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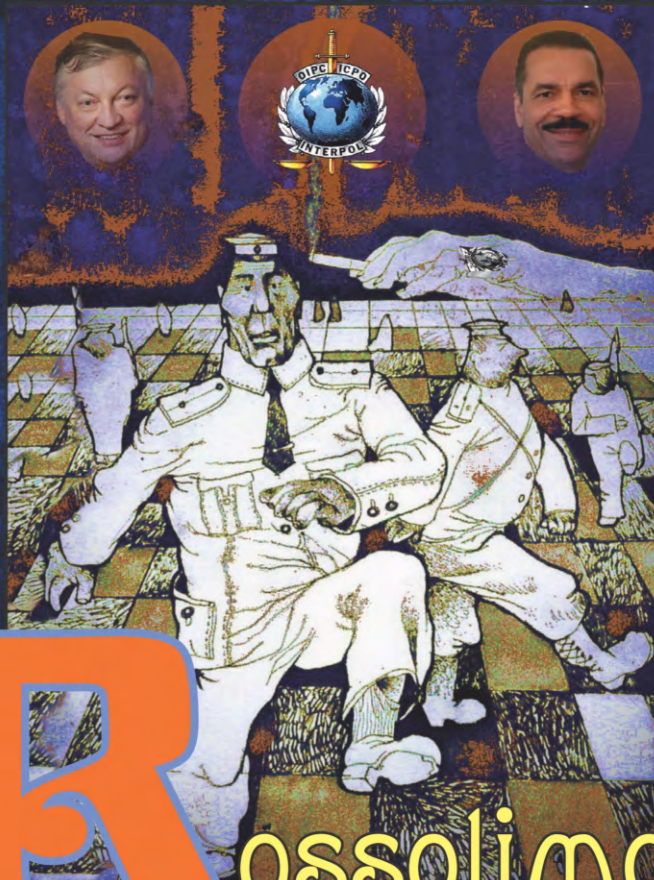


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Alexander BONDAR



Rossolimo's
Opening

A novel

Vladivostok • 2014

Alexander Bondar

ROSSOLIMO'S OPENING

A novel

Vladivostok
Dalizdat
2014

UDC 82-31
LBC 84-44
B81

Translation by I. Yuschenko

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Foreword

Several years ago I taught psychology at an American college and actively wrote for the “World Best Practices Magazine”. Apparently, this circumstance was the cause of my unique contact with a mysterious criminal community “Anonymous”.

In order not to reinvent the wheel, I will give here a slightly abbreviated characterization of them of Wikipedia: “**Anonymous** (used as a mass noun) is a loosely associated international network of activist and hacktivist entities. A website nominally associated with the group describes it as “an internet gathering” with “a very loose and decentralized command structure that operates on ideas rather than directives”. The group became known for a series of well-publicized publicity stunts and distributed denial-of-service (DDoS) attacks on government, religious, and corporate websites.

Anonymous originated in 2003 on the imageboard 4chan, representing the concept of many online and offline community users simultaneously existing as an anarchic, digitized global brain. Anonymous members (known as “Anons”) can be distinguished in public by the wearing of stylized Guy Fawkes masks.

In its early form, the concept was adopted by a decentralized online community acting anonymously in a coordinated manner,

usually toward a loosely self-agreed goal, and primarily focused on entertainment, or “lulz”. Beginning with 2008’s Project Chanology — a series of protests, pranks, and hacks targeting the Church of Scientology — the Anonymous collective became increasingly associated with collaborative hacktivism on a number of issues internationally. Individuals claiming to align themselves with Anonymous undertook protests and other actions (including direct action) in retaliation against anti-digital piracy campaigns by motion picture and recording industry trade associations. Later targets of Anonymous hacktivism included government agencies of the US, Israel, Tunisia, Uganda, and others; child pornography sites; copyright protection agencies; the Westboro Baptist Church; and corporations such as PayPal, MasterCard, Visa, and Sony. Anons have publicly supported WikiLeaks and the Occupy movement. Related groups LulzSec and Operation AntiSec carried out cyberattacks on US government agencies, media, video game companies, military contractors, military personnel, and police officers, resulting in the attention of law enforcement to the groups’ activities. It has been described as being anti-Zionist, and has threatened to erase Israel from the Internet and engaged in the “#OpIsrael” cyber-attacks of Israeli websites on Yom HaShoah (Holocaust Remembrance Day) in 2013.

Dozens of people have been arrested for involvement in Anonymous cyberattacks, in countries including the US, UK, Australia, the Netherlands, Spain, and Turkey. Evaluations of the group’s actions and effectiveness vary widely. Supporters have called the group “freedom fighters” digital Robin Hoods while critics have described them as “a cyber lynch-mob” or “cyber terrorists”. In 2012, Time called Anonymous one of the “100 most influential people” in the world.”

One of the main goals of “Anonymous” is Interpol, the world leader in the fight against counterfeiting.

During my work in the US I was not familiar with Interpol people and had a vague idea of the backstage world of counterfeit.

And one day I get a message from some “Anonymous” with a very unusual offer.

“Anonymous” offered me to do computer psycholinguistic analysis of leading figures of Interpol to evaluate their risk for the movement.

At that time I was the only owner in America of a psycholinguistic computer program that could evaluate psychological characteristics of a person through his speech, public statements and articles in the press. I have repeatedly presented this program at the forums of the American Psychological Association, and in my articles in the journal the World Best Practices Magazine

After receiving such an unexpected offer, I went online and realized whom I was dealing with.

To work with a global criminal community, moreover to evaluate for them management of Interpol — I considered it suicidal and ignoble.

Naturally, I refused. And suggested ‘Anonymous’ to make psycholinguistic analysis of their personalities based on their texts published on the Internet. This will help the police computer analysis to calculate them in a matter of days.

Of course, my suggestion was not followed.

Since then started my chess match with ‘Anonymous’.

The first move I made myself, pushed by my subconscious curiosity.

The mystery is the best motivator for researchers. Intrigued by the mysterious “Anonymous’, I gathered on the web as much as possible of their statements and utterances. Then ran them through a computer program of psycholinguistic analysis.

And I got a psychological portrait of the person who in the name of ‘Anonymous’ publishes their materials online.

Here is a brief summary of that criminal’s psychology.

Intelligence quotient (IQ) — 201 points.

Emotionality quotient (EQ) — 141 points.

Conscious awareness quotient (CQ) — 22 points.

Unconscious resources quotient (UQ) — 29 points.

Summary: Coefficient of efficiency (EFQ) of Anonymous — 98,25 points.

It was a level of good efficiency in roughly equal to average professor of University or successful businessmen.

I sent this resume to the address from which they had sent me their offer. For credibility I put a description of the computer program of psycholinguistic analysis of personality with reference to its developers.

They made a counter move: hacked my email and sent dirty insulting letters from my name to all my correspondents.

It urged me to close this e-mail, and I had to apologize to all my contacts.

Then they made a knight's move, bought a computer program of psycholinguistic analysis of personality and made psychological summaries of the key persons of Interpol.

These materials they sent me to my new email, and reported that their authorship would be attributed to me.

It was the “chek” in our game, beyond which loomed “mate” to my career.

But, on reading those materials and processing them through my computer analysis, I realized that their check was no serious threat to me.

Because computer programs are strictly systemic, they cannot be falsified.

Consequently, the psychoanalysis of Interpol employees was absolutely documented.

Plus the purpose of the criminals was to obtain reliable information about their opponents, rather than getting some dirt on them.

Psycholinguistic analysis gave very positive personality characteristics, not dill.

Of these results could be proud the objects of research, as well as researchers themselves!

My next move was also a red herring. I wrote ‘Anonymous’ that supposedly “sacrifice figures” — agree to its authorship.

In this game ended. Perhaps “Anonymous” did not want to waste time on chess combinations. After all, they got personality analysis, which they had wanted.

But in retaliation they hacked my mail again and again, and again sent insulting letters to my friends on my behalf. Which confirmed the analysis of their representative on the Internet that I cited above.

Several years passed, and fate brought me to people from Interpol. That time I worked as a vice-rector for International Relations of the Moscow State University of Food Production. Russian delegation headed by rector of this University Dmitry Edelev and first provost Natalia Maiorova participated in the international conference of Interpol. There we met Anatoly Karpov, Ambassador of Interpol ‘TurnBackCrime’ campaign, sixteen-times World Chess Champion and a close partner of Interpol world best information security specialist Evgeny Kaspersky.



Secretary General of Interpol Ronald Noble and Viktor Fersht

When police general and writer Alexander Bondar planned to write a book about Interpol intellectual work, similar to a chess game, and about the great chess player Anatoly Karpov, I understood that fate again brings me back to my chess game with ‘Anonymous’.

And what could be the best introduction to a book about Interpol than psychological evaluations of Interpol people in their chess games against crime.

Computer programs used for psycholinguistic analysis:

— FBI: Two automated text analysis tools — Wmatrix and the Dictionary of Affect and Language.

— Computer psycholinguistic program-wide application of technology.

— Psycholinguistic computer program Waal (R).

— Psi office XE “Psi office”.

With these programs were defined: emotionality quotient, conscious awareness quotient, unconscious resources quotient and coefficient of efficiency of Interpol people.

The average values of the coefficients:

IQ — intelligence quotient:

— 230 — genius (12 people are known in the world);

— 140—200 — almost a genius;

— 120—140 — a very gifted man;

— 110—119 — a very clever man;

— 90—109 — average intelligence;

— 80—89 — a low level of intelligence;

— 70—79 — borderline, below begins dementia;

— Less than 70 — dementia, intellectual disability.

EQ — emotionality quotient:

— More than 140 — an outstanding personality;

— 140 — phenomenal abilities;

— 95—105 points — normal intelligence of a clever man;

— 75—95 points — average intelligence;

— 60—75 points — a rather weak intellect.

CQ — conscious awareness quotient:

— 100 points — the maximum awareness of their actions;

— 50 points — normal awareness of their actions;

— 25 points — poor awareness of their actions, obedience to his desires, emotions and instincts.

UQ — unconscious resources quotient:

— 100 points — the maximum potential of the subconscious;

— 50 points — the normal potential of the subconscious;

— 25 points — weak subconscious.

Together they constitute *EFQ — coefficient of efficiency*.

EFQ calculated by adding all four coefficients and dividing by four points.

EFQ's points above 50 mean successful person, above 80 — valued for deals person, above 100 — outstanding person.

Here are the most famous persons, having a coefficient of efficiency greater than 115 points: Paul Allen, Li Ka-shing, Carlos Slim, and Arnold Bernhard.

These are all billionaires, which proves once again that money, not politics or just smart and good people, rules the world.

It turns out that you can have high IQ such as Garry Kasparov's — 200 points in his best years. But in high uncertainty situations low conscious awareness quotient and unconscious resources quotient of Kasparov lead to his low efficiency in life.

Here are some psychological resumes of the Interpol people and their partners known to me.

**Ronald K. Noble,
Secretary General of Interpol 2000—2014**



IQ — intelligence quotient — 142.
EQ — emotionality quotient — 127.
CQ — conscious awareness quotient — 86.
UQ — unconscious resources quotient — 99.
Summary: EFQ — coefficient of efficiency — 113,5.

**Juergen Stock,
Secretary general of Interpol from 2014**

IQ — intelligence quotient — 145.
EQ — emotionality quotient — 120.
CQ — conscious awareness quotient — 99.

UQ — unconscious resources quotient — 90.
Summary: EFQ — coefficient of efficiency — 113,5.

**Noboru Nakatani,
Executive Director,
INTERPOL Global Complex for Innovation**



*From left to right: V. Fersht, N. Mayorov, N. Nakatani,
A. Gridchin, V. Panov, D. Edelev*

IQ — intelligence quotient — 127.
EQ — emotionality quotient — 122.
CQ — conscious awareness quotient 89.
UQ — unconscious resources quotient 78.
Summary: EFQ — coefficient of efficiency — 104.

**Michael Ellis,
Assistant Director, Interpol Trafficking in Illicit Goods
and Counterfeiting Sub-Directorate**



*From left to right: Michael Ellis, R. Noble, A. Karpov,
A. Cooper, B. Fersht, A. Melnikov*

IQ — intelligence quotient — 121.
EQ — emotionality quotient — 115.
CQ — conscious awareness quotient — 85.
UQ — unconscious resources quotient — 73.
Summary: EFQ — coefficient of efficiency — 98,5.

**Roraima Andriani,
INTERPOL's Cabinet Director
and Turn Back Crime campaign executive director**

IQ — intelligence quotient — 121.
EQ — emotionality quotient — 123.

CQ — conscious awareness quotient — 90.
UQ — unconscious resources quotient 75.
Summary: EFQ — coefficient of efficiency — 102,25.

**Roberto Manriquez,
Operations Coordinator, Trafficking in Illicit Goods
and Counterfeiting Sub-Directorate, INTERPOL**



IQ — intelligence quotient — 115.
EQ — emotionality quotient — 103.
CQ — conscious awareness quotient — 63.
UQ — unconscious resources quotient — 70.
Summary: EFQ — coefficient of efficiency — 87,75.

**Gridchin Alexander,
Assistant Director, Interpol**



IQ — intelligence quotient — 112.
IQ — Coefficient of emotionality — 114.
CQ — conscious awareness quotient — 60.
UQ — unconscious resources quotient — 58.
Summary: EFQ — coefficient of efficiency — 86.

**Kirstine Pedersen,
Administrator, Business Development
and Training Trafficking in Illicit Goods
and Counterfeiting Sub-Directorate, INTERPOL**



I Q — intelligence quotient — 110.
EQ — emotionality quotient 103.
CQ — conscious awareness quotient 54.
UQ — unconscious resources quotient 54.
EFQ — coefficient of efficiency 80,25.

**Elias Murr,
President of the INTERPOL Foundation for a Safer World**

IQ — intelligence quotient — 115.
EQ — emotionality quotient — 119.
CQ — conscious awareness quotient — 76.
UQ — unconscious resources quotient — 80.
EFQ — coefficient of efficiency — 84.

**Anatoly Karpov,
Ambassador of Interpol 'TurnBackCrime' campaign,
Sixteen-times World Chess Champion, 1st Deputy Chairman
of the Committee of State Duma-Federal Assembly —
Parliament of the Russian Federation**



IQ — intelligence quotient — 190.
EQ — emotionality quotient 139.
CQ — conscious awareness quotient 95.
UQ — unconscious resources quotient 85.
EFQ — coefficient of efficiency 127,25.

**Eugene Kaspersky,
World specialist in the information security,
Owner of the global IT security company Kaspersky Lab,
Official partner of INTERPOL**

IQ — intelligence quotient — 140.
EQ — emotionality quotient — 129.
CQ — conscious awareness quotient — 92.
UQ — unconscious resources quotient — 99.
EFQ — coefficient of efficiency — 115.

As you can see by the efficiency and intelligence Interpol team is better than criminals. Not all of them have the best coefficients, but as a team they are definitely stronger.

From my point of view, in a chess game between Interpol and international crime it is now the middlegame. Interpol declared “check” in this game.

Join us! Together, we can turn back crime!



*Victor Fersht,
psychologist*



Prologue

Health is something that people want most of all and spare least of all.

Jean de La Bruyère,
French philosopher and moralist

September 19, 2018. International media were full of frustrating information about the shocking scale of distribution of counterfeit products throughout the world...

“The Globe and Mail” of Toronto wrote: “In pharmacies of Toronto, Ottawa, Calgary, Vancouver and Halifax 47 counterfeit products were found, and the list is not complete. Minister of Health of Canada commented on the situation with counterfeit medicines in a very strange and incomprehensible way: “Do understand us right, we’re not the Interior Ministry and are not able to prove that some factory or other produces counterfeit drugs.”

The most powerful media holdings of Turkey in all the media they controlled reported about the latest fatal fake alcohol poisonings among tourists from Germany, Poland, Finland, Japan and Russia. And dozens of deaths of Turkish citizens caused by use

of fake whiskey. Interior Minister once again made a statement on strengthening the fight against counterfeit alcohol...

Meanwhile, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Russia, as well as the foreign ministries of Germany, Poland and Japan, expressed extreme concern about the increase of poisonings, and even deaths by poisoning, of their citizens on the territory of Turkey, which was not surprising since those countries provided the major flow of tourists to the Asia Minor peninsula.

At the same time four major newspapers of India, with total circulation of more than five million copies, “Times of India”, “Indian Express”, “Hindustan Times” and “Anandabazar Patrika”, as well as the most influential Indian news agencies “Press Trust of India”, “United News of India”, “Central News Service,” “Indiana Press AGENCY”, subjected Indian government to massive criticism. According to them, it was unable to protect the population from the gross inflow of counterfeit medicines. The use of counterfeit medicines killed more than 100 thousand people only in the first months of 2018 in that most populous country in the world — India had long surpassed China in that respect. And it was only official statistics! Actual figures remained a mystery, and, according to the media, they were absolutely horrendous. Not surprisingly, the Prime Minister of India in connection with the situation was forced to resign. In his statement, he openly admitted that “the country indeed is besieged by counterfeit goods, and only the most stringent measures to combat this scourge can protect the multinational population of the Republic of India from destruction.”

In turn, all of the central Russian TV channels, as well as major news portals reported mass poisoning of children in preschools. The reason, according to preliminary data, was ... the usual toys, illegally imported from China. Russian Prosecutor General appointed an urgent check and strictly demanded of Rospotrebnadzor, the Russian consumer protection agency, to suspend delivery of baby products from China.

Meanwhile, in Pakistan, 14 persons involved in distribution of counterfeit medicines were sentenced to death. As a result of actions of the criminal gang counterfeit drugs had killed more than 15 thousand people. President of the Islamic Republic in his live interview to “Al Jazeera» TV channel stated that he would take most stringent measures against the spread of counterfeit products in the country.

State News Agency of Peoples Republic of China, “Xinhua”, one of the largest in the Asia-Pacific region, sharply raised the issue of trafficking of counterfeit goods made in China all over the world. Indeed the was a cause for alarm ... The situation with cheap counterfeit goods led to a crisis in relations with the European Union, the USA, as well as Africa and the CIS. Experts estimated that only Russia’s annual loss due to the contraband was more than ten million dollars — and that was just the financial aspect. If the rising tide of Chinese counterfeit goods was not stopped in time, a world economic crisis would broke out, which might even lead to military clashes. Chinese President and General Secretary of the Communist Party of China in relation to the current situation urgently convened the Central Military Commission of the country. At its meeting he demanded that the law enforcement agencies brought order to the borders of the country, and that those involved in smuggling were not only condemned, but revoked the citizenship, for which an appropriate law should be developed and adopted.

Largest UK publications, such as “The Sun”, “Daily Mail”, “Daily Mirror”, “The Times” and “Daily Telegraph”, spread a strong statement of a group of British citizens: “We British are willing to work and produce decent products. Down with the tyranny of international mafia producing fake alcohol, drugs and consumer products! Only in 2017 the major international criminal networks produced and sold counterfeit goods worth over one trillion dollars! The fight is hard but we must put a stop to that! Otherwise human race will just drown in its own shit!”

“O Estado de São Paulo”, the oldest and most respected newspaper in Brazil, and according to the UN statistics one of the largest newspapers in the world, in its editorial directly addressed to the government of the country: “How many more Brazilians must die from counterfeit drugs before the authorities tackle this issue, instead of fussing about match-fixing in football?” The article referred a variety of facts of deaths from the use of counterfeit medicines. According to the journalists’ estimates counterfeit antibiotics alone claimed the lives of more than 60 thousand people in 2017—2018. Brazilian Parliament also declared its readiness to fight the evil and to that end to expand the powers of the prosecutor’s office and the security agencies of the country.

African countries: Algeria, Angola, Botswana, Egypt, Zambia, Zimbabwe, Cape Verde, Kenya, Congo, Madagascar, Mauritius, Morocco, Mozambique, Nigeria, the Republic of Seychelles, Senegal, Tanzania, Tunisia, Ethiopia, South Africa — appealed to the UN with a request for an urgent meeting of the Security Council with the agenda: “The threat to the peoples of Africa from counterfeit drugs.” In their statement, representatives of African countries cited horrifying figures: hundreds of thousands were killed by counterfeit medicines. The UN Secretary-General supported completely their initiative.

Leading American media on their web pages raised a clamor about the topic: Counterfeit Drugs Threaten US National Security. The articles indicated that the counterfeit trade had moved to a new level. They suggested that the illegal industry was now under protection of some high-ranking corrupt circles, who had realized that today the largest profit was not in narcotics or arms, but in the production of counterfeit medicines.

Chapter I

Nature gave us the ability not to think constantly of death, because if we thought about it all the time, the world would fall into stupor.

Francesco Guicciardini,
Italian historian and statesman

Honored Master of Sports, chess grandmaster, and now also the Deputy of the State Duma Evgeny Viktorovich Aleksandrov took the elevator up to his office of the Deputy Chairman of the Duma Committee on Economic Policy, Innovative Development and Entrepreneurship. There were already two visitors waiting for him in the reception area of his office under the watchful eye of his loyal permanent secretary, a woman in her early thirties, already dressed in autumn garment — in light gray sweater and black skirt, just a little longer the knee-length. Her inquisitive look from behind a pair of fashionable glasses made the woman seem like a strict teacher. When he entered his office both visitors rose to their feet. The one near the front door, a gray-haired man of solid years, clearly came to the deputy for help. Likely to complain about some personal problems, perhaps in the social security line. That clearly could

not be said about the second visitor. By contrast, he was a young reddish man about thirty, with a trendy short haircut, and slightly protruding, but extremely intelligent, curious eyes. Dressed in a quite blue-black jacket, gray trousers, and a white shirt, unbuttoned at the collar. Somehow he made an impression of a representative of the academic community. “Probably, a young scientist of some sort, — thought the deputy. — Doctor of some technical discipline. Mathematician, perhaps. “Aleksandrov, as was his habit, welcomed his visitors with warm handshakes, smiled to his secretary and walked into the office with the words: “Anna, coffee, please. We’ll start in a minute, gentlemen.”

As befits a world-renowned chess player, in his office he maintained the atmosphere reminding of the headquarters of a chess club.

Many things there were relics of Evgeny’s victories in chess battles. Books on the intellectual game on two shelves emphasized his essence. Unlike other offices of “servants of the people,” there were no portraits of the head of state and leaders of the ruling party. To the right of the desk on the wall hung a portrait of his daughter who bore a great resemblance to her famous father.

A few sips of coffee jazzed him up and Aleksandrov rang to invite the first visitor. Just as he thought it was a pensioner. It turned out that he had been offended by some local Moscow officials. He came to seek justice. Aleksandrov never even hinted the old man that he should address the community authorities. Evgeny Viktorovich quickly reached to the heart of the problem, phoned the necessary official, and his visitor left absolutely satisfied.

Then the grand master and the deputy asked another visitor. A strong self-sufficient man entered the office in light energetic gait. After a short greeting he gave Aleksandrov his card. Evgeny Viktorovich offered him a seat and read the card. No scientist at all ... Lev Nikolayevich Goncharov, colonel of police, chief of the National Central Bureau of Interpol. In the left corner of the card there was an emblem of Interpol. Aleksandrov liked the design.

— You know, it’s the first time I see Interpol’s. A striking design, Lev Nikolayevich.

Then, with a little chuckle, he added:

“I hope that your cases are outstanding too.”

Goncharov pursed his lips for a fraction of a moment:

“As you probably heard we operate on international scale. And now we need your help, so here I am.”

“If I can help I will, of course. But what kind of help I am able to provide — help of a chess player, even if he is a deputy?” Aleksandrov smiled. “I never caught thieves and murderers. For this purpose there are special services. I cannot even imagine my role in your business. Is there a chance that you’ve addressed a wrong man?”

But the police colonel was not going to give in to the world champion and winner of the Chess “Oscar”.

“You know, I’m a big fan of yours, Evgeny Viktorovich. When I was a kid I learned by heart all of your most famous games in world championships and championships of the Soviet Union. Indeed, as early as fourteen years, you became the master of sports, and at seventeen — the world champion among juniors. It’s about you the great Mikhail Botvinnik said: “A star of the first magnitude.” And I trust the opinion of the sixth world champion, sir!”

Aleksandrov’s lips slightly curved in a modest smile:

“Well, Lev Nikolayevich, thank you for your kind words — very flattering. I see that you are well prepared for the meeting. And I’m intrigued by your visit. Now, what exactly I can do for you?”

“I’ll try to explain. Now in the country and in the world the situation with counterfeit drugs and alcohol is absolutely critical. I believe you heard about it. Every year in our country and all over the world counterfeit products kill thousands of people. Here are the stats: in Russia alone in 2013 more than 200 thousand people died. 2014 — More than 250 thousand people. 2015 — More than 280. In 2016 — more than 320,000, and in 2017 — more than

450 thousand. Nearly half a million a year! All these people are victims of defective drugs and low-quality alcohol. And this is only the official statistics, the actual numbers are higher. You must understand, it is literally vital that the authorities took appropriate measures, otherwise ... It is even hard to imagine what will happen.”

On hearing the figures Aleksandrov grew serious:

“Damn it ... We, the deputies, are not familiar with such statistics ... And what do you suggest?”

“The need to enact legislation to toughen penalties for trafficking in counterfeit goods is urgent. It’s simply ridiculous that now for counterfeiting medicines only miniscule fines are provided for by law in this country. While in China — the death penalty. In India — a life sentence. Even in liberal prosperous Germany — up to eight years in prison. In Switzerland, according to the law, only three companies have the right to sell drugs. There are over four thousand such firms in Russia! Even a fool can see that three companies are much easier to control than a few thousand.”

Grandmaster rubbed his temples:

“You’re right ... You’re damn right! It is necessary to restore order in this area! Nevertheless, where do I step in? What can I do? How to help? Initiate a hearing in the Duma?”

Goncharov realized he won a small victory, and his face brightened.

“Evgeny Viktorovich, such hearing wouldn’t be a bad idea at all... But right now, sir, won’t you mind to play a game of chess? We can discuss all the details while playing... “

Aleksandrov gladly agreed. He rose from his massive desk, and invited Goncharov to a small table in the corner of the room. There was a chess board with carved figures of ivory on the table.

“A gift of Juan Carlos I, King of Spain,” with undisguised pride said the grandmaster and sat down at the black pieces, giving the opponent the first move. The colonel smiled, concentrated and made the first move e2-e4. His opponent

did not hesitate — e2-e5. The colonel moved his knight to g3. Aleksandrov automatically responded with his knight to c6. The representative of Interpol moved his bishop to c5. A pawn attacked the bishop — a6. Champion looked at the opponent:

— What will Mr. Policeman say to that?

Interpol retreated to a4. Aleksandrov’s other knight entered the scene — f6. The second attack on the bishop on b5. Goncharov maneuvered the bishop to c3 with the words:

“Evgeny Viktorovich, we are repeating your game with Wolfgang Unzicker in 1974.”

Champion in surprise looked up from the board:

“Yes, but this is known only to a few. It’s been so many years!”

“So, you didn’t believe me when I said I’m a fan of yours.”

Aleksandrov smiled gently and, dramatically changing the course of the game, easily forced the white king to surrender...



Chapter II

Society prepares the crime, the criminal commits it.

Henry Thomas Buckle,
English historian, chess player

International Criminal Police Organization. INTERPOL.
France. Lyon. Quay Achilles Lignon, 50.

In this city, in one of its most beautiful modern buildings is the headquarters of the International Criminal Police Organization.

With the onset of autumn manicured trees near the office complex of Interpol turned golden. Leaves in the sun played all hues of yellow, red and orange. The main decoration of the strict mirror-walled building was a gorgeous flowerbed with brilliant dark pink flowers. Interpol Secretary General Edward Schaeffer came out of his executive car, before entering the building he decided to have a walk about the flowerbed with his assistant Christine Redersen, a blue-eyed blonde Swede. Smiling, slightly tanned, dark, with a well-groomed mustache, dressed in immaculate dark suit, he spoke first, as if continuing a conversation:

“You know, I’m still inclined to think that the special meeting of the Assembly of Interpol should have only one agenda — strengthening the fight against counterfeit products.”

The usual smile disappeared from his face, and he added solemnly:

“First and foremost, it is necessary to pay attention to the fake drugs, from which thousands of people die every day in developing countries, particularly in Africa and Southeast Asia.”

For moment the chief of the Interpol silently admired the dark pink bougainvilleas, lushly blossoming on the flowerbed, then continued:

“Christine, the problem of counterfeit is not born yesterday; it has been acute for dozens of years. But now, apparently, the humanity is so much nearer to the critical point. And what bothers me, there is no consensus on how to combat this scourge. South-East Asia does not support Europe. In turn, Europe is far from the problems of Africa and South America. The result is that every man for himself. Meanwhile, people suffer. Today I looked through the roundup. It made my hair stand on end! And that was just the official figures. Who knows the real number of victims! That decides me! It is our organization that will take responsibility for the fight against this evil, and I don’t care if it sounds grandiloquently!

* * *

October 5, 2018.

Ron Krause was born in 1971. In the USSR, in the city of Vilnius, the Lithuanian SSR. Then he repeatedly changed citizenship. His photograph and identity particulars were on the Interpol website in the section “Wanted Persons” for a long time. The site encouraged anyone who had information about this man, urgently contact Interpol.

* * *

The head of the Interpol branch attached to Primorsky Krai Department of the Ministry of Internal Affairs of Russia Oleg Smolyakov, a thirty-five-year-old strong man of medium height with an open face and slightly protruding ears, at 08.00 local time conducted a usual daily planning meeting. His team was small, six police officers including him. Two of them girls. Captain Tatyana Gurieva, a twenty-five-year-old blond and Captain Olesya Plotnikova, a twenty-six-year-old hot brunette. And three good fellows — Captain Vladimir Ivaniets, Major Alexander Vorozhbit and Major Victor Kvassov. All three of them, like their boss, were former operatives of the Economic Crimes Office.

Amongst them Tatiana Gurieva stood out for being a true polyglot. She knew five languages other than her native Russian: English, German, French, Spanish and Italian. The remaining team members knew only English. However, that allowed them to communicate comfortably with colleagues from Interpol worldwide. As it was typical for police forces everywhere all the guys were married and had children, while the girls had no time to regulate their personal lives due to the character of the work.

Besides her language skills Gurieva possessed a lovely slender figure, as well as superb knowledge of music and painting, and in her spare time, however sparse, she enjoyed dancing in “TangoCouple” club. Naturally, for the four men in the squad she was the subject of increased attention. But she knew her worth and was good at fending off pesky ganders.

That morning Smolyakov started a meeting with congratulations: “Colleagues! Today is the birthday of our wonderful girl, a connoisseur of real beauty and a real beauty herself, Tatiana Gurieva. It gives me great pleasure on behalf of our team to hand her this bouquet.”

With these words he gave Tatiana a gorgeous bouquet of roses. Smiling broadly, he continued:

“Tanya! Your contribution to the work of our small team is huge, we appreciate it and are willing to accept your proposal about visiting — after the working hours, of course — any restaurant of your choice. To celebrate the happy day. We are unanimous in this. Have I put it right, officers?”

Officers accordingly nodded, and Major Kvassov, who considered himself a first-rate humorist, winked at the birthday girl:

“Despite my name, I do not drink kvass. As for other drinks, the choice lies with you, charming Tatiana.”

Tatiana’s reply was prompt:

“Well, in that case drink as much fake vodka as you can, so that your chicks suffer no more.”

Everyone knew that Kvassov was a philanderer, but from Gurieva he had received a fitting rebuff — she was too tough for Major Kvassov. And now she made a bit of a laughing-stock of him again... Their colleagues knowingly giggled, and Kvassov pulled an insulted face and sighed:

“Well, you’re so kind and eloquent... “

“Now, friends, enough of sword-play! On to work,” raised his voice Smolyakov. “We got an APB from the Central Bureau marked “urgent”. A Ron Krause is suspected of having links with the international mafia, producing counterfeit medicines. Krause delivered an impressive shipment of counterfeit medicines to Africa. Mainly antibiotics and painkillers. Worth half a billion dollars! Deliveries were from Poland. Also in this scam can be seen a Russian trace. There is an assumption, I repeat, only an assumption that one of our citizens working in pharmaceutical business here in the Far East of Russia is involved. Our task is to spot such wheeler-dealers on the territory.”

Smolyakov looked at the faces of his subordinates:

“I ask you to take this work very seriously. For reference, according to the World Health Organization, in 2017 the global market for counterfeit drugs amounted to over three hundred billion

dollars. But there is no way to provide more accurate estimation — every year the percentage of counterfeit medicines is increasing. In 2010 it was ten or eleven per cent, in 2017 — for twenty-two — twenty-three percent. All this is easy to explain: the production of counterfeit drugs is a very profitable business, today it is even more profitable than narcotics or arms trade. So our mission is to join in the search for Ron Krause, and through him to get on the trail of the international mafia. Any urgent information must be reported to me immediately at any time.”

