Prison of Ice (1976 original edition)(Revised and reissued as Icebound under his own name (1995))[Version 2.0 by BuddyDk - October 29 2003][Easy read, easy print][Completely new scan]Suddenly the ice opened in front of Harry, a zigzagging crack as wide as his hand.He staggered a few steps and leaped across the crack even as it widened. He fell on the far side and rolled away from the treacherous ice.Behind him the edge of the crevasse broke into enormous pieces.The ice shivered under him.He didn't know if he was safe yet.Probably not.The lip of the chasm began to tumble into the pit.He was on his knees. He clawed at the ice, pulled himself a few more feet toward safety. He glanced back to see how far he'd gone.Its rotary engine still humming, the snowmobile slid into the chasm. The ten gallons of petrol in the main and auxiliary tanks exploded. Flames licked high into the wind. Orange-red phantoms shimmered briefly in the milky ice; then the fire puffed out, and darkness took command. . . .

PRISONOFICEDavid AxtonA FAWCETT CREST BOOKFawcett Books, Greenwich, Connecticut

PRISON OF ICE

THIS BOOK CONTAINS THE COMPLETE TEXT OF THE ORIGINAL HARDCOVER EDITION.

A Fawcett Crest Book reprinted by arrangement with J. B. Lip-pincott Company

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All the characters in this book are fictitious, and any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

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Considering the identities of the author and editor,this book can be for no one else butWinona Garbrick

PRISONOFICE

Before . . .

From The New York Times:(1)POLAR ICE PUREST WATER INTHE WORLDMOSCOW, Feb. 10—Russian scientists have found that the water which constitutes the polar ice cap has a far lower bacteria count than any water man now uses to drink and to irrigate crops, a discovery that makes this vast frozen reservoir a valuable resource of the future.Because tapping the polar ice cap would be cheaper than constructing any desalinization plant yet developed, especially since the water would not have to be purified, many Russian re-searchers think tens of thousands of acres of farmland will be irrigated with melted icebergs in the next decade . . .(2)NOBEL PRIZE-WINNING COUPLEBELIEVE ICEBERGS COULDPROVIDE FRESH WATERBOSTON, Mass., Sept. 5—Speak-ing before a convention of en-vironmental engineers, Dr. Harold Carpenter said today that chronic shortages of water in California,Europe and other regions could be solved by the controlled melting of ice-bergs towed south from the Arctic. Dr. Carpenter's wife, Dr. Rita Carpenter, said the concerned nations should pool the capital for the necessary research and development—an investment that would, she said, "be repaid a hundred-fold within ten years."According to the Carpenters, the basic concept is simple. A large iceberg would be "blown loose" from the edge of the icefield and allowed to move south in natural currents. Later, enormous steel towing cables would be affixed to the ice much the same as a barbed harpoon is shot into a whale. A trawler would then tow the ice to a conversion facility at the shore near thirsty farmland. "Because both the North Atlantic and North Pacific are cold bodies of water, only about 20% of the ice would melt before it could be converted to water at the shore and piped to the drought-stricken farms," Dr. Harold Carpenter said.The Carpenters both said that no one could be certain the idea was workable. "There are still a great many problems to overcome," Rita Carpenter said. "Extensive research on the polar ice cap . . ."(3)DROUGHT AFFECTSCALIFORNIA CROPSSACRAMENTO, Calif., Sept. 20-State Department of Agricultureshortages may have caused as much as a ten-million-dollar loss in second-season crops as diverse as oranges, cantaloupes, lettuce . . .(4)SUFFICIENT RELIEF FOODUNAVAILABLE FOR THOUSANDSSTARVING IN DROUGHTSUNITED NATIONS, N.Y., Oct. 18—The director of the United Nations Emergency Relief Organiza-tion said here that poor harvests in both the United States and Europe have made it impossible for drought-stricken Africans and Asians to pur-chase grain and produce from the usually food-rich Western nations. Already, more than 200,000 people have died in . . .(5)SPECIAL U.N. FUNDESTABLISHED TO SENDSCIENTISTS TO POLARICE CAPUNITED NATIONS, N.Y., Jan. 6—Eleven members of the United Nations today contributed money to a unique fund which will pay for a series of scientific experiments on the polar ice cap. The primary intent of the project will be to study the feasibility of towing huge icebergs south, where they could be tapped for the irrigation of crops."It might sound like science fic-tion," said one British official. "But since the early 1960s most environ-mental specialists have come to see the very real potential."If such a scheme is workable, the major food-producing nations might never suffer bad harvests again. Al-though the icebergs could not be towed into the warm seas of southern Asia and Africa, the entire world would profit by the insured good harvests of the few countries the project would directly benefit . . .(6)TEAM OF U.N. SCIENTISTSESTABLISHES RESEARCHSTATION ON ARCTIC ICEFIELDTHULE, Greenland, Sept. 28— This morning a team of scientists under the direction of Dr. Harold Carpenter landed on the Arctic ice cap between Greenland and Spitsbergen, Norway. They began construction of a research station two miles from the edge of the icefield where they will conduct United Nations-funded studies for at least nine months . . .(7)ARCTIC EXPEDITION TO "BLOWLOOSE" A PIECE OF POLAR ICECAP TOMORROWTHULE, Greenland, Jan. 14— At midnight tomorrow scientists at theUnited Nations' "Edgeway Station" will detonate a series of explosive devices to separate a half-mile-square iceberg from the edge of the winter icefield, just 350 miles off the north-east coast of Greenland. Two UNGY trawlers equipped with electronic tracking gear are waiting 230 miles to the south, where they will monitor the progress of the "bugged" iceberg.In an experiment designed to determine if Atlantic currents change substantially in

northern regions dur-ing the severe arctic winter . . .

One: Snare

11:57The heated bit of the power drill chewed deep into the ice Slush churned out of the hole, sluiced across the crusted snow and refroze in seconds. The bit was out of sight now and the steel shank had also disappeared into the four inch-diameter bore.Harry Carpenter, watching the drill bite deeper and deeper into the ice, had a premonition of disaster. Al-though, as a scientist, he respected the tools of logic method and reason, Carpenter had learned never to discount a hunch. Especially not out here on the icefield where anything could happen—and usually did. He could not understand the source of his uneasiness—unless it was the possibility that the explosive charge might detonate prematurely, right now, in their faces. There was little chance of that. Nevertheless . . .Peter Johnson, the American electronics engineer who doubled as demolitions expert, switched off the drill and stepped back from it. In his bulky white thermal suit and fur-lined hood, he resembled a polar bear—except for his dark brown face.Claude Jobert shut off the portable generator which supplied power to the drill.As the afternoon began, the three men were pre-paring to lower the last of the one-hundred-pound ex-plosive charges into the ice. This was the sixtieth bomb they had handled since yesterday morning, and they were uneasily aware that they were standing on enough high-yield plastic explosives to destroy them in an apocalyptic instant.If they died here, Harry thought, well . . . the ice cap was a model graveyard, utterly lifeless. Ghostly bluish-white plains led off in every direction, somber and moody during this season of nearly constant darkness, brief twilight and perpetual overcast. Visibility was fair because this was the time of day when a vague crescent of sunlight painted the horizon. But there was not much to see. The only points of elevation were the jagged pressure ridges and hundreds of house-sized slabs of ice that had popped from the field and stood on end like gigantic tombstones.Pete Johnson joined Carpenter and Jobert in front of a pair of specially rebuilt snowmobiles. “The shaft's twenty-eight yards deep. One more extension for the bit and the job's done.”“Thank God!” Jobert shivered as if his thermal suit provided no protection whatsoever. In spite of the trans-parent film of lanolin petroleum jelly that protected the exposed portions of his face from frostbite, he was pale and drawn. “We'll make it back to base camp tonight Think of that! I haven't been warm since we left.”Ordinarily, Jobert did not complain. He was a jovial and energetic little man. At a glance he seemed fragile. That wasn't the case. At five-seven and a hundred and thirty pounds, he was lean, wiry, hard. He had a mane of white hair, a leathery face and bright blue eyes as clear as those of a child. Carpenter had never seen hatred or anger in those eyes—nor, until yesterday, had he seen self-pity in them.Since they had left the comfort of Edgeway Station, Jobert had been neither jovial nor energetic. At fifty-nine he was the oldest member of the expedition, eighteen years older than Carpenter. That was nearly the outer limit for a scientist working in this brutal climate.Although he was a fine Arctic geologist, this would be his last trip onto the icefield. From now on, his work would be done in laboratories and behind typewriters, far from the rigors of the ice.Maybe, Harry thought, he's not bothered by the cold so much as by the knowledge that this work has grown too demanding for him. How will I feel when I've got to face the same truth?Pete Johnson said, “It's snowing.”Even as the black man spoke, Harry saw the dime-sized flakes.Jobert frowned. “We weren't due for snow until this evening.”The trip out from Edgeway Station—four air miles to the northeast, seven miles by snowmobile past ridges and deep chasms—had not been difficult. However, a bad storm could make the return journey impossible. Visibility would decrease to zero. They could easily get lost because of compass distortion. And if their snowmobiles ran out of fuel, they would freeze to death, for even their thermal suits would be insufficient protection against prolonged exposure to the murderous cold that came with a blizzard.Studying the sky, Carpenter said, “This might be a local squall.”“You said the same thing last week,” Johnson re-minded him. “As a geophysicist, you deserved the Nobel. As a meteorologist—”“I'm a bust. So we'd better finish this job quickly.”“Like yesterday.”Johnson freed the drill from the shank of

the buried bit and lifted it out of its supportive frame, handling it as if it weighed a tenth of its actual eighty-five pounds.A decade ago he had been a football star at Penn State, turning down offers from six NFL teams. He hadn't wanted to play out the role the public had created for every six-foot-four-inch, two-hundred-and-thirty-pound black football hero. Instead he won scholarships, took two more degrees, and wound up in a well-paid position with an IBM think tank.Now he was vital to Carpenter's expedition. He ser-viced the electronic data-gathering equipment at Edge-way; and having designed the explosive devices, he was the only man who could deal with them if something went wrong. Furthermore, his tremendous strength was an asset out here on the inhospitable top of the world.As Johnson lifted the drill out of the way, Carpenter and Jobert took a three-foot bit extension from one of the cargo trailers that stood behind the snowmobiles. They screwed it onto the threaded shank, which was already buried in the ice.Jobert started the generator again.Johnson slammed the drill in place and finished boring the twenty-nine-yard shaft which would hold the tubular pack of explosives.While the machine roared, Harry looked at the ugly sky.Within the past fifteen minutes the weather had deteriorated noticeably. Most of the light had gone from behind the clouds. The snow stung his greased face; the wind was moving at twenty miles per hour or thereabouts, just beginning to howl.He still sensed an oncoming disaster. It was form-less, vague, but nonetheless real.Jobert leaned toward him and shouted above the noise from the wind and the drill. “Don't worry, Harry! We'll be back at Edgeway this evening!”Carpenter nodded. He continued to study the sky.

12:20Edgeway Station looked like mankind's only outpost on an alien planet. Set in the chiaroscuro icefield, it was the sole splash of color and geometric form in sight—and it was as out of place here as an iceberg in the Sahara.The six Nissen huts had been airlifted onto the ice in prefabricated sections at tremendous effort and expense. Each one-story structure measured twenty by fifteen feet. The metal walls were riveted to hooped girders, and the floor was countersunk in the ice. The walls were insulated with fiber glass and bags of plastic pellets. Unattractive as slum buildings, the huts were nonetheless dependable and secure against the wind.A hundred yards north of the camp, a smaller hut stood off by itself. It housed the fuel tanks that fed the generators. Because the tanks held diesel fuel, which will burn but won't explode, the danger of fire was minimal. However, the thought of being trapped in a flash fire fanned by artic winds was so terrifying—especially when there was no water, just useless ice, with which to fight it—that excessive precautions had to be taken for every-one's peace of mind.Gunvald Larsson's peace of mind had melted away hours ago. He wasn't worried about fire—but about an earthquake that, by all projections, would soon shake this portion of the icefield.An imperturbable Scandinavian, Larsson usually possessed an inner calm that matched his cool appear-ance. He was tall, lean, and had fresh-faced good looks inherited from a Swedish father and a Danish mother. His quick blue eyes were like precision calipers, continuously measuring the world. When he wasn't working outdoors, he dressed in slacks and colorful ski sweaters, and he looked as if he were in an alpine lodge instead of an isolated hut on the winter ice cap.But he had lost his characteristic composure. He chewed on his pipe stem and scowled at the scopes and read-out screens on the complex data-gathering equipment that lined three walls of the telecommunications shack.When the others went south to the edge of the ice-field early yesterday morning, Larsson stayed behind to monitor incoming calls on the radio. This was not the first time that all but one of the expedition members had left Edgeway to conduct an experiment on the ice, but on every other occasion someone other than Larsson had been chosen to remain with the radio. After weeks of living in a tiny community with eight too-close neighbors, he had been eager for his turn at solitude.By four o'clock yesterday afternoon, however, he had begun to wish the other eight were back with him. It was then that the seismographs registered the first quake. At four-ten the tremor was confirmed by radio reports from Reykjavik, Iceland, and Hammerfest, Nor-way. Severe slippage had occurred in the seabed sixty miles northeast of Raufarhofn, Iceland. The shock was on the same chain of faults that had triggered violent volcanic eruptions on Iceland several years ago. This time, thus far, there had been no damage or injuries on any land bordering the Greenland Sea, although the tremor registered six-point-five on the Richter scale.From the outset they intended to study seabed tremors in the Greenland Sea in hopes of uncovering new data about these fault lines. This was a geologically active part of the earth and could never be fully trusted until it was fully known. If dozens of ships were to use these waters, towing icebergs after them, they would need to know how often the sea was disturbed by submarine quakes and the resultant high waves. A tsunami, a titanic wave radiating from the epicenter of a powerful quake, could endanger even fairly large ships.He knew he should be pleased with this opportunity to observe the nature and patterns of tremors on this series of fault lines. But he wasn't pleased at all. He was frightened.Edgeway Station itself was in no imminent danger. If a major seabed slippage occurred nearby, a tsunami would roll beneath the ice cap and precipitate some changes: new chasms and pressure ridges and perhaps even temporary holes of warm water in the crust. But most of the cap would go unchanged, and there was little likelihood that the base camp would be damaged or destroyed.But Carpenter and the others couldn't be half as certain of their safety as Gunvald was of his own. In addition to creating pressure ridges and chasms, a tsu-nami might snap off sections of the ice at the edge of the winter field. Harry might find the cap falling out from under him while the sea rushed up dark, cold and deadly.Then, at nine o'clock

last night, five hours after the first tremor, the second quake hit the fault chain. The seabed shifted violently, one hundred and five miles north-northeast of Raufarhofn. The shock hit five-point-eight on the Richter scale.Apparently there was a domino reaction. And it was falling in their direction.Larsson chewed on his pipe stem.At nine-thirty last night, when the radio reports confirmed the location and force of the second shock, he had put through a call to the temporary camp seven miles to the southwest. He told Harry about the quakes and explained the risks they were taking by remaining overnight on the perimeter of the icefield.“We've got a job to finish,” Harry had said. “Forty-six bombs are in place, armed and ticking. Getting them out again would be a monstrous chore. If we don't place the other fourteen tomorrow, in effect we'll be aborting the mission. And it's too bloody expensive for that.”“I suppose you're right. But I don't like it.”The open frequency crackled with static as Carpen-ter said, “How long might it take for major slippage to pass through an entire fault chain like this one?”“Usually two or three days.”“We have more than enough time.”“It can take longer.”“You see?”“Or it can happen much faster.”“Not this time. Look here . . . the second tremor was less violent than the first, wasn't it?”“That doesn't mean the reaction will play itself out. As you well know. The third might be smaller or larger than the first two.”“At any rate,” Harry said, “the ice is seven hundred feet thick where we are. It won't splinter like the first coat on a winter pond.”“Nevertheless, wrap things up quickly tomorrow.”“You needn't fear about that. It's hardly pleasant living in these damned drafty, inflatable igloos.”After the call, Larsson went to bed. He didn't sleep well. In his nightmares the world was crumbling apart, dropping away from him in enormous chunks and in tiny white shavings like snowflakes.At seven-thirty this morning, while he was shaving, the seismograph had recorded a third tremor: Richter five-point-two.Gunvald had only coffee for breakfast. He wasn't hungry.You're like an old woman, he told himself. Nothing bad will happen.He worried just the same.At eleven o'clock the fourth quake struck only two hundred miles due south: four-point-four on the Richter scale.He wasn't cheered to see that each tremor was less powerful than the one that preceded it. It seemed as if the earth was conserving its energy for a single gigantic blow.The fifth tremor hit at eleven-fifty, one hundred and ten miles due south, four-point-two on the Richter scale.He called the temporary camp. Rita assured him they would leave the edge of the ice cap by two o'clock.“The weather will be a problem,” Gunvald said.“It's snowing here, but we thought it was a local squall.”“I'm afraid not. The storm has shifted course and picked up speed. We'll have heavy snow this afternoon.”“We'll be at Edgeway by four o'clock,” she said. “Maybe sooner.”Larsson put down the microphone. He returned to the seismograph and watched the jiggling stylus as it traced his anticipation on the graph.At twelve minutes past noon another slippage oc-curred in the subsea crust one hundred miles south: Richter three-point-five.By twelve-thirty, when Carpenter and the others were planting the last bomb, Larsson was biting so hard on his pipe that, with only the slightest additional pres-sure, he could have snapped the stem in two.

12:30Seven miles from Edgeway Station, the temporary camp stood in the lee of a pressure ridge, sheltered from the south-pressing wind.Three inflatable, quilted, rubberized nylon igloos lay in a semicircle five yards from the ridge, and two snow-mobiles were parked in front of them. Each igloo was ten feet in diameter and eight feet high at the center. They were inflated with helium, were anchored to the ice and had floors of lightweight foil blankets like those NASA used in its space stations. Small electric heaters, powered by snowmobile batteries, kept the air inside at a fairly constant fifty degrees. The accommodations weren't spa-cious; but they were, after all, only temporary.Eighty yards south, overlooking the camp, a steel pipe—hung with thermometer and anemometer—rose from the ice plateau. With the aid of a flashlight, Rita Carpenter read the temperature and wind velocity. She didn't like what she saw. She started back toward camp, awkwardly negotiating the out-sloping plateau wall that led down to the ice plain.She could move only awkwardly because she was wearing her full survival gear: heavy knitted underwear, two pair of socks, felt boots, fleece-lined outer boots, woolen trousers and shirt, quilted thermal trousers and vest, a heavy sheepskin-lined coat with a scarf and a fur-lined hood that laced under the chin. In this weather, body heat had to be contained and maintained. Awkwardness, clumsiness and discomfort were the burdens of survival.Even heavily bundled up with only a few inches of her face revealed, she was a beautiful woman. The arctic cold could not draw all the color from her flawless, dusky complexion. Her wide mouth was full, sensuous; and she had an odd, lopsided smile. Shielded now by tinted gog-gles, her eyes were large, almond-shaped and as green as the sea that lay beneath the ice. Wisps of auburn hair, crusted with snow, escaped her hood, fringing her fore-head and cheeks. Just turned thirty-eight, she could have passed for twenty-eight.Most men were surprised by her beauty. They ex-pected a woman geophysicist—certainly one who had shared the Nobel with her husband—to be either big-boned and manly or dumpy. She wasn't supposed to be pretty, shapely and leggy. She enjoyed the impression she made.The night before they were airlifted onto the ice, she and Harry dined early and went to bed at seven o'clock— not to sleep but to make love. When they finished she leaned against her pillows and said, "I'm just as good a lay as I am a scientist, aren't I?"Harry laughed and so did she."No need to answer," she said. "It's a rhetorical question.""You're an incredible egomaniac," he said affec-tionately."Not incredible. Splendid. I'm brilliant, clever and beautiful; therefore, my egomania is justified. I'm a splen-did egomaniac. An obnoxious egomaniac is one whose boasts are utterly groundless.""I'm glad you've cleared this up for me.""You're welcome.""But egomania is very un-British. Especially for a scientist. British scientists are reserved, discreet, unas-suming—""Bullshit. Besides, my father was an American."He said, "Ah, I'd forgotten.""Like hell you had."He petted her breasts. The nipples grew stiff under his palms."Actually," she said, "I don't see myself as an ego-maniac.""Of course not. You see yourself as a saint.""Not at all. I just understand my capabilities and virtues, which are nearly unlimited—and my shortcom-ings, which are few and unimportant."Laughing again, Harry said, "You're marvelous. You're so delightful, you can make a virtue of egomania.""Tell me more.""You're a magnificent lay.""More.""You're a great scientist.""Even more.""You're absolutely charming."She laughed. "Aren't I, though?"Except for Franz Fischer, everyone at Edgeway thought she was indeed charming. Fischer insisted on playing the lover scorned, complete with stiff upper lip and soulful eyes. He wasn't rude; to the contrary, he left the impression that at night he nursed a broken heart in the lonely privacy of his sleeping bag.Rita had met Fischer eleven years ago, shortly after she earned her doctorate and took her first research posi-tion with a division of International Telephone and Tele-graph. Because she was a woman with healthy appetites and an even healthier attitude about the morality of satisfying them as they arose, and because Fischer was not unattractive, they'd had an intense affair that lasted a week short of two years. It hadn't been an altogether calm, relaxed and loving relationship. But at least she had never been bored

by it. They separated nine years ago because Franz could not cope with a woman who was his professional and intellectual equal. He was the archetypal male chauvinist. He expected to have total control of his women—but he learned he couldn't dominate Rita. She walked out on him, met Harry, got married a year later and never looked back.Evidently Fischer had looked back, if not for nine years, then at least since Rita had been awarded the Nobel. He let it be seen that he was pining away behind a facade of stoic acceptance.Harry knew that she and Fischer had been lovers. But that was before his time and none of his concern. He was secure in his marriage and sure of himself. Even knowing what he did, he had recruited Franz to be the chief meteorologist at Edgeway Station because the Ger-man was the best man for the job.Harry would have done better to take the second best, Rita thought as she drew near the igloo on the west end of the camp. In the confines of an Arctic outpost, Franz's attitude was irritating. The care with which he displayed his wounded pride was as disruptive, in its way, as shouted insults would have been.When she entered the igloo, Franz was on his knees, packing instruments into a carton. He had taken off his outer boots, coat and gloves. He dared not work up a sweat, for it would chill his skin and leach precious heat from him when he went outside again. He glanced up at her, nodded and continued packing.He had a certain animal magnetism; and she saw why she had been drawn to him when she was younger. He had thick yellow hair, deep-set dark eyes, Nordic fea-tures. He was only five-nine, an inch taller than she, but at forty-five he was solid, muscular, trim as a boy."Wind is up to twenty-four miles," she said as she pushed back her hood and removed her goggles. "Ten degrees Fahrenheit and falling.""With the wind-chill factor, it'll be minus twenty by the time we break camp." He didn't look up. He seemed to be talking to himself."We'll make it back all right.""We have no choice.""Honestly, Franz, your gloomy Teutonic nature—"A deep-throated rumble sounded beneath them, and a gentle tremor passed through the ice cap. The rumble was augmented by a high-pitched, nearly inaudible squeal as dozens of ice strata moved against one anotherRita stumbled but kept her balance, as if she were lurching down the aisle of a moving train.The rumble faded away almost as it began. The ice grew still again.Franz finally met her eyes. He cleared his throat. His voice was weak. "Larsson's much-heralded quake?""No. Too small. Major movement on this fault chain will be much bigger than that, much bigger all down the line. That wouldn't even have registered on the Richter scale," she said."A preliminary tremor?""Yes," she said."When can we expect the main event?""Maybe tonight. Or a minute from now."He grimaced and continued packing instruments into the waterproof carton. "You were talking about my gloomy Teutonic nature . . ."

12:45Pinned by the cones of light from the snowmobile, Roger Breskin and George Lin finished anchoring the automatic radio transmitter to the ice and began a simple systems check on it. They cast long, distorted shadows and looked like savages hunched over an idol.Even the murky glow of the winter twilight had seeped from the sky. Without the snowmobile headlamps, visibility was down to fifteen yards.The wind had been brisk and refreshing this morning, but as it gathered speed it would become a deadly enemy. A high wind could press a chill through layer upon layer of thermal clothing. Already the snow was being driven so hard that the flakes appeared to be on a course parallel to the ice cap, falling horizontally, as if destined never to touch down. The wind pasted the snow to their goggles, forcing them to pause every few minutes to scrape their lenses.Standing behind the amber headlights, Brian Dou-gherty kept his face turned away from the wind, but the snow still found his glasses.Why did I come to this godforsaken place? he wondered as he flexed his fingers and toes to ward off the cold. I don't belong here. No one belongs here. I might die here.And that was precisely why he had come to the ice cap: adventure, danger, the possibility of death. He knew this beyond a doubt. But he had never dwelt on it, and he had only the most shadowy notion of why he should be thus motivated.He had compelling reasons for staying alive. His family was quite wealthy; and when he turned twenty-three, fourteen months from now, he would gain control of a fifteen-million-dollar trust fund. The family's fame and the sympathy accorded to the whole Dougherty clan would open any doors that couldn't be battered down with money. Brian's uncle, once President of the United States, had been murdered by a sniper. His father, the junior senator from California, had been assassinated halfway through a presidential campaign nine years ago.In time Brian could have a political career of his own if he wanted it. But he was still too young to face up to the responsibilities of his family name and tradition. In fact, he was fleeing from those responsibilities, from the thought of ever meeting them. He had dropped out of Harvard after a year of law studies. Since then he had traveled all over the world, “bumming” on Carte Blanche. His escapist adventures had put him on the front pages of newspapers on every continent. He had taken a turn in one of Madrid's bullrings. He had broken an arm on an African photographic safari when a rhinoceros attacked the jeep in which he was riding. Shooting the rapids on the Colorado River, he had capsized and almost drowned. And now he was passing the long winter on an ice-field . . .His name and the quality of some magazine writ-ing he had done were credentials enough to obtain for him a place on the expedition as an unofficial observer. It also helped that the Dougherty Foundation had given a $150,000 grant to the United Nations for use in the Edgeway project.For the most part he had been accepted and made to feel welcome. The only antagonism came from George Lin, and even that had amounted to little more than a brief loss of temper. The Chinese scientist had apologized for his outburst. Brian was genuinely interested in their work, and they were equally curious to know what he would say in print about them and their pet project.He had intended to write three or four articles about life in the far, far north. But already he had enough material for a book, which he felt increasingly compelled to write.Such an ambitious undertaking frightened him. A book—whether or not he had the talent and maturity to do it well—was a major commitment. That was what he had been avoiding for the past few years.His family thought he had been attracted to Edge-way by its humanitarian potential and that he was get-ting serious about his future. He hadn't wanted to dis-illusion them, but they were wrong. Initially this had been nothing but another adventure. It was more exciting than those that had gone before it but no more meaningful to him than they had been.It still is only an adventure, he told himself as he watched Lin and Breskin. It's a game, a way to waste time. Isn't it? Then why this compulsion to write a book? What have I got to say that's worth anyone's reading time?The other two men stood up and wiped snow from their goggles.Brian went to them and shouted over the wind: “Are you done?”“At last!” Breskin said.The three-foot-square, steel-cased transmitter which” gleamed so brightly now

would be sheathed in snow and ice within a few hours, but that wouldn't affect its signal. It had been designed to operate in these conditions. Its core was extremely well insulated. The transmitter fed on a power cell, not on a battery, which might easily be drained by subzero cold. The set would put out a strong signal—two seconds in duration, ten times every minute— for ten to fourteen days.When the ice was blasted loose from the winter field, it would drift into those channels known as Iceberg Alley and on into the North Atlantic. Two trawlers, part of the United Nations Geophysical Year fleet, were standing two hundred and thirty miles south of Edgeway; and they would monitor the continual radio signal. With the aid of a polar-orbital satellite, they would fix the signal by triangulation and home on the berg until it could be identified by the waterproof, self-expanding red dye that had been spread across wide areas of its surface.The purpose of the experiment was to gain a basic understanding of how winter sea currents affected drift ice. Before any plans could be drawn for towing ice south to drought-stricken coastal areas, it was important to know how the sea would work against the ships and how it might be made to work for them. It wasn't practical to send trawlers to the edge of the winter field. The Arctic Ocean and the Greenland Sea were choked with ice floes and pretty much unnavigable at that time of year. De-pending on what their experiments revealed, however, they might find that it was not even necessary for the tow ships to connect with the ice immediately south of Iceberg Alley. Instead, the icebergs might be allowed to ride the natural currents—provided they moved fast enough and in the right direction—for a hundred or two hundred miles before power was expended to tow them farther south and coastward.“Could I get a few pictures?” Dougherty asked.“No time for that,” George Lin said shortly. He brushed his hands together, knocking thin plates of ice from his heavy gloves.“It won't take more than a minute.”“We need every minute if we're to get back to Edge-way alive,” Lin said. “This storm could cut us off. By morning we'd be pieces of the landscape, frozen solid.”“We can spare a minute or two,” Roger Breskin said. He wasn't half-shouting as they were, but his bass voice carried over the wind.Brian smiled thankfully at him“Are you crazy?” Lin asked. “Do you see how the snow's falling? Every minute we delay—”“George, you've wasted a minute arguing.” Breskin's voice was neutral; the tone was that of a scientist stating an observable fact.Although he had emigrated from the United States to Canada only eight years ago, Breskin had the relaxed demeanor of a lifelong Canadian. He was never cross or impatient. He didn't talk much. He was self-contained, reclusive and did not easily make friends or enemies.Behind his goggles, Lin's eyes narrowed. Grudg-ingly, he said, “Take your damned photographs. But be quick about it.”Dougherty had no choice but to be quick. Conditions on the ice cap allowed little time for setting up shots and focusing to perfection.“This okay?” Breskin stood to the right of the trans-mitter.“Fine.”Breskin dominated the scene in the viewfinder. He was five-eleven, one hundred and ninety pounds, shorter and lighter than Pete Johnson but no less muscular than the black man. He had practiced weight lifting for twenty of his thirty-six years. His biceps were enormous, webbed with veins that resembled steel tubes. In arctic gear he was an impressive figure, for he seemed to belong in these vast frozen wastes as none of the others did.Standing to the left of the transmitter, George Lin was as unlike Breskin as a hummingbird is unlike an eagle. He was shorter and slimmer than Roger, but the differences were not merely physical. While the weight lifter stood as silent and still as a pinnacle of ice, Lin swayed from side to side as if he were about to explode with nervous energy. He had none of the patience that was reputed to be a trait of the Oriental mind. Unlike Breskin, he did not belong here, and he knew it.But the oncoming storm wasn't the only thing that frightened him. He suffered from a manic dread of Com-munism, blanched with terror at the mention of Marx, Lenin or Mao Tse-tung. He had been born Lin Shen-yang in Canton in 1937. His father had been an official of the corrupt Kuomintang government. When George was twelve years old, Mao established the People's Republic, forcing Chiang Kai-shek and his followers, virtually all of China's privileged

class, to flee to Taiwan. George grew up on the island but was educated in France, England and the United States. He was a citizen of Nationalist China, but he spent most of his time in New York and Boston. He was far removed from the Communist world and, realistically, had nothing to fear. But this was one subject about which he could not be realistic. Brian sensed that Lin's anti-Communism was less intellectual than emotional. In those last days of Chiang's rule, something so terrible had happened to George in Canton that he had been permanently traumatized. Only the most deeply rooted nightmare could have done this to him. Unfortu-nately he had allowed his fear to shape him, and he had been severely limited by it."Hurry," Lin said, his breath billowing in front of him.Brian focused and pressed the shutter release.The electronic flash was reflected and refracted by the snowscape. Then the darkness rushed back in to the edges of the headlamps.Brian said, "One more for—"The ice cap rose precipitously, like the motorized floor of a carnival funhouse. An instant later it dropped out from under him.He fell.He tried to scream, but his breath had been knocked out of him. He slammed against an ice hummock, re-bounded, rolled and winced.One of the snowmobiles crashed onto its side, inches from his head. Chips of ice exploded in his face and drew thin traces of blood.Dizzy, shocked, nauseated, he raised his head. The radio transmitter was in place. Breskin and Lin were sprawled in the snow. Brian started to get up—but fell again as the wasteland leaped more violently than it had done the first time.Gunvald's earthquake has come at last, he thought as he tried to brace himself within a shallow depression in the ice. A tsunami had passed under them, hundreds of millions of gallons of rising water. He wondered how many more waves there would be before the nightmare ended.The overturned snowmobile revolved on its side. The headlights passed over Brian, throwing shadows like wind-whipped leaves, and illuminated the other men.Behind Breskin and Lin the ice suddenly cracked open with a deafening boom! and gaped like a ragged, demonic mouth."Watch out!"Breskin saw what was happening. He grasped the steel anchor pins that held down the transmitter.The ice heaved up a third time and tilted toward the crevasse.Brian slid out of the depression in which he had sought shelter. He grabbed the transmitter as he passed it and held on tightly.Breskin shouted something about George Lin.Brian glanced over his shoulder. He squinted through snow-filmed goggles, unwilling to risk his pre-carious hold to wipe them clean.Screaming, the Chinese slid toward the brink. He flailed at the slick ice. As the last tsunami passed beneath them and the winter cap settled down, Lin fell out of sight into the chasm.Franz said that she should finish packing the tools and instruments, and that the heavy work of loading them into the cargo trailers should be left to him. He was so brimming with condescension toward "the weaker sex" that Rita, of course, rejected his suggestion. She pulled up her hood, slipped her goggles over her eyes once more and lifted one of the filled cartons before he could argue with her.She was wedging waterproof boxes into one of the low-slung cargo trailers when the first tremor jolted the ice. She was picked up and thrown onto the cartons. A blunt cardboard corner gouged her cheek painfully but didn't draw blood. She rolled off the trailer and fell into the snow that had drifted around it during the past hour.Dazed and frightened, she got to her feet just as the second tsunami arrived. The snowmobile engines were running, warming up for the ride buck to Edgeway, and their headlamps pierced the falling snow. There was enough light for her to see the first broad crack appear in the nearly vertical wall of the pressure ridge that had sheltered—and now threatened—the camp. A second crack opened off the first, then a third and a fourth. She realized the entire facade was going to collapse.She shouted to Fischer, who was still in the igloo at the west end of the camp. "Run! Franz, run!"Then she took her own advice, not daring to look back.The sixtieth bomb was no different from the fifty-nine that had been placed in the ice before it. It was three inches in diameter, seventy-two inches long, with smooth, rounded ends. The sophisticated timing device was lo-cated at the center of the cylinder, between two heavy charges of plastic explosives, and was synchronized to the fifty-nine other timers. A steel eye

was soldered at the upper end of the cylinder, and a strong but lightweight chain was snapped onto the eye.Harry Carpenter wound the chain off the drum of a small hand winch, carefully lowering the bomb—fifty pounds of casing and one hundred pounds of a plastic explosive equivalent to two thousand pounds of TNT— into the narrow hole. He let down eighty-one feet of chain, felt the cylinder touch bottom and snapped the free end of the chain to a metal peg that marked the ice a few inches from the shaft.Pete Johnson was hunched down beside Carpenter. He looked over his shoulder. "Ready here, Claude."A barrel, which they had filled with snow, stood on electric heating coils in one of the cargo trailers. It was brimming with boiling water. Steam drifted up, froze instantly into clouds of glittering crystals and was carried off by the wind.Jobert fixed a metal-ring hose to a valve on the bar-rel. He opened the valve and handed the nozzle end of the hose to Carpenter. Loosening the petcock, Harry let hot water pour into the blasting shaft. In three minutes the hole was sealed, the bomb suspended in ice.If the shaft were left open, the explosion would be vented upward to no purpose. The charge had been shaped to blow downward and to all sides; and if the hole were not closed, the desired effect couldn't be achieved. At midnight tonight, when the bomb was automatically detonated, the new ice in the shaft might pop out like a cork, but the greater part of the blast would not be wasted.Johnson rapped his gloved knuckles against the newly formed ice. "Now we can get back to Edgeway, where it's warm and—"The winter field moved. It jolted forward, backward, shimmied from one side to the other, tilted sharply in front of them, groaned hollowly and collapsed into its original plane.Harry was thrown on his face. His goggles jammed hard against his cheeks and eyebrows. Tears streamed as pain swelled across his cheekbones. He felt warm blood trickling through his nostrils.Johnson and Jobert had fallen together and were holding each other.Harry caught a brief glimpse of them, grotesquely locked in each other's embrace like a pair of wrestlers, as he rolled against one of the snowmobiles. The machine was bouncing up and down. He clung to it with both hands.His first thought was that the bomb had blown up in his face and that he was dead or dying. But as the ice swelled again, he realized that tsunami were surging be-neath the polar cap. And their source had surely been a seabed quake.As the third tsunami struck, he was suspended at the top of an ice ramp. Only inertia kept him where he was. At any moment he might slide to the bottom—along with the snowmobile, which could easily roll over and crush him.In the distance the sound of cracking, grinding ice jabbed at the wind, and it sounded as if it were getting nearer by the second.Then, as suddenly as the ordeal had begun—no more than a minute ago—it ended. The ice plain dropped, became a level floor and was still.Rita saw that she had run far enough to save herself. But she was alone. Franz had not come out of the igloo.A six- or eight-ton piece of the ridge wall fell with eerie grace. It smashed an empty igloo. The dome popped as if it were a child's balloon."Franz!"The ridge now gave way in earnest. Dozens of slabs of ice rained into the camp, fragmenting into cold shrapnel, flattening the other empty igloo, overturning a snow-mobile, ripping open the igloo at the west end of the camp, skidding, rolling, colliding with one another, thousands of splinters of ice glinting like sparks.Oh, God, Rita thought. If Franz doesn't—Franz crawled out of the ruined nylon dome and ran toward one of the depressions in the ridge where the ice had already collapsed. Ice fragments exploded around him, but he moved like a broken-field runner, reached the niche and huddled in its comparative safety.As the icefall ended, Rita had a vision of Harry pressed to pulp and bones beneath a shining white mono-lith. She sat down. Tears rose at the corners of her eyes, and she shook uncontrollably.Snowflakes were the only things that moved.Harry got to his feet and held onto the snowmobile. His heartbeat was much too fast. He tried to work up some saliva to lubricate his parched throat. Fear had dried him out as thoroughly and efficiently as a blast of tropical heat could have done. When he had regained his breath, he wiped his goggles and looked around.Pete was helping Claude stand up. The Frenchman was rubber-legged but otherwise uninjured. The black man didn't even have weak knees; perhaps he was

every bit as indestructible as he looked.Both snowmobiles were upright and undamaged. Their headlights blazed into the vast polar darkness.Suddenly Harry wondered whether Rita was all right. The temporary camp was in the lee of a large pressure ridge, shadowed by fifty-foot walls of ice. Ordinarily, that was the best place for it. But with all of this shaking, if the ridge had broken apart . . .Get moving, he thought, angry with himself. Get packed, get moving, get to her!He went to the other men. "Are you hurt?""Just bruised," Claude said. He was one of those people who refused to give in to adversity and was actu-ally buoyed by it. "I'll live."Johnson glanced at Harry. "And what about you? You're bleeding."When Harry touched his upper lip, bright chips of frozen blood adhered to his glove. "Nosebleed. It's already stopped.""Always a sure cure for a nosebleed," Johnson said."What's that?""Ice on the back of the neck.""You should be abandoned here for that one," Harry said, amazed that Johnson could joke at a time like this.The black man laughed. But his face held no trace of amusement, and his laughter was strained. "Let's get packed and moving.""They may be in trouble at camp," Harry said."My thought exactly."The wind pummeled them as they worked. The fall-ing snow was fine and thick. The blizzard was racing in on them with surprising speed; and in unspoken recogni-tion of this, they moved with a quiet urgency.Carpenter was strapping down the last of the instru-ments in the second snowmobile's cargo hold when Pete called to him. He wiped his goggles and joined the black man. "What is it?"Even in the uncertain light, Harry could see the worry in the other man's eyes.Johnson said, "During that shaking, did the snow-mobiles do a lot of moving around?""Some.""How much?""They bounced up and down.""Just up and down? Not sideways at all? They didn't turn clear around?"Harry turned his back on the wind and leaned closer to Johnson. "I was holding onto one of them. It didn't turn. But what's that have to do with anything?""Bear with me. What direction were the snowmobiles facing?""East.""Toward the temporary camp.""You know they were."Their breath collected in the sheltered space between them, and Pete waved a hand through the crystals to disperse them. He bit his lower lip. "Then am I losing my mind or what?""Why?""Well, for one thing . . ." He tapped the Plexiglas face of the snowmobile's compass, which was set on the hood in front of the driver's windshield.Harry read the compass. According to the needle, the snowmobile was facing due south, a ninety-degree change from where it had stood before the icefield had been shaken by the seismic waves."That's not all," Johnson said. "When we parked here, the wind was hitting this snowmobile from behind and slightly to my left.""I remember.""Now it's blowing across the machine's flank, in from my right side when I'm behind the handlebars. That's a big difference. But blizzard winds are steady. They don't change by ninety degrees in a few minutes. They just don't, Harry. They just don't ever.""But if the wind didn't change and the snowmobiles didn't move, that means the ice we're on has revolved one quarter of the compass."Johnson was grim. "Exactly.""But how is that possible?""I have one good idea."Carpenter nodded reluctantly and said, "So do I. We had better have a look at the compass on my machine.""Yeah."They walked back to the second vehicle and studied the compass."This one's facing south too," Pete said. "You know what that means?"Harry brushed at his goggles, remembering again how the ice had seemed like a graveyard. "I know only too well what it means.""If the wind picks up and the temperature keeps dropping, how long could we survive out here?""With our current supplies, not even one day.""The nearest help—""Would be those UNGY trawlers.""Which are two hundred and thirty miles away.""That's right."Pete said, "They aren't going to head north into a major storm. No way.""Right again.""Now what?"Harry shook his head. "Only one thing is certain. We won't be driving back to Edgeway Station this after-noon."Claude joined them in time to hear this last exchange. He put one hand on Carpenter's arm. "What are you talk-ing about, Harry?"Carpenter glanced at the black man.Johnson sighed. "Those waves—they broke up the edge of the icefield."The Frenchman tightened his grip on Carpenter's arm. "You're wrong."Not wanting to believe his own words, Carpenter said, "We're adrift on an iceberg. We're

moving farther away from Edgeway Station with every passing minute— and deeper into this storm center.”Looking from Harry to Pete and back again, Claude said, “But under us . . . Those bombs . . .”“Exactly,” Harry said. “Those bombs.”

