

"Let's sail away from here," you say.

Lindstrom immediately orders the helmsman to bear off and head toward the Cape. The *Arcturus* moves gently through the waves. The boom swings out. With the wind on the quarter now, it gathers speed, cutting gently and silently through the sea.

"We won't sound the foghorn," the captain says. "There is hardly much danger of collision. We're out of the shipping lanes."

After a few hours' travel, the *Arcturus* picks up a radio message. You decode it. It's from Obbard!

"Operation canceled," it reads. "Accord reached with Russians. Whales to be fully protected. Details on your return."

"I'm glad," you tell Lindstrom, "because now, if I ever meet a whale, I won't be ashamed to look it in the eye."

The End