

SPY PEOPLE

by

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CHAPTER 1

DMITRI MAKIENKO - MISSING, PRESUMED ALIVE

Professor Jack Barclay had been wanted for years, but mostly by fellow scientists who sought to work with him in his increasingly successful research into a controllable form of nuclear fusion, seen as the ultimate solution to the world's energy crisis. He was leading the research work, with a small team, at their secret laboratory at Culham, in Oxfordshire.

The Russians, however, wanted Jack Barclay dead.

They had worked out that if he succeeded, as was becoming increasingly likely, the political power they wielded through their vast reserves of fossil fuels would be put at risk. They wanted the work stopped, and judged that the only way of achieving that was to kill

him. The professor and his team were all unaware of this unwelcome attention, but some of Britain's commercial attachés overseas, and elements of the intelligence fraternity, had already begun to pick up the unhealthy interest being shown in his work. Slowly, news of this focus on Barclay filtered upwards through the diplomatic and intelligence networks until it reached the higher echelons of the establishment in Whitehall.

It was at a meeting of the Joint Intelligence Committee (JIC) that the issue was first discussed, albeit briefly. Sir Robin Algar, the Cabinet Secretary and Chairman of JIC, told the meeting that some leading questions were being asked in some quarters which could indicate more than a natural curiosity in the work of Barclay and his team

Sir Frederick Forsyth, Permanent Secretary at the Foreign Office, agreed that recent telegrams had suggested that a couple of governments overseas, including Russia, were taking rather more than a scientific interest in the work being pioneered in this country. The Home Office man, James Burgess, agreed. That meant that both MI6 and MI5 were hearing the same thing.

Algar told them all to check.

"I'd like to know at our next meeting if anything suggesting a threat is developing, so that we can react accordingly. Get the usual checks done by the Security Services, and I'd like your people, Len, to report anything they may have picked up." This was not only to Sir Len Watkins, Permanent Secretary at the Ministry of Defence but also to the Chief of Defence Intelligence Staff (DIS). "We will discuss it again when next we meet," he said, and adjourned the meeting.

The next meeting turned out to be quite interesting.

Forsyth, the Foreign Office man, summed up.

"There are two rival camps here, so I believe. My Intelligence people are indicating that there are those who are desperately head-hunting Professor Barclay, to get him to work for them rather than us, and there are others – or at least one other, I should say – who simply want him removed from the scene. Perhaps permanently."

"I agree," said Algar. "I know for a fact that the Americans have offered Barclay very attractive terms indeed to work for them at the National Ignition Facility based at the Lawrence Livermore laboratory in California. Barclay seems interested, I'm told, but so far has decided to stay put."

"What about this apparent threat to remove him from the scene?" asked Watkins.

"According to our information," said the Head of SIS, "the Russians at least want him out of the way. There seem to be two reasons for this, but the main one is to slow down the development of an alternative energy source until their own vast reserves of oil and gas are nearing depletion, and then to capture the new market to themselves. In particular, they are keen that he doesn't work for the Americans."

"So are we," agreed Algar, "but for different reasons."

"So how do we assess the threat?" asked Watkins.

"Ignoring the danger to our own national interests for the moment, Barclay himself seems to face a real risk of either kidnap or assassination," said Algar. "My view is that Section 11 should be tasked to keep a close eye on the man."

Which was why Section 11 had been charged with providing protection for Barclay.

It's what they did.

From their unobtrusive and rather down-at-heel Headquarters above a row of shops in the Clerkenwell area of London, quietly and secretly S.11 had a worldwide remit to guard high value UK citizens, when they were at maximum risk, and, if necessary, to 'eliminate' any serious threat to their safety. They were all individuals who, because of their exceptional importance to the country, were naturally also of interest to the country's enemies.

The subjects of Section 11's attention rarely knew anything about it, or even noticed the constant surveillance and protection that was being devoted to them.

Barclay certainly had no idea.

Run jointly by MI5 and MI6, Section 11 (5+6) was a small, very top-secret unit, which had so far managed to remain top secret. They went out of their way to remain - well, out of the way. It was one of those organisations that reported directly to Downing Street. It wasn't concerned with royalty or senior ministers or foreign dignitaries. The Royalty and Diplomatic Protection Unit, run by the Metropolitan Police from Scotland Yard, looked after them. Section 11 looked after other, less obvious but none the less high value targets.

At the sharp-end of Section 11 was a flexible force of specially trained field officers, mostly drawn from military special forces and police special branch, but with a few from the security services. There was no telling how many might be needed at any one time, or where they might be deployed, so there was an 'on call' reserve pool available at 'no notice' if required. Although when out in the field they normally worked in pairs, they were otherwise on their own with little or no immediate back up or support. Their first priority, for which they were specially trained, was to remain invisible, un-noticed.

They were very special men and women. Most were fluent in at least two languages other than their native tongue; they were all parachute trained, survival specialists and sniper marksmen. And they were mostly armed. They were also experts in pursuit driving, and had available a range of vehicles in the garage immediately below the headquarters building, including a selection of motorbikes from 50cc Vespa scooters to BMW R1159s and Honda CBR 900s. Most of the vehicles had been modified in some way. The mechanics that worked on them were particularly proud of an old Morris Minor, which although sounding as if it needed a new exhaust, could actually do nearly a ton. But the motorbikes were the most popular with the agents. Easy to use in traffic, not normally out of place anywhere, and ideal for two people.