Two: Ship

12:58One of the snowmobiles was on its side, and the other was canted slightly against a low hummock. The safety cutout had switched off the engine as the first machine overturned; there had been no fire or explosion. The four headlamps sliced open the curtain of snow, illuminating nothing, pointing away from the place where Lin had disappeared.Although they were convinced that any search for the Chinese was a waste of time, Dougherty and Breskin decided to have a look into the new crevasse. If, instead of George Lin, they had fallen into the cleft, they would have expected someone to search for them no matter how hopeless the case seemed, even if they were surely dead. Therefore, they lay face down on the ice, side by side at the jagged brink.Brian was unable to dispel the queasiness which, like balls of snakes, coiled and uncoiled and slithered within him. He tried to dig the metal toes of his boots into the iron-hard ice. He was almost overwhelmed by the need to clutch at something, to hold on tight in case another tsu-nami set the polar surface adance once more.Breskin directed his flashlight outward, toward the far wall of the crevasse. Except for falling snow, there was nothing within a hundred yards to reflect the tight yellow beam. The light dwindled away into perfect black-ness."This isn't a crevasse," Brian said. "It's a damned canyon!""Not that either."The flashlight beam moved slowly back and forth: there wasn't anything out there, nothing at all, less than the astronauts could see when they peered from a port-hole into deep space.Brian said, "I don't understand.""We've broken off from the main icefield."He needed a moment to absorb that, to grasp the full horror of it. "Broken off . . . . You mean we're adrift?""Yeah."The wind gusted so violently that for half a minute or longer there was no way to be heard above it. The snowflakes were like thousands of bees; they stung the exposed portions of his face.When the gust died out at last, Brian leaned in toward Breskin and said, "What about the others?""Who knows? Maybe they're on this berg too—or maybe they're still on safe ice."The light moved away from the canyon wall that wasn't there, speared down and out into the void as if it were the radiant nimbus of a homeward bound ghost. They wouldn't be able to see the ice wall that dropped away from them unless they moved forward a bit and leaned over the precipice, but from their current position they ought to be able to catch a glimpse of what was down there where the bottom of the crevasse should have been. The beam wavered this way and that, then touched upon the choppy, black, unfrozen sea, which was in a rage eighty or ninety feet below them. Flat tables of ice, ir-regular chunks of ice, gnarled rafts of ice, and delicate ever-changing laces of ice bobbled and swirled in the deep troughs of frigid water, crashed together on the crests of the waves.Mesmerized by the patch of chaos that the flashlight revealed, swallowing hard, Brian said, "Then George must have fallen straight into the sea. He's gone . . . out there somewhere.""Maybe not."Brian didn't see how there could be a hopeful al-ternative. His queasiness had developed into an unsettling case of nausea.Pushing with his elbows against the ice, Breskin inched forward until he was able to peer over the brink and straight down the face of the precipice.In spite of his nausea—and although he was still afraid that another tsunami might sweep under them and cast him into George Lin's grave—Brian moved up next to Breskin.The flashlight beam found the place where their ice island met the sea. The precipice did not plunge cleanly into the water. At its base it was shattered into three sepa-rate ragged shelves, each of which was eight or ten yards wide and six to eight feet below the one that came before it. The shelves were as fissured and sharp-edged and jumbled as the base of any rock cliff on dry land. Because another six hundred feet or more of the berg lay below sea level, the great storm waves could not pass entirely under it; therefore, they crashed across the three shelves and broke against the glistening palisades, exploded into fat gouts of foam and icy spray.Caught by that maelstrom, Lin would have been dashed to pieces in less than a minute, Brian thought. Unless, dropped suddenly into those hideously cold wa-ters, he had suffered a fatal heart attack or had frozen to death before the waves had a chance to pluck him up and grind him against the ice.The light moved slowly upward, in their direction, revealing more of the

cliff. There was not a sheer drop to the three shelves at the bottom, as Brian had expected. Instead, for a distance of fifty feet the ice sloped up at approximately a sixty-degree angle—not sheer by any measure, but much too steep to be negotiated by anyone who was not a mountain climber. Just twenty feet below them another shelf contoured the wall. This one was only a yard wide and angled back toward the cliff. Above it the ice was sheer all the way to the brink where the two men lay.After he had paused for a moment to scrape the snow from his goggles, Breskin used the flashlight to explore the shallow shelf below them."Jesus!" Brian said softly.Eight feet to the right of them, twenty feet down, previously cloaked in darkness, George Lin lay where he had fallen on the yard-wide ledge. He was on his left side, his back against the cliff, facing out toward the open sea. His left arm was wedged under him. He had assumed a somewhat foetal position with his knees drawn up as far as his bulky arctic suit would allow and his head tucked down.Breskin cupped his free hand to his mouth and shouted: "George! Can you hear me? George!"Lin didn't move or answer."Is he alive?" Brian asked."He must be. He didn't fall very far. And he's wear-ing all those clothes, half of them quilted. His gear would have absorbed a good bit of the impact."Brian put both hands around his mouth and shouted at Lin.The only response came from the wind."We'll have to go down there and get him," Bres-kin said.Brian studied the slick, vertical wall of ice that dropped to the ledge. "I don't see how.""We've got rope and tools . . . Maybe we can im-provise some mountain climbing gear.""Have you ever done any climbing?""No.""How can we improvise?""Can't say until I look at the tools.""Maybe there's another way.""Like what?"Brian was silent."Let's look at the tools," Breskin said."We both might die trying to rescue him.""Yes—but can we just walk away?"Brian stared down at the pathetic, crumpled figure on the ledge. He said to himself: You nearly got yourself killed in a Spanish bullring, on the African veld, on the Colorado River, skin diving in a shark run off Bimini . . . Never once were you afraid to die. So why are you hesitating now? Every risk you've ever taken has been pointless, a childish game. This time there's a reason for it, a good one. A human life is at stake here. Is that the problem? Is it that you don't want to be a hero? Too damned many heroes in the Dougherty family. Heroes for the history books. And what good did it do them? Why do so many Doughertys find themselves in situations like this, where they've got to play the hero? Why does everyone expect more of a Dougherty than he does of a Smith or a Jones? Christ! He said to Breskin: "Let's get working. George will freeze to death if he lies there much longer."

1:04Harry Carpenter leaned into the handlebars and squinted at the white landscape. Snow and ice slanted through the wan headlights. The windshield wiper thumped rhythmi-cally, crusted with ice but still doing its job fairly well. Visibility was down to eight or ten yards. Although the snowmobile was quite responsive, Carpenter half-expected to drive off a cliff, for he had no idea where the iceberg might end.The only vehicles in use by the Edgeway expedition were Evinrude snowmobiles with rotary-combustion en-gines and fifteen-wheel, three-track bogie suspensions. Each machine could carry two adults in bulky thermal clothing on a twenty-eight-inch-long padded bench. The passengers rode in tandem, one behind the other.Of course the machines had been adapted somewhat for operations in the rugged polar winter, conditions a hundred times more severe than those encountered by snowmobile enthusiasts back in the States. Aside from the dual starter system and the pair of special heavy-duty arctic batteries, the major modification on each machine was the addition of a cabin that extended from the hood to the end of the passenger bench. The cabin was made of riveted aluminum sheets and thick leaded glass. An efficient little heater had been mounted over the engine, and two small fans conducted the warm air to the pas-sengers. The heater was something of a luxury, perhaps, but the enclosed cabin was absolutely necessary. Without it, the continuous pounding of the wind would have chilled the driver to the bone and might have killed him on any trip longer than four or five miles.A few of the machines had been further modified, and Carpenter's was one of these, for he was transporting the power drill. Most tools were carried in the shallow storage compartment that was hidden under the hinged top of the passenger bench, or in a small open-bed trailer towed behind the snowmobile. But the drill was too large for the storage compartment and too important to the expedition to be exposed to the shocks that rattled the uncushioned bed of a cargo trailer; therefore, the last half of the bench was fitted with locking braces, and the drill was now dogged down tight behind Carpenter.With those few modifications the Evinrude was well suited for work on the icefield. At thirty miles per hour it could be stopped within eighty feet. The twenty-inch-wide track gave it good stability on moderately rough terrain. And although it weighed six hundred pounds in its adapted form, it had a top speed of forty-five miles per hour.At the moment that was more power than Harry could use. He was holding the snowmobile to a crawl. If the brink of the iceberg suddenly loomed out of the storm, he'd have at most thirty feet in which to compre-hend the danger and stop the machine. If he were going very fast at all, he would never stop in time. Hitting the brakes at the penultimate moment, he would pitch out into the night, into the sea. Haunted by that grim vision, he kept the engine throttled down to five miles per hour.At the same time, they had to make the best possible speed, for every minute spent in transit increased the like-lihood that they would become disoriented and hopelessly lost. They had struck out due south from the sixtieth blasting shaft, maintaining that heading as well as they could. But if the iceberg was drifting around on the com-pass, the temporary camp would no longer lie due south; they might pass the igloos at a considerable distance, in which case they would only come across them by accident if at all.Carpenter glanced at the side-mounted mirror. The second snowmobile's headlamps sparkled in the frigo-rific darkness behind him. He was distracted for only a fraction of a second. He quickly returned to his scrutiny of the ice ahead, expecting to see a yawning gulf ten feet beyond the black tips of the machine's skis. But the calcimined land still rolled away unbroken into the long night.He was also expecting to see a light from the tem-porary camp. Surely Rita and Fischer understood that they were adrift. They would realize that, without a light to mark it, the camp would be difficult to find in this weather, especially when the compasses were all but useless. They would switch on their snowmobile lights and focus them upon the ridge of ice behind the camp, where the glow would be reflected, intensified.But he was unable to see even a vague, shimmering luminescence ahead. The darkness worried him. Rita might have been . . .Don't be so bloody pessimistic, he told himself

ir-ritably.The odds were even that the igloos still stood on the solid winter field and not on the iceberg. And in that event, Rita would be secure at Edgeway Station within a few hours.Of course the odds were also good that she was on the berg, that the pressure ridge behind the camp had indeed collapsed, crushing her . . .You're at it again, he thought. Christ, but you're as morbid as a vicar who's spent his life burying his friends and neighbors.He hunched over the handlebars, squinted through the falling snow: nothing.He wasn't certain whether it would be a curse or a blessing if he found Rita alive at the camp. After they had embraced and exclaimed at their good fortune—what then? How could they leave this ship of ice? How to sur-vive the night? A quick death might be preferable.Pessimism, he warned himself. Hysteria. Careful, Harry.Thirty feet ahead a narrow black line appeared on the snowy plain: a crack in the ice, barely visible.He hit the brakes hard. The machine slid around thirty degrees on its axis. He steered with the slide for a moment. When he felt the track gripping again, he used the handlebars to bring the machine back to the right.The dimensions of the black line grew clearer. Ice was visible beyond it; therefore, it must be a crevasse and not the brink.When they had passed here on their way out from the camp, the ice had been flawless. He was sure of it. The subsea activity which had separated them from the icefield had also opened this crevasse.He was twenty feet from the pit, still gliding . . . still gliding . . . fifteen feet . . .The brakes were fully engaged, but they weren't taking hold fast enough. Snow billowed from the skis and from the churning polyurethane track.Ten feet . . .Finally, the Evinrude stopped smoothly, rocking im-perceptibly on its bogie suspension. It was so near the crevasse that Carpenter was not able to see the edge of the ice over the sloped front end of the machine. The tips of the skis must have been protruding over the lip of the crevasse. He slipped the machine into reverse and backed it up two feet, until he could see the chasm's edge.For a moment he wondered if he were clinically mad or merely bonkers for wanting to work in this deadly wasteland. Bonkers, he decided. But very bonkers.Shivering, but not because of the cold, he pulled his goggles from his forehead, fitted them over his eyes, opened the cabin door and got out. The wind had the force of a blow from a sledgehammer, but he didn't mind it one bit. The chill that passed through him was proof that he was alive; he welcomed it.The crevasse was perhaps eight yards wide at the center, narrowing toward both ends. It was no more than fifteen yards long, not very large—but large enough to have swallowed him up.He shuddered and looked away from it.Twenty feet behind him, the second snowmobile stood with its engine running and lights blazing. Pete Johnson squeezed out through the cabin door.Carpenter waved and started toward him.The ice rumbled.Surprised, Carpenter stopped.The ice moved.For an instant Harry thought that another seismic wave was passing beneath them. Then he remembered that they were adrift and that they would not be affected by a tsunami in quite the same way as they had been when they were a part of the fixed icefield. The berg would do no more than wallow like a ship in rough seas, ride out the turbulence without damage; it would not groan and crack and heave up and tremble.Suddenly the ice opened in front of him, a zig-zagging crack as wide as his hand. Fractured and weakened by the forces that had recently created the pit, a section of the crevasse wall was disintegrating: that section under his feet.He staggered a few steps and leaped across the crack even as it widened. He fell on the far side and rolled away from the treacherous ice.Behind him the edge of the crevasse broke into enormous pieces.The ice shivered under him.He didn't know if he was safe yet.Probably not.The lip of the chasm began to tumble into the pit.He was on his knees. He clawed at the ice, pulled himself a few more feet toward safety. He glanced back to see how far he'd gone.Its rotary engine still humming, the snowmobile slid into the chasm. It was slammed against the far wall of the crevasse and pinned there for a moment by a half-ton slab of ice. The ten gallons of petrol in the main and auxiliary tanks exploded. Flames licked high into the wind but quickly subsided as the smoking, burning wreck-age sought the depths. Orange-red phantoms shimmered briefly in the milky ice; then the

fire puffed out, and darkness took command.

1:07In the center of the devastated pressure ridge there was now a cave that measured forty feet deep and thirty feet wide. The ceiling was as high as ten yards in some places and as low as ten feet in others: one half smooth and slanted, the other half composed of countless boulders and partitions of ice jammed together in a tight, mutually supportive, white-on-white mosaic that was not without some beauty. The storm wind raced past the mouth of the cave, but inside there was relative quiet and freedom from the stinging snow.Rita and Fischer had carried the shortwave radio set—which appeared to have survived the holocaust— into the cave and set it on the ice floor near the rear wall. The German ran wires in from the remaining snowmobile's backup battery. By the light of their only hand torch, they hooked up the radio. Rita switched it on. The selection band glowed with sea-green light. Static and an unearthly whistling filled the air inside the cave."It works," Rita said, relieved."I'll see what else I can salvage out of the rains," Fischer said, adjusting his hood to make it tighter at the throat.Before Rita could respond, a call came through from Gunvald at Edgeway Station.Fischer left her the flashlight and walked out into the storm, his shoulders hunched and head tucked down in anticipation of the wind.When Rita sat down on the ice in front of the radio and answered the call, Gunvald said, "Are you all right?""The camp was destroyed. But Franz and I survived with the radio. We've taken shelter in an ice cave.""What about Harry and the others?""We don't know yet what's happened to them. They're out on work details. We'll give them another fifteen minutes to show up before we go looking." She hesitated and cleared her throat. "The thing is—we're adrift."He was too stunned to say anything for a moment. Then: "Are you certain? Oh, hell, of course you are. Christ!"In spite of the storm and the magnetic disturbances that went with a storm in these latitudes, Larsson's voice was clear and easy to follow. But then he was only four air miles away. As the storm got worse, and as the iceberg drifted farther south, they might have severe communica-tions problems. Both of them understood that, but neither of them mentioned it.Larsson said, "What's the size of this iceberg of yours? Do you have any idea?""None at all. We haven't had an opportunity to reconnoiter. We're searching for whatever's salvageable in the wreckage of the camp.""If the iceberg isn't very large . . ." Gunvald's voice faded into static."I can't read you," she said. "Are you still there?'"Harry and the others might not be adrift with you," he said reluctantly.Rita closed her eyes. "I hope that's true.""Whether they are or aren't, the situation is far from hopeless. The weather is still good enough for me to get a message by satellite relay to the United States base at Thule. Once I've alerted them, they can contact the UNGY trawlers that are standing south of you.""But what then? No sensible captain would bring a trawler north into a bad winter storm. He'd lose his ship and his crew trying to rescue us.""They've got all the most modern rescue aircraft at Thule. They have some pretty damned rugged heli-copters that can maneuver in almost any conditions.""There isn't a plane yet invented that can fly safely in this kind of storm—let alone one that can set down on an iceberg in gale-force winds."The radio produced only static.Yeah, she thought. It leaves me speechless too, Gunvald.Finally Gunvald said, "You're right. You're most likely right. But we can't give up hope of rescue. We have to keep hoping for it.""Agreed.""Because . . . Well, this storm could last three or four days, you know.""Or longer," she said."Have you got enough food?""Hardly any.""Perhaps if you ration it . . ." Again, static took over from him—or maybe he had been unwilling to finish what he was saying."Food isn't so terribly important," Rita said. "We can last longer than four days without food. It's the cold that could kill us." She was aware that he already knew what she was telling him, but she felt compelled to say it, to get it out in the open and be done with it. "We'll have to take turns getting warm in the snowmobiles.""Do you have a good supply of petrol?""I don't know.""Well, then . . ." Silence. Static. He came back on after a few seconds. "I'll put through that call to Thule all the same. They have to know about this. And they might see an answer that we've overlooked. They'll have a less emotional

perspective."She said, "I take it Edgeway came through un-scathed.""Oh, yes.""And you?""Not a bruise.""Glad to hear it.""I'll live. And so will you, Rita.""I'll try," she said. "I'll sure as hell try."

1:10Dougherty siphoned a quart of gasoline from the tank of the upright snowmobile, which was parked thirty feet from the brink. He poured the gasoline over a two-foot-long section of ice at the edge of the cliff.When Brian stepped out of the way, Breskin twisted open a chemical match and tossed it into the gasoline. Flames burst out but were extinguished within thirty seconds by the wind and the melting ice.Kneeling where the fire had been, Brian examined the edge of the precipice. Seconds ago the ice had been jagged, but now it was very smooth and slick. A climber's rope would slide over it without being cut or frayed."Good enough?" Breskin asked."Seems fine."Breskin stooped and picked up the free end of a thirty-five foot rope that was tied to the frame of the snowmobile. He quickly looped it around Brian's shoul-ders, fashioning a harness of sorts. He tied three sturdy knots at the center of the younger man's chest and said, "It'll hold. It's nylon, thousand-pound test. Just remember to grip the rope above your head with both hands to keep some of the pressure off your shoulders."Because he did not trust himself to speak without an embarrassing nervous stammer, Brian nodded.Breskin returned to the snowmobile which was fac-ing toward the precipice and which had been separated from its cargo trailer. He climbed into the cabin, closed the door and flexed his fingers around the handlebars. The engine was running. He held the brakes and revved the machine.Trembling slightly, Brian stretched out on his stom-ach, flat on the ice. He took a deep breath and pushed himself feetfirst over the edge of the cliff. He didn't drop very far. The rope snapped tight, checking his descent when the top of his head was level with the top of the ice-berg. There was not yet enough rope hanging past the brink for him to reach overhead and get a grip on it, so he took the strain entirely with his shoulders. He was facing the ice wall; indeed, he brushed against it as the fierce wind pummeled his back and his right side.Overhead, Breskin throttled the snowmobile down so far that it almost stalled. He considered the problem one last time: Dougherty was six feet tall; the ledge was twenty feet below; therefore, he had to lower Dougherty about fourteen feet in order to put him on the ledge. They had marked off fourteen feet of the line with a swatch of bright red cloth; when that disappeared over the brink, Dougherty would be in position. But the rope had to be let down as slowly as possible, damned slowly, or the kid might be knocked unconscious against the side of the ice-berg. Furthermore, he was now only thirty feet from the edge of the precipice; and if the machine slid forward too fast, he might not be able to stop in time to save himself. Breskin was afraid that the snowmobile's lowest speed would prove dangerously fast for this job, and he hesitated now that he was ready to begin.A violent gust of wind suddenly pinned Brian Dou-gherty to the face of the cliff with what felt like tens of thousands of sharp, cold needles. He gasped for breath as if he had been dealt a hard blow to the stomach. Although he knew the rope was intact, he was afraid of falling. Then the gust died out; he swung away from the wall; and the wind speed rapidly declined to a "nor-mal" thirty miles per hour.He slumped a bit in the harness, waiting to be lowered onto the ledge. His mouth was dry, and his heart was beating so fast that it frightened him. He had been made vividly aware of the vast black abyss that opened beneath him.Because Breskin was very experienced with the snowmobile, it had seemed logical and reasonable that Brian should be the one to go down to the ledge. Now it seemed, to Brian, that the plan was totally illogical and unreasonable. He wished he had been the snowmobile-expert.What the hell is taking so long? he wondered. Come on, Roger old boy. Let's get this finished so that—Brian dropped like a wounded bird. It was as if the rope had been cut. He landed on the ledge with such force that pain shot up his legs to the top of his spine. His knees felt like sodden cardboard. He fell against the face of the cliff, bounced off, and toppled over the ledge.He was too terrified to scream.The snowmobile lurched and rushed forward much too fast.Breskin hit the brakes not more than two seconds after he had released them. The red-cloth marker van-ished over the brink, but the machine was still moving. The ice provided little friction. As smoothly as a shuffle-board disk gliding along polished pine, the snowmobile slid another

ten feet before it finally stopped—just two yards from the cliff's edge.The harness jerked painfully tight across Brian's chest and under his arms, but he found that he could bear it. Compared to the pain in his legs and the dull ache in his back, the new pain was hardly worth noting.He was surprised that he was still conscious. He was stunned that he was still alive.Unclipping his flashlight from the tool belt that en-circled his waist, he cut open the perfect blackness with a blade of light and looked at the snowflakes swirling inside.Trying not to think about the broken ice and the arctic sea fifty feet below, he looked up at the ledge for which he had been destined. It was only four feet above his head. A yard to his left, the gloved fingers of George Lin's inert right hand trailed over the edge of the ice.A flashlight beam stabbed down from above.Brian raised his eyes and saw Breskin peering down from the top of the cliff.Lying on the ice, his head over the precipice and his right arm extended with the flashlight, Breskin cupped his free hand to his mouth and shouted something. The wind tore his words to pieces.Brian raised one hand and waved weakly.Breskin shouted louder this time: "Are you all right?" His voice sounded as if it were coming from the far end of a five-mile-long railroad tunnel.Brian nodded as best he could: yes, I'm all right. There was no way for him to express, with only a nod, his fear and the lingering pain in his legs."I'm going to put the snowmobile in reverse and try to draw you part of the way back up!" Breskin shouted.Again, Brian nodded."I'll try to do it slowly. But there's a chance it will be too fast again—and maybe you'll be dashed against the ice. You better prepare for that."Quit talking about it and do it, Brian thought mis-erably. I'm at the mercy of the wind, suspended here like this, slowly freezing to death. I feel utterly helpless in this clumsy, quilted monkey suit. Dammit, move!Unable to say any of that, he merely waved."Hold tight!" Breskin said.Brian could not make up his mind whether he should cross his hands over his head or over his genitals, so he let them hang at his sides. His flashlight shone on the jagged ice at the base of the cliff, but he did not look down.A few seconds later the snowmobile drew up eight feet of the line. The movement was smooth compared to the style of his descent, and he was not thrown against the cliff.From the knees down, his legs were still below the ledge. He clipped the flashlight to the tool belt at his waist, the beam aimed down at his right foot. Reaching overhead, he gripped the rope with both hands and muscled himself up a bit. He swung over the ledge, planted both feet on the ice, let go of the rope and stood up. His ankles ached; his knees felt as if they were made of jelly; pain laced his thighs. But his legs held him.He took a spare anchor pin—like those they had used to fasten down the radio transmitter: a seven-inch shaft tapered to a sharp point, topped by a one-inch-diameter eye loop—from a zippered pocket of his coat. He freed a small hammer from his tool belt and pounded the pin into the face of the cliff.Breskin's flashlight suddenly shone down from the top.When the anchor pin was secure, Brian unhooked an eight-foot coil of nylon rope from his belt. He knotted one end of it to the eye loop and tied the other end around his waist. The resultant safety tether would bring him up short of death if he slipped and fell off the ledge, yet he was free enough to attend to George Lin. Thus belayed, he untied the knots that held the harness together across his chest and under his arms; and he dropped the main line on the ice.To avoid some of the wind's vicious force, he got on his hands and knees and crawled to Lin. Breskin's light followed him. He took his own flashlight from his belt and placed it on the ledge, against the cliff face, with the beam shining on the unconscious man.Unconscious—or dead? Brian wondered.Before he could know the answer to that question, he had to get a look at Lin's face. Turning the man onto his back was not an easy chore, for Dougherty had to be careful that Lin did not roll off into the abyss. By the time Lin was on his back, he had regained consciousness. His amber skin—or at least those few square inches of his face that were exposed—was shockingly pale. His mouth worked without making a sound. Behind his frost-spotted goggles his eyes were open; they expressed some confu-sion, but they were not the eyes of a man in severe pain or delirium."How do you feel?" Brian shouted

above the ban-shee wind.Lin stared at him uncomprehendingly, shook his head and tried to sit up.Brian pressed him down. "Be careful. You don't want to fall."Lin turned his head to the right and stared at the darkness from which the snow came ever faster. When he looked at Brian again, his pallor had deepened."Are you hurt?" Brian asked. Because of the ther-mal clothing Lin wore, Brian couldn't possibly tell if the man had any broken bones."Some chest pain," Lin said just loud enough to be heard above the storm."Heart?""No. When I went over the edge . . . the ice was still rocking . . . from the wave . . . and the cliff face was slanted. I slid down . . . and landed here . . . hard on my left side. That's all I remember.""Broken ribs?"Lin took a deep breath and winced. "No. I'm only bruised. Damned sore. But nothing's fractured."Brian picked up the main line. "I'll have to make a harness under your arms, across your chest. Can you tolerate that?""Do I have a choice?""No.""Then I can tolerate it.""You'll have to sit up."Groaning, George Lin rose as stiffly as a zombie get-ting up from its slab in a crypt.Brian quickly fashioned a harness, tied a tight double knot over Lin's breastbone and stood up. He reached down and helped the injured man get to his feet. They both faced the cliff, keeping the murderous wind at their backs. Dry, almost granular snow snapped against the wall of ice, bounced from it and spun against their faces."Ready?" Breskin called from above."Yeah. But take it easy!" Brian shouted.Lin clapped his hands rapidly, loudly. Pieces of ice fell from his gloves. He flexed his fingers. "I feel numb all over. I can move my fingers, but I can barely feel them.""You'll be okay.""I can't feel my toes at all. And I'm so sleepy . . . That's not good. When you get so cold you're sleepy, that's almost the same as being dead.""As soon as he gets you topside, Roger is going to put you in the snowmobile," Brian said patiently. "Fifteen minutes from now, you'll be as warm as toast.""You got to me just in time." Brian said nothing. "Why?""Why what?""You risked your life for me.""Not really.""Yes, you did.""Well, wouldn't you have done the same?"The line moved upward, taking George Lin with it. The ascent was smooth. At the top of the precipice, how-ever, Lin got stuck, with his shoulders past the brink and the rest of him dangling in the wind. He was too weak to pull himself to safety.Breskin's years of training as a weight lifter served him well. He left the snowmobile, came to the edge of the cliff and easily manhandled George Lin the last few feet onto the top of the iceberg. He untied the harness from the man's shoulders and threw the main line down to Dougherty. "I'll check with you as soon as I get George settled!" he shouted.It occurred to Brian that the usually taciturn Breskin had done more talking in the last half an hour than he ordinarily did in two or three days. Apparently, fear had loosened the man's tongue. Only an hour ago Brian had never conceived that Breskin—rock solid as he was, with his bull's neck and his massive biceps and his power-ful hands and his air of total self-reliance—might ever be afraid of anything whatsoever. Now that Breskin's fear was evident, Brian was less ashamed of the terror that knotted his own guts. If a tough sonofabitch like Roger was susceptible to fear, then even one of the stoical Doughertys might be permitted the emotion a few times in his life.Picking up the main line, Brian harnessed himself to it. Then he untied the safety tether at his waist, loosened the other end of it from the anchor pin, coiled it and hooked it to his tool belt. He plucked the flashlight from the ledge and fastened that to the belt also. He would have salvaged the anchor pin too if he had had the means and the strength to pry it out of the ice. Now that they were adrift, isolated on this iceberg, they had to treat every ounce of supplies, every drop of fuel, every tool as if it were priceless. They could no longer obtain replacements for what they used or lost. And there was no telling what scrap, now quite insignificant, might eventually be ab-solutely essential to their survival.He was thinking in terms of their survival rather than his own, for he knew that he was the least likely member of the expedition to come through this ordeal with his life. He was not as familiar with the ice cap or as well conditioned to it as were the others. He stood six-one and weighed a hundred and fifty-five pounds. Emily, his oldest sister, had called him "string bean" since he was sixteen. He was

broad enough at the shoulders; and his arms were fairly hard and muscular; and he was not a weakling by any definition. A weakling could never have ridden the Colorado River rapids, run with the shark hunters off Bimini, climbed mountains in Washington State . . . And so long as he had a warm igloo or a heated room at Edgeway Station to which he could return after a long day on the icefield, he could hold up pretty well. But this was different. The igloos might no longer exist; and even if they did exist, there might not be suffi-cient fuel in the snowmobile tanks or life in the batteries to keep them warm for longer than another day. Survival, in this case, demanded a special strength and stamina which came only with experience; and he was all but cer-tain that, in the final analysis, he did not have it in him.What he most regretted about dying out here was his mother's grief. She had experienced too much of that already. And God knew, he had caused her more than a little of it with his—A flashlight beam found him in the darkness."Are you ready to go?" Breskin shouted."Whenever you are."Breskin returned to the snowmobile.No sooner had Brian braced himself than the rope was drawn up. Battered by the wind, dazed with thoughts of the immense gulf that lay under him, he slid along the face of the cliff as smoothly as George Lin had done five minutes ago. When he came to the brink, he was able to push and kick himself across it without Breskin's help.He got up and took a few uncertain steps toward the snowmobile's headlamps. His ankles and thighs were sore, but he knew that the pain would diminish with ex-ercise. He had come through virtually unscathed. "In-credible," he said. He began to untie the knots that held the harness together. "Just incredible.""What are you talking about?" Roger Breskin asked as he joined him."I didn't expect to make it back to the top.""What?""Not alive, anyway.""You didn't trust me?'"It wasn't that. I thought the rope would snap or the cliff would crack apart or —something.""You're going to die eventually," Breskin said, his deep voice almost theatrical in its effect. "But this just wasn't your place. It wasn't the right time."Brian was as surprised to hear Breskin waxing phil-osophical as he had been to learn that the man knew fear."If you're not hurt, we'd better get moving.""But what do we do now?" Brian asked.Breskin wiped his goggles. "Put the second snow-mobile right side up and see if it still works.""And then?""Find our way back to the temporary camp. Join up with the others.""What if the camp isn't on this iceberg with us?"Breskin did not hear the question; he had already started toward the overturned snowmobile.The cabin of the snowmobile would seat only two men; therefore, Harry Carpenter elected to ride behind in the cargo trailer. Claude was willing to surrender his place, and Pete Johnson insisted on giving up his seat behind the handlebars. But Carpenter pulled rank in order to obtain the worst position for himself.The cargo trailer contained the eighteen-inch-square hot plate and the barrel that they'd used to melt snow to get water to fill the blasting holes. They tipped the barrel off the trailer bed and rolled it out of their way; the wind caught it and swept it off into the night. The hot plate was small, and because it might come in handy later, Claude found a place for it inside the cabin.Three or four inches of snow had drifted against the two-foot-high walls of the trailer bed. It was even deeper in the two front corners. Harry brushed it out with his hands.The wind gusted in behind them, wailing like Apaches in a Western movie, rushed under the trailer and made it bounce lightly up and down on the ice."I still think you should drive," Johnson said when the wind had settled a bit.Harry was nearly finished cleaning the snow out of the trailer. "I drove my own buggy straightaway into an ice chasm—and you would trust me with yours?"The black man shook his head in feigned disgust. "You want to know what's wrong with you?""I'm cold, tired and a bit frightened.""Not that.""Well, I have neglected clipping my toenails for much too long. But I don't see how you could know about that.""I mean what's wrong inside your head," Johnson said."What a marvelous time for psychoanalysis. Really, Pete, you Americans are obsessed with the subject." He brushed the last of the snow out of the trailer. "If you think I want to sleep with my mother or murder my father, I don't see how we can just go on being friends.""You've got a hero complex," the black man

