorious leader!' you mock.

'No one ever talks to me that way!' he shouts, thrusting his hand into his jacket pocket.

Now go to **38**.

248

The thug sends the bat crashing down on to your shoulder. Your last image is that of his leering face against yours.

Your adventure ends here.

249

You smash the man to the ground with a series of blows, then snatch his gun and run off further into the woods.

The trees not only provide you with good cover, but are also a great hindrance to your progress. The grounds of the house are large, but sooner or later you must reach the end of the forest.

Just ahead, through another hundred metres or so of woodland, is a road. You can hear the roar of an engine some way off to the right; the people from the house are dead set on catching you.

You reach the side of the road safely, only to see a Land Rover speeding towards you. Before you can make your mind up whether to risk cutting across the road, one of the SAS men appears a few metres away.

'Stop!' he shouts.

Will you stop (go to **155**) or will you run (go to **43**)?

250

'We'll check the underground car park first,' you say.

With the policeman leading, you sprint along the passageways towards the underground car park. The dimly-lit tunnels could conceal a thousand terrorists,



but it is unlikely that they would have strayed so far into the complex without being seen.

The car park is on two levels, with each space reserved for individual members of Parliament, although today the embassy cars of dozens of nations fill the spaces. There is an enormous amount of ground to cover, but you understand the need for strength in numbers and rule out splitting up.

Will you check the entrance to the car park first (go to **65**) or will you head for the area where the Cabinet ministers park their cars (go to **108**)?

251

A plainclothes man enters your room. He pauses for a second in the doorway and lights a cigarette.

'Mr Trevor Rowlands, I believe?' he starts.

You nod.

'Feeling a bit better? You're one of these AFJC fanatics, aren't you?' he asks.

'Fanatics? I'm not even a member of the campaign,' you reply, rather confused. 'I'm a supporter, though. What's that got to do with anything?'

'Well, it's just that you were found with subversive material in your pocket. What do you know about "Direct Action"?' he questions.

'Direct Action? Never heard of it,' you answer truthfully.

'Take a look at this, Mr Rowlands,' he says, unmoved by your denial.

He passes you a small leaflet with an application

form printed on it to join the AFJC. On the back is a short statement from a group called 'Direct Action'.

'I don't understand. I was given this leaflet in the park as I left the demonstration,' you say.

'Oh yes, and of course you haven't been handing these things out, have you? Can you prove to me that what you say is correct?' he demands.

'Yes . . . well no. I just had that leaflet given to me by a guy standing near the exit to the park,' you reply. 'Just by Marble Arch.'

'You know what these "Direct Action" people are about, don't you? They want to bring down the State. They don't care who gets hurt doing it either. Fact is, Mr Rowlands, I think you were a look-out for the bomber,' he finishes.

'You're crazy. I don't know what the heck you're talking about!' you protest. 'I saw a guy running out of the airline booking office, then all hell was let loose. People lying around injured. I had nothing to do with it. I swear it!'

The man looks at you in disbelief. You have got to convince him of your innocence. Make a Persuasion skill roll. If you succeed, go to **192**; if you fail, go to **266**.

252

Leaving the fiendish device lying in the crater, you run for your life.

'Down!' shouts Fieldmann.

As you hit the dirt, the device explodes, another second of hesitation and you would have been blown to pieces.

When you finally rise, Hannah Fieldmann is standing over you.

'Coward!' she exclaims.

'Too right!' you reply.

'Well there's a mission tonight and you're out. See you tomorrow if everything goes OK,' she says.

With that, she heads off back to the camp. With the sound of the explosion still ringing in your ears, you are just grateful to be alive.

Now to go **279**.

253

You toss him the pistol and gesture for him to leave. As he stoops to pick up his case and papers, you hear the glass break and a deafening rattle of automatic weapon fire.

Wallace is cut down in front of you and before you can move, several rifles are pointing at you!

'What's happening?' you scream. 'You've killed him! Who are you?'

Whoever they are, you are certain that you will be their next victim.

'Shut up! Put your hands on your head and stay perfectly still!' orders a man in a flak jacket.

You obey without question, Wallace's body is almost unidentifiable and you do not wish to share the same fate. The three men visible at the window stay motionless, until the door to your room caves in.

Framed in the doorway is a robust woman, fairly ordinary looking and the last thing you expected.