The staff who were based in the rather gloomy Headquarters did all the things that get done in any other head office, as well as quite a few other things that don't. But it was a small and tightly knit community, and the operatives in the field had been trained to be largely self-supporting, so when they did get on to HQ, it was usually important enough for people to take notice and do something. In a hurry. There were always people there, at night and at weekends, and any one of them could summon help from on-call staff at home, who reacted immediately, whatever they were doing.

At the top of this shabby looking but extremely efficient organisation, was the Head of Section, retired Colonel Bill Clayton. He was known simply as 'S', in the same way that the Director General of the Secret Intelligence Service, or MI6 as most people called it, was known as 'C', and the head of MI5 was known as 'M'. 'S' had a deputy, Commander Nick Marsden of the Special Boat Service, and one or other of them was always available. And

that meant 'always': 24/7, as the idiom had it. The hierarchy was really quite small for an organisation that had a worldwide remit, and they were all widely experienced members of the intelligence community. Their job now was not so much to gather intelligence, or even interpret it, but rather to act upon it.

The fact was that Bill Clayton and his small but highly professional team were finding it increasingly difficult to keep up with Barclay, who worked excessively long hours and travelled a lot. He had a flat in London, as well as one at Harwell, near the Culham laboratory, he often visited colleagues in France and America, gave lectures and delivered learned papers, and, more recently, had even visited The Gulf for talks with the UAE Government. Looking after Barclay was proving very labour intensive. Even the people in Section 11 had trouble keeping up, and they were the best you could find in the intelligence world.

To make things worse, the Top Secret agency was itself responsible for creating some of the extra workload, as they also had to keep an eye on the ex-Head of Section, Alan Jarvis. The Russians had contacted him for some reason, and until they knew the reason, he also had to be watched, like a hawk.

Jarvis had virtually been sacked from leading Section 11, and had a chip on his shoulder. He also had an illegitimate son, who the Russians had threatened to kidnap. All this meant that S.11 needed new recruits who Jarvis wouldn't recognise from his time as 'S'.

Bill Clayton was lucky enough to be on good terms with the Head of Defence Intelligence at the Defence Ministry, who immediately recognised the problem.

As he put it, "You could be in deep shit old man, d'you know that?"

But he had just the man to help out.

"My best chap", he said, "Special Forces, Staff Sergeant, tough as old boots and more secure than the Bank of England's vault. No family ties, happy to work all hours, and itching to get back into the field. I think he's just the man you want."

That's how General Pearson-Jones had described him to Bill Clayton.

"I'll tell him about you straight away. He's already aware of Section 11, of course. He can be with you later this afternoon. I'll send his personal record file over by messenger immediately, and send him over on the bus a bit later."

"Why can't he bring his Service record with him?"

"Because he'd read the bloody thing, that's why! He's like that."

"What's his name, by the way?"

"Miller. 'Dusty' Miller. Your good lady wife Catherine is bound to know him; they served together in Iraq."

"Thanks, PJ."

"Don't mention it. And good luck. You're probably going to need it."

Dusty Miller did a few checks of his own before he went to Clerkenwell that afternoon. He believed in knowing as much as possible about what he was getting involved in and the people he would be working with before he got involved. 'Rule one', he called it.

Miller proved to be a great asset to the Section, and immediately settled in to the task of shadowing Jarvis. He was good – no doubt about it.

He was tasked to keep an eye on the first meeting between Jarvis and a Russian agent, Dmitri Makienko. This had been arranged to take place on the bridge over the lake in St. James's Park. The elaborate plans which had been laid on to monitor the meeting broke down when the two men strolled off to walk round the lake, but Miller managed to keep track of them. At one point, the Russian handed something to Jarvis. Something small. Not a package, but small, like a coin. A key, perhaps? Miller couldn't think what else it might be, but by then, those monitoring the pair had lost radio contact with them as they moved out of range, so nobody knew for sure.

Eventually, Miller gave chase as Jarvis dived into London's Underground system to get the tube to Heathrow Airport. He followed Jarvis, and watched as he unlocked a left luggage locker in the Terminal Three arrivals hall with the key he had been given, and removed a large briefcase.

Later that night, on his own initiative, Miller broke in to Jarvis's house.

He discovered that the custom-built case contained a powerful Russian sniper rifle.

Through various telephone intercepts, the security services discovered that Jarvis was being blackmailed, and guessed that the rifle was to be used against Barclay. Miller was charged with following Jarvis as he left for the planned assassination attempt, but instead of heading for the Oxfordshire laboratory where Barclay worked, Jarvis headed across London to the Battersea flat where Barclay's twin brother was staying.

The man Jarvis shot and killed turned out not to be Professor Barclay at all, but the Russians, who gave Jarvis the Kalashnikov sniper's rifle, all thought Jarvis had succeeded in killing the prime target. They had no idea that Jack Barclay had an identical twin brother, so Makienko never realised that Jarvis had killed the wrong man. At the time, Dusty Miller was equally ignorant of the true facts.

The day after the killing, Miller was at the Russian agent's final and fatal meeting with Jarvis in a Piccadilly coffee bar, arranged so that the murder weapon could be returned. Once he had retrieved the weapon, Makienko planned to kill Jarvis, to stop him talking. Miller saw Jarvis poisoned by Makienko and he had photographs to prove it. They showed Makienko emptying a sachet into Jarvis's coffee.

