

"You will be glad to know," he continues, "we have learned the secret of the whales, even as we were trying to get your Dr. DuMont to give this information himself. Our first thought was to use the cavern of the whales as a military base, but we decided against it—because one H-bomb would seal the cavern forever. That is why, only half an hour ago, our premier and your president reached an agreement over the hot line: the cavern will be preserved for the whales forever. And, you will be glad to know, we have made arrangements to transfer you to an American submarine in about an hour."

"So the whales will be saved, not through good sense of human beings, but only through good luck," Captain Lindstrom observes.

"Yes, the whales needed good luck to survive, and the same may be said for mankind," the Russian captain says.

The next day you are picked up from the Russian sub by helicopter and returned to Provincetown, where a message from Obbard awaits you saying you've earned a two-week vacation!

Soon you are lying on the sandy beach, soaking up the sun. After a while, you might try surfing, but you've been underwater enough lately. It's nice just feeling the warm sun and sifting sand through your fingers, while you lie gazing up at the puffy white clouds drifting across the sky.

The End