'All right, Mr Rowlands, you can put your hands down now,' she says speaking in carefully measured tones.

'What's going on? Who are you?' you protest.

'All right, boys, mission over,' she says. 'Get someone in here to clean that up.' She gestures towards the fallen body of Wallace. Then, turning to you, explains, 'He was a terrorist. We thought he was going to kill you.'

'He was leaving,' you reply, 'I refused to join his little group of militants.'

That's as maybe. We couldn't take any chances, though.'

'What happens now?' you ask.

'I'll have to take you to see my boss,' she replies. 'Don't worry, you're quite safe with us. We're state security.'

Now go to **283**.

254

Wallace is unmoved by your attempts to dissuade him from killing you. In desperation, you plead for your life, but he remains unmoved.

He levels the pistol at your head and fires. There is no escape from a speeding bullet at so close a range.

Your adventure ends here.

255

'There's no way I'm risking my neck with that stuff,' you say.

'Fine. It was a test, there's a mission tonight and you're out,' she replies.

'Why? I want to use this,' you say, holding up the automatic.

'It's not yours to use, yet,' she explains.

With that she walks off and heads back to camp, leaving you wishing that you could have convinced her that you are ready.

Now go to **279**.

256

That's me out, then,' you say.

'Leave it to the experts. Not that you're not fast becoming one,' patronizes Hamer.

'Yeah. Don't forget my money,' you say.

'It is already lodged at the bank for you,' he replies.

'Here's the account number and details.'

'And here's your toys,' you say, throwing the Ingrams and the Python on to the sofa.

It seems Hamer understands how you feel.

'Believe me, you're well out of this,' he says kindly.

'Good luck. You did a good job.'

Thanks,' you reply, already walking towards the door.

Your adventure ends here.

257

'Enough . . . you've made your point, I give in,' you say.

'Right, let's be sensible about all this,' replies Wallace.

'So what happens now?' you ask.

'It looks as if I've got at least two options. Kill you here, or kill you somewhere else, since you're not interested and I've played my hand, so to speak,' answers Wallace.

'I don't like either of those options,' you say.

Make a Persuasion skill roll to save your life. If you succeed, go to **102**; if you fail, go to **254**.

258

The doctor allows you to leave that afternoon. He tells you that you should not suffer any ill-effects from the concussion, but to take it easy for a few days.

You jump on a bus that will drop you close to your bedsit and spend the journey pondering over the events of the last few hours.

It seems incredible that you've survived a bombing and been accused of being a terrorist by the police - all just for being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Suddenly, you feel hot breath on your neck, then in arm clamps itself around your throat. The top of the bus is deserted apart from you and the attacker. You must make a Strength skill roll to avoid being throttled. If you succeed, go to **243**; if you fail, go to **198**.

259

You empty two full magazines into the door before you are satisfied that nothing could be alive in the from.

Replacing the magazine, you smash down the remnants of the door and stare in at the carnage.

Not only are there two terrorists lying dead near the doorway, but there is the slumped body of a man in a chair just beyond.

With great dread, you step over the corpses and lift the head of the bound, inert man. It is the Secretary of State; you have killed him as well.

With no leads as to the target of the remaining terrorists, and the death of the man who was most likely to succeed the President of the United States on your hands, you make the terrible telephone call to Hamer.

You are sure that he will not understand.

Your adventure ends here, or perhaps in prison, if Hamer carries out his threats.

260

'I don't know who you are, but you're not SAS,' you tell her.

'Come with me and I'll prove it,' she replies.

Will you go with her (go to 207) or will you refuse (go to 149)?

261

The following day you are taken to see Major Hamer. He is a small man, partly hidden by the enormous mahogany desk piled with papers behind which he is sitting. You would guess that he is in his sixties, but very fit and alert.

'Good morning, Mr Rowlands,' he says. 'I trust that you have slept well? I have read of your exploits with great interest. I'm sorry that my people are somewhat unorthodox at times and I must apologize for any inconvenience or suffering that they may have caused.'

'That's all very well. Why don't you get to the point,' you reply sharply.

'I understand your concern and I will be as brief as possible. Let me lay down the facts as we have them, Mr Rowlands,' he continues.

Hamer tells you that they have positively identified a man responsible for the bombing of the American International Airways office in Oxford Street, a certain Nigel Gross. They have picked him up and are holding him in custody at West End Central Police Station. Further, they have found the body of Gwynn Wallace, recruiting officer for the terrorist cell called Direct Action.

