

Dolan stumbled around the rock and moved as fast as he could toward the panel truck. He approached it broadside and held up the Beretta. Aiming halfway down from the roof, he began shooting, left to right and every half meter from the driver's door to the back, then again right to left. He could hear the chugging of the compressor inside. The Beretta clicked on empty and he dropped it, now limping slowly while reaching around to pull off his Tumi knapsack and grab the canister of gas inside. He held it between his left elbow and his body while preparing to open the valve. If Martin's technical drawings were accurate he could lob it into the truck through the moonroof opening.

In a split second he changed his mind and released his hand from the valve. The gas wouldn't kill him instantly. He could still get the launch off. And there were people in the area who could be affected. As he reached the side of the truck he went down hard on his knees, the canister falling from his grip. He reached into his overcoat pocket, took the paring knife and stabbed the rear tire twice. The truck settled back. *That should slow him down. He'll have to reset his firing solution.* Dolan then put the knife on the ground and grabbed the canister at the valve end with his right hand. With a herculean effort he stood up and walked to the front of the vehicle, testing the locked driver's door as he went.

As he crawled onto the hood he was able to see Martin through the windshield. He was lying on his back covered in blood. An open laptop on his stomach, his right hand on the keyboard. Then Martin moved his head, hearing Dolan and straining to look in his direction. *He sees me.* Dolan used every ounce of fortitude and energy he had left to make it to the top. As he knelt at the edge of moonroof opening he saw Martin raise his hand, staring up at Dolan with an evil smile. He hit the keyboard, mouthing the words *fuck you* with what little defiance he could muster in his last breath. At the same time, Dolan swung the canister with his right hand as hard as he could at the top of the metal tube. As he struck a loud discharge and whoosh of air made him lean back intuitively, the ejected tank whizzing by perilously close to his head. He caught himself from falling backwards, then leaned forward to look in again. Martin had taken at least two bullets and appeared to be dead. With nothing left to accomplish, Dolan fell slowly forward as he lost consciousness, landing face down across the moonroof on top of the panel truck.