* * *

Police Major Jose Inácio, MIA Brazil, was very glad and proud that he was asked to join Interpol. A robust fellow of small stature, he, like many, if not all, boys in Brazil once had dreamed of a career in football. But a spinal injury did not allow him to carry out a childhood dream. Nevertheless his health permitted him to serve in the police, and there he found his true vocation. Never again gave he a thought to his unfulfilled career of a football player. Over the years, the service opened in Jose a genuine talent for special operations — due to him more than one gang of drug traffickers was neutralized. He often recalled how they chased on a helicopter a car with a large shipment of heroin. They even had to open fire from a heavy machine gun on the mafia men trying to hide in the lush greenery of the Amazon jungle. And today was the first day of his life in the legendary Interpol. On this occasion, Jose put on his best suit and the snow white shirt he bought in New York, where he attended “World without Drugs” conference. The forum was timed to the International Day against Drug Abuse and Illicit Trafficking. Besides police officers and doctors from around the world, to the conference were invited representatives of civil society organizations involved in prevention of drug abuse. The statistics of drug abuse he heard at the forum battered Inácio. The number of people using *dope* in 2010, according to the UN, was more than thirty millions,

in 2017 it was more than forty millions people. Despite the fact that hundreds of thousands of policemen and doctors, dozens of organizations struggled against this universal evil, the number of drug addicts were increasing year by year, because for mafia it was a very, very profitable business and international crime could not refuse such a jackpot. Being a man of strong convictions after his transfer to Interpol Jose Inácio sincerely hoped that his experience and energy would be useful in the fight against this scourge.

Head of Interpol Bureau in Rio de Janeiro Luis Dirceu, a thin man with graying short stiff hair, kindly presented the new employee to the staff. He briefly described Jose Inácio's service record, recommended him as a conscientious and honest man, who would continue his fight against drug trafficking on a larger scale in Interpol. Then he turned to official duties:

"From the headquarters of Interpol came an ABP signed by the Secretary-General Edward Schaeffer We must track down Ron Krause, a citizen suspected of having links with international mafia, engaged in manufacturing and sale of counterfeit drugs. There is reason to suspect that Krause also sells large quantities of heroin."

Dirceu turned to Inácio:

"Jose, you will be in charge of tracking down Krause and unearthing his international connections. This is your first assignment with Interpol, I'm sure you'll deal with it."

Inácio said quietly:

"I will do my best, sir. My colleagues and I will make every effort, but we'll get that scum."

* * *

For two days Memorial Hospital in the Turkish city of Antalya, a major tourist center in Asia Minor, had been admitting tourists from around the world, poisoned by counterfeit whiskey. Four intensive care units could not deal with the influx of victims from Germany, France, Italy, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, and Russia ...

Due to the lack of space the administration had already started to send patients to other clinics and hospitals. Mayor of the city announced an emergency in connection with the mass poisoning of tourists in the resort area. The Tourist Police, set up in January 2010, using emergency powers, began to confiscate the unfortunate beverage from all outlets of the city. The police Chief Fevzi Cengiz, a bald before his time Turk with a characteristic large nose, had not slept more than three hours in two days reported to Mayor:

"In the last two days one hundred forty seven people died of fake whiskey."

Mayor cut him short:

"This is outrageous! How could you lose control in the matter of the delivery of counterfeit alcohol? I give you a week to sort things out and report back!"

Fevzi knew Mayor's stern temper, he wiped the sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief and stammered:

"Mr. Mayor, all responsible for the deaths of people will be exposed and punished. Have no doubt".

The mayor sighed and waved his hand:

"Go to work! Contact Interpol. And do not forget that my salary as well as yours depends on tourists. No tourists — no taxes. Go, and may God help us all!"

"I understand, Mr. Mayor. Everything will be done to reassure the public and the media."

* * *

The new president of the Republic of Angola Angoyash Jones Holdenu, who had won the elections in the first round with impressive 52.7 per cent, spoke to the people from the tribune of the National Assembly:

"Dear friends! Fellow citizens! You believed me, and elected me as your president. During my campaign, I promised you that I will bring order to this country, and in the first place I will deliver you

from unexpected deaths, the cause of which is fake drugs coming to the country. We in our country as well people all over the continent, have become hostages of unscrupulous businessmen. International mafia producing and selling counterfeit drug products sent to us all, without exception, “a bill to death” of drugs, which it supplies to Africa. But both America and Europe, and Southeast Asia are not immune from this scourge. A large number of our fellow citizens have been killed by the actions of these scams. The hour has come to rescue the country, to climb out of the darkness and cold of death imposed on us by the mafia. The hour has come to liberate our homeland from the clutches of criminals preying billions on our misfortunes”.

“This autumn, the autumn of 2018, should become the beginning of the fight against counterfeiting for Angola and for all Africa. I have a word of confidence to our citizens that together we will win. Interpol will help us. I know that there are a lot of people tied in this criminal business, but I declare that all of them will be punished under the existing legislation.”

“Friends, God is with us, and we will win! I have a dream that all my five children, as well as all of your children will live in a country where there will be no deaths from fake drugs. With faith in it I go to bed every night and wake up every morning. There will come the time when we, children of our Lord, embed a new meaning to the words: ‘My country is free from premature deaths. God bless you!’”

* * *

In November 2018 European Trade Union Confederation held a major protest against the domination of counterfeit products in Europe. In Portugal and Spain, the protests took a particularly sharp form — in both countries there were strikes and general demonstrations with slogans “We want to live,” “Do not kill us with fake pills!” Strikes swept industry and urban transport. This was indicative of the society’s acute discontent with the measures

governments took to combat the evil. European leaders were under pressure from the public, they were forced to think about the slogans of those who protested all across Europe, including the countries of the Iberian Peninsula. The meeting of the interior ministers in Madrid was the evidence of concern of national leaders.

Interpol Secretary — General Edward Schaeffer took part in that meeting. After the meeting Edward Schaeffer held a two-hour press conference at which he assured all present that the counterfeit products being struggled daily and that currently Interpol was on the trail of the international mafia, producing and selling fake drugs. In his closing remarks Mr. Schaeffer assured everyone that evil will be punished.

“Big Eight”, an international club uniting the governments of the UK, Germany, Italy, Japan, Russia, USA, France and Japan, recently admitted the PRC and India, and thus transformed from the G8 to the G10. And soon, Foreign Ministers of the G10 urgently assembled in the territory of one of the new member of the club — in the Indian capital New Delhi. The theme of the meeting was a difficult situation in Africa.

“Dear colleagues! “The Foreign Minister of India opened the conference. “ I’m glad to welcome you to the capital of India! But today’s agenda makes us think about the current drastic situation on another continent — Africa. This part of the world is most exposed to attacks of the international mafia. There substandard medicines are killing people in hundreds of thousands. Future of the whole mankind depends on the developments there. It is no secret that counterfeit medicines are distributed worldwide, and the African continent for various reasons is more vulnerable to counterfeit distributors. Who will be next? Therefore, we need to consolidate efforts and take concrete measures to protect the health of all peoples of all nations. But I repeat lack Continent is a matter of our immediate concern. Today we need to develop a plan of action, which we report to our leadership and our peoples.”

Foreign Minister of India, the country ranked seventh in the world by land area and the first in terms of population, paused, both hands straightened traditional head gear, a Gandhi cap, a white sidecap, pointed in front and back and having a wide band, made out of *khadi* handspun and hand-woven cloth and continued:

“Friends! International mafia will stop at nothing. Avarice and greed of those people do not know the limit. They are only interested in profits ... So only we, the» Big Ten”, along with Interpol can stop the impending catastrophe.”

* * *

The first woman president of the international police organization in the history of Interpol, the representative of France, Susan Millet, came to the podium for the opening of the next Assembly in Tokyo, the one of the largest cities in the world. Japanese capital famous for its hospitality welcomed the Assembly at one of the most beautiful modern buildings in the Shinjuku district, the main administrative and commercial district of Tokyo, a 52-storeyed, and 235 high, Shinjuku Park Tower. This skyscraper consisting of three towers ranked eleventh in size in Japan.

The Interpol president touched her dark hair with an elegant gesture and asked the audience to rise to greet the banners of Interpol and the host country. Representatives of almost two hundred countries, members of the International Criminal Police Organization, in unison stood up and applauded vigorously to the sounds of the Japanese national anthem. After a standing ovation, and the solemn hoisting of the banners Susan Mille announced the opening of the eighty-seventh session of the General Assembly of Interpol, which was supposed to last from 25 to 28 November 2018.

Then Madam President gave the floor to the Secretary General of Interpol Edward Schaeffer. Fit, elegant man in an immaculate dark gray suit stepped to the podium. Greeted the audience with a

gorgeous snow-white smile and began to outline the agenda of the Assembly.

“Dear friends! Dear Colleagues! This assembly we decided to dedicate the issue is extremely acute for all mankind — anti-counterfeiting. From this podium I declare that the world is going crazy with low-quality alcohol and counterfeit medicines. Not only is going crazy, it is dying. Hundreds of thousands of people have been fallen victims of counterfeit drugs! Let us listen to the voice of reason. This voice says that mankind has come to the point where merely to eat or to drink means to put your health into mortal danger. That is why we are here today, representatives of one hundred ninety-four countries of the world, we are here to install a barrier against death spreading to all the continents of our beautiful planet. Mafia clans declared war on us, they violate the laws and concepts of morality and humanity. But our organization has declared a crusade on them. With all our might we come to fight with this new and hated enemy of civilization!”

* * *

When preparing for a big tournament with a large number of participants he usually he looked through all the most important, and not so important games of his future opponents and learnt their strengths and weaknesses. But that was chess...

Now, before coming to grips with an invisible enemy it was necessary to obtain all the information available in the world about the production and sale of counterfeit goods, with special emphasis on alcohol and drugs. As a chess player Aleksandrov knew that to fight the enemy, you need to know about his style of combat as much as possible. Need to stay ahead of him, not only in combinations but in tactics...

In such moments Aleksandrov always remembered one remarkable day.



April 3, 1975. That day in Moscow FIDE President Max Euwe crowned him with a laurel wreath and proclaimed him the twelfth world champion in the history of chess. The first trip new world champion took to his native city Zlatoust and that meant a lot for him. There he in a solemn ceremony cut the ribbon at the entrance to the newly opened Chess Club ... named after him. That was a tradition in the Soviet years. Young Evgeny tried to resist such almost pagan worship, but ... he was persuaded. If he only knew what it portended! Today there were hundreds of schools and chess clubs named in his honor around the world. Plus dozens of streets in towns and cities, squares of Aleksandrov in the Spanish cities of Valencia and Seville, and in Serbian Valjevo. His deep understanding of the ancient noble game made Aleksandrov an idol of all chess players in the world, especially in Russia, but also a hero of ordinary people. Aleksandrov was a real star worldwide. Rock stars and royalties, heads of governments and oligarchs were proud of his acquaintance. And what about him?

Grandmaster grinned. He was the twelfth world chess champion and he lived in the new Russia. He had not left. He had not scooted when it had been for everyone. He stayed, he had survived, along with all the people, the era of developed socialism and the time of Perestroika . Now he was experiencing a period of “wild capitalism” with its terrible cannibalistic scowl. And what about Russia? His beloved homeland? She seemed to be crucified between the past and the future, between philanthropy and misanthropy, and still had not decided where she was going and why. The rulers of the country had entangled in the vicious circle of repetitive slogans. Country was falling into the bog of idiotic servile patriotism. As if the Soviet times had not taught anybody! It had come to the fact that some members of the State Duma proposed to print the text of the national anthem on children’s diapers or place quotes from great minds of Russia in passports of citizens of the Russian Federation. Tyutchev’s line came to mind: “Russia is a thing of which the

intellect cannot conceive. ”Print that on your passport — and you are a patriot, indeed! .. And the fools in power, and embezzlers, and corrupt and dishonest politicians, who can only tell a “bright future” will immediately disappear. And ordinary people, real hard workers, turners, fitters, milling machine setters, skilled builders will hearten up. And then will not be necessary to bring in thousands of workers from other countries for the grandiose construction before APEC Vladivostok 2012 or the Winter Olympics in Sochi. All thinking people realize that the actual time in Russia stopped. State leaders are dreaming of a “new industrialization”. But instead of new factories new shopping and entertainment centers are built. But instead of industrialization budgets obedient deputies vote for the budgets of more and more sports entertainment — for after the Olympics there came the 2018 FIFA World Cup ...

Or another interesting detail ... In connection with the global threat of the loss of new sources of fresh water new “Kremlin dreamers” started talking about Russia as a “world water power”, completely forgetting that water, like oil, is not a limitless resource and has the property to come to an end one fine day.

Aleksandrov in his convictions was far liberalism, but the idea of the dictatorship made him sick. He was a leader himself. He knew all the processes that take place in his country. But even his brilliant intellect had to give in to the absurd of the situation: why all the criminal cases of corruption go in the sand, and high-ranking officials involved in the looting of the budget, always get off easy fright. He opposed the country’s system when there were untouchable persons who could do anything they pleased. And no matter what they had done, they were all forgiven. And this circle of people, unfortunately, was defined by the highest state entity. There were “his people”, who were served by law enforcement agencies, including the Federal Security Service and the Investigative Committee.

A Grandmaster of global magnitude, with terrible pain he perceived the departure from the country of the intellectual elite, for

it was his friends who were leaving. Russia still suffered huge losses due to the brain drain. Aleksandrov understood that this resource must be preserved, not by prohibitions and reprisals, but by decent working conditions. His analytical mind of a chess player let him see the main trends in modern Russia ...

He was well aware that corruption was no longer a by-product of “wild capitalism”, and had become one of the backbone supports the entire system of government. In this regard, grandmaster Alexander could afford to analyze the course of the further fate of the country. And, unfortunately, the positive outcome of the struggle against evil, corroding Russia, he could not see ...

* * *

Captain Gurieva, having celebrated her birthday with her colleagues, was driving home in her Japanese crossover Toyota RAV4. In the night the bridge across the Golden Horn was illuminated brighter than the Christmas tree in the New Year’s Eve. The lights glamorously reflected in the bay, as if it was an elaborate gorgeous design. Admiring all this splendor, Tatiana caught herself thinking that this beautiful city by the sea with all its hills and ships was infinitely dear to her heart ... But then her thoughts took another turn. She thought about what the day at work brought her... about the people all over the planet of Earth who lost their lives to substandard medicines. She tried to banish the gloomy thoughts ...

“Here’s the result of the morning briefings! Work, work, work. Always work! Just try to leave it for a sec, it’s right there again. No chance to relax... And yet, why people kill each other? Aren’t we all born on the same planet? And we are all so different. Why one rapturously admires the beauty of the world while in the eyes of others there are only dollars and euros? For a handful of coins people go all out fearing neither God nor the devil. Just to get a little more dough. ‘Dough’ what an ugly term, by the way. But it reflects the ideals of the modern world so well!”

Tatiana loved Bulgakov’s novel “Master and Margarita” so she mentally turned to him: “You, Master, have argued that there are no evil people in the world, there are only people unhappy ... But I disagree with you. There are evil people in the world. Oh, yes! And they do evil deeds. For profit and for fun. And now, when it may seem that all global conflicts are in the past, these people are destroying hundreds of thousands of their own kind, using fake pills and fake alcohol.” Here Captain Gurieva’s mind leaped to the memories of a recent leisure trip to the Netherlands. Apparently, the view of the Golden Bridge reminded her about it ... She remembered one of the many bridges there under the unusual name — the Milky Way. It was designed specifically for people walking. That bridge of a peculiar shape towers over one of the canals. One of his vaults is twelve meters, and from this height spreads a magnificent view on the city of Purmerend ... Oh, it would be so great to visit there again!..

Suddenly Gurieva nearly collided with a car in front. If she was not a police officer, a collision on the road would have been unavoidable, but her self-control was excellent. Tatiana braked sharply, and saw a young man dressed in jeans and a light jacket who was approaching the railing of the Golden Bridge. And he was clearly not going to have a smoke. The silhouette of a man was clearly seen on the backdrop of yellow lamplights and stars — he was going to step into eternity from the multimeter height. The man was about to climb on the railing when he heard a sharp cry:

“Hey, wait! Don’t do it!”

He turned to the voice. Gurieva saw a pale haggard face.

“What do you want from me?” said the stranger in a dull voice.

“Nothing. Just don’t do it” said Tanya Gurieva gently and smiled.

For some reason the man looked at his watch and replied:

“Spare me the discussions. It’s my life, and I decide what to do with it. I’m tired ... Can’t you understand, I’m deadily tired.”

Gurieva faced with such situation for the first time. Though she worked in the police, she was not sure what should be done cases like

this. She just was not trained for it. Nevertheless, she decided not to give up and said in even softer voice, looking into the eyes of the man:

“There is a way out of every situation, believe me. I do not want to dissuade you. I don’t know your circumstances, and that is none of my business. Just stop for a moment. Just think have you tried everything else?”

The man harshly chuckled.

“Well, of course... But a black cat is difficult to find in a dark room. Especially, if there is no cat there. So, I believe, said a character in that old movie ... Damn! I can’t recall his name ... Can you tell me the way out?”

Gurieva caught the change in the mood of the potential suicide:

“Understanding of the simplicity of life comes very late in life. If someone decides to commit suicide, first he gets into a web of lies.”

The man chuckled.

“Don’t forget to remind me that the world is ruled by God and that my life belongs only to him, will you?”

“Now, there is no need to be ironical about God. In your situation especially.”

“For me irony was a wonderful drug, but only palliative. It could never really kill the pain inside me...”

“And what is real irony? Explain it to me, and I will remember this night lesson on the bridge.”

The man looked at his watch again:

“Who would have thought that exactly forty minutes ago, I was ready to commit suicide? That’s irony for you. Isn’t it the answer to your question?..”

* * *

... The body was so heavy that it felt it was beaten for several hours with something huge and rough. Everything hurt ... arms, legs, back muscles, stomach ... “I had to do something, but I do not have the strength for that.” Still Gurieva ran a bath and forced herself to

go into it. Yes, she forced herself to do it.. Lying in the bath with her eyes closed, she tried to recall what happened tonight on the bridge. She envisaged the stranger again and suddenly thought: “And he’s pretty cute — unshaven, brutal, with a premature gray in his hair, and with such a romantic despair in his eyes. They are so brown and deep, as if were that poet... what’s his name? Somewhere at a party or on vacation, I would have been happy to meet him. But I managed to introduce myself when he decided to commit suicide ... Yes ... But I saved a man’s life! Not too bad ... So, I can work as a negotiator. That’s a fact...” She smiled sarcastically, then closed her eyes ...

After the bath, Tatiana rubbed herself with a rough towel and wrapped herself in a warm bathrobe. Coming into the room, she turned on the TV, poured herself a glass of brandy, and drank it in one gulp. A news report on the Assembly of Interpol in Japan. Her biggest boss, Interpol Secretary-General Edward Schaeffer, was interviewed by all the leading media of the world. Very strongly and clearly he brought to the attention of all present the position of Interpol in the fight against counterfeiting of goods.

“One doesn’t have to be an expert in pharmaceutical industry to understand how the spread of counterfeit drugs is dangerous for mankind. Today fake drugs has infiltrated into pharmaceutical sales networks all over the world, bringing to naught all the programs of control and eradication of deadly diseases. The problem is so serious that Governments of all the countries in the world simply must unite to fight the scourge. We must understand also that counterfeit products are also having a negative impact on the economies of the world. This is a global multi-vector threat entailing many dangers. Particularly strong effect substandard pirated medicines undermine fragile health systems of the Third World, and first of all — African states. I should be mention that oddly enough, the fight against counterfeit medicines is still not perceived by society as seriously as other global crises of humanity, such as illicit drug trafficking...”

Listening attentively to the speech of her chief on the nightly news of the First Channel of Russian television, Gurieva involuntarily clenched her exquisite right hand into a fist and whispered:

“Oh, those bastards! Poisoning people around the world! And they still want more money! More, more, more!!!”

Meanwhile, Schaeffer continued to answer the questions from reporters. A young woman from CNN, slightly resembling Hillary Clinton, asked her question:

“Mr. Schaeffer, I am following closely the work of the Assembly. Sorry, but all you do is frightening people to the point they may just lose the will to live. You give the impression that we all are about to die from counterfeit medicines. So my question is: what your mighty agency is doing to prevent that?”

Schaeffer was not embarrassed, after a necessary pause he said in strong and clear voice:

“Partially I agree with you, the work of Interpol in this direction is not as efficient as we would like it to be. But I’ll tell you a secret, Shaffer smiled disarmingly, we are now on the trail of an international organization, which has a significant share in the production of counterfeit goods. And that’s a fact not just hot air.”

The next question asked a man from the BBC:

“Mr. Secretary-General, are you not afraid that international mafia will defeat you and your international police easily? After all, it is no secret that this mafia operates under the auspices of senior officials in many countries!”

Schaeffer’s answer was prompt:

“I’m not afraid! And tell you so with full responsibility. We will burn this evil with a hot iron!”

At these words of her legendary and so distant boss something warm touched the heart of Tanya Gurieva, a humble employee of the Russian branch of Interpol, and her soft gentle lips in a faint smile ... After all, Tanya remained a very romantic girl no matter what.

* * *

“Tanya, you know, our conversation will be very serious. As you know, a woman working for Interpol should not only be able to wear the shoulder straps, but to remain invisible to the enemy, all those thugs and crooks,” that was how Tatiana Gurieva’s immediate superior, police colonel Smolyakov started their conversation.

Tatiana smiled:

“What are you driving at, Oleg Nikolayevich?”

Smolyakov looked up and said dryly, looking intently into the eyes of the girl:

“Well, perhaps, I better be brief. Tanya, you are summoned to Moscow.

“Me?” asked Gurieva in surprise.

“Yes, no one else but you. Here is the cryptogram. You should arrive in the capital tomorrow. So book a ticket and go. It is urgent. Hopefully you are able to pack quickly. What are the reasons, I do not know, but the choice of the head office fell on you. In Moscow, report to Colonel Lev Nikolayevich Goncharov, the head of the National Central Bureau, and then you are fully in his disposal. As I understand that’s some sort of a top secret mission... No details were revealed to me.”

Somehow, the incident on the bridge and the late night news about the Assembly of Interpol somehow came to Tatiana’s mind.

“What connection might there be?” thought she in surprise.

* * *

“Dear passengers! Boarding begins on flight 1274 Vladivostok — Moscow. Boarding on flight 1274 to Moscow is at gate number three.”

Gurieva left her tea, got up from the table in the airport cafe, straightened her hair, took her small red leather bag and headed to the gate number three...

* * *

“How was your flight?” asked a tall young man with expressive eyes and a slightly flattened nose. It was her Moscow colleague Alexei Polyakov, a police senior lieutenant.

“Fine, thank you. Had a good sleep at last. An almost nine-hours long flight passed unnoticed.”

“Well, excellent then let’s go straight to the colonel Goncharov, and then to the hotel.”

“Fine with me”, said Tatiana with a smile.

Polyakov picked up Gurieva’s things and led her to the exit from the airport, waving away pesky gypsy cab drivers offering their services: Sheremetyevo, like other city airports could never get rid of them. Opening the door of company “Volvo” and helping her into the car, Polyakov cursed:

“Damn those picker-uppers!”

Then added in a quieter tone:

“Please, prepare yourself to be patient — it’ll take three hours to the city because of traffic jams.”

That’s not the end of the world. We in Vladivostok got accustomed to traffic jams long ago,” smiled Gurieva.

“Ah, yes. ‘The city of ours’, as Lenin put it ... Forward, then! It’s good that the passenger is aware of the complexity of the traffic...”

And “Volvo” gently pulled away.

* * *

“Comrade Colonel, as directed Captain Gurieva is delivered from Sheremetyevo Airport without incident!”

“Thank you. Dismissed for now. But in about an hour you should take Tatiana Anatolievna back to Sheremetyevo, to the hotel “Midland”, she flies to Lyon tomorrow to the headquarters of Interpol. The hotel room and the plane ticket are booked.”

Gurieva could not understand what was going on. Lyon? Interpol Headquarters? Just yesterday she was in Vladivostok. And now she is about to fly from Moscow to Lyon...

When they left alone Goncharov first of all told her that their conversation I strictly confidential...

* * *

At the “Midland” Gurieva began to analyze her conversation with Colonel. “Now I am Evgeniya Illinichna Golubinskaya I’m 25 years old, I’m from Nizhny Novgorod, I am an assistant of General Director at a logistics company ‘BEST’. Under this name I will fly to Lyon to the headquarters of Interpol. There I will take part in some major operation. Why was I chosen? Must I accept? Colonel told me that my knowledge of languages, age and appearance have played a role in this choice. And the fact that I’m not married. And the fact that I know weapons and martial arts.”

In the conversation with Colonel Gurieva asked about the job, but he replied that the operation was planned by Edward Schaeffer, so he personally would let her into the particulars... Just yesterday Tatiana beheld the head of Interpol on TV, and today would meet him, she would start working with him.

Newly born Evgeniya Golubinskaya, she went out of the room to the restaurant to have lunch — or rather dinner. Entering the restaurant, she felt the smell of cheap transit hotel. The dinner followed the suit. It was tasteless, but not cheap at all. Flight to Lyon was early, Tatyana-Evgeniya ordered a wake-up call and set up watch the news on an ill-tuned TV. Another address by the President, calling his people to be patient. Gurieva-Golubinskaya laughed softly, “I wonder how he manages to retain his unexplainably high rating! An irreplaceable leader! Just like in the Gospel, all these years, he was blind, but now he sees and understands where to go and to lead his flock...”

Newfound logistics expert Evgeniya Golubinskaya listening to the “wise” president’s speech, felt the air in the room was fuggy. Air conditioning would not help. She got up and opened the window. Fresh air rushed into the room, as if implying that the country could be freshened up with new ideas, new humane ideology. People were just tired of the populist drivel of all the authorities. Tired of “barons” robbing Russia of its wealth and stashing the loot in offshore companies. Is it not the time for the “king” to retire? “Everyone is tired of patriotic slogans. They want us to love Motherland more! What Motherland? The one that is blooming in the imagination of PR slickers, working for well-fed officials and oligarch deputies of the Duma? Or the one that is overgrown with weeds and increasingly lags behind Europe and the civilized world? Russia’s future is unpredictable. The country’s system for ensuring the quality of life is not well-settled and in many places it is practically non-existent. And telling to his people about bright future the president forgets, apparently, about the past and its lessons. History shows that even the most patient people can get tired of waiting for change...”

* * *

Luis Dirceu, Chief of Interpol unit in Rio de Janeiro, also opened the window in his office, and invited on the direct phone his new subordinate Police Major Jose Inacio. The latter was the at chief’s office in just a couple of minutes. Dirceu cordially greeted him and said:

“Jose, don’t get me wrong. Interpol Headquarters has requested a staff member to conduct a covert operation. What kind of operation, I have not been told. And it is not our policy to discuss the orders of our superiors. The choice fell on you. They say you possess a number of necessary qualities. You’re not married, you have a lot of experience with mafia structures, your English is excellent. Plus you’re of the right age. Of course, you can refuse, but then your career in our organization would be finished”

Jose Inácio replied without hesitation:

“Senor Dirceu, you know as well as I do that I came to work to Interpol to do everything I’m ordered! Albeit young, I’m not a milksop, I understand the gravity of the situation.”

The older man’s smile grew wider, he went to Jose and hugged his shoulders in a fatherly manner:

“I never doubted you, my boy. On arrival in Lyon you will be instructed by Edward Schaeffer personally. Now go to the department of secret operations and get all the necessary papers tomorrow, you will fly to Paris and then to Lyon with them. Good luck, and God be with you.”

“Your new name is Antenor Silva” said an employee of the special department, nice-looking young woman by the beautiful name of Virginia giving him his a new passport, driver’s license, insurance policy and medical insurance. Having signed for the documents, Jose Inacio’s lookalike, Antenor Silva, left the building of Interpol. It was a different person. Now he was a manager in one of the many coal companies in the country. Before flying to Paris Antenor Silva decided to visit the statue of Christ the Redeemer, one of the new Seven Wonders of the World, standing with arms outstretched on the Corcovado Mountain. He decided to walk up to the top of the mountain, and enjoy the views of Rio de Janeiro from different points of view the mountains. He wanted to say goodbye to the city, because you never know... Antenor began his ascent in the late afternoon.

Great cities of the world often have their universally known hallmarks. Speaking of Paris we recall the Eiffel Tower and Notre-Dame de Paris, New York is associated with the Statue of Liberty, Vienna — with the building of the Opera, Moscow — with the Kremlin, St. Basil’s Cathedral and, sometimes, Lenin’s Mausoleum. The symbol of Jose/Antenor’s hometown, where he was born, grew up and worked for many years in the police, protecting the

city from criminals, was a statue of Christ erected on the top of seven-hundred-meter-high Corcovado Mountain. The giant figure of Christ, with his arms outstretched as if in blessing, protects the city. The height of the monument thirty eight meters, arm span is twenty eight meter! There went Antenor. The day was clear, fiery disc of the sun was slowly rolling to the horizon, painting the sky in radiant colors. This feast of color served an advantageous backdrop for the statue, emphasizing the greatness of the image of Christ. The Savior with his embracing gesture called upon all the inhabitants of the Earth for peace, love and forgiveness. By sunset Antenor stood at the foot of the pedestal of the monument. And once again, looking at the city from this height, he was overwhelmed by the splendor of his native Rio! He looked at the long strip of Copacabana Beach, at Sugarloaf Peak. Oh, his beautiful home!... Turning to face the statue of Christ, Antenor mentally said, “Lord! Tomorrow I am flying to France. What awaits of me? Apparently, something very serious. But it’s my job. Do not forsake me, Lord!” He cast another look at his city from Corcovado and went down on a little train.

Former Jose, and now almost real Antenor, was back on the when it was already dark. He took a taxi, and forty minutes later was at. There he took shower and shaved, and began packing. In the morning, at exactly 7:30 he went down to the car, waiting to drive him to the airport...

Chapter III

“An opening” in chess this term means the beginning of a game, i.e. various ways of initial development of game (10—15 moves), aimed at mobilization of opponents’ forces.

Brockhaus and Efron Encyclopedic Dictionary

Antoine de Saint-Exupery International Airport, located twenty-five kilometers east of the center of Lyon, lived its usual hectic life: took flights from major European cities, including Paris. On one of such flights from the capital of France a manager of one of Brazilian coal companies Antenor Silva arrived to Lyon. Taking his luggage from the carousel, he heard his name — a voice from dynamic asked him to approach the information desk. He realized that those who met him did not want to “burn” him occasionally. At about the same time, with a difference of a quarter of an hour, at the Perrache station another voice through speakerphones invited to the information desk a Russian national flown from Paris Golubinskaya Evgeniya Ilinichna. Tanya Gurieva hearing his new name, momentarily confused, but then realized where to go.

A smiling French woman carefully scanned Golubinskaya's passport and handed her a package. In it Gurieva found an order to take a taxi to the hotel *Villa Florentine*, where a room was reserved for her. There she had to wait for further instructions. "What a secrecy! James Bond would've turned green of envy" — thought Gurieva-Golubinskaya smiling to herself and headed to the taxi-stand. The driver, a chunky middle-aged French, took her bags, gallantly opened the door for her and asked where to. As, perhaps, any taxi driver in the world he could not help asking where from the girl arrived. From Russia answered Golubinskaya in excellent French. The driver politely inquired where the girl learned the language so well — the French appreciate the knowledge of their language by foreigners. "Here, in France", she answered briefly. By the tone of the passenger cab driver realized that she did not want to discuss the matter. He decided to try another topic:

"Your president is like the tsar he is in power for twenty years."

Golubinskaya calmly replied:

"We will deal with our president, and you mind your own rulers."

Frenchman chuckled and went on unabashed

"The Russian and the French have always been friends."

"Yes, especially during the Napoleon's time," Golubinskaya quipped.

"Oh! That was a great man! Napoleon! He introduced freedom to Europe, instilled the ideals of democracy!" sang the Frenchman. Golubinskaya decided to change the subject:

"Your city is so unusual! So beautiful!"

"Yes, especially the old town!" readily agreed the driver. "And that's exactly where we are heading now!"

For another quarter of an hour he was busy extolling ancient and beautiful city of Lyon, practically a coeval of Rome itself, founded by the ancient Celts long before the arrival of the legions of Caesar, and named in honor of their supreme god Lug — Lugdunum...

