



Six levels below the White House lawn, in Annex L066, you lean back in the big red leather chair in the office of J.J. Obbard, director of the Special Intelligence Group. He glares at you through steel-rimmed glasses from behind a massive oak desk and taps his black bear pipe on the rim of a crystal bowl.

"Have you ever heard the sounds of the humpback whales?" Obbard asks you. "They're like organ music—beautiful and eerie."

"Uh huh," you reply.

Obbard picks up a letter from his desk. "From Dr. Claude DuMont in Boston to the President of the United States."

Dear Mr. President:

While tracking humpback whales near Bermuda last month, we recorded whistles of a type we have never heard before.

The whales have a secret, and the new whistling is the key. We are analyzing it with our