said."For insisting that I be the one to ride in the trailer?""That's right."Carpenter turned his back squarely to the wind and pulled on the drawstring at his chin, loosening his hood a bit. He reached inside the neck of his coat and got hold of the thick woolen snow mask that had been folded against his throat. He tugged it over his mouth and nose; now not even the slightest fraction of his face was exposed. What the mask did not cover, the hood and the goggles con-cealed. He drew the hood tight once more, knotted the drawstring and pulled down the mask. "Pete, you are just too damned big to ride in the cargo trailer.""You're not that little yourself.""I'm small enough to curl up on my side and get down out of the worst of the wind. You'd have to sit up. It's the only way you'd fit. And sitting up, you'd freeze to death.""Okay, okay," Johnson said good-naturedly. "If you're so determined to play hero, far be it from me to stop you. Just remember that there won't be any medals given at the end of this campaign.""Who needs medals?" Harry asked, climbing into the cargo trailer, sitting in the middle of it. "I'm working to-ward a knighthood in my old age, actually. Service to the crown, Her Majesty's acclaim, and all of that."Johnson leaned in toward him. "Would the Queen really award a knighthood to a man whose wife knows more bawdy songs than all the men in the Edgeway group?"Laughing, Carpenter said, "You know what's wrong inside your head, Pete?""I'm sure you'll tell me.""Your racial memory dominates you too much, I think.""Racial memory?""Yes. You feel you ought to suffer the uncomfortable ride in this trailer while I, a white man, enjoy the warmth of the cabin. That's a slave's mentality, Dr. Johnson."The black man couldn't help laughing. "Bloody Limey.""Ruddy Yank."Johnson returned to the cabin, got behind the handle-bars and closed the door.As he fitted the woolen snow mask over his mouth and nose once more, Harry took a last look at that por-tion of the icefield which was revealed by the backwash of the snowmobile's headlamps. He was not a man who often thought in metaphors—but there was something about the arctic gloom, some quality of the landscape, that made metaphors appealing. Perhaps it was a desire to put the nearly incomprehensible hostility of the land into terms that would make it less alien and frightening. The icefield seemed suddenly to be a beast, a wild animal, a crouching dragon of monstrous dimensions. The perfect, smooth, deep darkness was the dragon's yawning mouth. The awful wind was its scream of rage. And the snow, whisking by so thickly now that he had trouble seeing even twenty feet, was the beast's spittle or perhaps the foam of madness dripping from its jaws. He knew that if it chose to do so it could gobble them up and leave no trace of them, swallow them whole as no real beast ever could.The snowmobile began to move.Turning away from the dragon, Carpenter lay on his left side. He drew his knees toward his chest, kept his head tucked down and folded his hands below his chin. That was all the protection he could give himself.Conditions in the trailer were even worse than he had thought they would be—and he had expected them to be nothing short of intolerable. The trailer's suspension system was primitive at best, and every irregularity of the icefield was instantly transmitted through the skis to the cargo bed. He bounced up and down and slid from one side of the narrow space to the other. Even his heavy clothing could not fully cushion him from the crudest shocks, and the ribs on his right side soon reverberated with a soft pain. The wind roared at him from every direc-tion; blasts of frigid air searched busily and relentlessly for a chink in his arctic armor.Determined not to allow his discomfort to preoccupy him—dwelling on his condition would only make it seem much worse—he guided his thoughts into other channels. He closed his eyes and conjured up a vivid picture of Rita. But in order not to think of her as she might be now— cold, frightened, miserable, injured or even dead—he cast his mind back in time, back to the day they had first met: the second Friday of May, nearly nine years ago in Paris . . .He had been attending a four-day convention of scientists who had participated in the previous United Nations Geophysical Year. Three hundred men and women from all over the world met in Paris for seminars, lectures and discussions, all bills to be paid from a special UNGY fund.At three o'clock Friday afternoon Harry addressed a handful

of geophysicists and meteorologists who were interested in his Arctic studies. He spoke for half an hour in a small room off the hotel mezzanine. When he had made his final point, he put away his notes and suggested they switch to a question-and-answer format.During the second half of the meeting he was sur-prised and enthralled by a young and very beautiful woman who asked more intelligent, incisive questions than the twenty eminent gray heads in the room. She looked as if she might be half Irish and half Italian. Her unblemished complexion was an amber-olive shade that seemed to radiate its own heat. Her wide mouth and ripe lips were Italian; but the Irish was in her mouth too, for she had a curious, lopsided smile that made her look elfin. Her eyes were Irish green, clear, filled with their own warm light—but almond-shaped. Her hair was au-burn, long, lustrous. In a group that opted for tweeds, sensible spring suits and plain dresses, she was a standout in tight, tan corduroy jeans and a dark-blue sweater that accentuated her exciting figure. But it was her mind— quick, inquisitive, well informed, well trained—that most engaged him. Later he was aware that he had more than likely snubbed others in the audience by spending so much time with her.When the meeting broke up he reached her before she left the room. "I wanted to thank you for making this a more interesting session than it might have been, but I don't even know your name."She smiled crookedly. "Rita Marzano.""Marzano. I thought you looked half Italian, half Irish.""Half British, actually." Her smile developed into a full, lopsided grin. "And my father was Italian-American.""Marzano . . . You've written a book, haven't you? The title . . ."“Changing Tomorrow."Changing Tomorrow was popularized science, a study of mankind's future based on scientific research of today. It had been published in the United States and was on some best-seller lists over there."Have you read it?" she asked."I don't believe the British edition has been pub-lished yet.""My American publisher shipped four hundred cop-ies to the convention. They're on sale in the news corner off the lobby." She glanced at her watch. "I'm scheduled for an autograph session now. If you'd like a signed copy, I won't make you wait in line."That night he was unable to put the book down until he had turned the last page at three o'clock Saturday morning. He was fascinated by her methods—her way of ordering facts, her unconventional but workable systems of logic—because they were startlingly like his own thought processes. He felt he was reading his own book, or that of a twin sister.He slept through the Saturday morning lectures and spent most of the afternoon looking for Rita. He couldn't find her anywhere. When he wasn't looking for her, he was thinking about her. As he showered and dressed for the evening's gala affair, he realized he couldn't recall a word spoken in the two seminars to which he had gone.For the first time in his life, Harry was drawn to a woman for reasons other than, or at least in addition to, sex. He had never conceived of having a lasting relation-ship, or even a month-long affair, with a woman. One-night stands suited him. He did not dislike women. But he had nothing in common with most of them—just as he had nothing in common with most men. He was what many women would call "a good catch": five-eleven, a hundred and sixty pounds, good-looking if not handsome, with gray eyes and aristocratic features. But he had never wanted to be anyone's catch. As he dressed he thought it out, and he decided that he wanted a woman who was his equal, who didn't cling or dominate, a woman with whom he could share his work and hopes and ideas, from whom he could get feedback that interested him.And he was beginning to think he had found her.But he didn't know what to do about it. He had never courted a woman. At thirty-three, with eight years of university education behind him, he was in some ways as inexperienced as a teenager.The program for the evening included a film study of the major UNGY projects, a banquet and a floor show followed by dancing to a twelve-piece band. Ordinarily, he would have gone only to the film, if that. But there was a better than even chance he'd see Rita there . . .She was last in line at the hotel's exhibition hall, where the film was to be shown. She seemed to be alone, and she smiled crookedly when she saw him.He said, "I've been looking for you all day.""I got bored and went shopping. Do you like my

new dress?”The dress couldn't enhance her beauty, but it com-plemented all that nature had given her. It was floor-length, long-sleeved, green with beige buttons. Her eyes picked up the shade of the dress while her auburn hair seemed brighter by contrast. The neckline revealed the full half-moons of her breasts; and the clinging, silky fabric vaguely, tastefully, outlined her nipples. With little effort she could have entranced him as quickly as the flute en-trances a cobra.“I like it,” he said, trying not to stare too openly.“Why were you looking for me all day?””The book. I'd like to talk about it if you get a few free hours.”She looked along the queue, turned back to Harry and grinned. “If we skip out on this, we'll have all eve-ning to talk.””Aren't you interested in the film?””No. Besides, dinner will be awful. The floor show will be too conventional. And the dance band will be out of tune.””Shall we have dinner? Drinks first at Deux Magots?””Sounds marvelous!””Lapérouse for dinner?”She frowned. “That's expensive. You needn't take me first class. I'm as happy with beer as with cham-pagne.””This is a special occasion. For me if not for you.””Well . . . Over a really fine meal I can be a spar-kling, witty companion. So I suppose it is worth your while.”He laughed. “That's precisely how I see it.”The dinner was perfect. There was no more roman-tic atmosphere in Paris than the upstairs room at Lapé-rouse. The low ceiling and the murals on the crack-webbed walls made the place warm and cozy; and from their table they had a view of the light-stained, oily night river. They ate flawless oie rotie aux pruneaux, and for dessert there were tiny tender strawberries in thick unsweetened cream. Throughout the meal, of course, there was con-versation, an endless skein of it, every bit as sparkling and witty as she had promised. Halfway through the roast goose, Harry realized they had not yet discussed her book but had rambled on about art, literature, music and cooking without once finding themselves at a loss for words. When Harry finished his Cognac he felt too happy and fresh to let the night end so soon.Apparently she felt the same way, for when she returned from the ladies room, she said, “We've been Frenchmen for dinner. Now let's be tourists.””What do you have in mind?”The Crazy Horse Saloon was an all-out assault on the senses. The customers were Americans, Germans, Swedes, Italians, Japanese, Arabs, British, Greeks—and even a few Frenchmen. Their conversations intertwined to produce a noisy babble frequently punctuated with laughter. The air was thick with cigarette smoke, per-fume and whiskey fumes. When the band played, it generated enough sound to shatter crystal. The few times Harry wanted to speak to Rita, he was forced to scream, although they were just two feet apart, on opposite sides of a minuscule cocktail table.The stage show made him forget the noise and smoke: the sexual impact was shattering. He was no stranger to hard-core pornography—which was far more graphic than what the Crazy Horse offered—but this was somehow more exciting, more shockingly lewd, than all of the erotic films he had ever seen. The Crazy Horse review had a kinky, forbidden quality that made pornography seem tame while it actually delivered less.The girls were gorgeous. Long legs. Full, high-set breasts. Firm buttocks. Tiny waists. Galvanizing faces. More variety than the eye could take in. More beauty than the mind could comprehend or the heart appreciate. Dozens of girls, all bare-breasted, bare-assed, their pubic bushes trimmed into neat hearts. All manner of costumes, all skimpy: leather straps, chains, fur belts, boots, jeweled dog collars, feathers, silk scarves . . . Their eyes were heavily mascaraed, and some of them wore sequined designs on their faces and some of them wore golden rings in their noses and some of them had silver-painted nipples and and and and.The best number of the evening featured two performers. She was a striking blonde, and he was a lean black man. Nude. Oiled. Gleaming under the blue and amber spotlights. Touching. Embracing. Dancing. It seemed as if they were making love before Harry's eyes, yet the man was never more intimate than when he briefly touched her breasts, and the woman got no bolder than when she slid her hands across his buttocks. Gliding. Whirling. And the audience was in a white heat.Harry glanced at Rita. She was intent on the show. Perspiration dotted her delicate upper lip. That sight was infinitely more erotic than the stage show. He

couldn't look away. He wanted her badly.Gradually he became aware of a new excitement in the audience, and he glanced at the stage. Although he did this dance several times a night, although he must be exhausted, although his mind must be full of choreography, the black man had begun to respond to his partner. His dark penis was only half limp, beginning to swell with blood. The blonde turned on one foot and fell gracefully into his arms—and as the lights winked out, she reached for the thick stiffening center of him.In the darkness the audience was as quiet as stones.Rita said, "After an hour, this is a bore. Shall we go?"There was no perspiration on her lip. Did I imagine it? he wondered.Outside, she said, "We haven't talked about my book, and that's really what you wanted to do. I feel guilty, what with the wonderful evening you've given me. Tell you what. We'll walk to the Hotel George V, have some champagne in a quiet corner and talk about my book."He was confused. Hadn't they gone to the Crazy Horse to be turned on? Hadn't she expected him to make a pass afterward? He was thinking about how to make it when she started running off about her book.As they crossed the lobby of the George V and boarded the elevator, he said, "Do they have a rooftop restaurant here?""I don't know. We're going to my room."Now he was totally disoriented. "You're not staying at the convention hotel? I know it's dull, but this is terribly expensive.""I've made a tidy sum from Changing Tomorrow, I'm splurging, for once. I have a small suite overlooking the gardens. Fifty pounds a day plus forty percent in service charges and taxes. But worth it."In her room a bottle of champagne stood in a silver bucket full of crushed ice beside her bed.She picked it up. "Moët et Chandon, 1962. Open it, please?"He took it out of her hands. "The ice is hardly melted. When did you order this?"She grinned. "When I went to the ladies room at Lapérouse."Incredulous, he said, "You're seducing me!""You're not queer?""What? Of course not.""Impotent?""Don't be silly. I—""Are you celibate? Is it some religious objection?"He put the bottle in the ice and pulled her onto the bed. She tore at his clothes as hungrily as he tore at hers. He found one more thing they had in common: a fierce sex drive.They skipped the rest of the convention and stayed in bed. They had their meals sent up. They talked, made love, and slept as if they were drugged.They went out for lunch on Monday, but when they came back to the room, he wanted her again."I'm too sore," she said. "But there are other ways."In bed he stroked her breasts. "Give up your flat in London. Move in with me.""Why shouldn't you move in with me?" she asked."You've been the seducer from the start. I want my chance."She laughed."Will you?""I thought you'd never ask." She made him stretch out on his back, and she slid down between his legs, nestling her face there. "I don't know if what we've got can last more than a few months—but as long as it lasts, we're going to be great together." Then for a while she made soft purring noises in his lap, and when she finally raised her head she looked like a kitten that had been at a saucer of cream—Someone was shouting his name.Stiff with cold, crusted with snow, Harry raised him-self up from the bed of the cargo trailer. He looked over his shoulder.Claude was staring through the rear window of the snowmobile cabin. "Harry! Hey, Harry!" He was barely audible above the wind and the engine noise. "Light! Ahead! Look!"At first he didn't understand what Jobert meant. He was stiff, chilled and still half in his daydream. Then he lifted his gaze and saw that they were driving straight toward a hazy yellow light that sparkled in the snow-flakes and shimmered across the ice. He got on his hands and knees, ready to jump from the trailer as soon as they stopped.Johnson drove the snowmobile along the familiar ice plateau and into the clearing where the igloos had been. The domes were gone, crushed by enormous slabs of ice. But one of the snowmobiles was running, head-lights blazing; and two people in arctic gear were standing by it.One of them was Rita.Harry launched himself from the cargo trailer while the snowmobile was still in motion. He fell into the snow. He rolled, stumbled onto his feet, and ran to her."Harry!"He grabbed her and nearly lifted her above his head. Then he put her down and lowered his snow mask and tried to speak and couldn't speak and started to cry and hugged her instead.Eventually, her voice quavering, she

said. “Are you hurt?””Bit of a nosebleed. It's stopped. You?””Just frightened.””You know what we'll do if we get off this damned ship of ice?”She shook her head. Behind her misted goggles, her lovely green eyes were wide with curiosity and delight.“We'll go to Paris.”Grinning, she said, “To the Crazy Horse Saloon.””George V.””A room overlooking the garden.””Moët et Chandon.”She kissed him.Clapping one hand on Harry's shoulder, Pete John-son said, “Have some consideration for those who had no wives to bring. And didn't you hear what I said? I said, The gang's all here.” He pointed to a pair of snow-mobiles racing toward them through the snow.“Roger, Brian and George,” she said, relieved.“Must be,” Johnson said. “You can hardly expect to run across a bunch of strangers out here.””The gang's all here,” Harry agreed. “But where in the name of God does it go next?”

1:32The Soviet nuclear submarine Ilya Pogodin, on the fourteenth day of a hundred-day electronic espionage mission, reached its first monitoring station right on schedule. The captain, Nikita Gorov, ordered the ma-neuvering room to hold the ship steady in the moderate southeasterly currents north of Jan Mayen Island, forty miles from the coast of Greenland, one hundred feet beneath the stormy surface of the North Atlantic. Al-though the Ilya Pogodin, named after an official Hero of the Soviet People, was a Class V fleet submarine that carried no nuclear missiles, it was nonetheless a substantial ship. It was over two hundred eight-five feet long and had a displacement of forty-two hundred tons when sub-merged. The southeasterly currents caused it little if any trouble; it would never drift more than one hundred yards from where Gorov had ordered it “anchored.”Peter Timoshenko, the young communications officer, was in the control center at Gorov's side. Around him the windows and dials on the electronic equipment all pulsed and glowed and blinked in the half-light: red, amber, green. Even the ceiling was lined with scopes, graphs, readout screens and control panels. When the maneuvering room acknowledged Gorov's order, and when the engine room and reactor room had been made aware of it, Timoshenko said, “Request permission to run up the aerial, Captain.”“That's what we're here for.”Timoshenko stepped into the main companionway and walked thirty feet to the communications center. He sat in front of the primary console and studied the readout screens and scopes on his own computer boards. He smiled and began to hum as he worked. In the com-pany of men, he felt awkward; but he was comfortable with the companionship of machines. He had been at ease in the control room, but this place, with its even heavier concentration of gadgetry, was his home.“Are we ready?” another technician asked.“Yes.” Timoshenko flicked a yellow switch.Topside, on the outer hull of the Ilya Pogodin, a small helium balloon was ejected from a pressurized tube on the sail. The balloon rose rapidly through the dark sea, expanding as it went, trailing the multicommunications wire behind it. When the balloon broke the surface, the technicians in the Ilya Pogodin were able to monitor every message sent to, from and within the eastern coast of Greenland via every communications medium except note passing and underground telephone lines. Because it was the same dull gray-blue color as the winter sea, the balloon—and the short, complicated antennae attached to it—couldn't have been seen from the deck of a ship even ten yards away.Captain Gorov stepped into Timoshenko's domain a few minutes later. He nodded at the two assistant tech-nicians and said to Timoshenko, “Anything?”Timoshenko was smiling. “Full input.”“Of interest?”“Not much as yet . . . There's a group of American Marines winter-testing some equipment near the coast.”“Keep me informed,” Gorov said. Then he went to the officer's mess and ate lunch.

1:40Harry said, “Have you gotten through to Thule?”Although Gunvald Larsson's voice crackled with static, it was intelligible. “I've been in almost continuous contact with them and with Norwegian officials at a meteorological station on Spitsbergen for the past twenty-five minutes.”“Can either of them reach us?”“The Norwegians are pretty much locked in by ice. The Americans have several Kaman Huskies at Thule. That's their standard rescue helicopter. The Huskies have auxiliary fuel tanks and long-range capability. But condi-tions at ground level there aren't really good enough for lift-off. Terrific winds. And by the time they got to you— if they could get to you—the weather would have deteriorated to the point where they probably wouldn't be able to put down on your iceberg.”“There doesn't just happen to be an icebreaker or a battleship in our neighborhood?”“The Americans say not.”“I never did believe in miracles.”“Do you think you can ride it out?”Harry said, “Well, I haven't had time to catalog our remaining supplies, but I know we can't have enough petrol to keep us warm any longer than another twenty-four hours.”A loud burst of static echoed like submachine-gun fire in the ice cave.Larsson hesitated. Then: “According to the latest forecasts, this is bigger than any other major weather pattern we've had all winter. We're in for no less than a week of bitter storms. One atop the other. Not even a brief respite between them.”It was Harry's turn to hesitate. Even in their thermal clothing, even sheltered from the wind, they could not survive for a week without at least some heat. They were virtually without food; and hunger would weaken their resistance to the subzero temperatures.“Harry, did you read me?”“I read you. It doesn't look good, does it? But then again, we're drifting southward, out of the bad weather.”“I've been studying the charts here . . . Do you have any idea how many miles per day that iceberg of yours will travel?”“At a guess . . . thirty, maybe forty.”“That's approximately the same figure I've arrived at with the charts. And do you know how much of that represents real southward movement?”Harry thought about it. “Fifteen miles per day?”“At best. Perhaps as little as ten.”“Ten. You're sure?”“I'm positive.”“How large is this storm pattern?'“Harry, it ranges one hundred and twenty miles south of your last known position. You'd need eight or ten days or even longer to get out of the blizzard to a place where those helicopters could reach you.”“What about the UNGY trawlers?”“The Americans have relayed the news to them,” Gunvald said spiritlessly. “Both ships are making for you at their best possible speed. But Thule says that the seas are extremely rough even beyond the storm area. And those trawlers are two hundred and thirty miles away. Under the current conditions, their best speed might not amount to much.”We might as well know precisely where we stand, no matter how nasty it looks, Harry thought. He said: “Can a ship that size push a hundred miles or more into a storm center as bad as this one without being torn to pieces?”“Do you want an honest answer?”“Of course.”“I think those two captains are suicidal,” Gunvald said. He spoke too fast, spitting the words out as if it was painful for him to make the judgment.Harry said, “I agree.”“They'll probably turn back.”Sighing, Harry said, “I'll call you again in fifteen minutes. We've got to have a conference here. There's a chance we'll think of something.” A damned small chance, he thought.“I'll be waiting.”Harry put the microphone down on top of the radio and stood up. “You heard him,” he told the others.Everyone in the ice cave was staring at either Car-penter or the radio set. Johnson, Breskin and Fischer stood near the entrance; they had their goggles in place and were ready to go outside and pick through the ruins of the temporary camp. Brian Dougherty had been study-ing a chart of the Greenland Sea and the North Atlantic; but now he realized that pinpointing the location of the trawlers was pretty much useless, and he had lost interest in it. Before Harry called Edgeway Station, George Lin had been pacing from one end of the cave to the other, exercising his bruised muscles to keep them from going completely stiff and immobilizing him; but now he was standing very still, not even blinking, as if he had been frozen alive. Rita and Claude were kneeling on the floor of the cave, examining a carton of foodstuffs that had been severely damaged by the falling pressure ridge. As apparently lifeless as they were, all seven of them might

have been figures in some bizarre mural hanging on a museum wall.Rita said what all of them were thinking but what none of them wanted to mention: “If the trawlers can reach us, they won't be here until tomorrow. They can't possibly make it in time to take us aboard before mid-night. And at midnight all sixty bombs go off.”“We don't know the size or the shape of the ice-berg,” Fischer said challengingly. “Most of the charges may be in the ice that's still part of the main winter field.”Pete Johnson disagreed. “Claude, Harry and I were at the end of the bomb line when the first tsunami passed under us. I think we followed a fairly straight route back to camp. So we must have driven right by or across all sixty charges. And I'd bet my right arm this berg isn't anywhere near large enough to withstand the concussion.”After a short silence Brian cleared his throat and said, “You mean the iceberg's going to be blown into a thousand pieces?”“Maybe not a thousand,” Harry said.“But close to it,” Rita said.Brian swallowed hard. “So we're all going to be killed. Or dumped into the sea.”“Same thing,” Breskin said matter-of-factly. His bass voice rebounded hollowly from the ice walls. “The sea's freezing. You wouldn't last five minutes in it.”“Isn't there anything we can do to save ourselves?” Brian asked, looking from face to face.Throughout the conversation George Lin had been as motionless and quiet as a statue, but suddenly he turned and took three quick steps toward Dougherty. “Your almighty family can't bail you out of this one!”Startled, Brian backed up a step or two.Lin's hands were fisted at his sides. His face was lined with anger. “How do you like being helpless?” He was shouting. “How do you like it? Your big, rich, politically powerful family doesn't mean a goddamned thing out here. Now you know what it's like for the rest of us. Now you have to scramble to save yourself. Just exactly like the rest of us!”“That's enough,” Harry said.Lin turned on him. His face had been transformed by hatred. “His family sits back with all its money and talks about socialism, redistribution of the wealth . . . It was people like them who started the trouble in China. You let them get a foot in the door, and the Communists come right after them. The barbarians and the cossacks and the killers and the human animals storm right in after them. The—”“Brian didn't put us on this iceberg,” Harry said sharply. “And neither did his family. For God's sake, George, he saved your life less than an hour ago!”When Lin realized that he had been ranting, the flush of anger drained from his cheeks. He seemed con-fused, then embarrassed. He shook his head as if to clear it. “I'm . . . sorry.”“Don't tell me,” Harry said. “Tell Brian.”Lin turned back to Dougherty, but he didn't look him in the face. “I'm sorry. I really am. I don't . . . I don't know what came over me. You did save my life. Harry's right. I . . . I've behaved just terribly.”“It's all right,” Brian said.Lin nodded and went to the far end of the cave. He walked back and forth, exercising his aching muscles, staring at the ice in front of him.What has so terrorized that little man? Carpenter wondered. What happened to twist him up inside like this?“Is there anything we can do to save ourselves?” Brian asked, dismissing the incident with Lin.“Maybe,” Harry said. “The first thing we have to do is get some of those bombs out of the ice and defuse them.”Fischer was amazed. “Impossible!”“Most likely.”“How could they ever be retrieved?” Fischer said scornfully.Claude stood up by the carton of half-ruined food. “It isn't impossible. We've got an auxiliary drill, ice axes and the power saw. If we could take our time, we might angle down toward each bomb, dig a line of steps in the ice . . . But, Harry, we needed a day and a half just to bury them. Digging them out again will be much more difficult. We'll need four, five, six days, perhaps a full week.”“But we only have fen hours,” Fischer said.Leaving the niche in the wall by the cave entrance and walking to the middle of the room, Pete Johnson said, “Wait a minute now. Harry said we had to defuse some of the bombs, not all of them.” He looked at Car-penter. “You want to explain yourself?”Harry said, “The nearest bomb is three hundred yards from our position. If we retrieve and disarm it, we'll be nine hundred and forty-five feet from the nearest bomb. Each charge is forty-five feet from the one in front of it. So, if we take up ten of them we'll be over a quarter of a mile from the nearest explosion. The other fifty

bombs will still detonate at midnight. But our end of the iceberg might survive the shock. It might just be large enough to sustain us.""Might," Fischer said."It's our best chance.""Not a good one.""I didn't say it was.""How do we get the bombs out?""With the auxiliary drill. Reopen the shafts.""And if we drill into the bomb casing?""It won't explode."Johnson said, "The plastic charge responds only to a certain voltage of electric current. Neither shock nor heat will do the job, Franz.""Besides," Harry said, "the ice drill's bits aren't hard enough to cut through a steel casing.""And when we've opened the shaft?" the German asked. "Just reel in the bomb by its chain?""Something like that.""You'll chew the chain to pieces when you reopen the shaft.""Not if we use the smaller bits. The original shaft is four inches in diameter. But the bomb is only three inches in diameter. If we use a three-and-one-ha1f-inch bit, we might be able to slip past the chain. After all, it's lying flat against the side of the original shaft."Fischer wasn't satisfied. "Even if you can open the hole without shredding the chain, the sides of the bomb will still be welded to the ice.""We'll snap the upper end of the chain to a snow-mobile and try to pop the bomb out of the shaft.""It won't work.""Maybe you're right.""There must be another way.""Such as?"Brian said, "I don't see how we can just lie down and wait for the end, Franz. That wouldn't make sense." He turned to Carpenter. "But if your plan works, if we can get the bombs out of the ice, will it be possible to uncover ten of them in ten hours?""We won't know until we try," Harry said, resolutely refusing to raise false hopes.Johnson said, "I think maybe we can.""Even so," Fischer said, his accent thickening as he became more and more excited, "what will we have gained? We'll still be adrift on an iceberg. We'll still have enough fuel to keep us warm only until tomorrow after-noon. We'll still freeze to death."Getting to her feet, Rita said, "Franz, I wish to hell you would stop playing the devil's advocate, or whatever it is you're doing. You're a good man. You can help us survive. Or for the lack of your help we may all die. Nobody is expendable here. Nobody is dead weight. We need you, for God's sake!""My sentiments exactly," Harry said. He pulled his hood over his head and laced it tightly beneath his chin. "And if we can buy some time by retrieving a few of the bombs—well, there's always the chance we'll be rescued sooner than now seems possible.""How?" Breskin asked."One of the trawlers—"With less contention in his voice than there had been a moment ago, Fischer said, "Didn't you and Gunvald agree that the trawlers can't possibly reach us?"Harry shook his head emphatically. "I've learned never to be absolutely certain of anything. You can make a fool of yourself so easily that way. If one of those captains is damned good and damned-all bullheaded, and if he has a really top-flight crew, and if he is a bit lucky, he might get through.""Too many ifs," Breskin said.Fischer was grim. "If he's Horatio Hornblower we'll have a chance.""Well, if he is Horatio Hornblower, if he does show up here tomorrow, all flags flying and sailing like the clappers, I want to be around to say hello."They were silent.Harry said, "What about the rest of you?"They looked at one another. No one disagreed with him."I'll need every man on the bomb-recovery project," Carpenter said, fitting the tinted goggles over his eyes "Rita, will you stay here and watch over the radio, put through that call to Gunvald?""All right."Claude said, "Someone should finish searching the camp before the snow drifts over the ruins.""I'll handle that too," Rita said.Harry started toward the entrance to the cave. "Let's get moving then. I swear I can hear those sixty clocks ticking. I don't want to be too near them when the alarms go off."

Three: Prison

2:27Nikita Gorov had lain down to nap just two minutes ago, but he already knew that he was not going to be able to sleep. The past haunted him in the form of one small ghost. When he closed his eyes he could see little Nikolai running toward him through a soft yellow haze. The child's arms were open wide, and he was grinning. But the distance between them remained the same, a bit more than arm's length. With his mind the captain reached, reached into the ether, strained, and cried in despair because he could not touch the boy.When he opened his eyes, Gorov looked at once toward the silver-framed photograph on the corner desk: Nikolai and himself standing in front of a piano-accordion player on the Moscow River cruise ship. At times like this, when the past lay especially heavy on him, Gorov was monstrously depressed by the photograph. But he could not remove it. He could not put it in a drawer or throw it away any more than he could chop off his right hand merely because Nikolai had often held it.Suddenly charged with nervous energy, he got up from his bunk. He wanted to pace, but his quarters were too small for that. In three steps he had walked the length of the narrow aisle between the bed and the closet. He couldn't allow the crew to see how distraught he was; otherwise, he might have paced up and down the main companionway. Finally he sat down at the desk and took the photograph in both hands, as if by confronting it— and the agonizing loss that it represented—he could soothe the coruscating pain in his chest and calm himself.He spoke softly to the golden-haired boy in the pic-ture. "I am not responsible for your death, Nikki."He knew that was true. He believed it, which was more important than just knowing it. Yet oceans of guilt pumped through him like sewage churning through a highly pressurized pipe."I know you never blamed me, Nikki. But I wish I could hear you tell me so."In the middle of June, seven months ago, the Ilya Pogodin was two thirds of the way through an ultra-secret ninety-day electronic surveillance mission on the Mediterranean route. She was submerged nine miles off the Egyptian coast, directly north of the city of Alex-andria. The multicommunications aerial was up, and hundreds of minims of data, important and otherwise, were filing into her computer banks every minute.At two o'clock in the morning, the fifteenth day of June, a message came in from the Naval Intelligence Office at Sevastopol. It had been relayed from the Naval Ministry in Moscow. And it required a confirmation from the Ilya Pogodin, thereby breaking the radio silence which was an absolute necessity during a mission of this sort.When the code specialist had finished, Gorov was wakened by the night communications officer. He sat up in his bunk and read from the pale yellow paper. The message began with latitude and longitude coordinates and orders to rendezvous in twenty-two hours with the Petr Vavilov, a Vostok Class research ship that was currently in this part of the Mediterranean. That much of it piqued his curiosity—a midnight meeting in the middle of the sea was a much more traditional piece of cloak-and-dagger work than that to which he was ac-customed—and the rest of it brought him straight to his feet, trembling.YOUR SON IN SERIOUS CONDITIONKREMLIN HOSPITAL STOPYOUR PRESENCE REQUIRED MOSCOWSOONEST STOPALL TRANSPORTATION HAS BEENARRANGED STOPFIRST OFFICER ZHUKOV TO ASSUMECOMMAND YOUR SHIP STOPCONFIRM RECEIPTCONFIRM RECEIPTAt midnight Gorov passed control of the submarine to Zhukov and boarded the Petr Vavilov. From the main deck of the research ship, a helicopter took him to Damascus, Syria. He boarded a Russian diplomatic jet for its scheduled flight from Damascus to Moscow, and he arrived at Sheremetyevo Airport at three o'clock on the afternoon of the sixteenth.A functionary from the Naval Ministry met him at the terminal. "There is a car waiting, Comrade Gorov."In the car Gorov said, "What is the matter with Nikki?"The man from the Ministry seemed embarrassed, as if he were somehow responsible for the boy's con-dition. "He entered the hospital thirty-one days ago with what was first thought to be mononucleosis or viral influenza. He was nauseous. He could not even take fluids. He was hospitalized for intravenous feeding so that he would not dehydrate. You weren't notified, of course, because you were on a most secret mission. Furthermore, the situation did not seem all that critical.""But it wasn't either mononucleosis or influenza," Gorov said

woodenly. Surprisingly, he was not tense any longer. Instead, he felt slow-witted, dull, lethargic. It was as if he had been drugged; and he knew that the drug was resignation, a coward's antidote for fear."The doctors thought he might have rheumatic fever.""But those tests were negative too.""Yes. And then there was a brief remission of the symptoms. He seemed in the best of health for three, almost four days. When the symptoms returned, new diagnostic tests were begun. Eight days ago they dis-covered . . . he has a cancerous brain tumor.""Cancer," Gorov said thickly."The tumor is too large to be operable and too ad-vanced to ever succumb to cobalt treatments. When it became clear that Nikolai's condition was rapidly de-teriorating, we broke your radio silence and called you back.""He is only eight years old."The other man said nothing."How long does he have to live?"The man from the Ministry hesitated. Then, quietly: "He could be gone at any minute."Ever since he had read that decoded message in his quarters aboard the Ilya Pogodin, thirty-seven hours ago, he had known that Nikki was dying. The People's Government and the Naval Admiralty were hardly cruel, but on the other hand they were not prepared to inter-rupt an important espionage mission on the Mediterranean route unless the situation was quite hopeless. He had carefully prepared himself for this awful news.However, he had not prepared himself to reach the hospital and find Nikki already dead. Dead less than five minutes. Still in his bed. Wrapped in stiff sheets. His golden hair lank, still damp with sweat. Eyes open, staring, sightless . . .Anya stood at the window, pretending to watch the people down on Kalinin Prospekt. When he whispered her name she turned to him. Her lips were trembling. "I wish you'd been here.""They didn't tell me until yesterday.""I've been so alone and frightened.""I know.""There was nothing I could do for him."He went to her and he held her very close and she held him and they wept.For the remainder of that summer they tried to find things to smile about. They went to the Taganka Theater, to the ballet, the music hall, and the circus. They danced more than once at the big pavilion in Gorki Park and exhausted themselves as children might with the amuse-ments at Sokolniki. Once a week they ate dinner at Aragvi, perhaps the best restaurant in the city, where Anya learned to smile about the ice cream and jam, where Nikita developed a taste for the spicy chicken zatsivi smothered in walnut sauce and where they both drank too much vodka with their caviar, too much wine with their sulguni and bread. They made love every night, hungry and explosive love, as if this were their refutation of suffering, cancer, death.Anya appeared to recover from the loss more quickly and more completely than did Nikita. For one thing, she was thirty-four, ten years younger than he was. Her spirit was more resilient than his. Furthermore, she was not burdened with the guilt that he bore like a leaden yoke. He knew that Nikki had asked for him repeatedly during the last weeks of his life and especially during the final few hours. Although he knew he was being foolish and irrational, he felt as if he had deserted the boy, as if he had failed his only son. Although a healthy glow gradually returned to Anya's cheeks, Nikita only feigned recovery.By the first week of September, Anya was back at her job full time. She was a research botanist specializing in crossbreeding experiments at a large field laboratory in the deep pine forests twenty miles outside of Moscow. Her work soon became one more avenue to forgetfulness; and she traveled farther along it every day, arriving early and staying late at the laboratory.Although they continued to spend the nights and weekends together, he was alone too much now. The apartment was full of memories that had grown pain-ful, as was the dacha they owned in the country. He went for long walks, and almost every time he ended up at the zoo or the museum or at some other landmark where he and Nikki had often gone together.He dreamed of his son all the time and woke in the middle of the night with a sick, hollow feeling. In the dreams Nikki was forever asking why his father had abandoned him.On the eighth of October, Nikita went to his superiors at the Naval Ministry and requested reassignment to the Ilya Pogodin. The ship was in the yards at Kaliningrad for scheduled maintenance and to take on some new electronic monitoring gear. He returned to duty, super-vised the

installation of the surveillance equipment and took the submarine on a two-week shakedown cruise in the Baltic during the middle of December.He was in Moscow with Anya on New Year's Day, but they did not go out. In Russia this was a holiday for the children. Boys and girls were everywhere: at the puppet shows, the ballet, the movies, at the street shows and in the parks. Even the Kremlin grounds were thrown open to them. And at every corner these small ones would be chattering happily about the presents and the ginger-bread men that Ded Moroz, Grandfather Frost, had given them. Although Nikita and Anya were together, each supporting the other, that was one sight they chose not-to face. They spent the entire day in their three-room apartment. They made love twice. Anya cooked chebureki, Armenian meat pies fried in deep fat, and they washed the food down with a great deal of sweet Algeshat.He slept on the night train to Kaliningrad. The wind did not bring him the pure, dreamless sleep that he had expected. He woke twice, his son's name on his lips, his hands fisted, sweat shining on his face.On the second of January he took the Ilya Pogo-din to sea on a hundred-day espionage mission. He looked forward to the fourteen weeks beneath the North Atlantic, for that seemed like a good time and place to shrive himself of his remaining grief and his ever-growing guilt.But at night Nikki came to him, came down through the fathoms, asking the familiar and unanswerable ques-tions: Why did you abandon me, Father? Why didn't you come to me when I needed you? Why didn't you help me? Why didn't you save me, Father? Why—Someone rapped on the cabin door. Like a note reverberating in the hollow of a bell, the sound echoed softly in the small room.Gorov looked up from the silver-framed photograph. “Yes?””Timoshenko, sir.”He put down the picture and turned away from the desk. “Come in, Lieutenant.”The door opened, and Timoshenko peered in at him. “We've been intercepting a series of messages you ought to read.””What's it about?””That United Nations study group. They call their base Edgeway Station. Remember it? Well, they're in trouble.”

