

A MATTER OF TRUST

A HAWAII-FIVE-O STORY

By Peg Keeley



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"Danno, I need to know if there is a past that will bite you in the ass someday," Steve's voice echoed over the decade since the day Danny had joined Five-0. "No ghosts, right?"

"Ghosts?" he had smiled that charming schoolboy look that dazzled teachers and women. "No more than most people."

"Hum," McGarrett had not been dazzled. "Someday I hope you trust me enough to tell me."

Danny's car is torched and there's a body inside. The Five-0 team is suddenly thrust into the middle of a cat-and-mouse spy chase and Steve must match his wits against the Russian KGB, East German Stasi and American CIA before time runs out.



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CHAPTER ONE

The evening had not gone as he had planned. Dan Williams hoped Rachel Byer had not been offended. She was pretty, young, lonely and vulnerable. *The four perfect qualities for a date*, he thought with a momentary smirk. And it was her first birthday over three thousand miles away from family. He'd just planned to be kind to her. He wondered now if she thought he was so kind.

He completed the short walk from her apartment door to the street parking where he'd left the car, hesitating in the building doorway just a moment to cast a quick glance to the right and left before heading for the car and nearly a dead run. *I look like an idiot*. He opened the car door and the interior dome lamp bathed him in brilliant light. Issuing a curse, he slammed the door quickly shut as he slid into the seat. The echo of the sound bounced back off the building. *I'm surprised I'm not already dead. I had might as well jump up and down with a red flag and shout "Yoo-hoo! It's me!"* He waited in the dark silence for a moment, knowing he'd have to start the car sooner or later. Aside from the gentle sea breeze rattling the palm fronds overhead, all was still - except for his heart pounding in his ears.

He glanced at the radio microphone on his dashboard. Should I check in with dispatch? Maybe they could send a black-and-white around. Yeah, maybe I could get someone else killed, too. And what should I tell them? There's somebody I can't describe who's doing something I don't know about and I'm seeing boogie-men in the shadows. That would give HPD a big laugh.

Catching his breath, he turned the ignition key and the engine fired to noisy life. He waited another moment - nothing. Reaching into the glove box, he pulled out his snub-nose .38 and placed it on the seat beside him. There was a barely audible thump against the windshield and Danny nearly jumped out of his skin. He glared at the spot of rain that had splattered on the glass and tried to calm his nerves.

He depressed the clutch and shifted the white Mustang into first. He pulled away from the curb onto the quiet, empty street. It was just past 12:30AM. Not too many people traveled the residential areas this late at night. More raindrops splashed against the car and the pavement. He turned on his wipers. *Where do I go? Not home. HPD?*

He stopped at the corner, looked in his mirrors, but there was no sign of anyone around. Maybe I just imagined it. Maybe it's all in my mind. I screwed up a great date over something

imaginary? I guess that was one really short relationship. He turned the corner when the light changed to green. He was starting to relax and feel just a bit foolish. Golly, Kono and Ben will think I'm nuts.

There was a dim flash in the rear view mirror as a pair of headlights turned the corner he had about twenty seconds after him. The fear rushed back over him with even greater intensity than before. Stay calm. Everybody can travel the road. I've got myself totally spooked here. He turned a corner that would take him towards the freeway. Fifteen seconds later, the second car did the same. Danny selected a street at random and turned back towards the neighborhood from which he had come. A random driver behind him should not make that turn.

Twelve seconds later, the headlights turned behind him.

Danny pressed the accelerator a bit more firmly. *Let's put some distance between us.* His mind was rapidly developing a convoluted route to HPD that would possibly lose a pursuer along the way.

In the red Impala behind, Andrei Kachan motioned to the driver, Al Keaver. "He's made us. Take him."

Keaver shook his head and glanced at the Russian beside him. Foreigners made him nervous. "Naw, he doesn't know anything."

"Do as I say," Kachan snapped.

Keaver shrugged and floored the gas. The large engine roared beneath them and the wheels skidded slightly on the wet pavement.

The distance the sports car and the large Chevy narrowed quickly.

Cursing, Danny downshifted and veered off sharply onto a side street out of the housing development leading towards the highway and town. The fears of being pursued had vanished, replaced by the wit and anger to survive. The question of why after all these years floated to the front of his mind to be intentionally shoved aside. *I need my total concentration on the escape.*

The rain was falling harder now; the roads were slick, creating no small hardship for both vehicles. Kachan chided Keaver several times to increase speed as the younger American eased off the gas to control a skid.

"I wreck this car and you won't catch nobody," Keaver sneered back trying to hide his fear of the Russian. "He's having trouble on the turns, too. He won't get away. Not driving that pretty Mustang he will want to keep in one piece."

Kachan did not seem to understand the materialistic response. "The car is just a machine -- it doesn't matter to me -- or to him."

Keaver cursed under his breath as the white Mustang ahead completed a sharp turn and sped up the entrance to the highway. Keaver followed now just 10 seconds behind, inwardly admiring the handling of the Mustang.

Danny floored the gas and glanced at the speedometer as it clocked around past 110 miles per hour. The wipers swished away rain as fast as they could, but at this speed, that was not fast enough. Red taillights of a vehicle appeared on the road ahead and he flashed by the delivery truck moments later.

The Impala was still closing the distance.

Danny calculated his next action. The second exit would be the fastest to the police department, but it would require traveling through the tourist area -- and traffic lights. *I can't stop and I can't slow much. Nor can I risk innocent life. The first exit dumps off into old warehouses and tenements. No one will be on those streets. Maybe if I let him get close enough, he'll miss the exit completely.* Keeping one eye constantly on the duel headlights in his mirror, he watched the mile markers tick down. The distance between the cars was shrinking. The exit was in sight. Danny did not move into the exit lane, but waited in the center of three lines until the last possible instant before swinging hard into the exit. The back end of the Mustang fishtailed and bumped off the guardrail, fishing the car back the other way before Danny regained control.

Keaver hit the brake and attempted to make the exit, but slid past. He swung the large car around in a skidding slide back towards the exit. The truck they'd passed earlier hit his loud air horn in warning as Keaver barreled for the exit from the wrong direction. The Impala cleared the lane in the last instant as the truck swerved to the left to avoid a collision.

Kachan made no comment at their close call. "There!" he pointed to the Mustang, white against the black night that had increased the distance to nearly ten seconds.

Danny had not taken the time to watch the drama between the truck and the Impala, although he'd heard the air horn and there had not been a crash to follow. He cut two turns, sliding through both, but the Impala made each one behind him. Warehouses and tightly packed tenement housing rose around him. He re-calculated a route to HPD in his head.

He freed his right hand for an instant to grab the radio. "Unit 10 to Central. I need-" He did not get the chance to complete the request. Before him, the road made a sharp turn. He dropped the microphone and took hold of the steering wheel, but a poorly parked van stuck well out into the road. He pressed the brake, turning the wheel into the slide, but his actions were too little too late. The Mustang careened sideways through the curve, going into a full spin as control was completely lost. It slammed into a light pole, striking the front left first, sheering off the pole. The Mustang folded up on impact, coming to a bone-jarring halt.

Keaver with a few extra seconds tried to slow for the turn, aware that any running their prey would be doing would now be on foot. The larger Impala slid into the curve as well, and nearly cleared the crumpled Ford. It clipped the back end, driving the smaller car further against the pole and puncturing the radiator of the Impala with the grill. Green coolant began dribble out onto the road.

Kachan, unconcerned about his car, had already jumped from the passenger side, totally focused on the driver side of the Mustang. Keaver had given the damage a single look as he followed Kachan's lead.

There had been no motion from the Mustang, but Kachan drew his Tokarev and, as he forced open the driver's door of the Mustang, pointed it inside.

Keaver played a flashlight over the compartment and the body that was crumpled across the front seat. Although restrained by a seatbelt, the sideways impact with the window had left a bloody wound on Danny's head that dripped down his neck. In addition, his left leg was pinned under the accorded dash.

"Is he alive?" Kachan demanded.

Keaver nodded. "Knocked himself out."

Kachan gave a relieved quick nod. "Get him out of there."

Keaver glanced at Kachan, then the crumpled dashboard.

"Quickly," Kachan added, noting the smell of gasoline spilling from the Ford.

Keaver gave a viscous kick to the console a few times, then tugged Danny free. He dragged the deadweight of the unconscious man across the pavement where Kachan calmly opened the back door, giving no assistance to the straining of Keaver.

"What about the -- you know -- in the truck?" Keaver asked.

Kachan blinked once. "Your orders, Keaver."

"We can't get all the way to the dump. We're losing fluid. The car will overheat," Keaver argued.

Kachan lit a cigarette and blew out the match. "Your suggestion?"

"The boss said to get rid of the body. We can burn it here. Hell, maybe they'll think this Williams guy is dead."

Kachan recalled the hours of arguing that gone into the decision to nab Williams. Drosnins, the German Stasi agent, had thought it was a bad idea, way too noticeable, but Gorek was in charge and his orders were to - follow orders. "Maybe these Americans are a stupid bunch, huh?" Kachan muttered. "Certainly you are a fine stupid representation of an American," he commented to Keaver.

Keaver squinted at the remark.

"Do it." Kachan got back into the car, leaving Keaver to haul the dead body out of the trunk alone. It sagged to the ground for the man had been dead less than three hours. Grunting, Keaver dragged it to the damaged Mustang and shoved it into the driver's seat. He walked back to the Impala and got in. "Don't be a help," he muttered to Kachan.

Kachan waited until Keaver had started the whining damaged engine of the Chevy and backed it away from the other vehicle. As they were about to pull away, Kachan flicked his cigarette butt into the puddle of fuel near the rear of the Mustang. As they left, the spilled gasoline flashed into a whooshing flame and Danny's Mustang was instantly enveloped in a brilliant blaze.

Steve peered ahead through his windshield, steeling his emotions for what he was likely to see. The red, blue and yellow of bubble lights illumined the area and provided a macabre sense of a carnival. A car from KOAH pulled up just as he did and a cameraman and reporter hopped out. The camera was already rolling.

"Comments, McGarrett?" The reporter shoved a microphone in his face.

Steve gritted his teeth, glancing past them at the cluster of firefighters still spreading foam around the blackened corpse of auto. One rear tire kept persistently flaming back up. He pushed past the reporter without a word. Rain still hung heavy in the air and periodically, a drop would strike the charred metal and vanish in steaming hiss. Steve's eye dropped to the blistered, peeled paint of the license plate. *There is no doubt about the car.* He remembered how proudly Danny had showed off the Mustang the day he bought it: like a kid with a new toy. *A big kid with a big toy.* Noticing a black object in the gutter, Steve stepped over and saw the sub-nose .38. He picked it up with his handkerchief.

The body lay to one side, half in a puddle of hose water, or rainwater, it was hard to know, covered by a yellow tarp. Steve, keenly aware that the camera was rolling, tried to distract himself emotionally by contemplating Doc's anger that evidence might have been destroyed by the water or perhaps a lack of care when moving the victim. Trying to keep himself mentally occupied with these thoughts, he leaned down and lifted one corner of the tarp.

Chin's hand touched his wrist. "Don't bother, Steve," the older man said gently. "A positive ID will only be made through a very careful autopsy. There isn't much left."

Steve straightened, reading the agony in Chin's quiet features. "What happened?" he asked, trying to be professional, but the lump in his throat threatened to choke him. *Danno, my God, Danno. How did this happen? A stupid traffic fatality? It can't be that simple. It just can't. Why not?*

Che replied first. "I think there was some kind of chase going on." He walked back towards the curve. "Hard because of the wet road -- not as much rubber left -- but these are the tracks by the Mustang." He walked a few steps. "Separate set here-and..." he gestured to the rear of the Mustang, "-rear end damage that had to come from another vehicle. Red paint."

"Someone ran him off the road?" Steve asked.

Che walked off the area again. "He was traveling pretty fast. I'll have to do the math. My guess is over 70 miles an hour. Second car in pursuit. He lost control on his own avoiding the van." He pointed to the Ram van whose sleepy-eyed owner was standing looking horror-struck by his vehicle. "Spun this way," he motioned his arms, "and hit the pole. The car chasing him -- why he was traveling so fast -- also lost it on the curve. It was a bigger vehicle, saw what had happened and had time to slow some, but in the skid hit the back end of the Mustang with the front of his car. There's coolant puddled back here."

"Then it was murder," Steve muttered. "Accident might not have killed him, so the killer hits him again."

Che gave the comment a moment to settle. Steve is emotionally involved here. We all are. He is not as objective as usual. "May not have hit the Mustang intentionally, but did leave," he pointed out.

If Danny stood a chance of survival we will never know. Burned to death. O God, please let him have been unconscious. Steve needed another moment to contain his emotion. He swallowed and blinked a few times, as Kono joined the small cluster.

"Dispatch says Danno called in at 12:50AM."

"That agrees with the neighbors' reports of the explosion just about 1:00," Ben added.

"What did he say to dispatch?" Steve asked, fighting to keep his wits. *God, Danno, I cannot believe this is happening.*

Kono shrugged. "Started a sentence, said 'I need' that's it."

"I need," Steve muttered and flexed his jaw. *He needed us and we could not be there for him. What was happening? What happened in those 10 minutes?* He glanced around the scene, locking every brick, every stone into his memory. Realizing he still held the gun in the handkerchief, he held it out to Che who dropped it into a plastic bag. "Check it out, Che. See if it's been fired. Gentlemen, I want this area combed for anything and everything. No matter how trivial it seems. Talk to every person around here. The tenants, the wine-os, everyone. Che, find Doc. If he doesn't already know get him out of bed. I want that autopsy done right now - tonight and I

want to know if he burned, he was shot, how long it took him to die, if he was alert, I want it all and I want the results as fast as we can get them."

Ben felt a wave of nausea, wondering for the first time what it might be like to be trapped in a vehicle and burn to death.

Steve glared at him as though he could read the younger officer's mind. "We will get the bastard, Ben," he promised. "We will."

Steve went to his office. There did not seem to be anything else to do. He put on a pot of coffee knowing his team would be arriving as they completed their tasks. No one would go home tonight. Or what was left of it. The clock bragged the hour of 4:20 AM and crimson daybreak was already suggested on the eastern sky. The events of the night seemed unbelievable, like somehow this was just a bad dream from which he would awaken. But McGarrett had been in this spot of painful loss before and he knew that the best way to work it out was justice. *It is my role to solve what happened here and exact payment. But what is justice in a state where there is no capital punishment meted out to the person who leaves someone to burn to death?*

In the distance he heard the faint plaintive wail of a police car siren. What motive is needed to burn a cop? Or is one needed? What two-bit slime ball had his dream come true last night? A list. I should start a list.

As Steve had known, members of the team began to turn up one at a time, make a direct line for the coffee pot, then stand back and look at the names Steve had scribbled on the board he'd pulled into the office. Occasionally someone suggested another name before they all lapsed into silence again. Finally, near 7:00 Steve put down his chalk. "This is a waste of time," he uttered, exhaustion filling his voice. "None of these guys has the -- balls to pull this off."

"Who else then?" Chin asked slowly.

Steve shook his head. "I don't know. We need to trace everything Danny did last night. Where he went, who saw him -- who he talked to. There has to be a key to this. Kono, check with the staff. See if he mentioned to anyone what his plans were for last night. It's just about starting time." As he completed the sentence, there was a timid rap on the office door.

They all turned as May opened the door, accompanied by a young girl from the secretary pool. Clutched in the girl's hands was a copy of the morning paper that had taken quite a beating. Her eyes were puffy and red. She quietly extended her hand, revealing the three inch high headline of the front page:

FIVE-0 OFFICER KILLED IN FIERY CRASH

"Mr. McGarrett, I was with Danny last night," she whimpered.

It seemed everyone moved at once, rushing Rachel who was ushered instantly to a comfortable chair. The Five-0 team crowded around her as Steve spoke. "Rachel, isn't it?" he asked attempting to sound like he was concerned for her. In reality he was concerned only with anything she would say.

She gave a single nod. "I can't believe it," she whispered.

"Rachel, you may be the last person who saw -- well, who was with Danny. I'd like you to tell me everything you remember about last night. No detail is unimportant."

"Yes, of course," she whispered. "Yesterday was my birthday. We weren't dating regular or anything like that." Her cheeks flushed pink. "It was just my birthday -- my family is far away -- he said he'd take me to dinner -- no big deal really." She stumbled over her words.

Steve decided to wait her out instead of pushing.

"Well, we left the office at about 5:30 and ate at the deli just outside of the zoo."

"The zoo?" It was Chin who spoke.

She nodded. "I like the zoo. It's open in the evening some nights, so--" she trailed off. "It was really nice, you know? I mean, Danny always seems so -- professional -- it was nice to see him like a normal person." She issued a small gasp. "That's not to say you all aren't normal, it just..."

"That's all right, Rachel, we know what you mean," Steve interrupted. His impatience was growing. "Did something happen at the zoo? Anything out of the ordinary?"

"Not there, but afterward, we visited an art gallery. Danny knew the artist. They talked about a show the guy had done a week before."

"What art gallery?"

"Hum -- I don't know the name, it's a block from the zoo. I remembered Danny called the artist Artie. I thought that was kind of funny. An artist named Artie." She stopped, and cleared her throat. "Well, we went to Max's for drinks. I think it was a little after eleven and the guy parking cars said something to Danny."

"What did he say?"

"I don't know, but Danny seemed to be -- well, upset. He made the waitress give us a different table, and complained that she took too long with the drinks. He seemed like he was in a hurry all of a sudden."

"Why did he change tables?" Steve asked.

"I don't -- oh, he said he wanted to see the door."

Steve exchanged glances with Chin. An old spook tactic. Never sit with your back to the door. He knew something was going down. We have to find that car valet. "Anything else?"

She shrugged. "We had the drinks, then he was really in a hurry to get me home. He kept apologizing, saying he had not realized how late it was. I was kind of scared because I could tell he was worried, but he would tell me anything. He kept looking in the mirror as we drove, like there was someone behind us, but I didn't see anything." Tears were building in her eyes again. "But I guess someone was there." She whispered. "I am so sorry!" she blurted. "It's all my fault! If he hadn't taken me, whoever it was would not have found him and he'd still be alive!"

"Rachel," Steve said firmly. "This is not your fault." He placed an arm around her shoulder. "You may have given us just what we need to solve his case. Whoever was after Danny would have found him anyway. I am going to have May arrange for you to stay somewhere until this is over. I don't want anyone learning that you were with him. All right?" He motioned May who nodded.

Just as May left with Rachel, Doc Bergman and Che entered the office together. They looked no better rested than the Five-0 team.

Steve anxiously searched Bergman's face for clues as he extended a cup of coffee, but the medical examiner did not reveal so much as a flicker until he was ready.

"Gentleman," Bergman began as he stirred sugar into his coffee. "The autopsy says the body is that of a male, height 6 foot, weight was about 200 pounds. He had false teeth and a pacemaker. Blood type was B negative. He was dead before the fire. One bullet to the head."

They all just stared at him. "That's not right," Ben muttered.

Bergman nodded. "The body is not Danny."

Silence was stunning. Steve was uncertain how to feel. *Danny not dead? Then what is this about? Where is he? Who is the burned man?* His head buzzed with fatigue. He sat down on the edge of his desk. "Someone was looking for Danno alive."

Che provided the next piece. "Gun was not fired, but Danny's are the only prints on it. Doc and I went over what little there was to try to put an ID to the victim. The profile fit generally with a missing person. Dental records confirmed it. His name is Marty Shang. Fifty-six year old retired plumber. Disappeared from his home just about a week ago." He extended a copy of Shang's driver's photo.