'What does all this mean to me?' you demand.

'The fact is, Mr Rowlands, that only Wallace could have positively identified Gross. He was working as a freelance operative for Direct Action and not actually part of the group. You bear a remarkable, if superficial, resemblance to Gross. Take a look at this picture taken yesterday,' he asks.

The photograph is a typical mug-shot of a criminal, but Hamer is right, Gross does look like you.

'So?' you ask.

'Straight to it then . . . we would like you to substitute for Gross,' he replies.

'You're mad. . . you brought me here for that!' you reply in astonishment.

'Mad perhaps, but desperate. May I be frank?' he continues.

'Oh, please do,' you reply sarcastically.

'Direct Action are a relatively new phenomenon on the terrorist scene,' he explains. 'They are cunning, audacious and dangerous. Early this morning they kidnapped Mr Mosby, the American Secretary of State!'

'So you want me to find out where they are holding him, get him out and help prop up the government?' you exclaim.

'Exactly. I believe that you have no direct feelings for Mr Mosby, but understand this; unless we find out where he is, and soon, they will kill him. I cannot allow that to happen,' replies Hamer.

'What's in it for me, except almost certain death,' you answer. 'I can see no reason why I should do it.'

'You will receive the undying gratitude of my department, Mr Mosby and £250,000. The job should not take more than three days. Tell me, where else would you earn that sort of money?' he asks.

Will you go along with Hamer's plan (go to **220**) or will you refuse (go to **11**)?

262

The knife hits you in the chest. Your grip on the pistol weakens as the pain from your wound sends Shockwaves through your body.

Wallace is on you instantly, he grabs the pistol from your grasp and holds it to your head.

A second more, and you will be dead. Your adventure ends here.

263

'Leave it to the experts. Not that you're not fast becoming one,' patronizes Hamer.

'Yeah. Don't forget my money,' you say.

'It is already lodged in the bank for you. Here's the account number and details,' replies Hamer.

'And here's your toys,' you say, throwing the Ingrams and the Python on to the sofa.

It seems Hamer understands how you feel.

'Believe me, you're well out of this,' he says kindly. 'Good luck. You did a good job.'

Thanks,' you reply, already walking towards the door.

Your adventure ends here.

264

You spot nothing, but feel very exposed here for some reason. Are you with the rest of the men, or alone with Hughes? If you are alone, then you should radio for the others to join you before going on to search anywhere else.

Now go to **52**.

265

With the SAS men dead, you sprint the last few yards to the entrance of the block. Waiting there are two more police, who are cut down instantly.



The flat is on the top floor. Fieldmann has seen you run from the window and is waiting for you beside the door to the flat.

Taking charge of the situation, despite Fieldmann and Alwari's seniority, you must make up your mind about what to do next. It was all very well getting in here, but you have got yourself into a rat trap.

There are only two real options that you can consider, since trying to shoot your way out would be suicidal.

You can simply stay put and wait for them to make a move (go to **3**); or you can take the initiative and look for another escape route (go to **141**).

266

'What makes you think that I've got anything to do with all this,' you protest. 'It's me that got hurt, a real terrorist wouldn't be stupid enough to get hurt by his own bomb!'

'There's a lot of stupid terrorists out there. Well-meaning people, maybe, but they've crossed the line into lawlessness,' he replies. 'It's my job to catch them and stop them. Seven people killed, thirty-three injured, thirty-four including you.'

'How can I convince you?' you ask in desperation.

'You're out of my hands. You'll get out of here this afternoon, then I'm passing you on to intelligence. If you're hiding something, they'll get it out of you. The Director of Public Prosecutions has signed a detention order under the Prevention of Terrorism Act. You

can be held for three weeks. You've not seen the last of me,'concludes the inspector.

Now go to **233**.

267

Falling bricks and masonry hit the ground all around you. A few feet away is a prostrate man, his head is caked in blood and he is pinned by a large slab of stone. Instinctively, you rush to help him, regardless of the danger to yourself.

You cannot manage to get the stone off his legs alone, then another man appears to help you. With great effort, you free the man, then you both drag him to the safety of the middle of the road. The whole building seems in imminent danger of collapsing.