2:46Harry Carpenter wound the steel chain securely around the frame-mounted bumper on the front of the snow-mobile. He tucked the last two inches of it under one of the loops, tugged on the chain until it drew tight, locking the loose end in place. “Nothing to do now but trust in luck.”“It will hold,” Claude said, patting the chain where it encircled the bumper. He was kneeling on the ice beside Harry, his back to the wind.“Oh, I'm not so much worried about it winding off the bumper.”“You think the chain will break?”“Not that either,” Harry said, getting to his feet and stretching. “Not likely. It looks fine, almost delicate. But it is four-thousand-pound test, after all. That should be more than strong enough for this bit of work. It's the other end of the thing that worries me. It's not soldered to the bomb casing, remember. It's merely snapped to the eye loop.”“That's a lock snap,” Claude said, following Harry away from the taut chain.“Just the same, it's the weak spot.”Roger Breskin was ready at the controls of the snowmobile which was parked virtually on top of the reopened blasting shaft. Behind the slightly misted glass and the thumping wiper blade, his face was as hazy and shapeless as the face of a ghost.Once he had pulled his snow mask over his mouth and nose, Harry signaled Breskin to begin. Then he turned into the wind and stared at the small, perfectly round hole in the ice.Pete Johnson was kneeling near the shaft, waiting for the snowmobile to get out of his way so that he could monitor the progress of the bomb when it began to move. Fischer, Lin and Dougherty had returned to the snow-mobiles to get warm.After he had revved the engine several times, Bres-kin slipped the snowmobile into reverse. It moved less than a yard before the chain held it. The Evinrude changed notes and grew louder as he fed it fuel; and gradually the tinny sound of it came to dominate the wailing wind.The chain was stretched tight. In fact it was so tight that Harry imagined it would produce, if plucked, a high note worthy of any operatic soprano.But the bomb did not move.Not an inch.The chain appeared to vibrate.Breskin accelerated.Regardless of what he had said to Claude, Harry began to think that the chain would snap.The Evinrude was at peak power, screaming.Suddenly, with a noise like a rifle shot, the links broke out of the side of the new shaft in which they had been frozen. The cylinder tore free of its icy bed. The snowmobile rolled backward and the chain remained taut and the bomb rose in the shaft.Pete Johnson got to his feet and straddled the hole as Harry and Jobert joined him. He peered into the narrow black well, then signaled Breskin to stop. Grasp-ing the chain with both hands, he hoisted the tubular pack of explosives out of the shaft and, with Harry's help, laid it on the ice.

2:58Gunvald Larsson was adding milk to his mug of coffee when the call came through from the United States military base at Thule, Greenland. He put the bottle down and went to the shortwave set. “This is Larsson at Edgeway. I'm reading you clearly. Go ahead, please.”The communications officer at Thule had a strong, mellifluous voice that seemed impervious to static. “Have you heard anything more from your lost sheep?””I'm afraid not. They're awfully busy. Mrs. Car-penter has left the radio in the ice cave, and she's trying to salvage whatever's serviceable from the ruins of their temporary camp. I don't expect her to call me unless there's a drastic change in their situation.””How's the weather at Edgeway?””Terrible. And getting worse.””Here too. And it's going to get a whole lot worse before it gets better, believe me. Wind speeds and wave heights are setting storm records on the North Atlantic.”Gunvald frowned at the radio set. He cleared his throat. “Are you trying to tell me the UNGY trawlers are turning back?””One of them is.””But they started north only two hours ago!””Well, the Melville is ten or twelve years older than the Liberty. She could probably ride out a storm like this easily enough. But she doesn't have the power or the construction to plow into it head on, against the wind. Her captain's afraid she'll break apart if he doesn't turn back now.””But he's still on the fringe of the storm.””Even there the seas are bad.”Gunvald wiped one hand across his face. His fore-head was filmed with perspiration. He wiped his hand on his trousers. “The Liberty is continuing, then?””Yes.” The American paused. The radio hissed with static, as if it were filled with snakes. “Look, if I were you I wouldn't pin all my hopes on her.””I've nothing else to pin them on.””Maybe not. But her skipper really isn't much more confident than the captain of the Melville.””I suppose you still can't get a rescue helicopter in the air,” Gunvald said.“As I told you, the weather's getting worse by the minute here. Everything's grounded. Will be for days. We're not happy about it, but there's nothing we can do.”Static crackled from the speaker. Gunvald said nothing.Finally the officer at Thule, sounding a bit em-barrassed, said, “The Liberty might just make it, you know. There's nothing that says it must turn back.”Gunvald sighed. “I'm not going to tell the others about the Melville. Not yet.””That's up to you.””If the Liberty turns back too . . . then I'll have to tell them. I won't have any choice. But there's no sense depressing them with this news while there's still some hope.”The man at Thule said, “We're pulling for them. Everybody here is pulling for them. If it'll make them feel any better, you tell them that. The story has al-ready hit the news wires in the States. Millions of peo-ple are pulling for them.”

3:05The communications center was full of light and motion. Seven softly glowing readout screens flickered with mes-sages that had been intercepted by the main surveillance aerial one hundred feet overhead. Programming consoles were aglow with all the primary colors. Two technicians worked at one end of the small chamber, and Timoshenko stood near the entrance with Captain Gorov.Among the hundreds of communiqués being con-tinuously sorted and stored by the Ilya Pogodin's com-puters, there was a steady stream of data pertaining to the Edgeway crisis. The computer had been instructed to create a special file for any messages that contained one or more of five key words: Carpenter, Larsson, Edge-way, Melville, Liberty."Is this complete?" Gorov asked when he finished reading the computer-typed Edgeway material.Timoshenko nodded. "The computer has been pro-grammed to produce an updated print on the subject every fifteen minutes. The one you have in your hands is only ten minutes old. There may have been a few minor developments. But you have the basics, sir.""If the weather on the surface is even half as bad as they're saying it is, the Liberty will turn back too.""It looks that way," Timoshenko said.Gorov stared at the printout for a long moment, not reading it, not even seeing it. Behind his night-black eyes was the image of a fresh-faced, golden-haired little boy, a boy with arms open wide . . . At last he said, "I'll be in the control room until further notice. Let me know at once if there is any important news about this.""Yes, sir."Because the Ilya Pogodin was not actually under way but was hanging motionless in the sea, the control-room watch consisted only of five men in addition to First Officer Zhukov. Three men were sitting in the black vinyl command chairs, facing the wall of scopes, gauges, graphs, dials and controls that was opposite the diving stations. Zhukov was on a metal stool in the center of the chamber, reading a novel that he had propped on the electronic chart table.Emil Zhukov was the only obstacle that Gorov had to get past if he were to carry out the plan he had begun to formulate. Zhukov was the only man aboard the submarine with the authority to relieve the captain of his command if, in Zhukov's opinion, Gorov had lost his senses or had disobeyed a command of the Naval Ministry. The first officer would use his power only in an extreme emergency, for he would have to justify his assumption of command when he got back to Russia; nevertheless, his authority was a real threat.Gorov put the printout on top of Zhukov's book. "You had better read this."When he reached the end of the long sheet of com-puter paper, the first officer said, "These Carpenters— they're the Nobel winners?""Yes. But that isn't the most interesting name in those messages."Quickly scanning the printout, Zhukov said, "You must mean this Brian Dougherty."Gorov sat down on the only other stool at the table. "Yes.""Would he be related to the late American Presi-dent?""A nephew.""I much admired his uncle.""You are not alone in that.""A man of peace.""Yes, he was.""And the family bore up so well under his death.""Very dignified.""An admirable family."Gorov agreed."This Brian Dougherty—wasn't his father involved in American politics too?""Yes. And he was also assassinated.""I remember now." Zhukov frowned and shook his head. "Such a country. So frighteningly unstable. So full of violence.""We are fortunate to have Mother Russia.""Well said, sir."Gorov felt as if his first officer were a sophisticated musical instrument. He had just finished tuning Zhukov. Now he was about to attempt a complicated melody with him. "The remaining brother—isn't he still in the govern-ment?""He's a member of the United States Congress," Zhukov said. "The upper house, I think.""After all the American system has done to them, why do you suppose the Doughertys remain such ardent supporters of it?""They are great patriots," Zhukov said solemnly.Pulling thoughtfully at his well-trimmed beard, Gorov said, "How difficult it must be for a family to remain patriotic to a nation that has killed its best sons."Zhukov was a born gamesman, a chess player and debater; and in his conversation he enjoyed the point counterpoint of a friendly informal debate. He clearly sensed one brewing here. Zhukov's problem, Gorov thought, was that he felt himself to be more clever and perceptive than he really was. "But it was not the country that killed them, sir. You can blame a handful of

reaction-aries. Perhaps even the CIA. But not the American people."Gorov pretended to think about it for a minute. Then he said, "I suppose you're right."Predictably, Zhukov smiled."From what I read," Gorov said, "the American people don't hate the Doughertys.""Of course they don't!""They have great respect and sympathy for them.""Precisely," Zhukov said with some satisfaction, as if he had won a point. "Because they have suffered so much and still love their country, they are respected and admired in most of the civilized world."The melody was progressing without a sour note."What an opportunity for Russia," Gorov said.As the captain had expected, Zhukov did not im-mediately follow the change of thought. "Opportunity?""For goodwill.""Oh?""And propaganda.""I don't see."After two beats of silence, Gorov said, "We're only five hours from their position.""You've plotted it?""I'm estimating. But it's a good estimate. And if we were to go to the aid of those miserable people stranded on the iceberg, we would be heroes. Worldwide heroes. And Russia would be heroic by association."Zhukov blinked in surprise. "Rescue them?""After all, we would be saving the lives of eight valued scientists from half a dozen countries, two of them Nobel Prize laureates and one of them the nephew of the assassinated American President. Such an op-portunity for propaganda and goodwill presents itself no more than once in a decade!""But we would need permission from Moscow.""Of course.""To get the quick answer you need, you'll have to send your request by satellite relay. And to use that equipment, we'll have to surface.""I'm aware of that."The laser transmission funnel and the collapsible reception dish were mounted atop the submarine's sail, that large finlike projection on the main deck which also supported the small bridge, radio and radar masts, peri-scopes and snorkel. They had to be fully surfaced before the tracking gear could fix on the orbital series of Soviet telecommunications satellites and before the laser could operate properly. But if this breach of secrecy was a disadvantage to a ship like the Ilya Pogodin, the in-credible speed of laser message transmission more than balanced the equation. From practically anywhere in the world, one could send to Moscow and receive at least an acknowledgment all within a few minutes.Zhukov's long, saturnine face was deeply lined with anxiety. His soft brown eyes contained a subtle misery. "We're on an espionage run, sir. If we surfaced here we would compromise the entire mission."With one finger Gorov traced a painted latitude line on the lighted Plexiglas surface of the electronic chart table. "This far north, in the middle of a winter storm, who's to see us? We should be able to go up, send and receive in total anonymity.""We're under orders to maintain strict radio silence."Gorov nodded solemnly, as if to say that he had thought about that and was conscious of his awesome responsibility. "When my son was dying, Moscow broke our radio silence.""That was a matter of life and death.""And here too, people are dying. Certainly we are under orders to maintain radio silence . . . I know how serious a matter it is to set aside such orders. But in an emergency a captain is permitted to disobey the Ministry at his discretion."Frowning, the lines in his long face cutting so deeply that they began to look like wounds, Zhukov said, "I'm not so sure you could call this an emergency.""That's what I'm calling it," Gorov said, issuing a quiet but not particularly subtle challenge."You will have to answer to the Naval Board of Inquiry afterwards," Zhukov said. "And because this is an intelligence mission, the KGB will have some ques-tions.""Perhaps.""Definitely.""I'm prepared.""For an inquiry. But for the KGB?""For both.""You know what they're like.""I can be tough." We're reaching the last sixteen bars of the tune, Gorov thought. This is the crescendo."My head will be on the block too," Zhukov said morosely as he slid the printout across the table to Gorov."No one's head will be on the block."The first officer was not convinced. If anything, his frown deepened."They are not all fools at the Ministry," Gorov said.Zhukov shrugged."When they have weighed the alternatives," Gorov said confidently, "they'll give the permission I want. I'm absolutely positive of it. Clearly, the Soviet has more to gain by sending us on this rescue mission than it does by insisting upon the continuation of what is, after all, nothing more than

another routine surveillance run.”Zhukov still had his doubts.Getting up from the stool, rolling the printout into a tight tube, Gorov said, “Lieutenant, I want the crew at battle stations in five minutes.”“Is that necessary?”Except for complicated or dangerous maneuvers, the regular watch could surface or dive the submarine.“If we're going to break a Ministry rule at our own discretion, we can at least take all precautions,” Gorov said.For a long moment they stared at each other, trying to read minds, trying to see the future. Finally Zhukov stood up.He's made his decision, Gorov thought. I hope it's one I can live with.Zhukov gave the captain a quarter bow. “Yes, sir. It will be done in five minutes.”“We'll surface as soon as the multicommunications aerial has been wound down and secured.”“Yes, sir.”Gorov felt as if hundreds of painful knots were coming untied inside of him. He had won. “See to it, then.”Zhukov left the control room.Walking to the circular, railed command pad at the end of the room, Gorov thought about Nikki and knew that he was doing the right thing.

3:46As soon as the second pack of explosives had been hauled out of the ice, most of the men moved on to the site of the third sealed shaft. Harry stayed behind with Pete Johnson, who had yet to disarm the device. They stood together, their backs to the howling wind. The bomb lay at their feet. It had an evil look about it: fifty inches long and three inches thick like a Satanic phallus, dark gray, bearing yellow letters that spelled DANGER, encased in a thin, transparent coat of ice."You don't have to keep me company," Johnson said as he carefully cleaned the snow from his goggles. His vision would have to be completely unobstructed when he set to work on the trigger mechanism."I thought you were afraid of the dark," Carpenter said."Not me.""I thought all of your people were afraid of the dark.""My people? You mean electronic engineers?"Harry smiled. "No. I mean licorice children.""You've seen too many old Stepin Fetchit movies.""But I was given to understand that your people live in constant terror of ghosts.""Untrue.""And witches.""Slander.""And boogeymen.""Pure myth. Besides, I've got the snowmobile head-lights."A strong gust of wind caught them from behind, an avalanche of air that would have knocked them flat if they had not been prepared for it. For half a minute they bent with the wind, unable to talk, concerned only about keeping their balance.When the gust passed and the wind settled down to forty miles per hour or thereabouts, Pete finished cleaning his goggles and began to rub his hands together to get the snow and ice off his gloves. "I know why you didn't go with the others. You can't deceive me, you bloody Limey.""Ruddy Yank.""It's your hero complex.""Is that so?""You've always got to be where the danger is."Harry shook his head sadly. "I'm sorry, but you've got it all wrong, Dr. Freud. I'd much prefer to be where the danger isn't. But it did occur to me that the bomb might just possibly explode in your face.""And you'd give me first aid?""Something like that.""Harry, if it exploded in my face and if I'm still alive —which is damned unlikely—the only first aid you could give me is the same sort that you would give a racehorse that fell down and broke both its forelegs."Carpenter was no longer in the mood for banter. During the past few months he had come to like and respect this big, tall, broad-faced man. Beneath Johnson's fierce exterior, under the many layers of education and training and cool competence, there was a core of vulnerability. Because of that vulnerability he was sensitive, considerate and possessed of a sense of humor that was nearly always evident. In a sense Harry recognized much of himself in the black man. He didn't want to see him die. "There's really not much chance of an explosion, is there?""Almost none.""The casing took a beating when we pulled it out of the shaft. If a wire was bent—""Printed circuit boards," Johnson said. "Relax. The first one went well, didn't it? Disarming these brutes is easy enough. That isn't our problem. Our problem is getting eight more of them out of the ice before mid-night.""We're recovering them at the rate of one an hour.""But we'll slow down," Johnson said. "We needed forty-five minutes to dig out the first one. We spent fifty-five minutes on the second. We're already getting tired. It's this wind."It was a killing wind, Harry thought. It pressed and pounded against his back with such force that he felt as if he were standing in the middle of a swollen, turbulent river; the currents in the air were as tangible as currents in deep water. The base wind velocity was forty or forty-five miles per hour, steadily and rapidly climbing, striving to attain gale force, with gusts all the way up to sixty-five miles per hour. It was only half as deadly now as it would be tonight."You're quite right," Harry said. His throat was slightly sore from the effort required to be heard above the storm. "It doesn't do much good to spend ten minutes in a warm snowmobile cabin if you're going to work the following half an hour or longer in weather as bad as this.""How far has the real temperature fallen? Would you like to take a guess?"Staring at the ice on the bomb, realizing that it would sheath a corpse in the same manner, Carpenter said, "Five degrees above zero. Fahrenheit.""And with the wind-chill factor?""Calculated by either method, it'll bring the sub-jective temperature down to at least twenty below zero." Even his thermal suit could not protect him from all of the wind's cold blade. Stabbing continuously at his back, the

sharp point of it pierced his arctic gear and pricked his spine. He said, "I never thought we had much of a chance of getting ten of them out. I knew we'd slow down. But if we can disarm just five or six of them, we might have enough room to survive the blowup at midnight.""And tomorrow Horatio Hornblower arrives—'sail-ing like the clappers.' "Harry winced. "Don't you dare do that to me.""What?""Turn into another Franz Fischer."Pete laughed."Or another George Lin.""You Limeys just can't take criticism.""What are you talking about? We relish criticism. We learn from it. We're much more humble than you Americans. But those two . . . At times they're like werewolves—but worse than werewolves. You turn your back on them, and they transform themselves instantly, with or without the benefit of a full moon.""You chose them.""And I take the blame.""Big of you.""Under ordinary circumstances they're good men. Both of them. But under this kind of pressure—""They're a pain in the ass.""Precisely.""Brian's holding up well," Johnson said."Better than I thought he would.""He's changed in the last few months."Carpenter nodded agreement. "Something's taken hold in him.""The Dougherty blood.""I guess it is."Johnson had finished cleaning his gloves. "You'd better step out of the way."Harry returned to the snowmobile that stood twenty yards from the black man. He bent down out of the wind. Huddled there, he sensed that all of this work and risk was for nothing; their situation would deteriorate further before it began to improve. If it ever did improve.

4:00The Ilya Pogodin rolled sickeningly on the surface of the North Atlantic. Waves smashed against her rounded bows and geysered into the darkness, an endless series of waves that sounded like window-rattling peals of sum-mer thunder. Because she was riding so low in the sea, she shuddered only slightly from the impact; but that was not to say that she could withstand such punishment indefinitely. Filthy-looking gray water churned across the main deck, and foam as thick as pudding sloshed around the base of the conning tower. The ship had not been designed or built for extended surface runs in stormy weather. However, in spite of her tendency to yaw, she could hold her own long enough for Timoshenko to ex-change messages with the war room at the Naval Ministry in Moscow.Captain Gorov was on the bridge with two other men. They were all wearing fleece-lined pea jackets, hooded black rain slickers over the jackets, and gloves. The two young lookouts stood back to back, one facing port and the other starboard. All three men had field glasses and were surveying the horizon.It was a damned close horizon, Gorov thought as he studied it. And an ugly one. This far north the polar twilight had not yet faded entirely from the sky. There was an eerie greenish light filtering through the heavy storm clouds, a translucent light with body to it so that one seemed to be looking through a thin film of liquid. It touched the sea but barely. And it imparted a soft yellow cast to the foamy crests of the waves. A nasty mixture of snow and sleet hissed in from the northwest, freezing on the conning tower and on the sail behind it and on the bridge rail and on Gorov's black rain slicker. White patches of fog rolled like cotton balls across the rotten-looking sea; and due north the churning waves were obscured by a gray-brown mist so dense that it seemed to be a curtain drawn across the world beyond it. Visibility varied from one half to three quarters of a mile and would have been considerably worse if they had not had night-service binoculars.Behind Gorov, atop the steel sail, the satellite track-ing dish moved slowly, very slowly indeed, from east to west. Its continuous change of attitude was imperceptible at a glance. It was following a Soviet telecommunications module that was in a tight subpolar orbit high above the masses of slate-colored clouds. Gorov's message had been transmitted by laser twelve minutes ago, then again ten minutes ago. The wire mesh tracking dish was now waiting to receive Moscow's reply.The captain had already imagined the worst pos-sible response. When he thought about it he began to tremble and sweat. If he closed his eyes he could almost see the large block letters on the decoding sheet:YOU WERE UNDER ORDERS TO MAINTAINRADIO SILENCE STOPYOU HAVE DISOBEYED THAT DIRECTIVEAND COMPROMISED MISSION STOPSUBMERGE AT ONCE AND CONTINUEMISSION AS SCHEDULED STOPRELINQUISH COMMAND OF ILYA POGODINTO FIRST OFFICER EMIL ZHUKOV STOPYOUR COURT MARTIAL TO PROCEED TOCONCLUSION IN YOUR ABSENCE STOPYOU WILL BE INFORMED OF DECISIONON YOUR RETURN STOPThat was the most disastrous response he could ex-pect, but he felt it was not the most likely one. Oh, cer-tainly the Ministry was unpredictable. And officers had been court-martialed without being present to defend themselves. In fact, that was the standard procedure these days. But he still believed what he had told Zhukov in the control room: they were not all fools at the Ministry. They would see the advantages in this situation. They would reach the proper conclusion. They would. He was sure of it.He scanned the fog-shrouded horizon.The flow of time seemed to have slowed almost to a stop. Although he knew that it was an illusion, he saw the sea raging in slow motion, the waves building like ripples in an ocean of cold molasses. Each minute was an hour.Something went bang!The auxiliary drill shot sparks out of the vents in its cast-iron casing. It chugged, sputtered and cut out.Breskin had been operating it. He said, “What the hell?” He thumbed the power switch.When the machine wouldn't start up, Pete Johnson stepped in to have a look at it.Everyone crowded around, expecting the worst. They were, Harry thought, like people gathered at an automobile accident—except that the corpses in the wreckage might well be their own.“What's wrong with it?” George Lin asked.“You'll have to take apart the casing to find the trouble,” Fischer told the black man.“True enough,” Pete said. “But I don't have to take it apart to

know I can't repair it."Brian said, "What do you mean?"Pointing to the snow and frozen slush around the partially reopened third shaft, Johnson said, "See those black specks?"Harry knelt beside the big man and studied the bits of metal on the ice."See what I mean?""Gear teeth."Everyone was silent."I could probably repair a fault in the wiring," Johnson said at last. "But we don't have a set of spare gears for the goddamned thing.""What now?" Brian asked.Almost as if he were saying, I told you so, Fischer said, "We go back to the cave and wait for midnight.""That's giving up," Brian said.Getting to his feet, Harry said, "But I'm afraid that's all we can do at the moment, Brian."Dougherty shook his head, refusing to believe it. "Earlier, Claude said we could use the ice ax and the power saw to cut some steps in the winter field, angle down toward the bomb and—"The Frenchman interrupted him. "That would only work if we had five or six days. We would need six more hours, perhaps longer, to retrieve this bomb by the step method. It isn't worth expending all that energy to gain only forty-five more feet of safety.""Let's pack up," Harry said. "We can talk about it back at the cave, out of this wind." He smiled at Dou-gherty. "Don't give up hope. We might think of something yet if we put our heads together."To himself he said, Is that so? We'll think of some-thing yet, will we? Such as?At 4:06 the communications center reported that a message was coming in from the Naval Ministry. Five minutes later the decoding sheet was passed up to the bridge, where Gorov began to read it with some trepida-tion.message xxxxxxxxxx naval ministrytime: 1900 moscowfrom: duty officerto: captain n. gorovsubject: your lasttransmission #34-dmessage begins:your request under study 3y admiraltystop immediate decision cannot bemade stop submerge and continuescheduled mission for one hour stop acontinuation or new orders will betransmitted to you at 1700 hours yourtime stopGorov was disappointed. This did nothing to relieve his tension. And the next hour would be more difficult for him than the hour just passed. He turned to the other two men and said, "Clear the bridge."They prepared to dive. The lookouts left the bridge, climbed down through the conning tower and took up stations at the diving wheels. The captain sounded the routine alarm: two short blasts on the electric horns that were built into the bulkheads of every room on the boat. After he left the bridge, Gorov pulled the hatch shut with a lanyard. The quartermaster of the watch spun the handwheel on the hatch that was being held shut and said, "Hatch secure." Gorov hurried to the command pad in the control room. On the second blast of the diving klaxon, the air vents in the ballast tanks had been opened; and the sea had roared into the space between the ship's two hulls. Now, to Gorov's right, a petty officer was watching a board that contained one red and thirty-three green lights. The green represented hatches, vents, ex-hausts and equipment extruders that were closed to the sea. The red light was labeled laser transmission package. As the laser equipment settled into a niche atop the sail and an airtight hatch slid over it, the red light blinked off and the safety bulb beneath it lit up. "Green board!" the petty officer said. Gorov ordered some compressed air released in the submarine. The pressure indicator didn't register a fall; the ship was sealed. "Pres-sure in the boat," the diving officer called. In less than a minute they had completed the preparations; the top of the sail was submerged; they were out of sight of anyone in a ship or airplane."Take her down to one hundred feet," Gorov or-dered.The descent was marked by beeps from the computer."At one hundred feet," the diving officer said."Hold her steady.""Steady, sir."As the submarine leveled off, Gorov said, "Take over for me, Lieutenant Zhukov.""Yes, sir.""You can return the control room to a skeleton watch.""Yes, sir."Gorov left the chamber and walked aft to the com-munications center.Timoshenko turned toward the door just as the cap-tain entered the room. He smiled and said, "Request permission to run up the antenna, sir.""Denied."Blinking stupidly, Timoshenko tilted his head to one side and said, "Sir?""Denied," Gorov said again. He looked at the tele-communications equipment that lined the bulkheads. He had been given rudimentary training in the use of it. The computer here was an adjunct of the ship's main computer; and the keyboards

were operated in the same manner as those in the control room with which he was quite familiar. “I want to use your coder and the main terminal to the communications computer.”Timoshenko didn't move. He was an excellent tech-nician, a very bright young man in some ways. But his world was composed of data banks, programming keys, input, output and gadgets; and he was not able to deal with people unless they behaved in a predictable, machine-like manner.“Did you hear me?” Gorov asked impatiently.Blushing, embarrassed and confused, Timoshenko said, “Uh . . . yes, sir.” He led Gorov to a chair that stood before the primary terminal of the communications computer. “What did you have in mind, sir?”“Privacy,” Gorov said as he sat down.Timoshenko just stood there.“You're dismissed, Lieutenant.”More confused by the minute, Timoshenko nodded, tried to smile, looked instead as if he had just been jabbed with a long needle, and retired to the far end of the room, where his subordinates were pretending they had heard nothing.The coder stood beside Gorov's chair. It was the size and shape of a two-drawer filing cabinet, housed in burnished steel. A typewriter keyboard with eleven special keys was built into the top of it.Gorov touched the on switch. Crisp yellow paper automatically rolled out of the top of the cabinet and onto the platen.Gorov quickly typed a message. When he was fin-ished he read it without touching the flimsy paper, then pressed a rectangular red key labeled process. With a violent machine-gun clatter, the coder began to type a second message under the first. This was the coded version. It looked like nonsense: clumps of random numbers separated by decimal points, commas, colons and occasional ellipses.When the machine stopped typing, Gorov tore the paper from the roll and swung around in his chair to face the main terminal's programming console. He propped the coded message beside the terminal. Refer-ring to it carefully, he typed the series of numbers and punctuation marks into the communications computer. When that was done, he pressed a key that bore the word decode and another labeled printout. He did not touch the readout tab, because he didn't want his work displayed on the overhead screen for the benefit of Ti-moshenko and the other technicians. Then he picked up the yellow sheet he had torn from the coder, dropped it into a paper shredder and leaned back in his chair.Sixty seconds later the decoded communiqué was in his hands. He had come full circle in less than five minutes: the printout contained the same fourteen lines he had composed on the coder, but it was now in the type style of the computer. It looked like any other decoded message received from the Ministry in Mos-cow; and that was precisely what he wanted.He instructed the computer to erase from its mem-ory banks every detail of what he had just done. With that, the printout was all that remained of the exercise. Timoshenko would not be able to quiz the computer about any of this after Gorov had left the room.He got up and went to the open door. From there he said, “Oh, Lieutenant?”Timoshenko was studying a log book. He glanced up from it. “Yes, sir?”“In those dispatches you intercepted, the ones hav-ing to do with the Edgeway group . . . There was men-tion of a radio beacon.”Timoshenko nodded. “They've got a standard short-wave set, of course. But that isn't what you're talking about. There's also a radio transmitter that puts out a two-second signal ten times every minute.”“Have you picked it up?”“Twenty minutes ago.”“Is it a strong signal?”“Oh, yes.”“Have you got a bearing?”“Yes, sir.”“Well, run another check on it. I'll be back to you on the intercom in a few minutes,” Gorov said. He re-turned to the control room for another showdown with Emil Zhukov.Harry Carpenter had not yet finished telling Rita how the auxiliary drill had broken down when she in-terrupted him. “Hey, where's Brian?”He turned and looked at the men who had entered the ice cave behind him. Dougherty was not among them. Harry frowned and said, “Why isn't Brian with you? Has anyone seen him?”“I'll look outside,” Breskin said.Pete Johnson left with him.“He probably just went behind one of the hum-mocks out there,” Fischer said airily, although he knew better than that. “Nothing especially dramatic, I'll wager. Probably just had to go to the john.”“No,” Harry said.Rita said, “He would have told someone.”Out on the ice cap, far from the security of Edge-way Station, you could not afford to be modest even

about your bladder and bowel habits. For your own peace of mind, you always told someone if you were going to the john, and you told him exactly which hill or pressure ridge you could be found behind. Considering the vagaries of the icefield and the weather, you might not come back as planned—and in that event you would want someone to know where to start looking for you.Breskin and Johnson returned in less than two min-utes, pulling up their goggles, pulling down on their ice-veined snow masks."He's not at the snowmobiles," Breskin said. "Or anywhere else that we can see." There was a troubled look in his gray, usually expressionless eyes."Who rode back here with him?" Harry asked.They looked at one another."Claude?"The Frenchman shook his head. "Not me. I thought he rode with Franz.""I rode with Franz," George Lin said.Rita was exasperated. Tucking an errant strand of reddish hair back under her hood, she said, "For Christ's sake, you mean he was left behind in the confusion?""He couldn't have been," Harry said."Unless that was what he wanted." As soon as he had spoken, Lin blew his nose.Surprised, Harry said, "Why should he want to be left behind?"Lin wiped his nose, fastidiously folded the handkerchief and returned it to a zippered pocket of his coat. "You must have read those newspaper stories about him. Spain . . . Africa . . . He's always risking his life for a lark.""And so?""That strikes me as suicidal.""He stayed behind to die?""Perhaps."Harry didn't even need to think about that. "No. That's too simplistic, George. His motivations are much more complex than that.""He might have been hurt," Pete said."How?""A fall."Claude Jobert said, "Or even sickness. A sudden attack of some sort. He was unable to cry out. We didn't notice . . ."Harry was skeptical."It's possible," Pete told him.When he had thought about it for a moment, Harry reluctantly said, "Not likely. But I suppose it is possible. We'll go back and look. You and I. Two snowmobiles."Breskin stepped forward. "I'm going with you.""Two can handle it," Harry said as he quickly fixed his goggles in place."I insist," Breskin said. His gray eyes were full of pain as well as concern. "Brian handled himself damned well out there on the ice today. He didn't hesitate when he had to go over that cliff to get a line around George. I'd have thought about it twice myself. But he didn't. He just went. And if it was me in trouble now, he'd do whatever he could. I know it. So you can count me in on this whether or not you need me."So far as Carpenter could remember, that was the longest speech that Roger Breskin had made in the past several months. He was impressed by it. "All right then. You'll come along. You're too ruddy big for me to argue with you."The Ilya Pogodin's cook was the ship's greatest treasure. His father had been the head chef at the Na-tional Restaurant in Moscow, and he had learned a great deal at his papa's knee. The fare at his table was the best in the submarine service.He had already begun to make fish salianka for the first course of the evening meal. White fish. Onions. Bay leaves. Egg whites. The aroma drifted from the galley, past the communications center, and filled the control room.When Gorov entered the room, Sergei Belyaev, the diving officer on duty, said, "Captain, will you help me talk sense to Leonid?" He gestured at a young seaman first class who was monitoring the alarm board.Gorov was in a hurry, but he did not want Belyaev to sense that. He said, "What's the trouble?"Belyaev grimaced. "Leonid is on the first mess shift, and I am on the fifth.""Ah.""I've told him that if he will only change shifts with me, I will fix him up with an absolutely gorgeous blonde in Kaliningrad. Nothing short of gorgeous, I tell you. Breasts like melons. Yes, I know that is trite. But it is also true. She could arouse a granite statue. But Leonid, poor, dumb Leonid, will not deal with me."Smiling, Gorov said, "But of course he won't. What woman could be more exciting than the dinner that is be-ing prepared for us? Furthermore, who would be simple-minded enough to believe that an absolutely gorgeous blonde with breasts like melons would have anything to do with Sergei Belyaev?"Laughter echoed in the low-ceilinged chamber.Grinning broadly, Belyaev said, "Perhaps I should offer him a few rubles instead.""Much more realistic," Gorov said. "But unless you are a rich man, that approach won't be much more suc-cessful than your first." He walked to the chart table, sat down on one of the stools and put a folded printout in

front of Emil Zhukov. It was the message he had run through the coder and communications computer only a few minutes ago. "Something else for you to read," he said quietly.Zhukov adjusted his wire-framed eyeglasses, which had slid down on his long nose. He unfolded the paper.message xxxxxxxxxx naval ministrytime: 1900 Moscowfrom: duty officerto: captain n. gorovsubject: your lasttransmission: #34-dmessage begins:your request under study by admiraltystop conditional permission grantedstop make necessary course changesstop confirmation or cancellation orpermission will be transmitted to youat 1700 hours your time stopAfter he had chewed on his lower lip for a moment, Zhukov said, "What's this?"Keeping his voice low but trying not to seem secre-tive, Gorov said, "A forgery."The first officer didn't know what to say.Gorov leaned toward him. "It's for your protection.""My protection?" Zhukov asked, speaking as softly as the captain.Gorov took the printout from his first officer's hands, carefully refolded it, and put it in his shirt pocket. "We are going to plot a course and set out at once for that iceberg," he said, tapping the chart table between them. "We are going to rescue those Edgeway scientists.""You don't have Ministry permission.""Does one need permission to save lives?""Please, sir. You know what I mean.""Once we're under way, I'll give you the forged communiqué that you just read. It will be yours to keep, your protection if there is ever an inquiry.""But I saw the real message.""Deny it.""That might not be easy to do."Gorov said, "I am the only one aboard this ship who knows that you saw it. I will tell any court-martial magistrate that I showed you the forgery and nothing else.""I don't know . . .""You do feel I'm a man of my word?""I have no doubt.""Then?"Zhukov took off his glasses and pressed his fingertips to his eyes. "I have served with you how long?""Seven years.""There have been many tense moments.""Yes."Like this one, Gorov thought.Zhukov said, "That time the Norwegian corvette dropped depth charges on us when it caught us in Oslo-fjord.""Tense indeed.""Or that cat-and-mouse game we played with the American submarine off the coast of Massachusetts."Gorov nodded."Never once have I seen you panic or issue orders that I thought were inappropriate.""Thank you, Emil.""Until now.""Not now either."Zhukov lowered his hands and opened his eyes. "This is not like you, sir. It's reckless.""I disagree. It's not reckless. Not at all. As I told you earlier, I'm quite certain that the Admiralty will ap-prove of the rescue mission.""Then why not wait for the transmission at 1700 hours?""We can't waste time. We've got to reach that ice-berg before too many more hours have passed. Once we've located it we'll need a good deal of time to get those people off the ice and aboard with us."Zhukov looked at his watch. "It's twenty minutes past four o'clock. We've only got to wait forty minutes to hear the Admiralty's decision.""But on a rescue mission like this, forty minutes could be the difference between success and failure.""You're adamant.""Yes."Zhukov sighed."You could relieve me of my command."Staring at his hands, which were trembling slightly, Zhukov said, "If they deny you the permission you want, will you turn back and continue the surveillance run?""I would have no choice.""You would turn back?""Yes.""Your word?""My word."Zhukov thought about it.Gorov stood up. "Well?""I must be crazy.""You'll agree to this?""As you know, I named my second son after you. Nikita Zhukov."The captain nodded. "I was honored.""Well, if I've been wrong about you, if I shouldn't have named him Nikita, I won't be able to forget it. He'll be around as a reminder of how wrong I was. I don't need that thorn in my side. So I must give you one more chance to prove that I've been right all along."Smiling, Gorov said, "Let's get a bearing on that iceberg and plot a course, Lieutenant."The two snowmobiles were left in park, engines running, lights blazing, exhaust fumes pluming up behind them in brilliant crystalline columns. Carpenter, Johnson and Breskin set out in three different directions to search for Brian Dougherty in the drifts and waist-high pressure ridges and low ice hummocks around the site of the third bomb shaft.Cautious, aware that he could be swallowed up as quickly as Brian had been, Harry probed the nightmarish, black-and-white landscape before he committed himself to it. He used his

