

The *Arcturus* is splitting open.

Water is gushing up. Waves are breaking over the deck.

"Do you think they did it on purpose?" the captain asks.

You shrug your shoulders.

"It looks like we're going down," you say.

"I'm afraid so," the captain replies.

The helmsman is inflating a life raft and preparing to launch it. An enormous wave is coming toward you.

"Launch the raft," the captain shouts. "Jump!"

The three of you jump in the raft and push off as the *Arcturus* flips up its stern and plummets beneath the surface, carrying the rest of the crew and the Russian defector to a watery grave.

The captain says a prayer and then turns toward you.

"I don't think they'll find us in this fog," he says.

"Shall I attract them with our electronic beeper? If I don't, I imagine we'll be rescued within a couple of days."

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*If you say yes, turn to page 103.*

*If you say no, turn to page 105.*