

“Do you understand me?”

Terrified, Mark nodded as hard as he could. The man closed the knife and put it in his pocket just as the elevator stopped at the fourth floor. He walked out of the elevator as a nurse entered.

“Are you OK?” the nurse asked Mark, who hadn’t moved. “You look sick.”

“I’m fine,” Mark said quietly.

But he wasn’t fine. He was terrified, and he desperately wanted to get outside and be alone somewhere. He suddenly thought of the roof. He got out of the elevator on the third floor, found the stairs and began to run up. His legs hurt, but he ignored the pain and kept on running.

When he reached the roof, he sat down and breathed very fast for a long time. Finally, he felt calm enough to think about what to do next. He decided to walk to Reggie’s office.

“Can the FBI force me to talk?” Mark asked Reggie as he drank the hot chocolate that Clint had made for him.

“They could make you answer questions in court,” Reggie said. “You’d have to tell the truth, because it’s illegal to lie in a court of law.”

“But nobody would know if I lied!” Mark said desperately.

Although it would be easier for Mark to lie, Reggie couldn’t tell him to do so. “It’s not a good idea to lie, Mark,” Reggie told him. “You might make a mistake in your story and then everyone will know that you’re lying.”

Mark knew that all too well. “But if I tell the truth, they’ll kill me!” he said, starting to cry.

Reggie tried to comfort Mark. When he stopped crying, he told her what had happened in the elevator. Reggie was shocked. When Clint came in to tell her that Foltrigg, Trumann and Fink had arrived for the 10:00 meeting, she said, “Tell them there’s nothing to discuss.”

Then turning to Mark, she said, “I’ll ask for **security guards**

to be put near Ricky’s room.”

“Don’t tell anyone what happened in the elevator!” Mark said.

“I won’t,” promised Reggie. “I’ll say that I’m worried about your family’s safety because of today’s newspaper article.”

“I don’t want my mom to know, either,” said Mark. “She’s got enough to worry about.”

Reggie agreed, admiring Mark’s **courage** and maturity.

Meanwhile at the FBI office, Trumann, Foltrigg and Fink were informed that FBI agents, who were watching Gronke in New Orleans, had reported his **departure** for Memphis.

“Your agents must find Gronke soon,” Foltrigg said angrily to Trumann. “If he hurts Mark, we’ll never get the information we need. Make sure there are agents around the hospital. Gronke will go there for sure, and Mark needs protection.”

CHAPTER 11

THE MOTIVE FOR MURDER

When Mark felt calmer, he called his mother to tell her that he was at Reggie’s office and was going to stay there a bit longer.

“How’s Ricky?” Reggie asked, when Mark put the phone down.

“Mom said he woke up a couple of hours ago, and has been eating ice cream and talking to Dr. Greenway about school,” said Mark, relieved that Dr. Greenway hadn’t yet spoken to Ricky about Romey.

“That’s wonderful!” said Reggie. Just then, her phone rang, and while she was talking, Mark went out to see Clint. Watching Clint type, Mark asked him, “How did you become Reggie’s secretary?”

“We were friends in law school,” Clint answered, smiling. “She did really well, but I failed in my last year. When she