



## RESPONSIBLE INSTINCTS

BY [LAH](#)

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Illya's eyes focused on Napoleon as he sat reviewing reports from various field teams in Section II. It didn't take long before Napoleon noticed his intent gaze.

"Is there some reason you are staring at me?" queried the CEA.

"I'm just curious."

"About?"

"All the responsibility involved in being head of Section II: does it ever make you uneasy?"

"Should it?" Napoleon skillfully dodged the question.

"I get my answer first," persisted his partner.

Solo considered for a brief moment before responding somewhat cryptically, "Yes and no."

"More evasion," complained the Russian.

"Not evasion," insisted the American, "just unvarnished honesty. You're right of course in saying it's a lot of responsibility," he conceded. "Responsibility upon which often hinges the

lives of our agents or of bystander innocents. That's enough to make anyone with a conscience uneasy."

Illya nodded sagely. "So that's the yes, but what's the no?"

"The no comes into play because I want to make a difference. I admit to being emotionally driven to make the world a better place. That drive pushes me to take on more and more responsibility as the necessary price of pursuing what is dear to me. I'm more than willing to pay that price, but I make sure I am as mentally prepared as can be for the cost involved. And that mental preparation calms my uneasiness."

"Yet you can't deny you often approach situations from a purely gut instinct perspective, Napoleon."

Now it was Napoleon who nodded sagely. "Knowing when to trust my gut instincts is part of being mentally prepared, I.K. You don't have to research everything in minute detail to comprehend its scope on an intuitive level."

"That's where we differ, I suppose," Illya pondered. "I don't have quite that faith in my gut reactions."

Napoleon chuckled. "The faith is all you're missing, tovarisch; definitely not the instincts."

Kuryakin grinned impishly. "Ah, but that we are opposites in that way surely works to our mutual advantage."

"I won't deny that. We are each who we are, and that is what makes us such an effective team as enforcement agents."

"But it is your faith in your gut instincts that will someday make you an outstanding Continental Chief, Napoleon. I won't deny that either."

Deeply touched by his friend's unsolicited commendation, it was all Solo could do to express his gratitude with a quiet "Thanks for the confidence, Illya."

**—THE END—**