flashlight as if it were a machete, sweep-ing it from side to side. The insubstantial yellowish beam slashed through the falling snow; but the white jungle was undisturbed by it. Every ten steps he looked over his shoulder to see if he was in danger of straying too far from the snowmobiles. He was already well out of that section of the icefield which they illuminated. But he knew that he must not lose sight of them altogether. If he got lost, no one would hear his cries for help above this screeching, gabbling wind. The glow from the headlamps, although it was quite diffused and dimmed by the incredibly heavy snowfall, was his only signpost to safety.Even as he searched assiduously behind every drift and canted slab of ice, he nourished only a small hope that he would ever locate Dougherty. The wind was fierce. The snow was mounting at the rate of two inches an hour or better. In those brief moments when he stopped to take a closer look into particularly long, deep shadows, the snow drifted against his boots. If Brian had lain here, unconscious or somehow stricken and unable to move, for the past fifteen minutes, maybe longer . . . well, by this time the kid would be completely covered over, a smooth white lump like any hummock or drift, frozen fast into the winter field.It's hopeless, Harry thought.Then, not even forty feet from the blasting shaft, he stepped around a monolith of ice as large as a pickup truck—and found Dougherty on the other side. Brian was on his back, laid out flat, one arm at his side and the other across his chest. He was still wearing his goggles and snow mask. At a glance he appeared to be lolling there, merely taking a nap, in no trouble whatsoever. Because the upturned slab of ice acted as a windbreak, the snow had not drifted over him. For the same reason, he had been spared the worst of the bitter cold. Nevertheless, he did not move—and was most likely dead.Harry knelt beside the body and pulled the snow mask from the face. Thin, irregularly spaced puffs of vapor rose from between the parted lips. Dougherty was alive. But for how long? His lips were thin and bloodless. His skin was no less white than the snow around him. When pinched he did not stir. His eyelids didn't even flutter. After lying motionless on the ice for at least a quarter of an hour, even if he had been out of the wind the entire time and even though he was wearing full survival gear, he would already be suffering from ex-posure. Harry put the snow mask back over the pale face.He was deciding how best to get Brian out of there when he saw someone approaching. A shaft of light ap-peared in the darkness, hazy at first, getting sharper and brighter as it drew nearer.Breskin staggered through a thick curtain of snow. He held his flashlight before him as a blind man might hold a cane. Apparently he had become disoriented and had wandered out of his assigned search area. He hesitated when he saw Dougherty.Carpenter gestured impatiently.Pulling down his snow mask, he came over to Harry and said, “Is he alive?”“Not by much.”“What happened?”“I don't know. Let's get him into one of the snowmo-bile cabins and let the warm air work on him. You take his feet and I'll—”“I can handle him myself.”“But—”“It'll be easier and quicker that way.”Harry accepted the flashlight that Breskin handed him.The big man bent down and lifted Brian. It looked as if the kid weighed no more than ten pounds.“Good enough,” Harry said. He led the way back through the drifts and hummocks to the snowmobiles.At 4:50 the Americans at Thule radioed Gunvald Larsson with more bad news. Like the Melville before her, the trawler Liberty had found the storm to be an irresistible force against which only big warships and fools tried to stand. She simply could not head straightaway into the massive, powerful waves that surged across nearly all of the North Atlantic and the unfrozen portions of the Greenland Sea. She had turned back five minutes ago when a seaman discovered minor buckling of the starboard bow plates. The American radioman spent half of his time assuring Gunvald that everyone at Thule was praying for those poor bastards on the iceberg. In-deed, prayers were being said for them all over the world tonight. Which was probably true. But that did not alter the facts. The captain of the Liberty, although certainly of necessity and only with great remorse, had made a decision which virtually sentenced eight people to death. Gunvald could not bring himself to pass on the news to Rita. Not immediately, not right this

minute. Perhaps on the hour—or at a quarter past the hour. He wanted a few minutes to get in control of himself. He was trembling. He had to have time to think about how he would tell them. And he needed a drink. Although he was not a man who usually sought to relieve tension with liquor, and in spite of the fact that he was known for his steel nerves, he poured himself a shot of icy cold vodka from the three-bottle store in the telecommunications hut. When he had finished the drink, he still was unable to call Rita. He poured another double before putting the bottle away.Although the snowmobiles were stationary, the five small engines rumbled steadily. Out here on the ice cap, in the middle of a bad storm, the machines must never be switched off. If that was done, the batteries would go dead and the engines would freeze up within two or three minutes. The cold wind was growing colder as the day wore on; it could kill men and machines with ease.Harry came out of the ice cave and hurried to the nearest snowmobile. When he was settled in the warm cabin, he screwed off the top of the Thermos bottle that he had brought with him. He took several quick sips of the thick, fragrant vegetable soup. It had been brewed from freeze-dried mix and brought to the boiling point on the hot plate which they had used earlier to melt snow at the open blasting shafts. It scalded his throat, but not painfully, and sent short-lived cramps through his knotted stomach. For the first time all day he was able to relax a bit, even if, as he knew, this was a most temporary state of peace.In the three snowmobiles to his left, Jobert and Lin and Breskin were eating dinner in equal privacy. He could barely see them: dim shapes inside the unlighted cabins.Everyone had been given three cups of soup. At this rate, they had enough supplies for only two more meals. Harry had decided against rationing the remaining food, for if they were not well fed, the cold would kill them that much sooner.Fischer and Johnson were in the ice cave. Harry could see them clearly, for his machine's headlamps shone through the entrance and provided the only light in there. The two men were pacing, waiting for their turns at warm cabins and Thermos bottles full of hot soup. Franz moved briskly, agitatedly, almost as if he were marching. In per-fect contrast, Pete ambled from one end of the cave to the other, loose-jointed, fluid.Rita knocked and opened the cabin door, startling Harry.Swallowing a mouthful of soup, he said, "What's wrong?"She leaned toward him, leaned inside, used her body to block out the wind. "He wants to talk to you.""Brian?""Yes.""He's still improving?""Oh, yes.""Does he remember what happened?""Let him tell you," she said.In the fifth snowmobile, the one parked farthest from the cave, Dougherty was slowly recuperating. Rita had been in the cabin with him for the past twenty minutes, massaging his chilled fingers, feeding him soup and making sure that he did not lapse into a dangerous sleep. He had regained consciousness during the ride back from the third bomb site, but he had been in too much agony to talk. When he first woke he was racked with pain as his numbed nerve endings belatedly responded to the severe cold that had nearly killed him. The boy would not fee! normal, Harry knew, for at least another hour.He capped his Thermos bottle. Before he pulled his goggles in place, he kissed her."Mmmmm," she said. "More."This time her tongue moved between his lips. Snow-flakes swept past her head and danced across his face, but her breath was warm on his greased skin. He was suddenly filled with both tenderness and lust. He wanted to protect her, keep her from all harm. And at the same time he wanted to undress her and caress her breasts and spread her long legs and take her, move deep into her . . . When they drew apart he said, "I love you.""We will go back to Paris. Somehow we'll get out of this.""Well, if we don't get out of it," she said, "we haven't been short-changed. We've had eight damned good years together. We've had more fun and love than most people get in an entire lifetime."He felt powerless, felt himself to be up against im-possible odds. All of his life he had been a man who took charge in a crisis. He had always been able to find solu-tions to even the most difficult problems. This new sense of impotency enraged him.She kissed him lightly on one corner of his mouth. "Hurry now. Brian's waiting for you."The snowmobile cabin was uncomfortably cramped. Harry sat backward on the

passenger bench, facing the rear of the machine, where Dougherty was facing for-ward. The handlebars pressed into his back. His knees were jammed against Brian's knees. Only a vague, amber light filtered through the thick, leaded glass; and the darkness made the tiny enclosure seem even tinier than it was.Harry said, “How do you feel?”“Like hell.”“You will for a while yet.”“My hands and feet sting. I don't mean they're just numb. It's like someone is jabbing long needles into them.” His voice was shaded with pain.“Frostbite?”“We haven't looked at my feet yet. But they feel about the same as my hands. And there wasn't any frost-bite on my hands. I think I'm safe.”Opening his Thermos, Harry said, “Soup?”“No, thank you. Rita pumped more than a quart of it into me. One more drop, and I'll float away.” He rubbed his hands together, apparently to ease an espe-cially sharp prickle of pain. “By the way, I'm head over heels in love with your wife.”“Who isn't?”“And I want to thank you for coming after me. You saved my life.”“Another day, another bit of heroism,” Harry said. He took a mouthful of soup, chewed, swallowed and said, “What happened to you out there?”“Didn't Rita tell you?”“She said I should hear it from you.”Dougherty hesitated. His eyes glittered in the shad-ows. At last he said, “Someone knocked me out.”Harry stopped chewing. “Knocked you out?”“Hit me on the back of the head.”“That can't be right.”“I've got the lumps to prove it.”“Let me see.”Brian leaned forward, lowered his head.Harry stripped off his gloves and felt the boy's head. There were two lumps, one larger than the other, one on the back of the skull and the other two inches higher. “Concussion?”“None of the symptoms.”“Headache?”“Sure.”“Double vision?”“No.”“You're certain you didn't faint?”“Positive,” Brian said, sitting up straight again.“You could have taken quite a nasty bump on the head if you had fainted. You might have fallen against a projection of ice.”“I distinctly remember being struck from behind.” His voice was full of conviction. “Twice. The first time he didn't strike hard enough. My hood cushioned the blow. I started to turn around—and he hit me much harder the next time. The lights went out but good.”“And then he dragged you out of sight?”“Before any of you saw what was happening.”“Not very likely.”“The wind was gusting. The snow was so thick I couldn't see more than two yards. He had excellent cover.”“You're saying someone tried to kill you.”“That's right.”“But if that's the case, why did he drag you behind a windbreak? You would have frozen to death in fifteen minutes if he had let you lie in the open.”“He did leave me in the open,” Brian said. “But I came to after you had left. I was dizzy, nauseated, cold. I managed to drag myself out of the wind before I passed out again.”“Murder . . .”“Yes.”Harry didn't want to believe it. There was too damned much on his mind as it was. He simply didn't have room for a new worry. “You must be joking.”“I'm afraid not. It happened as we were getting ready to leave the site of the blasting shaft.” He paused, hissed softly as a wave of pain washed through his feet. His knees pressed more forcefully against Harry's knees. Gradually he relaxed. He was a tough kid; he went right on as if there had been no interruption. “I was loading some equipment into the last of the cargo trailers. Every-one was busy. The wind was gusting especially hard, and the snow was falling so thickly that I'd lost sight of the rest of you. Then he hit me.”“Who?”“I didn't see him.”“Not even from the corner of your eye?”“No. Nothing.”“Did he speak to you?”“No.”“If he wanted you dead, why didn't he wait for mid-night? The way it looks now, you'll die then with the rest of us. If he felt he had to hurry you along, if he couldn't wait for midnight, he's unstable.”“But if he is crazy . . . Well, I am a Dougherty.”Harry nodded. “To a certain breed of maniac, that would make you very appealing. Killing a Dougherty, any Dougherty—there's a sense of history involved. I can see that a psychopathic killer might get a real thrill out of that.”They were both silent.Then Brian said, “But who among us is a psycho-path?”“Seems impossible, doesn't it?”“But you do believe me?”“Of course. I can't see you knocking yourself uncon-scious with two blows to the back of the head, then dragging yourself out of sight.”Brian sighed with relief.Harry said, “Like to take a guess?”“At who it was? No.”“I expected you to say George Lin.”“For whatever reasons, George

doesn't care for me or my family. He's made that abundantly clear. But he's not a killer.””You can't be sure. You don't know what's going on inside of him any more than I do.””Besides, I saved his life today.””If he's a lunatic, that won't matter to him.”The wind rocked the snowmobile. Beads of snow rattled softly across the cabin roof.For the first time all day, Harry was on the verge of despair. He was exhausted both physically and mentally. He was frightened, and not afraid to admit it to himself. He had been frightened even before he had heard Dou-gherty's story. Now he had a psychopathic killer to worry about in addition to everything else. It was all too much. They seemed to be careening, out of control, down a highway of chance and fate.Brian said, “Will he try again?””We've decided that he's a lunatic. He's apparently obsessed with your death. I don't believe we can expect him to give up quite so easily.””At least I'm prepared for him now.””You won't be left alone,” Harry said. “Either Rita or I will stay with you at all times.”Rubbing his hands together, massaging his still-cold fingers, Brian said, “Are you going to tell the others?””If I told them, I'd be warning your would-be killer that we know he exists.””I had the same thought,” Brian said.“He'll be especially cautious and clever if he knows we're waiting for his next move.””But if he thinks we don't know about him,” Brian said, “he might get careless the next time he tries for me.””Exactly. Therefore, we'll say that you don't re-member what happened. You must have fainted. You must have hit your head on the ice or on the cargo trailer as you fell.”When he had thought about it for a few seconds, Brian said, “We've decided that he's a lunatic because he wants to murder me even though I'll probably die at mid-night anyway. Then isn't it true that I'm also a lunatic for worrying about being murdered when midnight is only seven hours away?””No. You've got a strong survival instinct. That is unquestionably a sign of sanity.””Unless the survival instinct is so strong that it keeps me from recognizing a hopeless situation. Then maybe it's a sign of lunacy.””But the situation isn't hopeless,” Harry said. “We've got seven hours. Anything could happen in seven hours.””Like what?””Anything.”

5:00The Ilya Pogodin surfaced for the second time in just one hour. She looked like a whale rising snoutfirst in the night sea. Huge, glistening sheets of water slid from her dark flanks. She rolled in the storm waves. Captain Nikita Gorov and two seamen scrambled out of the conning-tower hatch and took up watch positions on the bridge.In the past thirty minutes, cruising at her maximum submerged speed of thirty-one knots, the ship had moved nearly seventeen miles north-northeast of her assigned surveillance position. Timoshenko had taken a bearing on the Edgeway group's radio beacon, and Gorov had plotted a perfectly straight course that intersected with the esti-mated course of the free-moving iceberg. On the surface the Ilya Pogodin was capable of twenty-six knots; but because of the bad seas, she was only making three quarters of that speed. Gorov was anxious to take her down again, down to three hundred feet, where she would glide like any other fish, where the turbulence of the storm could not affect her.The satellite tracking gear rose from the sail behind the bridge and opened like spring's first blossom. The five petal-form radar plates, which quickly joined together to become a dish, were already beginning to gleam and sparkle with ice as the snow and sleet froze to them; nevertheless, they diligently searched the sky.At three minutes past the hour, a note from Timo-shenko was sent up to the bridge. The communications officer wished to inform the captain that a coded message had begun to come in from the Ministry in Moscow.The moment of truth had arrived.Gorov folded the slip of paper, put it in a coat pocket, then kept his eyes to the night glasses. He scanned ninety degrees of the storm-racked horizon, but it was not waves and clouds and snow that he saw. Instead, he was plagued by two visions, each more vivid than reality. In the first he was sitting at a table in a large conference room with a gilt-trimmed ceiling and a chandelier that cast rainbows on the walls; he was listening to the State's testimony at his own court martial, and he had been forbidden to speak in his own defense. In the second vision he was staring down at a young boy who lay in a hospital bed, a dead boy who was rank with sweat and feces. It seemed as if the night glasses were a conduit to both the past and the future.At 5:07 the decoding sheet was passed through the conning-tower hatch and into the captain's hands. He skipped the eight-line introduction and got straight to the body of the communiqué.YOUR REQUEST GRANTEDSTOP MAKE ALL SPEED TO RESCUE MEMBERSOF EDGEWAYEXPEDITION STOP WHEN FOREIGNERSARE ABOARD TAKE ALL PRECAUTIONSAGAINST COMPROMISE OF CLASSIFIEDMATERIAL STOP KEEP THEM OUT OF ALLSENSITIVE AREAS OF YOUR COMMAND STOPEMBASSY OFFICIALS IN WASHINGTON HAVEBY NOW INFORMED AMERICAN GOVERNMENTOF YOUR INTENT TO RESCUE STRANDEDMEMBERS OF EDGEWAY GROUP STOPAt the bottom of the decoding sheet, Timoshenko had written one word in pencil: Acknowledge. There was nothing to do now but act upon their new orders—which they had been doing anyway for the past half an hour.Although he was not at all sure there was sufficient time remaining in which to get those people off the iceberg, Gorov grinned broadly. At least he was trying. At least he was on his way and had a chance of reaching the Edgeway scientists before they were all dead.He stuffed the decoding sheet into a coat pocket and sounded two brief blasts on the electric diving horns.By 5:30 Brian had been in the snowmobile for nearly an hour. He was suffering from claustrophobia. “I'd like to go out and walk a bit.”“Don't rush yourself.” Rita switched on a hand torch. The sudden light made her eyes water. She studied his hands. “Numb? Tingling?”“No.”“A burning sensation?”“Not much. And my feet feel fine.” He saw she still had her doubts. “My legs are cramped. I need exercise. Besides, it's too warm in here.”She hesitated. His face did have color. And his hands no longer seemed translucent. “All right. But when you've stretched your muscles, you've got to come back here.”“Good enough.”She pulled on her felt boots and then her outer boots. She picked up her coat from the bench between them. Afraid of working up a sweat in the warm air, she hadn't been wearing all of her gear. If she perspired in her suit, the moisture against her skin would leach away her body heat. That was an invitation to death.For the same reason, Brian wasn't wearing his coat, gloves or either pair of boots. He said, “I'm not as limber as you are. But if you'll

step outside and give me more room, I think I'll manage.""You must be too stiff and sore to do it yourself. I'll help.""You're making me feel like a child.""Rubbish." She patted her lap. "Put your feet up here—one at a time if you don't want my dinner all over you."He smiled. "You'd make a wonderful mother for someone.""I already am a wonderful mother for someone. Harry."Brian laughed. "What would he do if he heard you say that?""Oh, I imagine he'd cackle like a hyena. He's a connoisseur of snappy one-liners."Neither of them spoke as she worked the outer boot onto his somewhat swollen foot. Brian grunted with pain when he straightened his leg; his joints felt as if they were popping apart like a string of decorative plastic beads.While she threaded the laces through the eyelets and drew them tight, Rita said, "Well, if nothing else, you've a wealth of material for those magazine pieces."He was surprised to hear himself say, "I've decided not to write them. I'm going to do a book instead." Until this moment his obsession had been a private matter. Now that he had revealed it to someone he respected, he had forced himself to see it less as an obsession and more as a commitment.Rita said, "A book? You'd better think twice about that.""I've thought about it at least a thousand times in the last few weeks.""Writing a book is an ordeal. I've done three, as you know. You may have to write thirty magazine articles to get the same word count as a book. But if I were you, I would write the articles and forget about being an 'au-thor.' There isn't half so much agony in the shorter work as there is in the writing of a book.""I suppose you're right. But I'm being swept along by the idea.""Oh, I know how it is," she said with mock solemnity. "Writing the first third of the book, you're having a sexual experience. But you lose that feeling. Believe me, you do. In the second third of it, you're just trying to prove something to yourself and to the world. And when you get to the last third, it's simply a matter of your own survival.""But I've figured out how to make everything hang together in the narrative. I've got my theme."Rita winced and shook her head sadly. "I see you're too far gone to respond to reason.""I guess I am.""Such a shame. The madness of literary heat! It's truly a terrible thing to behold." She helped him get his right foot into the sealskin boot. "What is your theme?""Heroism.""Heroism?" She made a face as she worked with the laces. "What in the name of God does heroism have to do with the Edgeway project?""I think maybe it has everything to do with it.""I think maybe you're daft.""Seriously.""I never noticed any heroes here.""Oh, I have.""Well, I can guarantee you that I don't have even one heroic bone in my lovely body."Brian laughed, but he still disagreed. "I think you do. I know you do. And not just you. The others as well. I think— Actually, I haven't worked it out yet, not in detail. I haven't thought it all the way through. I've just got the kernel of it at the moment. But I'm positive it's the right one, the right kernel, the hook to hang the story on.""Let me know when you have thought it through," Rita said."Okay.""I'm sure I'll be able to punch enormous holes in it for you."When he followed Rita out of the snowmobile, Brian was surprised by the bitter power of the storm wind. It took his breath away and almost drove him to his knees. He gripped the open cabin door until he was certain of his balance.The wind was a reminder that his unknown assail-ant, the man who had struck him on the head, was not the only threat to his survival. For a few minutes he had forgotten that they were adrift, had forgotten about the time bombs ticking toward midnight. Now the fear came back to him like guilt to a priest's breast. He wanted to live. Now that he had committed himself to the book and had a purpose in life, he wanted very much to live.The ice cave—white floor, white walls, white ceiling —reminded Harry of a hospital operating theater. He didn't like the metaphor. It was too closely connected with death, and it only aggravated his uncharacteristic depression. He tried not to think about it as he studied the other five people in the cave, but it was quite like that old joke wherein one was told not to think about a polka-dot hippopotamus in tennis shoes: once conceived, such a vision simply could not be put out of mind.Johnson, Breskin, Jobert, Fischer and Lin were argu-ing about the options open to them, about how they should spend the six hours and twenty minutes remaining before midnight. Harry ought

to have been leading the discussion or at the very least contributing to it, but he couldn't keep his mind on what the others were saying. For one thing, no matter how they spent their time, they could not flee from the iceberg or retrieve the bombs. Furthermore, he was distracted by the thought that one of these men was a potential killer, one of these men whom, until a short while ago, he thought he knew so well. He watched them closely, as if psychopathic tendencies would be evident in the way a man walked, talked, gestured and blinked his eyes.His train of thought was interrupted by a call from Edgeway Station. Gunvald Larsson's voice, shot through with static, rattled off the ice walls.The other men stopped talking.When Harry went to the radio set and responded to the call, Gunvald said, "Harry, the trawlers have turned back. The Melville and the Liberty. Both of them. Some time ago. I've known, but I couldn't bring myself to tell you. But now it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter, Harry." He was excited, too excited; he sounded a bit irrational.Johnson, Jobert and the others had crowded around the radio. They were looking at one another, frowning.Harry said, "Gunvald, what in the hell are you talk-ing about? What do you mean, it doesn't matter?"Static rushed in: a hundred plates shattering at once.Then the frequency cleared as Larsson said, "I just got word from Thule. Relayed from Washington. There's a submarine in your part of the North Atlantic. A Russian submarine."

Four: Night

8:17Gorov, Zhukov and Seaman Semichastny clambered onto the bridge and faced portside. The sea was not calm, but neither was it murderous. The iceberg, which lay nearby in the impenetrable darkness, sheltered them from the storm waves and from at least half of the wind's great power; therefore, although they were warmly dressed and wore goggles, they did not need to use snow masks, and conversation was possible."It's like a windowless dungeon," Zhukov said. "No stars. No moon. No phosphorescence on the waves. I've never seen such a perfectly lightless night."There was a bridge lamp, of course—a hundred-watt red bulb mounted above and behind them on the sail. It gave an eerie, bloody tint to the three men and to the steelwork around them. Beyond that tiny circle of light, however, there was an unrelieved, endless blackness so flawless and deep that it hurt their eyes.Most of the bridge rail was sheathed in ice. Gorov gripped it to steady himself, but he happened to take hold of a section of bare metal. His glove froze to the steel. He ripped it free and examined the palm: the outer layer of leather was torn, the lining revealed. If he had been wearing sealskin gloves, he would not have stuck fast. But if he hadn't been wearing gloves at all, his hands would have been welded instantly to the supercooled rail, and in pulling loose he would have lost a great deal of flesh.Looking at the captain's shredded glove, amazed, Semichastny said, "Incredible!"Zhukov said, "What a miserable place!""Indeed."The snow that swept across the bridge was not in the form of flakes. The subzero temperatures and the fierce wind had produced hard little beads of snow, what was called "gravel," millions of granules of white buck-shot, the next worst thing to a storm of ice spicules.Tapping the bridge anemometer, the first officer said, "We've got a wind velocity of thirty miles an hour. But it must be twice that on top of the iceberg or out on the open sea, beyond the berg's leeward flank."Gorov knew that the subjective temperature atop the iceberg had to be at the very least minus sixty or minus seventy degrees. Rescuing the Edgeway scientists under these hideous conditions was a far greater challenge than any he had ever been met with in his naval career. No part of it, not even a single moment of it, would be easy. It might even be impossible. And he began to worry that, once again, he had arrived too late."Incredible," Semichastny said again."Let's have some light," Gorov said."Right away, sir." Semichastny swung the floodlight to port and closed the main switch.The two-foot-diameter beam pierced the darkness as if a furnace door had been thrown open in an unlighted basement. Canted down on its swivel, it illuminated a circular swatch of sea only ten yards from the submarine: churning waves, icy foam, a maelstrom, to be sure, but one that was not too difficult to ride. Sheets of spray rose into the air and froze in a fraction of a second and, thus transformed into lovely laces of ice, fell back into the water.The ocean temperature was probably a few degrees above freezing, Gorov thought. But the water retained sufficient heat and was in such turmoil that the only ice it contained was what had broken off from the polar cap, ten or fifteen miles to the north.Grasping the pair of handles on the back of its casing, Semichastny raised the floodlight, increasing the angle between the baseplate and the lens. The intense light bore through the night and snow, and soon came up against a wall of ice.The iceberg was drifting steadily east-southeast in a mild winter current. Even with the storm wind pretty much behind it, the berg was able to make no more than two or three knots. The llya Pogodin was running in the same direction and at the same speed. She was just fifty yards from the mammoth ice ship, sheltering in the com-parative calm of the leeward side.Semichastny moved the floodlight slowly to the right, then back to the left.Gorov could not get an idea of the overall appear-ance of the cliff. Each brilliantly lighted circle of ice, although visible in minute detail, seemed disassociated from the one that had come before it. It was like trying to envision, as a whole and single image, the picture on a jigsaw puzzle merely by glancing at five hundred jum-bled, disconnected pieces of it. Impossible. "Lieutenant Zhukov, put up a flare.""Yes, sir." Zhukov was carrying the signal gun. He raised it—a rather stubby pistol with a fat, extra-long barrel and a two-inch muzzle—held it at

arm's length and fired out and up into the portside darkness.The rocket climbed swiftly through the falling snow. It was visible for an instant as it trailed red sparks and smoke. Then it vanished as if it had passed through a veil into another dimension. Three hundred feet . . . four hundred feet . . . five hundred . . . The rocket burst into a brilliantly incandescent moon. It did not immedi-ately begin to lose altitude, but it did drift southward on the wind. Beneath the flare, two hundred yards in every direction, the ocean was painted with cold light and sharp-edged shadows.The iceberg loomed before them. It was monstrous, a hundred feet high, disappearing into the darkness to the right and left, a huge rampart as formidable as any castle's fortifications. During their radar-directed approach to the site, they had learned that the berg was between three fifths and four fifths of a mile long. Rising dramati-cally from the mottled green-black sea, it was somehow like a totem, a man-made religious monolith. It soared up and up and up, smooth, gleaming, unmarred by out-croppings or indentations, perfectly vertical, harsh and forbidding.Gorov had hoped to find a ragged cliff, one that shelved into the water in easy steps. The sea was not all that rough here in the leeward shadow. A few men might be able to get across to the ice, but there was no place for them to land.Among the submarine's stores were three inflatable, motorized rubber rafts and a complete selection of the finest mountain-climbing gear. On fifteen separate occa-sions in the past seven years, the Ilya Pogodin had carried very special passengers, usually KGB operatives, and had put them ashore at night on rugged coastlines in half a dozen Western countries. Furthermore, in the event of war, she could carry a nine-member commando team in addition to her full crew and could put all of them ashore in less than five minutes, even in bad weather.But there had to be a place to land the rafts, Gorov thought. A small shelf. A tiny cove. A beach. A niche above the waterline. Something.As if he were reading the captain's mind, Zhukov said, "Even if they could land, it would be one hell of a climb.""They could do it.""It's as straight and smooth as a hundred-foot-high sheet of window glass.""They could chop footholds out of the ice," Gorov said. "We have the climbing picks. Axes. Ropes and pitons. We've got the climbing boots and the grappling hooks—everything we need.""But they're submariners, sir.""And by that you mean they aren't mountain climbers.""Yes, sir."The flare was over the Ilya Pogodin now, still drift-ing southward, drifting away from the iceberg. The light was no longer either fierce or white; it had taken on a yellowish tint and was dwindling. Shadows writhed across the face of the berg."They could make it," Gorov insisted."Yes, sir," Zhukov said. "I know they could. / could make it if I had to, and I'm afraid of heights. But our men aren't experienced at this sort of thing. We don't have a man aboard who could make that climb in even half the time it would take a trained mountaineer. Our men would need hours, maybe three or four or even five hours, to get to the top and to rig a system for bringing the Edgeway scientists down to the rafts. And—""By the time we've worked out a way to land them, they won't have even three hours left," Gorov said, fin-ishing the first officer's argument for him. "Midnight is fast approaching."The flare winked out. Darkness slammed in like a door.Semichastny kept the floodlight trained on the ice-berg, moving it slowly from left to right. He kept it focused at the waterline, hoping desperately to find a shelf in the ice, a flaw, something that they had missed."Let's have a look at the windward flank," Gorov said. "Maybe it will have something better to offer."They were gathered in the cave, even Rita and Brian, waiting for some word from Gunvald. They were exhilarated by the prospect of rescue—and sobered by the thought that the submarine might not arrive in time to take them off the iceberg before midnight. There were mo-ments when they were all silent, and there were moments when they all seemed to be talking at once.When the room was filled with chatter, Harry ex-cused himself to go to the latrine. As he passed Pete Johnson he said, sotto voce, "I want to talk to you— alone."Johnson blinked in surprise.Not even breaking stride as he spoke, barely glanc-ing at the black man, Harry put his goggles in place and pulled up his snow mask and walked out of the cave.

He bent into the wind and switched on his flashlight and trudged past the rumbling snowmobiles.The area that they used for sanitary purposes lay on the far side of a U-shaped, ten-foot-high ridge of broken ice and drifted snow, twenty yards beyond their ruined camp. He had no real need to use the latrine, but it had provided the most convenient and least obvious excuse for getting him and Pete out of the cave and away from the others. He walked to the bottom of the windless pocket and stood by the ridge wall.The pessimistic half of him told the optimistic half of him: You're making a big mistake.I'm only doing what is necessary, the optimist said.What if he's the psychopath?He'll deny it. And I'll either know he's telling the truth or I won't.Or maybe he'll kill you.A minute later Pete joined him.They faced each other, snow masks pulled down and goggles up, flashlights aimed at their boots. The snow and ice threw back some of the light. Johnson's face glowed as if it were irradiated, and Harry knew that his own countenance looked much the same: brightest around chin and mouth, darker toward eyes and forehead, slightly evil, like a fright mask.Johnson said, "Are we here to gossip about some-one? Or have you suddenly taken a romantic interest in me?""This is serious, Pete.""You're damned right it is. I haven't the slightest urge to get involved in a homosexual affair—but on the other hand I don't want to hurt your feelings. Look, Harry, sooner or later we'd have a tiff. We'd break up. That's messy enough in a heterosexual relationship. It gets downright vicious when it's man to man.""We haven't got time for the usual repartee," Harry said. "I want to know . . . Why did you try to kill Brian Dougherty?""Because I didn't like the way he parted his hair.""Pete, I'm not joking.""Well, to tell the truth, he called me a darkie."Harry stared hard at him. "Why did you try to kill him, dammit!"Johnson had been grinning broadly, enjoying his own banter. But now his expression dissolved into a frown. "Harry, for Christ's sake, what is this?"The wind, squealing like pigs in a fight, rushed along the top of the ice ridge behind them."Harry?"For nearly half a minute he watched the black man closely, waiting for him to either attack or turn and run. At last Harry sighed and said, "I don't think it was you.""What in the hell are you talking about?""I believe you really don't know.""I know I really don't know!""Brian wasn't left behind by accident. He didn't faint. Someone struck him on the back of the head."Johnson didn't know what to say.As quickly as he could, Harry recounted the con-versation he had had with Dougherty in the snowmobile a few hours ago."Jesus!" Pete said. "And you thought I might be the one.""Yes. Although I didn't suspect you any more than I did the others.""You thought I might go for your throat.""I'm sorry. I like you a hell of a lot. But I've known you only eight or nine months. There could be things you've hidden from me—certain attitudes, prejudices—""You don't have to explain yourself," Johnson said. "You had no reason to trust me further than you did the others. I'm not asking for an apology. I'm just saying you've got guts. You aren't exactly a little man. But I'm more than a match for you."Harry had to look up to see the other's face. Sud-denly Johnson seemed enormous. Shoulders almost too broad for a conventional doorway. Arms like massive clubs. A polar bear, strong, capable of the most terrible violence."If I had been this psychopath," Pete said, "and if I had decided to kill you here and now, you wouldn't have stood a chance."Carpenter nodded. He felt weak. "You're most likely right about that. But I didn't have any choice. I needed one more ally, and you were the best prospect."Johnson coughed and spat in the snow. "I've changed my mind about you. You don't have a hero complex after all. There's nothing screwed up in your head. You aren't twisted. This is perfectly natural for you, this kind of cour-age. You're built this way. This is how you came into the world.""I merely did what I had to do," Harry said impa-tiently. "So long as we were stranded on this iceberg, so long as it appeared we were all going to die at midnight or shortly thereafter, I thought that Rita and I could watch over Brian. I knew our psychopath would take advantage of any opening we gave him at the boy, but I didn't think he would bother to engineer any oppor-tunities. But with this submarine on the way . . . Well, if he thinks Dougherty will be rescued, the killer might do something foolish. He might make another attempt

on the boy's life, even if he has to reveal himself to do it. And I need someone besides Rita and me to stop him when the time comes.""And I've been nominated.""That's right."A whirlwind crested the ridge and swooped down on them. They lowered their heads while a column of wind-whipped snow, so dense that it seemed almost like an avalanche, passed over them. For a few seconds they were blinded and deafened. Then the squall-within-a-storm passed out of the open end of the U.Pete said, "So far as you're concerned, is there any one of them we should watch more closely than the others?""I ought to have asked you that question. I already know what Rita, Brian and I think. I need a fresh per-spective."Pete didn't even have to think about it. "George Lin."Frowning, Carpenter said, "That was my own first choice.""You think he's too obvious?""Perhaps. But that doesn't rule him out.""What's wrong with him, anyway?""I don't know," Harry said. "Something happened to him in China when he was a child. It must have been in the last days of Chiang's rule. It was clearly a damned traumatic experience, whatever it was. It warped him.""And the pressure we've been under these past nine hours might have broken him altogether.""I suppose it's possible."They thought about it.Johnson started walking in place to keep his feet from getting chilled. Harry followed suit, stepping smartly up and down, going nowhere.After a minute or so, still exercising, Pete said, "What about Franz Fischer?""What about him?""He's cool toward you.""You've noticed.""And toward Rita.""You're quite observant.""Because of the Nobel?""He's not that petty.""What then?"Carpenter hesitated.Step, step, step . . .Pete said, "None of my business?""He knew her when.""Before she married you?""Yes. They were lovers.""And he's jealous?""Apparently.""The lover scorned.""Doesn't make sense.""Oh?"Harry stopped exercising, afraid of working up a sweat. "Franz might hate me and perhaps even Rita, but how does his feeling for us translate into an attack on Brian?"After a dozen more steps Pete quit walking in place. "Who knows how a psychopath's mind works?"Harry shook his head. "It might be Franz. But not because he's jealous of me.""Breskin?""He's a cipher.""He strikes me as too self-contained.""One always tends to suspect the loner," Harry said, "the quiet man who keeps to himself. But that's no more sensible than suspecting Franz merely because he's jeal-ous.""Why did Breskin emigrate to Canada?""I don't recall. Perhaps he never said.""It might have been for political reasons.""Possibly. But isn't it true that most Americans who emigrate for political reasons are liberals, antiwar acti-vists, left of center?""Generally speaking, yes.""If he's a liberal by American political definition, then he ought to be in sympathy with the Doughertys." Harry sniffed as he felt his nose beginning to run. "Be-sides, Roger had an opportunity to kill the boy early this afternoon. When Brian was dangling over the cliff, trying to reach George, Roger could have cut the rope. Who would have been the wiser?"When he had thought about that for a moment, Pete said, "Maybe he doesn't want to kill anyone but Brian. Maybe that's his only obsession. If he had cut the rope, he wouldn't have been able to save Lin all by him-self.""He could have cut it after Lin was brought up.""But then George would have been a witness.""What psychopath has that degree of self-control?""As you said, he's a cipher.""We're going in circles."As they breathed, the vapor they expelled crystal-lized between them on the still air. The cloud had become so thick they could not see each other clearly.Waving the fog out of their way, far enough into the U for a draft to catch it, Pete said, "We're left with Claude.""He seems the least likely of the lot.""How long have you known him?""Fifteen years. Sixteen. Thereabouts.""You've been on the ice with him before?""Several times," Harry said. "He's a wonderful man.""He often talks about his late wife. When did she die?""Three years ago this month. He was on the ice, his first expedition in two and a half years, when she was murdered.""Murdered?""She'd flown from Paris to London on a holiday. She was in England just three days. The IRA had planted a bomb in a restaurant where she went for lunch. She was one of the eight killed in the blast.""Good God!""They caught one of the men involved. He's still in prison."Pete said, "Claude took it very hard, did he?""Oh, yes. They were as close as Rita and