Hotel, where the taxi driver drove Golubinskaya was indeed in the old part of the city. It was an old building, which clearly had some historical significance and looked simply luxurious. No wonder, situated on the hills of Fourvière, was built in the XVII century, during the Renaissance, as a monastery. In the modern days it is one of the best five star hotels in the city with luxurious rooms and suites, a fitness center with swimming pool and panoramic Jacuzzis, sauna and steam room, as well as four conference rooms, suites with suites, a winter garden and a parking lot.

At the reception Golubinskaya immediately clapped her eyes on a young, handsome, swarthy man in his late thirties, who was also signing in. His accent indicated a native of Latin America. And judging by the hard-sounding rumbling consonants rather a Brazilian, than, say, a Mexican. The keys were given to him and Golubinskaya-Gurieva almost simultaneously. The Latino, cast a look at Golubinskaya, his eyes rested on her for a moment, and he gave her a broad smile, clearly he liked her and does not even bother to conceal the fact. The blonde Russian noticed his look, but barely nodded in response, and went to the elevator. The man followed her. It turned out that their rooms were next to each other on the third floor. Neither Evgeniya Golubinskaya nor Antenor Silva at that moment did not realize that their mission had already begun ...

* * *

'Rossolimo's Opening' that was the codename of a secret operation, personally supervised by Edward Schaeffer. It was his idea to introduce its participants to each other in such an unusual way. They had to meet... as if by accident. And the hotel was selected because it was an almost medieval historic building. A perfect place for a romantic date... After the long flight Antenor enjoyed taking shower, he snorted happily and put his face to prickly trickles. "And she is a peach, that girl next door!" thought he. "I wonder

where she is from, this blonde? Looks like a Czech or a Pole, there are clear signs of Slavic phenotype on her face.” Inacio, as befits a good policeman, could recognize native of different countries plus years of struggle with international drug cartels taught him to pay attention to any detail, and besides he was curious by nature. Rubbing himself with a towel, he decided with some regret that an affair would not work because of the serious undercover work which awaited him. On the other hand... in a different situation, if he'd have a chance, why not? Though he was always busy at work which did not leave him time to start a family, Jose was popular with women. And in the room next to his, secret Interpol agent Golubinskaya donned a bathrobe, came out of the shower, walked to the fridge and took a fancy bottle of apricot juice from the shelf. “What an attractive man was there, at the reception. Apparently, a wealthy businessman from Latin America. There are a lot of them too... I guess, he is a Brazilian, after all, despite the crisis their economy is booming...” At this point, the phone rang. Golubinskaya picked up the receiver. A polite female voice asked in French, if Ms. Golubinskaya was alright, how was trip, if there were any problems? Evgeniya said that everything was fine. Then she was told that she could rest for the next three days, so she would have time for herself and for getting to know the city. Then he would be contacted.

“Wow!” Golubinskaya was so stunned she said it aloud. “To stay for three days in one of the best hotels in an ancient French city left completely to myself! Ain't it a treat!” And she decided that long as she had a permission to relax and a pretty sum in her purse (assignment allowance), relax she would...

Antenor Silva, got on the phone exactly the same instruction — to rest for three days. Suddenly he realized that he was hungry like a wild jaguar, and it was time to deal with that problem. Without thinking, he got dressed and went down to the restaurant on the ground floor of the hotel. He was pleasantly surprised to see there

the blonde from the next room. She sat at the table by the window overlooking the garden and magnificently lit sapphire swimming pool. “Karramba! That might be a chance” thought Antenor. He squared his broad shoulders, and with a firm tread went to the table by the window.

“Let me introduce myself: Antenor Silva. I am an entrepreneur from Brazil.” Golubinskaya fully realized that she was pleasantly surprised too. What with three days of rest ahead of her he would not an disagreeable company...

“My name is Evgeniya. And I'm from Russia,” smiled she.

“From Russia!” exclaimed Antenor.

Evgeniya with a gesture of her hand invited him to her table.

“You will be the first Russian friend in my life. Until tonight I've never met a girl from Russia. Or anybody from Russia for that matter.”

They both laughed.

The Brazilian asked a young elegant waiter to bring a bottle of good wine. It happened to be a bottle of E. Guigal, Hermitage Blanc 2007. Dry white wine. Antenor said that although Lyon was famous for its Beaujolais and Cotes du Rhone, it was more appropriate in the evening to drink white wine than red. Besides Hermitage Blanc had been a hit of the past few seasons, added Antenor. That was when Golubinskaya said: “I almost expected that you would ask me wine of what country I prefer at this time of day. It's like in the novel...”

“Oh, yes!.. Probably the best Russian novel I read, *Master and Margarita!*” said Antenor, and that completely conquered Evgeniya.

To the wine they ordered something light. And though they both were hungry, they decided not to overeat, preferring salad lyonnaise of lettuce, croutons, fried bacon and poached eggs that you can pierce with a fork, so that the yolk could come out and mix with wine vinegar and olive oil. That was followed by pike quenelles with crayfish sauce that just melt in your mouth. And a

nice dessert with a creepy name *Cervelle de canut*, “Silk worker’s brain” which was in fact a cheese spread made of from age blank, seasoned with chopped herbs, shallots, salt, pepper, olive oil and vinegar. That spicy cheese dessert was quite appropriate for they were not on a romantic date. Yet... After dinner for a while they listened to live music (that evening a pianist very popular in Lyon played in the restaurant), and then went to their rooms. They agreed to have a walk around the city the following day, to have a good view of the old town... Back in her room Golubinskaya thought of new acquaintance: “Quite my type — unobtrusive and generous, intelligent and well versed in the literature and wines. Clearly a successful man: elegant, well-built, good-looking. And I’m sure he is not indifferent to me too. Besides I have to do something with those three days. I’m lucky to have made a pleasant acquaintance. Well, and now on to bed! Sleep! “

After a breakfast at the hotel, Antenor and Evgeniya went for a walk. To say that the oldest city in France was interesting, was to say nothing. The town was just packed with attractions. Suffice it to say that they lived which could easily be on some UNESCO’s list. And the walk turned somewhat romantic. Mutual sympathy between them, in the course of exploring the city strengthened. They visited Lyon Cathedral, *Cathédrale Saint-Jean-Baptiste de Lyon*, the seat of the Archbishop of Lyon, the chief Catholic priest in France. There they admired the unique astronomical clock of the XIV century — one of the oldest in Europe and in the world, and certainly the oldest in France. When exactly at noon automated moving figures started their performance and the clock began to strike, Evgenia could help clapping her hands in excitement like a little girl. As for Antenor he was entranced not by the clock, but by the girl. Holding hands, they walked around this almost a thousand-year-old cathedral from the west side, where on the facade about three hundred medallions of XIV century were exhibited. And when after two o’clock in the afternoon they were allowed

into the cathedral again, they were just stunned by the altar, the oldest part of the temple. Then they wandered through the narrow streets of the old town, where houses with tiled roofs, polygonal towers, galleries and small courtyards create an indescribable atmosphere of coziness and warmth! Corridors going all through the old buildings impressed them immensely! Such corridors are called *traboules*. You enter one of those *traboules* on one same street, and in few minutes you find yourself on another. There are no two *traboules* alike. They are unique. Straight corridors, steps, stairwells, spiral staircases. After wandering through *traboules* Antenor and Evgeniya went to a cozy small restaurant, *bouchon*. And it was about time for they had got pretty hungry. In the restaurant they ordered the famous *andouillettes*, sausages of pork offal minced with herbs, seasoned with mustard sauce, and gorgeous young *Cotes du Rhone*.

“Delicious! Excellent! The meat here is no worse than in my country, and you know that we’re a nation of meat-eaters. And the wine is great. Do you agree?” Antenor’s eyes were shining, he was happy as a child.

“Marvelous!” agreed the girl. And they both thought that this fairy would last only three days. Still, those three days were still ahead... After lunch, they walked along the river Saône, and by the late afternoon they ascend the Fourvière hill, on top of which stands the Basilica of Notre-Dame de Fourvière. The basilica actually consists of two churches the upper sanctuary and the lower one. At the lower sanctuary Evgeniya was astounded by the statue of the Virgin Mary. And she did not even try to hide her admiration at the rich interior of the upper church with its gilded decorations. Antenor was more impressed with the view on the city, which opened from the top of the hill. He was a big fan of grand cityscapes. As in his native Rio. All this abundance of red tiled roofs, and lush greenery could not leave indifferent even a man such a stern profession, as was his. After dark the young

people came to one of the symbols of Lyon — a metal tower, a little reminiscent of the Eiffel Tower in Paris. And rightly so the tower being an almost exact copy of the third level of the Eiffel Tower! With the inspection of the tower they finished their walk and went back to the hotel. Next to the hotel, they found another restaurant, and decided to dine there. Enjoying local dishes, *foie de veau a la lyonnaise*, and another classic Lyon salad, with chicken and greens, they discussed excitedly their today's experiences. And both came to the conclusion that the city was extraordinarily, fabulously beautiful and cozy, that entralls with its ancient charm, and that they would never forget it...

* * *

At the same time, viewing the summary of covert surveillance of the officers of Interpol staying at the Villa Florentine, Edward Schaeffer was glad to see that everything was going according to his plan. The selected employees — a young man and a young woman had spent three days together. Towards the end of the third day their relationships could be called quite close. Finally Evgeniya Golubinskaya spent the night in the room of Antenor Silva. They were practically ready for the next stage of the operation. That was to infiltrate an international mafia structure as lovers from Canada. According to their cover story they both worked in pharmaceutical business in Canada and were involved in the supply of medicines to different countries. Mafia wanting to expand its dirty business simply had to bite.

* * *

It was five past nine. Not too early in the morning. Antenor slid out of the bed, quickly pulled on his jeans, put on a bright light sweater and was about to go to for Eugeniya's room to invite her to breakfast when the phone rang and already familiar female voice told him the most discouraging thing: he

had to go down, where a was waiting for him, a silver Audi. So he would have breakfast somewhere else, as it was urgent. Antenor realized that three days of rest were over, and the work for which he was there was about to begin. However he could not leave without saying goodbye to Evgeniya. He rang at the door of the girl's room and sheepishly stammering — which hadn't happened to him in years — mumbled that a matter of great urgency compelled him to go but he would contact her, of course ... later. With a slightly cynical smile Evgeniya shrugged and closed the door.

The driver of the Audi waiting for Antenor, helped him with his things, offered him to take a back seat, closed the car door and drove off. Dejected, Antenor was asking himself *where? why? what for?* He felt miserable for perhaps he would never see Evgeniya. And she... She's was so wonderful. And it seemed that he took fancy to her rather more than he could have foreseen. Then he noticed that the windows of the car were tinted and that they were going to another part of the city, located on the side of La Croix-Rousse hill. By now Silva knew the city rather well. Fourvière was called "a praying hill", and La Croix Rouse — "a working hill". This, incidentally, says that the city was originally divided into two parts. The one where they prayed, and the other where they worked. Antenor smiled so was going to work. Soon the car pulled up in front of the gate of a small two-storey mansion. Steel-coloured metal gates opened automatically, letting the car in. Apparently they were expected. When they finally stopped, the driver opened the door silently and invited the passenger to get out and follow him. The driver punched in the code, let the guest in and then entered himself.

"I think you should first have breakfast first," he said politely to Antenor. Antenor nodded. They entered a small dining room, where the supreme leader of Interpol was waiting for him Antenor recognized him from the photos he had seen.

“Mr. Secretary-General of Interpol, Police Major Inacio report as ordered,” Schaeffer smiled.

“Hello, Major. You, I’m sure, are starving, so let’s talk over a cup of good coffee. In the meantime, please, welcome to the table!”

Inasui was very surprised when he saw dishes he liked at the hotel’s restaurant: dried pork sausage cooked on a griddle in its own fat, and cream cheese.

When the coffee was served Schaeffer said:

“I had studied your file and came to the conclusion that you are able to cope with the task. In the line of your work you sometimes risked your life, but each time came out of hazardous situations with flying colors. And that’s good. Let me outline the present circumstances in brief. Later you will look into it more thoroughly and then we proceed to the developing of a detailed plan of an operation against international criminal organization, manufacturing and distributing counterfeit drugs. The cover story for you designed with utmost care. It will help you infiltrate the organization in question. According to that cover story you live in Canada, and work in pharmaceutical business. “Intercare” pharmaceutical company was founded in Toronto to confirm it. The company produces drugs and imports them to many countries. Mainly in the Asia-Pacific region. Company registered in your name and in the name of a woman who, according to the cover story, is your companion, and your, let’s say, close friend.”

At this point Inacio interrupted Schaeffer:

“That is my lover, my bride?”

“Exactly. And you’ve met. So I don’t expect any problems here. But this woman does not know about our conversation, she has not been introduced to the case.”

Inacio raised his coal-black eyebrows in surprise:

“And who is she?”

“A police captain from Russia. Her name is... Evgeniya. She is in Interpol too.”

Inacio was just dumbfounded for a moment. His first thought was “So she was playing a role these three days?” And he was ready to blurt it all out in the boss’s face, but ... Schaeffer said mildly:

“God forbid you to think that she was playing some insidious game. She knew nothing, as did you. We designed the situation especially to determine if you could form relationships in an informal setting. Please understand that a lot depends on this. The whole success of the operation, as a matter of fact. Evgeniya still does not know who or what you are. The gravity of the operation, in which you will be involved, is so great that you, I am afraid won’t be able to appreciate it now. On its outcome depend many thousands lives. You and Evgeniya will receive a full package of documents confirming your cover story and then fly to Macau. There you should find a certain Ron Krause, we believe he is there now. He has just sold a haul of counterfeit drugs... worth more than half a billion dollars. Impressive, isn’t it? Well, you will have to sign in the hotel Venetian in Macau. Of course, you should stay in a de luxe suit. It is the largest hotel in the world, by the way. And the largest casino in the world, too. Therefore you’ll have to work under difficult conditions. Later you’ll be introduced to the appearance and biography of Krause. Now, about the money. It is natural that you will have gold and platinum credit cards, but as you understand, you should spend money only when it is necessary. Play in the casino to maintain your cover, and you can lose, but there are limitations — please, remember that. Of course, if you happen to win some money, you can spend it at your discretion ... Any questions?”

“And what about Evgeniya... Has she agreed?”

“As I told you, she does not know the details, so her decision is yet unknown. But do not forget, it is our job. She is here, so she is in. I’ve told you first. Later I’ll talk to her.”

“And if she refuses?”

That would be most unfortunate, but we can find a replacement. There's nothing to worry about. The operation must be carried out no matter what! We are always able to find a suitable person. In each case we prepare several candidates. It is just that Captain Evgeniya is particularly suited for this role for many reasons, and especially for many of her personal qualities. And most importantly, that you've already met."

The Brazilian rubbed his hand across his forehead:

"Yes, it seem that everything I taken care of..."

"Well, we are professionals here."

"I understand."

"Now I'm going to see your friend at the hotel, and you stay here. Start working on the cover story, you'll be provided with all the necessary materials. My personal assistant Matteo — he brought you here — will help you. When I'm gone, you can address your questions only to him, because he is the only person who is aware of all the details of the operation. By the way the operation is called "Rossolimo' opening." Later I'll explain why. And now, my friend, get to work. On how well you know the details of your cover story depends not only the success of the operation, but also your life, as well as Evgeniya's.

* * *

After seeing Antenor, Evgeniya went down to the restaurant for breakfast. There she ate without appetite... Then she returned to her room, and all of a sudden felt such a sharp pang of loneliness that she lay on the sofa and closed her eyes. A foreign country, a foreign city. All alone... But that was work, and the work had to done. But why did she feel so miserable? And what exactly was he going to do? What was the operation for which she traveled so far from home?

"Am I good enough for that?" asked herself Tanya/Evgeniya. She was not allowed to call home, and she didn't feel like

walking around the city on her own. She got up from the couch, turned on the TV. Surfed the news channels — new cases of mass lethal poisonings caused by counterfeited medicines in Latin America.

"What a cannibalistic business!" said the girl with feeling. And at that moment the doorbell rang. Evgeniya opened the door and froze in surprise for a moment. Before her stood Edward Schaeffer! Himself. The legendary leader of Interpol. He stood there in the flesh slightly smiling.

They talked for a couple of hours. Schaeffer said that Evgeniya had been called to Lyon to participate in a special operation under the codename 'Rossolimo's opening'. By the end of the conversation Captain Gurieva knew practically all the particulars of the case, and the secretary-general of Interpol got her firm consent to participate in an undercover operation. From this point on there was no way back.



Chapter IV

The secret is this: people gamble to lose money. They come to the casinos for the moment in which they feel alive, to ride the spinning wheel and turn with the cards and lose themselves, with the coins, in the slots. They want to know they matter. They may brag about the nights they won, the money they took from the casino, but they treasure, secretly treasure, the times they lost. It's a sacrifice, of sorts.

Neil Gaiman,
English-American writer

The Venetian Macao — it is not just a luxury hotel and casino resort. It is a copy of Venice. Albeit in miniature. A whole city under one roof, an intricate complex: hotel and casino, and a variety of shops and boutiques. Here, under the artificial skies a system of canals was built where gondolas float, and the gondoliers sing songs in Italian. Cafes, restaurants and shops are situated on the banks of the canals. And the shops are not just any shops they are brand boutiques specializing in elite and fashionable items of the highest quality, and the prices there are quite appropriate. Squares

of this mini-city are full of songs and music! In short, it is Venice, indeed!

To enter this city within a city one must go through the casino, where there are more than a thousand slot machines, more than eight and a half hundreds gaming tables; the order there is maintained by a numerous vigilant security, consisting not only of men but also of women is. Tall guards, dressed in spotless suits and equipped with modern means of communication watchfully monitor the great hall, filled with buzzing, clinking and clanking of the slot machines, and the hum of human voices. Day and night people come here, and it seems there is no end to this human flood. Oh, how luxuriously decorated is the hall of the casino! And the hotel designed to accommodate three thousand guests is a perfect match for it. In addition, there is a magnificent concert hall for fifteen thousand seats and thirty world-class restaurants. And all this is the Venetian. There is one building in the world that exceeds this huge gambling palace in size; it is 'Boeing' aircraft factory. And by the way, the owner of this gambling empire Sheldon Adelson is the richest Jew in the world, he is worth about forty billion dollars.

It is in this gambling labyrinth, in the maze of bars, restaurants, and shops appeared Jose Ignacio and Tatiana Guriev, who had dropped their temporary names of Antenor Silva and Eevgniya Golubinskaya to take new ones... There, they had to infiltrate the international organized criminal association, producing counterfeit drugs.

Members of this criminal syndicate loved to entertain here, spending their fabulous profits in the Venetian. Billions earned on the death of many people were being lost there. Grand scale, indeed!

According to their cover story they were successful entrepreneurs from Canada Ehsan Klarson and Chloe Koshman. They stayed in one of the suites of the Venetian. For two weeks prior to arrival in Macau Ehsan and Chloe were getting used to their roles a rich people, the owners of the pharmaceutical company "Intercare" and

a couple. They thoroughly studied their new biographies, general points of which could find on the website of the company. But while those essential facts might be known to anybody and sundry Jose and Tanya had to know their stories in full detail backwards and forwards. During the two weeks of training the officers were actually cramming their "past lives", because there could not be insignificant minutiae in an operation like that. Only meticulous toil was to bring positive results. Ehsan and Chloe, of course, had to learn gambling rules. Prior to that, even Ehsan, not to mention Chloe, never went to a casino. They did not know the game of roulette, they had never played slot machines. But to get Ron Krause they had to be experts. And he was the key to other members of the criminal cartel.

There is a saying that you get used to the luxury fast... After two days of stay at the Venetian newly-born 'Canadian entrepreneurs' felt it was true. They ordered expensive meals and drinks at restaurants, they spent a lot of time in the casino. Although they remembered that to lose more than ten thousand dollars at a time was, to put it mildly, not recommended. That was the way their boss had put it.

During their stay at the hotel, they had studied the throng, playing in the casino and visiting the restaurants. The man they were after wasn't there. On the fifth day of their stay in the Venetian Chloe won for the first time, a game of roulette brought her a tidy sum of 16 thousand dollars. That was like some sort of a miracle! She had not expected that. And it was then that a young man, taller than average, with slightly bulging grey eyes, and neat blond hair, came up to her.

"My congratulations, Madam," said a smooth voice behind Chloe.

She turned to the voice. Before her stood the key figure of 'Rossolimo' opening' Ron Krause! Chloe slightly bowed her head in gratitude and said quietly "Thank you, sir"

Still smiling charmingly, Krause with a light stately bow handed her his expensive business card with golden vignettes. Chloe took it: "David Runni" and a phone number.



“Call me David. And — I am a rich man,” articulated he, removing to pocket a gold business card holder. Chloe, following the instructions, gave him her business card, which read: Chloe Koshman. Intercare Pharmaceuticals. Toronto. Phone number, website, e-mail. The man calmly looked at the card and smiled with the corners of his narrow ugly lips: “Pleased to meet you. I would be happy to invite you to dinner.”

Back in the hotel room Ehsan Klarson was so happy Ron Krause, aka David Runni, took the bait that he couldn't thank his partner and sweetheart enough. He hugged her and waltzed her around the room. She was more reserved in her emotions. Gently pulling away, she said: “Who knows what that dinner may bring us. Meeting people is only the first step, you know there are a lot of scenarios of what follows.”

“Of course, I understand, but you must agree that the first move is made and he took the bait. We can go on.”

“Yes. Now this Runni-Krause, apparently, is checking me up. So it should be — he is a serious opponent.”

“Well, your cover is designed by experts...”

* * *

The interior of the restaurant, where Chloe came to the meet with Krause, was astoundingly luxurious, and at the same time showed that the wizards of design created it were people of impeccable taste. “And yet it is too extravagant” thought Chloe. She had to enchant her opponent so that after a couple of days he would feel the need to meet Clarson, as a co-owner of Intercare. On this first step in the opening depended the next move, introducing a new figure into the game; a figure about which neither Chloe nor Ehsan did not know yet...

Krause, who considered himself an expert in feminine beauty, gasped when he saw Chloe entering the room. He nervously fidgeted in his chair, and then jumped up and proudly looking around

(“Look, this woman is dining with *me!*”), went to meet her. At this point, the men in the restaurant really turned their heads in their direction. And, of course, stunned by the blue-eyed natural blonde with a lush mane of golden hair, with just a touch of make-up, with a splendid figure, wrapped in a gorgeous décolleté semi-transparent bright dress. Krause wore a simple black tailored suit befitting the occasion. With a gallantly kiss on the hand, he complimented Chloe’s expensive ring set with a large emerald surrounded by diamonds. Chloe’s face showed no emotion. When they sat down at the table and David said, “You are extremely enchanting”, she just smiled lazily, making it clear that she was used to compliments and knew her worth. David, ogling her cleavage, managed to shift greedy gaze to the ring and said:

“And you have excellent taste, too.

The girl nodded slightly as a sign that the compliment was duly appreciated, but again made it clear that it was nothing new to her. That was the way the dinner went. David was cracking dull jokes and tried to be gallant. Chloe was playing cynical femme fatale blasé with male attention.

After dinner, David offered her a ride a gondola along the canals of the hotel. “Oh, Gee, we are a romantic little thing, aren’t we?” thought Chloe with sarcasm, but said yes. A gondolier of a typically Slavic appearance (apparently, from the Ukraine), but pretty decently speaking English, sang for his passengers one Italian song after another, and at the end of the ride suggested to visit the show “House of Dancing Water.” David turned a deaf ear on that, and instead invited Chloe to the casino. The invitation was accepted ...

Roulette is a universally recognized symbol of the casino. It embodies extravagance, it is exciting and it is simple and that make it the most popular game in the world. The croupier, a Chinese with a pale yellow face, saw a well-dressed couple, and perked up, realizing that tonight the game would be interesting. He just sensed

felt that those two came to play for high stakes. David betted on red 18 and 20.

“I’ll start with one hundred dollars,” he said calmly.

Chloe also said quietly:

“I’ll start with a thousand. Red 5, 7, 12 and 18. Black 20, 25.”

She placed her chips on the black field. The ball stopped: black 18.

“Madam, won! Fifteen hundred dollars. Congratulations!” announced the dealer, pretending that initial success of the customers did not annoy him. There was plenty of time to bamboozle them anyways.

“Ladies and gentlemen, place your bets!”

“Two thousand on red 18 and 20” said David, placing chips in equal parts on the figures.

“A thousand on red 17 and 18, black 2, 7 and 8,” there was a challenging note in Chloe’s voice.

The ball jumped and rolled to the digit two in the black sector.

“Madam, your gain is one thousand six hundred dollars!”

David was nervous:

“Ten thousand dollars on red 1, 2, 3, 4.”

Chloe said quietly:

“I’ll bet you a thousand on the black 9 and 8, and red 11, 12.”

Everyone began to follow the bouncing ball. And again it brought luck to the woman in a bright translucent dress, stopping in the red sector on the figure eleven.

“Ten thousand. Black 5 and 6!” David Runni was almost shouting. “He was venturesome,” noted Chloe for future use.

“A thousand. Red 8 and 11, Black — 17 and 18” said she aloud...



Chapter V

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy!
A counting rhyme

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

In accordance with the plan 'Rosolimo's opening' P and K were introduced into the operation. Location of Ron Krause, suspected of selling counterfeit medicines in Africa, is determined. At the moment Ron Krause lives in Macau at the Venetian Macao hotel under the name of David Runni. "K" managed to gain Krause's trust. In the course of their intercommunication the following weaknesses detected: venturesome gambler, sucker for pretty women, is able to spend large sums of money on them, vain and proud. At the same time discriminating and careful in choosing friends. Takes undisguised interest in K. In view of this withdrawal of P is recommended, under the pretext of return to Toronto for pressing

business matters of Intercare Pharmaceuticals. K should establish closer relationship with Krause in order to identify his contacts in the criminal business.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
11/15/2018

TOP SECRET
In single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

To intensify operation the 'Rossolimo's opening I consider it necessary to urgently introduce an operative to assist K.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
11/17/2018

TOP SECRET
In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

In accordance with 'Rossolimo's Opening' propose a plan of introducing a supporting operative (N) for K.

1. Select an operative among Russian police officers with knowledge of English.
In charge: M.Hirsch. Time of execution: 01/12/2018.
2. Develop a cover story for the operative.
In charge: R.Schaeffer, M.Hirsch. Time of execution: 01/01/2019.

3. Provide additional channels of communication (satellite) for operatives K and N.
In charge: M.Hirsch. Time of execution: 01/01/2019.
4. Set operative P to organize functioning of Intercare Pharmaceuticals in Toronto as a cover-up operation.
In charge: R.Schaeffer, M.Hirsch. Time of execution: January 2019. Artist: Schaeffer, Hirsch. Deadline: January 2019.
5. To ensure further development of 'Rossolimo's opening' allocate additional funds in the amount of 300 thousand dollars.
In charge: R.Schaeffer, M.Hirsch. Time of execution: January 2019
6. In accordance with the development of the operation design an additional plan of operational and search activities.
In charge: M.Hirsch. Time of execution: as the need requires.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
28/11/2018

TOP SECRET
In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

In accordance with the operation plan Police Officer N (Russia) is flying to Las Vegas (Nevada) where a suit is reserved for him at the Venetian hotel in order to ensure his introduction into 'Rossolimo's openi."

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
01/11/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

In accordance with the operation plan 'Rossolimo's opening' operative N successfully introduced into the operation as a major dealer of Intercare Pharmaceuticals in Russia. On the recommendation of the officer Interpol "K" Ron Krause (aka David Runni) became interested in the supply of medicines to Russia.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
15/01/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

In accordance with the plan of the operation, the first batch of counterfeit medicines is sent to Russia via the channel proposed by Intercare Pharmaceuticals. In accordance to the agreement with the Minister of Internal Affairs of Russia, this product will be delivered to a special warehouse, and tested. The haul will be paid for from the special expenditure fund of the Ministry of Internal Affairs of Russia.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
02/03/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

In accordance with the plan of the operation Ron Krause (aka David Runni) prepare a trial batch of counterfeit drugs to be delivered to Russia, in the amount of three (3) million dollars.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
01/20/2019

* * *

Chloe agreed to celebrate the New Year in Las Vegas without a moment's hesitation...

And again, the Venetian only this time in Nevada. Las Vegas is the second most visited city in the USA, after New York. Up to forty million people come here annually. While Paris with its Louvre Museum and other attractions is visited by only about twenty-five millions...

And again casino nights began for Chloe. The ball is spinning, spinning, spinning ... Black. Red. Black. Red... Whirl of faces — dealers, gamblers... Chloe was getting tired of this carousel. More and more often she felt the desire to return home, to her natural environment, to chat with friends, to spend an evening in front of TV with a cup of hot tea. But the ball was still bouncing and the wheel was still spinning — red, black, red, black... David, could

not tear himself from the game, and sometimes seemed to be just crazy. He lost profusely and felt deadly depressed, and then he won and felt manically excited, until the next loss and the next attack of depression and melancholy. Chloe was amazed how could anyone live in such a way. With no other chance to stop this race for the prize, except absolute financial collapse. It seemed that David forgot all about business. Only the game was on his mind. Only the game. But it just seemed so...

* * *

In January and February, after successfully carrying out an operational combination, they managed to smuggle into the territory of Russia — under the full control of the Interior Ministry, of course — the haul of counterfeit pharmaceuticals worth three million dollars. The fact of illicit sale was recorded but nothing more. Hundreds of kilograms of the poison settled in warehouses of the Ministry of the Internal Affairs, but the facility where the deadly stuff was produced was not yet located. Other members of the gang were not found either. Even after Chloe helped Krause/Runni to “organize the sale to Russia”, David did not trust his new girlfriend completely. In late February, it was decided to bring to the operation ‘Rossolimo’s opening’ a new man, a person of outstanding analytical skills. After two weeks of consultations and discussions authors of the operation came to the conclusion that there was no better candidate than Evgeny Aleksandrov, a legendary Grandmaster, the 12th world champion. Of course, Aleksandrov was not introduced into the game not as an field agent. His role in the complex struggle between Interpol and international mafia was in counseling.

By agreement with the Minister of Internal Affairs of Russia Interpol Secretary-General personally flew to Moscow to meet with the great master. It was necessary to get his personal consent to participate in the operation.

