

You wait impatiently for several hours until Renate Carini finally arrives. A slim, black-haired woman with olive skin and lustrous dark eyes, she speaks flawless English.

"Claude DuMont is convinced that the whales have developed a language," she tells you.

"Do you think he's right?" you ask.

"I'm sure of it," she replies. "We have not been able to crack their code; they have cracked ours. They are able to speak to us, but they are not yet ready."

"What do you mean?"

"Suppose," she replies, "all-powerful beings from outer space are plundering the Earth and killing off most of the human population. They enter our atmosphere in spaceships that travel at the speed of light. We don't know the aliens' language so we can only broadcast a message in our own language and hope they understand it. What would you say?"

"I would have to give that some thought," you reply.

"Of course!" Carini says. "The whales have been giving it a lot of thought. But right now we must save Dr. DuMont."

"Do you have any idea how to do that?"

"Yes, I do," Carini replies. "The Russians will want to get DuMont aboard a Russian submarine. Their agent in charge of this is known as Double-Eye. He owns a villa at Truro on Cape Cod, and he has his own yacht."

"We must stop him," you respond.

"My XRS Ferrari is waiting outside," she says. You excuse yourself for a moment and telephone Orsband to get his thoughts.