There is no sign of any ambulances yet, a handful of police are desperately trying to help the stricken members of the public. You wait for a little while, comforting the man you helped then, as the ambulances start arriving, you slip off into the crowd.

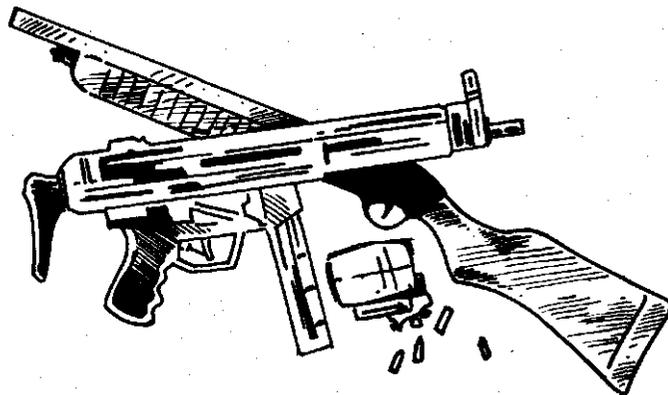
Now go to **94**.

268

Your shot hits Wallace and he tumbles backwards to end up slumped in the front seat of the car.

'Get rid of him!' you order, taking charge of the situation before any of the others can challenge your actions.

You unceremoniously dump Wallace's inert body



behind an advertising board on a side street, then turn the car around to head back for the bridge.

The others are silent, still shocked at your killing of their leader. It seems clear, though, that they will obey you and accept your decision to press on with the plan.

As you drive out on to the bridge, all looks normal, but you cannot see either Dieter or Franco by the Telecom tent.

Pulling up some twenty metres from the tent, you step out and walk slowly towards it. It looks as if they have abandoned it, they must have thought that you were not coming back.

Suddenly, your sixth sense warns you of danger. Seconds later, as you are running back towards the car, someone opens fire on you from a hidden position.

Wallace was right, the plan has been uncovered!

Will you try to detonate the charges as planned (go to **57**) or will you try to get away and abandon the scheme (go to **92**)?

269

You can just make out a group of five or six black clad men crawling towards your position. They must be SAS men! They don't know that you have seen them yet.

Cocking your weapon, you take careful aim and open fire. Your burst sprays along the line of men, sending shards of tarmac spinning up into the air. You manage to hit three of them, but you can see that there is a second line of SAS safely out of range a little further back.

Dieter has begun to open fire on a similar group advancing from the south bank. He too has hit a couple of them, but they have started returning fire.

Now go to **30**.

270

Too late you notice three more terrorists off to your left. In a split second they bracket you with well-aimed fire. It is impossible, being in the open as you are, for them to miss.

Falling from the bullets of an AK47, you slump on to the oil-stained floor of the car park.

Your adventure ends here.

271

The man fires off his shotgun and misses. It is too late for him to catch you now, but you still have to worry about the other three men hard on your heels.

The trees not only provide you with good cover, but are also a great hindrance to your progress. The grounds of the house are large, but sooner or later you must reach the end of the forest.

Just ahead, through another hundred metres or so of woodland, is a road. You can hear the roar of an engine some way off to the right; the people from the house are dead set on catching you.

You reach the side of the road safely, only to see a Land Rover speeding towards you. Before you can make up your mind whether to risk cutting across the road, one of the SAS appears a few metres away.

'Stop!' he shouts.

Will you stop (go to **155**) or will you run (go to **43**)?

272

'I never did get your name,' says Alwari.

'Trevor Rowlands,' you reply, taking a deep swig of the scotch.

There was some trouble with skinheads, after the demo and Trevor was the only one of the AFJC idiots to stand up to them. Knocked the living daylights out of one,' Alwari explains to the other two men.

'Really . . . well, welcome, Trevor. My name is Gwynn Wallace,' says the taller of the two, extending his hand to you. 'Recruiting agent for DA. My colleague is Marco . . . Marco Barravelli.'

You stand to greet him and then offer your hand to the second man.

'So Trevor's a bit tasty with his fists, is he?' says Barravelli, with a slight Italian accent.

'He was using a baseball bat. Nicked it from the skinhead first, then clobbered him with it,' says Alwari proudly.

'What did you get up to during all of this, Mohammed? Can't imagine you not joining in the fun,' asks Wallace.

'Nothing then, but I had to top a couple of skin-heads a bit later on, had a run in with the police, too,' replies Alwari.