That's how good Miller was. And even better, a bit later on, as Makienko was in the airport loo at Heathrow on his way back to Moscow having been kicked out of London, Miller managed to cut out the pocket from the man's raincoat which he had been wearing in the coffee bar, and in which the sachet of poison had been kept. The pocket still contained traces of the poison. So now they had positive evidence, and not just what the Ambassador had called 'fake' photographs.

It was immediately obvious to the London intelligence community that Barclay remained in mortal danger unless the Russians could be convinced that he was in fact dead. They concluded that the only way to do that was to take him out of circulation; for ever. That's what the Russians wanted, after all.

With his permission, his twin's body was left in the flat for the police to find in due course, while Jack Barclay himself was given a new identity, a new name, a new job, and a new nationality and a new passport.

But it had been about the time of the inquest into Barclay that things started to go wrong in London.

Really wrong, that is. Nothing had been going really right in this case for some time, if they were honest. Things were about to get even worse, too, and there was nothing they could do about it.

The wheel came off with a vengeance when they suddenly discovered that Makienko had turned up again. That caught them all by surprise, and they could only guess why he had returned to London. Certainly the Ambassador had been no help, pretending as he did that he knew nothing about it. He certainly wasn't a very good Ambassador. The Foreign Office had discovered that some time ago, but he wasn't a very good liar either.

Makienko was one of Moscow's top agents, and had been kicked out of London only a few weeks before. And so he should have been. After all, he'd killed Alan Jarvis, one of MI5's most senior agents. Poisoned him in broad daylight in a Piccadilly coffee bar; you can't expect to get away with that sort of thing. So the Ambassador was politely asked to make sure he was on the next plane home. Makienko's Director at the old KGB Headquarters in Moscow was not at all pleased to see him back, and told him so. Everyone in London thought that was that, and certainly didn't expect that he would turn up again. Especially not that soon.

But Makienko had come back. He arrived as a tourist, on his own passport. MI5 were tipped off by a double agent at the Russian Trade Mission.

Just before the inquest, it was. The inquest into Professor Jack Barclay. Except that it wasn't Jack Barclay's inquest at all, really. It was his twin brother, Roger. Not a lot of people knew that. Makienko certainly didn't, although he suspected that Jack Barclay could still be alive. That's why he had come back.

Nobody was sure why Makienko thought the professor was still alive, but he had begun to wonder if he might be, as there had been no announcement of his death, and nothing in the newspapers. He came back to find out, and to finish the job if necessary. He needed to convince his 'Director' in Moscow that he was as good as he claimed.

But he wasn't. He was spotted again, and got sent home again.

Makienko had gone to the crematorium for Barclay's funeral, and been seen. Once again, the Ambassador was politely asked to arrange Makienko's immediate return to Moscow. Once again, that's what he did.

It was as Dr. Roger Lloyd, a Swiss scientist working at the European Organisation for Nuclear Research (CERN) near Geneva, that Barclay eventually attended his own funeral. All but a very select few now knew that Professor Barclay had not, after all, had a nervous breakdown, but had been murdered. As planned Lloyd went to Switzerland, to start his new life, immediately after the service for his brother at the crematorium.

Miller, though, went with him. As Makienko was obviously still showing an interest, it had been decided to extend Section 11's protection operation for a bit longer. It was just as well.

Makienko had never arrived in Moscow. He had a sneaking suspicion that the Doctor and the Professor could just be one and the same person. It was not beyond the bounds of possibility, after all, and there was a likeness. So, without telling anyone, he gave chase. Following a tip off by another Russian agent in London, he went to Zurich instead of Moscow, and nobody knew.

There was confusion in Moscow, and Moscow did not like confusion.

Moscow, especially in the Lubyanka building, liked order rather than disorder, certainty rather than uncertainty, fact rather than theory, knowledge rather than ignorance, discipline rather than indiscipline, and above all, live spies rather than dead ones.

Amidst all the confusion, there was only one fact. Fellow FSB agent Dmitry Makienko was missing. He should have been there – NOW – standing before his Director, as he had done only recently. But he was not there. Secretly, Comrade Director Egor Ivanovic was not altogether surprised, he had to confess. Their last “meeting” had been less than comfortable for Makienko, who, it seemed at the time, had made a colossal error and caused considerable embarrassment to the Russian Federation on a diplomatic level, and to him, Director Ivanovic, on a professional level.

But that had been some weeks ago. Makienko had been given another chance. Indeed he should have been eternally thankful that he had not been thrown into the infamous Lubyanka prison, deep below the FSB offices and the old KGB museum. Instead, he had been sent on a humiliating few weeks’ of intensive refresher retraining, which he did not need. But it was better than incarceration, and, in the Director’s view, just punishment for what appeared to be a thoroughly botched piece of work. Makienko had claimed that Barclay had been assassinated, but there was no proof; not even so much as an obituary in the British press.

So, in a way, Ivanovic was not altogether surprised.

On the other hand, he was very surprised. Makienko was a true professional, had served his country well, and knew better than to be absent. He had some explaining to do, that was certain, but nothing to fear. Makienko must know that. Whatever had happened in the past few months, whatever mistakes he might have made, whether or not his last mission had been a success or a failure, Makienko knew that he was secure. Ivanovic would see to that. Whatever others might suggest about Dmitri Makienko, he, Egor Ivanovic, would defend the reputation of his old friend and pupil in the face of any allegations that might be made.

It was true, of course, that Dmitri had become something of a loose cannon recently, no doubt buoyed by his earlier successes and his senior position within the FSB. If anything, he had become overly self-confident.

