

Renata Carini maneuvers through traffic like a veteran race-car driver. In a few minutes you approach the highway to Cape Cod.

"You think you know where Dr. DuMont is being held—how do you propose to contact him?" you ask.

"You must realize," she says, "that DuMont and I are experts in communication. We each carry a miniaturized, ultrasonic communicator that is inaudible to human ears."

You nod and study the map while she concentrates on pressing the Ferrari to its limits.

By the time you approach your destination, darkness has set in, but Carini seems sure of herself as she cuts through dirt roads and through the scrubby brush, skidding wildly as the Ferrari barrels through sand that has drifted onto the road.

"Take it easy," you say. "If we get stuck in the sand, your 300-horsepower engine won't do us any good."

"I work best walking a tightrope," she replies.

A few seconds later she screeches around a sharp curve and pulls the car off the road onto hard ground.

"I used to come here in the summer for vacation," she says. "I know these sandy roads, the freshwater ponds, the paths to the blueberry bushes and the dunes, the beaches, the pebbles on the beaches—the whole business."

"Where do we go from here?" you ask.

"We'll follow this path. We'll soon be able to see the lights of the house. Then I'll activate my ultrasonic communicator."

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