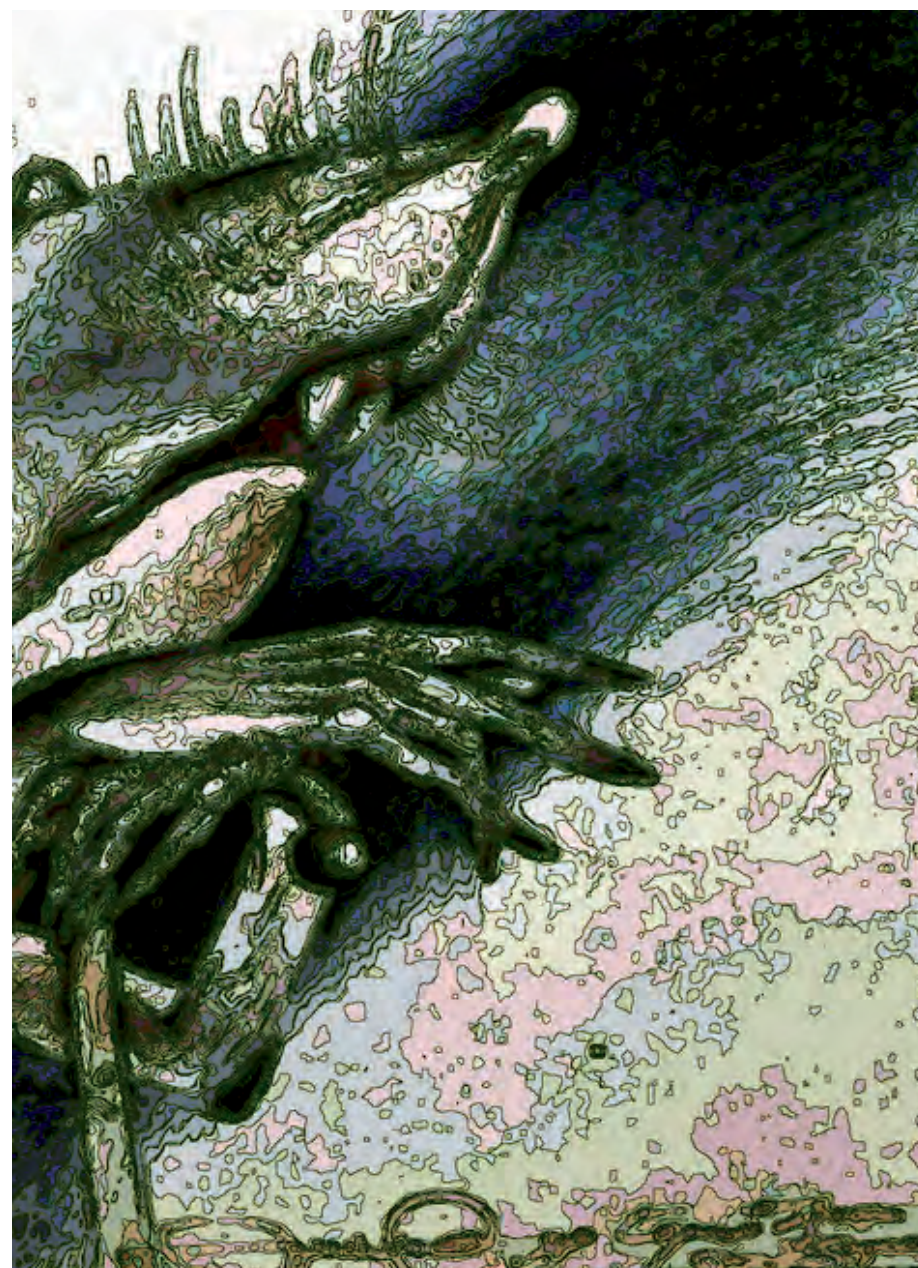
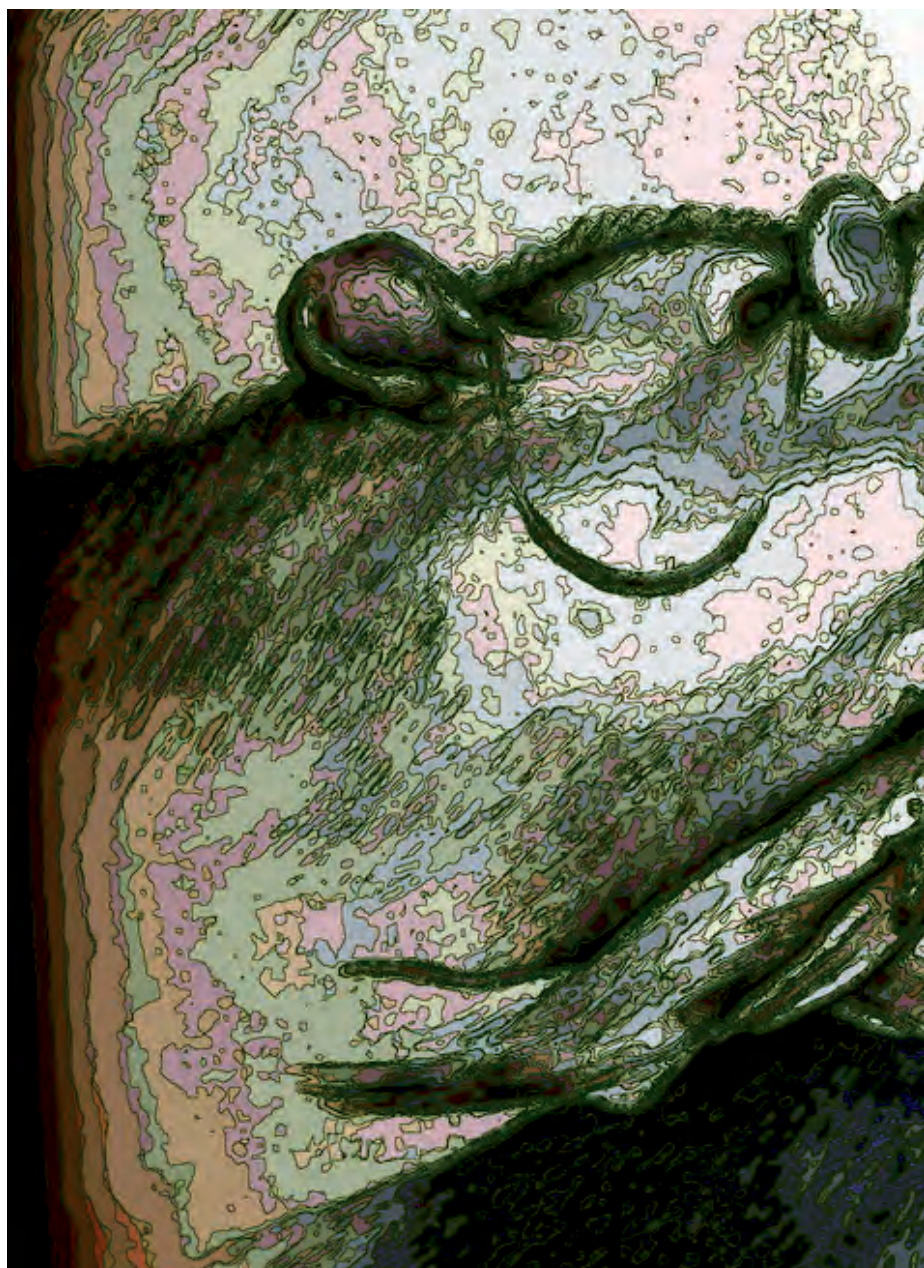
Edward Schaeffer who always seemed to be very calm and restraint felt very nervous before this meeting. And there was a reason: his interlocutor was not just an intellectual with extraordinary abilities, he had been one of the world biggest stars. Besides, Grandmaster was a member of the Russian parliament, and that somehow could affect the results. On the recommendation of the colonel of the Russian police Goncharov, the meeting took place in the office of the International Association of Peace Foundations, the famous former Soviet Peace Fund, where GM had been President for many years, since 1982! Even though this post was in essence formal, an honorary office, nevertheless...

Schaeffer prepared thoroughly for the conversation. He not only studied in detail Alerandrov’s biography, but with the help of Goncharov, an ardent admirer and brilliant expert in chess, analyzed thoroughly all Alersandrov’s famous chess games, realizing, however, that in their conversation emphasis should be put on his activities as the president of the International Association of Peace Foundations. This organization by its nature should stand on the side of those who died from fake drugs and alcohol.

When the Secretary-General of Interpol appeared in the doorway of his office the grand master raised his desk, smiled at and shook his hand.

“Tea? Coffee?” asked he.

“I’d rather have a cup of coffee,” Shaffer smiled into his mustache. Deputy’s assistant present at that nodded and left. For fifteen minutes Aleksandrov was telling Schaeffer about the Association, showed him some photos from its last forum in Amsterdam. Schaeffer listened attentively, asked some questions, and gradually turned the conversation in the right direction. He asked what kind of assistance the Association was ready to provide in the fight against counterfeit goods, namely pharmaceuticals? Aleksandrov, already knew a lot about this world problem from Colonel Goncharov, he said that he was ready to do everything possible to help in the fight against this



scourge. Schaeffer gave him a respectfully look and thanked him for understanding. Then he changed the subject and moved on to the grand master's favorite field — chess. The conversation went in a different way. The man who for more than three decades, had been one of the ten best players in the world, surpassing in the number of victories in international matches all his colleagues in the world, was a symbol of Soviet sport, one of its brand names, now spoke about the situation in chess with a sore heart:

“It is the same story as with other sports in Russia. Destroying multy-level Soviet system of selection of talented children was easy. But restoring it will take a lot of hard and painful work. Especially since the current leadership of FIDE let matters drift, and infected many national committees with its torpidity . I believe something has to be done, so I designed a program for teaching children the game of chess in schools. At the moment I work with more than a hundred schools in Russia. Chess comes to schools everywhere in the world. The first countries where chess was included in school programs were Spain and Sweden. There parliaments issued special decisions on the matter. But, unfortunately, it's a drop in the ocean! And besides, dramatic changes occurred to the players in all the world due to the influence of computers. Just imagine: today most of GMs do not even have a higher education! In the old days such one-sided development was out of question. Judge for yourself, Capablanca was a distinguished diplomat and a good writer. Botvinnik — Doctor of Technical Sciences, Lasker — Ph.D., Alekhine — a lawyer and, by the way, even a detective. Moreover, like Capablanca, he possessed the mastery of the pen. Steinitz too was an able writer...”

Aleksandrov suddenly stopped, and smiled:

“I guess, I have exhausted your patience with my jeremiad...”

“Oh, I see eye to eye with you. I'm listening carefully and with pleasure. I'm interested. Not every day one meets with a great grandmaster.”

Grandmaster smiled again.

“Thank you for your kind words... You know, the current leadership of FIDE has made a lot of errors in administration, took many foolhardy steps. And what about the mess with the calendar of games, constant changes in the rules of chess matches! Just recently I learned that FIDE is going to sell its commercial rights to some private company. If this happens, the federation would be an empty shell with an annual budget of one hundred thousand dollars. It seems that the current head of FIDE has prepared a nice cozy place where he can retreat to, if need be. What more can be said? Once powerful Federation is being destroyed before our very eyes.”

“Tell me,” asked Schaeffer, can Interpol do something to help?”

“Do you think, it's possible?”

“Of course. Together with the Russian Interior Ministry we can stop this lawlessness. Tomorrow I am meeting with the minister. I can raise the question. But I have to ask something in return, if you don't mind. Currently Interpol is conducting a large-scale operation to eliminate the international mafia, engaged in manufacturing and sale of counterfeit drugs...”

* * *

After that conversation with Schaeffer GM could not refuse the proposal of the Secretary-Generall. Aleksandrov's intellect, his talent, his remarkable ability to predict the opponent's moves could be very useful. And the purpose was really noble.

After the meeting he decided to return to the State Duma by taxi. The taxi driver, a young man with a scar on his face, began to talk about politics; his ignorance in the subject was almost complete. But the topic was too juicy to deny himself a pleasure of wagging the tongue. It was absolutely clear to him that the Duma was a swarm of fools and parasites, who did nothing for the sake of people.

“They are looking for trouble, people will kick over the traces” vaticinated the driver drowning the noise of the motor.

Aleksandrov kept silent, hardly listening to this wiseacre. In his opinion the political and economic situation in the country was catastrophic, to put it in chess terms the middlegame was ending and the endgame was approaching. Time trouble was near. Economy was becoming increasingly commodity-based. There were no laws necessary for the development of small and medium-sized businesses. It looked that there was understanding of the situation but no effective measures were taken! State funds allocated for the industrial development ended up in private banks, and were immediately transferred to offshore companies. There was no such thing as equal opportunities in new Russia. And it didn't help the cause of development and modernization. Education and medical care were deteriorating.

The driver continued his soliloquy about corrupt officials and thieves in all levels of government. Aleksandrov meanwhile was deep in his thought: "Everybody understands that Russia needs a different concept of development. We cannot rely solely on oil and gas resources any more. But does the government possess enough willpower for the decisive correction of errors? Or once again it will limit itself to petty hole-darning? The problem is that the government is not clear on who would support it. More than a half of the population believes that the country is in stagnation, that the "tyranny of corruption" is strengthening. And that is the result of power being for too long in the hands of one elite group which leading the country into the fog..."

"We're here. It's five hundred rubles," heard he the driver's voice. Taxi Russian style: no meter, no check. "So many acts regulating this business issued and there you are" — thought Aleksandrov getting out of the car.

* * *

Black, red, black, red ...

"Ladies and gentlemen, place your bets!"

Chloe wore a creamy dress with an interesting drapery. And a jewelry set: a pendant and earrings in the shape of lion muzzles,

Cartier. She looked a million dollars. But she felt depressed and for a long time now — it was psychologically difficult, almost unbearable to be around a person involved in dirty business. But it was her job. In the five months that she had spent with Krause/Runni, she could not obtain any new information... After a number of deals with 'customers in Russia', he trusted her more, but did not introduce her to any of his accomplices. When it came to talking business he was a master of elusiveness. Chloe was in despair. Apparently, something had to be changed in the course of the operation; she could not cope with the task. Her nerves were on edge. One day when they were playing in a casino in Vegas a couple approached them. The man was in his fifties and wore a simple dark suit. The woman was no older than thirty. She wore a brilliant frock of light tones, which made her look rather plump and brown high-heeled which did not agree with it (noted Chloe to herself).

"Oh, David, I'm so glad to see you! I came here specifically to talk to you. And I must tell you, it's an urgent matter", the man said.

David replied coldly:

"I did not expect to see you here. Join the game, perhaps, you're lucky today."

"I am sorry, but I need to talk to you, and I will not play."

"Well, Sean... As soon as I'm finished, we'll talk. Where shall we meet?"

"Come to my room, I will order a light dinner for us", he held out a piece of paper a number.

"I'll be there in half an hour" said David agreed, and added. "With this lady. She is my partner."

"Great! Incidentally, I am here with a lady too. Hey, Lada, meet my old buddy and his friend" said he to his companion.

"Chloe", said Chloe Koshman shaking hands. For some reason trembled internally, even though outwardly she was indifferent, and absolutely absorbed in the game...

* * *

The suit of their new acquaintances was extremely luxurious. Huge bedrooms, a living room, where there was served for dinner table. The suite where Chloe and David stayed shone with luxury too, but not to that extent. Here everything was for the elite, for the people with unlimited recourses. And what did it matter where the money came from! They were there and that's that! Chloe dropped in the bathroom, and was just stunned with it's size and interior design. A small pool and whirlpool tub, all in white and black marble, glittering mirrors, shining gilt, fluffy carpets on the floor, in their long pile your foot literally sunk! In short, it was expensive, it was extravagant.

Lada in her sparkling dress was sitting at the table served in tune with the luxury of the setting.

"Frankly, darling, I'm not hungry" said she turned to Sean, took a glass of wine and went over to an armchair.

"Suit yourself, darling" answered the man. "And we'll, perhaps, have a bite."

He poured wine for Chloe, and brandy for himself and David.

Chloe understood it was a test. A representative of the groups involved in counterfeiting pharmaceuticals arrived to check on the woman who arranged two deals in Russia. And make sure to working with her was at least safe. Chloe was under scrutiny. It was her exam. And there would be no chance of a resit. At best, the operation would be curtailed. In the worst case, she would die. And although introduction to Sean for Interpol and Chloe was a victory, now it did not matter. A young employee of an international police force, who actually was not a Chloe at all, but just a nice girl Tanya from the distant city of Vladivostok, was aware of that. And the fact that Sean in the hierarchy of the syndicate was a step above David, was quite obvious too...

Sean made sip of brandy and was about to proceed to the matter that had brought him to Vegas. But then Lada came up, sat beside

him,, put her head on his shoulder and began to stroke his hand playfully, purring in a small voice:

"Honey, when you start to talk about business, I get bored."

She gave Chloe an appraising glance. Sean smiled to Lada, kissed her neck and continued the conversation:

"David, the people above" he raised his eyes up significantly are not very happy with you and your work. You know that Interpol is hunting for you? You know... The situation is serious, and you're going on a bat, you're playing ducks and drakes... Surely it's your money, you earned it. But that is not the point. Flashing such sums in casinos you can get on the radar. It is very risky. You are on their "wanted" list, for God's sake! You can change your name of course, but what about the appearance? Are you going change it too? The organization is concerned about your behavior — you can let everyone down. You have to lay low, hide yourself on some islands. But first we have to make a deal for three hundred million. We need deliver a large shipment to Angola. Guys upstairs believe that it is time to this country and its high-handed president their place. It is decided at the highest level to change the government in Luanda. However, this is not your problem — just know about it. And we have people who specialize in this kind of work..."

Chloe felt a chill ran through her body. It turned out that the organization had enough power to take care of those who opposed the spread of poisonous medicines. Even if they were high-ranking authorities!

Meanwhile, Sean continued:

"You'll get the money, and instructions concerning Angola, but if you fail, I'd hate to be in your place"

Beads of sweat appeared on David's forehead at those words. A grim smile curved Sean's lips; he gave David a napkin:

"And you thought, will spent the rest of your life happily losing millions at a gambling table? That no the way the world works. Or should I remind you how our business started?"

“No”, said David listlessly.

“But I will anyway. Let me remind you, that I picked you up in Poland without a single zloty in your pocket. You were a street pusher. Boofing shit stooging for a local drug baron. Deep in the hole. In hock to all and sundry. All around. I vouched for you then before the local branch of the organization. And, to tell you the truth then you were worth it — you were still hungry. And now, I’m sorry, my friend, you are spoiled. And I won’t hesitate a moment to pass into the hands of our security service, if need be.”

“No, Sean, I want to live,” David stammered.

“Commendable desire, but then you must work hard. You were lucky to meet Chloe, or you would’ve been dead for a long time now. She stood the test and is admitted into our organization as of today.”

Sean turned to Chloe:

“Congratulations, baby. Now you are our partner. I believe it’s okay with you” he winked at her coldly.

Chloe quietly looked into his eyes, smiled as coldly and nodded in agreement. David nervously chewed gum his jaws frantically moving. Sean winced.

“Drop it, you look disgusting. Like a calf ... Dave! Just recently you were one of the best in the organization, and now slipped to hell! Your behavior has become a threat to us all. But you won’t be allowed to lead such a life for long. I think you’ve already made the right conclusions from our conversation. And now let’s all relax and have a drink...”

Lada stroked her patron on the head:

“I hate it when you’re like this, you become so nasty.”

Sean kissed her on the lips:

“That’s work, baby. You have to be tough if you want to get results, otherwise you’d be trampled.”

Chapter VI

*Sheets of tin nailed to posts
Driven in the ground
Make up the house.*

*Some rags complete
The intimate landscape.
The sun slanting through cracks
Welcomes the owner.*

After twelve hours of slave labour.

*Breaking rock!
Shifting rock!
Breaking rock!
Shifting rock!
Fair weather!
Wet weather!
Breaking rock!
Shifting rock!*

*Old age comes early.
A mat on dark nights
Is enough when he dies.
Gratefully
Of hunger...*

António Agostinho Neto,
Poet, first President of Angola

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

In accordance with the operation plan "Rossolimo's opening" a haul of authentic painkillers prepared for shipment to Angola instead of counterfeit medicines. The shipment \$ 300 million will be sent to Africa in the nearest future. Sending of the medicines will strengthen confidence in our operative on the part of the organization. It is time to actuate the consultant under the codename of Grandmaster.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
12/02/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

In accordance with the plan an operative K contacted Grand Master of the Interpol "K, Grandmaster will consult K directly through a secure order wire , helping to chose precise and correct strategy of the game, and to avoid mistakes, not only at the stage of opening but and during the entire game.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
02/28/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

In accordance with the plan of "Rossolimo's opening" the large consignment of counterfeit medicines intended to be sent to Angola in order to document the criminal activities of international criminal groups intercepted and destroyed completely at one of the bases of French Armed Forces. According to experts, that helped to save the lives of tens of thousands of people.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
1/03/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

Within the framework of the operation 'Rossolimo's Opening' In connection with the information about the planned attempt on the president of the Republic of Angola Angoyasha Zhonesa Holden urgently needed the following:

1. Provide all available information about the impending attack on President to the Minister of Internal Affairs of Angola, Kundi Pitre Neto.

Executor: M.Hirsch. Time of execution: immediately.

2. Permanent Representative of Angola to the United Nations Jose Martinez with Interpol to prepare all the materials on the activities of international mafia in the production and sale of counterfeit goods on the territory of Angola to the report of the Secretary-General of the UN to prevent the spread of counterfeit drugs into the territory of other countries in Africa.

3. Take all necessary operational and investigative measures to identify all members of the international organization involved in production and distribution of counterfeit medicines.

Executor: M.Hirsch, R Shaeffer Time of execution: continuously.

4. In accordance with the "Rossolimo's Opening" explore the possibility of additional funding for operations.

Executor: Schaeffer. Time of execution: March 2019.

5. Prepare a further plan of operational and investigative activities.

Executor: Schaeffer, Hirsch. Time of execution: on completion.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
02/03/2019

* * *

Fisher vs Rossolimo, French Defence, McCutcheon variation, often leads to situation where White to obtain advantage have to give up castling. After a few small errors in the opening on both parts Rossolimo seems to attain balance. It seems that he is about to rush into a counterattack on the vulnerable white king, though his own is also stuck in the center. After the thirteenth move to f5 it is unclear who will attack first. To keep the eluding initiative, Fisher finds two elegant moves (seventeenth c5 and nineteenth g1), and yet he is constantly in tension, he strikes and evades his opponent's strikes. Thus the result of the game is not clear until the very last move...

Getting to the heart of the matter analyzing the situation Aleksandrov understood that the game would be long and the outcome was unclear. If it would developed in the game Rossolimo vs. Fischer at the U. S. Championship in 1965 did the fight would be tough, and perhaps losses on the both sides would be tremendous. Grandmaster was introduced to the game at the end of the opening; Interpol had already made the right moves, but from now on it was up to him, a

chess genius, to choose the course of the game. He had no right for mistake: the figures were at places, the opening was over...

* * *

Everyone can fall into a trap, but not everyone can get out. Some helplessly grasp at straws, others seek solace in love, and yet others resort to the help of friends. Then again, traps differ...

President of Angola, a large black man with frank look in the eyes, took the information about the attempt on his life seriously. He knew perfectly well that was on the warpath with the international mafia. Angoyash felt the support not only from Interpol, but from his people. It gave him the strength to fight. But now he was in a trap and some cold hostile eyes watched his every move. Some of his closest associates sold their souls to mafia and, greedy for gain, were ready to kill their own compatriots with counterfeit medicines.

The task of the President is to protect the people. And he was ready to perform this task. Many of those who loved their country were willing to help him to get out of the trap and save the people of Angola. This was encouraging. And the head of state decided not to hide, but to work as usual. The information about the attempt on his life was simply the signal for him and for his security to redouble their vigilance.

Exactly three days after the information was received Angoyash Jones Holdenu, president of Angola, called a regular meeting of the government, one of the items on its agenda strengthening of the fight against counterfeit goods, and especially counterfeit medicines supplied to the country from Europe and Asia. The main speaker was the Minister of Health Jose Mario Diaz Van Dunem. In his speech in no uncertain terms he required to introduce the state of emergency, and to bear down on the criminals participating in distribution of the dangerous pharmaceuticals with all the might of the law in order to protect people from counterfeit. The President listened attentively to the Minister, but could not refrain from wondering who in his entourage had sentenced him to death. "Who? Minister of Defence? But we are close with him for

years, I know his family. Minister of Economy? He's also been working with me for a long time, it was me who offered him the office, and he is a great specialist, an able manager. First of all he is a decent person... Minister of Foreign Affairs? He will never betray his people. He is a patriot and he always defends the interests of Africa at all international meetings and forums. No, no, no ... Neither it can be Neto, Minister of the Interior; he informed of the impending assassination attempt. He is an old friend, he is of the family of freedom fighters, a relative of our great Agostinho Neto, a poet and a freedom fighter! It's definitely not him... The Minister of Agriculture and Development Alfonso Baptista... Him I don't know that well. Prime Minister recommended him to me, but... It is necessary to look closer into his biography Baptista... Who else? Minister of Culture? That's ridiculous... This woman definitely cannot be my enemy. She has neither time nor the reason for such an intrigue. She was looking for sponsors for the development of traditional crafts day and night. That's not her. Minister of Education? I trust him, even though he is not that good at his job. And by nature, he is not that temerarious not that determined; I would even say that he is a bit of a coward, organically strange to adventures. Plus that is just not in the sphere of his interests, even if he'd been corrupt. Minister of Energy and Water? Minister for the Environment? No way. They are close friends, and they owe their positions to me. Betrayal is out of question for them." The President continued to run over the list of members of the government and administration in his mind. Somebody did betray him and the people of Angola. Maybe someone in his administration? Angoyash Jones Holdenu looked at the head of the administration Manuel Borges. A middle-aged officer caught president's glance and nodded at him, letting him know that he agrees with the speaker. "An old friend and colleague ... If he betrays me, I will not be able to go on living. No assassination will be necessary. I will just die to the delight of the enemies of our country, " thought the president. But there was someone in his environment, who was working against the president, against the people ... Who ?!

* * *

TOP SECRET

In a single copy

To Secretary-General of Interpol

Edward Schaeffer

As a result of the operational combination in the Republic of Angola a member of an organized criminal group for the import and sale of counterfeit drugs to the Congo and other countries in Africa was identified in the government of the country. It is the Minister of Trade and Tourism Almeida Bembe. On this basis I suggest to take the following steps in collaboration with the Ministry of Internal Affairs and Security Service of Angola:

1. Wiring of all phones of Minister of Trade and Tourism Almeida Bembe.

Executor: R Shaeffer Time of execution: March-July 2019.

2. Keep a 24-hour secret surveillance on the subject.

Executor: R Shaeffer, Ministry of Internal Affairs of Angola.

Time of execution: March-July 2019.

3. Conduct a Code 1 procedure wiretapping of the subject's office.

Executor: Schaeffer, Ministry of Internal Affairs of Angola. Time of execution: March-July 2019.

4. In determining criminal connections in the governmental structures operational and search activities should be conducted in order to prevent criminal activities in the country.

Executor: Schaeffer. Time of execution: March-July 2019.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol

14/03/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy

To Secretary-General of Interpol

During the operational-search activities in the Republic of Angola in collaboration with the Ministry of Internal Affairs and Security Service of the country we were able to prevent an attack on the president Angoyash Jones Holdenu. The killer, arrived from Turkey, was neutralized on the preparation stage for the assassination. Currently, his relation to international criminal groups involved in the manufacture and sale of counterfeit medicines are being investigated. According to operational data, it became known that in the operation of the assassination of the President of Angola involved not a single person but a group of people arrived to the country.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
28/03/2019

* * *

For the killer alias Cain it was the first trip to Africa. He arrived to the Democratic Republic of the Congo. To its capital Kinshasa. There was another Congo with Brazzaville as the capital. But he happened to come to Kinshasa. Which was not a big deal anyway for Brazzaville was within spitting distance. Those two capitals were unique in the way that they were situated on the banks of the same river just opposite each other. Huge deep river, which was also called the Congo. Or Zaire. It turned out that even in the nineteenth century predatory Western powers, proud France and “modest” Belgium, divided vast areas on both sides of the equator into zones of interest; the upper reaches of the river Zaire — the second largest in Africa after the Nile, it should noted — was chosen as the line

of demarcation. France got the land west of the river; and a small, even by European standards Belgium seized a land hundreds times the size of this tiny kingdom, which, by the way, in those days just recently gained its independence. In Africa Belgians who had desperately fought for their own freedom showed themselves as perhaps the most brutal colonialists. Suffice it to say that even after the Democratic Republic of Congo gained independence, they did everything to preserve their power and their presence in the country. And the city of Kinshasa for a long time after independence was proclaimed the city of Kinshasa was called Leopoldville, in honor of the Belgian monarch Leopold II. It ended ugly. The descendants of Eulenspiegel, the national hero of Belgium, and their henchman, a black fascist Tshombe, brutally tortured and killed universally popular Prime Minister of Congo, an ardent patriot, Patrice Lumumba, but that led them to wreck — under the pressure of international public opinion and due to the fierce resistance of the local population, they had to get out of the country. And in the south, grateful residents of the province of Katanga founded a city called Lubumbashi... The name of the African intellectual was immortalized not only at home. He was particularly loved it in the USSR. A street was named after the poor Prime Minister in Cain's native town; and in Moscow still operates Patrice Lumumba Peoples' Friendship University. There was of course, a lot of propaganda in it — after all, group the Soviet state anyone who went against its ideological opponents, seemed to be “a friend, comrade and brother”, even a cannibal dictator, and later an emperor, Bokassa who seized power in the Central African Republic and turn it into an empire, one of most horrific dictatorships of the twentieth century.

Kinshasa was very interesting city, but Cain did not stay there long. The very next day he flew south to Luanda, the capital of the Republic of Angola. In his African trip, as well as in any other, he to fouled the trail. But Cain liked perhaps even better, despite the fact that it was the most expensive city in the world, the capital of Angola,

in this respect left behind Tokyo and Moscow. Despite his terrible profession, Cain was a great connoisseur of the surrounding beauty. And he could not help but pay attention to the unusual, diverse styles of architecture in Luanda; its buildings vividly displayed multiple elements of traditional local culture — authentic patterns, outlines of combat and shamanic masks, animal silhouettes. Built of stone, clay, wood, many houses bore the imprint of the so-called colonial style, which had its roots in the Portuguese rule. It was a characteristic feature of the conquerors from the Iberian Peninsula: Cain knew that Spaniards the neighbors of the Portuguese also loved to build up the capitals of their colonies with the buildings, resembling those they were used to see in their distant homeland. In Cuba, the Philippines, and Brazil he saw enough proof of that...

In accordance with his instructions Cain stayed in the hotel Presidente Luanda, which by the way did not resemble an old mansion of a Portuguese colonial official. The hit man was to receive the order on his arrival in the capital of Angola. According to the contract, the customer had to provide him, undoubtedly the killer of the highest class, with all the necessary information about the target. April 13 at 15.30 in the church of the Carmelites he would be given a package, containing information on the movements of the target and the place where the iron was stored. In the cab on his way to the hotel Cain looked closely at the cityscape, and noted that the conditions would help him to execute the order more or less efficiently, and that there shouldn't be any problem disappearing in this three-million city. The hotel, where he had to stay suited him alright. An ordinary room. Ordinary staff. Ordinary everything. Well, he had not come here to rest, he was on the job. And the money was good. Abnormally good money. Slightly tired after several flights, Cain took a shower, and then stretched out on a huge double bed. He closed his eyes and plunged into going over the ground to the hum of the air conditioning. "We have been here two, — he mused. — The first is a dummy — Fool, consumables, and I, as usual, most of

the work to be done and survive. Nothing new — all the usual plan. Another soul gone to the hereafter ... How much have them on my account? However, nonsense — do not remember them. I get orders from all over the world. A gift that I'm a professional. Now here's an African order to execute. And execute. "

He opened his eyes, powerfully stretched himself, vigorously got out of bed, and picked up the TV remote. Switched on one of the channels. He did not know Portuguese, the official language of Angola, but judging by the picture it was a program about the problems of Africa. And the problems of Africa were famine and disease. Scary to think, but on the continent people were still dying from malnutrition. In the XXI century! But in no smaller numbers people there died of diseases and illnesses quite treatable. This was unacceptable! Seeing the footage horrific in its reality Cain felt a pang of resentment. Well, he was a hit man, and from time to time he took lives of those who deserved it, but that those hundreds of thousands of innocent Africans! Then he straightened himself — a man of his profession should not be sentimental. "Perhaps, I'm getting old, he thought. Soon I will have to retire ... Yeah. Very soon. "He changed the channel. And found himself in a completely different world. It was a broadcast from Las Vegas. The opening of the new casino. Luxurious life of the rich and fat! Wincing as if he had a toothache, Cain thought, "Indeed the fat ox in the stall gives no thought to the hungry as they pass by... Some have money to burn, others don't have money to buy food. That's reality for you."

He decided to walk around the city. Took a shower, got dressed and went out of the hotel. At once he hit sultry space of evening streets of Luanda —the climate of the city is anomalously dry climate, despite the fact it is situated on the seashore, the reason for that is the influence of the cold Benguela Current. Walking along the downtown streets paved with mosaic tiles, Cain thought: "Like in Lisbon... Which is natural it is the former Portuguese colony. The Portuguese founded Luanda over five hundred years ago." Then he

remembered his work in Portugal, where his target was a Russian oligarch — that rat fled to Europe with heaps of money, but his former partners located him and sentenced to death. Cain earned a lot of dough then...

Going by the map he reached the church of the Carmelites, marked the time it took to get to point of rendez-vous for tomorrow. He did not enter the church, but went instead into the Jesuit church standing next to it, Madonna Nazarene. It was an old church, built in the second half of the XVII century. Cain, being a professional killer, a hit man with years and years of experience, was in fact a deeply and devoutly religious man! He believed in the divinity of Jesus Christ. He believed and he prayed! He does not consider himself a member of any specific Christian denomination, he found it too hard to understand the intricacies of the principle of faith. He just had a faith in Christ, and that was that. And now, having bought a candle he lit it and began to pray, asking forgiveness for his sins, his way of life, which had been forced on him by his craft. What was it? Remorse? Hypocrisy? Fear of retribution? Of course, Cain tried to justify himself by saying that he was just a hired help of the true killers of those who gave him orders. It was them who wished death of their relatives, friends, colleagues, fellow citizens.

And he remembered ... Four years ago ... Kiev filled with malodorous smoke, lit with crimson flames of fires. Kiev burnt with Maidan... Kiev, Mother of Russian cities... That chilly winter Cain was not going to work. Back in the fall he executed a lucrative order — another presumptuous oligarch. He remitted a large sum to his relatives, and put the other half in his Swiss bank account. Then he was going to lie down a bit in February, to relax, to hang out with girls to get his blood moving. Suddenly felt that he was growing old, not physically, of course. But he realized that he lacked little joys of life in his youth. Joys of life, far from it!.. But all his plans were interrupted with a phone call from his contact: he had to go on a new mission, to Kiev. To refuse and to ask questions was utterly ill advised.