Steve looked closely at the photo. "A plumber?"

"And," Che continued, "while researching for Shang, we noticed there has been an increased number of missing persons in the last month. Specifically in the last two weeks." He handed Steve a short list containing seven names.

"Seven in two weeks? No ransom notes or threats?" Steve asked.

Che gave a small smile. "You'll need to check HPD for that. If we hadn't been looking for a missing man, I don't think we would have ever noticed the pattern."

Steve handed Kono the list. "Check out every one of them. Ben, find that valet and find out what he knows. Chin, you're with me. We are going to visit the Shang family."

It was just before 8:30AM. Birds were still serenading the return of the sun and kids were laughing and playing kickball in the yard next door. The house was a very small, whitewash cottage, buried deep in clinging vines and Spanish bayonet. Even from the exterior it was obvious that Marty Shang had not been a wealthy man, but he had been neat. The grass was cut and there were no weeds in the small flowerbed near the sidewalk. Steve and Chin passed through the white picket fence gate and climbed the two steps to the front door. McGarrett heard the

doorbell ring melodically inside as he pressed the buzzer. A few moments later, a young woman's head appeared around the corner of the door. "Yes?" She was dressed for work and had been about to leave. Her purse was in her hand.

"Mrs. Shang?" Steve inquired.

"She is my mother."

"McGarrett and Kelley, Five-0." He held up his badge. "We have some information about your father. May we come in?"

She stepped back and opened the door wider, fear already collecting in her eyes. She led them back through the dark, narrow corridor into the compact kitchen. The radio was blaring news, a coffee pot perked on the stove, and the smell of toast was heavy on the air. "Mama," the girl said as she walked over to the older woman who was frying an egg on the stove. "These are police to talk about Daddy."

Mrs. Shang removed the skillet and turned off the flame. "Excuse me," she said with great dignity as she smoothed her robe and put a hand to her curlers. "I am a dreadful mess."

"That's quite all right, Mrs. Shang," Steve said gently with a small smile. "My name is Steve McGarrett, this is Chin Ho Kelley, we are with Five-0."

She sat down at the table, pushed the newspaper aside and motioned them to chairs. "Can I give you some coffee?" She motioned her daughter to turn off the radio. "I read about that young man. Terrible, terrible." She shook her head.

"Mrs. Shang," Steve said quietly, seeking for a way to be gentle. *How do I tell her that it was her husband who burned?* "What can you tell me about the night your husband disappeared?"

"Well, I told the police before. He went to take his evening walk. He did that quite a bit. He had to retire early because of his heart and the doctor told him to take walks. Well, he walked out that door and didn't come back."

"Did you ever receive a call about ransom money? Any threats?"

She almost smiled. "We don't have much. Who could want money from us?" She in sudden determination looked at him closely. "You know something about Marty. He's dead, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am," Steve confirmed quietly.

There was a prolonged moment of silence. Mrs. Shang glanced at her daughter, then down at the table. "I - I kept hoping, you know, that he'd come back. That somehow--" Her voice broke but there were no tears. Finally she cleared her throat. "For a week I have wondered what I would do. It doesn't seem real."

"Mrs. Shang, your husband did not just die -- he was murdered. It looks the like person who killed him has kidnapped someone else. Is there anything at all you can think of that he might have said, or done -- anything that might tell you who this is? Any jobs he worked on?" She slowly shook her head. "No. Nothing."

"There was Mrs. Walker," the daughter offered.

"Oh, Jeanie," Mrs. Shang waved her hand. "That's nothing."

"Who's Mrs. Walker?" Steve asked, interest piqued.

Jeanie spoke. "Alan Walker worked with Daddy sometimes when Daddy needed extra hands. He's gone, too. Three days before Daddy."

"That's different," Mrs. Shang countered with a sniff. "Alan drinks too much. He's off on a drunken stupor somewhere. He always comes back."

Chin was glancing at the list of named on his notepad. He gave Steve a single nod -- Walker's name was there.

"Did you know what jobs Marty and Alan might have done together?" Steve asked.

"Lots," Mrs. Shang replied. "Harborlight Construction used to call them a lot."

Chin was scribbling down the name as Steve rose from the chair.

Chin went to the contractor's office alone. He was fortunate that the boss was in the office, or so the secretary told him.

Frank Mathers pushed blueprints and tools around on his desk while he talked to Chin. Police made him nervous. Even though he'd never been in any serious trouble he always expected someone was going to accuse him of something. A Five-0 officer standing before him

was a high stress moment. "This business has changed hands three times in the last 10 years," he grumbled. "Don't know if I can help you or not."

"You've worked a plumber named Marty Shang, right?" Chin asked, noting Mathers' shaking hands.

"Huh-huh. Not in a year. He retired."

"What about Alan Walker?"

"When he ain't drunk," Mathers interjected. "Been about four months. He did a job for me on a store remodeling. They were adding a bathroom for customers."

"What jobs did Shang and Walker do together?"

Mathers waved a hand over his sloppy files. "I probably called Marty on six or seven jobs. Not sure which ones he did together with Walker."

"I want going back over the last ten years," Chin added, recalling Steve's request. The length of time seemed a little extreme when Steve had requested it, but Chin knew better than to argue with the chief. He always has a reason.

"Ten years?" Mathers issued a thick smoker's cough. "I got four. Before that, this was run by the jerk my brother sold it to. Don't think he kept records. My brother's stuff is God knows where." He shoved a bunch of folders towards Chin.

When Steve had left Chin, he returned to the office with a purpose in mind. Shang knew Walker -- who else on that list knew each other? There has to be a relationship. But Danny and construction? This did not come through Five-0.

"Danno, I need to know if there is a past that will bite you in the ass someday," Steve's voice echoed over the decade since the day Danny had joined Five-0. "No ghosts, right?"

"Ghosts?" he had smiled that charming schoolboy look that dazzled teachers and women. "No more than most people."

"Hum," McGarrett had not been dazzled. "Someday I hope you trust me enough to tell me."

"I trust you already, but my slate is clean," Danny promised. He laid a file drawer key on the desk.

"What's this?" Steve picked it up and rolled it between his fingers.

"Just in case."

"In case?" Steve faked an innocent expression. I want him to tell me. No guessing.

"What my life used to be. Nobody ever thinks the bodies will rise from the dead, but-I know you will understand."

Steve entered his office, closed the door then turned over the white guest chair in the corner. The base of the leg had been hollowed out. Inside were two keys. He took out one.

The trip to Danny's apartment seemed to take forever. Morning traffic was thickening and Steve watched every car, every pedestrian wondering if someone was following him. *Danno what have you gotten into? Do we have the ability to get you back out?*

He unlocked the small file box Danny had buried in the service chest of his room in the apartment. It felt odd to be here without Danny, like he was violating a trust. Steve tried not to dwell on the emptiness of the place. The file box contained memos and orders for two years of service, then a few cryptic reports dating through 1964. Steve's eye was drawn to the last file in

the box dated 1972. His brow knit as he pulled out the manila folder and began to leaf through the contents. *My God, this was two years ago!* Tucking the folder under his arm, he headed back for the office.

The dark coffee rapidly filled the battered, cracked coffee mug and Keaver dumped some sugar from the container into it. He stirred it with the back end of a knife. The walls of the tenement apartment were paper-thin, he could hear people screaming at each other and howling babies. There was a thud of hurried, heavy footsteps coming up the stairway. They stopped at his door and there was a rhythmic rap.

He set down the cup and cracked open the door. "What."

"Me, open it," snapped the German accented voice.

He hurriedly undid the locks and threw the door open.

The tall, slender German man stepped into the room. Wilhelm Gorek glanced at Keaver. He just barely tolerated the young American that his younger partner had selected. No accounting for Kachan's taste, but then he doubted the choices of most Russians. Gorek had tired of this assignment. It was a stupid affair and he thought his superiors should have done this differently. *Americans are weak and spoiled. That includes our subjects as well as this slobbering example before me.*

"We got him," Keaver offered, trying to find something to fill the silence. Gorek frightened him. He'd either witnessed or heard about Gorek's brutal torturing deaths of six men. Sometimes he wished he had not gotten into this one.

"I heard," Gorek remarked, anger blazing from his stark china-blue eyes. The deep folds of skin on his face deepened further as he growled. "And I heard how. You were stupid. I told you not to injure him."

"Hey, I didn't tell him to wreck his car," Keaver protested. "Besides, Andrei told me to keep the heat on." He tried to crack a smile unsuccessfully. "Look at the bright side -- he ain't walkin' out on you."

Gorek brushed him aside. "I want to see him."

"Sure. Kachan's with him." Keaver turned to lead Gorek down the narrow hallway.

Gorek pulled his arm back. "You go get Lu and bring him here."

Keaver shrugged and turned back towards the door.

"Oh, Al," Gorek called him back with a friendly tone to his voice.

"Yeah?"

Gorek slammed him against the door suddenly, a hand at Keaver's throat, eye to eye. "I do not encourage creativity within my organization."

Keaver gaped in fear.

"My orders are to be followed exactly -- to the letter. Your brilliant idea of putting the body in the car has called attention to us that I did not wish."

"It worked out," he stammered around Gorek's grip. "They think he's dead."

"No. The media thinks he's dead. McGarrett will know from the autopsy. And he will be looking for us."

Keaver stood wordless in terror. *I have seen this man kill people with his bare hands with less emotion than I see right now. I need out of this mess.*

Gorek seemed to read Al's thoughts with pleasure. "I believe you understand," he murmured quietly. "Your next stroke of genius will be your last."

"Yes, sir," he whispered, thankful to still be breathing.

"Get Lu," Gorek muttered with contempt.

Keaver just about fell over himself getting out of the door. Shaking his head, Gorek squared his shoulders and walked down the narrow hallway. He was almost tall enough to duck his head under the doorframe as he entered the small bedroom.

The old full-sized bed almost completely filled the room. Kachan had squeezed a straight-backed chair inside the door and rose from it now as Gorek entered.

"*Ist alle ruhe?*" he asked in German of Kachan.

"*Da,*" Kachan replied in Russian, then added in English. "No problems at all."

Kachan gave a nod and glanced over at old sagging bed that was occupied by Danny who was bound arms and legs to the rungs of the head and footboards of the bed. Kachan

walked over to the side of the bed, noting the large bruise on Danny's left temple and the bloody stain at thigh level on the left pant leg. "*Hörst du mich?*" he snapped at Danny.

Danny opened his eyes halfway. He had a pounding headache that had plagued him since recovering consciousness and his left leg throbbed if he tried to move. For the last two hours, he had been trying to find a position where the pain was the least. "Ya, of course I hear you," he muttered back. He did not know this tall, commanding man. He'd recognized Kachan last night and knew he was trouble, but still had trouble accurately recalling how they had met before.

"*Sprechen sie Deutsch?*" Gorek asked in mild amusement.

Danny stopped to consider his reply. "*Ich spreche besserer Russe.*"

Gorek glanced over at Kachan and gave a loud laugh. "One for you, Andrei!"

Kachan tucked his Tokarev pistol into his belt and rocked back on two legs of the chair, displeasure plain on his expression.

Gorek turned back to Danny, an open smile on his face. "You are clever," he pronounced in English. "but do not think too much of yourself." He leaned back on the wall beside the bed. "I suppose you are wondering why you are here, are you not?"

Danny did not reply. He began to study Gorek for himself to determine the kind of man he was. *This guy is dangerous, sure of himself, and a bit flamboyant.*

"Do you remember my friend Andrei? You have met before. A long time ago. You were both little more than kinde." He waited, watching Danny's expression.

Danny remained silent, not betraying anything. *I have to remember that guy, it may be important. Long ago -- children -- most likely before Five-0. That's real trouble.* He dared a glance towards Kachan who had not moved.

Gorek issued a new smile. "So, you are here and why? Heh?" In a sudden startling move, he flipped out a rather significant US Marine combat knife. In one swipe, he took hold of Danny's bloodied pant leg and slit it from knee to hip, exposing the puncture wound surrounded by black and red congealed blood. The tissue around the wound was discolored and swollen. "*Nein gut. Andrei, we need to modify our expectations.*"

That did bring a response from the young Russian who slammed the chair flat on the floor and rose. He squeezed next to Gorek to have a closer look at Danny's leg. "*Neiht.*" He muttered. "It is nothing."

Gorek set his jaw and eyed Danny coolly. "I hear your friends refer to you as Danno. It is a Hawaiian thing?" He gave a single chuckle. "Well -- Danno -- as you may have concluded I have need of some information you may possess." He lightly touched the razor sharp tip of the knife into the edge of the leg wound.

Danny gripped the bed rung with one hand, but made no sound as the pain fired through his leg from toes to hip.

Gorek meticulously wiped the blood from the blade of the knife against the threadbare mattress. "In time." He scooped up the morning paper from beneath Kachan's chair. "Care to see the news?"

He flopped the headlines across Danny's chest and Danny craned his neck to read it.

Gorek gave a smirk. "I have heard about your fabled Five-0 and Steve McGarrett. This ruse may confuse him -- for a brief time anyway. To be quite honest, you are of very limited value to me. Your injury shortens that even more. You are just a tool." Gorek turned his back on Danny and took the few short steps through the small room to Kachan's spot. "I would speak with you."

Kachan glanced at Danny.

Gorek gave a comical expression. "Oh, you will excuse us, Mr. Williams, will you not? Don't go away now."

The two European agents stepped out into the hallway. Kachan muttered. "I want him, Wilhelm."

Gorek nodded. "I know that, Andrei. But personal vengeance can disable you. The leg is broken, I am sure of it. I cannot take him anywhere without notice. We will need to continue with Lu."

"Lu has told us all he knows! Do you think one more body will make him talk? And then what? Williams is the last, Wilhelm. Lu will not talk. Maybe Williams will. I can make him talk."

Gorek, glared at the wall.

Andrei continued his argument. "He retired from their service, he has gotten soft. Let me have the time I need. I know I can make him talk."

"And if you cannot?" Wilhelm whispered, fixing his pale eyes on his Russian partner. He shook his head slightly. "No, our best hope is Lu. We will activate the retrieval plan and take him with us."

Kachan shoved his hands into his pockets. "And what of Williams?"

Gorek shrugged. "If not for the injury he might have been of use. But now -- we shall use him with Lu then discard him like the others. Take heart, Andrei, I will not forget my promise to you. He will be yours for the quick kill, even though you may not get the satisfaction of the slow process."

CHAPTER TWO

McGarrett fingered his chalk and looked around the group of men sitting around the board. Most held cups of coffee, Chin's was tea. Kono had brought some mahi-mahi with him that was shared amongst the team. The original list of Danny's greatest enemies was still scrawled in Steve's tired handwriting on the left-hand side of the board.

Kono began his report first. "Spoke to ten people who were awakened by the accident -- the rest of the neighborhood woke up at the explosion. Only one person saw anything, Lily Wotang, 84 years old. She doesn't sleep very well. She sits at her window a lot at night. Said she was watching the rain. Saw the Mustang hit the pole. Then a dark car skidded and hit Danny's. Says two men got out of the second car, pulled Danny out and put him in their car. Then one guy put a different man into the Mustang. As they pulled away, the car went up. Too rainy and too dark for her to make any kind of ID."

"Height? Weight? Ages?" Steve asked.

He shrugged. "Nothing. I looked from the angle of her window -- it would be hard even if she didn't have 84-year-old eyes. Said they dragged Danny, he wasn't walking or fighting or anything."

Steve turned his attention to his next detective. "Ben?"

"Valet at Max's is Jackie Qu." Ben handed Steve a mug shot. "Out on parole for B&E for four months. Stayed clean. He wasn't happy to be talking to me."

"And?" Steve was unimpressed.

Ben gave a small smirk. "He quickly got helpful when I asked the name of his parole officer. Said he saw Danno last night with a girl. It took some serious convincing, but he gave a name. Andrei Kachan. Said he didn't know the guy, never heard of him, but this Kachan came to him two days ago -- somebody told him he knew Danny. Claims he didn't rat, but last night spotted Kachan on Danny's tail and told Danny when he parked the car. Said Danny reacted like he'd been stuck with a poker."

"Description?"

"Took him to the police artist." Ben held out the sketch.

Steve studied the rendering with care. There was nothing familiar in it. "Andrei Kachan," he murmured and wrote the name under the list of Danno's enemies. He circled the name. *That isn't a name that showed up in Danny's records. Who is this guy? Who does he work for? How does this fit with the facts?* "Get copies of this to every cop."

"Already done," Ben assured him.

"Chin, what about our missing persons?" Steve asked.

"Marty Shang, 56 years, retired plumber," Chin started. "He's the one who burned last night; disappeared the 13th. Alan Walker, 34, electrician. Alcohol problem. Was missing three days before his wife reported him on the 14th. Actual disappearance was the 11th. Charles Yamanko, 38, consultant for Carrier Air Conditioning; taken the 8th. Mike Edwards, 48, carpenter, missing the 6rd. Kani Kaula, 40, interior decorator, 4nd. Garrison Beck, 30, painter, missing the 2nd. Ben Lu, 52, architect missing the 1st."

Steve wrote each name on the board as Chin read them off. At the bottom he added, Dan Williams taken 20th. He stepped back and quietly reviewed the list. "What have we got?"

"Looks like somebody was building a house," Ben commented with a grin. "But, what's Danny got to do with these people?"

"They were all taken several days apart," Chin added, puffing on his pipe. "Where are they now?"

"A whole week between Shang and Danny," Kono commented. "Looks like they weren't in a hurry."

"Or they couldn't get him easily," Ben suggested.

"Shang died yesterday," Steve reminded them, "the same day Danny is kidnapped."

"Maybe the others are dead?" Chin asked.

"Probably," Steve replied with a sigh. "Get some HPD teams together. We need to go looking for some bodies."

Steve watched his men file out the office, then slowly returned to his desk, opened the middle drawer and took out the file folder. Placing it carefully into his brief case, he locked the case, then left the office.

Steve was relieved that his dealings with ONI and the CIA had been limited over the years. While he still enjoyed the occasional golf game with Richard Garrison of Naval Intelligence, he detested Marten Camp of Central Intelligence and was quite content to have not heard from him in almost ten years. Both men were now waiting for Steve when he arrived in Garrison's office. They exchanged handshakes.

"Steve, the tone of your message sounded urgent. My assumption is that this has something to do with the morning headlines." Richard started diplomatically.

"It does," Steve answered quietly, unlocking the case. He removed the file and handed it to Garrison, deliberately bypassing Camp.

Garrison scowled over contents. "This isn't us," he remarked. "Marten?" With a lift of the eyebrow, he passed the folder to Camp.

Camp barely glanced past the first page. "What do you want, McGarrett?" he demanded.

"What the hell is this?" Steve demanded.

Camp closed the file. "Where did you get this?"

"That is besides the point," Steve snapped back.

"That is *precisely* the point!" Camp countered back. "This is not Five-0 business."

"It has everything to do with Five-0. Williams is not dead -- he was taken by someone named Andrei Kachan. Seven other people are also missing -- some of them appear in that file." Steve tried to stop himself from telling Camp more than he needed to.

Camp, an expert poker player, revealed only the slightest glint of the eye at Kachan's name. He allowed a few seconds to slow the volley of conversation. "Well, it's good to hear Danny is alive," he said calmly.

McGarrett struggled to maintain his cool. *Don't give this control over to Camp.* "I need to know what Project 467 was about. What did they build?"