'Get spotted? Car ID'd?' enquires Wallace.

'Nothing they could pin on anyone, only got a glimpse of the burning rubber!' he answers.

'Good. Just as well, eh!' chips in Barravelli.

'Well, Trevor, want to join us then?' asks Alwari.

'Wait up! What's DA? . . . Who are you anyway? All I know is that a guy helps me out of the tube and is prepared to kill anyone in our way!' you say.

'Sit down and we'll explain,' says Alwari.

Now go to **197**.

273

Wallace is oddly quiet during the brief drive back towards the bridge. He obviously realizes that his claim to leadership of the group has been successfully challenged.

As you drive out on to the bridge, all looks normal, but you cannot see either Dieter or Franco by the Telecom tent.

Pulling up some twenty metres from the tent, you



and Wallace step out and walk slowly towards it. It looks as if they have abandoned it, thinking that you were not coming back.

Suddenly, Wallace's body is sent spinning backwards. He was right! The authorities have rumbled your plans!

The next bullet will be for you. Make a Luck skill roll. If you succeed, go to **70**; if you fail, go to **45**.

274

The last man runs out of ammunition, but not before he has hit a couple of you. Seizing your chance, you rush forward and finish him with a burst of fire.

By now, most of the remaining members of the group are clustered around the Rolls Royce. Wallace has opened the back door and is pointing his Armalite at the Secretary of State.

'Get that fat scum out of the car,' he orders.

You drag the Secretary of State out from under the dead body of his aide and on to the verge. Sporadic firing continues as Fieldmann checks the front car again for survivors and Wallace executes the driver.

There was no need for that!' protests Mosby.

There was no need for you to have done half the things you have done,' replies Wallace.

'Who in God's name are you?' demands Mosby.

'We are Direct Action, the military arm of the people!' answers Wallace. 'And you, my dear Secretary of State, are our prisoner, prisoner of war, shall we say.'

You guard Mosby while the others collect up the weapons and drag your dead to the transport.

The Range Rovers wait for you to bring the American over. Once he is loaded up, you speed off back to base. Despite your victory, you mourn your dead comrades lying unceremoniously in the back of the vehicle.

Now turn to **142**.

275

Your carefully aimed fire brings down the two terrorists in a matter of seconds. They have no chance against your determined, surprise attack.

Beyond the corpses of the terrorists is the bound body of the Secretary of State. He is obviously very frightened and almost waiting for someone to finish him off. As you loosen the gag around his mouth, then stoop to untie him, he finally unhunches his shoulders and looks up.

Thank God for the SAS,' he exclaims.

'I'll drink to that, but I'm not quite SAS,' you reply in carefully measured words.

You are still shaking with the sudden surges of adrenalin pumping through your body, gradually slowing down as the realization of what you have done impacts upon you.

'Who are you?' he demands.

'A workhorse for Hamer,' you joke.

'Ah!' he replies.

You half lift, half pull Mosby over the inert bodies

of the terrorists and let him slump on to the sofa in the lounge.

Now turn to **236**.

276

A single shot hits you in the side of the head. You had no idea that you were in the sights of a terrorist hidden behind the cars just ahead.

You can only hope that your men will be able to stop the terrorists before it is too late.

Your adventure ends here.

277

The door slowly swings inwards. You ready yourself for any unprovoked burst of fire, your Ingrams fully loaded and pointed at the doorway.

Instead of a terrorist attack, you see the dishevelled figure of Mosby and a terrorist holding a .38 to his head.

'No tricks, pig. Move a muscle and he's history!' threatens the woman with the gun.

Close behind is a man holding an Uzi machine pistol. He seems to be the real pro, swiftly taking in the situation and moving his weapon accordingly.

They reach the centre of the room, still holding their hostage between you and them. Gradually, they edge towards the door to the hall.

In an instant they are both struck down! High velocity bullets hit them both in the temple and they collapse in a messy heap beside the Secretary of State.

'Damn you, Hamer!' you curse.



In seconds the room is full of armed men. A man in black systematically moves from body to body pumping several shots into each of them.

'That's routine, Rowlands. Just in case they're not dead. We can't have live terrorists on trial, bad for security,' he explains.

'You set me up!' you scream.

'In a way, yes. But it was only the back-up plan. Always have a back-up plan, Mr Secretary of State,' he says smugly.