Perhaps, the first time after Afghanistan he was to work in a group. There were more than twenty of them. Everyone was given special uniform, special equipment and special weapons. Cain did not socialize with his new partners. At all. They, too, have shown little thirst for communication — which was good. One February evening they were taken to the center of the Ukrainian rebellion in order to turn it from being senseless into being merciless. There they were led, with the consent of one of the leaders of the riots, to the building of the conservatory which oversaw the city's central square. They ascended to the roof. From there they shot. Indiscriminately. At just anybody. Precisely. To kill. Cain did not ask whom and why? Who is the customer? What wrong did those people in the square, who were just told to go out and protest? For him, it was just an order. Just another job. All he knew was: Inhale! Exhale! Inhale! Exhale! Shoot! But the first thing he did after the Kiev trip was to go to church... He sincerely believed that it would help.

“Forgive me, Lord, and have mercy on me! I am only a trigger that cocked by the real killers. But I don't deny my guilt, my sin. I am guilty, I am a sinner so I ask, Lord, for forgiveness, for clemency in the future for me...”

But after a couple of months, he came to his senses. It's just a job, just a job. : Inhale! Exhale! Inhale! Exhale! ...

Here and now, Cain came out of the church, strolled along the waterfront, dined into the first restaurant that came across — a rather inexpensive restaurant by Luanda's standards — and returned to the hotel. In the years of his difficult work Cain had taught himself a rigid discipline: sleep — at least eight hours, contrast shower before going to bed; five-kilometer morning run if possible, and where there was a pool, an hour-long daily swim. In addition, a mandatory physical training program consisted of push-ups, sit-ups, stretching and a specially designed set of exercises from martial arts and hatha yoga. Maybe that's why the killer was at a peak physical form for a man his age.

Cain also improved his skills on the part of the psychological preparation: self-control in any situation and, if necessary, to get rid of all the memories. All this allowed him to stay in top shape for many years.

Special relationships he had with women. He did not allow himself to fall in love and get attached. He needed a woman only as a source of sexual release, nothing more. He bought women. As a commodity. Having a lot of money, he bought expensive women.

The philosophy of his life did not end on a strict pragmatism. Cain, being a professional in his bloody craft, despised death. He had his own theory on this issue. He called her by analogy with the known scientific hypothesis “the string theory.” Human life, according to Cain, was a taut string, which could break at any moment. It could break because of his, Cain’s, shot. The man was a string, his deeds were its vibrations. There were long and murky vibrations, as well as short, but bright. Each string emitted its own unique sounds. And he was a string too, but a very peculiar string meant to tear other strings, to silence them forever. He knew and understood death. But not as a gravedigger of “Hamlet.” He was superior to them, he felt almost a god. Even with all his religiosity. Especially because of it.

Being now in Africa, he did not breach his rules. He took a contrast shower after his night out, went to bed and fell asleep immediately. He had to be in shape, he had to do his job, otherwise death would come to him. He did not want that. Dying was for others. Not for him.

* * *

“Hell is empty and all the devils are here... It’s not me, it’s Shakespeare, but, you know, I think I am ready to agree” so Edward Schaeffer began his conversation with Matteo Hirsch, concerning “Rossolimo’s Opening”. However, I would say that at this stage the results we achieved are quite fine. The main thing is that our Russian girl did a considerable progress she is already trusted, judging by her reports. Our current success by the most part must

credited to her. Today, we know that in Angola counterfeit products went through the Minister of Trade and Tourism Almeida Bemba. It turned out that in the organization he is in charge of the African continent — what a bastard! Special operations we found the links through which he directed the activities of the syndicate in Algeria, Burundi, Gambia, Guinea, Zambia, Congo, Chad, Uganda and, Tunisia. We can assume that he works in poorer countries — Liberia, Guinea-Bissau, Mozambique, Sierra Leone as well. In other words, they control virtually the entire continent. But don’t know the most important thing — we do not know where the counterfeit products are produced. They are shipped through Poland, that much we do know, but where is their production base? More work is needed in this direction, and we must find all other members of the organization. Also, we must not allow the death of the president of Angola. In this fight, he is our ally, unlike many other African leaders. At this point, we must identify the second killer, who arrived to neutralize the President. Besides, we don’t know how the organization supplies counterfeit medicines to the countries of Latin America and Southeast Asia. No success on this front yet. Mafia is ahead of us. So, all of this information should be sent to Grandmaster through the secure channel, let him analyze and work out some recommendations for further development of “Rossolimo’s Opening”

* * *

The weather in Luanda changed for the worse if a light drizzle in that dry city could be called bad weather. Before entering the church of the Carmelites, where there was a meeting scheduled with the emissary of the customers who had to hand over the envelope with the necessary information, Cain left the umbrella and went in shaking off the small raindrops. Tourists wandered around, gazing at the relics of the XVII century. On one of the benches sat the church staff. According to the instructions, Cain got to a bench in the

penultimate row — the third seat to the right. Literally in a minute a white male of average set in the garb of a Catholic priest with a detached expression on her face sat on the first seat. He put his hands to his face, said a little prayer, then with a slight imperceptible movement pulled a package from his robe and put it on the second seat, between him and Cain. He then put his hands to his face again, whispered a prayer, stood up and headed for the exit. Never before instructions were passed through a priest noted Cain. Though, of course, that was no priest at all, just a messenger wearing a costume, a mere masquerade. Slightly grinning, Cain took the package with his left hand and put it in a small bag, bought a few years ago in London, where he had been on a job. Having mingled with a group of tourists from Germany, he came out of the temple. He was slightly hungry so he decided to go to a small restaurant, he wanted a cold beer and something to chew on. He had felt some tension before the meeting, and it was necessary to relax. He knew that accepting the order is one of the crucial moments in his work. Many of his colleagues “burned” at that stage. Often it takes place under the control of the security services, and then, no matter how good you are, you are done. That was what happened to Number One here in Angola. Cain ordered a beer and *kalulu* — a mixture of dried and fresh meat. After diner Cain wandered for forty minutes around the city to make sure there was no surveillance. Nobody followed him and he went back to the hotel. In his room, he slowly opened the package, and studied the photos of the target and the scheme of his movements. It was only then that he realized his target was not just anybody, it was the president of Angola! Cain drew a long breath. “Holy crap! .. They could’ve warned me, friffing bastards” — he thought bitterly. “On the other hand, what would it change?” ... Would he have refused? Never. To refuse to take an order was not just a spot on professional reputation. In his line of work it might mean that would not have live long enough to have chance to refuse another. Plus the money was simply indecently huge ... and he

had accepted the advance payment. He was well aware that the risk was huge. He was in direct jeopardy from both the secret service, guarding the president, and from the customer. Well, well, well ... The strain even made him sweat. To recover, to keep the balance in the mind and clear thoughts, he decided to take a contrast shower again. After the shower, Cain lay on the bed. Took a deep breath to calm down and began to think about the situation. In such difficult situations he, a professional killer, responsible for more than a dozen deaths, turned mentally to his family: mother, father, younger sister and brother. Parents were no longer alive, but he always remembered those moments when he had learned about their deaths — and how could he forget? He remembered that call from his father when he told him his mother was dying. That day, Cain gave up his business and flew home to the distant town on the banks of the Volga, where he was born, graduated from high school, which he left to go to the army, to that war in Afghanistan where he learned how to kill. Later he fought in many hot spots, saw death and caused death more than once, but he was shocked by the death of a loved one — his mother. On seeing her eldest son, that woman, who had not even a chance to grow old said just “Sonny, I’m dying.” And then she was gone... And on the table beside the bed of the deceased, was a cup of tea which hadn’t yet cooled down. He made a couple of sips of this cup. “Tea is warm. Her tea is still there, but my mother is no longer ... How so?”

His father died in just a year and a half. Died of longing for her. They had lived together for more than thirty years. She was gone, and he lost the desire to live. He too died with his eldest son present, Cain’s younger brother had called Cain to come. And some time later, Cain said goodbye to the younger brother himself — it took cancer just a few days to kill him. Those were the moments, Cain recalled, when he had to make an important decision. And now he turned to them, making up his mind about the current situation. And the decision was only for him to make. And it had to be a good decision for his life depended on it ...

...Kakusso — freshwater fish tilapia, fried in palm oil, chicken grilled fresh vegetables and fruits — Cain ordered that for dinner. He liked to be pampered with culinary delights before he began to work on a target. Some of his fellow killers in such cases, played computer games, some had sex, some took bath for hours on end, some just read a book. Cain preferred to have a good meal. Besides, he had a habit to work in the finest kid gloves, but now of course he hadn't them on, they were waiting for him in his hotel room. He paid cash — it was mandatory under the instructions, not to leave traces, using a credit card — he went directly to the hotel. Tomorrow would be an important day, the result of which would be stunning. “Money did, do and will do evil. Shakespeare was not mistaken saying that hell is empty ...”

* * *

His style was not unlike a bell telling the Lord of the battle, in which the best man wins. Aleksandrov being a great chess player knew and understood that, for he knew his own worth. The next blow to the Mafia he would deliver playing with white pieces, but it would be the Scotch Opening, chosen by the great Napoleon in the game with his faithful aide General Henri Gatién Bertrand on the island of St. Helena in 1818.

1. kg1-f3 kb-c6
2. e2-e4 e7-e5
3. d2-d4 ke6: d4
4. kf3: d4 e5: d4 Black gets a slight material advantage, complicated though with doubled pawns.
5. cf1-c4 cf8-c5
6. c2-c3-e7 Qd8
7. 0-0 Qe7-e5
8. f2-f4 d4: c3 + White threatens the queen. Black in response announces check.
9. kpg1 — h1 c3: b2 Gives the impression that the queen is going to be sacrificed in anticipation of the new queen as the result of promoting of a pawn.

10. Cs4: f7 +! kpe8 As a result, Black loses the opportunity to save the queen.

11. f4: e5 b2: a1 White takes the black queen. With the next move Black regains the queen, who for unknown reasons and does not participate in further game.

12. cf7: g8 Cc5-e7. Black knight is sacrificed, as white bishop is protected by the queen. White laid the foundation for the position, which played a fatal role for Black.

13. Qd1 b3 a7 a5

14. Lf1 f8 +! Ce7: f8

15. Cc1-g5 + Cf8-e7

16. Cg5: e7 + kpd8-d8

17. Qb3-f7 + kpe7-d8

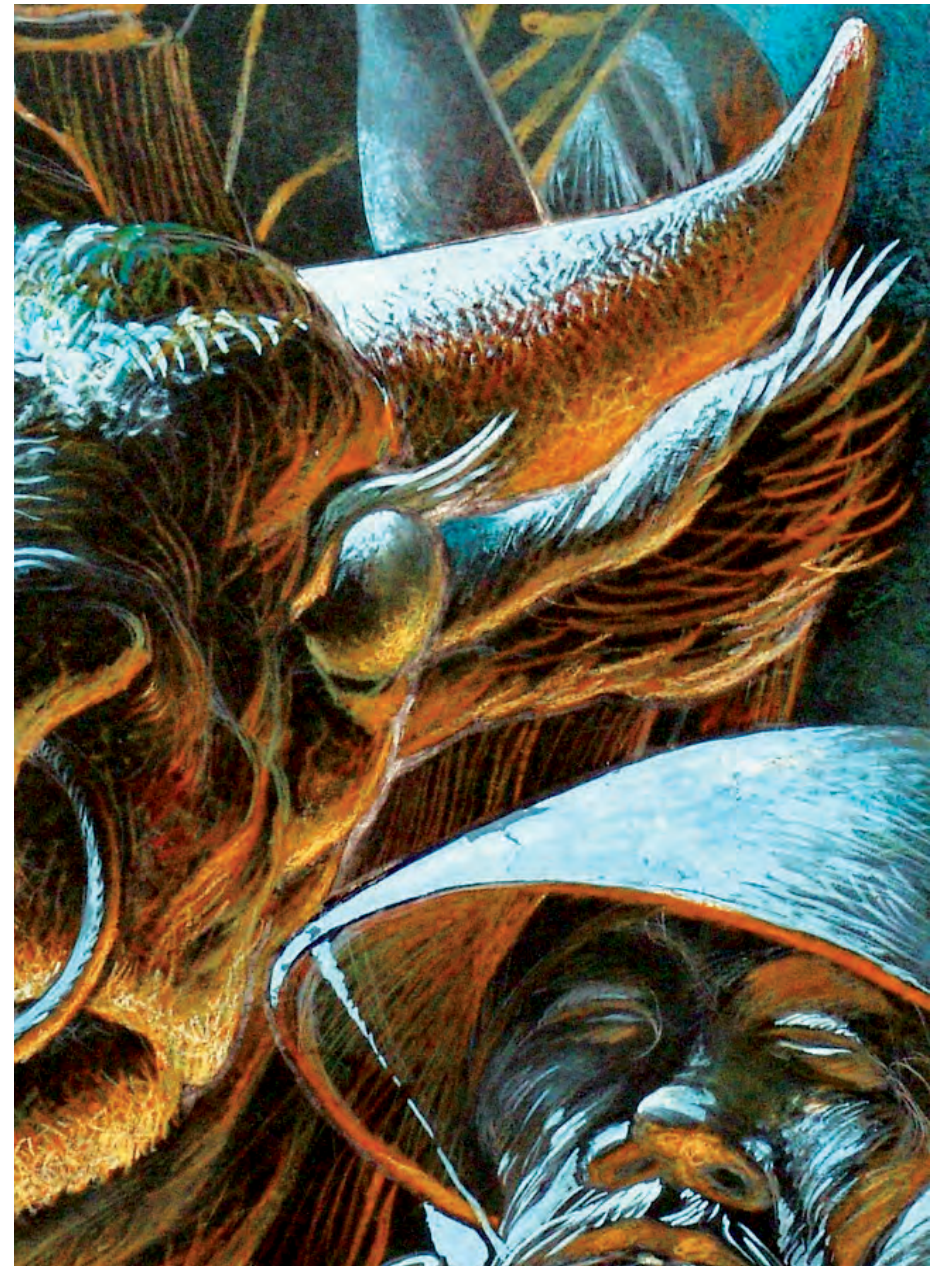
18. Qf7-f8. White, giving the enemy a material advantage, brilliantly dealt with the enemy.

Aleksandrov ratiocinated aloud:

“That's what we need to do further in the game. At this stage of the confrontation it is necessary to show the enemy that we do not have any information about criminal shipments of counterfeit medicines to Africa. The main resources should be directed at identifying all the members of the organization ... If a man hits a barrier in the dark, it will be very hard for him to take a step forward ... But the one who will make the move, wins ...”

* * *

Chloe was just in a situation where, after the African transaction, she ceased to be a party to further game. It was not that they lost confidence in her, because after all she had helped with a few deals not only in Russia but also in the countries of Africa. But for more than a month now she had been out of work. She was beside David as a lover, but she did not participate in business affairs. Both of them were exiled to the Canary Islands, where idle pastime almost made her crazy. David knew that they wanted to get rid of him, and



was drowning his troubles in whiskey and cocaine. Chloe tried to distract him, but to no avail, he sank lower and lower. Realizing that there was nothing she could do, according to the instructions Grandmaster had given her, she initiated the offensive, “temporarily losing material advantage”. Which meant losing David to win the whole game.

From the island of Gran Canaria, at the insistence of Chloe, she and David they moved to the island of Lanzarote, to one of the luxurious hotels — Playa Blanca. This island is closely connected with the name of César Manrique, who was born and died there. He was the man who transformed this extraordinary place, made it known to the whole world. Near the town of Tahiche (“Taro de Tahiche”) Manrique’s house museum is situated. Manrique was a talented architect, designer, artist. By the way, he designed the unusual house for the actor Omar Sharif in the town of Lagomar. In those places, with their magnificent nature of a national park, you always find plenty of things to admire. There Chloe asked for a meeting with Sean Kenny. She had to decide with him an important question. Moving to Lanzarote was the idea of Sean, but the reason for this Chloe did not know. However, she realized that it was with her and not with David Sean talked about moving to Lanzarote. At the appointed time, when David was on one of his drinking bouts, Chloe’s taxi arrived to the doors of the restaurant where she was to see Sean. He was already there. On seeing Chloe, he got up from the table and went up to greet her. Smiling to her like she was his dear old friend, he kissed her hand.

The waiter asked her what would she like to eat. “I’m not hungry” replied she and ordered a cappuccino. Sean ordered a bottle of wine and a light snack. Chloe realized that, apparently, a good reason caused Sean to fly to the island. After placing the order, Sean asked what state David was in. Chloe, knew what depended on her answer to that important question, looking at those cold eyes she brought herself to say:

“He is a nice guy, but, unfortunately, he has completely lost control of himself.”

Sean grinned, looking away, and retorted:

“He is a piece of shit! He is a frigging piece of shit, not a good guy. He was given a chance to improve, and he turned out to be a rag. Would have been disposed of long ago if not for his earlier services to the organization. And today everyone in the organization understands that he keeps afloat only thanks to you.”

Chloe solemnly looked Sean in the eyes and said:

“I have a very serious proposal for the organization.”

“What kind of proposal?” asked he his eyes hard.

“I and the Brazilian partner of Intercare, which supplied medicines to Russia and Africa, we propose to establish production in one of the countries of Southeast Asia.”

Sean laughed again:

“I will report your proposal, sweetheart. In the meantime, we are still concerned about the behavior of David. This idiot is wanted internationally, and he managed to put Interpol on his tail. But he will be dealt with by the people from our own security service, and they are great experts at it! Collected from intelligence agencies from around the world. Even some guys from the CIA and Interpol!” Here he seems to have understood what I said too much, and then whispering:

“I hope that’s strictly between us.”

Chloe with a gesture of her hand showed that it did care about the matter, and asked again, how about her proposal.

Sean said:

“About your offer, I’ll report to the top, as I said. But later. We now need to deal with Africa. Some leaders ... how shall I say ... In short, they do not understand the seriousness of the situation. And we need to put them in their place.”

Chloe finished her cappuccino and watched Sean savoring his fish. “I wonder if he has a family? Children? Wife?” she thought.

“Shall I ask? What for! Questions may alert him. I will not. “After finishing lunch, Sean asked for the bill, paid and already on the way out of the restaurant, invited her to walk to the house of Manrique. She looked at him, puzzled.

“Why are you so surprised, my dear?” asked he. “Sometimes I want to escape too, to break from all this hecticness.”

Chloe shrugged and slip her arm through his. And they really had a good time watching sculptures and talking only about art, nature and history of the Canary Islands. Not a word about work.

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Shaeffer

In accordance with the plan of investigative activities and recommendations of Grand Master, K met with an active participant in the organization involved in manufacturing and selling of counterfeit medicinal products Sean Kenny. He was given the information about David Runni, aka Ron Krause, who is on the international wanted list. In the conversation Sean Kenny confirmed the information about the possible elimination of the President of Angola. From that follows that the killer neutralized by the Angolan Ministry of Internal Affairs and Interpol was a fake figure. The actual executor at present moment is in the Angolan capital, preparing the assassination of the President. Informing the Ministry of the Interior and the Security Service of Angola is highly recommendable.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
04/05/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

HELP

Sean Kenny, born in 1969, citizen of the USA, married, has two children. Son Thomas, 19 years old, a student of the University of California. Daughter Jennifer, 17 years old, a high school student. Wife: Nicole, nee Kane, now — a housewife. with the help of his father Ryan Kane, a former senator from the state of Arizona, Sean Kenny made a good career in the pharmaceutical business. In 2015, Senator Kane and his son Kenny were at the center of a serious scandal concerning the realization of counterfeit painkillers through pharmacies owned by them. Due to the Senator' connections the scandal was suppressed, but it cost him his place office. Business had to be sold. After all this, the former senator and his son engaged in illegal sale of counterfeit drugs to the Third World countries.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
10/04/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

INFORMATION

Lada Lunder, born in 1989, a native of Phoenix, Arizona. After graduating from college, made a career in modeling. At 19, was became Miss Arizona. At 21, a the runner-up at Miss America. Currently a mistress of Sean Kenny, Under investigation in view of the operation Rossolimo's Opening. Kenny Enjoys Kenny's unlimited confidence. According to unconfirmed reports, Kenny bought her an island in the Mediterranean Sea and the yacht for a total amount of 450 million dollars.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
04/16/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

Current situation with "Rossolimo's Opening" demands urgent isolation of David Runni, aka Ron Krause, one of the main suspects in the case of supply of counterfeit medicines to Africa. According to K he completely lost control of himself, abuses alcohol, started to use hard drugs (cocaine). According to K the leadership of the organization decided his physical elimination. I propose to develop a plan to isolate Runni. All possible measures to avoid uncovering of K must be taken.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
17/04/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

PLAN

of the operation of isolation of David Runni Runni, aka Ron Krause, a key figure in of counterfeit medicines in Africa , within the framework of Rossolimo's Opening.

In accordance with the obtained secret information, there is a real threat to eliminate David Runni (Ron Krause). In order to save his life, as well as to isolate him, it is necessary to carry out the following activities.

1. Prepare a group of five trained operatives to carry out the operation to isolate David Runni.

Executors: E. Schaeffer, M.Hirsch, Ministry of Internal Affairs of Spain.

Time of execution: April 2019

2. For K to prepare a route for moving with David Runni from the island of Lanzarote to the island of Tenerife. On the ferry going to the island of Tenerife, to carry out the kidnapping of David Runni and organize its delivery to Madrid by air.

Executors: E.Schaeffer, M.Hirsch, Ministry of Internal Affairs of Spain.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
18/04/2019

Approved
Interpol Secretary General
Edward Schaeffer
18/04/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

PLAN

of the route of David Runni a subject of the operation Rossolimo's Opening and his delivery to Madrid.

1. Prepare a cover documents for David Runni, to use to board him on a flight to Madrid.

Executor: M Hirsch, Ministry of Internal Affairs of Spain.

Time of execution: April 25, 2019.

2. In the initial stage of transporting of Runni in Madrid initially to use the system of witness protection. in the view of him giving the evidence against the leadership of the international organization for the production and sale of counterfeit drugs.

Executor: Hirsch, Ministry of Internal Affairs of Spain.

Time of execution: 05/01/2019.

3. On the ferry, from Lanzarote to Tenerife, Spain, in collaboration with the Ministry of Interior to prepare the cabin in which to place the subject then secretly deliver him to the airport with the subsequent delivery to Madrid.

Executor: Hirsch, Ministry of Internal Affairs of Spain.

Time of execution: 05/01/2019.

4. Prepare a cover story for K to hold to, namely: David Runni drugged jumped overboard. Take into account that the private security service of the organization, for which Runni works will interrogate K and verify the testimony.

Executor: E. Schaeffer, M. Hirsch.

Time of execution: 25/05/2019.

5. The operation is appointed for April 28, 2019.

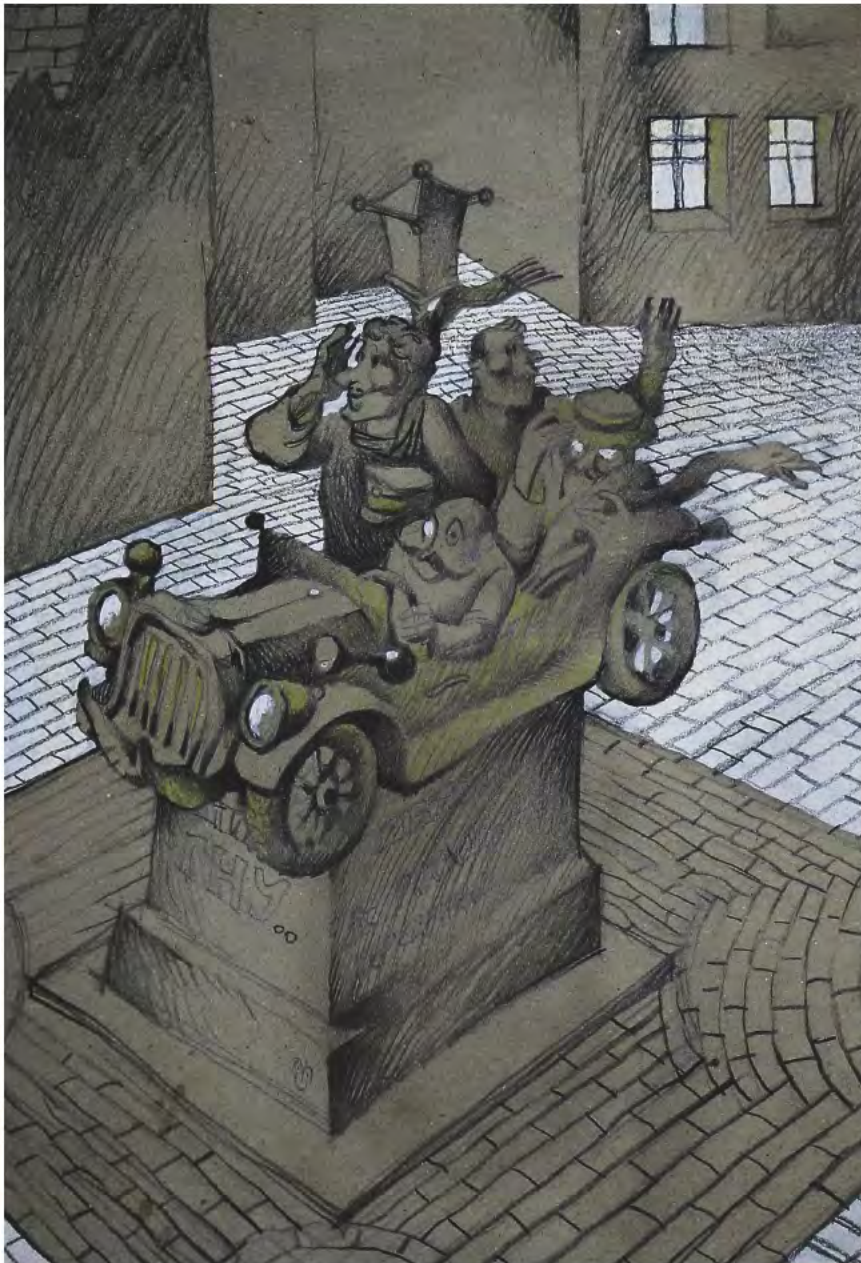
Executor: Hirsch, Ministry of Internal Affairs of Spain.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
19/04/2019

* * *

Enclosed space, not even the slightest breeze, stuffiness African city. Cain took a few sips of water from a bottle and, as an experienced wild predator in his hiding place, started to wait for his prey. In his hideout he once again looked at his iron, a sniper rifle Barrett M82A1, chosen by the customer to guarantee that the target would be neutralized. The killer knew this weapon, it could hit a target even in an armored car. Optical sight with 10x scope magnification, with a reticle from 500 to 1800 meters fully ensured not only a direct hit in the head, but also in the heart of the victim. In the choice of weapons the customers who had ordered assassination of the President of Angola had considered all the details. Cain looked at his watch, 11.45 — just 15 minutes before X hour. In 15 minutes the presidential motorcade would arrive to the Agostinho Neto University where a meeting of the president with students should take place. The tension in the whole Cain's body was increasing with each passing second, approximating the fatal shot. Soon, the entire African continent, and the whole world would shake from this shot. Years of work had made it a habit — Cain switched on calm and cool mode; he took the rifle, and with a confident movement put its butt to his shoulder it did not feel handy. But in a few seconds the hitman found the position in which he and the rifle became a single whole, a killing mechanism. Now declare all systems go! He peered through the scope, the entire square in front of the University could be seen at a glance, visibility was excellent. Another quick glance at his watch — only two minutes left. Special police units and people from security service bustled on the square to ensure the protection of the president. "Poor work, guys. Sorry for your president," thought Cain with sarcasm. At that moment, from behind the corner appeared the motorcade, consisting of only three cars. Time — 12.00.

Inhale, exhale. Inhale, exhale. Inhale ... Hold your breath and smoothly pull the trigger ...



Chapter VII

The masses love a commander more than a petitioner.

Adolf Hitler

“As long as someone else’s blood is spilled, use every opportunity to increase your riches.” Thus spoke Mayer Amschel Rothschild, the founder of the Rothschild banking dynasty; he lived up to that principle and left it to his heirs, his five sons — Amschel, Solomon, Nathan, Kalman and James. As his legitimate heirs, they continued the work of their father, founding five largest banks in Europe: in Paris, London, Vienna, Naples and Frankfurt am Main. To this day, the Rothschilds are actively involved in the development of world order. The members of the Rothschild dynasty are among of the most influential people in the world. Their name is closely linked with the Federal Reserve Bank of the United States. This clan for centuries preserves the purity of blood. They have developed a fantastic devotion to family. They are one of the major clans of the world government. The name Rothschild has long become a symbol of wealth, in a common noun denoting wealth, power, influence. The clan has a direct impact on the banking system

of the world, promoting its policies, but covertly, through domestic markets. For example, it was a key player in the founding of the system of reserve banks in the USA, through it which regulates the amount of printed dollars.

“We will follow the precepts of the Rothschilds. Our organization will continue to remove the persons standing in the way of our enrichment. Despite the posts and positions, which these persons might hold”, a man dragged on an expensive cigar. Then he got up from the magnificent carved desk, and walked slowly to the paintings on the wall.

“Works by Rembrandt, Rubens, Delacroix, Bellini, Le Corbusier ...” softly, almost lovingly said he. “My friends, that is only a small part of the heritage of our organization. We will continue to participate in auctions, where we have already purchased these pictures of famous artists. We have applied to participate in the next coming auction, where in a couple of days works of Vassily Kandinsky will be sold... But right now we have more pressing matters...”

With that, he turned to the desk, picked up a portable remote control, directed it to a huge plasma screen and pressed a button. The latest political news was on the air:

“... The assassination of President of Angola is the proof. To defeat them will not be easy. But the conspiracy against humanity must be fo...”

A man in a luxury leather armchair irritably clicked the remote again the screen got dark and the speech of a politician comically interrupted.

“Can anyone explain to me what is happening?! Why all the media of African countries insist that the assassination of President of Angola is due to the fact that he spoke out against the mafia, dealing in counterfeit medicines? And that the mafia committed this crime? Africa has made this president a hero. If only Africa! Old decrepit Europe is also squealing: “Save the world from counterfeit medicines!” Australia and New Zealand has joined in singing along! Where does all that come from? Why does the security service of

our syndicate allow it? Who let the information leak? If it continues that way, our names will be known to the whole world in no time! I give you a month to find the “mole.””

Chief Security Officer of the syndicate, the powerful secret organization, engaged in manufacturing and sale of counterfeit drugs, a man about fifty years old, of medium height, with a short neck and tenacious eyes on a square face, nodded silently to the five board members of the syndicate, and uttered just four short words in a surprisingly soft and low voice:

“It will be done.”

Then he got up from the table and walked out of the spacious loft-style office. The room perfectly combined modern luxury furniture with glass, brick and steel internal partitions. Open plan gave the maximum feeling of spaciousness. But on a brick wall, as has been said, hung old pictures in gilt frames, which together with Victorian radiators,, although discordant with modern interiors, emphasized the importance of those who occupied the office. One of the five, the one that clicked the remote, an imposing stout man of about sixty with noble graying temples, dressed in a black suit, by right of seniority spoke first. Noticeably calmer, he cordially offered those present Cuban cigars *Cohiba Behike*, the most expensive cigars in the world ...

“Well, gentlemen, he said, our business is in jeopardy. Interpol is working very actively against us, we must remember that.”

Four other men, all about the same age, all imposing, all expensively and elegantly dressed, inclined their heads in agreement. Some of them smoked elite cigars, others sipped on precious whiskey. The chairman released a puff of fragrant smoke into the space huge cabinet and continued

“If we fail, our families and our children will not forgive us. We all must understand that. Our task is to increase the production and distribution of our products. And our objective is not just profit. As you remember, we are faced with an important task. The planet is overpopulated. And it's no secret. In 20—30 years there will be

considerable lack of not only bread, but also of water! We must reduce the number of people on the planet to five billion. While avoiding, if possible, the onset of nuclear winter.”

At these words the chairman grinned. The others grinned and chuckled too. Uttering these words, the speaker did not even wince, he just raised from the table, resting his fingertips on the shiny table top, took a deep breath and turned the conversation to another topic:

“Now, I propose to focus on participation in the next auction, which will be held in Zurich. There we hope to gain some interesting works, as I have already mentioned. Of course, our elders often ask me why we invest so much money into works of art. But I say that those are eternal values. People for the most part are paper, junk, trash. Alive today — gone tomorrow. But painting of the great masters are above time. As the saying goes, *Ars longa, vita brevis*. Life is short, art is long. “

The man sighed again and returned to his place:

“But I wouldn’t advice to forget about current issues.. It is necessary to take urgent measures to neutralize Interpol. It is time would have to strike a ruthless blow to these bloodhounds. Alas, our thoughts are about eternal but we have to live today.”