Camp shrugged. "It wasn't anything. If it had been important we would have used in house people. The single building is just a minimum-security storage facility out near Diamond Head. I cannot imagine the Russians being interested --"

"Russians? Kachan is a Russian agent?"

Camp nodded. "Low guy though. doesn't operate alone. His duties are extraction of information."

"Extraction-" Steve paused recalling the body of Marty Shang.

Garrison spoke for the first time. "Is this that project that was scrubbed in '72?"

"No," Camp said quickly. He glanced at McGarrett. "Look, Garrison, McGarrett doesn't have the clearance--"

"As far as ONI is concerned he does," Garrison answered. "That project was cancelled as too risky, Marten." He gave his attention to Steve. "In 1972 special ops wanted to build a secure storage facility out behind Diamond Head near the existing classified depot. It was decided that the location was too risky and that proper security could not be put in place. It was scrubbed."

"This is not that plan, Richard," Camp fired back. "This is merely a minimal security building for the storage of simple documents, nothing of national security."

Garrison was looking through the file. "You used local contractors instead of our people? Why?"

"I told you -- this is not a strategic facility."

"And so no one knew about it," Garrison completed.

"NSA does," Camp snapped.

Garrison was also well acquainted with Camp's abilities to do as he chose in spite of orders to the contrary. "Shall I call them and make sure?" he asked quietly.

Steve ground his teeth. "You got axed on a secure storage facility, so you did it anyway, bypassing security precautions so the service wouldn't know about it?"

"I told you, McGarrett, *minimal security*," Camp repeated, color rising in his face. The veins on his neck bulged.

"But you used Ben Lu, a former Secret Service operative. Why did you involve Williams?"

Camp glared at the desk surface for a moment. "He was available."

"He'd been retired for over eight years."

"Don't be naïve McGarrett; none of us ever retires from special ops," Camp retorted. "You still work for ONI and Richard every time they whistle. Should Williams be any different?"

Steve tapped the file. "Okay, so what is so vital about this minimal security facility that a Russian torture expert has taken seven people? What is there he could be after?"

Camp rested back in his chair silent for a moment. "I'll find you Kachan -- and whomever he's working with. Give me a few hours."

Gorek was waiting in the front room for Keaver when he returned with Ben Lu. "Good day, Mr. Lu," Gorek said cordially to the tall, slender, oriental man.

Ben Lu was exhausted. His clothing was badly rumpled, his hair uncombed. After nearly two weeks of captivity, he was nearly to the end of his emotional resources. Every time he was retrieved from his small cell-room and brought here, someone eventually died brutally.

"You have been well-treated, yes?" Gorek asked of Lu. "You ate today I hope. Would you like some coffee?"

Lu made no response and did not lift his gaze from the floor.

Gorek gave a thin smile. "I have arranged another small reunion for you."

Lu stiffened in fear. *Who will he kill this time?* He allowed Gorek to lead him back to the bedroom, Keaver bringing up the rear.

Danny and Lu knew each other right away.

"Aha," Gorek said with a smile. "I can see you have met."

"Please," Lu whispered. "I don't know anymore -- he doesn't know anything -- I don't know what you want from us!"

"Of course you know. And just to show what a generous man I am, I am going to allow you and Mr. Williams a few minutes here to reminisce old times." Gorek turned and walked out of the room, leaving Kachan behind.

Lu stood next to where Danny lay tied to the bed. "Williams," he murmured, "I am so sorry, I - I don't know what to do."

"What do they want?" Danny murmured back.

"The special ops security building on Diamond Head, project 467. They want something there. Don't know what. They keep pumping people for access information. Dammit, the people they've paraded through here know so little -- so little. For two weeks he has tortured them, demanded of me, of them -- killed them." He wrung his hands.

"He's never tried truth serum on you?" Danny whispered. Memories of the construction project were flooding his mind. He had Lu were the only two services people on the project. It was my vacation time. I had to do this. God, I wish I had not. At the time...

"I need you to help Lu. It will only take you a week. You are the best security cracker I ever knew," Marten Camp had demanded. "Nothing big time, just about of building specks."

"I'm out of the business, Camp, finished."

"Is that so? And is sweet Aunt Clara out of acting, too? It may be 1972 but the House on Un-American Activities is as interested in communist infiltrators as they were in 1958. You wouldn't want her name back on that blacklist again, would you?"

"How long do you plan to keep holding this over us?" he demanded.

"Forever....."

"I am allergic to the drug," Lu whispered. "They gave it to me and I nearly died. Gorek called in Kachan then."

Danny sighed, taking time to get a grip on the pain in his leg. "McGarrett will be looking for me. He will piece this together. Given enough time, he can get you out. Tell Gorek what he wants and you are dead."

"If I say nothing, he will kill you," Lu replied.

"He'll do that anyway. I don't know as much as you and I'm injured. Buy yourself time, Lu, okay?"

Lu looked like a man defeated. Before he could reply, Gorek came back.

"Well? Have you decided to help us?" Gorek asked with a broad smile.

Kachan shook his head. "Full of silly hopes," he murmured in Russian. "Thinks this McGarrett will rescue them."

"McGarrett?" Gorek looked at Danny. "The Hawaiian policeman? I hear he is a worthy adversary, but we just do not have the time for him right now." He stepped close to Lu. "Now, I shall make you the same offer I have so many times before. You have the opportunity to save your life and that of your friend Mr. Williams here. Just provide us with a few quick drawings and some numbers and it will all be over. You will be able to go free."

Lu did not look up. "Like the others?"

Gorek sighed. "Does this mean you shall continue this foolish resistance? You weary me so." He rubbed his large hands together and pulled a Luger from a shoulder holster. "Say good-bye to Mr. Williams." He leveled the weapon on Danny's head and squeezed the trigger. It gave a soft click. Danny and Lu both jumped. Gorek burst into a roar of laughter. "Nervous, Danno?"

Danny glared silently at him, regretting his gut response but could tell the little display had had a tremendous impact on Lu.

"I can't do this anymore," Lu whispered.

"Will you give me what I want!" Gorek screamed at him.

He silently shook his head.

"Kachan." Gorek stepped back towards the door, taking Lu's elbow.

Kachan, a smile of anticipation on his face rose from the chair and approached Danny.

"Do you remember me?"

Although the face had been a little familiar, Danny had been unable to place Kachan.

"My name is Andrei Kachan. Do you know my name?" He gave a smirk. "I thought not." He drew close to Danny's face. "You maimed me and you do not even remember me? Do you remember Istanbul, 1959? Wintertime. It was cold. Do you remember Urikov and physicist? You were stealing him from my people."

The memory of the bitter night, the snow, and the old man that Danny and his team were smuggling out of the soviet bloc flashed before him. There had been a young Russian sentry, no older than Danny himself. They had startled each other, Danny had the upper hand and instead of killing the guard, he had shot the youth in the foot, choosing to spare his life. Danny had been cursed out by his team leader for not killing the soldier. At the time Danny had never killed a man...at the time.

"Ah, so you do remember me," Kachan whispered. "You took away three of my toes. You disgraced me. I walk forever with a limp."

"I didn't kill you," Danny whispered.

"You hurt me," Kachan replied and slammed a closed right fist into Danny's face. Kachan rained blow after blow on him, the springs of the sagging bed jumping and with each one. The motion caused fiery stabs of pain from Danny's leg and he tried to keep silent, but a few grunts of pain escaped.

"It is interesting," Gorek commented quietly to Lu, "the level of pain each of your friends can stand."

Kachan turned towards them, rubbing his knuckles against his pants leg.

Blood trickled out of Danny's nose and mouth. Bruises were already swelling under both eyes.

Gorek shook his head. "It is all in your hands, Mr. Lu."

With a grin, Kachan punched Danny in the bloody leg wound. Unable to contain this, Danny let out a yell of pain.

"All right! All right!" Lu begged. "Please, no more, no more. I will do as you say!"

"Lu!" Danny panted in frustration

Gorek gripped Lu's shoulder and directed him back to the front room and a pad of paper. "Write quickly, Mr. Lu. Your freedom is at hand."

Kachan slumped back into his chair in the bedroom and picked up a bottle of cheap gin from under the chair. He took a short drink. "You are weak, Williams."

Keaver shook his head and laughed. "Ain't so tough, cop. I've seen lots of guys take a lot more than that. Come to think of it, you're pretty soft, ain't you?"

Danny did not dignify the remark with an answer.

"Hey, you answer me!" Keaver insisted.

"I don't beat up on a person who can't defend himself," Danny remarked.

"You got a lot of lip for a guy in your position," Keaver snapped.

"Enough," Kachan interjected. "Leave him alone or I'll blow your head off." He drew the Tokarev from his belt.

Keaver stepped away, cursing. "You'd protect this cop?!"

"This is not your silly cops and robbers," Kachan declared stiffly. "You are as foolish as Gorek claimed. Go get us some food. Get out of my sight."

Keaver jammed his hands into his pockets and stormed out of the apartment, seriously considering if he should ever return.

Steve had taken the luxury of a catnap in his office. The buzzer of the intercom roused him after thirty minutes of rest. "Yes, May."

"Chin Ho's here," her voice announced.

"Okay." By the time he'd said it, Chin was through the door and into the office.

The senior detective was expert at restraining his feelings, but this afternoon, the pain seemed to leak out across his features. "Three bodies, Steve," he murmured. "Dogs found one under a trailer used for classes at the university." He pointed to the spot on the map.

Steve marked it with a stickpin.

"Walker. He'd been dead at least a week."

"Don't those people have noses?" Steve grumbled.

"He was wrapped up in a plastic bag like one of those stay-fresh sandwiches," Chin put a mark on the chalkboard by Walker's name. "Kulana was found in the trunk of a car left at the mall. Dead less than three days."

"Tracing the car?"

He nodded. "It won't lead anywhere though. Yamanko was found out near the Pearl City bypass. All the victims were shot once in the head at close range. Retrieved a bullet from only one. The others, the slug went right on through. Sent that to Che. Looks like a Tokarev 7.62x25mm load."

Steve lifted an eyebrow. "I'm surprised we even got one bullet."

"Bodies showed evidence of torture," Chin added slowly. "Broken fingers, burns, stab wounds -- some pretty nasty stuff."

Steve glared at the chalk written name Andrei Kachan. "Chin, I know you know just about as much about Danno as I do -- maybe more. There is no question but that this is a piece of his past. Did he ever mention this Kachan to you?"

Chin's look deepened. "Danno never said anything about his time in the service to me. It was better that way. All I knew was that he served out of uniform."

Steve gave a nod and circled his desk. We are going to have to rely on the help of someone the likes of Marten Camp whether I like it or not. We have a Russian spy, Russian weapon and a CIA target. "Chin, let's not share this piece with the others for now. Let's not place anyone else at risk."

Chin gave a single nod. He turned to leave the room, just as Marten Camp entered the outer office. He glanced back at Steve, recognizing the CIA field director, but Steve motioned Chin to leave.

Camp entered Steve's office and shut the door. "I said I'd get something today."

Steve glanced at the clock on his desk. It had been barely four hours. *I've got to hand it to him, Camp does know his business.*

"You need to turn this over to us," Camp declared.

"Like hell. Just tell me what you've got."

Camp remained as immovable as stone. "Not this time, McGarrett. You want what I've got, you let me in."

"You bastard," Steve snarled, rage swelling. It isn't enough to be worried sick about Danno, knowing I have a mass murderer out there preying on the innocent, I have to have this prima dona in my office. But I need his info. Can I afford my pride at Williams' expense?

Quietly waiting for Steve's more civilized comment, Camp fingered the edge of his soft brief case in a tempting fashion.

Steve did not miss the action. "Why do you want in, Marten?"

"There's a man in this I have history with -- you will want my knowledge and help with him."

"Hum," Steve murmured, and walked out onto the lanai. He listened to the breeze for a minute, then turned back and faced Camp. The agent seemed unaffected by the delay of response by the Five-0 chief. "Only you then. My team, I call the shots. No CIA, FBI, ATF, ONI or any other damned letters of the alphabet, is that clear?"

Camp bit the inside of his cheek. "I don't answer to you, McGarrett."

"Then have a nice day. There's the door."

"You'll never see Williams alive, McGarrett."

"Do you care?"

Camp paused and squinted. He said quietly. "Yes, McGarrett, as a matter of fact, *I do care*. I recruited him as an eighteen-year-old kid. And I know the son of a bitch who has him."

"Sounds a little like vengeance," Steve commented. "You answer to me or you'll never get your chance at your son of a bitch. And you and I can both make weekly confessions at mass for the rest of our lives in attempts to relieve the guilt we'll share for letting Danno die."

It was Camp's turn to ponder. He suddenly sat down in the chair opposite the desk and zipped open his case. "I'm an atheist."

"I'm not surprised." Taking the cue, Steve sat down in his chair.

Camp passed him a photo. "Andrei Kachan. Russian agent. Scuttlebutt says he has a very bad attitude. Walks with a limp from an injury he received as a soldier in 1959. He is skilled at extracting information by torture by the old school."

"Old school?"

"Brutality. Newer tactics suggest mind games and drugs for extracting information. Kachan still prefers torture. The usual stuff like burns, electric shock, broken fingers. Sometimes a little more creative. Kachan has been seen in Honolulu several times over the last few weeks. There was an alert out in the office." He passed another photo. "Jan Schroeder. A brainiac sort. Has an advanced degree in engineering. Was seen just once a week ago -- in Kachan's company." Camp pulled the third photo out like it was a prized possession. "Wilhelm Gorek."

Just the way Camp said the name alerted Steve this was Camp's quest.

"Gorek is East German. They don't get any meaner than this guy. He's not the smartest spy in the game, but what he may lack in finesse, he makes up for by being a brute. Picture is about three years old. I didn't even know if he was still alive until today. One of our operatives tailing Kachan spotted him this morning."

"Where were they seen?" Steve demanded.

"McGarrett, this guy has a big history. He was captured by the CIA in 1964, escaped in 65 and has been hunting down agents ever since when opportunity presents itself."

"*Captured? Held by the CIA for a year?*" Steve glared at Camp. "I'm sure that was no Holiday Inn experience for him."

Camp did not reply.

"What did you do to him, Camp?"

"That doesn't matter right now," Marten replied. "If he finds out I am on the team, he will come for me -- I guarantee it."

Steve's eyes narrowed. "Let me get this straight. Are you offering yourself as bait?"

Camp did not blink. "I guarantee it."

An exhausted Ben Lu sat huddled over the small kitchen table, a pencil clutched so tightly in his hand that his fingers were white. It had been 35 minutes. He slowly lay down the pencil and, as he did, Gorek snatched up the paper.

"Is this real?" he demanded spinning to the short dark-haired newcomer.

Jan Schroeder straightened his glasses and examined the lines, and numbers. His brow knit and he uttered an occasional grunt as he studied the paper. "It is so simple a school child could design this."

Gorek turned on Lu with a snarl and the captive cringed against the table.

Jan touched Gorek's arm. "But you never know -- these Americans can be very simple people."

Gorek glared at Jan. "Yes or no."

He winced. "Maybe."

Uttering a grunt of frustration, Gorek yanked Lu up from the table and stormed back to Danny's prison. He noticed that Danny's leg wound had bled more and that the kidnapped officer looked pale in spite of his tan. "Williams," he snapped.

The bruises on Danny's face had swollen both eyes so that when he opened them, they were little more than slits. The whites were blood red giving him a mildly demonic appearance.

Gorek stuck out the drawing. "Is it true or false?"

Danny blinked, trying to see through the edematous tissue. "I don't know anything about this," he whispered.

"You tell me truthfully or I will kill Mr. Lu," Gorek said calmly.

Kachan rose, drew his gun and began to screw on the silencer.

Lu issued a whimper, memories of six other killings flashing before him.

If I tell them this is right, when they know it is not, they may kill Ben as they said. If I tell the truth, they may still kill him -- or me. Locked in a scenario with no good outcome, he gritted his teeth. "No. It's not right."

Gorek sighed. "Mr. Lu, after all this time you still would lie to me? You think I cannot find another person, that he is the last? You are wrong, Mr. Lu. I shall bring your six year old daughter in here next -- I will have the truth!" His voice had risen until he was shouting. He stopped and glanced at Kachan. "Shoot him."

Kachan lined up on Danny, but at the same instant he fired, Lu with a shriek like a wild man, threw himself forward. The shot intended for Danny's head struck Lu in the neck. There was a brilliant spray of blood as the architect-agent collapsed across the bed, eyes wide. He twitched once, then was still. The three men froze momentarily, all stunned by the unexpected turn of events.

Kachan slowly glanced at Gorek in a mix of awe and fear, keeping the weapon in his hand. He gingerly stepped past Gorek and unemotionally pulled Lu back off the bed by the shirt collar. The body thudded to the floor where Kachan fired another bullet into his head.

Gorek clenched his fist in momentary anger. "What a stupid man!"

"Smart man," Danny whispered. "You cannot threaten his child if he is dead."

Gorek kicked the bed frame in fury and the jarring sent a wave of agony up Danny's leg. "Do not think too much of your value," he remarked to Danny. "Your life may just have become much more complicated. Do not be mistaken, Mr. Lu may not have done you any favors." He spun on his heel and started up the hallway.

Kachan chased after him. "Wilhelm, Williams is now more trouble than he is worth. Let me relieve us of him."

Gorek stared at an invisible distant object. "I need, him. Andrei. We will leave and take him with us in place of Lu for now. You may get your wish in a day or two, but in the mean time mark my words -- he is dangerous. It took you three days to capture him. Keeping him may be more difficult than capturing him was. Contact Schroeder. He and Drosnins need to get the boat. Meet us there according to the plan."

"What about Keaver?"

"He has served his usefulness. Leave his payment." Gorek slammed the door on his way out.

By the time Kachan re-entered the bedroom, Danny had already reasoned that he might not get one-on-one odds again and decided to act. He wasn't sure exactly how bad his leg was, but hoped that somehow he could walk or run on it if necessary. *First to get this moose to untie me.* "Hey, you!" he yelled at Kachan, "I want to use the can."

Kachan hesitated as he tucked his gun back into his belt and placed the silencer on top of the small dresser in the room.

"You've either gotta let me use the can -- or your gonna have to do the honors over here," Danny persisted, praying the Russian would be too proud to consider providing bedside service.

As Danny had hoped, Andrei looked at him in disgust. "You better have no tricks, or I will be explaining to Wilhelm why I had to shoot his prime source." He untied Danny's legs, then his arms. "Get up." He placed his hand on the gun butt in his belt.

As Danny rolled to rise, his leg felt like fire. It was much worse than he had hoped. When he stood, his head swam and he reached out touching the wall to steady himself. He carefully eased himself around Lu's body, pulling himself along the wall. He was unable to put weight on the left leg at all.

Kachan seemed satisfied by the limited ability of his prisoner. "End of the hall," he instructed.

The bath was little more than a closet. There was no way out. Kachan came up inches behind Danny, scrutinizing each movement.

Danny balanced himself carefully on his good right leg.

"Hurry up," Andrei complained.

"All *right*." He slammed his elbow back, catching Kachan off guard in the stomach.

Kachan gasped and bent double as Danny swung around, grabbing the gun from the Russian's belt with his left hand.