He had, after all, returned to London, after his ‘refresher training’, without proper authority. At his request, he had been granted leave of absence while awaiting a fresh assignment. He had mentioned in passing to a colleague that he planned to return to London to collect a few personal items which he and his wife had left behind at the time of their first rather ‘hurried’ departure – “on the next plane or else”, more or less summed it up. Nobody had thought anything of it at the time. But he had returned discretely it was true, almost secretly in fact, using his own passport and travelling as a tourist, probably to avoid any further embarrassment to the Ambassador or to his country. He had, so it was said, chosen to stay with colleagues at the Trade Mission, rather than travel on his diplomatic passport and return to the Embassy.

But the British Foreign Office had quickly discovered that he was back in London, and once again, just as quickly, demanded that he should leave the country on the next available flight. Once again, not a formal expulsion, with all the diplomatic ramifications that

went with it, but the message was clear enough. The UK wanted Makienko out, and wanted him to stay out. According to London Ambassador Yuri Nevski, he had departed for Moscow immediately, in order to avoid further diplomatic embarrassment between the two countries.

But Makienko was not there, in his Director's office, as he should have been. Furthermore, it seemed he was not even in the building, or, it transpired later, possibly not even in the country. The idiots at the London embassy had only followed him as far as the Heathrow airport terminal. They had not watched him pass through the check-in desks or passport control, so had only assumed that he had caught the flight to Moscow. But there was no record of him arriving at Moscow's Domodedovo Airport, or for that matter, at any of the others which served the City.

They were the facts. Makienko could be anywhere. Still in London perhaps, or anywhere else. The only certainty was that he was not in Moscow. At least, he had not been seen arriving, or been checked in at passport control. So where could he be? And why had he chosen not to return to Moscow and to his wife and friends?

It would have been little comfort to Ivanovic to know that the authorities in London had also failed to check Makienko's progress through Heathrow. They, too, had assumed that he had returned to Moscow. They quickly discovered that he had not, however, and almost as quickly discovered where he was. The UK Border Agency people at Terminal 5 had a record of him leaving for Zurich.

London thought they knew why, as well.

Ivanovic was ignorant of all this.

As news got out of Makienko's disappearance, there was an inevitable fuss. Missing spies were always bad news, although, given his previous record, it was impossible to imagine that Dmitri Makienko could have defected. But you never knew. There were already fears that another of their agents in London had been turned, although there was no direct evidence to support the suspicion. Eventually, the Foreign Ministry demanded a full but secret inquiry. Makienko must be traced. Every record at every airport and sea port and border crossing was to be checked and checked again. While that was going on, the agents based in London and elsewhere in the UK were told to do everything possible to prove as best they could that he was not still there, and to show to everyone's satisfaction that he had indeed left that country.

One obvious starting point for their enquiries in Moscow was to question Makienko's wife, but before they could speak to her, she got in touch with them. Even as they were trying to ring her, and while others were visiting the new Makienko apartment they had been given when they were first expelled from London, she arrived in a great state of agitation at the Lubyanka Building.

She stood at the reception desk, insisting on seeing Director Ivanovic himself, and demanding to know where her husband was.

Egor Ivanovic knew Sasha Makienko quite well. He had always regarded himself as a friend of her husband as well as his superior. He immediately ordered the staff at the reception desk to escort her to his office.

"My dear Sasha," he said, extending his hand, which was ignored, "we have been trying to contact you."

“To tell me what you have done to my husband, I hope. Where is he?” she demanded to know.

“I was rather hoping you might tell us,” he replied. “That is why we have been trying to get in touch with you so urgently, in case he had been in contact with you by some means.”

“Do you mean to tell me you have no idea where he is?”

“At the moment, we do not know, that is true,” Egor admitted.

“What kind of organisation do you run here when you can lose one of your top men?” She was becoming hysterical. “You must know where he is, and I demand that you tell me.”

“Do sit down and try to keep calm,” pleaded Ivanovic. “Let me get you something to calm your nerves. A coffee or even something a little stronger perhaps.”

“All I want from you is my husband,” came the angry response.

“And all I want is to be able to return him to you,” responded the Director. “I take it that you have not heard from him, any more than we have?”

“The last thing he told me was that you had treated him like a traitor, sent him on some useless training course, and given him indefinite leave.”

“Which he seems to have chosen to take in London, from which you had both only recently been expelled,” countered Ivanovic, crossly. “Hardly sensible, in my view.”

“He returned to collect some personal items which we were unable to bring with us, such was the rush to leave.” She sipped the strong black coffee which had been brought.

“When did you last hear from him?”

“After he arrived in London, he rang me.”

“It will not surprise you to know that we have a recording of that telephone call,” responded Ivanovic. “But since then, nothing? No word at all?”

“You tell me. You are the one spying on us for some reason.”

“He has not contacted us at all since he left, on an unauthorised visit to London, so it happens.”

“Never mind whether he signed your wretched piece of paper, or whether or not you gave him permission to visit London. We both know that’s what he did, and why he went. I want to know where he is now.”

“And I can’t tell you, because I don’t know. He could be anywhere, which is why we were anxious to speak to you as part of our extensive search for him.”

“Do you know he is not still in London?”

“I don’t know where he is. I have said that. We know the British discovered that he had returned there, and once again demanded his immediate departure. We know he went to Heathrow airport in London, and we had assumed that he had caught the flight to Domodedovo, but he never arrived.”

“So where did he go?”

“I keep telling you, *‘I don’t know’*. He could still be in London; he could be anywhere, including in this country. We are checking all the borders, and our people in London are doing their best to establish whether he did in fact leave.”

