

**CHAPTER TWO**

As soon as they were alone, Turnbull told Parker off. "Why did you upset that poor man with all that alien abduction stuff?" she demanded.

"It's part of our brief," he said.

"But can't you see what a terrible state Stephens is in?"

"Look, Agent Turnbull, we've got a difficult job on our hands here."

"Agent Parker, Major Stephens' son is very ill and in danger. He needs a bit of cheering up right now."

Parker smiled. "Hang on a second, Laura. Remember this is MI5 not a family counselling service."

"Don't start telling me off, Agent Parker. The most important thing about this job is handling people well."

"Maybe," he muttered.

## CHAPTER FOUR

That night at ten o'clock Rufus arrived. He was taken straight to Major Stephens. The major called for the two agents immediately.

"Who are you?" asked the major. "How did you get here?"

Rufus smiled but he did not reply. He was a big man. Over seven feet tall. He had long, red hair and a long, red beard. He had a strange look in his eyes.

"I'll ask you again. How did you get here? There are no roads to this base. P3 is not on any maps," said the major.

