

of the line? he thought pressing himself back against the wall trying to make himself invisible in the dark, was all that planning and energy wasted? He was dripping with sweat now, cold and wet, he could smell the fear coming off his clothes. Suddenly next to him, with a barely noticeable squeak, a door swung quietly to and fro in the night's breeze.

Forschungsdesigns" des Teilprojekts G im Rahmen des AERTIGFF Forschungsverbundes (2.3). Could this be the haven he'd prayed for? Slowly he slid toward the door, pressing himself more and more into the wall, into the dark, away from his enemy. Would this door save his hide?