'What happens now?' you demand.

To you, nothing. We'll pay you off, of course,' he tells you.

Your adventure ends here.

278

You turn to try to run. The police are shouting for you to halt and the killer is screaming for you to get in.

The car screeches forward, bowling over the pursuing police, spins around and heads straight for you.

'Get in or you're dead!' orders the killer.

Will you comply (go to **100**) or will you refuse (go to **167**)?

279

Confined to your barracks, you hear the sound of engines revving. You wish that you could have gone *along with them for the job, even though* you don't know what it is.

The noises in the night fade away and with regrets, you fall asleep.

Now go to **23**.

280

The wound is only slight, but is bleeding freely. Binding your arm first, you then tackle the ropes around the Secretary of State.

When his gas is removed he is finally free to thank you.

'I'll never complain about SAS methods again,' he says.

'Won't bother me if you do,' you reply.

'You're not SAS? The Met then?' he puzzles.

'No, neither. Just a man caught in the middle, I suppose,' you tell him.

'Whatever. I owe you my life,' he says. Thanks.'

You help the injured man into the lounge, then grab the telephone and contact Hamer. You have saved the American, but what are the other terrorists up to?

Now go to **292**.

281

Approaching the bridge are several policemen. They barely get to within a hundred metres of the approach to it when a machine gun opens fire.

'Damn! That'll scare the terrorists off,' you exclaim.

The tableaux unfolds before you as you see the *policemen cut down. They cannot get into cover and are trapped.*

They need help down there,' you say.
Will you go and assist (go to **129**) or will you stay on the roof (go to **174**)?

282

Grabbing your Python, you shoot Levy where she stands, then rise to rescue the Secretary of State. Unfortunately it is not that easy; emerging from the side room are two other terrorists. You will have to fight them both. You have the first shot.

Hannah	Armalite 7
Mohammed Alwari	Uzi 8

Your Python kills automatically at this range. You can only afford to be hit by the Uzi once, the Armalite will kill you outright. Continue the firefight until either all the terrorists are dead, or you have been hit by the Armalite or twice by the Uzi.

If you survive unscathed, go to **119**.

If you are alive, but wounded, go to **280**.

If you are mortally wounded, go to **159**.

283

You follow the woman out of your bedsit and into the street.

'Don't worry about your place, the boys will tidy everything up for you,' she says comfortingly.

'I didn't fancy coming back to a mouldering corpse,' you reply.

She laughs, which breaks the tension a little.

'My name is Lorraine Kaye,' she tells you as you get into the Rover with her.

She is quite quiet on the way out of town, carefully fending off your questions with vague answers. It does emerge, though, that she is in fact SAS.

Slightly worried to say the least, you fall silent and listen to Radio 4 on the car stereo.

Now go to **218**.

284

The thug strides menacingly towards you. The baseball bat in his hand still covered in the blood of his last victim. You will have to fight him.

Thug	Baseball Bat 6	Wounds 6
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If you win, go to **122**; if you fail, go to **248**.

285

'Get lost, Wallace. Take your Direct Action and shove it,' you shout.

'Don't be stupid, Trevor. D'you think I'd come here alone?' he replies.

'Yes, I do think you're stupid enough and arrogant enough to come here alone,' you retort.

'Well, I guess you're right,' he concedes.

He stoops to pick up his case and papers, then suddenly spins around and throws a knife at you.

Make a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to **21**; if you ail, go to **262**.

286

You have no time to get out of the way before the car sends you spinning into the air. You will never know who was driving, nor the consequences of your rash actions.

Your adventure ends here.

287

You continue to spray the rear Sierra with gunfire, until at last, the CIA man is dead.

Wallace has already captured the Secretary of State and ordered the execution of the chauffeur, who killed one of his men. Fieldmann is busy checking the other car and a shot tells you that one of the CIA men who was only wounded has just been killed.

Mosby is aloof, but repulsed by the brutal executions of his bodyguard. As Wallace, cold-bloodedly shoots his driver in front of him he sways as if about to faint.

'Get the weapons, collect our fallen comrades and move out!' commands Wallace.

A few minutes of fevered activity leaves the corpse of the CIA, the driver and Mosby's aide laid out ceremoniously beside the three wrecked cars.

Despite the victory, the drive back to base takes place in almost complete silence. You feel not only for your fallen, newly found friends, but also for the CIA who were killed today.