I.”For a moment neither of them spoke.Again, the ice reminded Harry of a graveyard. He shuddered.Johnson said, “If a man was deeply in love with a woman, and she was taken from him, blown to pieces by a bomb—he might be twisted by the loss.””What are you getting at?””Claude's wife was killed by Irishmen.””That's what I said.””Dougherty is Irish.””Irish-American, actually. And third generation.””Nevertheless . . . You said one of these bombers was apprehended?””That's correct.””Do you remember his name?””No.””Was it Dougherty, anything like Dougherty?”Harry grimaced. “Come on now, Pete. You're stretching this far past the breaking point.”The black man began to walk in place once more. “I guess I am.””We have four suspects, and none of them looks promising.””Correction.””What's that?””We've got six suspects.””Franz, George, Roger, Claude . . .””And me.””Rubbish.””Not at all.””Now pull the other one.””I'm serious,” Johnson said. He stopped exercising.“I'm convinced you didn't know what I was talking about when I asked you why you tried to kill Brian.”Smiling slightly, Pete said, “Is there any law that says a psychopathic killer can't be a good actor?””Christ almighty! Did you do it?””No. And I'm being honest with you.”Harry studied him, trying to read his broad, dark face. “I know you're telling the truth. But what you're saying is that I must not trust anyone, not even for a moment, not even if I think I know him like a brother.””Precisely. And I intend to operate with equal suspi-cion. That's why the sixth name on the list of suspects is yours.””What? Mine?””You were at the third blasting shaft with the rest of us.””But I'm the one who found him when we went back.””And you were the one who assigned search areas. You could have given yourself the right one so that you could make sure he was dead before you 'found' him.”Harry was speechless.“And if you're schizophrenic,” Johnson said, “you might not even realize there's a killer in you.””You don't really think I'm capable of murder?” Harry said.“It's a chance in a million. But I've seen people win on much longer odds.”Harry realized the black man was just turning the tables on him. Pete must have felt this way when he had been accused. “You know what's wrong with you Amer-icans?””Sure, I know. We're perfect.” He puffed up his chest with pretended pride. “We make you British feel uneasy because we're perfect.””Balls.””We've got more of those too.””Even your women?””That's a low blow.””What I had been about to say was that you Ameri-cans are all so damned paranoid.””Bloody Limey.””Ruddy Yank.”They smiled at each other.Harry said, “We'd better be getting back.”Two flares floated five hundred yards apart in the night sky, and the floodlight swept back and forth along the base of the gleaming ice cliffs.The windward flank of the iceberg was not as for-bidding as the featureless, vertical leeward wall had been. There were three rough-hewn shelves sloping back from the waterline. Each of these looked to be between eight and ten yards deep, and together they formed a series of steps that rose a total of perhaps twenty or twenty-five feet. Beyond the shelves the cliff rose at an angle for fifty feet or more and then broke at a narrow ledge. Above the ledge there was twenty or thirty feet of vertical ice leading to the brink.“Rafts could land on those shelves,” Zhukov said, examining the ice through his binoculars. “And even un-trained men could climb that cliff. But not in this weather.”The sea was far more violent here than it had been on the protected leeward side. Huge waves crashed across the steps at the base of the iceberg. They would have over-turned a fair-sized lifeboat and would have torn one of the motorized rafts to pieces. Even the Ilya Pogodin, with its 30,000-horsepower turbines and 3,600-ton sur-face displacement, was having some difficulty making way properly. Most of the time her bow was underwater; and when it did manage to nose up, it looked like an animal fighting quicksand. Waves slammed into the superstructure deck with shocking fury, and each of them caused a shudder to pass through the hull. They exploded against the conning tower and washed onto the bridge and cast spray as high as Gorov's chest. All three men were wearing suits of ice: ice-covered boots, ice-rimed trousers, ice-plated coattails.The wind was brutal. It registered at sixty-eight miles per hour on the bridge anemometer, and there were frequent gusts half again as strong. The pellets of snow were like swarming bees; they stung Gorov's face and brought tears to his

eyes."We'll go around to leeward again," the captain said reluctantly, remembering too vividly the smooth hundred-foot cliff that awaited them."And what then?" Zhukov asked.He hesitated, thinking about it. Then: "We'll try to shoot a line across. Get a man over there. Rig a breeches buoy.""Is that possible? I mean, can it be done from one moving object to another?""I don't know. But we've got to try it. It's a place to start. If we can get a few men and some equipment over there on, a line, they can blast a landing shelf for the rafts. And perhaps they'll be able to shoot a line to the top. With that they could go up the cliff as easily as a fly walks up a wall."Zhukov glanced at his watch. "Three and a half hours left. We had better begin.""Clear the bridge," Gorov said. "And change into dry clothes, both of you." He sounded the diving alarm.When he reached the control room a half-minute later, he heard the petty officer say, "Green board!"The diving officer turned as the captain stepped off the conning-tower ladder. "Sir?""I'm going to change clothes," Gorov told him. "Take her down to seventy-five feet and get back into the leeward shadow of the iceberg.""Yes, sir.""I'll take over in ten minutes.""Yes, sir."In his quarters, after he had changed clothes, Nikita Gorov sat down at the corner desk and picked up the photograph of his dead son. Everyone in the picture was smiling: the piano-accordion player and Gorov and Nikki. The boy's smile was the broadest of the three—genuine, not just assumed for the camera. He was holding his father's hand. In his free hand he held a large, two-scoop vanilla ice-cream cone that was dripping onto his fingers. There was a spot of ice cream on his upper lip. His thick golden hair was windblown and fell across his right eye. Even on the flat, two-dimensional surface of the photo-graph, one could sense the aura of delight, love and plea-sure that had always surrounded the child in life."I came as quickly as I could," Gorov said softly, speaking to the photograph.The boy stared, smiling, motionless."I'm going to get those people off the iceberg before midnight." Gorov hardly recognized his own voice. "I know I can do it. I'm not going to let them die. That's a promise."He was squeezing the photograph so tightly that hisfingers were pale, bloodless. He was breathing deeply, rapidly, as if he had been running.The silence in the cabin was oppressive.Someone walked by his door, whistling.As if the whistle were a slap in the face, Gorov jerked and sat up straight, suddenly aware of how maud-lin he had become. He was privately humiliated. Senti-mentalism would not help him adjust to his loss; and somehow, he knew, it was a corruption of the legacy of good memories and laughter which the boy had left be-hind.Annoyed with himself, the captain put down the photograph. He got to his feet and left the room.Timoshenko had been off duty for the past four hours. He had eaten dinner and napped for two hours. Now, at 8:45, fifteen minutes ahead of schedule, he was back in the communications center, preparing to return to work for the last watch of the day, which ended at 1:00 tomorrow morning. He was sitting at a program-ming console, reading a magazine and drinking hot tea from an aluminum mug when Gorov stepped in from the main companionway."Lieutenant, I believe it's time to make direct radio contact with those people on the iceberg."Timoshenko put down his tea and stood up. "Will we be surfacing again, sir?""In a few minutes.""Do you want to talk to them?""I'll leave that to you," Gorov said."And what shall I tell them?"Gorov quickly explained what they had found on their trip around the iceberg—the hopelessly stormy seas on the windward side, the sheer wall on the leeward side, the size of the berg—and outlined his plans for the breeches buoy. "And tell them that from here on out we'll keep them informed of our progress, or lack of it, every step of the way.""Yes, sir."Gorov turned to go."Sir? They're certain to ask—do you think we've a good chance of saving them?""Only fair.""Shall I be honest with them?""I think that's best.""Yes, sir.""But also tell them that we'll do it. No matter what the odds against, we'll get them off. I'm more deter-mined about this than I've been about anything else in my life. Tell them that. Make sure you tell them that."

8:57Harry Carpenter was surprised to hear his mother tongue spoken so fluently by a Russian radio operator. The man sounded as if he had taken a degree at a rather good middle-level university in Britain. English was the official language of the Edgeway expedition, as it was of nearly every multinational scientific study group. But somehow it seemed wrong for a Russian submariner to speak it so flawlessly. Gradually, however, as Timoshenko explained why the leeward flank was the only avenue of approach to the iceberg worth investigating, Harry became accus-tomed to the man's fluency and to his decidedly British accent.“But if the iceberg is five hundred yards wide,” Harry said, “why couldn't your men come on it from one end or the other?”“The sea is equally as stormy at either end as it is on the windward side.”“But a breeches buoy . . .” Harry said doubtfully. “I can't imagine it will be easy to rig one of those be-tween two moving points.”“That's only one of our options. If we're unable to make it work, we'll get to you some other way. You needn't worry about that.”“Wouldn't it be simpler, though, to send divers across to the ice? You must have scuba equipment aboard.”“And we've got a few trained frogmen,” Timoshenko said. “But even the leeward sea is much too rough for them. These waves and currents would carry them away as quickly as if they had leaped into a waterfall.”“Well . . . your captain does sound confident. At this stage I suppose we'd do better to leave all the worry-ing to you. Have you anything else to tell me?”“That's all for the moment,” Timoshenko said. “Stay by your radio. We'll keep you informed of developments.”Everyone except Harry and George Lin had some-thing to say about the call from the Russian submarine— something about how they should prepare for the rescue party or how they might be able to help the Russians scale the leeward wall—and it seemed that everyone was determined to say it first, now, instantly. Their voices, and echoes of their voices, and echoes of the echoes filled the ice cave.Harry acted as a moderator. He tried to keep them from gabbling on and on to no point.When George Lin saw that their excitement had begun to abate and that they were getting quieter, he joined the group. He faced Harry. He had something to say after all, and he had only been waiting until he was certain he would be heard. “What was a Russian sub-marine doing in this part of the world?”“This part of the world?”“It doesn't belong here.”“These are international waters.”“But they're a long way from Russia.”“Not all that far, actually.”Lin's face was deeply lined. His voice was strained. “But how did they learn about us?”“From monitoring radio reports, I suppose.”“Exactly. Precisely!” Lin said, as if he had proved a point. He looked at Fischer and then at Jobert and told them, “Radio reports. And why were the Russians monitoring communications in this part of the world?” The question was directed to Breskin, who shrugged. “Well, I'll tell you why. For the same reason this Timo-shenko speaks English so well: the Ilya Pogodin is on a surveillance mission; it's a damned spy submarine!”“Most likely,” Claude said mildly.“Of course,” Brian said. “What else?”Harry said, “A spy ship. Nevertheless—”“And it isn't just a spy ship,” Lin said, his voice rising on the last few words. His hands were at his sides, opening and closing repeatedly like busy Venus's-fly-traps. “It's carrying motorized rafts and the means to rig a breeches buoy to a shore point. That means it puts spies, saboteurs, maybe even assassins ashore in non-Communist countries.”“I hardly think assassins and saboteurs,” Harry said.“Oh, yes!” Lin said quickly, ardently. His face was flushed. “I'm sure of it. These Russians, these Commu-nists—they're barbarians. Every one of them. They're capable of anything.”Pete Johnson rolled his eyes for Harry's benefit. He said, “Look, George, I'm damned sure the United States does the same thing. It's a fact of modern political life. The Russians aren't the only people who spy on their neighbors.”Trembling visibly, Lin said, “Goddammit, that's no reason for us to legitimize the Ilya Pogodin!” He slammed his left fist into the open palm of his right hand.Brian winced at the gesture and glanced at Harry.Was that the same hand, and was this the same in-explicable and violent temper that had turned against Brian out there on the ice? Harry wondered.Gently putting one hand on Lin's shoulder, Rita said, “George, calm down. What do you mean,

'legitimize it'? You aren't making a great deal of sense.”Whirling around to face her as if she had threatened him, Lin said, “Don't you realize why these Russians want to rescue us? They aren't really concerned about whether we live or die. We don't matter to them. They aren't acting out of any humanitarian principles. It's the propaganda value of the situation that interests them. They're going to use us! At best we're only pawns to them. They're going to use us to generate endless pro-Russian sentiment in the world press!””That's certainly true,” Harry said.Lin turned to him again. “Of course it is.””At least in part.””No. It's entirely true. Entirely. And we can't let them get away with it!””I don't see that we're in any position to stop them,” Harry said.“Unless we stay here and die,” Breskin said. His deep voice, devoid of emotion, gave a note of prophecy to those six words.Pete said, “Is that what you want, George? Have you taken leave of your senses altogether? Do you want to stay here and die?”Lin was flustered. He shook his head: no. He said, “But you see . . . They're . . . They're . . .””They're Communists?” Harry asked “Is that it?””Yes.””So what?” Fischer said.Lin was frustrated with them. “Don't you see? Communists. Don't you understand what that means?””It means they aren't capitalists,” Claude said wearily.Pete said, “Do you want to stay here and die? That is the only question that matters. That is the bottom line. You've got to get back to it in the end.”Lin fidgeted, looked from one to the other of them, then looked down at his trembling hands. “No. Of course not. Nobody wants to die. I'm just . . . Sorry. Excuse me.” He walked to the far end of the cave and began to pace as he had done earlier, when he had been em-barrassed about the way he had treated Brian.Leaning close to Rita, Harry said, “Why don't you go talk to him for a bit?”She smiled. “Why, I'd love to. What about? The international Communist conspiracy?””Uncalled for.””Couldn't resist.””Talk about anything but that.””Cricket, then.”Harry made a face.“Oh, all right. I know what you mean.””Lift his spirits,” Harry said.“I don't believe I'm strong enough.””If you aren't, then nobody is.””Flattery,” she said. “It works. I'll try.””He's a man who desperately needs to be com-forted.” And he's a man who needs to be watched, Harry thought as Lin paced noisily on the ice floor. He's a man in quiet panic. He needs to be watched very closely indeed.

9:10Emil Zhukov climbed onto the bridge with a Thermos of hot tea and three aluminum mugs. He said, “Have they assembled the gun?”“A few minutes yet,” Gorov said. He held one of the mugs while the first officer poured the tea.Suddenly the night smelled of herbs and lemons and honey. Gorov's mouth watered. Then the wind caught the steam that was rising from the mug, crystallized it and carried it away from him. He sipped the brew, took a long swallow of it and smiled. Already the tea was growing cool; but there was sufficient heat in it to put an end to . the chills that had been running along his spine.Below the bridge, on the forward section of the main deck, three crewmen were assembling the special gun that would be used to shoot a messenger line to the iceberg. They were framed by four emergency lights. All three were dressed in black, insulated wet suits with heat packs at their waists, their faces covered by rubber and by large diving masks. Each of them was secured by a fine steel-link tether that was fixed to the forward escape hatch; the tether was long enough to allow a man to work freely, but not long enough to let him fall over-board.Although it was not a weapon, the gun had a terribly wicked, deadly appearance. It was nearly as high as a man, twice as wide and twice as heavy. It consisted of three main parts that were now pretty much assembled. The square base, which contained the motor that oper-ated the pulleys for the breeches buoy, was locked to four small, immovable rings. The rings had been a fea-ture of the deck ever since the submarine began putting KGB agents ashore in foreign lands. The blocklike middle piece contained the firing mechanism, the gunman's hand-grips and a large drum of messenger line. Finally, the third piece, a four-foot-long barrel, had just been mounted in its socket; it was five inches in diameter, bore an any-light scope and was capped at the muzzle end. It looked as if it could blow a hole through a tank; but on a battlefield it would have been every bit as ineffective as a peashooter.At times the runneled deck was nearly dry. But that wasn't the typical condition, and it lasted only for brief moments. Every time the bow dipped and a wave broke against the hull, the forward end of the ship was awash. The sea rushed onto the deck, boiling, bubbling coldly, full of foam and spray. It sloshed between the crewmen s legs, battered their thighs, surged to their waists before draining away. If the Ilya Pogodin had been on the windward side of the iceberg, the high storm waves would have overwhelmed the men, would have knocked them about mercilessly. Here, so long as they anticipated and prepared for the downward arc of the bow, they were able to stay on their feet and continue their work even when the sea swirled around them; and in those mo-ments when the deck was free of water, they worked fast and made up for lost time.The tallest of the three crewmen stepped away from the gun and looked up at the bridge. He signaled the captain that they were ready to begin.Gorov threw out the last of his tea. He gave the mug to Zhukov. “Alert the control room.”If his plan to use the breeches buoy was at all feasible, the submarine had to match speeds perfectly with the iceberg. If it began to outpace the ice, or if the ice began to outpace it, even by a fraction of a knot, the messenger line might pull tight and snap in two faster than they could reel out new slack.Gorov glanced at his watch: 9:15. The minutes were passing much too quickly. He felt as if he were living in a double-time world.One of the men on the forward deck uncapped the muzzle of the gun, which had been sealed to keep out moisture. Another man loaded a rocket into the barrel from that end.The projectile which would tow the messenger line was relatively simple in design. It looked rather like a fireworks rocket: two feet long, nearly five inches in diameter, trailing the nylon-and-wire line as a fireworks rocket might trail a fuse. When it struck the face of the cliff, it would explode and fire a four-inch-long bullet into the ice.This inner rocket, this bullet, which the messenger line joined at the base, could bore eight to twelve inches into a solid rock face, fusing with the material around it. Welded to granite or limestone or even hard shale, it made a reliable anchor. A man could go to shore on the messenger line if that were necessary, climb hand over hand, taking with him the pulley system and heavier line for the breeches buoy; and he could be certain that his far-point

base was absolutely secure and dependable.Unfortunately, Gorov thought, they were not dealing here with granite or limestone or hard shale. An ele-ment of the unknown had been introduced. It unbal-anced the equation. The anchor might not penetrate the ice properly or fuse with it as it did with most varieties of stone.One of the crewmen took hold of the handgrips which contained the trigger. With the help of the other two men, he got a range fix and a wind reading. The target area was thirty feet above the waterline; Semichastny had marked it with the floodlight. Compensating for the wind, the gunman sighted to the left of the mark.Zhukov put up two flares. Gorov lifted his night glasses. He focused on the bright circle of light on the face of the cliff.A heavy whump! carried above the wind.Even before the sound had faded, the rocket ex-ploded against the iceberg wall."Direct hit!" Zhukov said.Then the ice began to crack. Fissures zigzagged in every direction from the rocket's point of impact. Each crack sounded like a cannon shot. There was a long voi-ley of them. The face of the cliff shifted. Moved. Like jelly at first. Then like a shattered plate-glass window. A prodigious wall of ice—two hundred yards long, a hun-dred feet high and several feet thick—slid away from the body of the iceberg, suddenly and violently collapsed, crashed into the sea and sent shimmering geysers of dark water more than fifty feet into the air.And of course the messenger line went down with the ice.Gorov lowered his night glasses. He turned toward the three men on the forward main deck and signaled them to dismantle the gun and get below."It's still too damned sheer," Zhukov said.The icefall had done little to change the appearance of the leeward flank of the iceberg. There was a two-hundred-yard-long indentation to mark the collapse, but even this was a vertical plane, quite smooth, unmarked by ledges or projections or cracks that might have been of use to a climber. The cliff fell straight into the water, as it had done before the rocket was fired, leaving no shelf or niche where a motorized raft could land.A bit dispirited, Zhukov said, "We could send two men across on a raft. If they could match speeds with the iceberg, ride close to it, somehow anchor themselves to it and let it tow them along—""Then they could plant explosives to blast out a landing and operations shelf," Gorov said. "I've thought of that. But it would be an extremely risky proposition. It would be like riding a bicycle alongside a speeding ex-press train and trying to grab on for a free trip. The ice-berg isn't moving as fast as an express train, of course. But there's the problem of the rough seas, the wind . . . No. The landing shelf must already be there when the rafts reach the ice.""What do we do now?"Gorov wiped his goggles with the back of one snow-crusted glove. He studied the ice cliff through the binoculars. At last he said, "Tell Timoshenko to put through a call to the Edgeway group.""Yes, sir.""Find out where their cave is located. If it's any-where near the leeward side— Well, this might not be necessary, but if it is near the leeward side, I believe it's best if they move out of there altogether.""Move?" Zhukov said."I'm going to see if I can create a landing shaft if I torpedo the base of the cliff.""The rest of you go ahead," Harry insisted. "I've got to let Gunvald know what's happening here. As soon as I've talked to him, I'll bring out the radio set.""But surely Larsson's been monitoring every con-versation you've had with the Russians," Franz said.Harry nodded. "Perhaps. But if he hasn't been, he has a right to know about this.""You've only got a few minutes," Rita said. She reached for his hand, and then she sensed that he had another reason for calling Gunvald, a reason he was try-ing to hide from the others. Their eyes met; under-standing passed between them. She said, "A few min-utes. You remember that. Don't you start chatting with him about old girl friends."Harry smiled. "I never had any.""Just young ones, right?"Claude said, "Harry, I really think—""Don't worry. I promise you I'll be out of here long before the shooting starts. Now the rest of you get mov-ing."The cave was not along the leeward flank; nor was it near the midpoint of the iceberg, where the torpedo would strike. Nevertheless, when the Edgeway scientists got word of the Russian plan, they decided to retreat to the snow-mobiles. The concussion from the torpedo would pass through the iceberg from one end to the other. And the

hundreds of interlocking slabs of ice that formed the ceiling of the cave might well succumb to the vibrations.As soon as he was alone, Harry knelt in front of the radio set and called Larsson."I read you, Harry." Gunvald's voice was distant, faint, overlaid with static.Harry said, "Have you been listening in to my con-versations with the Russians?""What I could hear of them. This storm is beginning to generate a hell of a lot of interference, and you're drift-ing farther away from me by the minute.""At least you've a general idea of the situation here," Harry said. "I haven't time to chat about that. I've called to ask something of you. Something you may find morally repugnant." As succinctly as he could, he told Larsson about the attempt on Brian Dougherty's life, and then quickly explained what he wanted done.Gunvald was shocked by the attack on Dougherty. But he appreciated the need for haste, and he didn't dwell on that. "What you want me to do isn't an espe-cially pleasant task," he agreed. "But under the circum-stances it—"Static blotted out the last part of the sentence.Harry cursed, glanced at the entrance of the cave, turned back to the microphone and said, "Better repeat that. I didn't read you there at the end.""I said under the circumstances, it seems necessary. What you're asking of me.""You'll do it, will you?""Yes. At once.""How long do you think you'll need?""If I'm to be thorough, and if I can expect that what I'm searching for will be hidden—perhaps half an hour.""Good enough," Harry said. "Go to it, then."As he put down the microphone, Pete Johnson en-tered the cave and said, "Man, are you suicidal? Maybe I was wrong when I said you're a natural-born hero. Maybe you're just a natural-born masochist. Let's get the hell out of here before the roof falls in."Unplugging the microphone and handing it to the black man, Harry said, "That wouldn't faze me. I'm British. Let the roof fall in. I couldn't care less.""Maybe you aren't a masochist.""Of course I'm not," Harry said."Or a hero.""Never claimed to be.""Maybe you're just crazy."Picking up the radio set by the thick, crisscrossing leather straps atop the case, Harry said, "Only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midnight sun."As they stepped from the cave into the hard-driven snow, Johnson laughed and said, "Mad dogs and English-men, is it? I'll get you for that one.""I expect so," Harry said. He didn't tell Pete what he had asked of Gunvald Larsson. He was taking the black man's advice. He wasn't going to trust anyone. Except himself. And Rita. And Brian Dougherty.In the supply hut—where they stored food, tools, spare parts, any equipment that wasn't in use and the other provisions—Gunvald stripped out of his heavy coat and hung it on a rack near one of the electric heaters. The coat was matted with snow; and it began to drip by the tune he had taken off his outer boots.He walked to the back of the hut. In his felt boots he didn't make a sound. He had an unpleasant but un-shakable image of himself: a thief in a strange house, prowling.The rear half of the hut was in darkness. Velvety darkness. The only light was at the door, where he had come inside. For a moment he had the eerie notion that someone was waiting for him in the shadows.Ridiculous, he told himself. You're filled up with guilt. That is your problem. You don't like doing what you're here to do, and you feel as if you ought to be caught at it.He reached overhead in the blackness, located the light chain and pulled on it. A naked hundred-watt bulb lit up, bright and cold. When he let go of the chain, the bulb swung back and forth on its cord; and the hut was suddenly filled with leaping, dancing shadows.Along the back wall of the room, nine metal lock-ers stood like narrow caskets. Each of them had a name stenciled on the gray door, white letters above the three slits of the air vent: h. carpenter, r. carpenter, john-son, jobert and so forth.Gunvald went to the tool rack. He took down a heavy hammer and an iron crowbar. He was going to have to force open five of those lockers. He intended to breach them one after the other, as quickly as possible, before he had any second thoughts that might deter him.Previous expeditions onto the ice cap had learned that every man needed a bit of space, no matter how tiny—a few cubic feet which he could look upon as his own. In the crowded environment of an Arctic research station, a man's preference for privacy could rapidly metamorphose into a craving for it. There were no private quarters here, no bedrooms where you could sleep alone if that

was your custom; most of the huts housed two men in addition to equipment of one sort or another. The vast, empty icefield was no answer. If you valued your life, you simply did not go out there alone, not ever. It was possible to find solitude, and actually secure it for a few minutes, only in one of the two heated toilet stalls that were attached to the supply hut. But you couldn't cache your personal effects in the toilet. After all, every man had at least a handful of items—love letters, photo-graphs, mementos, what-have-you—that he wanted to keep secret. Sometimes these were shameful or embarrass-ing things. But usually not. A man couldn't feel safe in stashing certain belongings under his bed, not even if it was understood that the space beneath a mattress was sacrosanct. This was not to say that members of an expedition automatically distrusted one another. Trust had nothing to do with it. This was a deep, and perhaps even irrational, psychological need, and the lockers were there to satisfy it.Gunvald used the hammer to smash combination dials from five of the metal cabinets. The supply hut sounded like a busy foundry.If a psychopathic killer lived within a member of the Edgeway expedition, and if proof existed to identify that man, then the proof would be found in one of these lockers. Harry had been certain of it. Reluctantly, Gun-vald had agreed with him. It seemed reasonable to suppose that a madman would have, in his personal ef-fects, something quite different than what a sane man treasured and carried with him. Something indicative of a bizarre obsession. Something horrifying. Something un-expected. Something so unusual or frightening that when you looked at it you would say at once, "This belongs to a madman." Something . . .Wedging the hook of the crowbar into the round hole where the combination dial had been, Gunvald pulled backward with all of his might and tore the lock from the first locker. He popped open the door. The metal squealed and bent. The locker gaped like a mouth. He didn't look inside but proceeded quickly to the others: bang, bang, bang, bang! And then it was done.He threw the tools aside.His hands were sweating. He wiped them on his vest and then on his quilted trousers.After he had taken half a minute to catch his breath, he picked up a wooden crate full of freeze-dried food from the large stacks of supplies along the right-hand wall. He put the crate down in front of the first locker and sat on it.He reached for his pipe, but decided against it. His fingers touched the bowl, twitched, but left it in his vest pocket. The pipe relaxed him. It had pleasant associa-tions. And this was definitely not a high point of joy in his life. If he used the pipe, if he puffed away on it while he picked through the contents of his friends' lockers, then . . . Well, he had a hunch that he would never be able to enjoy a good smoke again.All right then, he thought. Where do I start?Roger Breskin.Franz Fischer.George Lin.Claude Jobert.Pete Johnson.Those were the five suspects. All of them were very bright and sensitive men. One of them was apparently too sensitive; he had snapped. But which was it? None of them was a good candidate for the tag "psychopathic killer."He decided to begin with Breskin because Breskin's locker was the first in line. The top shelf was bare. On the floor of the cabinet there was a cardboard box. Gunvald lifted that out and put it between his feet.As he had expected, Breskin was a man who trav-eled light. The box contained only five things. A lami-nated eight-by-ten color photograph of Roger's mother: a strong-jawed woman with curly gray hair and black-rimmed spectacles. One silver brush-and-comb set: tar-nished. A rosary. A bundle of "skin magazines": Play-boy, Oui, Penthouse, Club. And a scrapbook filled with photographs and newspaper clippings, all of them con-cerned with Breskin's career as an amateur weight lifter.He left everything on the floor and moved the wooden crate over a foot or two until he was sitting in front of Fischer's locker.The submarine was at its highest periscope depth. She was east of the iceberg now, lying in wait for it along its projected course.In the conning tower, Nikita Gorov stood at the periscope, his arms draped over the horizontal "ears" at the base of it. Even though the top of the scope was eight or nine feet above sea level, the storm waves ex-ploded against it and washed over it, temporarily obscur-ing his view. When the upper window was out of the water, however, the night sea was

revealed, dimly lighted by four drifting, dying flares. The iceberg had already begun to cross their bow, three hundred yards north of them, a gleaming white mountain starkly silhouetted against the black night and sea.Zhukov stood next to the captain. He was wearing headphones and was listening on an open line that con-nected him to the petty officer in the forward torpedo room. He said, “Number one tube ready.”To Gorov's right, a young seaman was monitoring a backup safety board full of green and red lights that represented equipment and hatches in the torpedo room. When Zhukov, relaying torpedo-room reports, said that the breach door was secure, the seaman said, “Green and check.”“Tube flooded.”“Flood indicated.”“Muzzle door open.”“Red and check.”“Tube shutters open.”“Red and check.”The Ilya Pogodin was not primarily a warship. She did not carry nuclear missiles. However, the Soviet Naval Ministry had decided that every Russian submarine should be prepared to bring the battle to the enemy in the event of a sub-nuclear war. Therefore, she was carry-ing twelve electric torpedoes. Weighing over a ton and a half, packed with seven hundred pounds of high ex-plosives, each of these steel sharks had enormous de-structive potential. The Ilya Pogodin was not primarily a warship, but if so ordered, she could have sunk several enemy craft.“Number one tube ready,” Zhukov said, repeating what the torpedo officer had told him.“Number one tube ready,” said the enunciator.The chamber fell into silence then, except for the soft hum of machinery and the muttering of computers.Gorov said, “Fire!”“Fire one!” Zhukov repeated.The young seaman glanced at his fire control panel as the torpedo was let go. “One gone.”Gorov squinted through the eyepiece, tense, ex-pectant.The torpedo had been set to seek a depth of fifteen feet. It would strike the cliff exactly that far below the waterline. With a bit of luck, the configuration of the ice after the explosion would be more amenable to the land-ing of a raft than it was now.The torpedo hit its mark.Gorov said, “Strike!”The sea leaped up at the base of the cliff; and for an instant the water was full of fiery yellow light.Echoes of the concussion vibrated through the sub-marine's outer hull. Gorov could feel it in the deck plates.The bottom of the cliff began to dissolve. A house-sized chunk of it tumbled into the water and was followed by an avalanche of broken ice.Gorov winced. He knew that the explosives were not powerful enough to blast the iceberg in half. In fact, the target was so very large that the torpedo could do no more than make a dent in it. But for a few seconds, there was an illusion of utter destruction.The petty officer in the forward torpedo room told Zhukov that the breach door was shut. The first officer passed the word to the technicians.“Green and check,” one of them said.Lifting the headset from one ear, Zhukov said, “How's it look out there, sir?”Keeping his eye to the periscope, Gorov said, “Not much better than it did.”“No landing shelf?”“Not really. But the ice is still falling.”Zhukov cocked his head, listening to the petty officer at the other end of the line. “Muzzle door shut.”“Green and check.”“Blowing number one tube.”Gorov was not listening closely to the series of routine safety checks, because his full attention was riveted on the iceberg. Something was wrong. The moving mountain had begun to act strangely. Or was it his imagination? He squinted, trying to get a better look at the ice behemoth between the high waves. It seemed not to be advancing eastward any longer. Indeed, he thought the “bow” of it was even beginning to swing around to the south . . . Ever so slightly toward the south . . . No. Absurd. Couldn't be. He closed his eyes. He told himself that he was seeing things. But when he looked again, he was even more certain that—The radar technician said, “Target's changing course.”“It can't be,” Zhukov said, startled. “Not all that quickly. It doesn't have any power of its own.”“Nevertheless, it's changing,” Gorov said.“Not the torpedo. Something else,” Gorov said worriedly. He turned away from the periscope. He pulled down a steel-spring microphone from the ceiling and spoke to the control room, which was beneath the conning tower. “I want a full systems scan of the lower fathoms down to seven hundred feet.”The voice that came out of the overhead squawk box was efficient, crisp. “Commencing full scan, sir.”Gorov put his eye to the periscope again.The purpose of the scan was to look for a major ocean

current that was strong enough to affect an object as large as the iceberg. Through the use of limited-range sonar, infrared marine survey equipment and sophisti-cated listening devices, the Ilya Pogodin's technicians were able to plot the movements of both warm- and cold-blooded forms of sea life beneath and to all sides of the boat. Schools of small fish and millions upon millions of krill, shrimplike creatures upon which many of the larger fish feed, were swept along by the more powerful currents or lived in them by choice, especially if these oceanic highways were warmer than the sur-rounding water. If masses of fish and krill, as well as thick strata of plankton, were found to be moving in the same direction, and if several other factors could be cor-related with the movement, they could identify a major current, lower a current meter and get a reasonable in-dication of its velocity.Two minutes after Gorov had ordered the scan, the squawk box crackled again. "There's a due-south current at three hundred and forty feet, Captain."Gorov looked away from the periscope and pulled down the microphone again. "How deep does it run?""Can't tell. It's choked with sea life. Probing it is like trying to see through a wall. We have gotten readings as deep as six hundred and sixty feet, but that's not the bottom of it.""How fast is it moving?""Approximately nine knots, sir."Gorov blanched. "Repeat.""Nine knots.""Impossible!""Have mercy," Zhukov said.Gorov released the microphone and returned to the periscope.They were in the path of a juggernaut. The ice-berg had been swinging slowly, ponderously, into the new current, but now the full force of the water was squarely behind it. It was still turning, trying to bring its "bow" around, but it was mostly sideways to the submarine and would remain like that for several min-utes yet."Target closing!" the radar operator said. "Five hun-dred yards!" He read off the bearing he had taken.Before Gorov could reply, the boat was suddenly shaken as if a giant hand had taken hold of it. Zhukov fell. Papers slid off the chart table. The sensations lasted only two or three seconds, but they left everyone badly frightened."What?" Zhukov asked."We've had a collision.""With what?""Small floe of ice," Gorov said. He ordered damage reports from every part of the boat.They could not have met up with a large object, for if they had they would have been dead already. The submarine's hull was not tempered; therefore, even one ton of fast-moving ice would cave it in as if it were paper. Whatever they had met was small, but no matter how small it was it would surely have caused some damage."Four hundred and fifty yards and closing!" the radar operator said.Gorov was in a bind. If he didn't take the boat down, they would collide with the iceberg. But if he dived before he knew what damage had been sustained, they might never be able to surface. There was simply not enough time to bring the submarine around and flee either to the east or west; the iceberg stretched away nearly two fifths of a mile in both directions.Gorov snapped up the horizontal bar on the peri-scope and sent the device into its sleeve."Four hundred and twenty yards and closing!" said the radar operator."Dive!" Gorov said, even as the first damage re-ports were being made. "Dive!"The klaxons blasted throughout the ship. The col-lision alarm wailed."We're going under the ice before it hits us," Gorov said.Zhukov said, "There must be six hundred feet of ice below the waterline!"His heart racing, his mouth dry, Gorov said, "I know. I'm not certain we'll make it."Thus far Gunvald had turned up nothing of in-terest—except, of course, the pornography. He had found a small packet of high-quality glossy magazines and photo-graphs in Franz Fischer's locker, and a much larger collection among George Lin's belongings.The existence of the erotic material was not at all surprising or shocking. When a vigorous, active man was planning to spend the better part of a year at an isolated polar research station, he had to be as realistic about his sexual needs as he was about laying in the proper stores of food and fuel. Unable to have a woman, unable to lead a normal life, more than a few men at these outposts of the scientific community found that desire became intense in a relatively short period of time. Back home they might well go for a few months without sex. But here, in this desolate place, the sex drive was accelerated. Perhaps it was the presence of death which could be sensed in the ice and in the hostile

weather. Or it could have been that men always wanted most that which was denied them. At any rate, after a few weeks in this cold white desert, they were horny. Some men learned the secret energies of abstinence; some men were embarrassed by the necessity for self-gratification, and others were merely frustrated by it. Gunvald had brought Danish and Swedish magazines on previous expeditions; however, the relief obtained had been so unsatisfactory that he had opted for temporary chastity of body if not of mind.If Fischer or Lin had been hiding particularly kinky pornography—sadomasochistic material or that which would have appealed to a pedophiliac—Gunvald would have been concerned. A person who had such interests could hardly be called insane. Society looked upon these people as abnormal but probably harmless. Under the circumstances, however, a kinky sexual appetite might well be viewed as a clue, if only because nothing more unusual than that had been uncovered.But Fischer and Lin had very ordinary tastes. Noth-ing in their pornography would have shocked an edu-cated adult: a man with a woman, two men with a woman, three men with a woman, and three women with a man. Between them, Fischer and Lin owned an encyclopedia of familiar lusts. Gunvald was amused to see that about the only thing missing from both batches of erotica was a study of the missionary position.Obviously, Fischer had selected each piece of his collection with great care. Paging through it in search of a clue, Gunvald noticed that there were no ugly women or men. No unattractive poses or settings. The quality of the photographs was superb, never streaked or grainy or overlighted. Fischer had evidently spent a great deal of time picking and choosing to fill out the plastic packet that contained these treasures.Did that mean anything? Gunvald wondered.No. It meant nothing. A man could not be judged mad simply because he was methodical or because he had good taste.The same had to be said for George Lin. His col-lection contained as much ugliness as it did beauty. And it was too large even for six or eight months of isolation, even for a man who craved variety in his voyeurism. But a man could not be judged mad simply because he was not methodical or because he had bad taste.Gunvald moved on to Pete Johnson's locker.Gorov knew that, among men of other nations, Russians were seen as dour, somber, hopelessly gloomy people. Of course this stereotype was as empty of truth as any other. Russians laughed and partied and made love and got terribly drunk, as did people everywhere. So many university students in the West had read Fe-odor Dostoyevsky and had tried to read Tolstoy, and it was from these few pieces of literature that they formed their opinions of modern-day Russians. And yet if there had been any foreigners in the control room of the Ilya Pogodin at this moment, they would have seen precisely the Russians that the stereotype described: somber-faced men, all of them frowning, all of them with beetled brows, all of them filled with the awful tension that came from a profound respect for fate.The damage reports had been made. There were no buckled bulkheads, and no water was entering the boat. The shock had been worse in the forward quarters than anywhere else, and it had been especially unsettling in the torpedo room. Although the safety-light boards reg-istered no immediate danger, there was certainly some degree of exterior hull damage in the area of the bow. If the outer skin had only been scraped, or if it had surfered only a minor dent, they would most likely survive. However, if the hull had sustained even a moderate wound—and worst of all, one that lay across welded seams—they might not live through a deep dive. The pressure on the submarine would not be uniformly re-sisted; this would cause severe strain, and at some point the boat would give out on them, crumple up and sink straight to the ocean floor.The diving officer's voice was loud but shaky. “Two hundred feet and descending.”The sonar operator said, “The profile of the target is narrowing. She's continuing to come bow-around in the current.”“Two hundred and fifty feet,” said the diving officer.“Three hundred and eighty yards and closing.”“If I wasn't an atheist,” Zhukov said miserably, “I would start praying.”No one laughed.You can smell the fear in this room, Gorov thought. And that was neither an exaggeration nor a theatrical conceit. Fear did have an odor of its own: the tang of an unusually acrid sweat. Every man in the control chamber was perspiring. The place was