Issuing an oath in Russian, Kachan came back, clawing for the gun, throwing his full weight forward. They both landed on the floor, wedged between the toilet and the tub still in a life and death grapple for the tokarev. There was an ear-shattering blast as the gun went off, piercing the toilet tank which fragmented, spraying water everywhere. Danny got his right knee up and pushed Andrei back with a fierce kick. Kachan fell into the hall but did not release his grip on Danny's hands and so pulled him over in a somersault. Danny got one hand free and slammed it into Kachan's nose, adding more blood to the amount already flowing freely between them. As they fought, the gun discharged again, blasting a large hole in the ceiling. The weapon popped loose and skidded down the wet hall, both of them leaping and slipping after it. Danny reached it first, but at the same instant, Andrei came down solidly with both knees on the injured left leg.

Danny gave a cry of agony, let go of the gun as his hands flew to his leg.

Kachan, snatched up the gun instantly and, in rage, rammed the gun barrel under Danny's jaw so hard it cut off his breath. "It is only Gorek that keeps me from sending you to hell right now!" He jabbed Danny's leg wound against in sadistic fury.

"Oh God! Stop it!" Danny gasped through the stranglehold, writhing in pain.

"You gonna beg and plead for death when I finish with you!" Kachan drew back his arm and pistol-whipped his victim across the face, sending him slamming into the wall and unconsciousness.

Keaver had taken his time getting the lunch. He needed to rethink his situation with Kachan and Gorek. He now approached the tenement carrying a bag of hamburgers and munching on fries. Tomorrow he would insist Kachan pay him and he would split. Just vanish. Gorek was too dangerous a guy to fool with. Every person Keaver had seen come in contact with the German was dead. Al's better judgment told him not to return now, but he needed the money Andrei owed him.

"Hey, got your dinner!" he called opening the door. "Anybody here?" He closed it. The room exploded, breaking windows and knocking out the door.

McGarrett stepped carefully around the police barricades, Chin and Ben at his heels. Officers were milling about on the sidewalk and through the two-story tenement placing little flags and plastic bags amongst the possible pieces of evidence. Frightened tenants stood behind the barriers staring in shock at their damaged building.

Kono had been interviewing a young girl clutching a crying baby that was dressed just in a diaper. He turned away from her and followed Steve and the others inside the building. "Upstairs," Kono offered.

The directions had been unnecessary. The hallway still smelled of smoke and gunpowder. Large fire hoses were snaked up the stairway and water was drizzling down the steps. The fire marshal gave the thumbs up sign for them to go up.

"Explosion was at 3:15PM," Kono reported as he panted up the stairs. "Girl outside said she heard something like gun shots about 30 minutes before that."

Steve paused and glanced back at him. "Gun shots?"

"Two."

"She didn't call the police?"

Kono shrugged. "Guess she thought it was none of her business -- till the place blew up."

The wall in the corridor outside the apartment was scorched from the small fire the explosion had started. Inside, fortunately, was flame free. Keaver's body was sprawled against the kitchen table.

"Have a name?" Steve asked.

The officer standing nearby handed him a wallet. "Albert Keaver."

Steve glanced at the license.

"History of small stuff, nothing major," the officer continued.

"Gorek has maintained his MO," came a voice as Camp walked up the hallway from the bedroom. He toed Keaver's body. "No loose ends. Must have been a little tight up here. Doesn't usually use anyone but his trusted few -- and certainly not Americans. Maybe he had a little trouble getting his people in to the Islands."

Ben and Kono blinked at Camp, not knowing who he was or why he was briefing Steve.

Steve was less than pleased that the CIA director had gotten to the scene before they had, but did not comment. Nor did he introduce Camp to his men. He exchanged looks with Chin.

Marten motioned into the narrow passage between the kitchen and the bedroom. "Signs of a struggle."

Steve noticed the water on the floor, blood on the walls. There was a hole in the ceiling from a bullet. He allowed Camp to lead the way, noting more blood on the walls, the shattered commode in the bathroom. As they stepped into the bedroom, he saw the body of Ben Lu.

Camp had been friends with Lu, but Steve could detect nothing of emotion as he gestured to the body. "Took two -- one to the head, one to the neck. Real messy. Neck one was first."

Steve examined the dead man. There was almost no blood from the head wound. "Let's find the slugs," he remarked.

Chin was frowning at the rumpled bed and the bloody sheets. "I'll call Che."

Steve nodded, wiping his hands. "Plenty of evidence." He stepped closer to the bed and noted the scratches on the posts. "Someone was tied up here. Marks on all four posts."

"No rope marks on Lu," Camp commented.

Steve met the gaze, but gave no response. "I want this Gorek. I want his photo, his MO, what he has for breakfast. Everything. You know this bastard. Get me something I can use."

Camp pursed his lips, gave a nod, and left the apartment.

"Who is that?" Ben asked.

"A PI," Steve remarked.

Ben scowled, knowing that Steve would never bring a private investigator into a Five-0 matter, but also aware that Steve wasn't going to give him a straight answer. He felt free to hold Camp in open suspicion.

Chin had stepped aside to accept information from an officer. He now came back to Steve. "Guy from the apartment downstairs recognized one." He held up Kachan's photo.

Steve set his jaw. "Tear this place apart to the beams if necessary. I don't know how good these guys are at disappearing, but no one can vanish completely. They left in broad daylight and they had to go somewhere. Let's find them."

CHAPTER THREE



Gorek, if he had vanished, had reappeared in a 38 foot yacht in the Waikiki Marina, moored fifty yards out into the bay. He sat on the afterdeck appreciating the warm tropical sun placidly listening to Kachan's tale. At the conclusion, Gorek waved a warning finger. "I warned you about him."

Kachan put aside the towel and ice he'd been holding to his bruised nose. "Well, he won't try that again," he remarked gruffly.

"Well," Gorek sipped his drink, "at least not very soon."

Jan Schroeder had been sitting on the gunwale listening to the exchange. "Well, Gorek, what shall you do now?"

Gorek squinted at him. "The mission is not yet complete. We do not yet have all that we need to acquire the records of Politickov. We are entitled to that data, it was stolen from us and we will get it. We must come back with information for accessing the security structure."

"If the Americans know about this, they will move the data, or change the security," Schroeder argued.

"They do not know. They will not know."

Schroeder shook his head. "They may already know! They have two bodies: Shang and Lu. It will only be a matter of time for them to put this together."

Gorek snorted. "We are dealing with little local law men."

"We are dealing with Steve McGarrett -- of ONI. Did you read the file on him? I have. Let Kachan have his thrill. Let him kill Williams, dump the body at sea and let's get out of here."

Gorek slammed his fist on the arm of the chair. "*I will not fail!* I will not be dictated to by a coward. There is still time and I shall take very moment I have."

"Time? What time?" Schroeder argued. "There is no time. If McGarrett is on to you it is already too late. We must cut our loses and go. As for Williams, he will die before he tells you anything. It is unfortunate about Lu. He was the better choice."

Gorek stormed away across the small boat to the foredeck to avoid Schroeder. He did not like the younger field agent. Schroeder was forgetting his place when he attempted to lecture to a man that'd been in this game longer than Schroeder had been alive. *Schroeder wants everything safe. It is be best when it is not safe.*

McGarrett strolled through the peaceful botanical garden inwardly anything but peaceful. It was early morning. Cries of birds and the wind touching the leaves added to the tranquility and serenity around him. He pretended to read the tourist's guide, but his jaw muscles were flexing. *Where is Mason anyway?*

"McGarrett."

He turned to see the small, thin man of Japanese descent standing nearby. "Clarence Mason?"

Mason did not turn to face him. "It is not good for my reputation to be seen with you."

Steve continued to look down at the brochure. "I didn't drag you into my office, did I?"

"That would not have been productive," Mason formed each syllable with care. "What do you want?"

"I believe you already know," Steve said quietly.

"Hum. My medical license was lifted two years ago. The State of Hawaii decided I was not fit to practice medicine. Is the state now reversing that opinion?"

"You lost your license, but Dan Williams kept you from serving hard time. Fifteen years at your age would have be a considerable part of your life," Steve remarked.

Mason smiled gently. "This is true -- but Williams is not making the request, you are."

McGarrett dared to look at the former doctor. "Don't play games with me, Mason. This is not my mark I am calling and you know it. You owe Danny a big one."

"Not this big."

"Danny is injured, bleeding substantially from the looks of it. If Gorek wants to keep him alive, and I think he does, he will come looking for you -- he has to. When he does, you'll do as he says: Keep Williams alive. But leave me a trail."

Mason gazed at the floral scenery. "I am a good doctor, McGarrett. I continue a modest effort in spite of your harassment."

Steve cast a sideways glare at him. "Mason, stop playing Mother Theresa. You went to jail for pushing drugs and insurance fraud, not to mention treating a murderer's gunshot wound without reporting it."

"In spite of what you might think, I do have ethics," Mason said calmly as if Steve had just complimented him. "I do not choose to let someone die -- regardless of their legal situation. If you had a heart attack right in front of me this minute, I might even try to save you." He cracked a fleeting smile. "I will, of course, try to save Williams because that is what I do, not because you demand it. And you are right -- I do owe him. Freedom is a sweet thing to be cherished." He took a deep breath.

Steve stood in silence for a moment, recalling Danny's appeal to the parole board on the behalf of Mason over Steve's objection. Mason had cancer -- inoperable -- he had about a year left to live.

"If there is anyone for whom I would forfeit my life, it would be Williams. And that is likely to be exactly what I am doing. If Gorek even suspects I am double-crossing him, he will kill me."

"Well, I'm a lot closer to you right now than he is," Steve remarked, unimpressed by Mason's speech.

Mason gave another simple smile and a shrug. "Ah, but you are bound by the law -- you are the law."

"No man is the law, Mason, not even me. And everyone has a point at which he will go past the law -- even me."

Mason stopped and turned to look Steve full in the face. "Williams means a lot to you -- even more than I had imagined." He turned back to the view again. "Very well, I shall do all I can for you, but there are conditions."

"Name it."

"I am ill. I have a son who is in high school. The boy does not even know who I am, but his mother does keep me informed. I want the funds for his college."

"What?"

"I want the governor to give him a full scholarship."

"I don't think I can arrange that," Steve muttered.

"I am certain you can," Mason said with confidence. "His mother will contact you. One more thing."

Steve bit his cheek.

"If, by some miracle, I live through this I want complete immunity -- regardless of the outcome."

McGarrett started to protest.

"You don't understand this thing, McGarrett. It has already been over 36 hours. It may be too late already. I don't want you blaming me. And I want protection from Gorek and his people -- if such a thing is possible. Perhaps your friends in government can get me into the witness protection plan. I hear southern Florida is nice."

"Anything else?"

Mason gave a forced grin. "I believe we understand each other."

"Yes, I think so."

"I will attempt to communicate to you by leaving a series of 'x's from one to four. I get to four and you had better make any move you can. I cannot promise you anything else."

"Understood."

Mason moved off towards the pathway. "Pardon me if I do not shake your hand." And he was gone.

Danny has spent most of his second day of captivity being lulled in and out of consciousness by the gentle lapping of waves against the hull of the boat. He knew they were not moving, but wasn't sure they hadn't traveled before he had regained consciousness the first

time. Time dragged. His arms were tied behind his back in a most uncomfortable fashion and his elbows and shoulders throbbed. They were easily out done by the deep hot pain in his left leg. The swelling on the left side of his face reduced the vision from his left eye to just a slit, but the right was swollen completely shut.

As the day progressed, the small cabin became hot and stuffy. In spite of the temperature, Danny kept shivering from chills. About mid-afternoon, a stream of sunlight came in the far porthole and he could sense time of day as he tracked its way across the deck.

The sunbeam had just passed the midpoint of the deck when Gorek entered the cabin. He pulled up a canvas-folding chair and lowered his tall thin frame into it. "Well," he said casually, "so here we are."

Danny did not respond.

"I need not, I think, to remind you of your complicated situation. Mr. Lu, in his attempt to be heroic, has probably done you a great disservice. Nevertheless, we shall make the best of a bad thing." He relaxed back in the chair for a moment studying his captive. "Actually this entire exercise would not have been necessary had Mr. Lu not be allergic to the truth serum we used. More old-fashioned techniques had to be employed. Much more time consuming, but then your friend Andrei feels more at home using the old methods. I weary of this assignment, Williams. You and your -- injury -- have added another unfortunate complication. I can keep you alive, if I so desire. Kachan would like very much to do otherwise. You broke his nose, you know."

"What a shame," Danny commented dryly.

"You are going to give me what I want either by will or by force. The choice is yours."

Danny tried to move, but his restricted arms made greater comfort impossible. "Know what I think? You're in a bind. You screwed up. Your bosses wanted the plans for that security facility yesterday. You don't like them being unhappy. Aren't used to this kind of mess, are you? That's what you get when you hire cheap help."

Gorek betrayed none of his inner anger and resisted the sudden urge to punch Williams' already bruised face.

"You are looking for a facility that doesn't exist," Danny continued. "No high security facility."

Gorek shook his head, indignation rising in his expression and tone. "No, it is there. I have seen the photos."

"That building just houses old documents and such," Danny persisted. "Your physicist, anything he might have known -- not there."

Gorek clenched and unclenched his left fist resting on the arm of the chair.

Good, he wonders if what I am saying is truth. Maybe there is a hope in all of this. Danny tried to keep his mind on his argument instead of his pain. It was difficult to do. "Where did you find me? Not working for the CIA. Wonder why?"

Gorek's eyes narrowed.

"You must never trust them. Not CIA, not KGB. They will tell you lies. I left because I wanted to trust again. Can you trust, uh? Maybe they sent you on this impossible mission to be rid of you. Maybe?"

Gorek's fury was growing by the moment.

Danny let silence provide Gorek an opportunity to think.

Wilhelm issued a slow smile. "You are good, Herr Williams - very good." He waved a finger. "So, if my people are lying, what is in that building?"

"Old documents -- maybe supply requisitions, pay roll history, toilet paper."

"Toilet paper," Gorek said softly, then gave a quiet chuckle. "Toilet paper?" he repeated a little more loudly. "So you say this joke is on me? Then I say this joke may also be on you. No matter." He rose and turned towards the door. "Drosnins!"

A head appeared.

"Pentathol please."

Drosnins made a face. "This is a waste," he remarked, but vanished to obey.

Danny a small grin in spite of his pain. "It's gonna be a waste of time, there is nothing of value I can tell you, but I can use the pain relief -- so have at it."

The night crept softly over the harbor. Occasional boat horns broke the peaceful silence and light shimmered off the water. Karl Drosnins and his partner Jan Schroeder sat on the foredeck of Gorek's yacht playing cards. Gorek sat on a deck chair in the aft second sipping a beer, brooding and scanning the marina between their mooring and the wharf. Kachan had taken the dingy ashore three hours ago and not returned yet. He was slightly overdue.

Drosnins came back and headed below deck. He was back a moment later. He stopped before Wilhelm, arms crossed in dissatisfaction. "This is a mistake," he announced. "The death of Lu was the death of the mission. We have failed."

Gorek eyed him quietly, smoldering rage just beneath the surface. "Unavoidable and unfortunate," he commented. "However, not failed yet."

"You mean Williams?" Karl answered in disgust. "The pentathol was a waste of time. A subject in pain like that. They all just bawl like babies then zonk out. He is still drugged. He may never awaken. Blood loss, shock, infection -- cut the losses and admit the failure."

"You think that is acceptable?" Gorek murmured. "Take the easy road?"

"This has been anything but easy," Karl answered. "That man is going to die before he tells you anything."

Gorek sipped his beer, having spotted the tiny green starboard running light of the dingy beginning its venture across the marina. "And do you have some kind of medical training that would make this judgment of yours valid?"

Karl scowled. "I am here on the part of the KGB to administrate this mission."

"*Administrate*," Gorek muttered, recalling Danny's accusation regarding lack of trust. *Yes, my superiors trust no one, not each other, certainly not me. Administrate.* "Then in the name of administration, you will appreciate my securing someone with a bit more professional medical knowledge to officiate this decision. Furthermore," his voice tightened as his rage began to break through, "I do not want your services here. I did not ask for them and do not need them. I have been in this business since before you were at your mother's breast."

"I do not believe I care for your tone," Karl replied, tensely. "I am not that peon Schroeder or that psycho Russian that I should answer to you. I work directly for Stasi. It would be well for you not to forget that. I may speak my mind freely. Williams is going to die and take whatever he knows with him unless you do something very soon."

"You do your job, I'll do mine," Gorek retorted. "I will take care of Williams and his secrets. You and Schroeder take care of getting us off this rock."

Drosnins turned and stomped up the ladder towards the flying bridge. "Where is Kachan anyway?"

"He is coming."

"He had better get here soon. I want to get under way."

"We will leave when I say we leave." Gorek waited until Karl had turned away and had both hands on the ladder to the bridge before calling to him. "Karl."

Karl turned back and froze in astonishment as he focused on the Luger pointed at him.

Gorek smiled peacefully. "I would like to add -- the sharks would not care whose government you had worked for. There will be no further warnings."

Minutes later that Gorek caught the towline from the dingy and made it fast as Kachan ushered Dr. Mason aboard the large yacht.

Mason glanced across the aft deck of the large yacht and gave a slight bow towards Gorek. "I trust I may be of some small service to you."

Gorek returned the gesture and motioned him in the direction of the cabin. "In there. Tell me how he is and if I can keep him alive."

Mason stepped down into the cabin and went to where Danny lie motionless on the cabin couch converted into bunk. He placed a hand on the officer's shoulder. "Williams, I was summoned to assist you," he said quietly.



Danny gave no response.

Mason examined the bruises, the three-inch long gash over his right eyebrow and then the purple, draining leg wound.

"Well," Gorek asked, aware that Karl and Andrei were both behind him.

"Your partner told me that you had Williams," Mason said carefully. "The newspaper erroneously had published his death -- perhaps to your good fortune. Mr. Kachan said he was in need of medical attention but I never imagined anything quite like this."

"Okay, so we have established your lack of creativity -- what's the answer?" Karl muttered impatiently.

Mason looked at him with mild amusement.

"Forgive my boorish friend," Gorek said pleasantly.

"To help him, I need him untied," Mason stated.

"No," Wilhelm replied bluntly.

"If I am to help, you must do as I say," the oriental doctor said gently.

"He stays tied," Gorek declared. "Do whatever else you can."

"You certainly do not expect him to get up and walk on water, do you?" Mason countered.

Karl sneered. "Maybe Wilhelm here thinks Williams is Jesus Christ, huh?"

Gorek leveled a searing glare on Drosnins. "Tied. That is my final word." He turned on his heel and left the cabin, Andrei with him.

Drosnins hesitated a moment longer. "Whatever Gorek has offered you I double if Williams is dead in 12 hours." He left.

Mason pulled over the canvas chair Gorek had used earlier and sat down next to Danny. There was a deep rumbling as the large inboard engines sparked to life. The boat was moving out of the marina. Mason peeked under Danny's eyelids with a penlight and made a small grunt. Pulling out bandage scissors, he slit the khaki material of Danny's left pant leg the rest of the way to the knee and cut out a large square to better inspect the wound. "I know you are conscious even though they do not," he murmured quietly.

Danny's left eye opened as much as it could. "Gorek sent for you?"

"Yes."

"Is it that bad?" He winced as Mason explored the leg wound.

"Worse. The femur is probably broken. As the broken bone moves, it continues to do more damage. The wound is badly infected." He glanced at Danny's face and gestured to the laceration over his right eye. "You have a hard head, too."

"Don't bother, Mason."

"If you stay still, it will hurt -- and bleed less." Mason finished cleaning out the leg. He drew up a dose of antibiotics into a syringe and injected it deeply into Danny's arm. "Painful injection, sorry," Mason remarked.

