

You jump out the window and run through the scrub woods, exchanging fire with enemy agents. They pursue you as you run toward the dunes. The dogs are closing in on you. You're out of ammunition. You jump down to the beach from a high dune. Looking back over your shoulder, you see the two attack dogs leaping through the air.

Your only hope is to run into the water and swim. The water is icy but, with no other choice, you plunge in and swim for your life. Once out away from shore, you numbly turn and swim along the beach. You can hear the dogs howling at the water's edge.

You can't keep it up. You are going to freeze.

There to your right is the green running light of a boat. You call for help. It veers toward you.

"Help!" you shout again.

In a moment they pull you aboard—two lobster fishermen. By now, you are in shock. Later, you wake up in a hospital bed, weak and exhausted. A doctor is standing over you.

"I've got to get out of here," you say.

"Forget it," she replies, smiling. "You have vital pneumonia, a temperature of 103, and a telegram from your boss giving you a six-week leave of absence."

You smile at her and go back to sleep.

**The End**