filled with the fumes of fear."Three hundred and twenty feet," said the diving officer.The sonar operator said, "Three hundred and fifty yards and closing fast.""Three hundred and sixty feet."Even as each man monitored the equipment at his station, he found time to glance repeatedly at the diving stand. That was the focus of the room. The needle on the depth gauge was falling rapidly, far more rapidly than they had ever seen it move. Three hundred and eighty feet. Four hundred. Four hundred and twenty feet. The ship had been designed for this sort of sudden maneuver, but that fact did not relieve anyone aboard her."Four hundred and sixty feet," said the diving officer."Target at three hundred yards.""Four hundred and eighty feet."Gorov gripped the command-pad railing with both hands, gripped it so tightly that his arms ached. His knuckles were as sharp and white as bare bones."Target at two hundred yards. It's picking up speed like it's going downhill.""Five hundred and twenty feet." They would need to descend at least another hundred and sixty feet until they were safely under the berg—and perhaps a great deal more than that."Five hundred and forty feet.""I've only been this deep twice before in ten years of service," Zhukov said."Something to write home about," Gorov said."Target at one hundred and eighty yards and clos-ing fast. Damned fast," said the sonar operator."Five hundred and sixty feet," the diving officer said, although he knew that everyone was watching the platter-size depth gauge.A thousand feet was the official maximum oper-ating depth for the Ilya Pogodin. With any luck they would not need to take her below that depth. Of course, if her outer skin was damaged, the thousand-foot figure could be forgotten. She might crumple under the pressure well before she went that deep.Indeed, Gorov thought, she could give way at any moment now."Target at eighty yards and closing."Gorov was contributing his share to the stench within the small room. His shirt was sweat-stained down the middle of the back and under the arms.The diving officer's voice had softened almost to a whisper. "Six hundred feet and descending."Zhukov's face was as gaunt as a death mask.Still gripping the railing, Gorov said, "We've got to risk another eighty feet. We've got to be well under the ice."Zhukov nodded."Six hundred and twenty feet."The sonar operator struggled to control his voice. Nevertheless, a vague note of hysteria colored his next report. "Target at forty yards and closing. Dead ahead of the sail, if not the bow too. It's going to hit us!""None of that!" Gorov said sharply. "We'll make it.""Six hundred and seventy feet.""Target twenty yards.""Six hundred and eighty feet.""Target lost," the sonar operator said, his voice rising half an octave on the last word.They froze, waiting for the grinding crash, the ex-plosive, deadly impact that would smash the hull.I've been a fool to jeopardize my own and seventy-nine other lives just to save one tenth that number, Gorov thought.The technician who was monitoring the surface fathometer cried, "Ice overhead!""What's our clearance?" Gorov asked."Fifty feet."No one cheered. They were still too tense for that. But there was a modest, collective sigh of relief."We're under it," Zhukov said, amazed."Seven hundred feet and descending," the diving officer said worriedly."Blow negative to the mark," Gorov said. "Let's stabilize her at seven hundred and forty.""We're safe," Zhukov said.Gorov pulled on his beard and found it wet with perspiration. He said, "No. Not safe. Not yet. Not until we're out from under."Carpenter and Johnson stood at the entrance to the cave, their backs to the wind. The black man probed the ceiling with his flashlight beam."Looks sound enough," Harry said."I think so too. But what if we bring the radio back in here and the Russians fire another torpedo?""If they had that in mind, they'd have done it already.""What do you think's gone wrong?""I wish to hell I knew."They stepped into the cave.Pete said, "You've noticed the wind?""Fifteen minutes ago it was blowing from another quarter of the compass.""Which means the iceberg has changed direction again.""Look here, you're the demolitions expert," Harry said. "Could the torpedo have had such a grave effect on the ice?"Shaking his head emphatically, Pete said, "No. Im-possible.""I thought as much." Suddenly he was so very tired, desperately weary and oppressed by a sense of powerless-ness. It was as if nature herself had set out to get them regardless

of the cost. The odds against their survival were growing by the minute and would soon be insur-mountable—if they weren't already. But he had Rita. And because of her, he was not about to surrender. Because of her he had something to live for, no matter how difficult it was just to live. "The only other explana-tion is that the iceberg has been picked up by a new current, a much stronger current that pulled it out of an east-southeasterly course and got it moving due south.""Is that going to make it easier or harder for the Russians to climb up here and get us?""Harder, I should think. If she is heading south, and if the wind is coming pretty much from the north—Well, then, the only leeward area is at the bow. And they can't put men onto the ice as it's rushing down on them.""And it's nearly ten o'clock.""Exactly," Harry said."If they can't get us off in time . . . If we have to stay here through midnight, will we come out of this alive? Don't bullshit me now. What's your honest opinion?""I should ask that of you. You're the man who designed those bombs. You ought to know better than I what they will do to the iceberg."Johnson looked grim. "The shock waves are going to smash up most of the ice we're standing on. There is a chance that five or six hundred feet of the berg will hold together, but not the entire quarter mile from the bow to the first bomb. And if only five or six hun-dred feet of it are left, do you know what will happen?"Harry knew. He said it quietly, almost reverently. "The ice will be five hundred feet long, and seven hun-dred feet from top to bottom.""And it can't float that way.""Not for a minute. The center of gravity will be all wrong. It'll roll over, seek a new attitude."They stared at each other.At last Pete said, "If only we'd been able to dig out ten of the bombs.""But we weren't." He turned toward the entrance. "Let's get the radio in here and see if the Russians have anything to tell us. Preferably good news."Gunvald had discovered that Johnson and Jobert had small packets of erotica in their lockers. In each case, however, the material was much different from that which belonged to Fischer and Lin. Pete owned no mag-azines or photographs. Apparently he preferred to rely on his imagination as much as possible, for he kept in touch with his sexuality solely through erotic books. And he had brought with him only the very best of the genre. He had a set of uniform editions of Henry Miller's work, some books by Frank Harris—and several novels that were not erotic at all. None of it indicated madness. Likewise, Claude's locker contained nothing bizarre. He had one packet of fifty four-by-five black-and-white photo-graphs. These were cracked at the edges, bent at the corners and a bit yellowed. From the look of them they had been made and sold in the 1940s. They were explicit in nature but colored by an innocence that the world had lost at least a decade ago. They seemed to be in the locker not for purposes of arousal but for almost senti-mental reasons. Gunvald was amused and touched by them. And because of them he found Claude, whom he already considered to be an admirable and likable man, even more admirable and likable.And where does that leave me? he wondered. Five suspects. Five lockers. But nothing sinister. No clues.He got up from the wooden crate and went to the far end of the room. At that distance from the violated lockers—although the distance itself did not make him any less guilty—he felt that he could fill and light his pipe. Besides, he needed it to calm him and to help him think. A minute later the air was filled with the rich odor of cherries.He closed his eyes and leaned against the wall and thought about the items he had taken from the lockers. At a glance there had been nothing outré in those things. But it was possible that the clues, if any there were, would be subtle ones. He might find what he was looking for only on reflection. Therefore, he held each piece of their belongings up before his mind's eye, turned it over and over in imaginary hands, looked in it and under it, seeking the intellectual equivalent of hidden compartments.Roger Breskin.Franz Fischer.George Lin.Claude Jobert.Pete Johnson.So far as Gunvald could see, they were all clean. One of them might be a lunatic, but he was a damned clever lunatic. A damned cautious lunatic. He had hid-den his madness so well that there was not even a sign of it in his most personal, private effects.Frustrated, Gunvald emptied his pipe into a sand-filled waste can, put

the pipe in his pocket and returned to the lockers. The floor was littered with the precious detritus of five lives. As he gathered it up and put it back where he had found it, his sense of guilt burgeoned in a new season of shame—And then he saw the folder. It was approximately ten inches by twelve inches. An inch thick. A flat gray color. Standing against the back wall of the locker. It wasn't difficult to understand how he had overlooked it. Indeed, he was surprised that he had noticed it even now. However, as soon as he saw it he knew, by the sort of sudden and vivid premonition that he had heard about but had never before experienced, that it con-tained the damaging evidence for which he had been searching.The folder was stuck to the locker wall. When he pulled it free, he saw that the back of it bore eight loops of electrician's tape. It had not come to be against the wall by accident. It had been placed there so that it might be kept a secret even if the locker were violated.He opened the folder. He took from it a spiral-bound notebook with what appeared to be newspaper and magazine clippings interlarded between the pages. The folder contained nothing else.His hands were shaking.Reluctantly but without hesitation, he opened the notebook and began to page through it. The contents hit him with tremendous force, shocked him as he had never expected he could be shocked. It was like a blast from a psychic shotgun. Full in the face. Both barrels. Hideous stuff. Horrifying. Here was the pornography of the twisted man. Here was real obscenity, visions far more demented than anything that had ever been shown in a dirty movie or book. Gunvald needed much less than a minute to know that the man who had compiled this collection was, if not a raving maniac, at least a seriously disturbed and dangerous individual.He closed the book. He turned out the light at the back of the room and went to get his coat and boots. He dressed hurriedly and ran back to the telecommunica-tions hut to tell Harry what he had found."Ice overhead. One hundred feet."Gorov left the command pad and stood behind the technician who was reading the surface fathometer."Ice overhead. One hundred and twenty feet.""How can it be falling away from us?" Gorov asked. "We can't have passed under even half the iceberg's length. There's still a mountain hanging over us."The technician frowned. "I don't know, sir. But it's up to a hundred and forty feet and still rising.""A hundred and forty feet of clear water between us and the bottom of the iceberg?""Yes, sir."The surface fathometer was a sophisticated version of the echo sounder that had been used for decades to find the floor of the ocean beneath a submarine. It threw high-frequency sound waves upward in a tightly con-trolled spread, bounced an echo off the ice—if there was any overhead—and determined the distance between the top of the sail and the frozen ceiling of the sea. It was standard equipment on every ship that might possibly be called upon to pass under the ice cap in order to fulfill its duties or to escape an enemy vessel."One hundred and sixty feet, sir."The fathometer's stylus wiggled back and forth on a continuous drum of graph paper. The black band it drew was getting narrower."Ice overhead. One hundred and eighty feet."The squawk box above the command pad hissed and crackled. The voice that came from it was gruff by nature, metallic as all voices were that passed through the intercom. "This is the torpedo officer, Captain. Our forward bulkhead is beginning to sweat."Everyone in the control room stiffened. Their at-tention had been fixed on the ice reports and on the sonar readings, for the greatest danger seemed to be that they would encounter a stalactite that would skewer the llya Pogodin as if the boat were a bit of lamb for a shish kebab. The torpedo officer's warning had reminded them that they had collided with ice just before diving and that every square inch of the submarine was even now under incomprehensibly brutal pressure.Pulling down an overhead microphone, Gorov said, "Cantata to torpedo room. There's dry insulation behind that bulkhead."The squawk box was now the center of interest, as the diving gauge had been earlier. "I know that, Captain. But it's sweating just the same. The insulation behind it must be wet now."That meant they had sustained a dangerous amount of damage when they collided with that small floe of ice. "Is there much water?""Just a sweat, sir. Just a film.""Where did you find it?"The torpedo officer said, "Along the weld

between number four tube and number five tube.""Any buckling?""No, sir.""Watch it closely," Gorov said."I've got eyes for nothing else, sir."Gorov let go of the microphone, and it sprang back up out of the way.Zhukov was at the command pad. "We could change course, sir.""No." Gorov knew what Ms first officer was think-ing. The last half of the iceberg's length was ahead of them, at least two fifths of a mile of it. To port or starboard there was open water within two or three hun-dred yards. A change of course seemed reasonable, but it would have been a wasted effort. "By the time we brought her around to port or starboard, we'd have passed under the iceberg's stern and would be in open water anyway. Hold tight, Lieutenant.""Yes, sir.""Rudder amidships, and keep it that way unless this current begins to push us around."The operator seated at the surface fathometer said, "Ice overhead. Two hundred and fifty feet.""Take her up?" Zhukov suggested. "If we ascend to just six hundred feet, that torpedo room bulkhead might not sweat. The pressure would be considerably less.""Steady and seven hundred and forty," Gorov said shortly. He was more worried about his sweating crew than he was about the sweating bulkhead. They were good men. They had been in countless tight spots in the past, and without exception they had remained calm and professional. However, on every other occasion they had needed nothing but nerve and skill to see them through. This time luck was a part of it. No amount of nerve and skill could save them if the hull cracked under this titanic pressure. Unable to trust themselves, they were forced to trust in the faceless engineers who had built the Ilya Pogodin. That was enough to make them a bit crazy—and perhaps careless. "We can't go up," Gorov explained. "There's still ice above us. I don't know what's happening here, but we're going to be damned cautious.""Ice overhead. Two hundred and eighty feet."Gorov looked once again at the fathometer graph."Three hundred feet, sir."Abruptly the stylus topped jiggling. It produced a straight, thin, black line down the center of the drum."Clear water," the technician said, obviously startled. "No ice overhead."Gorov said, "Impossible. We haven't—""Ice overhead again. Three hundred feet. Three hundred feet, and falling now."Gorov watched the stylus closely. The channel of open water between the top of the sail and the bottom of the iceberg narrowed steadily. Two hundred and sixty feet. Two hundred and twenty. One hundred and eighty . . . It held at fifty feet for a moment, then began to fluctuate wildly: fifty feet, a hundred and fifty feet, fifty feet again, a hundred feet, eighty feet, fifty feet, two hundred feet, up and down and up and down in utterly unpredictable peaks and troughs. Then it reached fifty feet once more, and the stylus began to wiggle less erratically."Holding steady," the fathometer technician said. "Fifty to sixty feet. Minor variations. Holding . . . still holding . . .""Could the machine have been malfunctioning back there?" Gorov asked the technician."I've no reason to believe it was, sir.""Then do I understand what just happened? Did we pass under a hole in the middle of the iceberg?"The technician kept a close watch on the graph drum, ready to call out if the ice began to run lower than the fifty-foot mark. "It was approximately in the middle.""A funnel-shaped hole?""That's right, sir. It began as an inverted dish. But the upper two thirds of it narrowed drastically."Beginning to get excited, Gorov said, "And it went all the way to the top of the iceberg?""I don't know about that, sir. But it went up at least to sea level. The fathometer can't take readings farther up than that.""How did it get there, I wonder?"No one had an answer.Gorov shrugged. "Perhaps one of the Edgeway peo-ple will know. They've been studying the ice. The im-portant thing is that it's there, however it came to be.""Why is this hole so important?" Zhukov asked.Gorov had a seed of an idea, the germ of an out-rageously daring plan to rescue the Edgeway scientists. If the hole—"Clear water," the fathometer operator said. "No ice overhead."Zhukov pressed a tab on the command-pad console. He looked up at the computer readout screen to his right. "It checks. Taking into account the southward current and our forward speed, we should be out from under.""Clear water," the technician repeated.Gorov glanced at his watch: 10:02. Two hours re-mained until the explosive charges would shatter the ice-berg. In that

length of time they could not possibly mount a conventional rescue attempt with any hope of success. What he had in mind might seem to some to border on outright lunacy, but it had the advantage of being a plan that could work within the time they had left.Zhukov cleared his throat. He was waiting for orders to take the submarine up to a less dangerous depth.Pulling down the steel-spring microphone, Gorov said, "Captain to torpedo room. How's that bulkhead look?"From the overhead speaker: "Still sweating, sir. It's not any better—but not any worse either.""Keep watching. And stay calm." Gorov let go of the microphone and returned to the command pad. "Engines at half speed. Left full rudder."Astonishment made Zhukov's long face look even longer. He opened his mouth to speak, but he couldn't make a sound. He swallowed hard. The second time he was a bit more successful. In a weak voice he said, "You mean we aren't going up?""Not this minute," Gorov said, patting his shoulder reassuringly. "We've got to make another run under that mountain. I want to have another look at the hole in the bottom of it."When Timoshenko described the hole and the large area of wildly scalloped ice on the bottom of the iceberg, Harry explained the probable cause of it. The iceberg had been broken off the cap bv a tsunami. The tsunami had been generated by a seabed earthquake almost directly beneath them. If there had been any volcanic activity. along the fault line—and in this part of the world, in association with this chain of fractures, volcanic activity was de rigeur, as witness the violent Icelandic erup-tions in the early 1970s—then enormous quantities of lava could have been discharged into the sea, flung up-ward with tremendous force. Spouting white-hot lava could have bored that hole, and the millions of gallons of boiling water that it produced could easily have sculpted the troughs and peaks in the ice that lay astern of the hole.Although it originated from a surfaced submarine only a fraction of a mile away, Timoshenko's voice was laced with static. "As Captain Gorov sees it, there are three possibilities. The hole might end in solid ice above the waterline. It might lead into a cavern or to the bottom of a shallow crevasse. Or it might continue for another hundred feet above sea level and open on the top of the iceberg. Does that analysis seem sound to you, Dr. Car-penter?""Yes," Harry said. "And I believe I know which of the three it is." He told Timoshenko about the crevasse that had opened midway in the iceberg's length when the gigantic seismic waves had passed under the edge of the winter field. "I nearly fell into it. It swallowed up my snowmobile.""And the bottom of this crevasse is open to the sea?""I don't know," Harry said. "But I suspect it is. As close as I can calculate, it lies above the hole you've found. The heat needed to form the hole would have cracked the ice above the waterline.""If the hole is there—I suppose we should call it a tunnel—can you reach it by climbing down into this crevasse?" Timoshenko asked.What the devil is he getting at? Harry wondered. "If we had to do it, I suppose we could improvise some climbing equipment. But why should we have to do it?""That's how we're taking you off the ice. Through that tunnel."In the cave behind Harry, the others expressed their disbelief.He gestured at them to be quiet. To the Russian radioman he said, "Down through the tunnel to the sub-marine? But how?"Timoshenko said, "In diving gear.""We haven't any.""Yes, but we have." Timoshenko explained how it would be gotten to them.Harry was impressed but still doubtful. "I've done some diving in the past. I'm not an expert at it, but I know a man can't dive that deep unless he's trained and has special equipment.""We've got the special equipment," Timoshenko said. "I'm afraid you'll have to do without the special train-ing." He spent the next five minutes outlining Captain Gorov's plan in some detail.Incredible! Harry thought. Brilliant, daring and well thought out. He wanted to meet Gorov, to see the man who had come up with such a clever idea. "It might work, but it's risky. And there's no guarantee that the tunnel opens in that crevasse. Perhaps we won't be able to find this end of it—not in the crevasse, not anywhere.""Perhaps," Timoshenko agreed. "But it's your best chance. It's your only chance. There's an hour and a half remaining until those bombs explode. We can't get rafts across to the iceberg and climb up there and bring you down

as we had planned. Not in ninety minutes. The wind is coming in from the stern of the iceberg now, whistling along both flanks. We'd have to land the rafts at the bow, and that is impossible.”That was true, Harry knew. He had said as much to Pete just half an hour ago. “Lieutenant Timoshenko, I need to discuss this with my colleagues. Give me a minute, please.” Still hunkering before the radio, he turned slightly to face the others and said, “Well?”Rita said, “Let's not waste time. Of course we'll do it. We can't just sit here and wait to die.”Claude nodded. “We haven't much choice.”“I'd say we've got one chance in ten thousand of getting through alive,” Franz told them. “But it's not altogether hopeless.”“Teutonic gloom,” Rita said, grinning.In spite of himself, Fischer managed a vague smile. “That's what you said when I was worried that an earth-quake might strike before we got back to base camp.”“Count me in,” Brian said.Breskin said, “And me.”Pete Johnson said, “I joined up for the adventure. Now I'm sure as hell getting more of it than I bargained for. If we ever get out of this mess, I swear I'll be content to spend my evenings at home with a good book.”Turning to Lin, Harry said, “Well, George?”He shuffled his feet. “If we stayed here, if we didn't leave before midnight, isn't there reason to believe we'd come through the explosions on a piece of ice large enough to sustain us? I was under the impression that we were counting on that before—before this submarine showed up.”Harry said, “If we've one chance in ten thousand of living through the escape Captain Gorov has planned for us, then we've one chance in a million of living through the explosions at midnight.”Lin was biting his lower lip so hard that Harry would not have been surprised to see blood spring up and trickle down his chin.“George? Are you with us?”Finally Lin nodded.Harry picked up the microphone again. “Lieutenant Timoshenko?”“I read you, Dr. Carpenter.”“We've decided that your captain's plan makes sense if only because it's a necessity. We'll do it—if it can be done.”“It can be, Doctor. We're convinced of it.”“We'll have to move quickly,” Harry said. “There isn't any hope of our reaching the crevasse much before eleven o'clock. That will leave just one hour for the rest of it.”Timoshenko said, “If we all keep in mind the image of that clock, we shouldn't need more than an hour. Good luck to all of you.”“And to you,” Harry said.When they were ready to leave the cave a few min-utes later, Gunvald had still not called to report on the contents of those five lockers. It looked as if they were going to have to go down that tunnel without knowing which of them was likely to go for Dougherty's throat when the opportunity arose. Even as Harry stepped from the cave into the wind and snow, he hoped to hear Lars-son's voice behind him. But it did not come, and he could not wait for it.Even the most sophisticated telecommunications equipment was unable to cope with the interference that accompanied a storm of this size in these latitudes at this time of the year. Gunvald could no longer pick up the powerful transmissions emanating from the U.S. base at Thule. All across the band, the storm reigned. The only scrap of man-made sound was a distant, fragmented program of big-band music that faded in and out on a five-second cycle. The speakers were choked with static: a hideous, wailing, screaming, screeching, hissing, crack-ling concert of chaos not accompanied by even one human voice.He leaned in toward the set, the microphone against his lips, and said, “Harry, can you read me?”Static.For perhaps the fiftieth time, he read off his call numbers and their call numbers, unconsciously raising his voice as if he were trying to shout above the inter-ference.No response. They weren't receiving him.He knew he ought to give up.He looked at the notebook which was open on the table beside him. Although he had seen this particular page a dozen times, he shuddered.I can't give up, he thought. They've got to know!He called them again.Static.

Five: Tunnel

10:45Gorov searched one third of the horizon with his night glasses, alert for drift ice other than the iceberg that was carrying the Edgeway group. That white mountain lay ahead of them, still caught in the deep current that began almost three hundred feet below the submarine's keel. A smaller floe would find them by no means impervious to a well-placed blow.The storm-racked sea which churned on all sides of them had none of its familiar, rhythmic motion. It affected the ship in an unpredictable fashion: therefore, it was impossible for a man to prepare for its next attack. Without warning, the submarine heeled over to port so violently that Gorov was thrown sideways and collided with both Zhukov and Semichastny. He disentangled him-self and gripped an ice-sheathed section of the railing just as a wall of spray burst across the bridge.As the ship righted itself, Zhukov shouted, “I'd rather be down at seven hundred feet!”“You see now?” Gorov shouted. “You didn't know when you were well off!”“I'll never complain again, sir.”There was no longer a leeward flank of the iceberg in which the Ilya Pogodin could take shelter. She was forced to endure on the open surface, pitching and heav-ing, rocking and falling and rising and wallowing as if she were a living creature in her death throes. The waves battered the starboard hull, roared up the wall of the conning tower and cast spray over one side of the sail and down the other. Most of the time the submarine listed heavily to port on the back of a monstrous green-black swell that was both monotonous and malignant. All of the men on the bridge were jacketed in ice, as was the metalwork around them.Gorov's face, where it was not covered by goggles or by the edge of his hood, was smeared with petroleum jelly. Although his post did not require him to confront the wind directly, his nose and cheeks had been bitten by the bitterly cold air.Zhukov had been wearing a scarf over the bottom half of his face, and this had come undone. At his post he had to stare directly into the storm. He could not be without some protection, or else his skin would be peeled from his face by the granules of snow and ice that were like millions of nails on the wind. He twisted and squeezed the scarf, cracking the ice that filmed it, then retied it over his mouth and nose. He resumed his watch on one third of the horizon, miserable but also proud of his stoicism and his stamina.Before returning to his own post, Gorov glanced up at the two seamen working on the sail. They were il-luminated by the red bulb and by two portable arc lights. One of the men cast an eerie, twisted shadow; but the other was above the lights and had no shadow at all. Although it was a very heretical, un-Communistic image, Gorov thought that they resembled demons toiling over the bleak machinery of hell.One man was standing atop the sail, wedged be-tween the two periscopes and the radar mast. A line encircled his waist and secured him to the radio mast. He was one of the strangest sights that the captain had ever seen. He was swathed in so many clothes that he had difficulty moving freely, and in his exposed position he needed every layer of them to keep from freezing to death. Standing like a lightning rod at the pinnacle of the submarine's superstructure, he was a perfect target for the wind, snow and cold sea spray. His suit of ice was extremely thick and virtually without a chink or rent. At his neck, shoulders, elbows, hands, hips and knees, the ice was a bit marred by well-delineated cracks and creases, but even at these joints the cloth under the shining coat was not really visible. From head to foot he glittered, sparkled, gleamed; and he reminded Gorov of the cookie men, coated with sweet white icing, that were sometimes among the treats given to children in Moscow on New Year's Day.The other man was standing on the short ladder that led from the bridge up the side of the sail. He had been tied fast to one of the rungs in order to free his hands for work. He was locking several watertight aluminum cargo boxes to a length of chain.Satisfied that the job was nearly completed, Gorov returned to his post.

10:56Because the wind was behind them, they were able to proceed to the crevasse in their snowmobiles. If they had been facing into the storm, they would have had to cope with zero visibility, and in that case they would have done as well or better on foot. Running with the wind, however, they could see fifteen yards ahead.When they were in the vicinity of the chasm, Harry brought his machine to a full stop and climbed out of it. A hundred-mile-per-hour gust sent him to his knees. When it passed, when a third of the velocity was gone, he got up, cursing.The other snowmobiles pulled up behind him. The last vehicle in the train was only forty yards from him, but he could see only vague yellow aureoles where the headlights should have been.He hurried forward with his flashlight, scouting the ice ahead, until he had ascertained that the next hun-dred feet were safe. Then he returned to his snowmobile and drove thirty yards before getting out for another bit of reconnaissance. For the second time he found the crack in the ice. It was filled with more darkness than his flashlight could dispel.He brought his snowmobile up to the edge of the chasm. There was a distinctly suicidal element in this; however, considering the little bit of time left to them, a touch of recklessness seemed not only justifiable but essential. Except for professional mannequins and Brit-ish prime ministers, Harry thought, no one ever accom-plished anything by standing still. That was a favorite maxim of Rita's. He usually smiled when he thought of it. He didn't smile now. He was taking a calculated risk —with a greater likelihood of failure than of success. The ice might collapse under him and tumble into the gap as it had done earlier in the day. He was simply trusting to luck, putting his life in the hands of the gods he knew did not exist. But he felt sure he was in for a change of fortune—or at least he was long overdue for one.By the time the others parked their vehicles and joined him, Harry had fixed two one-thousand-pound-test, ninety-strand nylon cables to the front bumper of his snowmobile. The safety rope was eighty feet long. He knotted that one around his waist. The other was a hundred-foot line on which he would descend; and he tossed the free end of it into the ravine.Johnson arrived at the brink. He gave Harry his flashlight.Carpenter had already snapped his own flashlight to the tool belt at his waist. It hung at his right hip, butt up and lens down. Now he clipped Pete's torch at his left hip. Beams of yellow light shone down his quilted trouser legs.Neither of them tried to speak. The wind was shriek-ing and howling. It was much louder than it had been this afternoon. They could not have heard each other even if they had shouted at the top of their lungs.Harry stretched out on the ice, flat on his stomach. He took the climbing line in both hands.Bending down, Johnson patted him reassuringly on the shoulder. Then he pushed Harry backward and helped him over the ledge, into the crevasse.He thought he had a good grip on the line. He didn't. He was certain he could measure his descent, keep it as slow or fast as he wished. He couldn't. Not a hope of it. He dropped unchecked into the gap.As if from a great distance he heard himself scream. He didn't realize what the sound was. He had let loose with a deep, guttural moan that echoed from the ice around him.His gloved hands slipped along the rope as if the damned thing were a live eel. A wall of ice flashed past him, two or three inches from his face, briefly flickering with the reflections of the two flashlight beams that pre-ceded him. He squeezed the rope, tried to pin it between his hands and between his knees.The fall lasted only a second or two. But time seemed to have been suspended, and he felt as if he were dropping through limbo.He was overwhelmed with one terrifying thought, one nightmarish possibility: the safety rope wouldn't save him if there was a ledge ahead or a spike of ice, a razor-edged spike of ice that would rip through his clothes and tear him from crotch to throat and gouge his head from his shoulders and spill his blood and intestines in a steaming red mess across the—Within sixty feet he stopped himself. His heart was beating out a score for kettledrums. Every muscle in his body was knotted tight. Gasping for breath, he swung back and forth on the oscillating line, banging painfully —and then more gently—against the chasm wall.Two minutes later, having freed himself from the safety rope, he reached the bottom of the crevasse. Judging by the yard or

more of the main climbing line that was coiled on the ice, the floor was slightly less than a hundred feet below the brink.He unclipped one of the flashlights from his tool belt and began to look for the tunnel that Timoshenko had described.He remembered from his previous encounter with the crevasse that it was perhaps forty-five or fifty yards long, approximately eight or ten yards wide in the middle but much narrower than that at both ends. At the moment he did not have a view of the entire floor of the crevasse. When part of one wall collapsed under his snowmobile, it had fallen down here and formed a ten-foot-high divider that sectioned the bottom of the chasm into two areas of roughly equal size. The wreckage of the machine, badly charred, was strewn over the crown of this natural partition.The section into which he had descended was a dead end. It contained no side passages, no fissures large enough to admit a man, and no sign of the tunnel.Slipping, sliding, afraid that the jumbled slabs of ice would shift and catch him like a fly between two bricks, he climbed out of the first chamber. At the top of the sloped wall, he picked his way through the ruins of the snowmobile and went down the far side into the other end of the chasm.There he found a second crevasse leading off the first. This one was horizontal rather than vertical. The right-hand wall met the floor and offered no caves or cracks or corridors that might lead deeper into the ice-berg. But the left-hand wall did not come all the way down to the floor. It ended four feet above the bottom of the ravine, leaving an empty space there: another chasm that ran sideways into the ice.Harry got down on his hands and knees and poked the flashlight under the wall. The passageway was about thirty feet wide and no higher than four feet. It ap-peared to run straight and level for six or seven yards before it curved sharply downward and out of sight.Was it worth exploring?He looked at his watch: 11:02.Holding the flashlight in front of him, he wriggled into the horizontal crevasse. Although he was squirming along on his stomach, the ceiling of the passageway came down so low in some places that it brushed the back of his head. He wasn't a claustrophobe, but he had a healthy fear of being confined in a very small place. Nevertheless, he twisted and writhed and pulled himself forward with his elbows and his knees.When he had gone twenty-five or thirty feet he found that the horizontal crevasse led into the bottom of a rather large open space. He moved the flashlight to the left and right. But from his position, he was unable to get an idea of the cavern's true size. He slid out of the crawl space, stood up and unclipped the second flashlight from his belt.He was in a circular chamber, one hundred feet in diameter, with dozens of fissures and culs-de-sac and passageways leading from it. Apparently the ceiling had been formed by a great upward rush of hot water and steam. It was a nearly perfect dome, marked by a few small stalactites and spider-web cracks, sixty feet high at the apex and curving to thirty feet where it met the walls. The floor descended toward the center of the room in seven progressive steps, two or three feet at a time, so that the overall effect was similar to that of an amphi-theater. At the nadir of the cavern, where the stage of an amphitheater would have been, there was a forty-foot-wide pool of roiling sea water.The tunnel.He was mesmerized by it."I'll be damned." His voice echoed from the dome.He was suddenly weak with excitement and hope. In the back of his mind he had harbored some doubt about the very existence of the tunnel. He had been inclined to think that the submarine's surface fathometer was malfunctioning. In these frigid seas, how could a long tunnel through solid ice remain open? Why hadn't it frozen shut again? He hadn't asked the others if they could explain it to him. He hadn't wanted to worry them. They would pass the last hour of their lives more easily with hope than without it. Nonetheless, it had been a riddle for which he saw no solution; therefore, he had nurtured his doubt, stored it as a palliative for whatever disap-pointment was yet to come.Now he had the answer to that riddle. It was simple, really. The water inside the tunnel was not unaffected by tidal forces. It was not stagnant, not even calm. It welled up and fell away forcefully and rhythmically, rising as high as eight or nine feet into the cave, then draining back swiftly until it was level with the lip of the

hole, swelling and falling away once more and swelling and falling away. The continuous, powerful movement kept ice from forming over the opening, and it inhibited the development of ice within the tunnel.Of course, over an extended period of time, say two or three days more, the tunnel would most likely grow steadily narrower. Gradually, thin layer upon thin layer of ice would build up on the walls regardless of the tidal motion.But they didn't need the tunnel two days from now. They needed it tonight, this minute. And here it was. Nature had been bent against them for the last twelve hours. Perhaps now it was working for them.Survival.Paris.The Hotel George V.Moët et Chandon, 1962.The Crazy Horse Saloon.Rita . . .It was possible. Just barely.He clipped one of the flashlights to his belt. Holding the other light in front of him, he went back through the crawl space to the vertical crevasse. He signaled for the others to join him.

11:05At the command pad Nikita Gorov glanced from one computer readout screen to another. There were five of them. Rows of continually changing numbers flashed on each screen. He did not find it difficult to correlate those five images, and he could adjust his calculations quickly for each new set of figures that blinked in front of him. That was one reason why he was one of the best sub-marine commanders in the Soviet Navy."Clear water," said the technician who was operating the surface fathometer. "No ice overhead."Gorov had jockeyed the Ilya Pogodin under the quarter-mile-long, dish-shaped concavity in the bottom of the iceberg. The submarine's sail was directly below the forty-foot-wide tunnel, and it had to be kept there for the duration of this operation."Speed matched to target," Zhukov said, repeating the report that had come from the maneuvering room.One of the technicians along the left-hand wall said, "Speed matched and check.""Rudder amidships," Gorov said."Rudder amidships, sir."He scowled at the readout screens as if he were speaking to them rather than to the control-room team. "And keep a damned close watch on the drift compass.""Clear water. No ice overhead."Gorov hesitated, not wanting to act until he was absolutely certain that they were properly positioned. He watched the five screens for another half minute. When he was satisfied that the ship was as closely linked to the iceberg's progress as was humanly possible, he pulled down a microphone and said, "Captain to communica-tions center. Release the aerial at will, Lieutenant."Timoshenko's voice grated from the overhead speaker. "I'm releasing it now, Captain."Topside, on the sail of the Ilya Pogodin, there were eight watertight, aluminum cargo boxes nestled among the masts and periscopes and snorkels. They were held in place by lengths of nylon cord, some of which had snapped, as expected, during the submarine's descent to seven hundred feet.In a sudden swarm of bubbles, a helium balloon was ejected from a pressurized tube on the top of the sail. It rose rapidly in the dark sea, trailing the multi-communications wire behind it.The eight watertight boxes were fixed to that wire by means of a very fine chain and a number of spring locks. When the helium balloon was twenty feet above the sail, it jerked the chain tight. The nylon cords snapped one after the other. Because the aluminum boxes were buoyant, they rose instantly from the sail and were not a drag on the balloon.In seconds the helium-filled sphere was up to six hundred feet. Five hundred and fifty feet. Five hundred. Well into the bowl of the funnel. Four hundred feet and rising. The cargo boxes swam up in its wake without a hitch. Three hundred and fifty feet. The air bubbles from the pressure tube fell behind almost from the start, for the helium expanded and rose faster than did the oxygen. At four hundred feet, the balloon slid smoothly into the long tunnel and continued to rise, effortlessly towing the boxes, higher and higher and faster and faster . . .Bending over the graph of the surface fathometer, the operator said, "The machine registers a fragmented obstruction in the hole.""Not ice?" Gorov asked."No. The obstruction is rising.""The boxes.""Yes, sir." '"It's working," Zhukov said."It seems to be," the captain agreed."Now if the Edgeway people have located the other end of the tunnel—""We can get on with the hard part," Gorov finished for him.The computer screens blinked, blinked, blinked with numbers.At last the squawk box rattled. Timoshenko said, "Aerial's up. Balloon's surfaced, Captain."Gorov pulled down a microphone, cleared his throat and said, "Override the automatic system, Lieutenant. Reel out an additional sixty feet of wire."A moment later Timoshenko said, "It's been done, Captain."Zhukov wiped one hand down his saturine face and said, "Now the long wait."Gorov nodded. "Now the long wait."

