

Callan goes and does it for nothing—and gets to wrestle with her an' all.

**A limpet mine... 'how very appropriate,' said Angela**

HUNTER said, "Puerto Sanchez? ... I think you'd better go there." She's the first available flight," said Callan. That may be, but you'll be there before her," said Hunter. "Heathrow. You'll be met. If it's Shin Beth I'll need equipment." "You shall have it," said Hunter.

Die Angela Wain make any phone calls? "None," said Hunter. "I find that interesting." And so did Callan. It would seem that Miss Wain had a damn good idea who Callan was—and what he could do. Meres met him at Heathrow, and handed over the airline tickets reluctantly. Meres loved Spanish food. Near an indignant citizen denounced the morals of British Airways. They had no right to over-book. He had business in Malaga—export business. Callan thought Hunter must really want him in Puerto Sanchez in a hurry.

On the plane he drank one cautious whisky, but not even Meres had brought for him. Puerto Sanchez was a yacht harbor for yachts that cost a thousand pounds a foot or more. It wasn't St. Tropez but it was on its way. Callan looked at the wad of pesetas Hunter had sent him. Puerto Sanchez really must be on the map that was the kind of money it took. He read on Rod Mercer didn't own a yacht, but he quite frequently hired one. And he liked them big. The way he liked his women, thought Callan. A reminder that the Admiralty, though sailors and a therefore certifiable, still had a right to demand that Rod Mercer be delivered, breathing to the Admiralty.

There followed a P.S. in Hunter's own hand. "Try not to overspend," it said. The hire car waiting for him was a BMW and in his glove compartment, which he already had the key, was a .37 Magnum and a box of ammunition. This was droll. Shin Beth would send two hit men, three at most; not an infanterist. The ammo box was a note: Miss Wain's hire car was a Seat and she gave him the licence number. He drove along the Marbella road to a restaurant with a car-barn and waded his way over lunch, then went to sit in the car until a white Seat 120 went by, and noted that Miss Wain looked almost as good in a green linen sheath of a dress as she did in a towel.

He dawdled along behind her, and the BMW crowded unhappily; it was not a car designed for dawdling—until they reached a sign that said Puerto Sanchez and turned off into a different world: a world where the trees gave more shade, where even in the height of summer there were roses, and crass that was as green as Anselma Wain's dress, and sprinklers at five-yard intervals to keep it that way. She turned into a car park that contained everything from a Rolls-Royce Carmarue to a beach-buggy, and Callan kept on going to where the shopping streets began, parked in the first space out of the sun, and went back to wait.

SHE didn't waste any time. All she had with her was an overnight case and a small procession of admiring Spaniards. Callan followed them all to the yacht harbor where a million pounds worth of white paint, glowing mahogany, gleaming brass. Miss Wain went aboard a floating pleasure dome called La Joya—the Jewel, but Callan reckoned it would take a fist-full of diamonds to pay for it. She was greeted by a squat and muscular man in a yacht-captain's cap who was not Rod Mercer, then stared at her followers until they scattered to other, humbler yachts, and Callan went back to his BMW, and drove to the hotel. Hunter had teleaxed for him, weeping, thought Callan, as he read its daily rates. A nice hotel, with a dark, cool bar that served dark, cool drinks: the sort of bar that should have appeared at the hotel. He went around—but all Callan drew were two Germans: blonde and sun-tanned and with that air of arrogant assurance that makes even old American money look pale and green. Callan gave up, went to his room and showered, and took his time about it. He couldn't think of anything else to do.

As he left the shower his bath-towel slipped from his hands into the shower-stall and came out sopping wet, which was not for the day. He came back dabbling himself with a wet towel, and found he had a visitor: a squat and muscular man who had discarded his yachting cap and was wearing a knife instead. He wasted no time on preliminaries, just moved in and lunged. He held the knife point upwards, the probe was and the lunge was professional too, and Callan only just got out of his way, and the squat man spun, cleared his mind, and moved in again, and as he did so Callan flipped the wet towel at him. The sound it made as it hit his face was quite audible, and the squat man raised his arm, and Callan lunged for the knife-wrist with the axe-head of his hand. The squat man dropped his knife and gasped with pain, then moved to the door and left, not even having seen Callan. He was naked and very British, and there was nothing in the check list could do except check the lock case for the Magnum, and find to his relief that it was still there.