You try to drive these sentiments from your mind. Thoughts like these could lose you your life in the days to come.

Now go to **142**.

288

The bullets ricochet off the handrail and slams into the side of the bus. In that split second you hurtle down the stairs and on to the platform.

The bus is travelling at about 30mph. Will you risk the jump or chance being shot or captured by the SAS woman?

If you wish to jump, go to **49**; if you decide to stay on the bus, go to **41**.

289

The shot hits Wallace in the chest and the velocity of the bullet sends him spinning back into the chair.

Before you can realize what has happened, the door caves in, to reveal a woman with a gun poised to fire.

'Drop it! Drop it now,' she commands, 'or I'll shoot you down where you stand!'

With the gun hanging limply in your hand, you would be dead before you could raise it. Reluctantly, you drop it to the ground.

She advances, kicking the weapon out of reach, then indicates that you should back off.

That was a little silly, Mr Rowlands,' she says, putting her gun into her jacket.

'He was going to kill me,' you explain.

'I know. I should've kicked the door in earlier,' she replies.

'You heard all that and did nothing! Who in heavens name are you, anyway?' you demand.

'Let's just say . . . state security, shall we?' she replies.

'Fine . . . now what?' you ask.

'You'll have to come with me, to see my boss,' she answers.

'What about that?' you say, pointing to Wallace's inert body.

'My people will deal with him, not to worry,' she says.

Not to worry! You have just killed a man, and she says 'not to worry!'

'My name is Lorraine Kaye,' she tells you as you get into the Rover with her.

She is not very talkative on the way out of town, carefully fending off your questions with vague answers. It does emerge, though, that she is in fact SAS.

Slightly worried to say the least, you fall silent and listen to Radio 4 on the car stereo.

Now go to **218**.

290

Taking the bomb-making equipment from her, you walk back to the site of the previous bomb. Lying in a small crater is the remains of the tin can.

Tentatively, you lay the components of the bomb on to the ground and prepare for assembly.

What is your Observation skill? If it is more than 8 go to **156**; if it is less, go to **151**.

291

Not taking any chances by hanging around for police reinforcements to arrive, you dive into the Range Rover and speed off down the road.



Everyday for the rest of your life you will have to look over your shoulder for the authorities. Only you can tell how long it will be before they eventually catch up with you. The world is only so big.

Your adventure may briefly end here.

292

Hamer is elated at your success and promises to have a back-up team to you in a matter of minutes. He has been standing by and will be with you soon.

Whilst you are waiting you question the Secretary of State about his captors and whether there is a clue to what their target is.

'Well, one odd thing that they did say was "some of your conspirators will be getting a taste of the people's anger",' he says.

'What do you think that they meant by that?' you ask.

'Could mean anything of "course, but my hunch is Whitehall or the Houses of Parliament,' he replies.

'You could be right. I'd go for Parliament. Is there anything special scheduled that you know about?' you ask.

'Yes. Your Prime Minister is to address most of the heads of state from the Western democracies, plus the Soviet Deputy Premier, about the Middle East peace-keeping plan. That's why I'm here. My President arrives later tonight. The speech is set for tomorrow afternoon. My guess is that the terrorists were going to threaten my execution if the UN didn't call off the

plan. You don't suppose that Direct Action are mad enough to try to wipe out all the heads of state, do you?' he asks.

'Yes, I do! They intend to have a go at all the heads of state when they're conveniently in one place. They want to stop any hope of peace.'

Hamer arrives just as the back-up team pile into the room. Three SAS men pump several shots into each of the bodies to make sure that they are dead. You cannot believe that men can be trained to be so callous, but a dead terrorist is no further threat, you know that already.

'Mr Secretary, thank God you're all right,' exclaims Hamer.

'A bit battered, but unbowed,' he replies.

'And you, my boy. My latest operative, are you all right?' he asks.

'Were you wounded in the fight? If you were, go to **87**; if you are untouched, go to **217**.

293

When you finally come to, you are lying on a couch. Through your bleary eyes, you can just make out two or three people sitting on the far side of the room.

From the events on the bus, you would not be at all surprised to find that you are in the hands of the security forces. Sure enough, as your eyes become accustomed to the light, you recognize one of the figures as the girl, Lorraine Kaye.

'Ah . . . back in the land of the living?' she says.