“But they should already *know*,” she almost shouted. “Surely they watched him on to the aircraft, through the airport controls?”

“I’m afraid not. A major oversight, which will be the subject of disciplinary action, of course.”

“Never mind the idiots in London, I want my husband back. I want to know where he is!”

“You will know as soon as I do,” he promised. “And I insist that you tell me the moment he contacts you again, as I am sure he will, soon.”

“Since you are obviously listening in on my phone calls, you will know as soon as he rings me, if he does.”

There was a slight pause.

“I suspect,” she said, looking at Ivanovic through narrowed eyes, “I suspect that you have sent him on some secret and dangerous mission which you are trying to hide from me.”

“I can assure you, on my word, Sasha, that I have not done so. We are as mystified and baffled as you are, and share your urgent need to find Dmitri.”

She shook her head, in tears now.

“Tell me,” asked Ivanovic, “has he ever said anything to you about wanting to visit some other place, perhaps to live or for a holiday?”

“Never,” she replied after a moment’s thought. “He was always happy here, and we always spent our holidays in this country except when we were serving abroad. He had no wish to go anywhere else, for any reason.”

The Director shook his head. “Such a puzzle,” he said.

He crossed to his low bookcase, and poured two small glasses of Vodka from the decanter.

“You look as if you need something stronger than that coffee,” he said, proffering a glass.

She looked at the man standing above her.

“From all that you have said,” she almost whispered, “I conclude that you believe Dmitri could just as likely be dead, rather than simply missing.”

He shook his head. “We know nothing for certain yet. However, I am sure in myself that he is still alive. Somewhere.”

But he wasn’t.

Professor Jack Barclay was definitely still alive, though, but only just.

Now known as Dr. Roger Lloyd, he had just escaped death for the second time in recent weeks, this time skiing in Switzerland. Thinking about it, he had not had a very good year.

CHAPTER 2

COMMANDER NICK MARSDEN – GONE SKIING

“The Russians will need to be sure Barclay is still alive before they risk doing anything,” retired Air Commodore ‘Doc’ Perkins had said. Within Section 11, he had taken the lead in transforming Barclay’s appearance. “Lloyd is not at all like Barclay now, and in any case we don’t think Makienko ever met the Professor anyway. He will have photos of Barclay of course, but they won’t be enough. So he will have to rely on inside information.”

“If you mean someone telling him, that will mean we have an informer in our camp,” said Clayton, who was chairing the meeting. “And Jarvis is dead, so it can’t be him.”

“Someone told them Barclay was going to California, otherwise there would not have been KGB men at the reception in the university,” Marsden reminded him.

“I must say, I had always assumed an American source for that, and we’ve been careful to make sure they all believe Barclay has been killed,” said Clayton.

“Sounds like a mole to me,” said Dusty Miller. “Someone on the inside, who knows the score and what’s really going on.”

“If the Russians can turn Jarvis, they can turn anyone, even if Jarvis was being blackmailed.” said Marsden. “I think we need to get MI5 to mount a ‘mole’ hunt, and pretty quickly. Meanwhile, we have to assume that the Russians know the facts, and that they know Lloyd is Barclay under another name. For us to do otherwise would be plain stupid.”

“I agree,” Clayton nodded. “The possibility of an informer in our midst has worried me for some time, I must be honest.”

“As a matter of interest,” asked Miller, “what’s Lloyd going to do for a living when the dust settles?”

“He’s said he wants a change, and has asked to join the UK team at the CERN project in Switzerland. He knows of a couple of people there - fellow particle physicists - and Sir Robin Algar has arranged for him to go out there immediately after the cremation, which in turn will be immediately after the inquest. He obviously can’t go back to his old job in the nuclear fusion research field at Culham, although he can continue to help as a consultant while he’s abroad. A few people on his old project will know of his new ‘alias’, and know too that they can call on him from time to time if they must. Once the heat is off, there is no reason why Lloyd shouldn’t even visit Harwell now and then, if he needs to.”

“I’ll go with him to Switzerland,” said Miller, without being asked. “I shall also need to be in the coroner’s court and at the cremation, since I know what Dmitry Makienko looks like, and everyone else has only seen the photos I took of him. I’ll bet he turns up at one or the other.”

It had been a busy few weeks for quite a lot of people in high places. Providing a prominent scientist with a new identity is no easy matter. His disappearance had to be arranged for a start. A nervous breakdown due to overwork was the preferred option, and should be enough until the body of his twin brother was found, then everyone would know that the professor had been murdered. Until then, the breakdown would explain his absence from the laboratory where he worked. Only the Director in charge would know the truth.

A new identity was not just a question of changing the man’s appearance, although that was difficult enough. His whole background had to be changed, documented and then committed to memory by Barclay, who had already decided to change his name and title to Dr. Roger Lloyd. Lloyd needed to remember such details as how many ‘O’ level exams he had passed and when, and at what school. He needed to be added to the school’s historic records, and his exam results registered and documented. Similarly, at University. He needed a new birth certificate, and new medical records had to be prepared, so who was his GP? Where did he start work, and what did he do? Where did he live? Where did he go on holiday? For those involved, it was a familiar, if difficult, process, but for Lloyd it was a nightmare. Disappearing from the face of the earth is no easy business, he discovered, but it was worth the effort to avoid being assassinated by the Russians.

Creating Lloyd's background was not the end of it. Once his past had been established, his present and his future had to be planned, perhaps in even more detail.