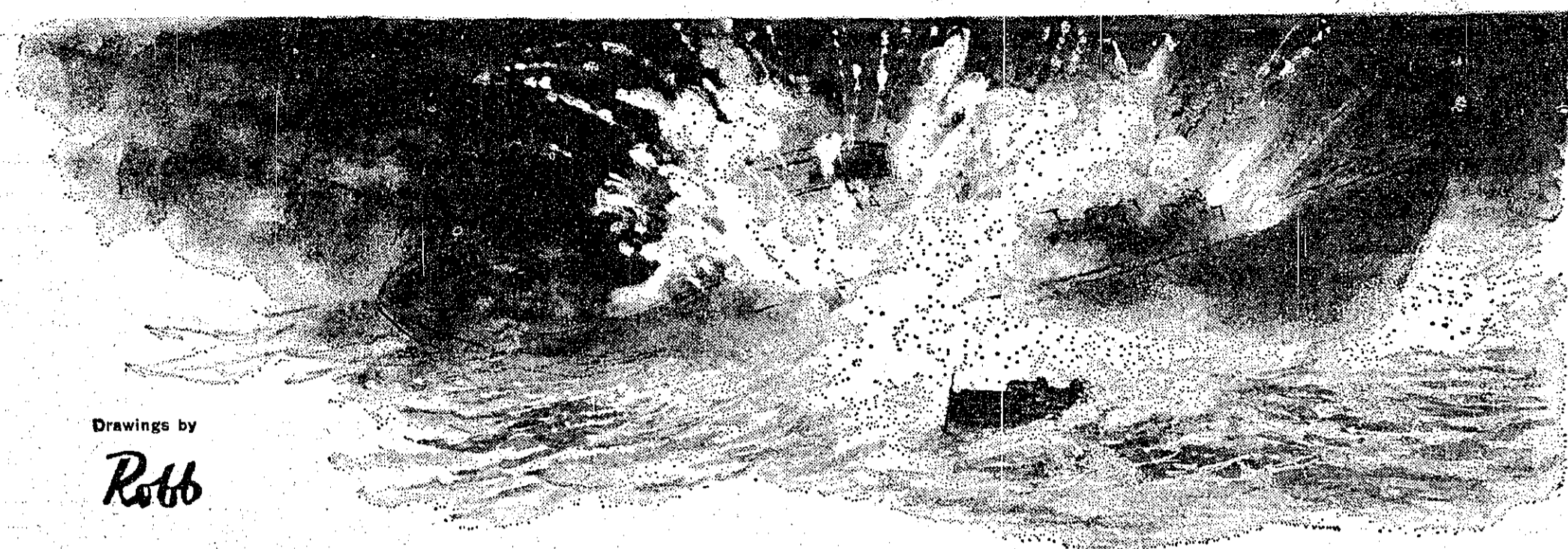
HE dressed fast, and raced downstairs, and bumped into the two Germans who stared at him in a teutonic hauteur, then raced to the door and left. He even more relieved to find that La Joya was still there. From the well-deck there came sounds of merriment and a cork popped. Callan hurriedly changed into a jacket that was fast but what else would you expect if you carried a Magnum and a box of ammo, and at once a sailor appeared, and blacked his path to the door and back to the door. "This is Jorge's boat," he said, and Callan remembered the yachting cap. "He had to go to take care of something, but he wouldn't be back till dinner-time."

So they drank more champagne and Callan idly waited and watched the crowd go by, including the two Germans, loaded with snorkel equipment, who got into a power-boat and roared off. Fishing in the dark, thought Callan. Maybe they use radar now. At last Mercer said: "Jorge. Well, well." Angela Wain said: "It could be me."

"That's right," said Mercer. "Or you and him together." He turned to Callan. "What do you think?" Callan thought of towels, of shotguns, of knives. It depends on whether she's the sort of girl who learns by her mistakes, he said. "If I were I wouldn't be sitting here waiting for two men to see sense," said Angela Wain. "Women's Lib at a time like this," said Mercer. "That's all we need." He turned to Callan. "You got any ideas, chum?"

"How many does it take to run this boat?" "You and me could do it." "Get rid of the crew then." "I took the girl to go that, but in the end she succeeded, blasting them ashore with a burst of Spanish like machine-gun fire. When she'd gone, she said, 'I think, I honestly think I've gone off you, Rod. You can't prove it's Jorge.'" "I can't prove it's you, either," said Mercer. "But I can't prove it isn't." Callan loved him like a brother.

When Jorge appeared, Callan shook him the Magnum and he put to sea, reluctantly, but he went, sliding past that white testiness, silvered by moonlight. "But I am your friend, Rod," he said, more in sorrow than in anger. Your partner. "You're not my friend," said Callan. "I'm to slap you with a wet towel." Angela Wain looked up then. "I see," she said. "Perhaps I should learn by my mistakes." Jorge said, "Angela told me to do it." Mercer was only just in



Drawings by Robb

# The millionaire's toy was engulfed in flames

At least he now knows how the Israelis could come to diametrically opposed conclusions and both be right. But knowledge was no use to a dead man—and a dead man was no use to the Admiralty. He put down his Magnum and obeyed Callan, turned to Mercer. "We'll be safer on our own. . . . Get the powerboat over the side. . . . It's happened before." Mercer hesitated, it was the girl who said, "Do it."

