

"Yes, we'd best encounter them," you say.

The captain activates the beeper. Within a few minutes the Russian sub comes alongside and brings you aboard. Soon you are warming yourself, drinking Russian soup in the wardroom.

The commander of the sub speaks to you in halting English. "First of all, I am sorry we sank your boat," he says. "It was a beautiful boat. Of course we did not want to sink it. It was an accident. Now all we can do is offer you good soup."

He laughs a bit, and you smile back—relieved at his courtesy, but not ready to trust him.