As he was fluent in French, Lloyd had decided to live and work in Switzerland, at the European Organisation for Nuclear Research (CERN) near Geneva. He had visited the place many times before, and aspects of the work there were not dissimilar to the work he had recently been doing. Indeed, it would be possible for him to continue his pioneering work into nuclear fusion, if only in an advisory capacity. But the fact that people there knew him, as Professor Barclay, itself presented a nightmare for the man. One wrong word and his cover would be blown. One small slip-up with his new identity, and he would be recognised for who he really was. There were a couple of senior scientists there who had to know, of course, but they were only the most trustworthy, with the highest possible security clearance.

But he couldn't simply move into Switzerland, just like that. For a start, the country was not a member of the EU, and therefore not a signatory to the treaty which allowed free movement of labour. So there followed a great deal of diplomatic activity, to provide Lloyd with dual nationality and a Swiss Passport, to establish him as a taxpayer, and to take care of all the other aspects of a bureaucracy which were necessary to confirm Lloyd as a Swiss citizen. The administration at CERN had found him a nearby apartment, into which he could move, but he needed such things as a bank account and credit cards, a driving licence, a doctor – the list was endless. And the longer the list, the greater the risk that some of it would leak out to the Russians, to confirm their suspicions that their target was still alive. The need to eliminate the suspected informer in Whitehall had become an even more urgent priority.

Eventually everything was in place, and Lloyd flew to Geneva to start his new life immediately after the cremation, which had been arranged to take place immediately after the inquest. As a precaution, his 'minder' Dusty Miller went with him, since he was the only member of Section 11 who knew what Makienko looked like, and would therefore be able to recognise him in the unlikely event that he should turn up. Miller and Lloyd had become good friends in recent weeks, and they had agreed that they would go skiing in the mountains above Montreux on their first weekend in Switzerland for a well-earned break.

Miller was taking care to keep in touch with the Ops. Room in Clerkenwell, so that they knew what was happening and what his plans were in relation to Lloyd. There had been no further news about Makienko or his whereabouts, although MI5 thought they had identified the 'mole'. A junior clerical assistant in the Cabinet Office had been trying to make a few extra bob selling low-level information. The problem was that he didn't know what was 'low-level' and what wasn't. The other problem was that the man was still there. They didn't have enough direct evidence yet to arrest him or sack him, or even suspend him. They were working on it.

There was one thing they all agreed about. The Cabinet office 'mole' had to be silenced and in double quick time. Never mind collecting enough evidence to sack the man. By then it would be too late. He must be moved before he could be of any further use to the Russians; before he learned about Professor Barclay's new identity as Dr. Lloyd; before he knew that Lloyd was going to Switzerland; before he could learn anything new or potentially damaging to the operation to save Barclay's life.

As luck would have it, the poor fellow was involved in a nasty road accident on his way home from work, seemingly run down by an old Morris Minor, which didn't stop, and made off at surprisingly high speed for such an old car. Nobody got the car's number, and the Cabinet Office clerk died in Hospital later that night.

Miller was waiting for breakfast the next day at the Holiday Inn where he was staying, near the Swiss village of Meyrin where the CERN facility was based, when his mobile phone rang.

Maybe he was going to be with Lloyd longer than he had hoped after all. Makienko had disappeared from the Trade Mission, and hadn't been seen since yesterday morning. Although he had been told to leave the country, somehow the MI5 blokes had lost touch with him, and were desperately trying to find out what had happened to him and where he had gone. The only thing they were sure of was that he hadn't been on any of the recent flights to Moscow, or to anywhere else in Russia for that matter.

"We have no idea whether he's heading your way or not, so relax," said Clayton. "He's probably going to Russia the long way round. Frankly, we thought MI5 was keeping tracks on him but they seem to have lost him for the time being."

"It's OK for them. They're in London in the warm, and I'm out here freezing to death on my own. But until we're sure where he is, a bit of support would be useful out here, even just to give me a meal break."

"We'll do what we can," said Clayton. "But you're well-armed, if you need to be,"

Having checked all the snow reports and weather forecasts, Dusty Miller and Roger Lloyd decided to head for Rochers-de-Naye that weekend, where, at 2,045 metres, there was already enough snow for some decent skiing, and more was forecast during the next few days. They booked overnight bed and breakfast in Montreux, near the station, and caught the first train in the morning up to the summit. After that, they planned to spend a couple of nights at the tiny resort of Paccots, which boasted a station on the same rack-and-pinion rail line, but not much else.

It was about that time too that the people in Clerkenwell heard that Makienko had booked a flight to Zurich.

It was the duty officer who had taken the call from the Head of Section 11. There were a couple of other men in the Ops. Room at the time, busy running or monitoring their own operations, but the Duty Officer was the one who had to react to emergencies.

This was an emergency. No doubt about it.

Two o'clock on a Saturday afternoon was not the best of times to start some sort of rescue operation, especially abroad, but that's what this was. Albert Piper, known by colleagues as 'Whistler' Piper, knew exactly what to do, so got on and did it without a moment's thought. He knew all about the 'Barclay' case. It had been part of his briefing. He knew that Dr. Roger Lloyd had gone to Switzerland only yesterday, escorted by Dusty Miller 'just in case'. He knew about the Russian agent Makienko, too, and that he had returned to Moscow earlier.

What he didn't know, and hadn't expected, was that MI5 had lost track of Makienko at Heathrow, and that he hadn't gone to Moscow after all. Apparently, he was on his way to Switzerland even now. That's what 'S' had said. Having made a right mess of things, MI5 now passed the buck to Section 11 to sort out. Thanks very much!

