

You sit with the others, waiting, rocking, queasy from the motion of the sea, slightly afraid. But you are relieved at having, for the first time in a long time, the chance simply to rest and look up at the sky and think, knowing there will be no ringing of the phone, no knocking on the door.



Your peace and quiet end a few hours later when a U.S. Navy helicopter swoops down to rescue you. With it comes a message from Ob-
lard, ordering you to Providence Hospital to visit Don Taylor, a British Intelligence agent, who was attacked by ROB agents while he was investigating their activities in the whaling project.