Danny blinked back the tears. "Didn't feel it, doc. Maybe you'd better take Karl up on his offer. Better for both of us."

Beneath the deck, the engines throbbed to full power. The boat had cleared the marina.

Mason gave Danny a second injection this time of morphine. "Rest for now." He rose and walked out of the cabin up on deck where the cool sea breeze of the evening was refreshing.

"Well?" Gorek approached him. "How is he?"

"Not very good," Mason admitted. "You should have contacted me earlier."

"Just fix him up so he doesn't bleed to death."

Mason shook his head. "It is very bad. If you move him, it is worse. The bone in the leg is broken. I cannot stop the bleeding without setting the bone. I must have an operating room for

that. And there is the infection which is more likely to kill him than the bleeding." Mason placed his hands on the railing and looked back at the harbor they were leaving behind. "Why Williams of all people? Do you know what you have done? McGarrett knows he is alive, knows he is injured and that it is you. He is furious."

"Good," Gorek said with a nod. "Furious men do not think clearly."

"But this is McGarrett you are talking about," Mason persisted.

"McGarrett...McGarrett. I have heard this from you, from Kachan -- like he is some kind of super-hero. What is there about this McGarrett?"

"He is not confined to a comic book like a child's super-hero. He is the law of Hawaii. He is a thinker -- especially when he is angered. He has all the muscle of this state at his disposal. He is not a man I would play poker with. And I would not want him furious with me."

"Well, you are in this now, Mason, just as deeply as the rest of us." Gorek patted the physician on the shoulder. "You must keep me up to date what you think this McGarrett's moves will be."

"Good Morning, Steve," Chin greeted. They'd parted less than four hours before and were once again in Steve's office.

McGarrett's reply was empty. "How's the body search going?"

"All recovered but one. Ballistics reports confirm they were all killed with the same gun, Russian Tokarev. Once in the head - except Lu."

Steve rubbed his chin in thought. "Except Lu. It is pretty safe to assume that Lu's death was an error." He walked over to the chalkboard of names and back. "Gorek did not even try to disguise Keaver's murder. This one thinks he's smarter than the rest of us."

Chin puffed his pipe. Every so often he enjoyed having the exclusive privilege of smoking in Steve's office. This seemed like a good time. "He certainly seems to have able to disappear."

Steve looked up as Marten Camp came into the office. The agent stopped upon seeing Chin. Steve waved him in. "I hope you have something to say."

Camp tossed a single page of text with a small photo paper-clipped to it onto Steve's desk. "Last of the group. Nailed him off a fingerprint in the apartment we sent to Interpol. Karl Drosnins -- KGB agent. Has a really bad attitude problem. His last known whereabouts before now was Berlin."

"KGB agent in Stasi country, huh? And we have Wilhelm Gorek and Jan Schroeder of the Stasi here. We have Kachan here. Now Drosnins. Anyone else?"

"Looks like that's total, but still working on that. Gorek is known for keeping his team small. He's not the brightest agent they have, but he is probably the most stubborn. Has a history of getting a lot of his team members killed -- I don't suppose they pass that on to his new help with each mission," Camp remarked.

"My guess is they don't," Steve agreed, examining Drosnins' photo. He handed it to Chin. "Get this circulated."

Chin nodded.

The door slammed as Ben nearly ran into the room. He noticed Camp, but ignored his presence. "They picked up Mason last night," he announced nearly out of breath.

"Are you sure?" Steve asked.

He nodded. "Milo over at the tattoo shop on King Street said some foreign guy was looking for him."

Steve handed him the photos. "See if Milo can ID any of these."

Chin tapped the pipe out on the edge of the trashcan. "Why don't we get the photos out to the news media?"

Camp's jaw dropped in shock. "You're kidding."

McGarrett glanced from Marten to Chin.

"They've been all over us about these dead bodies turnin' up," Chin continued. He gave a shrug. "Never know."

Steve gave a slight nod. "It would be nice to have them in support of us for a change."

"Jeeze, Steve. This isn't for real," Camp gasped. "We just don't go showing off KGB spy photos on the six o'clock news!"

"Why not, Camp?"

"You haven't even told them Williams is alive," Marten added.

"Then I guess it's bound to be a news filled day," McGarrett added as he picked up the phone trying to decide which news team to give the scoop to. "And pull Danny's latest publicity photo."

Marten muttered a curse under his breath.

"Ben," Steve added. "While we're at it, update the FBI and Interpol, will you?"

Ben blinked. "Interpol? How far do you think they've gotten?"

"I don't know. They may try to get to Russia or China. On the other hand, Danno could be around the corner with a bullet in his brain. We need to cover all the angles."

The yacht's huge engines pounded through the deep water as she headed south. Off portside, the purple coastline of Lanai and Maui were silhouetted in the brilliant south Pacific sunrise. Out on deck, Gorek, his men and Mason were dining on breakfast.

"I am proud to say, Jan, that you are extremely useful in the galley," Wilhelm complimented Schroeder, jovially, taking a sip of strong coffee. He inhaled deeply the fresh, crisp sea air and patted his sides in a full, contented manner. "Quite good. This little trip is a delightful rest from the difficulties of the past two weeks."

Kachan did not comment that the two weeks had been constant failure. He wasn't sure that Gorek's idea to take the boat and run to an outer island was a good idea either. It seemed more like a waste of valuable time. *This little gathering exercise was supposed to be simple. Lu was not supposed to be difficult. Certainly we never planned on killing seven Americans. Murder is always such a messy business.* He glanced at Mason as the doctor speared another fried egg with a fork and rose with it on his plate. "Where are you going with that?" he demanded, he lack of trust is Mason plain.

"Williams needs to eat," Mason answered simply.

"Yes," Gorek spoke up. "I suppose he does. He will likely refuse, but you are free to try."

Mason walked down into the cabin where Danny lie on the bunk in the same uncomfortable position with his hands tied behind him.

"Good morning, Dan," Mason said with a smile in his best doctor charm.

Danny opened his eyes a crack. Most of the swelling was down in his face. He could open both eyes now and when he did, Mason noticed that the whites of both were blood red.

"Are you hungry?" Mason asked.

"No," he mumbled through parched lips.

Mason extended a glass of water and supported Danny's head while he drank. "Now, try some of the egg. You must build up strength."

"No."

"Do you know how long it has been since you have eaten?"

"Two days?" Danny guessed.

"You have a severe infection. It is getting worse. You need to eat to heal."

"Why?" The hint of a smile crossed Danny's face.

Mason knew what he meant. "I want to help you if I can. Trust me. If you get your break, you shall need the strength to make it."

"I can't cooperate." Danny set his jaw against the pain in his leg. "How could I even have a break? How am I supposed to run? There won't be any breaks, Mason. My only hope is quick death. And you made yourself available to Gorek. Did you buy into his torture plans as well?"

Mason pushed the plate aside. "I made myself available to Gorek because you needed someone to keep you alive."

"No. *Gorek* needs someone to keep me alive." He tried unsuccessfully to shift to a comfortable position.

"I was reminded that I owe you a favor," Mason commented.

"So you pay me back by working for Gorek?" Danny muttered hotly.

Mason's normally quiet voice was almost inaudible. "McGarrett."

Danny looked back at him in surprise, not certain of a response. *Of course it is possible, but can I believe it? Is this another of Gorek's ploys? Show the lure of possible survival then snatch it away? I want to live, no one chooses death while there is hope.* He set his jaw against the pain and the inner indecision. *There is no hope.*

Schroeder cut back the throttle as the boat moved towards the berth in Kawaihai Bay Marina. Under his expert guidance, it nosed in beside the dock without touching and Drosnins leapt nimbly to the dock and deftly secured the lines to the horn cleat. Schroeder hurried from the flying bridge, down the short five foot ship's ladder to the wharf, then ran off up towards the parking lot.

From the foredeck, Kachan observed as a 24 foot Winnebago came into view. "Okay," he murmured to Gorek.

Gorek nodded, as if to double-check Kachan. "Get below and get Williams untied. Remember," he took hold of Kachan's elbow. "No attention. We have to cross nearly fifty yards to that motorhome. I want it done quietly."

Kachan gave a second nod and disappeared.

"Wilhelm!" Drosnins called.

He turned, irritated with the young agent before Karl could utter a word.

"I received a radio message. McGarrett is circulating our photos on the television."

"To what end?" Gorek muttered with a scowl.

"Hoping these silly civilians will see something and report us," Karl answered.

Gorek glared at the fifty yards of open area that now looked formidable.

"It is worse," Karl added. "Marten Camp is involved."

Gorek reacted like he'd been struck with an electric charge. "Are you sure?" he snarled, eye to eye with Drosnins. *Is he creating this to get me off my guard? It is a big world. How could Camp be here?*

"Certain," Karl stated without hesitation, but felt like he was trying to stare down a cyclone.

Gorek paced across the deck and back. "No matter. I will deal with him in my own time."

"We need to eliminate Williams and get out of here," Drosnins advised.

"You'd like that," Gorek muttered. "You'd like to see me shot for this mission's failure, wouldn't you."

Drosnins shook his head. "It's too late to stop that, Gorek."

"Not yet," Gorek muttered.

Below in the cabin, Kachan hesitated upon seeing that Mason had splinted Danny's bad leg with a life jacket and rope. "Who said you could do that?" he demanded of Mason.

"I'm the doctor," Mason said coldly, "remember?"

He thought another moment, recalling Gorek's order to not draw attention. He wanted to make Mason remove the splint, but had already been wondering how they were going to get Danny to walk across the open wharf to the mobile home. Maybe with the splinting he'd be able to walk. Kachan bent down and untied Danny's arms. "I haven't forgotten, Williams, I still have plans for you," he murmured close to Danny's ear. He stepped back. "On your feet."

Mason started to intervene.

"He'll make it." Kachan pushed Mason back. "Won't you? I've seen what kind of a mover you can be," he said towards Danny.

Williams was just grateful for the relief to his strained muscles after having been tied for so long. He made an unsuccessful effort to rise.

Kachan sneered. "Get him up." He ordered Mason, not willing himself to get so close to Danny again.

Mason took Danny under the arms, and he was finally hauled unsteadily to his feet. He felt dizzy, his vision blurred, he had a passing wave of nausea, but he stayed upright.

"Take care of those bloody things," Kachan ordered Mason, pointing to the pile of bloody clothes on the deck. "Get going, Williams."

Danny dragged himself forward using the door jam and his good leg. Even the splinting did not help him put weight on the left leg. As soon as he stood, the throbbing pain felt like it would blow his leg apart.

The sun was bright. All three of them squinted as they came out on deck. Drosnins helped Mason pull Danny over to the ladder that dropped to the wharf. Mason remained above while Drosnins jumped down to the wharf at the foot of the ladder.

Gorek arrived at the ladder's top, displeased that Danny apparently needed help to get off the ship. He looked around. "Get down there," he muttered his voice filled with hostility.

Danny had also given a quick look at the surrounding marina and noticed two men working on the rigging of a sloop a short distance away. He started down the ladder using his hands and one good leg. *I need attention called to us. Maybe someone will remember!* Holding his breath and uncertain what the result would be, he suddenly let go and crashed to the dock below, startling Drosnins and the two workers.

As Danny had hoped, they looked up. "Need help?" one called.

Kachan was quick with a casual laugh. "No, no problem. Our friend is a little unsteady. Too much party last night."

The sailor turned back to his boat.

From the wooden dock surface, Danny looked up at Gorek whose eyes were aflame as Drosnins pulled him back to his feet. His left leg shot new pain through him with the act and he bit off a cry, wondering what new damage he might have done.

Mason, Gorek, Kachan and Drosnins virtually encircled Danny swept him across the wharf to the running motor home. Once they were all inside, Drosnins, the last one up the steps, closed the door and Schroeder, who'd seen all from the driver's seat started the vehicle moving. Mason steadied Danny who still balanced on one leg in the narrow kitchen walkway of the motor home.

"Clever, Mr. Williams, but ineffectual," Gorek commented to him, wrath seething in his tone and expression.

Danny forced a confident smile in spite of the pain. "Maybe too early to know."

In a sudden explosion of action, Gorek slammed his right fist into Danny's stomach and he bent double with a grunt. Mason stumbled out of the way. Before Danny could recover, Gorek yanked him up by the hair a smashed his face against the Formica counter top, then threw him back against the closet opposite the counter, head first. The thin, laminated plywood shattered. Danny sank to his right knee, encumbered by the bulky home-made splint on his left leg, in a daze as blood ran down his face. The motor home slowly turned the corner out of the marina onto the highway headed north.

Get up!" Gorek roared at Danny.

Instead he fell over, stopped by his elbow against the cabinetry. He made a weak attempt to protect his re-injured face with his right arm.

His actions seemed to enrage Gorek all the more and the East German viciously kicked Danny in the abdomen with all his might. The force threw Danny onto his left side against the remains of the closet. Gorek kicked him again and again, but Danny was so stunned by the pain, he barely comprehended it.

Drosnins started shouting and came flying back from the co-pilot's seat. "You're killing him, Gorek! Stop this!"

Gorek spun and slammed a fist into Drosnins' face, knocking him backwards to the floor. But the change in Wilhelm's focus had given Kachan the moment he needed and when Gorek turned back to face Danny, Kachan stood between them.

"You promised me," Kachan said quietly. "You said he was mine. Don't you remember?"

Gorek stood there, breathing heavily, sweating from his effort. He gradually came under control and, at last, patted Kachan's arm. "Very well, very well," he murmured. "You make wise counsel," he added in Russian. He lifted Danny's chin with the toe of his shoe and murmured hotly, "*Unkluger*. You take too many chances." Blood drizzled from Danny's face onto Gorek's shoe and in mild annoyance, Gorek rubbed the shoe off on Danny's already grossly blood-stained shirt. He stormed to the front of the motor home, stepping over the sprawled Drosnins and sat down in the co-pilot's seat next to Schroeder.

Mason motioned to Kachan. "Help me get him up."

They lifted Danny and moved him to the rear couch of the motorhome. As they laid him down, he, at last, passed out from pain and shock.

"Immensely stupid," Gorek grumbled to himself glaring out of the windshield.

Schroeder stole a look towards him as he navigated the large RV. "You think so? He wanted you to kill him. Not immensely stupid - immensely brave."

Robert Temple whistled as he finished up the rope he'd been splicing. "Want a beer?" he called to his friend who was still half way up the sloop's mainmast.

Grant gave a half nod.

Tossing the rope aside, Robert jogged up towards the small shop near the parking lot, pausing to watch a cute girl pinning up a bulletin on the corkboard outside. Nice set of legs. He flashed her his best inviting smile, then glanced at the notice hoping to use it as an icebreaker. Upon recognizing the photo, he stepped closer...

...An hour later, Robert was sweating in the hot sun as he faced the anxious McGarrett, both the girl and the beer long forgotten.

"You are sure this is the man you saw?" Steve asked.

"Yeah, he was with a bunch of guys." The picture he'd identified was Kachan's.

"How many men?"

"I don't know." He shrugged. "It didn't seem important then. I didn't notice. One of the guys fell I think. Made a loud noise. I asked if everything was okay -- just trying to be friendly, you know. That guy said they were fine -- their friend was drunk or something like that. They all went away together." He bit a lip. "Guess that isn't much." He felt embarrassed that the head of Five-0 had flown by helicopter all the way down here to interview him over such a small piece of information.

The expression of Steve's face indicated this was anything but small stuff.

"It's plenty," Steve assured him. "Where did they go?"

"A RV picked them up -- not sure what kind. It was white with brown striping. A Winnebago maybe?"

"How big?"

Robert squinted shaking his head. "Hard to know. Twenty feet maybe? They just got in and left."

"Which direction?"

Robert flushed, wishing he'd paid better attention. "I really don't know."

Steve left the young witness with a Hilo police officer taking down his name and address, hoping that if he had a few moments, the boy might remember more. Che Fong and Five-0 members were crawling all over the Luhr yacht that Gorek had abandoned.

"Yacht belongs to a Paul Hathaway, lives back in Honolulu," Chin reported.

Ben approached them from where he'd been checking out the trashcans. He held several bloody bandages and a square of bloody khaki fabric in a gloved hand. At the same time, Che stepped down from the yacht and joined them.

Che glanced at Ben's find. "There's blood on the fore bunk, too," he commented. "We're getting lots of fingerprints, several used syringes. I'll check them for contents. I think this was left for you. It was stuck under a cushion of the bunk." He handed Steve a gauze wrapper.

McGarrett unfolded it. There were three 'x's drawn in blood. He clenched his jaw. "Let's get looking for that RV."

"This island has to be crawling with Winnebagos," a Hilo officer remarked.

Steve spun in anger. "Then we'll check every one. Get some roadblocks going. Check out campgrounds -- the works."

The officer hurried away.

"He doesn't understand," Chin said in quiet defense of the cop.

Steve accepted a cool bottled water from Chin. "I know," he muttered. "I feel like we are always one step behind them. What's Camp up to?"

Chin shrugged. "He wanted to draw Gorek out -- don't know if it's working or not."

"We haven't much time," Steve said with a sigh.



The motorhome rolled gently back and forth as it hummed along the asphalt top of Route 11. Danny lay conscious with his eyes closed, hoping to gain some time to think. The camper couch was anything but comfortable and his chest hurt when he took a breath -- probably a cracked rib or two. He no longer had any feeling in his left foot, but the thigh was sending fiery

shards of pain throughout him with each bounce of the vehicle. The swelling was still increasing in his leg. Both the shoe and sock had disappeared somewhere along the journey and Danny could see that his foot was turning a grayish blue color. He tried to think. He needed an escape plan. Anything that included survival required two good legs. He figured escape by death shouldn't be too hard to accomplish or be very long in coming. Kachan had again tied his arms behind him but much looser than earlier. His legs had not been tied at all. Sadly, he did not think it would make much difference now.

Gorek, Drosnins and Kachan huddled over the small table of the Winnebago.

"I know I can get him to talk -- not with drugs," Kachan was promising. "It will be my pleasure."

Gorek gave a thin smile. "We must get the information from him soon. Otherwise we will be taking him out of the country."

"You can't do that," Drosnins argued. "I will not sanction that. It would create an international incident!"

Gorek raised a hand to silence him. "I will not go home like this! This entire mission has been a disgrace." He threw the file of information on the table and paper slid across the surface. "We have nonsense! Williams knows that pass codes to gain us entrance, or he knows the construction well enough for us to disable them. Without that information, we have nothing! I will not fail."

Drosnins snickered. "Williams may not give you a choice if he up and dies on you. You just about beat him to death back there."

"What of Camp?" Kachan asked.

"What about him?" Gorek snapped.

"Is he here?"

Gorek shrugged, trying to act unimpressed.

"Don't you think he knows what you want?" Kachan asked.

Gorek slowly shook his head. "Don't tempt me, Andrei. If I ever came to face to face with Camp he would be dead in moments. If he is here, it will not matter. I don't intend to be on this island for long."

Mason had been sitting on the other couch near Danny. He began to wipe away the blood from Danny's face with a kitchen towel he'd moistened with water.

Danny winced.

Mason glanced at the leg wound, then touched a finger to Danny's swollen foot. "Can you feel that?"

"No," he whispered, hoping those at the table would not notice them.

Mason reached up to Danny's face, gently placing a finger to either side of the bridge of his nose.

"Now, that I feel." Danny winced again.

"Well, you have a fractured nose to add to your collection," Mason commented.

"Matching Kachan, huh?" he whispered, trying to sound a little comic. The RV hit a pothole and he gritted his teeth.

