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Running at full pelt, Kat Grimeshaw, newly appointed bomb-planter, raced across the tarmac and made straight for the far right hand side of the bridge, well away from the soldiers' hut. Scrambling down the dry mud bank, she stooped down and found herself under the bridge's metal structure.

This was it. Get out the explosives attach them to the bridge. Set the timer. Get out of here!

Having gone over Oater's instructions so many times in her head and familiarizing herself so deeply with the items, it felt like she was pulling old friends out of the rucksack. With adrenaline shooting through her body, it was the work of ninety seconds to make sure everything was attached to each other and to stick the whole package onto the struts lining the underside of the bridge with the putty.

To start the timer, you apply force to the copper portion of the tube. That will break the vial and the Cupric Chloride will start eating the wire.

Kat sat on the ground directly under the explosives. Swallowing deeply, she composed herself as best as possible and then aimed a mightily fierce kick at the copper section of the tube.

Nothing happened.

## A Bridge on Fire

She tried again.

Still nothing happened.

Trickles of sweat slid down both sides of her face as panic started to set in. To get this far and not be able to set off the timer would be a total disaster! And then a large chunk of rock lying on the mud caught her eye. She grabbed it and got onto her knees. Grasping the rock in her right hand she clenched her left fist with determination. Then she smashed the rock upwards. Its impact on the copper was ferocious and the vial was instantly broken. Drops of Cupric Chloride escaped and began to wear the wire away.

She'd done it! The timer was on. If all went well, in ten minutes the bridge would be a carpet of twisted steel chunks. Pulling the rucksack back on, she was about to break cover and race for the road, when she heard footsteps approaching.

She peeked out from her hiding place and in the dim light she was horrified to see both of the German guards marching briskly in her direction. What on earth were they doing? They were supposed to be in their hut! One of them shouted: "Die dort geht? Kat's German was nowhere near as good as her French but she knew enough to translate: Who goes there?

Kat felt her insides squash together as if they'd been freeze-packed in an icebox. Had they seen her? Did they know exactly where she was? Or was there something else that had attracted their attention. She craned her neck but couldn't see anyone else in the vicinity. They were now about thirty feet away and Kat knew that quick thinking and action might stand between her and a very unpleasant end. She couldn't stay where she was. The timer had started. She had to get away.

Feeling her body tense up she grabbed the rock she'd used to break the vial and threw it with every ounce of her strength into the grass by the side of the road. It was a cunning move.

## A Bridge on Fire

In the darkness the soldiers couldn't see the flight of the rock but they heard it thudding onto the grass and immediately shouted and ran towards it.

This gave Kat her chance.

Springing forward, she raced up the bank and onto the road.

Even though she was trying to run as quietly as possible they must have heard her because one of them barked:

*Stoppen oder krank scheiben! Stop or I'll shoot!*

But Kat had no intention of stopping. She upped her pace and made for the trees, desperate to vacate the area as quickly as possible. The soldiers were swinging their torches from side to side, but she zigzagged as she ran and their beams didn't pick her out.

This however, didn't stop them pursuing her and she realised that they were nearer than she'd thought.

*Jetzt sofort stoppen! Stop right now!*

As she reached the first line of trees she saw a movement in the shadows and out stepped Jean-Paul. It felt amazing to see a friendly face.

"The German soldiers are after me!" she hissed in French. "Get moving! Both of our lives are in danger!"

But instead of responding to her command, Jean-Paul coolly lifted a pistol and fired straight at Kat.