* * *

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

In the course of the implementation of the plan for the delivery of David Runni (Ron Krause) from the Canary Islands to Madrid, a special operation was conducted in cooperation with the Ministry of Interior of Spain which resulted in David Runni allegedly killing himself. According to the cover story he jumped overboard under the influence of illegal drugs. An operative with special training in diving under the guise of David Runni jumped into the sea, and then was picked by the

yacht waiting for him in the appointed quadrant and taken ashore. Currently David Runni is under arrest and began to give testimony.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
04/23/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

According to the informer in David Runni’s cell: Runni works for a powerful organization, “a syndicate”, which, in turn, is subject to a powerful clan, consisting of the most influential and wealthy people in the world. In a conversation with the source he (Ron Krause) expressly stated that, “if they find out that I am arrested, I will not live another hour.”

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
25/04/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

To analyze the information about David Runni (Ron Krause) and determine the further tactics of the operation “Rossolimo’s Opening” I consider it necessary to urgently employ Grand Master.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
04/30/2019



* * *

“Look at the facts, they do not make sense. All your life you walk through the maze, and it is just the contours of your life. Ins, outs ...” — GM looked at the facts and analyzed the situation. “So they crossed the line, they killed the Angolan President thus brazenly showing the world that they will stop at nothing. As we can see, killing people, presidents as well as ordinary citizens is no problem for them; neither material nor moral. So what do we have today? In order to control the markets of the continent these gentlemen are ready to make any move, even criminal, even the most inhumane. And because of this, they may be make errors: sense of impunity and self-importance apparently gave their “collective intelligence” some delusional euphoria. And as a result of this crime we were able to work out who involved in the game on the side of the organization.”

Aleksandrov now knew for sure that the next move should be aimed at reaching the top leaders of the organization and playing with them what chess players called The Immortal Game. That game was fascinated generations of players: rapid development and White's attack, then sacrifice of two rooks, and the final mass position leading to the defeat of black.

This game was played over 150 years ago in London. White: Andersen. Black: Kizeritsky. Debut: King's Gambit.

1. e2-e4 e5 e7
2. f2-f4 e5: f4
3. Cf4-C4 Qd8-h4 +
4. KRe1-f1 b7-b5 (White lost the opportunity for castling)
5. Bc4: b5 Kg8-f6
6. Kg1-f3 Fh4-h6
7. d2-d3 kf6-h5
8. kf3-h4-g5 Fh6
9. Kh4-f5 C7-C6
10. Lh1-g1 C6: b5

11. g2-g4 kh5f6 (Black doesn't develop)
12. h2-h4-g6 Qg5
13. h4-h5 Fg6-g5
14. Qd1-f3 kf6-g8
15. Cc1: f4-f6 Qg5
16. kb1-c3 cf8-c5
17. ke3-d5 Qf6: b2
18. ef4-d6 Fb2: a1 +
19. kpf1-e2 Cc5: g1
20. e4-e5 Kb8-a6
21. kf5: g7 + kpe8-d8
22. Qf3-f6 + kg8: f6
23. Cd6-e7 #

White, giving up significant material, presses Black at his own side of the board and announce mate.

Grandmaster understood that the international mafia did not act by itself. It was only a cog in the great war over the world, in the war of civilizations and worldviews. In that war to the peoples' opinions and the principles of democracy were pushed aside. Not so long ago the events in Libya, Syria, Iraq, Bosnia and Ukraine convincingly showed that there were people wanted to rule the planet. They called themselves "the world government"; it included, according to conspiracy theorists — and that was they had reasons — three hundred richest, and most powerful families and clans in the world, the so-called "Committee of 300". It was the Comitee that for many years was maintaining s destructive activities hostile to humanity. "Committee of 300" considered one of its main tactical tasks the enslavement of people worldwide through a system of global governance and control, known to many as "The New World Order."

Grandmaster knew that the shadow government was still out of reach. It existed as a ghost, an invisible but powerful ghost. It operated secretly and indirectly through governments under

his control and through its financial structures. Alersandrov also understood that the game was continuing, and that there would be other parties, incredibly hard to win even for such a powerful organization as Interpol ...

* * *

Jason Trevor, a former officer of MI5, the British counter-intelligence, was satisfied with his new position — the head of the Syndicate's private security. The Syndicate that was how the members of the underground organization for the production and sale of counterfeit drugs and alcohol — so called themselves. Jason's new masters not only bought all of his files from the places of his previous service, but also, as promised, paid good money and bonuses. Compared with quite a respectable salary of a counterintelligence officer Trevor now got many times more — just a huge amount of money — and in no way needed. During his service in the syndicate Trevor bought a great house for his family, paid for his children's education. And invested some of his newly acquired capital. For my his pleasure he bought a high-speed fashionable yacht, for he loved deep-sea fishing with all his heart. And not just any type of fishing, like banal catching cod, he hunted for big game like sea sharks and marlins in the Caribbean. Valor, excitement, adrenaline ... And everything went smoothly. The Syndicate worked flawlessly, products were successfully sold everywhere in the world, and people, hindering business were simply eliminated. Physically. The latest example was the President of Angola. The head of private security smiled to himself, noting the excellent job of Cain, who executed the task. "Yes, this bloody Russian bastard is a specialist of the highest class. He did absolutely marvelous. And no one but me knows where he is and how to find him. "

Today, Trevor Jason went into his office, turned on the computer, watched the latest newscasts of leading media and noted to himself that the murder of the President of Angola was still topical, that was why the head of the Syndicate reproached him. Public opinion, fueled by

journalists, connected the crime to the activities of international mafia. Jason began to analyze the situation: “The leadership of the Syndicate is alarmed, they believe that there is a mole in the organization who possesses the information on Africa. My job is to find the mole and to present him to the organization. Well ... Let’s start working, and I even know the man for the job. “And he summoned one of his best officers Patrick Kessler. Trevor knew firsthand the grip of this once brilliant police officer from Oklahoma forced to resign in disgrace for being corrupt. Patrick Kessler gave cover to brothels, pimps and drug dealers. And only with help of the Syndicate, he managed to avoid the most unpleasant consequences of an official investigation. Such people, retired or dismissed early from the service, consisted the core of the Syndicate’s security. In just two minutes a red-haired, forty-two-year-old man with a large nose and a steely-eyed was already listening to the words of his boss, ready to fulfill any order. Those were the rules of the syndicate: do your work without questions. That was what you were paid *huge* money for. But not even all employees could guess how dirty were the money. Trevor Jason’s staff knew about the origin of the money only too well.

Jason immediately got down to business:

“Patrick, my friend ... I want to charge you with a pretty tricky business: checking our African direction. According to the management of the Syndicate, there is a mole there working for Interpol. You can understand the risks. These Lyon hounds not just want us behind bars, they want to show our dirty linen to the whole world. They are even more eager to do so than the newspapermen, whom they will feed with all that crap. Your task is to check all African deals for over the last six months. According to my information — and I’m sure of it — the leak started in this period. You find all the persons involved in these deals, to identify the mole ... and strangle him. I give you a month.”

Kessler nodded.

“Well, the meter is running, said Jason. Get going!”

* * *

“What if there’s no tomorrow? thought Chloe when she was left alone. No, tomorrow will come, even if there is no me any longer. The sun will rise, the flowers will bloom. There will be mom and dad who are so far from me now. They have no idea where I am, what I do. Everything seems to be going fine, in accordance to the plan. But Runni proved to be weak. Just a drunkard. And we had to take urgent measures to save the situation threatening the operation. But now the syndicate has lost its trust in me, and possibly there are some serious suspicions. Sean Kenny when he came to the canary Islands did not even conceal that he doubted Runni’s suicide. He seemed to have forgotten that a month ago he promised Runni pitiless retribution for his drinking which threaten the safety of the Syndicate’s business.”

When Chloe reminded Kenny of that conversation, he grinned:

“If he committed suicide, good riddance. But if that’s not the case, the court awaits you, Chloe. The trial of the Syndicate. In the meantime, stay on the island. Wait for further instructions.”

All this Chloe reported to Interpol leadership. She was ordered to take a wait and see attitude. So she decided to dedicate this time to exploring the island. Luckily Tenerife, the main island of the archipelago, was a wealth of attractions. After breakfast, she came to the coast and watched divers and tourists, and relaxed, basking on the beach. In the afternoon, she went to the mountains, visited the volcano Teide. Teide is a symbol of Tenerife, it is even placed on the island’s emblem. Teide means “Snow Mountain”. But this name suggests not only the snow, which actually covers a small section of the peak. Teide’s rock near the top is different from the rest of the stone on the island with its whitish color.

A cable car brought Chloe climbed to the very crater of the volcano. There is a legend about this volcano, a beautiful legend, like many legends of the island. The indigenous people of the island, the Guanches, believed that the top of the crater supports the sky.

Once the evil demon Guayota kidnapped the sun god Machek and imprisoned him in the crater. And all the earth went dark. Guanches addressed a prayer to Achaman, their supreme deity, to release the god of sun and light. Lord of heaven Achaman battled the demon and defeated him. Since then Guayota is imprisoned in the bowels of the volcano, and people have the sun and light.

After visiting the famous Hell's Gorge near the waterfall, Chloe suddenly realized that she had no choice but to continue her fight against the Mafia, the fight she got involved by the hand of fate, or rather in the line of duty. Seeing one remarkable sight of the island after another, she was thinking over her situation, and it only strengthened her decision. The nature of Tenerife extraordinary, entrancing. Chloe, had come to feel close with it, it became understandable, attractive ... A local legends in which good triumphs over evil, certainly, only strengthened her decision to fight to the end ...

* * *

Redheaded Patrick Kessler get down to business with all seriousness. He easily found that Runni who had died under strange circumstances lately worked with his new partners Antenor Silva and Chloe Koshman, of the Canadian company Intercare Pharmaceuticals. Judging by financial records all deals were highly successful, money for the products sold came on time and in full. But here was a hitch: shortly after joining the alliance with Canadians Runni, according to the testimony of Sean Kenny, lost control of himself, began to drink heavily, hooked on drugs, and gambled more than usual — in a word, acted like a mad dog on the loose. At some point, he was warned that if he did not leave all these outrages, he would appear before the Syndicate's trial. And from the words of Chloe Koshman, apparently, it was that threat that pushed him towards suicide. To check this information Kessler flew to Brazil, visited Intercare, convinced of its reality. On this he sent a detailed report to his boss. Then he flew to

the Canary Islands, where he interviewed all those who were in contact with Runni, including the captain of the ferry, off board of which Runni made his fatal jump. But as an experienced detective Kessler intuitively felt that some details do not add up and the case was not as simple as it seemed. There were however no direct evidence to that. He talked to many witnesses who claimed to have seen the man throw himself overboard and tried to save him, but could not. All this Kessler reported in detail to Trevor Jason. He suggested polygraph testing of Chloe Koshman. The decision was positive. Trevor Jason agreed: "Cleared. Combined with sensory deprivation."

* * *

TOP SECRET

In a single copy

To Secretary-General of Interpol

Edward Schaeffer

In the course of realization of the operation Rossolimo's Opening it was found that in Rio de Janeiro certain Jacques Miller conducted covert audit of Intercare Pharmaceuticals. Jacques Miller, under the pretext of opening a pharmaceutical business in Brazil was interested in how long Intercare have been on the market, and how he can cooperate with our company. He was interested in some of the financial components of the business. He was offered with all the information available on the official website of the company. His request for a meeting with the owner of the company, Chloe Koshman was not satisfied, because at the moment Chloe Koshman was away on a business trip. I suppose that checking of operative K infiltrated the organization is initiated.

Informing K about that is highly recommendable. He has to be ready for any development.

INFORMATION

Passport data of Jacques Miller: 42 years old, Italian of Franco-German origin, born in Brescia Italy. Registered in Brescia, 4 Chopin st.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
05/02/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

INFORMATION

In the course of checkup on Jacques Miller it is established that t in Brescia, 4 Chopin st lives a family of three: husband Mattia Loretti, 38 years old, wife Chiara Loretti, 34 years old, daughter of Martin Loretti 11 years. Jacques Miller never lived at the address.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
05/04/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

In the course of Rossolimo's Opening it is found out that for a week on the Canary Islands (Kingdom of Spain) certain Angie

Paulerom conducted covert checking into the death of David Runni. Angie Pauler was interested in the circumstances under which David Runni jumped overboard. He informally interviewed about thirty people, including the ship's captain Ryan Braun, who agreed to cooperate with Interpol and the Ministry of Internal Affairs of Spain. These actions confirm that there is a check undergoing on K. Further cautioning of K to be careful and considerate in his actions is recommended.

INFORMATION

Passport data of Angie Pauler: native of the town of Logrono (Spain), 42 years old, Barcelona, 18 Carme st.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
05/12/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

INFOMATION

Barcelona, 18 Carme st. Building 18 is the address of an office of a private construction company. Angie Pauler was never registered at this address.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
15/05/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

According to witness descriptions Jacques Miller and Angie Pauler is the same person. Description: above average height, large build, hair color red, large nose, face color red. Judging from his behavior, a former intelligence officer, with expansive operational and investigative experience. I suppose he is an operative of the Syndicate's security.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
05/18/2019

TOP SECRET

In a single copy
To Secretary-General of Interpol
Edward Schaeffer

In the course of the operation Rossolimo's Opening it is found out that the checkup on K by the Syndicate's security service is in process. Emergence plan for the withdrawal of K, in order to prevent a situation potentially dangerous to his life is to be worked out immediately.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
05/19/2019

Chapter VIII

*The art of a warrior is to balance the terror
of being a man with the wonder of being a man.*

Carlos Castaneda,
Latin-American thinker

An unexpected ringing of the doorbell gave Chloe Koshman a start. She got up from the couch, straightened her hair and went to the door. She quickly opened it without asking who it was. Before her stood Sean Kenny simulating embarrassment.

"I'm sorry, I didn't call in advance."

Chloe shrugged and quietly invited him in:

"I'm glad to see you, Sean. I got absolutely bored with doing nothing."

"Excellent! Then you have an hour to get ready, before we leave to the airport. We are flying to Madrid, then to Seoul. All necessary documents I had with me."

He pulled a passport out his bag and announced:

"From now on you are Anna Kling, a citizen of Israel."

Chloe picked up the passport and studied it carefully:

"Well, it seems alright."



There was a lot of time to get ready and she started packing. Sean approached her from behind. The sight of a beautiful woman, wearing just a tiny silk gown, could not leave him indifferent. After all was he worse than that drowned tshmo David? Chloe turned to him:

“No, Sean. No go. Not here and not now, anyway.”

Her voice was firm. But Sean was set to an easy victory, he was not going to give up:

“Why not? If I want a beautiful woman, I get her, as soon as this desire arises. These are my rules, baby...”

He put his arm around her shoulders, pulled her easily to him and whispered in your ear:

“I’m not used to refusals, my dear. I never got one. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

Realizing the danger of the situation, Chloe still gently freed herself from his grasp:

“I have nothing against it, but, you know, we can just miss the plane — you said yourself that we have only an hour to get ready. Plus, why do we need to hurry? We’ll have plenty of time in Madrid, and Seoul...”

“Well, yes, you’re right, Sean looked at his watch, he sounded a little bit sobered but carnivorous grin did not leave his face. We’ll have plenty of time. Foe everything, baby...”

Leaving the room, he said:

“I’m downstairs, the taxi is waiting.”

“Okay,” Anna Kling sighed and began to pack things for a long journey.

She would be rather close to home; it was just two hours to get from Seoul to Vladivostok by air. But would she be able to take advantage of that? ..

During the flights Sean behaved towards her in a pronouncedly restraint, even dry manner. Only in Seoul, he gently spoke to his companion:

“They will meet us here. But I’m not flying with further.” He gave her an embarrassed, even apologetic smile:

“Further? Where? We are already at the world’s end.”

“I don’t know, baby, where you are flying. But you are. Apparently, it’s not the world’s end yet. I don’t know who is flying with you either. My task was to accompany you to Seoul.”

“And who meets me in Seoul?”

“Don’t worry ... You will be met by a red-haired man. He will tell you that he is meeting Anna Kling. He will be your new companion, and he’ll take you to the right address. You know we can operate smoothly.”

Everything went as Sean said. Chloe/Anna’s new ID successfully passed control, and in thirty minutes she left Seoul Incheon International Airport. A red-haired man with a long nose, dressed in an excellent light suit, and said:

“Anna Kling, if I am not mistaken? Glad to meet you. Follow me.”

Anna noted that all the rules had been complied with, and it remained only to follow him, no matter what might happen in the future. The man in the meantime looked appreciatively at her, marked her uncommon beauty and with some envy thought that Runni was no fool when it came to women. Anna caught the train of thought of her new acquaintance, and decided to play along, knowing that a lot in her life in her life and in the operation she participated in depended on that man. With a coquettish smile, she gently pressed against his shoulder, and said softly:

Oh, I’m tired. It was a long flight. I just want to drink some wine and go to bed.”

“Well, my dear Anna ... This should not much of a problem. In about two, or two and a half hours at most, we will be there and all your wishes come true, believe me.” Accepting her flirtatious attitude said the red-haired.

Somehow Anna felt a catch in those words...

They took to the streets of multimillion Seoul. The city welcomed its guests from all over the world with the bright flashes of illuminated advertising and signs. Once upon a time, back in the early Middle Ages, the city was called Hanchen, which meant “fortress of the Han River,” but you could translate it as a “Chinese fortress”, “fortress of the Han people.” The fortress was situated on the banks of the Han River, which flows into the Yellow Sea...

At the parking lot the redheaded man led Anna to a blue minivan with tinted windows. Anna noticed that judging by its license plate the van belonged to some diplomatic mission, “Not a bad cover for the international mafia.”

The man opened the car door and invited Anna:

“Here you will be comfortable. Television, water, juice...”

He helped her in, closed the door, but he did not get in the car. He walked over to the driver, an Asian with coarse face, gestured him to start, the driver nodded, and the car moved off. Anna was separated from the driver with a thick bulletproof glass. It was impossible to get out of the car unassisted. “I am trapped” was all she thought before a gas with a slight hiss filled the inside of the car. Her head got heavy and she realized that she was losing consciousness ... Anna came to in a room of medium size, about five to six meters. Of furniture there were just two white leather chairs — large and even cozy. Actually, in one of them Anna was sitting. The floor, the walls and the ceiling of the room were painted white. There were no windows. Everything blended in one white blur. Anna herself was dressed in white tracksuit too. Slowly recovering, Anna wiggled her fingers on the right, then the left hand, and then did the same with her toes. “Alive”, — she said to herself. Rose from her chair, lifted her arms up, stretched stiff joints of her spine, took a few steps forward, returned to the chair, slowly began to walk around the room, feeling the blood flow restoring, and her strength gradually coming back. “Most definitely: I was narcotized in the van and taken to one of the Syndicate’s bases. Perhaps I’m not in Seoul or even in South Korea

anymore. What for? They are testing me. It means they do not trust me. After David’s staged suicide it had to happen. Their security must run a check. So they are checking ... But I must endure. Well, are they going to feed me at all? I am so hungry.”

At that moment the wall in front of her chair parted, and she saw a room with a small table, on which there was some kind of food. Anna went into the room, ate the food — some mashed potatoes, toasts, bacon — and drank a glass of juice. Then she felt she needed to go the bathroom, looked around, saw a barely visible door, white on white. Pulled an inconspicuous knob, the door opened and she saw it was a bathroom — or rather, a WC, like in a budget hotel. There, too, everything was dazzling white. Anna even closed her eyes that brightness made her a little dizzy.

Having used the bathroom, Anna washed her hands and face, and brought herself up. Head was spinning from ubiquitous whiteness. Anna got a bit annoyed, but thought, that was, perhaps, what her captors were expecting. So she sat down on a chair, and began to reflect on the situation.

“How long will they keep me in this confined space? For me, the main thing is to save strength, not to break down.” She rose from her chair again, began to pace the room, but the whiteness of the room began to depress her. The maddening absence of any stimuli, sounds and colors was doing its job. What day is today? How long had she been there? What time is it? Is it day or night outside? She could not answer any of these questions. She returned to her chair and she dozed off. How long had she slept? An hour? The whole night? Day and night? Having wakened up, she decided to recall her past, for she had to think of something... Anna remembered her childhood, her parents, her school, her friends, her college years, the first days of her service in Interpol. But the memories were sketchy, haphazard — her brain ceased to obey her... From time to time the wall parted and the table with food presented itself to her. The food was absolutely tasteless. But Anna ate nevertheless to maintain

her strength. White, white, white surrounded her... It pressed, it oppressed, it demanded her to break, it confused her thoughts and feelings. Feelings and sensations, however, seemed to have never existed. Occasionally she came to and knowing they were listening said with a grin:

“Stop torturing me. Enough. I am ready to answer all your questions. I am ready to work with you. Ready to fulfill all your requirements, to play by your rules...”

For a while Anna’s thoughts brought her back to my childhood, she saw her parents ... In tough, difficult periods of life you always remember that carefree time when you are not responsible for anything, when the burden of problems rests on your parents’ shoulders. You can only appreciate it when you come face to face with problems that no one can solve but you...

Anya (in fact, Tanya, of course) spent her summer vacation in the village where her grandmother lived. It was an honest-to-goodness village, with an honest-to-goodness river and honest-to-goodness village kids, with whom Anya spend all her time swimming in that river! A city girl immediately made friends with locals, because she did not put on airs and never pretended she was supercool chick. She was accepted at once. Together with them, Anna raided the neighbors’ gardens and ran away from the dogs ...

When she was deep in her memories a strange man came into the room. He was in his fifties, with attentive, intelligent expression. He was dressed in a white robe. Chloe realized that he came not just to chat. It was a doctor of a sort; very likely some kind of a shrink — a psychologist, psychotherapist or psychiatrist. The Syndicate sent him. A new check was about to start, that apparently involved sensory deprivation. There is a method of influence on the human psyche when a person is exposed to complete silence, complete isolation. During this period, the person loses sense of time and space. Hearing, touch and smell dull. The absence

of external stimuli makes a person depressed. The person’s will thus can be crashed completely, or at least partially, if the person continues to resist.

“My name is Iosif Moiseevich” he said in English, looking Chloe into the eyes. A quick faint smile appeared on his face. “And who are you?” asked he keeping his eyes on her.

Chloe did not avert her look:

“You know who I am. Why do you need this masquerade, this trial of solitude? You decided to use sensory deprivation to make me confess that I killed David? But I didn’t, and I have nothing to do with that. He killed himself. All dope and no work made Dave a dumb boy...”

Joseph Moiseevich sat in the vacant chair, rubbed his chin:

“Yes, yes, yes. I read the security report about the death of Runni, but I’m not here to talk about him. I am asking you who you really are.”

Chloe raised her eyebrows:

“Who am I?”

Tired from a long silence, she suddenly felt the urgent need to speak out. And she spoke. She told him the cover story designed for her by Interpol. Iosif Moiseevich listened to her quietly. When she finished he rose from his chair and said sharply:

“Enough for today.”

Nodded his goodbyes and left the room.

Once again Chloe was alone. “A lot in my future will depend on this man. What will he report to his superiors? Let’s wait for the result. I can’t do anything else...”

Time passed, but nothing changed Chloe’s position. She could not come to terms with the role of the prisoner, but she could not do anything to change the state of affairs. Only Iosif Moiseevich visited her periodically. He sat down in a chair and asked her standard questions ... Where were you born? Who were your parents? Where did they live? Where did you study? Who were

your university friends? What was your favo Chloe once again left alone. “From this man will depend a lot on my fate. That he would report to his superiors? Let’s wait for the result. Anything else I did not stay...”

Time passed, and in the position of Chloe, nothing has changed. She could not come to terms with the role of the prisoner, but also to do the same could not help to change this situation. In the room it came only periodically Joseph Moiseevich. He sat down in a chair and asked the standard questions ... Where born? Who are the parents? Where do they live? Where to study? Who were friends of the university? What was her favorite sports? What did the house in which she lived with her parents look like? What stores were close to her home? How many rooms were in your family home? How were they situated? Where was the office Intercare? What did it look like in all particulars? How and where did she meet her business partner? Why did she become David’s mistress? Endless questions. All the same, but in different order each time. Some of them were downright ridiculous. Like was she a man before? Did she ever love a woman? Did she have a plastic surgery? Whom did she vote for during the last election? Was she going to get married any time soon? There were some questions meant to evaluate her intelligence. Which writers did she like? When was she at the theater last time? What theater was it? What did she watch or listen to? Was she familiar with the works of Dostoevsky? Did she know who the Impressionists were? Could she name any of them? Who was Marc Chagall? Did she like ballet? Did she like classical music? What did she think of Beethoven? .. And so on and so forth ...

Replying to the question, who was the president of Russia, she said Medvedev instead of Putin, who was ruling the country for the fourth time. She did it on purpose: she should never reveal that Russia meant anything to her and she was well aware of what was going on there.

Alone when the Russian doctor in the service of the international mafia left, Chloe (Anna? Tatiana? Eugene? — She, too, had started to flounder in their nicknames) began to think about what was going on at home? Somehow an endless monotonous and gray, show, House-2 came to mind. Life in Russia was very much like it. The TV people was very convenient for the authorities. It was allowed to think, but not allowed to speak, because in the end if you are not allowed to speak, you will lose interest in thinking too. It was allowed to work well, but it was not allowed to make good money, because in that case needs will shrink automatically. It was allowed to vote, but was not allowed to choose, because was of no use any more. It was allowed to love Motherland, but it was not allowed to criticize it, because again it was no use. It was allowed to ask the right questions, but it was not allowed to demand sensible answers. It was allowed to cuss out the oligarchs, but it was not allowed make them work for the good of the country, because the oligarchs, shuffling, as a pernicious deck of cards, had long since decided that the state was them. The result of such training was already visible, it was way into the abyss. Officials did not think of themselves as of permanent residents of Russia. They just “earned” money in Russia, while having homes abroad. Where they hoped to live when retired and where their families lived right now. So much for patriotism! Their motto was: “Grab as much dough as possible and scam the hell out” So much for the fight against corruption! Empty talk. “Poor ministers,” as a rule, had suspiciously well-off wives possessing multimillion fortunes. The gap between the rich and the poor grew wider and wider. More and more people slid into poverty and home-grown billionaires, affecting loyalty to the powers that be, continued to shamelessly rob Russia. Greed and selfishness of the elite created distrust among the population. Still silent, but for how long?... So a specter was haunting Russia — the specter of Ukrainian Euromaidan. It was getting closer and closer to the Kremlin, and the president should drop empty bubbles and

start fighting theft and corruption in earnest, otherwise he would see Russian maidan...

Engrossed in a meditation on the situation at home, Chloe did not give much thought to her own position and how she could escape the Syndicate's trap. She was sure of her ultimate victory. She was sure that will hold out. But now she thought of something else, maybe it gave her the strength to stay sane in forced solitude, under the psychological pressure that the Syndicate put on her ...

More and more often she thought about the meaning of life. Of her own life. And it was necessary to live with dignity. People in general should perform meritorious deeds, to behave with dignity among their own kind. It might seem a truism. But it gave one feeling of self-esteem. And if you respect yourself, you will certainly be respected by others. Eugene thought that she was part of a powerful system of international criminal police, designed to deter crime everywhere in the world. What was happening now in the world, was the work of "demons" who wanted to throw the human race into darkness. Murder, political conspiracies, meanness and treachery ... The "demons" used all of those things. The "demons" that Dostoevsky wrote about. They continued to live and commit outrages in the modern world. It was them that Interpol was fighting. Like Stavrogin in the Dostoyevsky's novel the demonic Syndicate prevailed in the world. One could only imagine what might have done modern "demons" if Interpol did not oppose them. For members of the Syndicate stuck to the only principle in their wickedness: "Why not?" Why not make money on counterfeit? Who forbade it? God? There was no God. So everything was allowed. Dostoevsky's demons argued the same: "There is no God! And everything is permitted!" The world in that respect had passed all reasonable limits. "Counterfeit, killing people is not a sin! We have the right! Why not? Some politicians say that counterfeiting is innocent business. People drink substandard alcohol, it is their fault! It is their personal

choice, to drink or not to drink. Man is free to choose. Biblical commandments? They don't approve it? But why follow these commandments? Nobody forces anyone to act according to these commandments. Syndicate, for example, doesn't follow the commandments and doesn't make you to do so." Strong morals built on truly satanic hypocrisy! It felt as if the Father of Lies himself in all his power patronized the Syndicate. And who could challenge them, servants of Satan?

Interpol. Interpol fought with those who forgot those commandments, and did not obey the law, and destroyed people physically and spiritually. Interpol had coped with that task for almost a hundred years!

In this organization, there were always people who were able to work. And among them was a usual, if a damn beautiful, girl from Vladivostok, whose name was Tanya and who managed to her name several times in a short period of time. She was not used to yield to difficulties. She was taught differently at the Graduate Police School, and later when she served in the police and Interpol. Her current mission was difficult, no doubt about it. It But the task must be accomplished. It was a struggle with the modern "demons", which escaped from the novel by Dostoyevsky and entrenched in all possible dark corners of the universe. And their most powerful citadel today was the Syndicate. Therefore, the meaning of the activities of Interpol at the present stage was to ensure that the "demons" did not destroy humanity. Life is fragile. Life is easy to destroy. And life is easy to be devoid of its meaning. So many people live and die not knowing the meaning of their lives. "I do not want to live like that. And I do not live like that, thought Tanya, an Interpol officer. "I'm going to enjoy life in all its manifestations, I will work so that other people have the opportunity to enjoy life as well as I do. This is the meaning of my life. So I see it, and I feel it, and I know it. I thank the Lord that he helps me in every step of my way ... "

* * *

TOP SECRET

The only instance
Interpol Secretary General
Edward Schaeffer

I bring to your attention that the development of the operation Rossolimo's Openin is in danger of failure. Our operative infiltrated the organization codename K has not contacted us either through the main or alternate channel. I suppose that all these days K has been undergoing a security check . It is possible that he is at risk of disclosure, and then the physical removal by the Syndicate's security. In connection with the situation I suggest to proceed with the main operational plan "Rossolimo's Opening", in view of this proposal I submit it for your consideration.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
29/05/2019

Interpol Secretary-General Edward Schaeffer, read the report Matteo Hirsch, urgently summoned him to his office and holding the secret document in his hand asked in a slightly irritated voice asked:

"What do you mean, my friend? We do not know the key things! We have no idea where the main factory for the production of counterfeit medicines is. Without that, we have no right to start the implementation of the final stage — neither moral nor any other! This is an equivalent to shooting squirrels with an elephant gun and killing yourself in the process. Do you understand that, damn it?"

After a pause, Matteo Hirsch, knowing the character of his boss, said quietly:

"The life of our officer in danger, Chief. We don't have the right to risk his life either."

"Okay, okay. I want our officer's life to saved too. But, joining Interpol, the officer knew what he was doing. Taking the oath, the officer knew that he may have to sacrifice his life to save the lives of others."

"I understand that, said Hirsch. But if something unexpected happens to that officer and he will start talking, then all our work will come to nothing. While if we begin now we will still be able to catch at least some of the members of the Syndicate. And then we'll make those whom we've caught red-handed sing and, pulling the string, will be able uncoil the whole tangle ... Isn't it logical? And most importantly, we will not feel heartless bastards, who sent to his death a beautiful Russian girl."

Edward Schaeffer stood up from desk a nervously walked a couple of times around his spacious office. More to himself than to Hirsch, he said:

"No, I still believe that she will not give up."

His face to Hirsch, he said:

"All right! I command to continue the work on the Rossolimo's Opening in full, according to the plan. I believe in that girl."

After a pause, he added:

"Contact with Grand Master we need his help. It is necessary that he analyzed the situation. Now it is especially important to know what he will recommend."

* * *

"Life — a chess game ... or even a play carefully acted out. And no matter is it long or short. What important is how it has been played — this game or play" that was one of the favorite tenets of Grandmaster Aleksandrov. He was well aware of the role assigned to him in the play called "Rossolimo's Opening." Lives of millions of people depended on how well he would play it

along with Interpol. Analyzing the materials of the case, as a chess player, he knew that in any game of chess could be flaws that were ready to crack — the ideal surface polished granite could always play a cruel trick on the stonecutter due internal stress within the mineral. And now Interpol had to make such moves in its game with the “demons” that it would not last forever. It was important to beat the demons and to prove to themselves — not even to the audience for there simply wasn’t an audience — that evil could be punished by justice and by God! ..