"This isn't funny and it isn't getting any better." Mason tugged up Danny's shirt and examined the bruising. He carefully pressed on Danny's right side.

Danny gasped and the new source of sharp pain.

Mason's already concerned look deepened. "That, my friend, is probably a lacerated liver -- one more cause of blood loss. Depending on how bad it is, you may have only an hour or two. Your face looks like you used it to stop a truck. This cannot go on."

"I'm open to suggestion," Danny answered. *An hour or two. Many just an hour or two. God, I don't want to die - but he's right, this cannot go on.*

"If I give you something for the pain, you will at least be comfortable." Mason reached into his bag.

"Let me sleep forever," Danny requested.

Mason's eyes narrowed. "I hear you, but that cannot be considered."

"Since when did you get ethical? Torture is okay, assisted suicide isn't." Danny whispered back at him.

Mason glanced back at the others. Their heated debate continued, they did not seem to have noticed his actions. He quickly jammed the syringe into Danny's right thigh right through the clothing. "If they knew I gave you a pain killer, the next death would be mine," he whispered. "I tell them it is antibiotics. They do not know any better. But do not give up yet -- all is not lost."

Danny merely shook his head, anticipating what relief the narcotic would provide.

Mason broke down his improvised splint and examined the leg wound. "The bone moved again. New bleeding. If you do not get to a hospital soon, you will lose this leg."

Danny gazed at the roof. "If Kachan has his way, I shall lose a lot more than a leg."

There was movement at the table and Kachan rose. He and Gorek walked over. "My turn now, Gorek." He turned to Mason and Danny. "Doctor, I want to speak to him. Is he alert?"

"Yes," Mason answered. "Let me finish this dressing."

Kachan shooed him back. "Leave it."

Mason obediently moved towards the opposite couch, nervousness plain on his features.

Kachan smiled in his direction, then focused on Danny. "A man of ethics -- after a fashion." He leaned forward. "It would do you well to consider your situation. Here you are: lame, bleeding, maybe dying." He shrugged. "And I haven't begun -- yet. How can you hope to hold out? I can wait until you are delirious with pain and fever of infection and you will tell me anything I want. Or you can tell me now."

Danny looked away from him. "No bargains."

"Even for your life?" Gorek interrupted from where he loomed over the couch.

Kachan blinked, displeased.

Danny managed a brief smile. "Didn't expect that, huh, Andrei? Wanna see me dead? Stick around. I shouldn't think you'll have long to wait."

Gorek crossed his arms. "It is I who have the authority. I could choose to have you live. Just drop you and Mason off along the road. All I need is how to bypass the security of that little minimum-security facility. Certainly that toilet paper cannot be worth your life, can it?"

"My life?" Danny murmured. He was beginning to feel the effect of the narcotic. It was like a slow sinking into a deep, soft, fluffy nothing.

Gorek bent close to his ear. "What is your life worth? You don't believe me, do you? I admire your stubbornness in the face of your odds." He paused for a moment. "I can arrange for you to live. This is not your issue. You do not work for the spy network of the United States, I know that. You are just a humble officer of the peace, right? I want to give you back your life."

"My life?" Danny whispered again. "Bargain for my life? Yes, I have what you want and you've got nothing. So, you take my life and you still have nothing." He managed a smile that faintly suggested victory. "No bargains."

"That is nice talk -- Danno, but that is all it is, eh?" Gorek motioned to Kachan.

Kachan stepped back before Danny gave a broad smile. "You choose not to disappoint me," he cooed. "I told you I would get you. Now is my turn." He flipped off the dressing Mason had partially reapplied. He scooped up a partially drunk bottle of whiskey that Drosnins had left sitting in the sink and pulled off the top. "Let us see how tough you are now, huh?" He jammed a handkerchief into Danny's mouth. With a look of mild curiosity, he drizzled the alcohol into the gapping leg wound. The cloth muted the shriek of agony.

McGarrett hated to conduct this line of questioning via the phone, but time was urgent. All his manpower was here on the Big Island and he did not want to waste over an hour sending someone back to Oahu to interview Paul Hathaway. He sat in a six year old squad car in the hot parking lot of the marina, patched through a static-filled line to Honolulu and the tycoon, who, without a doubt was in much greater comfort. Steve could hear the ice clinking in the man's glass as they spoke.

"Really, McGarrett," Hathaway's voice steeping in sarcasm crackled back through the receiver. "I don't understand your attitude towards Jan Schroeder."

McGarrett ground his teeth silently, picturing Hathaway, his rolling private golf and tennis courts, and trade winds whispering through the palms. Danno is dying and this guy acts like we're at a cocktail party. He tried to keep on the issue at hand. "It isn't the average employer who loans his forty foot yacht to his gardener," he replied.

"Oh, I didn't loan it. I guess you'd call it a little friendly piracy-you know a boyish prank to impress a girl friend," Hathaway replied with a chuckle. "No harm done to be sure. You say the boat is in Kawakia Bay? It is fine with me. Just tell Jan I'll see him in a few days."

"Hathaway," Steve said in haste. "You are missing the point here. I don't give a damn about your boat. And Schroeder's boyish prank includes espionage, kidnapping, murder-

"Really, McGarrett -"

"We have two witnesses who saw a fugitive leaving your yacht. In that yacht are blood stains that match those of a kidnapped Five-0 officer. Now, your employee is in this up to his neck. And unless you start cooperating, I'll have you arrested as an accomplice."

"There must be another explanation," Hathaway sputtered, clearly more concerned than he had been moments before.

"How did you meet Schroeder?"

"Germany, six years ago. He could do marvelous things with greenery. He wanted to come to Hawaii -- horticultural studies -- so I sponsored him, gave him a job. It is all on the books in immigration."

"The photos I faxed to you -- have you ever seen any of those men?" Steve demanded. He had established control of the conversation and intended on keeping it.

Hathaway looked over the shiny fax sheets of Gorek, Drosnins and Kachan. "No, I don't think so."

"Hathaway, do you own an RV? A motor home?"

"Yes, I do. It's housed right there at the marina. Camping is great out there-" He stopped, figuring the line of questioning. He yanked open the desk drawer in the study. "McGarrett," he reported, "the key is gone."

"A little more friendly piracy?" Steve commented sarcastically. "I need the make, model and tag number on that rig."

Gorek's patience was growing thin. Danny's stubborn refusal had seemed past human endurance. In the purest sense, Gorek admired that in a man, but just now it was inconvenient.

As time went by, Drosnins became more impatient. He grumbled about the delay as Kachan paused in his efforts. Danny had passed out for the third time. "Make an end," Drosnins hissed at Gorek. "Kachan has put him into a coma."

Kachan sneered. "He is not in a coma. He is merely non-responsive."

"Right," Drosnins remarked. "Non-responsive. Hey, Doc," he called to Mason, "how do you describe a coma?"

Kachan took time out for a cigarette. He exhaled a stream of smoke. "I can get him to respond."

"Yeah, but can you get him to talk?" Drosnins hooted. "Not likely."

Kachan, taking that as a personal challenge snuffed out the smoke. He was aware that Danny's drifting in and out of consciousness was probably due to shock, but he suspected Mason had given him a narcotic as well. He wanted to wait for the drug to wear off, but this challenge by Drosnins annoyed him. He glared at Mason. "What did you give him, Mason? Did you drug him so he would not talk?"

Mason spread his hands. "You ask me to keep him alive. I keep him alive, Andrei."

Kachan patted Danny's face. "Hey, there, sleeping beauty. We need you awake now."

Danny did not respond.

"Come now, wake up, wake up."

Drosnins snorted.

"Wilhelm, I will get his attention for you," Andrei commented. He pulled up the leaf of the small Formica table next to the couch. It snapped into place with a small metallic click. Andrei pulled out his Tokarev and placed Danny's left hand palm side down on the table. "Eh, Williams, it would be a good idea for you to talk now."

Danny gave no response or indication he was conscious.

Kachan picked up the gun by the barrel and pounded the butt against the second joint of Danny's fifth finger.

His scream caused Mason to jump to his feet. "For godssakes, Gorek!" Mason blurted.

Gorek rose to face the physician. "Stay out of this," he growled.

"You want me to keep Williams alive! Then you and this -- animal-" he waved at Kachan, "-put him into shock!"

Andrei grinned broadly. "If you had not given him drugs, I would not have to work so hard," he snapped back.

"Sit down, doctor," Gorek muttered coldly, "or you will have your services cut short."

Kachan turned back to Danny and, with a sudden vengeance, yanked him up by the shirt. "I am not playing games with you anymore! No time for that!" he shouted into the swollen, bruised face, shaking him violently. "Now, you talk or you have nine more fingers to go. Then I can start punching out your teeth one by one. Now talk!"

Danny gave a slow weak shake of the head.

Andrei let go of the shirt and let him drop back. "It's your funeral." The gun butt smashed into the next finger.

"Laser," Danny whispered with a moan. "...underground vault..." He fainted.

Gorek leapt forward. "Wake him up! Wake him up!" he roared.

Kachan shook Danny again, noting the complete limpness of the muscles. "Mason."

"Butchers," Mason muttered, squeezing past Andrei.

"Just get him alert," Gorek demanded.

Mason peered at Danny, making a quick assessment. "Not now. Maybe not ever. I don't know what kept him going anyway."

Kachan pressed a finger against Danny's carotid and could feel the pulse. "He's not dead, Mason."

"He might as well be," Mason answered. "Deep shock."

Drosnins rose from his seat. "Finish it, Kachan."

Andrei glanced at Gorek, who stood silent, flexing his jaw muscles. "Wilhelm?"

Gorek, in disgust threw a hand towel at Andrei. "Don't make a big mess."

Mason gulped once, but remained silent.

Andrei dropped the towel over Danny's head, then cocked the pistol and placed a barrel against the cloth-covered forehead. Just as he was about to squeeze off the shot, the motorhome suddenly started to slow.

"Hold it," Gorek said suddenly, headed for the front of the vehicle. "What is happening?"

"Police roadblock ahead," Schroeder reported. "They are stopping all the campers."

"There." Wilhelm pointed into the scenic overlook that led off to the right. "We will go back around the other way."

"It is McGarrett," Mason said calmly and knowingly. "He will tighten the noose."

Gorek fired a glare at him. "So, how can I outwit this McGarrett?"

Mason paused purely for theatrics. "I told you -- he is unbeatable."

"Drosnins slammed a fist on the table. "Shoot Williams and let's get out here. If McGarrett finds his dead officer, he will get preoccupied."

"No -" Mason stopped himself.

Gorek eyed him coolly. "Go on, doctor."

Mason licked his lips. "Give him Williams back -- alive. Just leave him right here on the roadside. It may buy you some time."

"Buy us-" Gorek muttered.

Kachan wasn't happy with that. "Wilhelm, we don't even know this McGarrett except by Mason's word. What of Camp? This could be his doing."

Gorek stared through the windshield in silence for a moment. "We keep Williams alive a bit longer. He may prove valuable after all."

CHAPTER FOUR

Ben had been the first on the scene of the small tavern that nestled back in the jungle about a half-mile down the road from the National Park. Chin Ho and Steve arrived moments later, the car kicking up clouds of dust as it spun into the parking lot.

"Che is coming," Chin announced to Ben who nodded.

"Where's the RV?" Steve demanded.

"Behind the building," Ben replied and led them around back to where the Winnebago sat guarded by two uniformed officers.

Steve gave a passing glance at the license plate. Using a handkerchief, he opened the door of the motorhome. It was dark, hot and stank of blood. It had been sitting here for a while. Inside, Steve paused to permit his eyes to get accustomed to the semi-light. Shattered cabinets betrayed still another fight. There was blood on the counter, on the carpet, on the couch in the back. Three empty liquor bottles lay scattered on the floor. Under the table were more bloody bandages.

Ben appeared in the doorway with Che. "Danny leaves a pretty clear trail," Che commented, seeing the mess.

"Yeah, but a little belated." Steve gazed around the camper trying to get a feel for what had happened here. "Che, can you get me something quickly?"

"The field kit can analyze a sample and tell me if I have a match to samples from earlier," he replied. "I just need about five minutes."

"You've got it." Steve walked back out into the hot sun. He glanced at Chin. "Gorek got out of here somehow. Ask around."

Kono came out of the bar, a very drunk, middle-aged man in a loud flowered shirt in tow. "I've got the means," Kono announced.

"My car, my car," the man mumbled drunkenly as he wandered around cocking his head from side to side as if to spot his missing vehicle from a different angle.

"His car was stolen," Kono interpreted to Steve.

Steven looked with distaste on the inebriated man and tried to control his impatience that the next clue in this scavenger hunt lie with him. "Sir," he commented, although internally he had little respect for the car owner, "could I have your name please?"

"Huh?..." The drunk turned. "Where's the p-police? I wanna report a th-theft." His breath reeked of alcohol.

"Joe Langley," Kono put in.

"Joe, I am the police," Steve advised him with a calmness he did not feel. "Can you describe your car?"

"It's gone."

"Yes, I know that." Steve ground his teeth.

"Where is it?" the man issued a deep belch.

Steve's knuckles were white, fists tight at his sides. "If you describe your car for me maybe we can find it. I'd like to help you find it." *I am desperate to find it!*

"Hum...." The man appeared in deep thought for a moment. "It has a dent on the right side."

Dear God, why at a time like this? "Joe, can you tell me what the make is of your car?"

Joe looked at him blankly.

"What kind of car is it?" Steve rephrased, the anger and frustration just about at the flash point.

"A Falcon. A Ford."

I am going to have to beg him for every piece. Resigned to the fate, Steve asked. "What year?"

Joe squinted again. "Uh....65? Maybe a 64...I don't remember. Maybe---yeah, I think it is a 65." He paused. "I just drive it, you know. I don't never have to get it repaired. It's a good car. You think you can get it back?"

"I am certain we'll get it back," Steve promised. "What color is your car?"

"Blue, of course."

"Of course," Steve remarked wistfully.

"An' it's missing a hub cap. You know, you police ought to be in my neighborhood more. Those little hoodlums..."

"Joe," Steve interrupted. "Do you know your car's license number?" Internally, he cringed. *If he didn't know the make or year, will he know the tag number?*

Joe grinned. "My wife's initials. KEL314 - or maybe 413 - I get numbers mixed up sometimes."

McGarrett turned back to the borrowed police cruiser and snatched up the radio microphone as Kono steered Joe away.

"You did fine, Joe," Kono told him.

Joe began to again describe the details of the dent in his car.

On the far side of the parking lot, Ben spotted something in the trash and pulled a shoe out with his handkerchief. Scored in the bottom of the sole by something sharp were four x's. "Steve..."

The missing blue Falcon slowly pulled into Upolu Airport parking lot on the north side of Hawaii. The passengers were impatient and uncomfortable. Five grown men crammed into the car without air-conditioning for the better part of an hour had not improved anyone's humor. The unconscious Williams kept sagging against the others in the back seat making the trip even more uncomfortable.

Gravel crunched under the tires of the car as it came to a slow stop. All was silent. The small airport was barely capable of being called an airport. The single runway was empty and except for a single Cessna tied down on the east end, was completely devoid of life or aircraft.

Gorek stepped from the vehicle, still pausing to look around as the wind caught his light hair and lifted it playfully. He motioned to Kachan and the Russian waved for Schroeder to assist him as he headed for the plane. Gorek glanced back at Drosnins and Mason. "Bring him," he ordered, meaning the unconscious Danny.

"Leave him! Shoot him and let them find him. He is slowing us down," Drosnins argued as Mason took Williams under the arms to pull him from the vehicle.

"The plane will not fly slower for his weight," Gorek shot back hotly. "He may be our ticket out of here. Even you should see that."

Kachan had released the tie downs on the plane and climbed into the pilot's seat. The single prop plane whined to life.

There was sudden motion to the left of the runway and Gorek spun to see Camp in camouflage facing him, gun in hand. It was a moment of sincere surprise for Wilhelm.

"Priceless," Camp said with a grin. "Just to see your look of astonishment makes it all worthwhile."

Gorek quickly assessed the distance between him and the plane. Camp was about forty feet away -- a lot could happen in forty feet. "I am flattered that you remember me," he said, his mind working on his dilemma.

"Don't be. It wasn't you that brought me," Marten sneered. "You never were a very good agent, Wilhelm. The East Germans still use you for the low end work, huh?"

Wilhelm remained unmoved. "Aha, then you have an -- shall I say -- attachment to Williams here? Odd, I would not have considered you a sensitive man. How sensitive are you, Marten? It would be a shame to have come so far just to have him die now."

Marten grinned once again. "Risks of war." He motioned towards the plane. "Tell him to shut it off and get out."

Gorek glanced towards Kachan who was watching them through the plane's windshield. "Well, I could tell him -- but he might not listen. He is KGB you know and doesn't answer to Stasi."

Marten lifted the pistol higher, aiming it at Gorek. "Mason," he called to the doctor, "bring Williams over here."

Mason did not move, realizing that Drosnins was in the back seat, his weapon leveled on Camp. "Do it," Drosnins murmured to him.

Mason, arms under Danny's arms, hands clasped across Danny's chest, pulled him from the car.

Gorek looked past Camp, spotting the blinking of lights of three police vehicles that were making their way up the dirt road towards the airport, kicking up a plume of dust and dirt behind them.

Camp grinned. "We've got you, Gorek. Can't say it was much of a challenge. So predictable. Just like the old days, remember?" He turned his focus back to Kachan in the plane. "Shut it off now!" he shouted, changing his aim to the windshield of the small plane.

Drosnins fired at Camp. He was struck in the right upper arm, the impact knocking him off his feet, but he never lost his weapon. In a smooth motion, Camp shifted from his now almost useless right to his left hand and targeted Drosnins with a single headshot before the agent could respond.

Gorek was already moving as Kachan pressed forward on the throttle and the plane rolled towards him.

Camp, pain and fury on his face, pointed his gun towards Gorek, but Schroeder from behind the plane was quicker. The agent fired on Camp, hitting him in the chest. This time the CIA agent dropped back unconscious.

Gorek froze just a moment. *Could destroying my greatest enemy have been so simple?* It was almost disappointing. He longed to cross the runway and make certain by a well-placed bullet in Camp's head, but the police cars were now spinning into the soft grass around the airport, officers and Five-0 agents leaping from them. He turned and ran towards Mason.

Schroeder ran forward firing as Kachan brought the plane close. Gorek and Mason were tossing Danny aboard like a sack of flour. The officers were returning fire. Schroeder collapsed. Kachan gunned the engine as Gorek pulled the door shut and the small craft charged down the runway. Moments later it was airborne and a rapidly vanishing spec in the sky.

Kono ran towards Schroeder, putting his gun away as he went. "He's alive!" he shouted towards the others, but it seemed unlikely that would be true much longer.

Ben stood over Camp, amazed that in spite of the bullet hole in the center of his shirt, he was still breathing. In curiosity, Ben noted there was no blood.

Steve stepped past Kono and knelt over Schroeder. "Where were they going?" he demanded hotly, grabbing him.

Schroeder gasped in pain and lack of breath. He could feel his lungs filling with blood. He coughed and spit up blood.

"Answer me!" Steve shouted, shaking him.

He gave a weak grin. "Turned tables...huh?" He coughed again. "They gone. *Gegangen*. Gorek want to know from Williams. You want to know from me..." Color was rapidly draining from the dying agent's face. "We both dead men." He went limp.

"Schroeder! Schroeder!" Steve shook him again.

"Steve," Kono pulled McGarrett's arm. "Steve, he'd dead."

