

It takes you only a few minutes to reach the raft, but, just as you are about to grab hold, a puff of wind blows it out of reach. You swim as fast as you can, but you are tiring rapidly. Finally with your last ounce of strength you reach up and grasp the rubber rim. With a tremendous effort you heave yourself aboard, and sit shivering in the freshening breeze.

Instantly you realize that all chance of getting ashore is gone. The new wind is blowing off the shore and will rapidly take you out to sea. Your chance of being rescued before daybreak is slim indeed. And if the wind continues to increase, your raft may capsize in the mounting seas. You curl up and lie still, trying to conserve as much strength and warmth as possible.

Resting your head against the rim of your raft, you close off to sleep. It seems only a moment has passed when you are awakened by the strange and beautiful sounds of the humpback whales. Startled, you sit bolt upright, almost upsetting your raft. In the fading orange glow of twilight you can see them all around you. How many you cannot tell because some are hidden below the surface while others are rolling over and over, making waves that dangerously rock your raft. Two of the whales lie on the surface and wave their huge white flippers in the air. They seem to be waving at you! Another one breaches the waves and raises its fifty-foot-long body almost entirely out of the water before flopping over with a thunderous splash.

You are so awed by the display that you fail to notice the tall two-masted sailing ship—a three-masted schooner under full sail—heaving down on you.