They immediately told Miller, who swore.

"That's a long way from where we are," Miller said, "but I don't like the smell of this."

"Neither do I, to be honest," admitted Clayton. "And," he continued, "I'm sorry to say that Zurich is *not really* all that far from where you are. If he changes trains at Lausanne, he

can be in Montreux in just over three hours. And he bought a Swiss Railways travel card before he left, when he got his airline ticket.”

Miller swore again.

“Is he looking for us, do you think?”

“Who knows? He was at the funeral, but if he wasn’t convinced, he might just be taking an interest in Lloyd, to be doubly sure.”

“He might just be even better than we thought, too.”

“Give me co-ordinates of where you are,” commanded Clayton. “Make sure you keep in touch, and tell us your every move. Keep your ‘Delta 7’ tracking device activated and with you at all times, and I’ll do my best to get some back-up to you as soon as I can.”

Miller had enough problems already, without HQ adding to them, but the S.11 organisation went into overdrive to get immediate support out to him.

Even the standby RAF Hercules crew thought a weekend in Switzerland might be a better idea than some sort of emergency relief flight to Afghanistan. The weather didn’t look too brilliant, though, especially not for a low-level drop of Special Forces Paratroops in those mountains. Snow was forecast, and there was nearly always mist or fog at about 2000 metres at this time of the year. Could be a bit dodgy.

“Channel 19 on your radio,” Clayton told Miller, “for direct contact with your support. The Swiss Army will be listening out, so don’t hesitate to use it as an emergency frequency. They’re used to working in that terrain.”

“So I should hope,” said Miller. “They bloody well live here.”

Everything moved very fast, but very efficiently. It had all been well rehearsed before, in training exercises, but this time it was for real.

Clayton rang his Deputy, Nick Marsden.

“Makienko is on his way to Switzerland. Miller is on his own with Lloyd, skiing above Montreux, and totally isolated. Can you get your Arctic team together?”

“Consider it done,” replied the Special Boat Service Commander.

“We’ve already alerted the standby RAF Hercules, and the duty pilot is doing a flight plan. The Military will do all the overflying clearances.”

“Good. We keep all our kit at Brize Norton, ready to move. With any luck, we can be airborne in about four hours or so.”

“I’ll get my chums at the Ministry of Defence to sort out the Swiss military to give you support once you get there, and get the Foreign Office to organise the diplomatic side of things. Keep in touch. Full briefing when you’re airborne.”

Clayton rang the Cabinet Secretary, chairman of the JIC, and quickly briefed him.

Sir Robin Algar shared Clayton’s concern. “Diplomatically, this is very tricky,” he announced. “Sending armed troops into a foreign country is never the easiest thing to arrange, especially at short notice, and this is even more complicated because of Switzerland’s cherished ‘neutrality’.”

He thought for a minute. “I’ll get the Foreign Secretary to have a word with his opposite number in Bern, and I’ll have a word with the Ambassador, who I know quite well, fortunately.”

“Don’t forget that Lloyd has taken Swiss nationality. At least we shall be protecting one of their own citizens, as it happens.”

“Good point. Let’s just hope they don’t decide they would rather protect him themselves.”

“I’m organising military back-up for our team when they arrive,” said Clayton, “and the RAF is doing all the flight planning, sorting out overflying rights, and whatever else they need in order to get there.”

“When will they get there, as a matter of interest?”

“With any luck, in about six hours or so.”

“They don’t hang about, do they! I must get a move on. Diplomatic channels are not known for moving that fast. Six days would be more like it!”

For Lloyd, it had been a hectic few days, and not a little stressful as well at the end of a horrendous few weeks. He had not enjoyed the quiet ceremony at the crematorium. It was odd, and distressing, to see so many of his old colleagues in the congregation, paying him a respectful farewell.

At least none of them had recognised him in his new guise. He did his best to ignore them, and to concentrate on his own need to say farewell to his estranged brother. It was too late to wish that they had been closer in life. That was all in the past now. It was embarrassing listening to his own eulogy. He wondered who had written it.

But he had no time to dwell on it. Within hours, he was off to Heathrow, to start a new life under a new name. He had so much to remember. At least his new friend Dusty Miller would be with him for a few days. That was a comfort. But after that he would be on his own, in a new country, a new research post to tackle and few friends around him for support. He knew he could always contact the good people in Clerkenwell who had looked after him so well, or even one or two people at Culham, but he would need to be exceptionally careful; if the Russians had the slightest suspicion that he was still alive and that it was his brother who had been shot, he could still be in mortal danger.

Nobody had told Lloyd that his would-be Russian assassin had been at the crematorium.

Now a Swiss citizen, Lloyd had to settle to his new life in Switzerland. No time for a holiday, to catch his breath after the events of the past twelve months: the highs and lows of his nuclear fusion research project, the seemingly endless travel, the papers and lectures he had been required to prepare and deliver. It was as well that he had no idea then that his life was under threat at the end of it all, and that dedicated men and women were facing danger night and day to protect him. How could he ever thank them?