And now, thinking over the matter, Aleksandrov was setting pieces on a chessboard. He remembered his trip to Hungary. Being in this small Central European country on an official visit, he visited the city with an unusual name for a Russian ear — Pecs. This ancient city, whose unofficial history extends back over two thousand years, he remembered mostly because of Victor Vasarely Museum. Vasarely was, oddly enough, was quite a modern artist, one of the founders of the remarkable style of op-art. Visit to the museum was suggested by Hungarian representatives of the international chess organization FIDE who accompanied him. And he remembered the visit well. He often recalled it looking at the chessboard for Vasarely, funny as it might seem, in his work experimented a lot with the elements and images, reminiscent of the chessboard. Life has many unpredictable, unplanned, but, apparently, inevitable events in store... And you remember them because of their spontaneity.

Frankly, before his visit to Pecs Grandmaster Aleksandrov never heard of the name, or art of Victor Vasarely. But learning something new is always exciting, it broadens your mind, and, of course, it gives you a deeper knowledge of the world. For Aleksandrov everything new was always magnetic, captivating. Victor Vasarely... This name was associated with a new movement in art. It was called op-art. Vasarely, then his name was Győző Vásárhelyi, who was born at the beginning of the XX century in Pecs. Many

years later, after studying in Budapest, he moved to France, and the whole world knows him as a French artist and architect. French, but with Hungarian roots. The principle of his creative method as the most prominent representative of op-art was optical illusion. These illusions magically transformed space. Creativity Vasarely’s heritage consists of paintings, graphics, kinetic sculptures, monumental sculptural works and multiples. His works are so unusual that the play of colors, background and special combinations of geometric figures in them are fascinating. The Pecs museum exposition is quite rich, but Aleksandrov, naturally, was charmed by the chessboard with an unusual set of chess pieces, made by Vasarely. The pieces were made of some transparent and opaque white material they all had the shape of cylinders, while their tops in cross-section were different geometrical figures. They were settled on a blue blackboard with circles of different shades of blue. And they gave the viewer that illusion of space, form and light reflection that was peculiar to the human eye. The people accompanying him noticed the grandmaster’s interest. Later he was given an excellent copy of this magnificent work of Vasarely. Aleksandrov kept this gift in his office.

And now he was setting pieces on the board, thinking about the illusory nature of the world and everything that happens in it. “What kind of illusion are cherished by the members of the Syndicate, which make them believe that they can win against the mankind?” — thought he. Now he was going to play the game Fisher vs. Myagmarsuren in Tunisia at Sousse Interzonal in 1967. Twenty-four-old Bobby Fischer how played White from the first moves seized the initiative and had a better vision of the game than his opponent.

The King’s Indian Attack

1. e4 e6
2. d3 d5
3. Nd2 Nf6

4. g3 c5
5. Bg2 Nc6
6. Ngf3 Be7
7. 0-0 0-0
8. e5 Nd7
9. Re1 b5
10. Nf1 b4 an interesting unpredictable move of White.

Interpol must make such a move in the operation “Rossolimo’s Opening” to win in the long run the whole game.

11. h4 a5

12. Bf4 a4 by this move White undermines the opponent’s pawn chain. That’s how you should play, Interpol! It is necessary to break the criminal scheme of the Syndicate trading in death.

13. a3 bxa3 Here White does not take immediately the black pawn in response but develops his dark-squared bishop, thereby obtaining the initiative in the game. Aleksandrov, making such a move, immediately realized that only by taking the initiative in the battle with the Mafia, Interpol would definitely win.

14. bxa3 Na5
15. Ne3 Ba6
16. Bh3 d4
17. Nf1 Nb6
18. Ng5 Nd5
19. Bd2 Bxg5
20. Bxg5 Qd7
21. Qh5 Rfc8
22. Nd2 Nc3
23. Bf6 Qe8
24. Ne4 g6
25. Qg5 Nxe4
26. Rxe4 c4
27. h5 cxd3

28. Rh4 Ra7 with this move of White Alexandrov drew attention to the lack of detail in the game of professionals. You never see a mindless pursuit of “free stuff” pawns in these games. They have a plan, and they are not distracted with unimportant things. After all, in such a battle every move counts. And Interpol also needed to see the point and to go to the goal, despite the minor setbacks.

29. Bg2 dxc2 Black threatens with promoting the pawn. But, alas to them, White answer:

30. Qh6 Qf8

31. Qxh7+ 1—0[1] C2 Black resigned.

Only by such rules Interpol had to play with the Mafia. And as George Bernard Shaw said: “The golden rule is that there are no golden rules.”





Chapter IX

The advantages of light are known from the darkness.

Kabbalah. "The Zohar"

In the white room, where she was kept prisoner, because of the bright light Chloe felt like in a surgical ward before surgery, the outcome of which is unknown. Too complicated a case ... There were no clock and she lost track of time. She ate when they brought food. She fell asleep when overcome with drowsiness. The rest of the time, if there was no interrogation, she tried to entertain herself with thinking about different things. This time when she opened her eyes after a nap, she decided to write a novel mentally. "What is it about? she asked herself, and immediately answered. "About love of course. Although ... No! There are so many books about it, and by such great writers ... Being a police officer perhaps I'd better write a detective novel."

Satisfied with that thought, she recalled her meeting with the guy who tried to jump off a bridge. She actually saved him. It was her birthday. What would be the title of her novel? .. It had to be a political and psychological thriller. To survive in this situation,

it was necessary to escape from reality, escape into the world of fictional stories and characters. She decided to call her imaginary novel “The Devil’s Ear.” It sounded impressive and ominous. That was the name a golden nugget, found in 2014 in Siberia. The weight of the nugget was about seven kilos! Her novel would tell a story of an international criminal organization dealing in death. Seeing that a prototype of it was not only before her eyes she was in the clutches of that prototype ...

“I will show how authorities sell themselves to mafia — thought the girl. — And my organization, Interpol, struggles against the machinations of international villains. And there will be a female detective, who will infiltrate the criminal structure to expose it.” Inspired, Chloe pictured mentally the criminal chain in the form of garlands, in which governmental and criminal structures were interconnected. In order this chain ceased to exist, it had to be broken. And Interpol officers would be the ones who break it ...

Chloe then switched to the thoughts about the meaning of life, based on her own situation of a captive. “Perhaps, God creates people as crabs, she thought, and instead of a barrel sends them to earth, where they begin to devour each other. Why otherwise they always launch wars? The man is able to love, but he is also capable to do evil. The first murderer, Cain who killed his brother Abel out of jealousy because the Lord did not regard for Cain and his offering. When it was found out about, the Lord said: “From now on you are a sinner and can serve as a role model for all the villains of the human race. You will be forever a source of anger and violence. Your fate and the fate of your offspring is destined to be the path of sin. Your children, and your children’s children, all your offspring will bear your impress and they will bring to the world only anger and jealousy, adultery and pride and all other sins. It will best your descendants, Cain, who will unleash the worst massacre in the history of mankind because of the lust for power and profit, because of envy and pride.

They will stain the earth with blood and fill rivers with corpses. They will destroy cities and they will destroy entire nations. And all this is your fault, Cain, for you are the world’s first murderer. The first and the worst. Your followers, emperors of ancient Rome: Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, and others perverted Rome. Particularly successful in this was Nero. Debauchery and gluttony, betrayal and hardness of heart, greed and suspicion affected the Roman Empire like ailments and injuries affect defenseless human body. And all this was incurable like leprosy. Fear and death entered into the souls of people who lived there for years and years. Their worthy successors Stalin and Hitler in the XX century continued the work of Cain. A faithful disciple of Lenin Koba Dzhughashvili, Stalin ... He formed the system of the dictatorship of the party apparatus. This system created mass repressions. This system, which he headed, brought death and suffering to many nations and will bring more many people in Russia want to return to his “iron hand”. Pockmarked monster with heavy Georgian accent, devil’s spawn, a true descendant of Cain. And Hitler, his demoniac twin brother. Committing heinous crimes against humanity, unleashing the Second World War and the Holocaust, which claimed the lives of millions of people, he took his place among the followers of the first murderer. And modern coins keep up with their predecessors. They unleash civil wars, as they did recently in Iraq, Afghanistan, Syria, Libya and Ukraine. They continue to kill people with poison medicines...”

Chloe’s sad reflections were interrupted by the sound of the door opened. Silent clean-shaven guard with colorless eyes brought her food. He placed the tray on the table and without even casting a glance at the prisoner quietly left the room. The girl did not feel like eating. And the food was not particularly appetizing. Some tasteless stuff... But she had to eat to keep her strength. After meal Chloe lay down on the sofa. Silence pressed like multi-ton concrete slab, and every passing hour increased its weight. The girl tried to enliven

her thoughts, but it was getting harder and harder. All thoughts went out like a campfire in the wind where nobody tossed wood anymore. Chloe hated silence surrounds her. In the past felt silence as something calming and comforting, especially after hustle and bustle at work. She liked to be alone ... But that was long ago. In another life, where silence was a chance to speak with God. Where she made right decisions, the kind of decisions only that silence could prompt. The silence in the white room was different. It did not bring rest and repose. It was truly a deathly silence. There were not even smells there! Girl's brain receiving no external stimuli began to rebel, it was willing to smell rot, sewage anything ... Just to feel and experience the signs of life. Only absence of air can kill a person faster than absolute silence. For some time, Chloe lapsed into saving oblivion. When she awoke, she saw legions of cockroaches in the bright light; they were everywhere. It seemed to her that they climbed into her mouth, ears, eyes. She tried to fight back, brush them off, but were getting more and more numerous. Insects here were about to destroy her, covering the whole of her body. At that point, consciousness returned to her. Chloe realized that it was all a delusion, hallucination. She remembered the song she heard in her youth: "Silence — is death." Oddly enough, the group that sang it was called "Cockroaches".

I saw how those who left the game,
Became adults in a few days.
When there are no more teenage dreams
What will you do with your life?
I don't know exactly what is the mechanism,
Exactly how it affects people.
Only I saw those who left the game,
Became grown-ups in a few days.
I just believe that destroying dogmas —
Is the best way to stay young,

That songs can stop bombs
And that silence — is death.
And that silence — is death.
When there is no teenage dream,
Who and how can you warm?
I produce noise in order to continue to live,
I believe: silence — is death.
I believe: silence — is death.
I just believe that destroying dogmas —
Is the best way not to grow old,
What songs can stop the bomb
In that silence — is death.
I just believe in what destroys dogma —
The best way not to grow old,
What songs can stop the bomb
In that silence — is death ...

"O, Lord! Give me the strength to accept what cannot be changed. Lead me, Lord, through the life, and let everything be, as it should be! Lord, in this world since Adam and Eve, there is good and there is evil. Some people are evil. Unfortunately, there are a lot of them. But there are also champions of good. O Lord, help them, for they are your allies in this world. Lord! All is in your will! All is in your power! Do not leave me without your grace, help me, save and keep me!"

But apparently, these words flashed in her mind when her strength was already on the wane, because she relapsed into drowsiness ... and cockroaches were right there ... They surrounded her and began to approach her body with unprecedented rapidity. Chloe gasped with fear — she did not want to be eaten by those disgusting creatures — and continued to resist, weakly fending off the advancing insects. She fell into a unconsciousness, which lasted for some time, until she felt that there was someone else in the room.

A human being.

Human beings.

The girl opened her eyes. Two men stood before her. She recognized one of them at once — it was a redhead, who met her at the airport in Seoul and delivered her to the Syndicate's safe house. The second was a man of medium height, with short graying beard, wearing dark glasses and a white lab coat. This man came up to her, checked her pulse, looked her into the eyes.

"Looks like she is in the right condition, he concluded. You can start a polygraph test."

Despite his dismal state she immediately realized that they were going to check her with a lie detector. Her life and the fate of Rossolimo's Opening would depend on that test. Preparing for the infiltration she spent days training to work with the device. She studied polygraph thoroughly, and she knew it was a sensor unit, consisting of a set of sensors connected to a computer. The work of polygraph was based on the fact that all psychological reactions of a person had physiological manifestations. To the body of the tested various sensors were connected that recorded heartbeat, blood pressure, sweating, frequency of blinking and so on. First polygraph examiner asked easy questions so that the computer could measure a person's reaction to basic or even absurd questions. For example, what is the color of your hair? When the computer recorded the types of reactions, the time came for complex questions, and that was where the device by the reactions of the examinee estimated the veracity of his responses.

"Give me back my morning, give me back my time," Chloe turned to God in her thoughts, sitting in a specially equipped room in a chair, to be tested with a modern lie detector. This machine was capable of recording up to fifty physiological parameters. Reddening of the face or its parts. Twitching of the lips and the expansion or contraction of the pupils. Rapid blinking. Dilation of the capillaries and the change of skin temperature around eyes. Intraocular pressure. It could also analyze speech, subconscious reactions, semantic fields of the tested.

Depth and frequency of breathing, changes in systemic blood pressure, rate of sweating of the palms, activity of the brain. It marked the level of excitation, muscle tremors... And a lot of other changes that might indicate a lie. In short, it was a very powerful machine!

"Well, let's start," looking into the eyes of Chloe, said the examiner and winked at her.

He wore white gloves on his hands. "White! Oh, shit, not again ... " — thought Chloe with disgust. All movements of the man were crisp, practiced for second-nature, but there was nothing robotic about them they were cheerful, lively, energetic. For that manifestation of life, for that unlikely proof of human warmth, for the fact that by all his business-like air he showed her that she had not yet finally moved into a deathly pale hell, Chloe was almost ready to fall in love with that middle-aged tester... But she got grip of herself. After all, if the white-bearded man could find her out in a lie, he would simply give her up to be eaten by a syndicate...

"Let's start with the head," said the expert softly. He picked up a small hoop with built-in sensors and deftly placed the device on the girl's head. Secured it under her chin with a wrap strap. The strap was connected to the sensors monitoring her right and left eye. They measured her eye pressure and eyelid movements. Other sensors fixed on her head registered processes in her brain. Chloe thought that now, with all that gear on her head she probably resembled a satellite with multiple antennas, small and large. But she was neither a satellite, nor some other spacecraft; she was live, beautiful girl.

On finishing the installation of sensors on her head the middle-aged man began to work on her hands Chloe with same accurate precise movements. He began with fingers, putting a sensor on each of them. He fastened sensors measuring the sweating of palms. Fixed a cuff on her upper arm for measuring of blood pressure. To record changes in respiratory rate and depth the tester placed pneumatic tubes on her chest and stomach. All of these devices and sensors were connected to a powerful computer. Then he went up

a camcorder fixed on a tripod camcorder pointed it at the girl and switched on the desired mode.

“Now everything is ready. Are you tired?” asked he in a cheerful voice..

He went up to Chloe, gently put his arm around her and said:

“In an hour and a half, my dear, we will know all about you. Who are you. Where are you from. Why did you come to us. And, whether you should live or not.

The man pressed the red button in a desk where the computer was located. In just thirty seconds a man and a woman entered the room. Both were in white coats. Chloe saw them for the first time. The man was much older than his companion. His coarse face was heavily wrinkled. The woman was young, even attractive. Slanting greenish eyes gave her a certain charm. Her companion went up to Chloe, looked into her eyes and said softly:

“Hello, Chloe. We will ask you questions by turns. You must answer clearly and truthfully. Do you understand me?”

Chloe smiled with just the corners of his lips and said:

“Yes.”

By this she indicated that she was ready for a dialogue — or rather, to fight. Despite the incredible physical ailment, she concentrated and remembered her training —she had been specially trained to fool a polygraph. There were several methods: during a session one had to display physical resistance, such as biting one’s tongue, pressuring one’s toes against the floor and so on. It was also necessary to fight back mentally, count backwards starting with seven: seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. It is worth noting that during the training captain Tatiana managed to fool a polygraph in eighty percent of cases. That was considered a very good result. Would Chloe Koshman be able to do the same?

Everyone was ready. The camcorder was on.

“What color are the leaves on the trees?” the man asked the first question. Chloe said:

“Yellow.”

She understood the essence of the game. She noted that the man’s eyes were set close that spoke of his greed — perhaps that might be of use in the future ...

A question from the woman:

“What planet do we live on?”

“The Earth,” clearly said Chloe. Suddenly she felt a burst of energy. “Oh, no! I just will not give up! No way!”

“What is your nationality?” and she immediately heard a new question. It was necessary to answer in even tone, and Chloe said quietly:

“I’m from Canada.”

“The capital of Russia?”

“Moscow.”

The woman asked promptly:

“Your real full name?”

“Chloe Koshman.”

Her answer made the man narrow his eyes:

“Previous President of the United States?”

“Barack Obama.”

“What is your favorite color?”

“Green.”

“Who is the latest world champion in football?”

“I have no idea. I do not know. I do not like football.”

“Was David Runni your lover?”

“Unfortunately yes...”

At the mention of David Chloe realized that the attack, the real pressure had begun. She turned on mental and physical resistance.

“DidRunni really commit suicide?”

“Yes.”

“Who is your favorite writer?”

“Dostoevsky.”

“Your favorite brand of wine?”

“White dry “Freestone Chardonnay” 2010.”

“What animals do you like?”
 “Dogs.”
 “Who of the famous actors you’re interested in?”
 “Hugh Jackman.”
 “Name your favorite singers.”
 “Paul Anka, Michael Jackson, Madonna.”
 “Who is the secretary general of Interpol?”
 A trap! Chloe replied at once:
 “I don’t know.”
 “What does Interpol do?”
 “It seems that it catches criminals around the world ...”
 “Are you a police officer?”
 “No.”
 “Your real name?”
 “Chloe Koshman.”
 Questions went to the second round. “I can handle it! I can stand it! Lord, help me!” repeated Chloe to herself over and over again....
 “What time of the year is it now?”
 “It must be summer.”
 “What month?”
 “I do not know, she replied flatly. “But I would like to know”
 “We ask questions here!” snapped the man, and his pale face turned red. Chloe’s impeccable behavior Chloe at the interrogation clearly annoyed him.
 “Who was the last queen of Great Britain?”
 “Elizabeth II.”
 “Name of God in Islam?”
 “Allah.”
 “The Son of God in Christianity?”
 “Jesus Christ.”
 “The president of Russia?” (“I’ve already answered this question,” thought Chloe).
 “Medvedev,” she repeated her previous answer.

“Formula of sulfuric acid?”
 “ H_2SO_4 ...”
 “Chemical formula of water?”
 “ H_2O .”
 Formula gold?
 “I do not know. Oh, sorry! In Latin gold is called ‘aurum’”
 “List the colors of the rainbow.”
 “Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet.”
 And a trap question again:
 “Are you serve a police officer?”
 “No.”
 They asked their questions more and more rapidly.
 “How many continents are there in the world?”
 “Six.”
 “Call them.”
 “Eurasia, Africa, North America, South America, Australia, Antarctica.”
 “What is Buddhism?”
 “A religion.”
 “Your hobby?”
 “I don’t have one.”
 “In which country is the city of Bucharest?”
 “In Romania.”
 “Your rank in the police?”
 “I do not serve in the police,” without any change in her voice said Chloe.
 It took a an hour and a half... questions, answers. All the participants definitely were tired. The forehead and nose of the older tester who was sitting at the computer were covered in sweat. The man and the woman who asked questions did not look better. Chloe was absolutely exhausted. Even before the interview she had been not in the best shape but now she was on the verge of losing consciousness. They just carried her to another room to rest, for she was no longer able to walk.

* * *

The first thing she felt when she woke up was the smell of flowers. She was afraid to open her eyes: the smell was so fresh, she did not want to be disappointed — what if it was just another hallucination? That smell brought back memories of her childhood. She came back to life, and that was why she was afraid to open her eyes. But she opened them and realized that she was alive. She lay on the couch in a strange room. There were a table, a chair, a sofa, where she lay, and a large Sony plasma screen on the wall in the room. Next to the sofa table, on which she lay was the TV remote, and a vase of blue glass. There was a bouquet of peonies in the vase. It was their fresh and familiar scent in the air. She tried to get off the couch but didn't succeed. Her limbs did not obey. The whole body was heavy and rebellious. She started wiggling her fingers and toes. She was gradually coming to normal. In thirty minutes she was able to sit on the couch; then she stood up. But the attempt to walk around the room ended in failure. She just collapsed into a chair. "The good thing is that after the test they transferred me to another room, thought Chloe. — There is some furniture, TV, and even flowers. What are the test results I wonder? "

At this moment the door opened — the food arrived. It was brought by the same person who had brought it before. He just quietly put the dishes on the table and left. Girl ate the steak and vegetables without appetite and washed them down with orange juice. Then turned on the TV. She wanted to know how long she had been in prison. She found BBC. News from Latin America. In Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Paraguay and Argentina a state of emergency was declared because of mass poisoning of people with counterfeit medicines. The date on the screen was 06/19/2019, time — 19.45. Chloe was amazed: she had been tortured by sensory deprivation for almost three weeks! "I did not break down! I won! For I've survived and I did not give up!"

Chapter X

Woe to them! They have taken the way of Cain; they have rushed for profit into Balaam's error; they have been destroyed in Korah's rebellion.

These people are blemishes at your love feasts, eating with you without the slightest qualm — shepherds who feed only themselves. They are clouds without rain, blown along by the wind; autumn trees, without fruit and uprooted — twice dead. They are wild waves of the sea, foaming up their shame; wandering stars, for whom blackest darkness has been reserved for ever.

Jude 1:11-13

TOP SECRET

Single copy

To Secretary-General of Interpol

Edward Schaeffer

I inform you that it has been three weeks since the disappearance of K. It is quite possible that our operative was exposed. Maybe

he is dead. I propose to begin the final stage of the operation 'Rossolimo' Opening'. Our consultant Grandmaster, on analyzing the situation, also believes that it is necessary to strike first. In case of delay, we can completely disrupt the implementation of the operation.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
06/20/2019

* * *

TOP SECRET
Single copy

INFORMATION

In accordance with the instructions of the Syndicate Security Department audited Chloe Koshman who worked with David Runni in African and Russian sectors. During their collaboration, they closed several successful deals through "Intercare Pharmaceuticals" based in Canada. In the process of check, it is established that the company actually has been working in the pharmaceutical market for more than five years. One of its main shareholders is Chloe Koshman, the second owner of the company is a Canadian citizen Ehsan Klarson, born in 1981. Klarson and Koshman were bound not only by economic interests. They had an affair. In December 2018, Koshman met at the Venetian Macao David Runni and later became a business partner of Syndicate. According to Runni's reports, businesswise Koshman displayed exceptional qualities. Tha was confirmed by Sean Kenny, a partner of David Runni. Chloe Koshman was the last to see Runni alive. For this reason, she was put to a test with the use of special methods. After three weeks of sensory deprivation, she was subjected to a lie detector

test. The audit concluded that Chloe Koshman can be trusted, and engaged in Syndicate's operations in any sector using her company "Intercare" as a cover.

Trevor Jason
Head of Security Department
06/20/2019

* * *

"Well, I have to agree with your arguments and offer to begin the implementation of the operation "Rossolimo's Opening". Especially, since Grandmaster also insists on it," said Edward Schaeffer with a slight discontent, talking in his office with his faithful assistant Hirsch. "Matteo, I give you three days to prepare a plan for the implementation of the final stage. Once again, consult Grandmaster every step of the way. See you in three days."

* * *

Life consists of minutes, hours, days, months, years. It is the constant battle with time...

Chloe, who had recovered after a three-week torture, enjoyed the smell of flowers and morning coffee, TV presenters' voices and sounds of music. Of course, she wanted to go out and wander under the trees, sit on a bench in some little park. But that was still out of question — she was still locked up. Only on the third day after her arrival a man of medium height with a tenacious, bulldog's look entered her room.

"My name is Trevor Jason. Nice meeting you," said the man dryly.

Chloe said Hi. She realized that the test results spoke in her favor. And now she was about to hear about that. After a short pause, Jason spoke; he sounded strict and terse. Every word was packed with meaning.

“We apologize, Chloe. But it was a necessary measure. You must understand this. One of our workers died. We could not leave the fact without proper attention and investigation. In addition, Interpol shows increasing attention to the affairs of our organization, and that we cannot ignore too. But we came to the conclusion that you can be trusted, and now we are ready to work with you in the future. In thirty minutes, I’ll come back here and take you to a meeting with our leadership. You have time to freshen up. Once again: thirty minutes!”

Chloe knew that this meeting would be the most important event in the whole operation. She put on a touch of make-up, and chose an appropriate garb: dark silk trousers, a chiffon blouse and a creamy beige scarf — simple, yet elegant. Looking at herself in the mirror, she noted that she got thin and haggard. But in a way, that was rather opportune. “Let them see what they have done to a woman, bastards” Chloe couldn’t help a slightly vindictive grin.

In exactly thirty minutes without knocking, Trevor Jason entered the room. He carefully examined the girl. She could not tell by his impression whether he was satisfied with her appearance or not.

“I’m ready,” quietly said Chloe.

Jason grunted.

“Follow me and do not ask too many questions. At the meeting, you should not ask any questions either. This is only an introductory meeting. The management wants to look at you. Then a decision will be made regarding your future.”

Chloe nodded and silently followed him out of the room. They went out into the yard. It turned out that all that time, Chloe was in a four-storey mansion, reminding of a fortified country estate. On the light colored paving bricks of the courtyard, there were several cars of different brands. She was invited to get in one of them. She sat in the back and Jason placed himself next to her.

“To the central office,” said he briefly to the driver.

The driver, a young man with reddish stubble on his cheeks, nodded without saying a word, and drove to the gate...

“Where are we?” Chloe ventured to ask.

“In Hong Kong,” briefly replied Jason.

About an hour later, a car pulled up to the two-story mansion behind a small cast iron fence. An old building in the Baroque style was quite beautiful and, apparently, had historical and architectural value. The mansion was surrounded by a quite elegant small park. The gates opened automatically and let the car in. Two security guards opened the car doors for them.

“Follow me,” muttered Jason to Chloe. “And remember, what I told you. No questions. Only clear-cut answers.”

Paintings by old masters in gilded frames were somehow out of tune with modern furniture in the spacious office she entered. It was the first thing Chloe noticed. There were five people there, not one as she had assumed. All of them were about the same age. Wearing quiet, dark suits. They sat at a long mahogany table. Trevor Jason respectfully greeted them:

“Gentlemen, I’d like to introduce to you Chloe Koshman.”

Silence. Apparently, the leadership of the syndicate did not expect to see such a young woman. Trousers, high heels, emaciated face... She looked even younger than her years! Each of those influential gentlemen marked how young she was... How fresh-looking. Despite the fact that she clearly looked tired.

The man at the head of the table was the first to speak. An imposing gentleman, with graying temples.

“Will you have a seat?”

“Oh, yes, do have a seat,” echoed the others.

Jason also pointed to a chair. When everyone settled, the chairman continued:

“We have carefully reviewed your biography, Chloe, and your work in Africa and in Russia. We had to check you, using special methods. You must forgive us. That was necessary, I repeat. After all, you can be trusted. Right?”

Chloe said quietly:

“I can assure you that you can rely on me. And I understand you: the stakes in our game is too high to take unnecessary risks. No hard feelings, gentlemen. After all, it’s business. And business often requires tough decisions.”

It seemed that the audience liked her words. And one of the leaders of the Syndicate, who looked the most youthful, asked:

“Are you going to get married?”

“Not yet,” she smiled. “But in the long term, if there is a decent man, why not?”

The man who was sitting closest to Chloe, a brunette with a touch of gray in his hair and with deep-set eyes, asked her if she liked painting. Chloe well versed in that art form, looked at the pictures in the office and said:

“I prefer the Impressionists, Monet, Degas and their followers. But I can appreciate the collection here. I believe these are all originals ...”

She was asked some more questions, then the man sitting at the head of the table, got to the point:

“We have decided to trust you our Latin American sector, Chloe. It is presently ... ahem ... ahem ... you know, without a manager. We had to break the contract with the person who occupied this position. Let him seek a better life in heavens. Although it is unlikely, they allow him to join the club — they take a dim view of thieves there. We’ll appoint Sean Kenny as your assistant. You will work through your company ‘Intercare Pharmaceuticals’. Your supervisor will be a member of our board Mr. Berg. Paul Berg.”

At these words raised a clean-shaven man, the one who asked Chloe about marriage.

“It’s me,” he smiled good-naturedly at her. “All the details of our mutual work we will discuss tomorrow. I am waiting for you at 10 sharp. Meanwhile settle at your new place, get communication equipment, advance fee. But I am waiting for you in my office. It’s room 22, just on the second floor of this building”.

Chloe realized the audience had ended. She raised from her place and said with a slight smile:

“Yes, Mr. Berg. Tomorrow at 10, I will be here.”

At that moment, the chairman summoned through the intercom another employee and introduced him to Chloe. That young man, dressed like his patron in a dark suit was to show Chloe her new apartment, and provide her with everything necessary. Than they were allowed to go.

The young man’s name was Sebastian Cross. He was an assistant of the Chairman of the board of directors of Syndicate. Cross was just a little older than Chloe. A tall dark man with a short hair and aristocratic manners. Chloe thought that he would fit perfectly for star roles in Hollywood but instead he waited on a bunch of sleek murderers. Well, it seems that fate knows no mercy indeed...

Cross suggested they have lunch at a nearby restaurant and talk over the particulars. Chloe agreed but made it clear that there must be no nonsense — strictly business. Sebastian laughed knowingly.

At the restaurant, handsome Cross told Chloe that first of all she should get a plastic key-card to be able to get to the office.

“I will take you today to our special department where they take your fingerprints and scan your retina. That would be your personal identification code. With the card, you will be able to open and close every door in the building. Except for the offices of the management and security.”

“And how I will get to the Berg’s office tomorrow?”

“No worries, his assistant will come after you. He will show you there. In Syndicate everything is excellently organized, haven’t you already noticed? Every employee knows his business and never interferes with the business of others. Our security service sees to it. It has unlimited right to check on every employee. This service is directly administered by the chairman. Its chief is subject only to him. On the other hand, no one has any particular motive to mess

with somebody else's business. What for? Our work is interesting enough. As for money... Well, money is just great..."

A waiter came up to them and offered a menu. Chloe was hungry so she ordered lager and Munich sausages. Days on forced diet, when her food ration consisted mainly of monotonous purees, dull toasts and tasteless side dishes, made her crave for something more nourishing and spicy. Her companion ordered dense dark beer and rare steak with baked vegetables. When the food was on the table Cross continued.

"As a chief of a sector you will have an automobile of deluxe class with a driver. Later, I will introduce him to you. We are still choosing the right candidate. There is a slight problem with living accommodation but that's nothing. It's just that you will have to see all apartments on the list and chose the one, which fits you best, the most comfortable. You see, the organization takes care of its employees. Besides, we will give you two satellite phones. One is meant only for communication with the management and the other one is for business."

Chloe could not help it and said coquettishly.

"And which one is to call you?"

"Definitely the other one. My number will be in its memory. And, my dear, you can call me any time, day and night." He gave her a charming smile.

After lunch Cross and Chloe went to the special department. There they were met by a woman of about forty with undecipherable face and bearded middle-aged man. In half an hour, Chloe was presented with a multy-access key-card. The girl left the office as a full-fledged employee of a mighty syndicate: with telephones and individual card which gave her access to the premises of the office.

"Yes," thought Captain of Interpol. "They are well-organized here, in this Syndicate of theirs."

Then she and Cross went down to the underground garage where she was shown a white Mercedes allotted for her. Cross presented her a black driver by the name of Kevin Deebold.

"Now he'll drive you to the apartments," said Cross. "Tell me if you find something to your liking."

"Thank you," replied Chloe.

She understood that all that comfort and conveniences would be paid for with her work. She chose a luxurious apartment in one of the high-risers. It was on the top floor and had an access to the swimming pool. The apartment was greatly furnished, and the view on the city was just beautiful.

* * *

Paul Berg raised from his desk to meet Chloe.

"I am informed what apartment you have chosen. Good choice. Very nicely situated. Plus there are facilities to keep up good shape. I mean the pool and gym..."

He offered Chloe a chair and sat himself in the similar one.

"What do you prefer in the morning? Tea or coffee?"

"Coffee."

The assistant standing beside them nodded and left the room. He came back with Chloe's coffee and a glass of water with lemon for Berg. Chloe made a sip. The coffee was remarkable.

"Well, let's go down to business," said Berg, raised from his armchair and walked up to the screen on the wall. The screen lightened up and the words "Latin America: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Venezuela, Haiti, Guatemala, Honduras, the Dominican Republic, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, El Salvador, Uruguay, Chile, Ecuador."

Some of the names of the states were printed in bold type.