'Where am I?' you ask.

'In Oxfordshire, at Headquarters,' she replies.

'What happens now?' you wonder.

'First rest, then an interview with the boss,' she replies.

You settle down for sleep, there is no point in trying anything here.

Now go to **261**.

294

The others seem to be in agreement with Wallace, as you are. If the police have captured Hannah, it seems likely that they will have deduced what your plans are.

'We'll split up here. I'll go back and try to pick up the others,' says Wallace.

Rather you than me, you think. Leaving your automatic in the car, but making sure that you still have your pistol, just in case, you say your farewells and leave the others for a very uncertain future.

Your short career as a terrorist ends here, for now.

295

Taking a steady aim, you empty the whole magazine into the door. Just to make sure that you do not hit anything that you should not, you riddle only the foot of the door.

From the shouts and screams inside, you have obviously hit someone. Throwing the empty magazine on to the carpet, you slam in another and advance.

Bracing yourself against the frame, you heave the

door in with a single kick. The sight that faces you is straight from the most gory horror film, but of course far more real and frightening. After all it was you who perpetrated the carnage this time.

Two people are lying squirming on the ground, a man and a woman. Beyond them is a second man tied to a chair.

Gathering up the discarded weapons of the terrorists, you move towards the bound figure. As he looks up at you with fear in his eyes, you recognize the Secretary of State.

'Thank God!' he says, as you remove the gag from his mouth.

'Thank Ingrams,' you reply sardonically.

'Are they dead?' he asks.

'Not yet,' you answer.

As you finish untying him, the man tries to stretch for his boot-knife. Instinctively, you spray him with the automatic and he lies still. The woman has not moved, so you assume that she is already dead.

'I'll help you into the lounge,' you say to Mosby.

'Thanks, I owe you my life,' he replies.

'And Hamer owes me £250,000!' you answer.

'What are you? You can't be SAS, then?' he questions.

'Quite right. I'm a mercenary, I suppose,' you reply.

Then you realize that part of the deal was to find out the next target that the terrorists intend to hit.

Now go to **236**.



296

Taking cover by the door frame, you consider your best way of convincing the terrorists to surrender the Secretary of State. Whatever you say will not convince them totally, but you can only hope that they value their lives just a little.

Make a Persuasion skill roll. If you succeed, go to **210**; if you fail, go to **180**.

297

From the corner of your eye, you notice the door to another room slowly open. Levy was not alone, there could be more terrorists lying in wait.

Will you open fire (go to **209**) or will you wait and see who emerges (go to **54**)?

298

The car whizzes past and comes to a halt beside the claymores. The driver gets out and addresses Wallace.

It is just as well that you did not try to stop the car, or fire at it.

The man gives Wallace a slip of paper, takes a package in exchange, then does a three-point-turn and heads back up the road again.

Wallace jogs up to your position, unperturbed by the visitor.

'It's on!' he reports. 'Standby. Mosby will be here in just a few minutes. That was the contact with last minute information about the make-up of the escort. There'll be three cars, Mosby in the middle one. The two others have got three plainclothes CIA, handguns only. OK?'

'We'll stay here?' you ask.

'Right, but keep your heads down until the claymores go off,' he replies.

Now go to **213**.

299

The cars show no signs of tampering. Even so, although there are no tell-tale signs of wire you cannot help but think that something is amiss.

'Look at this, sir!' says Hughes, pointing to the lock of the Chancellor's Daimler.

'Someone has glued it up. Why?' you think out loud.

'Delay them getting into the car?' offers Hughes.

That's it. When the dignitaries get down here, none of them can get into their cars,' you say.

'But why? What's the point?' asks Hughes.

'They must intend either to blow up the car park or

shoot them in me confusion after the main explosion,' you explain.

'We need back-up,' says Hughes.

'Too right,' you reply. 'Get on to the others. We need them here, right now!'

Now go to **26**.

300

The whole north bank, from the edge of the Palace of Westminster to the Embankment erupts into a huge ball of flame. The shock waves tear away the Telecom tent and you are exposed to the full devastation of the explosion.

As the dust begins to settle, you stand, battered and bruised from the blast. The mission was finally a partial success. Even if you did not manage to kill all the heads of state, you have struck a blow that will be felt across the world.

If war is an extension of government policy, then terrorism, for you, is an extension of the will of the people.

Your adventure ends here.