

"But Pete," said Sarah, "it makes no difference! You said it yourself: we don't even know who Jansen is. If you make that tape public, it won't change anything. Apart from one man in Bonande, we still won't know who's to blame here in Britain. And Jansen could still come after us." She paused. "Let's just forget about it. We'll pretend this never happened."

The idea was appealing. But I couldn't just forget everything I knew. I couldn't accept defeat. After all, I had seen the pictures on that tape. I had seen the bodies of all those dead Mapulans. And I just didn't believe that Jansen would let us live.

"Sarah, we have to try to tell this story. That's the only chance we have. If we broadcast Kevin's tape, the police will have to look into it. Perhaps they'll find out who Jansen is."

"And if Jansen kills us because of it?"

"She's already trying to kill us! But at least we'll have told the story first," I replied.

I picked up the phone and ordered a taxi. And then I began to dial David's number. Beside me, Sarah was looking anxiously back up the road.

Seconds later, I was speaking to our boss. "David?" I said. "It's Pete."

"Pete! Where the hell are you? This is our big day! The big launch. And I've been trying to contact you since last night. Sir James called. He liked your report with his cousin in Parliament Square. And at last he's confirmed it: he wants you to be the presenter of the channel. Congratulations!"

I didn't say anything.

"Pete? Did you hear me? The job's yours."