"There are 20 states on our list, we follow classical geography, so there are no such states as for example Suriname and Guyana, and the states of the Caribbean. Unfortunately, now we work with not every one of them. Only about 60 per cent of the list. You see, we marked them."

"Yes, I see," nodded Chloe.

“Well, our task is to continue working with the countries where we have contacts and expand the market at the expense of the countries that are still not on the list. We have our people, reliable people, at the top level of government in every country where we work. Sean Kenny will introduce them to you. You will work with Sean.”

Chloe nodded. She realized that Sean, a man who knew her well, was attached to her for control. Well, that was understandable...

“And now to the most important part,” said Berg. “Where you will get the products.”

“Yes, it is the most important part,” thought she. Berg looked into her eyes and noticed something that he did not like very much. But he restrained himself and decided to analyze his feeling later. It was just some tension that he saw in her face.

“Your sector is provided by the plant in Miskolc. It is, you know, a mediocre town in the northeast of Hungary. There was an ancient settlement there. Now it is a real dump with ruined economy. They used to have great metallurgical industry, but now our facility there is perhaps the only reason the town still exists... You should fly to Hungary in the next few days. It is time to prepare a new shipment to Paraguay. The manager of the plant is Alex Hill, our old employee. He is already informed about your arrival. He is waiting for you.”

Chloe could not help to ask.

“Can I ask what happened to my predecessor?”

“I strongly recommend you not to ask unnecessary questions. Just do what you are told, and you will not have any trouble with our security service. They are experts in their job.”

Chloe remembered the white room where she suffered for three weeks and silently agreed that they were experts indeed.

“So, I say once again: you have to go to Hungary to check, if they are ready to ship a new haul. After that, you will fly to Paraguay, where you will strike a deal with our representative there and get a

50 per cent prepay. Then you will start shipment of a consignment of goods. Your task is to supervise everything. The deal will be put through your company “Intercare Pharmaceuticals”. Is everything clear?”

“Yes, Mr. Berg.”

“Let’s continue. You will have two offices. One here, on the first floor. Sebastian Cross will show it to you. And another at our plant in Miskolc. There Mr. Hill, the manager will show you everything. The offices will be adequately equipped. There will be everything for comfortable work. We do everything to make your work convenient. And you must honestly work for the syndicate in return. Your pay will be decent, believe me. Big money. Your “Intercare” is a dwarf in comparison with the syndicate. But it will grow now.”

“Oh, yes,” thought Chloe. And said aloud: “And how much will I get off the deal?”

“Ten per cent.” The tone showed that the sum is not a matter for discussion.

“I agree.”

“Good. I think will fall into step. And something else. Every day from 10 to 11, you must telephone me, no matter where you are. I must possess all information about the work of your sector.”

“I understand.”

“Then you may go.”

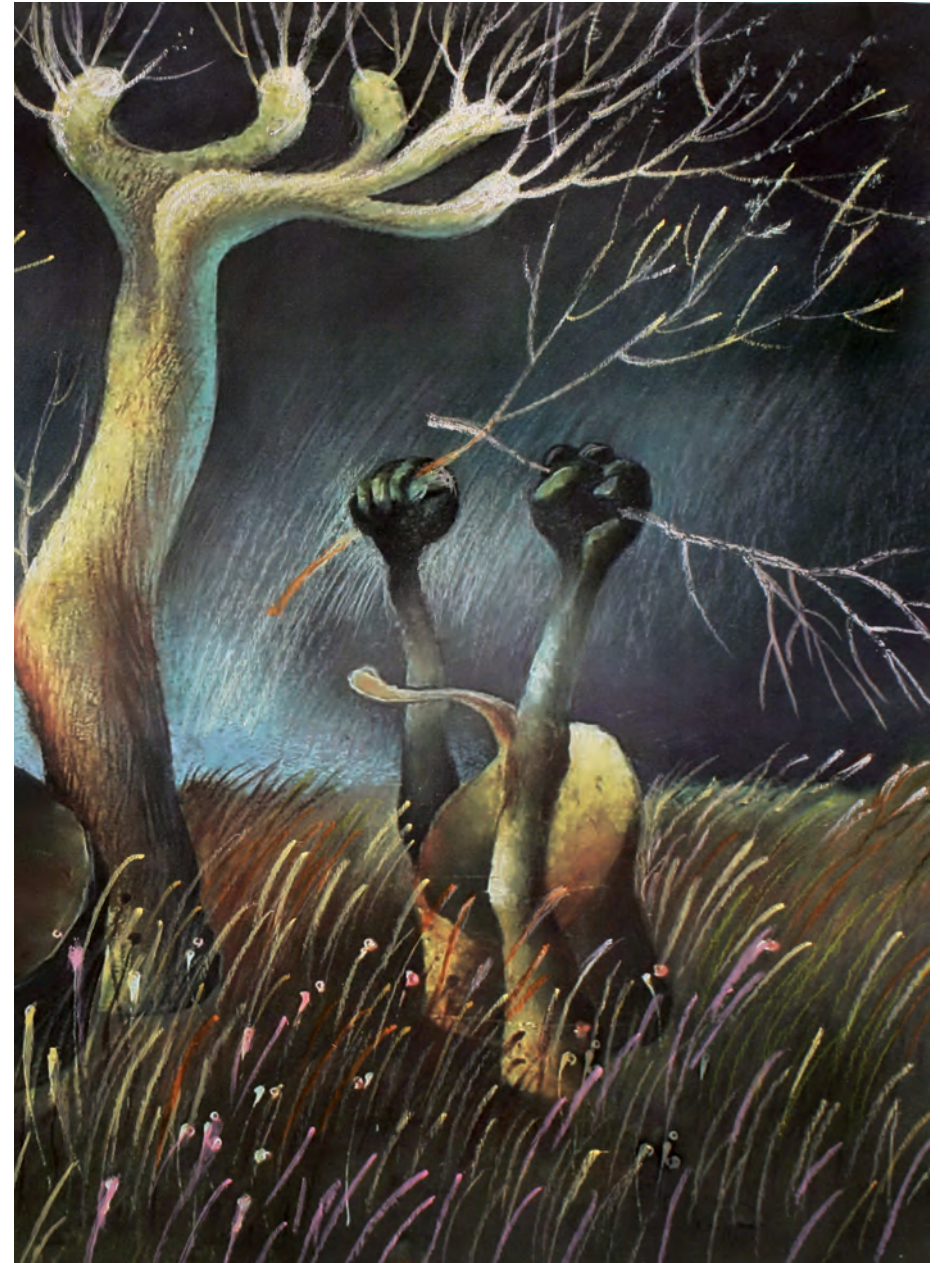
In the lobby, Sebastian Cross was waiting for her.

“You look great!” said he cheerfully.

Indeed, she was beautiful in her new provocative dark blue dress. Chloe thanked him in a tone full of decency, showing him that she was used to compliments. They went down to her new office, which surpassed all her expectations. In the reception area, sat a secretary, a girl a little older than Chloe. Having noticed them, she raised from the desk and introduced herself.

“Rose Fennenger.”

“Chloe Koshman.” Chloe extended her hand.



Rose returned to her desk. In the main office, there was nothing unnecessary. It was furnished austerely, just for work. A desk, chairs for the visitors, a powerful computer with a big screen. All necessary stationary. Light wallpaper gave the office a spacious look. A big vase with flowers added a touch of unobtrusive coziness.

"Make yourself at home," said Cross and left to take care of another business. And there she was — in her new office. Alone

* * *

TOP SECRET

Single copy

To Secretary General of Interpol

Edward Shaeffer

Operative infiltrated into the international criminal group involved in distribution of counterfeit medicines (Syndicate) established contact. Operative K informed us that he passed a thorough special check by the security service of the criminal Syndicate. For three weeks, K was subject to sensorial deprivation after which he passed a polygraph test. The test was passed successfully. Presently K enjoys full trust of the management of Syndicate and is assigned to a Latin American sector. K's area of responsibility is the shipment of counterfeit medicines produced in Miskolc, Hungary. K informed us that the headquarters of Syndicate is situated in Hong Kong, the address of the office is known. In the next few days, K, as an executive officer, is going to Hungary for familiarization with the activities of the plant (manager: Alex Hill). K's is directly supervised by Paul Berg, a member of the board of directors of Syndicate. After that, K is going to Paraguay for preparation of the first deal. Besides, K informed us that he established good relationships with the assistant of the chairman of the board of directors of Syndicate Sebastian Cross, who possesses certain information that might be interesting for us. From conversations with him it became clear that there are several sectors of Syndicate aimed at different regions of

the world. Each one has its own pharmaceutical facility, which is situated in a certain city of a certain country. The board of Syndicate consists of five persons. The chairman is the US citizen Christopher Water. The activity of the Syndicate is controlled by a more powerful organization. But what organization it is and who are the people standing behind it Cross does not know.

Presently it is decided to put all deals considering Latin America through Intercare Pharmaceuticals.

On the base of this information, I suggest.

To extend the period of development of the "Rossolimo's Opening" for three months to 25.09.19. Executor: Hirsch.

Together with Hong Kong Department of Justice, organize wiretapping of the offices and telephones of the top managers of Syndicate with a view of establishing their criminal contacts in different regions of the world and locating their superiors. Executors: Interpol, Hong Kong Department of Justice. Time: July, August, September 2019.

Together with the Ministry of Internal Affairs of Hungary to keep under observancy Alex Hill, the manager of the pharmaceutical plant in Miskolc, with the view of establishing all his contacts and connections in the system of distribution of counterfeit medicines produced at the plant. Executors: Interpol, Ministry of Internal Affairs of Hungary. Time: July, August 2019.

Set a task before operative K infiltrated into Syndicate to learn through Sebastian Cross complete scheme of criminal activities of Syndicate. First of all, to define all sectors of distribution of counterfeit medicines throughout the world and locations of the pharmaceutical facilities producing counterfeit. Executor: Hirsch. Time: June 2019.

Through K, define, if possible, the superior organ of the criminal syndicate and persons involved in it. Executor: Hirsch Time: July, August, September 2019.

Together with Hong Kong Department of Justice wiretap residences of Christopher Water, chairman of the board of directors of Syndicate, Trevor Jason, head of security service of Syndicate, Patrick Kessler, officer of security service of Syndicate, Sebastian

Cross, assistant of chairman of the board of directors of Syndicate. In view of establishing their involvement in criminal distribution of counterfeit medicaments. On receiving new information from operative K, urgently develop additional plan of investigation and search operations in the framework of the "Rossolimo's Opening".

Executor: Hirsch.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
24.06.2019

* * *

Long flight from Hong Kong to Budapest even in business class frazzled Chloe, who had not completely rehabilitated after her sensorial deprivation ordeal. But having booked into the hotel in the very center of Pest, after taking a shower Chloe decided to walk around the old city. After all, who knows when she would get another chance to see one of the most beautiful cities of Europe! Seeing a new city is like meeting a new person. You see him for the first time, you don't know what he's like, how to communicate with him and if it is worth it. Somebody told you something about him, you heard something or other, and here he is in front of you! You look at him, listen to him and only after that form your opinion. And you decide for yourself if you want to continue your communication... Chloe heard about Budapest, read tourist's guides. But what she saw far surpassed all her expectations. She could not help falling in love with that city on the banks of the Danube. The hotel where she stayed was situated on Váci street. It is a pedestrian thoroughfare. It flows into a city market, a quite remarkable place, a former railway station. It is worth visiting, not just for shopping, but for promenade. To see Hungary's riches and curiosities. Beautifully decorated counters are hanged with various

sausages; for example salami well-known all around Europe. Their pleasant spicy smell fills the whole market mixing with the fragrance of fruit and vegetable. And what an amount of paprika! Numerous braids of it everywhere! And what about souvenirs to every taste! And of course, legendary Hungarian wines Egri Bikavér (Bull's Blood of Eger), pálinka, white dry wines and great many of others...From the market you should walk down Váci street towards the Danube admiring colorful souvenir shops on the way. Especially those where they sell national costumes made by Hungarian mistresses of needlework and adorned with unique national ornaments. Representatives of those mistresses stand by their shops wearing magnificent colorful garments and invite you to enter and look at their masterpieces, and perhaps buy something. And having reached the Danube embankment you swoon in admiration because you have in front of you a panorama of ancient Buda, situated on the hills of the opposite bank. And the banks are joined with such splendid bridges! And you can see the Royal Castle which is inexpressibly beautiful in the night, lit with the multitude of lights. It is worth noticing that in the night Budapest is especially attractive.

Walking down the night embankment Chloe was just relaxing among those little parks. She wondered at various sculptures. She liked an interesting figure of Shakespeare standing by one of the hotels. "Such an unusual form," thought she taking a picture of it. Another picture she took was of a little jester sitting on an iron fence. Such a fine memento! On her second day in Budapest, Chloe visited famous Gellert Baths. To be in the world's capital of baths — and Hungary is renowned for its baths culture — and to miss visiting baths was out of question. Chloe chose Gellert because they were considered the most respectable, although there were a lot of others, just as good. She liked the baths; the thermal waters left the most blissful impression — great rest, energy boost, great mood. Chloe decided to walk to the hotel, to be able to admire once again the

Danube, The Széchenyi Chain Bridge and Erzsébet Bridge. On the way, she was taking photos.

On the way back to the hotel she was also thinking about her mission and was outraged that in the not too faraway Miskolc functioned the plant that produced medicaments meant not to heal but to kill people! Why should people die instead of enjoying the beauty of rivers and forests, of living normal quite life? Of course, not everyone can see cathedrals and palaces built many centuries ago. Not everyone has the chance to listen to the music of Mozart and Beethoven. But everyone has the right just to enjoy life. Suddenly appears some person who decides that people must live according to his laws. Those laws provide that some live in filthy richness, while the others die, having taken a cheap (or expensive) fake medicine, not knowing it brings death. How can it be fair? How can it be tolerated?..

Thinking about all that Chloe suddenly felt she is hungry. She decided to stop in some restaurant. She sat at street table and ordered a glass of white wine and duck fillet with mushroom sauce and young potatoes. Having finished the fillet and sipping wine, she thought about her work. She was satisfied with her progress. The contact with Interpol was restored. Now her task was to gather information about the functioning of other sectors of Syndicate through Sebastian Cross. She couldn't stay in Budapest for more than two days for she had to go to Miskolc and from there to Latin America. After lunch, she returned to the hotel and changed to go to The Hungarian State Opera House. She managed to get a ticket for that night. The night consisted of two ballets: "Trojan Games" and "La Sylphide". Acoustics of the Opera House is the third best after Grand Opéra in Paris and La Scala in Milan. Of course, it would be great also to go to Budapest Operetta and to watch the productions of Imre Kálmán's works... But Chloe really did not have much choice — her time was limited.

She was quite pleased with the ballets. "Trojan Games" opened the night. It was a ballet to the music of Bob Downes created by a

modern choreographer Robert North. It displayed male war dance... Athletic male bodies — she was impressed. The second act was August Bournonville's immortal masterpiece "La Sylphide" to the legendary music of Jean-Madeleine Schneitzhoeffler. Chloe liked the plot of the ballet too. She was deeply moved with the tragic lovestory of a young Scotsman James and a magic sylph.

In a word, Chloe was fond of the both ballets. She left the theater content with life, despite the dangerous mission that loomed over her. On the way back to the hotel, our young Interpol officer thought that illusion did not well agree with the prose of life. Just like in "La Sylphide". So very often dreams of extraordinary are broken, and reality ruins ephemerality of imaginary future. The eternal story of getting back to nothing! One has not to forget about it. But not everyone remembers it. Not everyone thinks about day of reckoning...

On the next day, she went to see the Royal Castle in Buda. And that night she listened to Mozart's "Requiem" in St. Stephen's Basilica. She heard such a performance for the first time. Back in her college years, she had heard a record, but never a live thing. And here in the basilica they played it using an organ! The crowd was huge. Not a spare place. And a lot of young people...

At the first sounds of the famous piece, she shivered and felt that everything around her is unreal. Requiem is a dirge. Literally, this word can be translated as "pannychida"... But in the sounds that Mozart extracted from the matter of existence, she somehow felt triumph of life. Everything goes to nonexistence, to eternity, but life triumphs! How could a man create such music? Cosmic music! Eternal! For Mozart is beyond compare. He is unique among many the most talented composers! Inimitable, mysterious master...

But back at the hotel Chloe turned on the TV and saw news about wars in the Middle East and death of people caused by counterfeit drugs in Latin America and Africa... Reality slowly and steadily, ruthlessly and irreversibly brought her back to the facts of day-to-day life...

* * *

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INFORMATION

For two days, July 14, July 15, 2019, in Budapest, subject X was under covert surveillance of the special division of the security service of Syndicate. In this period, X did not leave the city and had no contacts. X was engaged in sightseeing and in the night visited a theatrical performance. The next day X also spent sightseeing. After the concert at St. Stephen's Basilica, X returned to the hotel. Conclusion: based on the results of the surveillance X can be allowed to Miskolc.

Trevor Jason,
Syndicate Head Security Officer
16.07.2019

Sharp knock on the door woke up Chloe. She put on her robe and opened the door. It was an errand-boy. With a smile, he held out an envelope and said in good English:

"That's for you, Madame. It is urgent."

"Who asked you to deliver it?"

"A policeman, Madame."

Chloe thanked him and having closed the door opened the envelope. The message said that she should take a taxi and urgently go to Eger, where she would be met. That was all. Not a word more.

"Very strange, a policeman sent the message. They have funny methods, those guys. I should fake outrage to show those fools I am not happy with that. Like they have frightened me with this policeman business and so on."

She packed her things and went down to the reception. Paid for the room and called a taxi to Eger. Taxi arrived in no time. A young

but slightly nervous driver took her bag and put it in the trunk. He suggested Chloe to get in the car. Sensing his mood, she sat in the back, not to communicate with him on the way. "He is too nervous," she thought. All the way to Eger, she was just silently admiring country scenery. After all, what could she discuss with some strange Hungarian?

And the scenery was luscious... Orchards, green corn field with spots of poppies. Vineyards, flowerbeds along the road. Little cottages with small front gardens in bloom. All those amenities had relaxing, pacifying effect. When they reached Eger, she told the driver to stop at the bus station. He silently nodded. The town did not impress Chloe. Bad roads. Buildings of the Socialist era. Everything was grey and shabby. Bus station was no different...

Having left the car Chloe, as she had been told, waited for someone who would meet her. And she almost drop in surprise when she saw smiling Sean Kenny approaching her. Yes, it was he, David's former partner. When she saw him last, he tried to drag her in bed. And it was him who gave her to the security service...

What would be his attitude now, when Chloe was a head of sector? It was clear that he had been assigned as her control and he would report her every step to the higher authorities.

Sean acted as if it were the most natural thing in the world. He was cordial, said hello first, kissed her on the cheek.

"Welcome, my dear. We will work together." Said he cheerfully and gallantly took her heavy bag. While they were walking to the parking lot, Chloe reproached him.

"You and your usual tricks. Why did you ask that police officer to send the message? I was frightened like..."

"Sweetie, that Magyar cop has been on our payroll for years. I would even say it's a sin to call him a policeman."

Golden Lexus LF-CC was waiting for them in the parking lot. With a fit guy in a light suit as driver. Sean settled on the leather cushions, lordly took a bottle of whiskey and ice, poured two

glasses and offered Chloe to drink to them seeing each other again. Chloe did not refuse, because she understood that she had to work in unison with this treacherous man. And that perhaps her life would depend on it.

They reached Miskolc rather soon. The town reminded her of Eger. Bad roads, dull architecture. Misery and despondency. Just as Berg had described it. They drove through the town and on towards the mountains, to the village of Lillafüred. There was the hotel there where they were to stay. The village was situated in the forestry. It was in the Bükk Mountains. Forests under protection of an organization sponsored by Vatican within a framework of a program aimed at global preservation of forests... In the middle of the woods laid Lake Hámori. The views there were magnificent. In the first half of the XX-th century, Hungarian Minister of Agriculture arrived there to hunt. Struck by the beauty of the country he decided to build there the Palace Hotel. And the hotel was built. And it came up trumps. The hotel was very popular among the Magyars, as well as among foreign tourists.

“You will like it here,” said Kenny with a contented look on his face.

And he was right. A palatial castle on the lakeshore in the forest — who wouldn't have liked it? The interior of the lobby with reception, where they entered, reminded of the interior of an ancient castle with its furniture, pictures, figurative windows of stained glass on medieval subjects, and carpets. Yet some things showed that it was XXI-th century — a huge TV screen, a modern bar counter... However, all novelties matched the interior perfectly.

Sean showed Chloe to her room. It was spacious. Excellent bedroom. Tidy well-kept sitting room. Magnificent bathroom. Chloe was tired after the trip. To show that she thanked Sean rather dryly. Kenny approached her from behind and tried to embrace her. But she calmly stepped back showing him again that at the moment she did not want any display of sensuality.

“I remember your promise.”

Sean grinned.

“So do I. Perhaps, we'd return to that after we start working.”

“Tomorrow at 10, I'll be here to drive you to the plant. We have to prepare the shipment.”

Chloe took a shower, changed into a light blouse and trousers, and went down to have something to eat. It was already evening, and she heard sounds of piano from the restaurant. On entering the room, she saw the musician. It was a man in his fifties with a splendid mane of silver hair. The room was half-empty. Maybe it was too early. At the table by an open window sat an elderly couple. Wine glasses were in front of them on the table. The man and the woman held hands and looked each other into the eyes. “It is very romantic,” thought Chloe. “Especially, since they are seventy or even older.”

At the restaurant, one could order national dishes and Chloe decided to taste some of them. The dinner was not too abundant but exquisite and absolutely delicious.

She told the waiter that she was simply delighted. He was glad and flattered, and remarked that their chef had been working there for many years, that he was a distinguished expert and had won a lot of international prizes at many competitions.

“We are so proud of him. There is a showcase in the lobby where you can see his prizes and diplomas.”

After dinner, Chloe changed for a walk. It was getting dark, so she decided not to go very far. She just walked to a waterfall. There was an entrance to a cave, which was open for public in daytime. She walked through the maze of a parterre. Street lamps went to. Everything looked even more amazing now. She heard the noise of the waterfall, murmur of the river. “The air is so sweet. I am simply ready to drink it,” she thought. And then she remembered that she had arrived to this beautiful place, where birds sang, and such beautiful flowers bloomed, not to admire nature's beauty. She had another task: to see the place where people made medicines that killed other people...

* * *

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To Secretary General of Interpol

Edward Shaeffer

In accordance with operative plan "Rossolimo's Opening" undercover operative K infiltrated into the criminal group Syndicate was able to establish location of a pharmaceutical facility producing counterfeit medicaments. The facility is located in Hungary in the outskirts of town of Miskolc. Address: Lovohaz Street. The director of the plant is Alex Hill, real name Kemeny Fetti, native of the city of Pecs, who had emigrated from the Hungarian People's Republic to the USA in 1982. After repatriation, he resides in a country house on the shore of Lake Hamori. Together with Sean Kenny K prepared a shipment of counterfeit drugs to Paraguay at the amount of 250 million US dollars through the Canadian company "Intercare". For closing of the deal, K together with Kenny went to Asuncion, Paraguay. They were met at the airport by a representative of the National Tourist Board Solano Loriniso, a factotum of the Prime Minister of Paraguay Hofin Kresner. The contract for shipment of the counterfeit drugs was signed by Deputy Prime Minister supervising public health matters Federico Xacassio. From this information, we can conclude that Syndicate has criminal connections on the highest level in Republic of Paraguay, and that similar connections it has in other countries of Latin America where counterfeit medicaments are shipped.

I propose in view of establishing full trust to operative K to ship high-quality medicines to Paraguay at the amount of 250 million US dollars through "Intercare". That would allow our agent to earn full trust of the management of Syndicate and let him continue tracing of the criminal activities of the international organization engaged in production and distribution of counterfeit medicaments.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol

Chapter XI

*In politics, nothing happens by accident.
If it happens, you can bet it was planned that way.*

Franklin D. Roosevelt,
32nd President of the United States

Grandmaster Aleksandov possessing great analytical mind completely agreed with this postulate. Analyzing the current situation in the case of "Rossolimo's Opening", he knew that the crime syndicate did not act by itself. Behind it stood the so-called "New World Order", which based its work on the theory of controlled chaos. In accordance with this theory certain conflict situations (for example, the assassination of President of Angola or the criminal change of government in Libya, coupled with the brutal murder of the national leader), various revolutions (e.g. Euromaidan in Ukraine) or local wars (civil war in Syria and Iraq, for example) are created. In the context of this chaos national sovereignties erodes. And that muddy water allows a huge catch of 'gold fish', in other words, provides economic and political profits. All that could be observed in full in Russia in

the 1990s. The collapse of the Soviet empire, ruined economy and the impoverishment of the majority of the population of the vast country. Fortunately, Russia, despite the corruption of the ruling elite, was too tough for New World Order. In part, it can be explained by an evolving megalomania of Russian leadership and Russia's dominant position in the world as regards the production of hydrocarbons. Which is not the case with the other countries, unfortunately ...

However, the principle of the "shadow government" remains unchanged. Thus international criminal syndicates, numerous secret and public organizations, think tanks, non-profit foundations exist and operate. For example, the notorious Council on Foreign Relations, which was created in 1921 with the participation of the American banker Morgan who controlled the US Federal Reserve, NYSE and mainstream media, or the Bilderberg Group, which brings together virtually all of the world's elite and backstage. Events of the XXI century greatly exacerbated the negative situation in the world when it became clear that the powerful international parasites brought humankind to collapse. Crime syndicates involved in trafficking of counterfeit goods, plays there a role similar to that of the drug mafia, prostitution and pedophilia...

Grandmaster placed pieces on the chessboard, "Well, we will finish the game with a syndicate, he said to himself. It has no chance of winning. No!" Grandmaster considered chess a great art, and he had every right to do so. But also he largely perceived the real world through the prism of chess, which, incidentally, often helped him. It had to help him now.

In this game, he chose Rossolimo Variation in which White brought a white bishop on b5 in response to the development of the black knight on c6. That reminded of the Spanish Game, where White relies on white bishop. It seems that White loses his pace; he enters his bishop after a few strokes on a black knight.

But the whole point of the Rossolimo Variation lies elsewhere: White, losing the advantage in the development of two bishops, gets the closed position with a better pawn structure where he starts to put pressure on Black, not giving him any chance to win!

Grandmaster left off the game. He was already a winner. He knew his place in this world and realized that the struggle between good and evil goes on forever ... But now he won. And that meant that good, if for a little while, triumphed.

* * *

For almost a hundred years now, Interpol opens abscesses of evil, and often does so without anesthesia. Those years for the criminal police worldwide were the years of severe experience in the fight against international crime. This experience is a cruel teacher who teaches to fight evil without compromise.

People from Syndicate signed a contract with the devil, selling their souls to him for big money. But they forgot that the forces of evil give money at high interest rates. And there comes time to repay the debt. And then there will be a noose instead of the sun overhead, and instead of rustling banknotes on the heads will fall ashes of retribution...

Aleksandrov understood that after the defeat of the international criminal gang, selling deadly drugs, there would be other monsters, ready to sell their souls to the devil for the rustling of banknotes and ringing of coins. Unfortunately, that is the way of the world since the days of Cain and Abel. There are criminals who commit and will commit atrocities. But there is counteraction to their actions which is provided by common men and women of the police throughout the world. And their efforts unites a powerful organization — Interpol.

Sometimes this organization is called "Grey Spider". "Grey" means it operates according to the laws of the highest secrecy.

“Spider” means that the work of Interpol is conducted in almost all corners of the world, that it covered the entire planet with its web. And this web is not to catch butterflies and fireflies, but greedy bloodsuckers, horseflies and mosquitoes of the modern society, brash parasites... So, no matter how sophisticated criminal acts of those predatory rapacious creatures are, “Grey Spider” always will get these “demons” in their own den, even if they are hiding in the shadows of ‘World New Order’ acting according to the theory of controlled chaos...

* * *

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Secretary General of Interpol

Edward Schaeffer

During the investigation and search operations activities within the framework of the operation “Rossolimo’s Opening” (covert surveillance and special operating-technical acts) regarding those involved in the case and new information regarding criminal activity, of Syndicate. Source: undercover agent K infiltrated by Interpol in the criminal community. It is established that except for a pharmaceutical plant producing counterfeit drugs in the city of Miskolc, Hungary, for operations in Latin America, there is a similar facility in China (Anda city, Suihua district, Heilongjiang Province). Counterfeit products from there are shipped to the Asia-Pacific region. Another facility operates in Ilobasco, El Salvador, products being shipped to North America. The facility in Bershada in the Ukraine, produces counterfeit products for Europe. Also established that persons involved in the manufacturing and distribution of counterfeit medicines, as well as their criminal connections in governmental structures of the states that receive counterfeit products.

Based on all the above I consider it necessary to begin execution of the materials of the ‘Rossolimo’s Opening’, which requires:

1. Operative K should be withdrawn from the case. Special operative plan for this should be developed.

2. To develop the plan for implementing of the materials of the “Rossolimo’s Opening” together with the police, as well as other intelligence agencies of the States where Syndicate produces and sells fake medicines.

3. During the implementation of the “Rossolimo’s Opening” use the world’s leading media to sensitize the general public on the criminal activities of the international group for the production and sale of counterfeit drugs, in order to prevent such criminal activities against humanity in future.

4. Upon completion of the “Rossolimo’s Opening” consider presenting awards to employees of Interpol, who actively participated in the exposure of persons engaged in criminal activity of Syndicate.

5. Assign Command and Coordination Center at the headquarters of Interpol and National Central Bureaus (NCB) of the countries where the criminal activity conducted by representatives of “Syndicate”. responsible for carrying out the implementation of the “Rossolimo’s Opening”.

Matteo Hirsch,
Assistant Secretary General of Interpol
19.9.2019

* * *

In early October 2019 world news was overflowed with sensational headlines. This time they told: Interpol together with the police in Europe, North and South America as well as Asia-Pacific region held an unprecedented large-scale operation to uncover an international organized crime group, manufacturing and trading in counterfeit medicines. During the operation more than a thousand persons engaged in criminal activity of the production and distribution of fake drugs were found and uncovered. In the course of special

operations, four pharmaceutical factories that produced counterfeit medicines were shut down. Millions of lives were saved. Reports than described detentions and arrests of high-ranking officials in the governments of the countries on all continents of the world, who had helped criminal dealers who profited billions on the death of hundreds of millions of people.

* * *

More than three weeks have passed since — now Major — Tatiana Gurieva returned to Vladivostok. Gone Chloe, Anna, Eugene — all those who she was during the development of complex operations to uncover global network for the distribution of counterfeit medicines. Tanya worked well. She got remuneration from Interpol, and was promoted. But the greatest reward for her was getting back in Vladivostok, the city on the banks of the Golden Horn Bay.

Whether it was a defense mechanism or a consequence of the fact that she had a hard time being an undercover operative infiltrated in “Syndicate” but she carefully sifted all her contacts of the time. Indeed, what could she have in common in the future with Runni and Kenny? Both were arrested and waiting for trial. As well as their bosses — Water, Berg and others...

Of course, breaking with the legendary Schaeffer and faithful Hirsch was out of question — they were her colleagues and mentors. Handsome Brazilian Jose Inacio, so fascinated with Tanya in Lyon, whom she met at a ceremony at the headquarters of Interpol. They decided to remain just friends — it was easier that way ... After all, e-mail was always at their service...

One October morning Tanya returned to the office after lunch break. Late October. The weather in Vladivostok is almost always sunny and dry. Rainy autumn? This is not about South Primorye. The autumn sun always shines and the air is marvelously clear and clean — even in a big city like Beijing. The hills in Vladivostok

were obtaining the color of bronze under pale sapphire sky. Autumn was as usual a “charm for the eyes” as the great Russian poet said....

She parked her RAV4 near the office, went out, and suddenly her eyes fell on a passersby, a youngish man barely forty years old. There was something familiar in his jacket, his head, slightly graying, and posture...

Suddenly — as it happens in romantic novels — suddenly he turned. For a moment they both froze, in a moment of recognition. Finally, the familiar stranger spoke.

— Do you remember me? We met at the bridge ... Your name is Tanya, isn't it?..





Epilogue

The sixth of God's commandments is 'Thou shalt not kill!'
God gives His life to every life, to all creation.

Life is the most valuable domain of God. He that dares to attempt on somebody's life is attempting on the most valuable domain of God — God's life.

Thus a man on earth is but a temporary holder of God's life in him. And that means that he has no right to kill life in himself or others. Breach of this commandment entails a penalty. And an inevitable punishment awaits of those who violate this commandment!

While those who save others' lives will be rewarded even while they are here on earth...

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