One of them was with him still, for a few days, as a precaution. To be honest, they were both in need of a break, so they had decided to spend at least a couple of days on the slopes skiing. Delightful scenery, good snow, excellent food and the odd drop of Jägermeister schnapps, in good company. He was beginning to relax for the first time in months. At Miller’s suggestion, they decided, after lunch at the Restaurant Alpin on the summit, to get away from the regular slopes and ski cross country. Lloyd had no idea, of course, that Miller was worried that Makienko might find them, and could not make up his mind whether they were safer among the crowds on the piste, or whether heading off on their own might be a

better bet. Miller certainly stood a better chance of spotting Makienko out in the country, but on the other hand, the Russian would have a clearer shot out in the open - if he was there.

There was a well laid out cross-country trail starting from near the restaurant. By now, it was snowing hard, but they had nevertheless decided to turn off the *loipe* for some real cross-country on virgin snow. They planned to make their way along the top of a ledge once they had crossed the ridge, to a narrow valley which would lead them through the woods to more open snow, and a clear run back to Paccots.

Makienko saw them from across the valley, and noticed that Lloyd had no stick, no limp, and no spectacles, either, all of which were supposed to be part of his new identity. He lowered his binoculars, fastened his skis, and took the Kalashnikov from his back-pack.

Miller had been keeping a good look out for other skiers, so was taken quite by surprise when a single shot rang out.

Lloyd fell with a shout of pain, and clasped his left shoulder. Miller threw himself on top of the sprawling figure, turning his head in time to see the gunman fire another round, before setting off at speed along the ridge. The bullet grazed Miller's leg, before splintering bark from the pine tree behind him.

There was blood oozing through Lloyd's fingers. Miller tore off his scarf, stuffed it with snow, and clamped it to Lloyd's shoulder.

"Hold that there, and don't move, whatever you do," commanded his friend. "I'll be back."

For the first time, he noticed that Miller was armed – some sort of machine gun that he had pulled from his back-pack.

Miller sped off into the snow, gun at the ready. Lloyd was in pain, and losing blood. He could see it staining the snow. He felt dizzy and faint, and wondered how long he would be left there. After a short time, he heard shots ring out from further down the valley, and then silence. He had no idea how long he had laid there on his own, as he kept losing consciousness, probably because of the shock and the cold, but eventually he was aware of a flurry of activity around him, as strange figures in white bent over him.

"Dr. Lloyd?" asked one.

"Yes".

"Good. Let's have a look at that shoulder."

Two of them were quick and professional at tending his wound, while others looked on. Roger Lloyd noticed that there were two ski-scooter things that they had arrived on, and that one of the others was talking on a hand-held radio. They were all in white uniforms, with crash helmets on.

Lloyd had no idea what was happening or who they were. This was yet another experience to add to all those others which had thrown him into such confusion in recent weeks, and made life such a living nightmare.

"Who are you?" he asked the female who had dressed his wound. He tried to sit up.

"Don't move! You're going to be OK. We're a unit of the British Special Forces. We heard you were in trouble so came to help."

"How did you get here?"

"By parachute. We'll tell you later. But where's the man you were with? We're looking for a colleague, Staff Sergeant Dusty Miller."

“He went after the gunman, I think.” Lloyd pointed. “That way.”

The man on the radio shouted.

“The boss has found Miller. He’s in a bad way. We’re to get there ASAP.”

“We’re on the move then,” the girl with the Red Cross on her arm told Lloyd. “We’ll take you with us.”

She shouted across to her colleagues. “Give me a hand will you. Lift this man carefully onto a snowmobile and strap him in. He’s coming with us.”

They were soon speeding through the snow, which Lloyd noticed was now falling fast. In no time, it seemed, they found the rest of the party, and the medical orderly dashed over to a prone figure lying in the blood-stained snow. The centre of such a great deal of frenzied activity must be Dusty, thought Lloyd. Eventually, one of the others came over to Lloyd.

“Hello, Dr. Lloyd. How are you feeling?”

Lloyd thought he recognised the man, but couldn’t believe this was really happening.

“Commander Marsden! What on earth are you doing here?”

“We heard you and Dusty might be needing a hand, so dropped in to help. I’m told by my Petty Officer medical lady that you’ve nothing to worry about. Your wound will soon heal.”

“I’m feeling much better now, thanks to her. But what about Dusty?”

“Not looking good, I’m afraid. We’ll get him home to UK as soon as we can, and make sure the Swiss military look after you until you’re fit enough to get to your new flat. It looks as if Dusty is going to need a lot of specialist treatment.”

“My poor friend Dusty; it’s all my fault. I can’t believe all this. It’s like a dream, or perhaps a nightmare.”

“I’d better get back to him. I’ll fill you in on all the details later,” promised Marsden. “By the way, you won’t be having any more trouble from your Russian friend. He’s over there. Quite dead.”

“Did Dusty kill him?”

“No. I did.”

It was obvious from the way they were handling poor old Dusty that he really was seriously hurt. Marsden was very much in charge of things, and appeared to be in almost constant communication with people on his radio. Others in the small team, all of them armed, gave support where they could or when they were told, but not everyone could tend to Miller’s needs. Lloyd slowly managed to piece together what had happened, and how these brave men had got to him. This was the stuff of spy thrillers on television, and yet here he was, in the middle of it all, happening for real. He was way out of his depth, as he had been for some weeks now since he had been whisked away from his laboratory and out of his comfort zone, into this other world of dreams and nightmares.

All this was because of him. Because somebody, somewhere, thought he was of such value to the country that he had to be protected, almost, it seemed, at any cost. Through the pain of his shattered shoulder, he felt quite guilty. Perhaps it would have been better if his brother had lived and he had fallen instead to that fatal bullet in his Battersea flat. At least then, they would all have been spared the tremendous effort that had gone in to transforming

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