

Uzi knelt on one knee and grabbed her by her right arm so she wouldn't shoot him reflexively. "Boi!" he urged. "We have to go. I'm almost out of ammo. Yallah."

Shahla tried to scramble up, but she slipped repeatedly in the blood. Her legs wouldn't work no matter how hard she tried; she couldn't brace herself with the left arm, and she held the SIG in her right. Blood was everywhere, and she wasn't sure if it was mostly hers, Uzi's, or the dead guro's. Uzi finally lifted her around the waist and tried to walk her out of the bedroom's inside entrance door, but she was mostly dragging her feet. They both realized something was wrong.

"Gunshot or cut?" Uzi asked in her ear.

"Can't tell. Maybe both."

"You can't walk?"

"I keep trying, but one of my legs won't..."

He bent and picked her up like a sack of potatoes, slinging her over his shoulder. He steadied her weight with one hand while he kept his weapon at high cover, picking his way over a tangle of bodies piled near the bedroom door. He walked through the house to the van, and the hulking pilot converged with them on the front walkway. Samuel backed toward the van while he covered their rear, an *Uzi-tat makleah* and pistol, one in each hand, both at high cover. Satisfied that no one was lurking in the shadows, the big man bladed his body so that he wouldn't turn his back and stepped into the van; he set the submachine gun on the floorboard and held out his arms; Uzi leaned over and unloaded Shah into them. Samuel pulled her into the van, and Uzi once again scanned the house and grounds before he jumped inside and slid the door shut. Simcha drove off at a moderate speed.

"What the hell happened in there?" asked Samuel, supporting Shah around her abdomen while he dragged her backward and lowered himself to a seated position against the opposite side panel. He holstered his Glock and situated her into the V of his legs facing away from him. He peered down at her with a scowl. "It sounded like the shootout at the OK Corral."

"It was," said Uzi grimly, kneeling in front of Samuel. "The OK Corral with Edward Scissorhands thrown in. Let's hope the locals don't shut down the airfield before we get there. This island's too small for us to hide."