

"We must meet them," you say.

"Hardstar," the captain calls. "Steer 090."

The sails shake as the bow crosses the wind. A moment later the *Archurus* heels sharply on the new tack.

"Now we're heading right at them," the captain tells you. "The helmsman is sounding a foghorn now every minute. The Russian sub can hear us if it's on the surface."

"I've lost them on the scanner," a crewman calls up. "They must be almost right on top of us!"

Suddenly, you feel as if you are in the middle of a thundercloud. The *Archurus* lifts up out of the ocean and heels over sharply. Above the rolling roar you hear the screeching sound of timbers splintering under the strain.

"They're surfacing right under us!" the captain yells. He is clinging to the binnacle, as is the helmsman to the wheel. You crash into the cockpit coaming and clutch wildly at the mainmast to keep from going overboard.