



Gripping the handle of his gun, Franks turned to Moss and Taylor. "What do you say? We can't go back, but we can do a lot of damage, the fifteen of us. We have Bender guns. How about it?" He looked around. The soldiers had wandered away again, back toward the exit of the building. They were standing outside, looking at the valley and the sky. A few of them were carefully climbing down the slope. "Would you care to turn over your suits and guns?" the A-class leady asked politely. "The suits are uncomfortable and you'll have no need for weapons. The Russians have given up theirs, as you can see." Fingers tensed on triggers. Four men in Russian uniforms were coming toward them from an aircraft that they suddenly realized had landed silently some distance away. "Let them have it!" Franks shouted. "They are unarmed," said the leady. "We brought them here so you could

begin peace talks." "We have no authority to speak for our country," Moss said stiffly. "We do not mean diplomatic discussions," the leady explained. "There will be no more. The working out of daily problems of existence will teach you how to get along in the same world. It will not be easy, but it will be done."

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