You veer off toward the shore and those the theather on full. You crossed low, Sweping you head only high enough to see where you're going as a half of heavy callbur bullets rips into the boat The water is getting shallow. The sub-can in longer follow, and the mappe is increasing. By

miracle you haven't been hit, but the engiter. The enemy agents are nowhere to I They must have jumped overloated. Now the whole stem is in flames. You

ward and dive off the bow. You swim underwate as fast as you can. Then you hear a mailled soun and feel the shock wave of an explosion.

he beat must have been blown off, for there nothing visible but the fast-disappearing bou. You start switness that disappearing bou. You start switness for shore. It's still quite distance, but the see is leady calm. You think you can make it, as long as you don't practic. Anatious you glance around. There is something bobbing!

can make it, as long as you can it pane, Amazon you glazon around. There is scenething bobbling in the water a little further out from shore than you are. It looks this a small nubber shift that must have been blown clear in the explosion. It's death within switnering distance, yet, once you neight. In the wind and current may vary you out to see.

Missian day to marker it all the dear fermals

If you suite for the ra