Steve rose to his feet, noting Chin's shake of the head from the car. Drosnins was also dead. Three officers were milling about the car a bit uselessly. Steve glanced towards the sky into which the Cessna had vanished, then slammed an angry fist against the car hood. "Find that plane," he commanded his team. "I want radar, I want everything we have in the sky looking. Call the FAA and FBI."

Camp's eyes opened and he uttered. "Now who's reciting the alphabet?"

Steve glanced over towards Camp and Ben, then walked over. "Too mean to die, Marten?"

The CIA man smiled in spite of the wound to his right arm. "There are benefits to working for the right people, McGarrett. Kevlar -- part of a program testing a new bullet proof vest idea."

Ben had opened Camp's camouflage shirt in disbelief and touched the thin, non-bulky vest, thinking about the heavy, hot and not very effective vests the Five-0 team wore on occasion. "Wow," he murmured. *Just who in blazes does this guy work for? He's obviously no PI.*

"Enough," Steve muttered impatiently. "Camp, you know this Gorek. What will he do next?"



Camp, leaning on one elbow shook his head. "I can tell you he won't give up. And he'll go where you least expect."

McGarrett scowled. "I'm not here to play games, Camp. Give it straight. That plane's too small to make it very far."

Camp got to his feet, cradling his wounded right arm. He gazed towards the empty sky as if communing with the distant Gorek "Where's the last place you'd look for him? Back on Oahu."

Steve had to admit, that certainly did not seem like a good place for Gorek to flee to. "Right in our own backyard?" He muttered. "Why? Why take us on this rat race at all?"

"To buy time," Camp explained. He gave a smirk. "Time is what it's all about."

The noise of the engine reduced conversation aboard the Cessna as Kachan piloted the small plane northward. Gorek passed him the coordinates, which he followed without question.

Kachan knows how to follow orders, Gorek mused. The only question is at what point will he no longer follow mine and follow those of a higher command. He had no doubt that Kachan's orders from Moscow would include that the technical plans were to be delivered to the Kremlin instead of Berlin, but doubted that Kachan would act before they had received the information to get into the security compound. He glanced over to the rear seat where Mason tended to Williams. If Williams dies, we will need to go home empty handed. That is unthinkable, but at least I will have had a personal victory. He replayed the moment of Camp's collapse in his mind, experiencing the momentary exhilaration he had felt at that moment. Unfortunate that it was Schroeder's act. It should have been my opportunity. It would have been better to kill him slowly, savoring the torture -- too bad it wasn't Camp we were using here instead of Williams. But Camp would never have cracked. Will Williams?

Mason could tell they were headed north, which wasn't very surprising since nearly everything lay north of Hawaii. Not a very good navigator, he had a poor concept of the islands they passed over during the next hour. Gorek never spoke to him, but Mason knew it could not have missed the spy's attention that the agent had called him by name. He didn't know the man, but Gorek and the man who had nearly stopped them had known each other and that was enough for Mason to conclude that whatever small trust Gorek had once granted him had evaporated.

At last, the plane made a slow broad circle and Mason could spot ground and greenery and rocky cliffs below. "Where are we?" he ventured to ask.

"Does it matter?" Gorek replied with a thin grin. "All that concerns you is that the journey nears its end."

Mason wondered if the statement was metaphorical. He broke the eye contact with Gorek.

Gorek turned his attention back to Kachan and plane's destination. He pointed through the windshield and Kachan uttered a one-word acknowledgement in Russian or German, Mason did not know which for he understood neither. But whatever he had said, it was some kind of agreement.

Moments later, Kachan had turned the plane into a fairly steep descent and accomplished a hard, bouncy landing, kicking up clouds of dust. Kachan cut the engine immediately and the noise died away. The silence washed over the plane cabin for a moment.

Gorek popped his seatbelt and looked over his shoulder towards Mason. "Is Williams alive?"

Mason nodded as he tried to keep from searching for landmarks that would place his location. The plane had landed on the edge of an empty cane field. The sun was low on the horizon opposite the ocean, so they were on the northeast side of some island. The view of the ocean was impressive from the bluff they stood on with a cliff that dropped almost three hundred feet to the shoreline. Fifty yards away stood a small one-room grass shack encircled by brush and shaded by a single palm.

Kachan opened the door and reached in, grabbing hold of Danny's legs roughly, and pulled him out, dropping him roughly on the ground. "Get him, Mason," he ordered.

Gorek hopped down out of the plane, then turned back and pulled a rather impressive looking sawed-off shotgun from under the pilot seat. Shouldering it, he approached Kachan and waved a small electronic device with a tiny blinking light in his other hand. "I have summoned the

submarine." He gazed out towards the western horizon, ocean at his back. "It will be dark in about three hours."

"So we take Williams with us?" Kachan asked without pleasure.

"Unless you can accomplish what we need in three hours," Gorek snapped. "For now we need to destroy the plane. They will be looking for it."

Kachan did not appear happy about giving up their only transportation, but held his tongue. He and Gorek each took to a side of the plane and began to slowly push it towards the precipice.

Mason watched them for a moment, then knelt down next to Danny attempting to arouse him. There was no cover for a hundred yards except for the cane field, but it remained their one chance. "Williams! Williams!" he shook Danny. "Come on, your moment is here."

Danny remained limp and unresponsive.

Mason shook him again, knowing plenty of time had gone by for the narcotic to have worn off. "Come on, Danny," he pleaded again, resisting the urge to abandon Danny and disappear into the foliage by himself. He tried to pull Danny up, but Mason was a small man and Danny was dead weight.

At last there was a flicker across Danny's face and his eyes opened. His first conscious moment was one of pain -- tormenting, unrelenting pain. He was discouraged to be alive.

Mason read his look. "Your big chance if we can make it into the cane field. Let's move."

Over at the cliff, the Cessna plunged to the sea, struck the rocks and broke apart, but not as completely as Gorek would have wished. He scowled at the piece of red fuselage poking up through the surf. "We need to hope the incoming tide will do the rest."

Kachan turned back in time to see Mason struggling to help Danny move. "STOY!" he shouted running back across the field.

Mason whirled, realizing the moment lost. "Too late, Danno. So sorry." Danny was so weak Mason doubted they would have made the escape good anyway. "Need to get him out of the sun," Mason fabricated to Kachan, inclining his head towards the hut.

Kachan clearly doubted the doctor's word. Gorek was already headed for the small shack without comment to any of them. "Bring him then," Kachan ordered watching without assisting Mason as he staggered towards the hut under the burden of Danny.

As they reached the shack, Gorek opened the door as though he had been there before, but stopped in surprise.

"Someone is living here!" Kachan exclaimed. "You said no one knew of this place!"

Gorek was gazing at the bedrolls, piles of clothing and a few dirty dishes that were scattered around. "We shall not be here long." He noticed the food on one plate was not old.

Outside, there was suddenly heard the unmistakable whop-whop of helicopter rotors.

Kachan gasped in alarm. "We going to be trapped here!" he exclaimed in Russian.

Gorek grabbed his arm. "Use your head," he barked, also in Russian. "They may not have seen the plane and even if they did -" he pointed towards Danny and completed in English, "-we still have our ticket out."

Mason lowered Danny to the floor by the sidewall. Mason rose and turned to face Gorek. "You told me to advise you about McGarrett. He does not make deals. He will not let you out."

Gorek gave Mason a cool look. "Tell me, Mason, how did Marten Camp the CIA agent know your name?"

Mason, fear plain in his features told the truth. "I do not know."

"You don't know, huh?" Gorek rubbed his chin. "Could it be that you are also a spy? That you are sending secret messages to my enemy?"

"I do not know any agents. You came for me, I did not come to you," he pointed out.

Gorek nearly snarled at him. "We shall see, Mason. You make sure Williams stays conscious."

"I wouldn't miss this for the world," Danny said, trying to sound forceful, but failing.

Kachan laughed outright and squatted down next to Williams. "Welcome back. I am encouraged to see you feel like talking. I would like you to talk to me now."

The small leer jet containing the Five-0 team and Camp was streaking back towards Oahu when McGarrett received the call from the Coast Guard that a helicopter had spotted the debris of a red plane in the surf north of Laie.

"He really did go back to Oahu," Kono mumbled. "Makin' it easy for us."

"I wouldn't count on it being easy," Steve commented.

Camp lay back against the seat, eyes closed contemplating the shock on Gorek's face when he was faced once again with the CIA operative. *I am the agent that will not die.* He grinned, liking the sound of that. His chest hurt from the blunt force bruise and his right arm was supported in a sling, the wound stuffed with gauze since he had refused treatment.

The leer screamed in to Honolulu International on a clearance keeping all other air traffic in a holding pattern. As soon as his feet hit the tarmac, Steve was headed for the car that would carry them to the police helipad a short distance away. Every step seemed like an eternity, but was bringing them closer.

Three more men joined the group as they arrived at the helipad and there were two blackhawk choppers beside the police Sikorsky. "Camp-" Steve turned as one of the large robotic-looking men handed Camp a radio. "This is *my* action."

Camp turned his back on Steve arrogantly and spoke into the radio.

"Camp!" McGarrett roared, turning the man back by grabbing his painful right arm.

"McGarrett, they are still on the North Shore," Camp declared. "I have two men keeping them under surveillance. My team can raze the place and remove Gorek on my word."

"Gorek!" Steve roared above the noise of the rotors as the police chopper started to warm up. "This isn't about Gorek!"

"This is all about Gorek!" Camp screamed back.

Steve waved towards two of the uniformed police officers. "Hold him." He pointed at Camp.

"You can't do that!" Camp retorted.

"Watch me!" Steve roared back. To the officers he said: "The three of them. Keep them here." When the officers' shotguns were trained on the three CIA agents, he reached inside of each of the agents' jackets and removed their guns and field radios. "Make yourself comfortable, Camp." He turned and headed for the Sikorsky.

Camp slammed his left fist against the chain link fence in rage.

Kachan felt he was not well suited to the heat of the tropics and certainly not the warmth and humidity of the shack. He knew he needed to limit his actions to something that would not overwhelm Williams. He picked a thin strand of straw from the wall of the hut and contented himself by poking Danny. "You think now more about things worse than dying?" he asked jabbing the straw against one of Danny's mangled fingers.

Danny did not answer, just picked a point on the straw roof to stare at.

"No help for you, Williams. I kill you when the police come." He stabbed the straw into the leg wound and dug it around.

Danny caught his breath and bit the inside of his lip, tasting new blood in his mouth.

"Gorek, he say he was going to let you live," Kachan chuckled. "No fear of that. Now I may let him take you into the submarine, but I will be the last person you ever see." He brought his face close. "Promise."

Mason, having been relatively ignored the past few minutes, accurately deduced that the straw walls of the hut could be easily overcome and sat, hands behind him, using a scalpel to begin cutting through the weathered bamboo strands that tied the webbed panels of straw wall together. It was easy work and even doing it blindly, he quickly made an opening large enough to get his hand through.

The relative quiet was suddenly shattered as police choppers descended like a swarm of angry bees on their hive. Three landed off to the left and their cargo of SWAT officers spilled out and scattered to contain the perimeter of the hut. From the fourth, McGarrett and his team jumped as four squad cars from the nearby town of Laie spun into the clearing before the hut. Officers jumped from them using the vehicles as protection, rifles ready.

"This is Five-0. You are surrounded," Steve declared into the bullhorn. "Give yourselves up."

Kachan glanced at Gorek nervously for reassurance. "Just like these American movies, eh?"

Gorek ignored him and called: "I speak only to McGarrett."

"This is McGarrett," he replied.

Mason's hole was nearly two feet high. He shoved a white handkerchief into it where the breeze caused it to flap gently.

McGarrett waited a moment, his calm demeanor providing a feeling of peace amongst the police team. "Gorek, there is no way out for you. It's over. Give yourself up." When Gorek did not reply after several moments, Steve added. "I have kept your friend Camp away. He wanted to give the order to raze that hut with you all in it."

Gorek snorted. "Come now, McGarrett. Camp is dead. I saw him shot."

"He is very much alive, Gorek. Maybe you'd better turn yourself in if you'd like another try at him sometime."

Gorek remembered how he had wanted to make certain Camp was dead, but been unable to. *Could McGarrett be telling the truth? What is in it for him? Williams.*

Kachan had left Danny and was standing by Gorek's side. "Is he lying?" he murmured.

"I don't know." He called out to Steve. "I can see that you are a reasonable man, McGarrett. You have no desire to see your friend die after you have come so far. We can make deal."

"What kind of a deal?" Steve asked, deciding to play along.

Kachan clenched his fist and whispered, "No, Wilhelm."

Gorek patted his arm. "McGarrett is right about one thing -- we can lose a battle today to win the war tomorrow."

Kachan's countenance was reddening with rage. "You don't mean to give them Williams, do you?"

Gorek ignored his request and called back to Steve. "A simple transaction. We go free. You receive Williams alive."

Steve glanced at the overwhelming manpower around him.

"Are you really going to do that?" Ben murmured. "How do you know you can trust him?"

McGarrett gave a forced grin. "How does he know he can trust us?" He pressed the trigger on the bullhorn. "How do I know Williams is alive? Let me see him."

Gorek glanced at Kachan then at Danny. "Call to him," Gorek ordered.

Kachan cursed in Russian.

Danny, wondered what Steve had up his sleeve. Certainly a bargain would not be in Steve's plan. Even when it caused Kurt Metzger his life, Steve did not bargain. It has been a long-standing policy. No deals. The best thing is to go along for now. He mustered the strength and started to call out, but as he did, Kachan gave him a vicious kick in his broken leg. Instead he issued an unexpected scream of pain.

Beside Steve, Ben uttered his own curse.

Kachan gave a smirk and walked the few steps back to Gorek.

Mason, who had slid back to hide his escape plan, began breathing again. He gripped Danny's shoulder in reassurance as the latter continued to groan in pain. Danny looked at Mason and the doctor noted the wild look in his eyes. He is nearly mad with pain. *I must get him to hold on.* "You are about to be rescued," he whispered in Danny's ear.

Out on the police line, Chin came over to Steve. "The swat team reports a white handkerchief in the wall on the north side."

Steve picked up his field glasses, but from his point of view could not see the cloth. But he did see a swat officer already in motion, crawling on his stomach towards the wall. "Get him to fall back," he said anxiously into the radio to the swat commander.

"He's not in communication," crackled the response.

We need to keep Gorek talking to distract him. Steve spoke into the bullhorn. "All right, Gorek, how do you want to accomplish this?"

"An auto, gassed."

Steve blinked. Doesn't he remember he's on an island? Where can he go? "All right."

"Clear passage to the Russian Embassy in Honolulu."

Steve paused. "Gorek, they may not accept you. We have diplomatic relations. I cannot force them to allow you to enter."

Gorek glanced at Kachan. "Will your people admit us?"

"What happened to your sub?" he remarked hotly. "If they open the door to us, my government is accepting responsibility for this travesty."

Gorek hesitated. It was a moment Kachan interpreted as weakness and the KGB agent began to consider developing his own strategy for survival. *Alone I might take a car and disappear. I know this island well enough. I might lay low and escape on a Russian freighter. It would take time, but be successful. Gorek never understood that he was being brought here to fail.*

Gorek's eyes narrowed. "It was agreed upon by KGB!"

Mason took advantage of the distraction and dared to peek through the escape route he had created. If there had been a sizable breeze, the section of wall would have flapped stiffly; fortunately, the air was nearly calm. Mason spotted the edge of the swat officer's olive pants and a moment later, a hand was at the edge of the opening. Mason wondered if the officer realized that although the woven wall provided protection from vision, it would never stop a round of ammunition. Yet, Mason had his first real thought that they might actually survive this ordeal. Gorek and Kachan stood in quiet but heated debate about their future -- backs to Mason and Danny. Mason grabbed hold of Danny's shirt and brought his face down eye to eye with that of his patient. "The time is now," Mason whispered intently. "You must remain silent. Do you understand?"

Danny made eye contact and a passable attempt at a nod.

Mason, still gripping the shirt slid him the six inches it took to get his shoulder to the opening. The hands from the other side reached through immediately and grabbed Danny's shoulder. The shoulder disappeared through the opening, then his head, and the other shoulder. He was half way through the make shift escape.

In the hut, there was a sudden unfamiliar sound. Mason, Gorek and Kachan all turned as one towards the source as the dark-haired head of the small toddler popped up from beneath the mound of rags and clothing where she had been soundly napping. At nearly the same instant, Kachan saw Mason and Danny half through the hole in the wall. His instant reaction was with the shotgun.

The first blast caught Mason square in the chest and blew out the wall, revealing the swat officer, both arms wrapped around Danny's chest and unable to get to his weapon. The second blast knocked Danny and the officer to the ground outside in a heap.

"Oh my God," Steve uttered as officers returned fire. "Hold your fire! Hold your fire!" he bellowed into the bullhorn attempting to maintain control of the situation and hoping to take Gorek and Kachan alive. Shots died away as his orders were passed. Trying not to look at the three sprawled bodies on the ground, Steve fought to maintain composure. "Gorek! Gorek! This is your only chance. Drop your weapon and come out now! The building is surrounded by police. There is no other way out."

A black car pulled up behind the police line and Marten Camp jumped from the driver's side.

"Dammit," Steve muttered wondering how the agent had evaded his guards.

"McGarrett!" Camp shouted, approaching at nearly a full run in spite of his arm injury. "I knew it, I knew it! You wouldn't listen. Your people are dead. Now I take this operation! Let's blow Gorek to the hell he belongs in."

As Steve violently grabbed Camp to shut him up, there came a plaintive child's crying from inside the shack.

Kono came running up behind McGarrett. There was commotion on the edge of the standoff -- a woman hysterically shouting in a rush of Hawaiian.

"I have a little girl in here!" Kachan's voice shouted.

Kono was panting from his run. "Lady's daughter. She down the road working the field. They been squatting here. Her baby was asleep in dere."

Steve fixed a steamy glare on Camp. "Let's talk to the mother before you kill her child in a hail of gunfire."

Camp gritted his teeth, but allowed Steve to pull him over to the mother.

"How old in your child?" Steve asked of the weeping mother.

"Emma. She only three" the mother sobbed. "Please! My baby! Save my baby!"

"Hey, McGarrett!" Kachan's voice called. "I want to make a deal!"

Steve cocked an eyebrow towards Camp. "Still want to handle this?"

Camp fired a look of disdain towards the mother. "Damned civilians." He jammed his hands in his pockets as he and Steve headed back to the front of the line. "What do you suggest, McGarrett?" he asked grudgingly.

Steve permitted himself the luxury of casting a glance towards the carnage outside of the hut. There had been no movement in the knotted bodies of the SWAT officer and Danny or Mason. "We let them talk," Steve muttered. For insurance he again called into the bullhorn for officers to hold their fire. "Okay, Gorek, we are still willing to listen to your demands. What do you want?"

"I have a dear little child here," called Kachan. "You do as I say or I kill her. Do you understand?"

"That's not Gorek," Camp muttered.

"I want to talk to Gorek!" Steve fired back.

"You talking to me now," came Kachan's reply. "I am an honest man. You do as I say and I assure you the child lives. I have no desire to kill a little one."

"Think Gorek was killed in the last round of gunfire?" Chin asked.

"Let me," Camp murmured. "I can get him to talk."

Steve hesitated, then passed the bullhorn.

"Gorek!" Camp shouted loud enough not to need to bullhorn. "Come admit your failure. You are not of the stuff Stasi wants. They have asked us to remove you, did you know that? There will be no peace for you, nowhere to run. The Russians say to kill you and do us all a favor. Hell, you couldn't even kill me right. Go ahead, kill that child then see what hell we can make for you!"

