

It was quiet, too quiet. Not a sound could be heard in the dark warehouse. Johnny checked that his gun was still in its holster, and walked on.

Why had Karen asked to meet him here? What was wrong? Her voice on the phone sounded small and frightened, as if Johnny was the only person who could help her. All that he could think it was about was that small diamond she had been talking about before...

"Of course!" thought Johnny.

"Someone's after her diamonds!"

He quickened his pace, and raced up the stairs, to where all the noise was suddenly coming from...