

"Beat the light!" you shout.

The driver steps on the gas, racing through the intersection against the red light. You see a huge gray truck heading down. It tries to swerve.

"Watch it!" you shout.

The driver turns sharply. The truck roams by, catching the back of your car and sending it into a terrifying spin. You double up on the floor. In the instant before blacking out, you are flung wildly against the front seat.

The moment you wake up, you know you are in a hospital, and that you've been here for quite a while, because J.J. Obbard is looking down at you. Your cabdriver is standing next to him, his arm in a sling and a bandage around his head.

"Sorry, Jonah, it looks like you're out of the operation," Obbard says. "Take it easy and get well. We'll need you again before long, I'm sure. By the way, you haven't been introduced to your cabdriver—Anton Roudnitska."

You look up with surprise at the smiling, bandaged man.

"He's really working for us," Obbard says. "Thank the Lord."

A nurse walks into the room. "Sorry," she says. "The patient has to rest."

"We'll tell you what happened when you're feeling better," Obbard says.

He waves good-by and beckons Roudnitska to come with him.

You realize you need a lot more rest, and in a few minutes you are asleep, listening in a dream to the haunting songs of the humpback whales.

The End