They lowered it, and one by one stepped into her. "I hope Shin Beth does get you," said Jorge from the deck of the yacht. "You are not my friend." "Too true," said Mercer, and ripped at the starting-cord, the outboard roared, and they stood in towards the lights of Puerto Sanchez, remote as fairyland. "You going to tell us what you're playing at?" Mercer asked. "Two Germans," said Callan, "only they looked like actors playing Germans. . . . And they took snorkel gear out just before dark. . . . And five minutes later they came back. . . . Ah, well, if I'm wrong I'll look a fool. . . . It's happened before." The explosion came then, and a millionaire's toy became

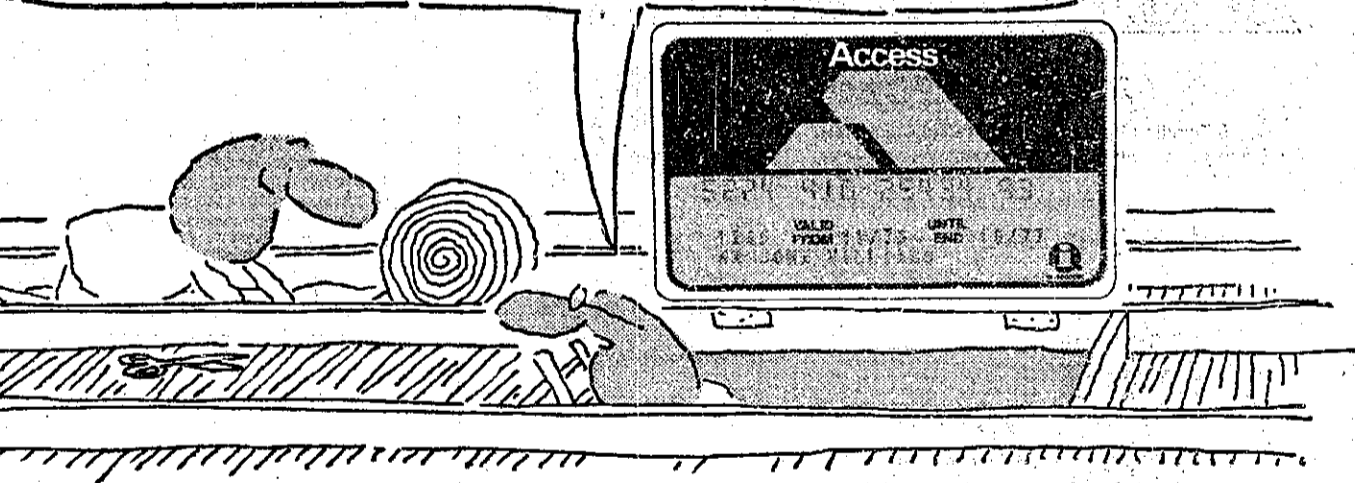
single sheet of flame that the sea fought to quell. "It hasn't happened often," said Mercer. "Limpet mine." Callan nodded. "How very appropriate," said Angela Wain. Callan went to the hotel bar; in his hand he carried a floppy and ridiculous straw hat. He walked over to the two Germans and sat beside them. They too were drinking champagne: it seemed it was a night to celebrate. "The taller German said, 'Was wollen sie?' Callan said in Hebrew: 'All I seek is peace and love.' Once it had been a Shin Beth code signal. The two men froze. Callan added in English, 'And if I don't get it I'll blow your heads off. There's a Magnum under this hat.' He talked on, and they listened, and then he produced Mercer and Angela Wain, and they listened some more, and in the end Mercer bought more champagne. . . .

"Why not?" said Callan. "They hardly send a couple of rabbits. Their idea of a joke, I suppose. A bit black for me." "And why send them so early? They can't have got permission for the kill until they were actually in Spain." "Outker that way," said Callan. "Better cover, too." "But how did they know where to be?" "Full of questions today, thought Callan. Too and he had to ask this one. "They got on to your bloke in Malaga," said Callan, "and now he's working for them too. He tipped them off where Mercer was." Hunter's face turned an unpleasing puce, and Callan roared. "Why isn't he ecstatic?" Callan asked. "They won't pay him in dollars. He slipped his coffee. Shin Beth are satisfied they blew up the right man?" "They were after they broke into Jorge Pascal's office," said Callan. They found some correspondence from the Palestinians. © James Mitchell Scripts Ltd. 1976

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