

A few hours later, you are standing at the bedside of Don Taylor. Although he was badly shaken up, with a concussion and two cracked ribs, the doctors tell you that he will pull through all right.

Taylor looks up at you inquiringly.

"Tough break," you say.

"Who are you?" he asks.

"Call me Jonah," you reply.

"Thank heavens you're here," he says and pauses to catch his breath. He is still in a good deal