There was a wail from the girl's mother, but no response from inside the hut.

"Gorek! Are you too cowardly to even answer me?"

"I will talk only to McGarrett, a man of honor," Kachan called out. "He certainly does not wish the blood of the innocent on his hands."

Camp scowled as Steve took back the horn. "Okay, Kachan get on with it."

"I want a car and a Lear jet at the airport. Police escort to the airport. I want all air traffic on the coordinates I will supply the tower cleared of traffic. After I arrive at my destination I will deliver the child to my consulate and they will return her to you. Anything other than this and she dies."

"What of Gorek?" Steve asked.

"That is his own affair."

"I want to speak to Gorek," Steve countered.

"That is impossible at the moment."

Steve exchanged looks with Camp. "Maybe he really is dead," Steve muttered.

Amongst the tangle of limbs of the slain SWAT officer's body, Danny opened his eyes. The first thing he saw was Mason's body sprawled across the fallen wall like a child's discarded rag-doll; his lifeless eyes staring up into the hot afternoon sun. The second thing Danny was aware of was the gleaming white and red broken femur bone of his left leg; the jagged end pointing through the skin upward at the sky. Remarkably, there was little pain. It took him a full moment to comprehend it was his own leg he was viewing. He was pinned on his right side under the weight of the dead officer. Directly above his chest dangled the officer's service revolver in its holster. He carefully pulled his right arm free, reached up and snapped off the holster's safety guard.

McGarrett was speaking into the bullhorn again. "Okay, Kachan. There is a car here. We are working on the plane." He snatched Camp's keys from his hand and tossed them to Ben. "Bring it around."

"McGarrett, if you let him go, he'll kill that child!" Camp sputtered.

"Right now I think I trust him more than you."

Ben pulled the car up beside Steve and got out and turned it off.

Chin put the car phone down and gave a single nod. The plane had been arranged.

"You're aren't going to do this!" Camp shouted.

"Maybe I can get him to trade the child for you," Steve retorted.

Kachan stepped into the doorway of the hut, little Emma at his chest, gun at her head. "I want all those officers away from the house out here where I can see them! I want all the weapons on the ground, hands up."

Emma's mother began screaming again.

Steve passed the order on through the speaker. There was hesitation expressed as officers slowly rose from their positions. Having seen one of their own killed before them only moments before, the concept of coming into the open unarmed was not being well received. Steve counted heads. "Everyone!" He reissued the call. He then stepped forward and lay his own pistol on the ground. Chin, Ben, Kono and the others slowly followed suite. Steve motioned to Camp.

"Like hell," Camp muttered.

Steve punched him in the jaw, sprawling him across the car hood where Kono pinned him while Steve found and removed three handguns of different sizes and added them to the small mound of weapons on the ground.

Kachan seemed to have found some humor in the drama. He took another step out into the open, the gun still at Emma's head. The child saw her mother in the crowd and began to wiggle and cry, trying to reach towards her.

Steve placed the keys on the car hood. "There it is. There is a jet on runway six at the airport. But your plan isn't going to work. No country will allow you to land."

"So say you," remarked Kachan, brushing aside the remark.

"Let her go," Steve pleaded. "There is nowhere for you to go. Your partners are dead. Give up now and I promise you fair treatment. We will not allow the CIA to step in. This is matter of Hawaiian jurisdiction."

Kachan shook his head. "Look at him," he argued jerking his head towards Camp. "He is a dog who should be on a leash. Now, you start the car, McGarrett."

From where he lay pinned on the ground, Danny had done his best to maneuver with a minimum of motion. He now gripped the .38 in his hand and tried to steady his aim, arm stretched out across the dirt.

Steve slid into the car and the engine started effortlessly. He got out, leaving the door open.

"I have a warning," Kachan declared as he moved towards the car. "Follow me or attempt to stop me and I shall be forced to kill the child."

"Followed by your own death almost immediately," Steve commented.

"But her blood is on your hands," Kachan commented. "You Americans hold much to the issue of guilt."

Danny had the gun lined up on Kachan's back twenty yards away, but his eyes would not focus. The gun drooped, he fought to have strength enough to even pull the trigger, aware that if he missed Kachan he could hit the girl or one of the officers. *Cannot miss*. He blinked and re-aimed.

Kachan lowered the gun from Emma's head to slide into the seat behind the wheel. There was a loud shot and Kachan was thrown against the side of the car with a surprised gasp as the bullet struck him in the lower right side. He dropped the girl and Ben dove in, grabbed her and rolled over protecting her with his body. Steve lunged for the weapon pile on the ground grabbing at random Camp's .357 magnum. Kachan, in spite of his serious wound, turned and pointed his gun at Danny who still lay clutching the police special. Steve and Kachan fired at the same instant.

Kachan's head fragmented scattering bone and flesh amongst the group. He hit the ground, dead instantly. the gun dropped from Danny's hand as he collapsed face down in the dust. Kachan's bullet had struck harmlessly in the dirt less than three inches from Danny's face.

"Gorek! I know you're in there!" Camp shouted. Control was disintegrating as a Camp snatched up a swat officer's automatic rifle and pumped 40 rounds into the shack before anyone could make a motion. Kono tackled him to the ground as Chin ran forward several officers behind him and burst through what remained of the door into the small hut. The room was empty.

Chin kicked through the mounds of clothing. "He's not here," he exclaimed.

Ben looked out the back. "He must have escaped when Kachan called the officers forward."

Kono and Camp arrived at the room. "He's gone, isn't he," Camp muttered.

Chin reholstered his gun. "He can't be far. Fan out, cover everything."

Steven was outside, crouching over Danny as two paramedics worked around him. The magnitude of Danny's injuries was staggering. His face was swollen and blackened from bruises and peppered with small lacerations from the shrapnel of the shotgun blast. Both nostrils were plugged by dried blood. He was only barely recognizable. When one technician lifted Danny's left arm to take his blood pressure, the mangled fingers were obvious. The leg wound was horrifying. Not since Korea had McGarrett seen anything like it. Finally he asked one medic: "How is he?"

The one at his arm looked up, needle cap in his teeth. He was on his third attempt to start an IV in Danny's collapsing veins. "Don't know," he uttered.

The one working on the leg looked up, too. "He's alive. Nobody else is."

On hearing Steve's voice, Danny had opened his eyes. An attempted grin ended in a grimace of pain. He tried to speak, but was too weak.

McGarrett leaned forward but could not make out the words.

"I think he wants to know if you got that Gorek guy," the medic offered.

Steve ground his teeth and turned away.

The area around the little straw hut was peaceful at last. Yellow caution tape still encircled the remains of the little structure and the strong evening breeze caused it to hum. Otherwise all was quiet. Visible from the foot of the cliff below, the rays of sunset flashed against the gray metal con tower of a sub that broke the surface a mile offshore.

Wilhelm Gorek had been waiting patiently and considering his future as he squatted on the flat black rock on the shoreline. He rose now and pulled out the small gray inflatable he had dug out of the secluded spot in the sand by the cliff. He pulled the cord and it burst outward as the CO2 filled the craft. In just seconds, it was sea worthy. He dropped it down on the edge of the surf and stood just a moment, arms crossed, looking out to sea.

"Going somewhere?" spoke a voice.

Gorek turned in mild surprise to face Steve McGarrett. The startled look melted almost instantly into amusement. "Steven McGarrett, I presume?"

He gave a half-nod of the head. "Wilhelm Gorek," Steve replied.

Gorek returned the same half-nod, then glanced out towards the waiting submarine. "You are an admirable man, McGarrett, for an American."

"I'm afraid you are going to miss your boat," Steve said evenly.

Gorek bit the inside of his lip, no indication of malice or disappointment. "So it would seem. Quite all right, really," he added. "I am a dead man -- a man without a country. I failed my mission, McGarrett."

"There never was a mission, Gorek. There was no top security facility."

Gorek grinned. "Yes, so Williams said. He referred to it as a storage facility -- housing toilet paper and such. He was not to be trusted -- neither are you."

"Camp says your people sent you here to fail. They set you up."

Gorek sighed and crossed his arms again. "Does he? So he really is alive?"

"Alive and kicking," Steve muttered.

"Aha." Gorek gave a genuine smile, detecting Steve's dislike of the CIA agent. "It seems we have one thing in common."

"No we don't," Steve replied, "we have nothing in common at all. You killed eight people and your three partners are dead. I cannot imagine having anything in common with you."

"But you are wrong, McGarrett. You see, we both have a great deal of respect for life -- for it's value. If I did not understand its value, I would have nothing to offer those we needed to interrogate. Williams never understood that. He impressed me with his stubborn loyalty even in the face of hopelessness. I really was prepared to let him live -- just because he had tried so hard." He gave a shrug. "He did not believe me of course. His loss is a shame."

Gorek's nonchalance and eulogizing of Danny on top of it angered Steve. "Williams is alive, Gorek," he snapped.

"Alive?" His eyebrows raised in surprise.

"Yes and, if what the doctors tell me is correct, he'll walk into your trial on his own two feet," Steve added hotly.

Gorek, undaunted by McGarrett's rising temper nodded placidly. "Then Mason did a better than fair job. Tell me -- about Mason -- he was in your employ, correct?"

"It's over, Gorek. Standing on the sand running a play-by-play isn't going to improve things and it won't bring back the dead." Steve reached towards him. "Hands over your head."

Gorek obeyed, glancing once again towards the sub. "What do you plan for me, McGarrett?"

"How I see it, if I let you go, you'll be shot by your own people. You stay here you'll be alive doing time. And you might do some good."

Gorek gave a questioning look.

"What did Camp do to you in 1964?" Steve asked quietly.

Gorek stared past him, not answering.

"He can be brought before a senate sub-committee for his actions. We can make that happen."

Gorek gave a sad grin. "You think so? Do you think that a simple island prison can keep out Camp and his people? Or the KGB? Or the Stasi?" He shook his head. "No, McGarrett. There is no place for me. To exact payment from Camp is tempting, but not likely. I rather think I shall not be taking you up on your offer to stay."

Steve stiffened slightly, thinking Gorek might be challenging him. He brought his gun into view. "Let's go."

"Don't be hasty," Gorek replied. "You see, as I said, I understand the value of a life well spent. I shall leave you now."

McGarrett tensed, knowing something was about to happen.

Gorek suddenly winced, gripped his abdomen and pitched head first to the ground.

"Gorek!" Steve rolled him over. There was a crushed cyanide capsule in the East German's mouth. Slowly, Steve rose and looked out across the sea towards the submarine. The contower was slowly sinking into the waves and within a moment, was gone.

Steve went back to the office. The weight of the last three days was heavy on him and he knew he needed rest, but the desire to place this behind him won out. There was no hope of completing the labyrinth of paperwork involved but it would be therapeutic to begin the task. And no one would be there. Armed with a bag of hamburgers, French fries and Coke, he slowly climbed the stairway to the offices aching for solitude. The knob turned under his fingers and his exhausted nervous system leapt once again to alert. The door should have been locked. Setting the food aside on the floor, and drawing his gun he quietly turned the knob again, then exploded, gun first through the door. And stopped.

Marten Camp glanced over at him from where he sat at May's desk on the phone. In spite of Steve's sudden entrance, he seemed unconcerned. "Yes....." he said into May's phone at his ear. "Yes....I'll get back to you. Have to go." He hung up. "Evening, McGarrett."

Still ruffled by Camp's presence, Steve began to re-holster his weapon, then chose to leave it in his hand, pointed in Camp's general direction. "What are you doing here?"

"Reports to file. Need some info from you."

Steve decided not to ask how the CIA agent had gained access to the office without setting off the alarm. "I hope that wasn't a long distance call." He turned, went back and snatched up his bag of food. "Hungry?" He asked Camp.

"Yes," Camp answered, expecting an offer.

"Go buy your own." McGarrett crossed through the outer office into his, which he noted had still been locked, and slammed the door behind him. His exhaustion was now playing itself out in rage. *What the hell is he doing here? I either let this go on or I draw the line here -- now.* As he considered the events of the last several days, it all kept coming back to Marten Camp's actions both now and two years ago. *Is he here to get me to write something to clear him? Does he really answer to someone who can put him in his place?* Unlocking the desk, he pulled out Danny's file regarding the security facility. *Why was it built? What was Gorek seeking? Did he know or was he simply a drone of East Germany? That date -- June 1972. What does it mean?* Steve knew there was something more here, something he should know already.

Camp opened the door without knocking and McGarrett hastily slid the file under his blotter, knocking the paperweight from his desk into the trashcan beside it. Steve pulled the

carved teak piece back out and stopped, spotting the headline of the first section of the discarded newspaper of the day before Danny's abduction. Then *The Sun* had been more preoccupied with Watergate than home issues. He stared at the headline.

"I need to get your report on Gorek," Camp announced. It was obvious that he was less than pleased that it had been McGarrett alone that had encountered Gorek in the end.

"You'll have it," Steve muttered, but his pulse was racing. He slowly pulled the old paper from the trash. *The Watergate break in was June 1972. Coincidence? Is anything involving Camp coincidence?*

Camp glanced at the paper in Steve's hand. "Now." He added authoritatively.

Steve glared at the operative. For a moment all he could envision was Danny's battered body. *He nearly died protecting Camp and his past. What is that security building about? "Sit down, Marten."* Steve gestured to the far side of the desk, leaving Camp to get a chair from across the room and pull it up, the desk solidly between them.

Camp turned on a small tape recorder. "I want to know everything you saw, everything Gorek told you."

"Everything?" Steve asked, a fake innocent expression on his face. "I saw a submarine about a mile off shore -- whose it was I don't know. Gorek had a zodiac craft and was about to rendezvous." He stopped.

"What did he say?" Camp prompted.

Steve took a breath and a chance. "He said he knew what your security building contained." Steve noticed he had gained Camp's total interest. "He said Danny told him it was toilet paper."

Marten cracked a little smile.

"Interesting metaphor," Steve continued quietly. "Danno was right -- it does contain toilet paper, doesn't it? Paper covered with shit." He tossed the old paper onto the desk. "June 1972? Let's tiptoe through the crap of some recent history, shall we? The Watergate scandal blew wide open June 17, 1972. What else was going to blow? The Pentagon Papers had already given provided the public was some of the less than sterling actions of government. Where are you going to hide the crap in a hurry? Certainly not Washington. Some place remote -- some place that looks innocent. And what else was there to hide? Any more Bay of Pigs little actions? Or Laos? Where do you hide the guilt? Where do you hide the things you'd like to retrieve later when you might want to blackmail an official, a politician -- a president?"

Camp was staring at Steve, white as a sheet.

Steve rose from the desk and began to pace, Camp turning his whole head tennis match fashion to follow back and forth. "You need to build some place. Only, you can't use government builders -- they could be tracked back to the Agency. So what do you do? Locals might talk -- so you can't use a one contractor. You farm it out in little pieces." He pointed to the board still containing names and pictures of dead bodies. "A plumber here, interior decorator there, electrician here -- none of them able to put it all together. And to keep it distanced, you bring back in two former agents. What did you have on Lu, Camp? *What did you have on Williams?*"

Marten crossed his legs, attempting to look unaffected, but the rouse failed. "Williams is a patriot."

"Williams was trustworthy -- you knew he would stand fast. Gorek didn't nearly kill him -- *you did.*" Steve had stopped walking and now stood before Camp accusingly. "How did the Stasi learn about the building? Was some kind of mis-information carefully planted to draw attention away from what was really there? If anyone started looking for domestic secrets they would dismiss a place recently the attack of international spies? Who leaked to the Stasi and KGB?" Steve demanded.

"Really, McGarrett," Marten muttered. "You have nothing to back up all of this."

"How about what you did to Gorek in 1964? Did you hope he'd be sent back here so you could kill him before the US someday made peace with the Soviet Bloc."

Camp jumped up. "The US will never establish friendship with them -- not the kind you are speaking of."

"Well, at least if they do, you've tidied up that little piece of it already," Steve remarked, then paused. "Except I was the last one with Gorek. A man about to die shares all kinds of secrets. I'm sure you're aware of that."

Camp set his jaw, eyes narrowing.

Steve lifted his eyebrows and gave a nod. "Maybe not as tidy as you thought, huh?"

Camp was aware that Steve was taunting him. *What does he know?* "You don't know anything," Camp decided with a sneer.

"All right," Steve said simply and turned his back.

Camp hesitated. "This is a national security issue, McGarrett. You could be in great danger if Soviet agents knew Gorek had talked to you."

"Soviet agents?" He half turned back with a wry grin. With sudden explosive violence, he grabbed Camp by the jacket, lifting him off his feet and slamming him across the desktop sending papers, pens and the desk lamp crashing to the floor. "You think you can *threaten me?*" he demanded. "What was it you threatened Danny with?"

"I didn't," Camp gasped under McGarrett's grip.

"What was it!" Steve insisted, slamming Camp against the desk. "*What was it!*" He slammed him again.

Camp's treated arm wound had torn open and a bloodstain started to seep through his shirt. "His aunt," he gasped.

"What?"

"His aunt."

"What about his aunt?" Steve loosened his grip slightly.

"HUAC was going to blacklist her in 1958..."

"The year Danny joined special ops," Steve added.

"Yes," Camp admitted. "We saw to it she was protected."

"And when he left the Agency?" Steve twisted the shirt.

"It was righteous. We had no issues with that."

"How about in 1972 when you wanted him back?"

Camp did not answer and Steve gave the shirt another twist. "Okay, I reminded him that we still protected his aunt!"

"All right, Camp," Steve said darkly. "Our business is concluded." He brought his face close to Camp's. "And so is your business with Dan Williams, Clara Williams and anyone else dear to him. You ever come close to them again and I will see to it that everything about Gorek is shared with a congressional investigative committee. Is that clear?"

Camp managed a nod.

McGarrett released him and Camp nearly sprang away from the desk. Steve bent down and picked up Camp's recorder from where it now lay on the floor. He turned it off, popped out the cassette and tossed the empty machine to Camp. "I believe you have my report," Steve concluded in a calm tone.

EPILOGUE

The hospital seemed very white. Steve brought a bouquet of multi-colored carnations with him to break up the stark white. White walls, white sheets, white blankets, and white pillows - even the cast that suspended Danny's leg in traction was white. In contrast, the bruises on Danny's skin seemed very dark next to all the whiteness. Even washed scrubbed, stitched and through two surgeries the purple-black bruising remained.

"Hi, Danno," Steve said quietly as he entered.

Danny opened his eyes, the red sclera still startled visitors, and the doctors said it would be weeks before the blood was gone. "Hey, Steve," he murmured, exhaustion still in his voice. "One hell of a treasure hunt."

Steve grinned. "I guess you can say that."

"Mason's agreement?"

"I saw his son's mother today. The Governor approved the scholarship for the boy."

Danny nodded.

Steve pulled out the tan colored cassette tape. "Get well gift."

He frowned. "What is it?"

"The beginning and likely the ending of Marten Camp's singing career. You never have to worry for Aunt Clara again," Steve said, re-pocketing the tape.

Danny relaxed against the bed, gazing up at the ceiling. "It was never supposed to be this way," he murmured. "I was a kid, I didn't know any better. I joined a team of men I thought I could trust to the death. Only that's not how it turned out."

Steve gave a quiet nod. "Sometimes it's hard to know who to trust," he offered sympathetically.

Danny looked back over at him. "And sometimes it's not. Thank you, Steve."