11:10The helium balloon—minus the multicommunications antenna which had been disconnected from it—broke through at the upper end of the tunnel and bobbled on the swell. Although it was a flat blue-gray color, it looked, at least to Harry, like a bright and cheerful party balloon.One by one, as Timoshenko reeled out additional wire, the watertight aluminum boxes came to the surface. Within a minute there were eight of them. They bumped against one another with a dull, almost inaudible thump, thump, thump.Harry was no longer alone in the cavern. Rita, Brian, Franz, Claude and Roger had joined him. By now George Lin would have set foot on the bottom of the vertical crevasse, and Pete would have started down the rope from the storm-lashed top of the iceberg.Picking up a grappling hook which they had jerry-rigged from a six-foot piece of copper tubing and twenty feet of heavy wire, Harry said, "Come on. Let's get that stuff out of the water before a sea monster pops up and swallows it."With Fischer and Breskin, he managed to snare the chain and drag the boxes out of the pool. All three of them got wet to the knees in the process. Within seconds their clothing had frozen solid right through to their skins. They were standing in ice now, and it sucked the warmth from their feet and calves. Cold, shuddering, aware that they had to get out of their ruined clothes as rapidly as possible, they wasted not a second in opening the aluminum cargo boxes and taking out the gear that had been sent up from the Ilya Pogodin.Each box held a self-contained underwater breathing apparatus. But these were not ordinary scuba suits. They had been designed for use in especially deep and/or extremely cold water. Each suit came with a battery pack that was attached to a belt and worn at the waist. When this was plugged into both the skintight trousers and jacket, the lining produced heat in much the same fashion as does a standard electric blanket. Of course, a com-pressed-air tank came with each suit. This included a diving mask that fit over most of the face, from chin to forehead, eliminating the need for a separate mouthpiece; air was fed directly into the mask, and the diver could breathe through his nose. Strictly speaking, he would not be breathing air. The tank contained, instead, an oxygen-helium mixture with several special additives that would allow him to reach great depths but would pose what. Timoshenko had called "only a reasonable danger" to his respiratory and circulatory systems. The suits were differ-ent in other less important ways from standard scuba gear. The trousers had feet in them, as if they were the bottoms of a pair of Doctor Denton pajamas; and the sleeves of the jacket ended in gloves.George Lin had entered the cavern while they were unpacking the boxes. He studied the equipment with un-concealed suspicion. He said, "Harry, isn't there some-thing else, some other way to—""No," Harry said.Lin looked glum.But, dammit, he doesn't look like a killer, Harry thought. He let his eyes sweep the others. Who did look like a killer?Behind them Pete Johnson came out of the crawl space, cursing the ice around him. His broad shoulders had nearly wedged tight in the narrowest part of the passageway."Let's get dressed," Harry said. "We haven't got time to waste."They changed clothes with a dexterity and speed born of desperation. Harry, Franz and Roger had already begun to suffer from their knee-deep immersion in the pool around the tunnel entrance; their feet pinched and ached and burned. The others didn't have this complaint, but they were no more willing than Harry was to stand naked longer than was absolutely necessary. No wind moved through the cavern, but the air temperature was five or ten degrees below zero. Therefore, they changed garments in sections to avoid being entirely naked, en-tirely exposed to the biting cold at any one time: boots and trousers and felt boots and long underpants first, replaced by the skintight, cloth-lined scuba trousers; then from coats, vests, sweaters, shirts and undershirts into rubber jackets and lined rubber hoods.This was no time for sloth or modesty. When Harry looked up after tucking himself into his own rubber pants, he saw Rita's heavy bare breasts as she struggled into her scuba jacket. Her firm flesh was blue-white and textured with enormous goose pimples. Then she zipped up her jacket, caught Harry's eye and winked.Pete was having trouble squeezing into his gear. He said, "Jesus H. Christ, are all the Russians pygmies?"Everyone laughed.It wasn't really that funny, Harry thought.

Such easy laughter was an indication of how tense they were. Panic and hysteria was near the surface in all of them.

11:15The overhead speaker brought the bad news that every-one in the control room had been expecting. "This is the torpedo officer, Captain. That tube bulkhead is beginning to sweat again."Gorov turned away from the bank of readout screens and pulled down a microphone. "Captain to torpedo room. Is it just a film, the same as it was last time?""Yes, sir. About the same.""Keep an eye on it."Zhukov said, "Now that we know the lay of the ice above us, we could take her up to six hundred feet, up into the bowl of the funnel."Gorov shook his head. "Right now we have only one thing to worry about—the sweat on that torpedo-room bulkhead. If we ascend to six hundred feet, we might still have that problem. And we'd have another worry to add to it—that the iceberg might enter a new current or be turned out of this one, that it might begin to move faster or slower than it's moving now, that we wouldn't realize what was happening until it was too late, that we would collide with the deeper ice that lies fore and aft of the concavity. We'll stay where we are."The notebook had an evil power that Gunvald sim-ply could not resist. It shocked, disgusted and sickened him, yet he could not stop looking through it. He felt like a wild animal that had come upon the guts and half-eaten flesh of one of its own kind. He poked his nose in and sniffed eagerly, frightened and ashamed of himself but utterly fascinated.In a sense it was a diary, a week-by-week chronicle of a mind traveling from the borderlands of sanity into the nations of madness—although that was obviously not how its owner thought of it. To him it must have seemed like a research project, a record from public sources of an imagined conspiracy against the United States and against democracy. Newspaper and magazine clippings had been arranged according to their dates of publication and fixed to the pages of the notebook with cellophane tape. In the margin alongside each clipping, he had written his thoughts for that day on that subject.The earliest entries apparently had been cut from limited-circulation, right-wing political magazines pub-lished in the United States. These were scare stories of the most mindless sort. No reputable publication would have committed them to print. What these stories had to say was simple, simple-minded and scandalous: the President was a card-carrying Communist; the Pope was a Com-munist and a homosexual who slept with young boys; the Rockefellers and the Mellons were the descendants of conspiratorial families who had been trying to rule the world since the fourteenth century; in Russia little girls were bred like pigs on "prostitution farms" and given at the age of ten to Party officials who used them to satisfy unnatural lusts. Some of it was libelous. All of it was ridiculous—so ridiculous, in fact, that it seemed no more than a degree worse than harmless, nothing but witless gossip for the entertainment of the village idiots.With the newspaper clipping on page twenty, the tone of the notebook became uglier and more disturbing.It was a photograph of the late President Dougherty. Above the photograph there was a headline: the DOUGHERTY ASSASSINATION—TEN YEARS AGO TODAY. The margin contained this message in carefully hand-printed block letters: his brain has rotted away, his mind no LONGER EXISTS. HIS TONGUE CAN'T PRODUCE ANY MORE LIES. HIS PRICK HAS GONE TO THE WORMS AND WE'RE SPARED THE CHILDREN HE MIGHT HAVE HAD. I SAW A POSTER TODAY THAT SAID, "I CANNOT CONVINCE A MAN OF MY TRUTH SIMPLY BY SILENCING HIM WHEN HE TRIES TO SPEAK HIS OWN." BUT THAT IS A LIE. DEATH DOES CON-VINCE A MAN. AND I BELIEVE IT HELPS TO CONVINCE HIS FOLLOWERS. I WISH I HAD KILLED HIM.From that point on, more and more space was de-voted to the Dougherty family. By page one hundred, the middle of the notebook, they had become his single obsession. Every clipping in the last half of the book dealt with them. He had saved important and trivial stories: a report of a campaign speech that Brian's uncle had made two years ago, a piece about the surprise birthday party given for the President's widow, a UPI dispatch concerning Brian's turn in one of Madrid's bullrings . . .On page one twenty there was a Dougherty family photograph taken at the wedding of Brian's sister and printed in People magazine. There was a hand-printed, two-word notice beneath it: the enemy.On page one fifty the last veils of sanity were thrown aside, and pus bubbled forth from the deepest regions of a tortured, sick and festering psyche. He had pasted up a page from a magazine, a color photograph

of Brian's oldest sister. Emily Dougherty. A very pretty young woman. Button nose. Large green eyes. A splash of freck-les. Long reddish-blond hair to her shoulders. She was facing sideways and laughing at something that someone had either said or done out of the camera's range. He had printed two words above her head: pig. whore. He had used his pen around her eyes to make it look as if she were wearing too much mascara. And he had carefully drawn a rigid penis into the photograph and had placed the dripping head of it against her parted lips.The pages that followed were hair-raising.Gunvald tried calling Harry once more. There was no response. Only static.What in the name of God was happening on that iceberg?Brian Dougherty and Roger Breskin were the only ones in the group who had extensive diving experience. Because Brian was not an official member of the expedi-tion, Harry didn't think it was right that he should have to assume the front position in the descent. It might be dangerous. Therefore, Roger Breskin would lead them.They would follow Breskin in an orderly proces-sion: Harry would be second, then Brian, Rita, George, Claude, Franz and Pete. A good deal of thought had gone into that arrangement. Brian would be between Harry and Rita, the only two people he could trust. George Lin was behind Rita and might be a danger to both her and Dougherty. But Claude Jobert, the least likely of all the suspects, was behind Lin and would surely notice—and, it was hoped, prevent—any foul play. If Franz was the guilty party, he had Pete looking over his shoulder. And if Pete was the psychopath, he wouldn't find it an easy matter to get past Fischer, Jobert, Lin and Rita to reach Brian.If they had been descending in darkness, their order on the line wouldn't have mattered, for in darkness any-thing could have happened. However, the aluminum cargo boxes had contained three powerful lamps designed for use underwater. Breskin would carry one of these at the front of the procession, in the middle George would have one; and Pete would be in charge of the third. If they kept ten feet between one another on the way down, the distance from the first light to the third would be approximately forty yards. They wouldn't be swimming through daylight by any means, but it ought to be bright enough down there to discourage murder.Each of the scuba suits came with a waterproof watch. It had large, luminescent numerals and hands.Harry looked at his: 11:18. He said, "Is everyone ready?"Everyone was. Even George Lin."Let's go, then, Roger."Breskin reached over his left shoulder and switched on the air feed from his tank. He pulled his mask in place and took a few deep breaths to be sure the equip-ment was working properly. Then he picked up his lamp, sloshed through the high-tide pool, hesitated for only a second and jumped feetfirst into the forty-foot-wide mouth of the tunnel.Harry went through the same routine and cut the water with less of a splash than Breskin had made. Al-though he knew better, he expected the sea to be icy cold, and he gasped involuntarily as it closed around him. But of course his battery pack and the wired lining of his rubber suit kept him warm.As instructed, Brian followed very closely in order to thwart a possible attempt on his life after Harry was gone and unable to help protect him.The water was murky. Millions of particles of dirt, diatoms or beads of ice drifted in the diffused, yellowish beam of the waterproof lamp.Breskin had already begun to pull himself down on the multicommunications wire.Harry followed him.

11:22“Officer's mess to captain.”Gorov reached for the microphone. “What is it?”The words came out of the squawk box so fast that they all ran together and were almost indecipherable. “We've got a sweat on the bulkhead here.”“Which bulkhead?” Gorov asked.“Starboard, sir.”“How serious is it?”“Not very, sir. Not at this point. It's a film, two yards long, a couple of inches wide, just below the ceiling.”“Any buckling?”“No, sir.”“Keep me informed.” He let go of the microphone.The technician seated at the surface fathometer said, “I'm picking up a partial blockage of the hole again.”Gorov said, “Divers?”The technician watched the graph carefully for a moment. “Yes. Divers. I've got downward movement on all the blips.”The news affected everyone in the room. The men were no less tense than they had been a minute ago. However, for the first time in several hours, their tension had about it an air of guarded optimism.“Torpedo room to captain.”He wiped his damp hands on his slacks and pulled down the microphone once more. “Go ahead.”The voice was harsh, controlled but excited. “I'm afraid that sweat on the tube bulkhead is getting worse, Captain. I don't like the looks of it. Not for a minute, I don't. Water js beginning to dribble down to the deck.”“How much water?” Gorov asked.The overhead speaker hissed. Then: “An ounce or two.”“Any buckling, disturbance of the rivets?”“No, sir. Nothing like that at all . . .”“What's the matter?” Gorov asked.The torpedo officer said, “Well, when you lay your hand against the steel, there's a curious vibration.”“Engine vibrations.”From the squawk box: “No, sir. Something else. I don't know just what. But something I've never felt before. Pressure, I think.”Gorov was aware that the control-room crew had already lost even its guarded optimism. To the torpedo officer he said, “That's not enough reason to panic. Keep a close watch on it.”The torpedo officer had expected more of a reaction. He said morosely, “Yes, sir.”Zhukov's face showed more than fear. There was doubt and anger in it now. However, there was no anger in his voice. Despair, perhaps. And disbelief. He spoke so softly that even Gorov had trouble understanding him. “One pinhole, one hairline crack in the pressure hull, and this ship will be smashed flat, torn apart in a fraction of a second.”“We'll be all right,” Gorov insisted. But he saw the confusion of loyalties in the first officer's eyes, and he thought, Am I wrong? Should I take her up immediately and abandon the Edgeway scientists? Has this become an obsession with me? Have I lost control of myself? Are we all going to die here because of me?

11:27The descent along the multicommunications wire proved to be far more difficult and exhausting than Harry had anticipated. He was not as experienced in the water as were Brian and Roger; but he had used a scuba suit on several occasions over the years, and he thought he knew what to expect. What he had failed to take into account was that a diver ordinarily spends most of his time swim-ming parallel to the ocean floor. But a head-first descent on a seven-hundred-foot line that was pretty much perpendicular to the seabed was unnatural and tiring. He knew that there was no reason why it should have been more difficult than any other underwater swim. At that angle his flippers were quite as useful as they would have been had he been parallel to the seabed. His special weariness was psychological, but he could not shake it. In spite of the suit's lead weights, he constantly seemed to be fighting his natural buoyancy. His arms ached from pulling him downward. Blood pounded at his temples and behind his eyes. He soon realized that he would have to stop every fifty feet, reverse his position and rest for half a minute to regain his equilibrium; otherwise, whether or not his weariness was psychological, He would black out.Breskin was progressing effortlessly, kicking a bit with his legs, swimming as well as pulling himself down-ward. His technique was not substantially different from Harry's. Apparently, his one advantage was muscles.As he felt his shoulders crack and as sharp new cur-rents of pain shot down his arms, Harry wished that he had been lifting weights for the past twenty years.He glanced back to see how Rita was doing. She was silhouetted in George Lin's light. She didn't appear to be in as bad shape as he was. Of course, she had less weight to pull than he did. And women in general were supposed to be stronger than men. He knew this one was. He smiled to himself.When Breskin had traveled more than a hundred and fifty feet, he finally stopped. He did a somersault, turning on the line until he was facing Harry in a more natural position, head up and feet down.Harry was five yards behind him. Thinking that the other man was breaking for a rest, he paused and was about to do a somersault of his own when the lamp in front of him winked out. Two lights still glowed behind him. But their beams, diffused by the murky water, did not reach quite this far. He was suddenly enveloped in darkness.An instant later Breskin collided with him. Harry Couldn't hold onto the wire. They tumbled away toward the far wall of the tunnel. He flailed at the other man with all of his strength, but the water turned his blows into playful pats.He felt a hand at his throat. He tried to wrench his head away. He couldn't do it The weight lifter had an iron grip.Breskin drove a knee into Harry's stomach. The water slowed and cushioned the blow.Reaching for the other man, Carpenter got hold of nothing but armsful of water.The hand at his throat slipped higher, pawed at his chin. It tore off his diving mask.In that one stroke he had been denied his sight and breath. Helpless, disoriented, he was no longer a threat to Breskin, and the big man let go of him. Terrified, on the verge of panic, aware that panic might be the death of him, he rolled away into the darkness. Grappling for his air hose and for the mask that trailed at the end of it, he thought, For God's sake, it's Breskin! Breskin's the one! Breskin's the madman!A second after the lamp went out at the head of the procession, Rita realized what was wrong—and a second after that, she knew what she had to do. She couldn't see Harry and Breskin wrestling in the gloom below her, but she felt certain Harry wouldn't stand much of a chance against the burly weight lifter. She thought of going to his aid. But that was foolish. Emotionally, she was driven in that direction; but she knew she dared not let her emotions rule her, or they were all lost. If Harry was no match for Breskin, neither was she. The best thing she could do would be to fade into the darkness and come in behind him when he went for Brian.She let go of the wire, pumped her legs furiously and swam out of the amber light that radiated downward from George Lin's waterproof lamp. Praying that Lin wouldn't follow her and ruin her cover, she came up against the wall of the tunnel, swung around and looked back at the commotion on the line. She held her place by treading water and by pressing her right hand firmly against the ice at her side.In the center of the tunnel, Roger Breskin rose out of the black depths

and into the light.Harry had vanished.Breskin went straight for Brian.Clearly, Dougherty had only just begun to under-stand the danger. He would never be able to move fast enough to escape Breskin.Rita pushed away from the wall and went in behind the weight lifter as if dirty fighting were a well-practiced talent of hers.As Brian saw Breskin soar up like a shark from the lightless water below, a snatch of conversation they'd had that afternoon flashed through his mind. He had just saved George's life. He had just gotten back to the top of the .cliff. He was shaking, weak with relief:“Incredible.”“What are you talking about?” Breskin asked.“I didn't expect to make it back to the top.”“What?”“Not alive, anyway.”“You didn't trust me?”“It wasn't that. I thought the rope would snap or the cliff would crack apart or—something.”“You're going to die eventually,” Breskin said. “But this just wasn't your place. It wasn't the right time.”This afternoon he had thought that the big man was being uncharacteristically philosophical. That had not been the case. He had merely been making a threat, a rather blunt one, a heartfelt promise of violence.He didn't kill me then, Brian thought, because he didn't want any witnesses. But now he's apparently willing to surrender his own life for the pleasure of murdering me. He's wild. Crazy. But why is he after me? What have I ever done to him?He tried to twist out of Breskin's path. As swift as a torpedo, Roger closed the distance between them.They collided.Brian felt a hand at his throat.Christ, no!George Lin thought that Russian divers from the submarine were attacking them.From the moment the Soviets offered to help, George had known that the bastards had some trick in mind. He had been trying to figure out what it might be, but he hadn't thought of this. Why should they go to so much trouble to kill a group of Western scientists? They would have been killed at midnight anyway, by their own bombs. This was senseless. But here it was nonetheless: the trick —a surprise attack. Murder.He wanted to turn and swim to the top of the tunnel, but he could not move. His left hand was curled around the wire so tightly that the two might have been soldered together. With his right hand he gripped the lamp hard enough to make his fingers ache.He waited to die.The air hose was against the left side of Harry's head. The diving mask was still attached to the end of it, floating above him. He pulled it down and clamped it to his face. When he peeled up one corner of the rubber rim, the inflowing oxygen-helium mixture forced the water out of the mask. He took five or six deep breaths, spluttering, choking, gasping happily. The gas tasted like fine wine.He felt terrible. His chest was sore; his lungs seemed to be on fire; and he had a skull-splitting headache. He wanted nothing more than to hang there, suspended in the sea, letting his system gradually repair itself.Rita . . .He looked toward the two remaining lights. The water overhead was in a turmoil.He swam up to join the battle.Brian took hold of Breskin's left wrist, grasped it in both hands and tried to pull the steely fingers away from his throat.With his right hand, Breskin slapped Dougherty alongside the head and ripped off the diving mask.Brian reacted so calmly that he surprised himself. He squeezed his eyes shut and clenched his teeth and managed not to breathe through his nose.How long can I hold out? he wondered. Thirty seconds? A minute? Maybe even a minute and a half?Breskin slid three fingers between Dougherty's tightly compressed lips and tried to force open his mouth.Rita swam in behind and slightly above Breskin. She glided onto his back and wrapped her long legs around his waist. With reflexes sharpened rather than dulled by his maniacal frenzy, he let go of Brian and took her by the ankles.It was like riding a horse. He twisted and bucked with animal strength and intent. She pinched him with her thighs and reached for his mask as she would have reached for a horse's reins.Sensing her intent, mad but stupid, he released her ankles at once and seized her wrists just as her hands touched the edges of his faceplate. He bent forward and kicked his flippered feet and somersaulted, tearing her from his back, pitching her away from him.When she oriented herself again, she saw that Pete and Franz had descended on Breskin. Fischer struggled to maintain a waist lock on him, while Johnson tried to pin his arms. Weight lifter or no weight lifter, he could not deal with both of those

men at the same time. He was finished.She looked for Brian. He was at the wire, safe. Claude was with him; he held Pete's lamp in one hand and was using his free hand to help Dougherty get the water out of his mask.George Lin was above them on the wire.And Harry . . . ?Although he didn't arrive soon enough to help, Hairy swam up from the darkness in time to see the end of the fight.Breskin pulled Pete's diving mask over the top of the black man's head, bloodying his nose in the process. Then, certain that he had disabled one opponent, he fixed his full attention on Fischer. He paid with his life for that mistake.Ninety percent blinded without the mask, Pete nevertheless refused to close his eyes. Limited to the air already in his lungs, he was clearly determined to finish this before securing his breathing apparatus. Instead of rolling away from Breskin in shock and terror, instead of scrabbling for his mask, he struck out at the man and got one hand around the ribbed air hose.Startled, Breskin turned away from Fischer.He was too late. He was as good as dead.Pete ripped the mask from Breskin's face. Quite un-intentionally, he also jerked the hose out of the steel clamp that held it to the feed valve at the top of the tank. When he let go, it spiraled down toward the bottom of the tunnel.Fischer saw what had happened. He swam after the disappearing gear.Searching for his own mask, still blinded, Pete didn't know what he had done.Harry went to Breskin, intending to share his own mask.Frantic, panic-stricken, Breskin shoved away from Carpenter and swam for the surface.Death had the face of a woman. A pale, strong-jawed woman. She was not without some beauty. Her eyes were a lovely, transparent gray. Roger watched her face as it rose out of the dark water before him. Her gray hair floated like a halo of ashes around her head. Death smiled at him. He wanted her. He wanted to kiss her. She took him in a motherly embrace.With air bubbles still gushing from the tank on its back, the corpse, lungs full of water and burdened with lead weights, drifted past them on its way to the bottom of the sea.

11:37The tension had sharpened Nikita Gorov's mind and had brought him an unpleasant but undeniable truth. Fouls and heroes, he saw now, were separated by a line so thin that it was the next thing to invisible. He had been so intent on playing hero. And for what? For whom? For a dead son? His heroism, or his lack of it, could not change the past. Nikki was dead and in the grave. Dead! And the crew of the Ilya Pogodin, the seventy-nine men who served under his command, were still very much alive. They were his responsibility. To have risked their lives because he felt some twisted obligation to the dead . . . It was inexcusable. Shocking. He had been playing hero, but beneath his square jaw and determined eyes, he had been only a fool, a poor, bumbling fool.Regardless of the danger, regardless of what he should have done, the submarine was committed to the rescue mission now. They could not abandon it this close to success. Not unless those two sweating bulkheads began to show signs of structural deterioration. He had gotten his men into this, and it was up to him to get them out in a way that would save their lives without humiliating them. He had been playing hero, but now he wanted only to make heroes of them."Any change?" he asked the technician who was reading the surface fathometer graph."No, sir. They're stationary. They haven't descended a foot in the last ten minutes."Gorov stared at the ceiling, as if he could see through the double hull and all the way up the tunnel. What were they doing up there? What had gone wrong?"Don't they realize there is very little time left?" Zhukov said. "When those fifty-eight bombs split the ice-berg at midnight, we've got to be out from under. We've got to be."Gorov checked the readout screens. He looked at the clock. He pulled on his beard and said, "If they don't start moving down again in five minutes, we'll get out of here. One minute later than that, and they wouldn't make it aboard before midnight anyway."11:39.Rita swam up to Claude and hugged him. He hugged her back. Her eyes glistened with tears.They pressed the faceplates of their diving masks flat against each other. When she spoke, he could hear her as if she were in another room. The Plexiglas con-ducted their voices well enough. In half a dozen sentences she told him as much as she knew about Breskin's mad-ness, including the story of his first attack on Brian at the third blasting shaft earlier in the day.When she was finished talking, Claude said, "I wanted to help subdue him. But Pete shoved this lamp into my hand and pushed me out of the way. You know what? I suddenly felt as old as I am.""You're only sixty.""Then I feel older than I am.""We're going to continue the descent. I'll take that lamp back to Pete.""Is he all right?""Yes.""Something's wrong with George, I think."She said, "It's probably just shock. Harry's explaining to him about Roger.""You've got tears on your cheeks.""I know.""What's wrong?""Nothing," she said. "Harry's alive."11:40.As he followed Claude Jobert down the wire once more, Franz thought about what he would say to Rita if they reached the other side of midnight. You handled yourself damned well, Rita. Like an Amazon. You know, I once loved you. Hell, I still do. I never got over you. And I've learned a lot from you. Oh, I'm still a male chauvinist. Old attitudes die hard. But I'm slowly growing up. I've been acting like an ass these past few months. That's finished. We can't ever be lovers again. I see what you and Harry have, and it's unique, exclusive. But could we be friends?He hoped to God he lived to say all that.11:41.Brian advanced hand over hand on the wire.He wasn't worried about the ticking bombs overhead. He was more and more certain that they would reach the submarine and survive the explosions. He was worried about one thing only: the book he meant to write.The theme would definitely be heroism. He had come to see that there were two basic forms of it. First of all there was heroism sought, as when a man climbed a mountain or ran with the sharks off Bimini or played games with an angry bull in Madrid. Because a man had to know his limits, heroism sought was important. It was far less valuable, however, than heroism unsought. Harry, Rita and the others existed in a world of heroism un-sought. They put their lives on the line in their jobs because they believed what they were doing would con-tribute to the betterment of the human condition. They were heroes every day of the week, although they would deny it. And in a crisis

they did not hesitate to risk their lives to save one another or even to protect someone out-side their circle. The first brand of heroism had a quality of selfishness about it; but the second was selfless. Brian understood now that it was this unsought heroism, this deeper courage, that had motivated his father to run for the presidency when he had known that he might be gunned down by a crackpot who wanted to be known in the history books as the second Dougherty assassin. When Brian had finished writing the book, when he had worked out all his thoughts on the subject, he would be ready to begin his life. And he was determined that heroism would be the theme.11:42.The technician looked up from the graph. "They're moving again.""Coming down?""Yes, sir."The squawk box brought them the voice of the petty officer in the forward torpedo room. It contained a new urgency.Taking the neck of the microphone as gingerly as if he were handling a snake, Gorov said, "Go ahead.""We've got considerably more than an ounce or two of water on the deck now, Captain. Looks like three or four pints to me. The forward bulkhead is sweating from overhead to deck.""We'll be on our way in ten minutes," Gorov said.The overhead speaker was silent for a second or two. Then: "With all due respect, sir, I'm not sure we have ten minutes left."11:43.At three hundred and fifty feet or thereabouts, little more than halfway to the Ilya Pogodin, Harry began to doubt that they could make it all the way even if they'd had hours for the trip. He was aware of the incredible pressure primarily because his eardrums kept popping. The sound of his own circulating blood was thunderous. He thought he could hear voices, fairy voices, but their words were indistinguishable behind a sirenlike wail. He wondered if, like a submarine, he could collapse under pressure, squash flat into a mess of blood and bones.Timoshenko had offered several proofs that the descent could be made successfully, and Harry kept re-peating one of these to himself: Swiss and American divers reached seven hundred and thirty feet in scuba gear, Lake Maggiore, 1961. Russian divers have gone as deep as eight hundred and fifty feet in this suit. Swiss and American divers reached seven hundred and thirty feet in scuba gear, Lake Maggiore, 1961. Russian divers . . .Yes, he thought, divers divers have gone this deep. But can we? Divers divers. Not bad, old boy. Not bad at all. Still witty at four hundred feet.11:45.Following the wire, moving deeper and deeper info the tunnel, George Lin told himself that all Communists were not alike. A Marxist-Leninist was different from a Maoist. Even Communists were individuals; and like people all over the world, they were capable of generosity and kindness. He tried his best to convince himself of this. But it was a damned hard sell, for he had been preaching a much less liberal dogma all of his adult life.Canton. Autumn, 1949. Three weeks before Chiang Kai-shek was driven from the mainland. His father was away, making arrangements to spirit the family, and its wealth, to Taiwan. There were three people in the house. His mother. His eleven-year-old sister, Yun-ti. And himself. At dawn a group of Maoist guerrillas, seeking his father, invaded the house. Nine of them. His mother managed to hide him inside a fireplace, behind a heavy iron grid. Yun-ti was hidden elsewhere, but the men found her. As he watched from behind the fireplace, his mother and his sister were raped repeatedly. Every position. Every per-version. Every humiliation and degradation. He was a child, terrified and powerless. The guerrillas remained until three o'clock the next morning. When they left, they took time to slit Yun-ti's throat. And then his mother's throat. Blood everywhere. His father came home twelve hours later—and found him in the fireplace still.But these are Russians, he thought.Not all Communists are alike, he told himself.He was scared witless.11:47."Officer's mess to captain.""I read you.""That starboard bulkhead is streaming, Captain.""Buckling?""No, sir.""How much water?""A quart, sir. Easily a quart.""We'll be on our way in five minutes."11:48.According to Timoshenko, British divers at Alver-stoke, Hampshire, and French divers at Marseilles had reached fifteen hundred feet with scuba gear in simulated chamber dives. That was another fact that Harry kept repeating to himself until the key phrase spoiled it for him: simulated chamber dives.Simulated chamber dives indeed!This was the real thing.Bloody

Russian!Even when he got to the sail of the Ilya Pogodin and rested for a moment against the radar mast, he was not convinced that they would survive the tremendous pressure. He could imagine, when he was one minute from salvation, his lungs exploding like hand grenades and his blood vessels popping from his head to his feet. He didn't know very much about the effects of great pressure on the body; he didn't know if his lungs actually would explode, but he wouldn't have been surprised had it happened.Furthermore, he didn't like the looks of the sub-marine. Waiting for his colleagues to catch up with him, he had nearly a minute to study it. All the running lights were burning: red on the port side, green on starboard, white on the sail, a yellow overtaking light . . . It seemed too gaudy to be substantial. Damned slot machine. Christmas tree! It appeared to be delicate, fragile, a con-struction of dark cellophane.As soon as the other six joined him, he crawled along the sail, down the ladder to the bridge. From there he slipped onto the forward superstructure deck and clung to that. If he floated off the boat, he would not be able to catch up with it easily, for the nine-knot current would not affect him in remotely the same way that it did a three-hundred-foot-long object. Cautious, but conscious of the need for haste, he went looking for the airlock hatch that Timoshenko had described over the radio.11:50.Beep . . . beep . . . beep . . . beep . . .The green numeral disappeared from the first read-out screen at the command pad. Red letters replaced them: EMERGENCY.Gorov punched a console tab labeled display. The screen cleared immediately and the computer siren shut off. A new message rolled up in the ordinary green letters: MUZZLE DOOR HAS COLLAPSED ON FORWARD TORPEDO TUBE NUMBER SIX. TUBE FILLED WITH WATER TO BREACH DOOR."It's happening," Zhukov said. "Number six tube was warped when we collided with the ice. Now it's given way. Thousands upon thousands of pounds of pressure on every square foot of the hull—"Gorov said, "No. The muzzle door collapsed. Just the muzzle door. Not the breach door. There's no water in the boat. Not yet. And there won't be."A seaman monitoring one of the safety boards said, "Captain, our visitors have opened the topside hatch to the air lock.""We're going to make it," Gorov told the control-room crew. "We're damned well going to make it."11:51.The air-lock hatch, ten feet aft of the forward escape hatch, opened on a tiny, brightly lighted, water-filled chamber. As Timoshenko had said, it was large enough to accommodate only four divers at a time.Brian, Claude, Rita and George swam down into the room and sat on the floor with their backs to the wall.Harry closed the hatch.Someone inside reached up and locked it.When Harry tried it again, it wouldn't open.He looked at his watch.11:53.Gorov leaned anxiously toward the first readout screen in the command pad's bank of five. His interest was rewarded by the message he had been expecting: ESCAPE TRUNK READY.He pressed a tab that bore the word process.11:54.In the air lock Rita watched the four large floor drains dilate, each like the pupil of an eye. The water did not merely pour into them. It was sucked out of the chamber by powerful pumps in exactly forty seconds.A hatch opened in the wall beside her. A young Rus-sian seaman peered shyly out at them, smiled and beck-oned with one finger. They moved quickly from the air lock into the adjoining decompression chamber.Behind them, the tiny room began to fill with water once more.11:56.Harry tried the hatch again. It swung open this time.He waited until Franz and Pete had entered. He followed them and dogged down the hatch from inside.They sat with their backs against the walls.The floor drains dilated.Trembling, not yet able to believe that they had made it, Harry glanced at his watch and realized that, of course, they hadn't made it—not all the way.11:57.A mountain of ice on the verge of violent disintegration loomed over them. If they were under it when it came apart, they would most likely be battered to pieces. That would be a swift death—so swift that many of them would not even have time to scream.Gorov pulled down a steel-spring microphone. "Manuvering room, this is the captain. All back full."The maneuvering room confirmed the order, and a moment later the ship shuddered in response to the abrupt change of engine thrust.Gorov was thrown against the command-pad railing and bruised his right hip. Zhukov almost fell.From the

overhead speaker: “Maneuvering room to captain. Engines full reverse, sir.”“Rudder amidships.”“Rudder amidships.”The iceberg was moving southward at nine knots. The submarine was reversing northward at fifteen knots against a nine-knot current. That made for an effective separation speed of fifteen knots.Gorov did not know if that was sufficient speed to save them. He could have asked the computer. It would have given him an answer in fifteen seconds, perhaps less. But it might not have the answer he most wanted to hear. And if the news was bad, he preferred to wait the full two minutes that remained until midnight.“Ice overhead. Sixty feet.”11:58.Harry entered the decompression chamber and sat down on a bunk beside Rita. They held hands and stared at his watch.11:59.The center of attention in the control room was the six-figure digital printout clock aft of the command pad. Gorov imagined he could see the men jerking involun-tarily every time a second passed.11:59:10.11:59:11.11:59:12.“Whichever way it goes,” Zhukov said, “I'm glad that I named my son Nikita.”“You may have named him after a fool.”“But an interesting fool.”Gorov smiled.11:59:30.11:59:31.The technician at the surface fathometer said, “Clear water. No ice overhead.”“We're out from under,” someone said.“But we're not yet out of the way,” Gorov said.11:59:45.11:59:46.“Clear water. No ice overhead.”11:59:47.For the second time in ten minutes the first com-puter screen flashed a red warning: EMERGENCY.He punched for a display and found that the prob-lem was much the same as it had been the first time: MUZZLE DOOR HAS COLLAPSED ON FORWARD TORPEDO TUBE NUMBER FIVE. TUBE FILLED WITH WATER TO BREACH DOOR.Pulling down a microphone, Gorov shouted, “Cap-tain to torpedo room. Abandon your position and seal all watertight doors.”“God,” Zhukov said.“The breach doors will hold,” Gorov said. Don't let the hull implode, he thought. Not now. Not when we're this close . . .11:59:59.12:00:00.“Hold tight.”“Clear water.”12:00:03.12:00:04.“What's wrong?”“Where is it?”12:00:08.Suddenly they felt the concussion as it was transmitted from the water to the hull. It was a low-key rum-bling, very distant, surprisingly mild.The sonar operator reported massive fragmentation of the underwater portion of the iceberg.By 12:02, when the sonar operator had not located a substantial fragment of ice anywhere near them, Gorov knew that they were safe. “Take her up.”The control-room crew let out a raucous cheer.

After. . .

January 18: Dundee, ScotlandShortly before noon, two and a half days later, the survivors arrived in Scotland.The day was neither severe nor mild for wintertime in Dundee. The flat gray sky was low and threatening. The temperature ranged between fifteen and twenty de-grees Fahrenheit. A cold wind swept in from the North Sea and made the water leap and curl for the entire length of the Firth of Tay.More than one hundred newsmen from all over the world had flown in to Dundee to report on the conclusion of the Edgeway story. A man from The New York Times had dubbed the place Dandy Dundee more than twenty-four hours ago, and the name had stuck. Among them-selves they got more conversational mileage from the bone-chilling weather than they did from the news event that they were here to cover.Even after standing in it for nearly two straight hours, George Lin was not affected by the wind. He had debarked from the Russian submarine at 12:30, and he couldn't have said truthfully that he had even noticed the wind yet. Pacing energetically back and forth at the edge of the wharf, followed by a covey of reporters, he said, "The Ilya Pogodin. Isn't she a lovely sight?"The submarine was anchored in a deep-water berth behind him. She was flying an enormous Russian flag and, for courtesy, a Scottish flag of somewhat less grand dimensions. Sixty-eight crewmen were in two facing lines on the main deck, all of them in dress blues and navy pea coats, standing at attention for a ceremonial inspec-tion. Nikita Gorov and Emil Zhukov were on the bridge, quite stirring in their uniforms and gray winter parade coats with brass buttons. There were also a number of dignitaries on the bridge and on the railed gangplank that connected the submarine to the dock: a representative of Her Majesty's Government, the Soviet ambassador to Great Britain, two of the ambassador's aides, the mayor of Dundee and a handful of functionaries from the Soviet Trade Embassy in Glasgow.One of the photographers asked Lin to pose beside a weathered concrete piling with the Ilya Pogodin for a backdrop. He obliged, smiling broadly.A Norwegian correspondent said, "Dr. Lin, the Rus-sians have used the positive public relations aspect of this incident to great effect. There's no doubt in any of our minds that they'll exploit it even further in the days to come. Would you like to comment on the propaganda that has been generated and will be generated by the llya Pogodin's rescue mission?"Lin stopped smiling. "Yes. Yes, I would like to com-ment. I think it would be grossly unfair if people in the West looked upon this heroic act as a political ploy. I'm not naive. I'm sure our Russian friends realized the pro-paganda potential from the start. But I'm also sure that they were not guided primarily by that consideration. These are courageous men. They saw fellow human be-ings in need of help—and they helped. We sometimes forget that on an individual basis, men are the same the world over. You can't define the bad guys merely on the basis of their politics."He spoke with conviction.January 20: Edgeway StationDuring the night the wind velocity began to fall for the first time in five days. By morning the ice spicules had metamorphosed back into snowflakes. The mutually sup-portive complex of storms in the extreme North Atlantic had started to break up.At three o'clock that afternoon, Gunvald Larsson got through to the United States military base at Thule, Greenland. The first thing the American radioman said was, "The Edgeway project has been suspended for the remainder of this winter. We've been asked to pluck you off the ice. If we get the good weather they're predicting, we can come for you the day after tomorrow. That should give you time to close down your buildings and machinery."Gunvald said, "For God's sake, never mind about that! What has happened to the others? The Carpenters, Fischer, Jobert, Dougherty, Johnson . . ."The American was embarrassed. "Of course. You couldn't know, isolated as you were." He read two of the newspaper stories and then added what else he knew.After five days of incredible tension, Gunvald began to cry—and then to laugh. He decided that a celebration was required. He filled his pipe, broke out the vodka. And a little later on he went to the supply hut and borrowed some of Fischer's excellent pornography.January 25: A Telegram in Transit From Montego Bay, Jamaica, To Paris, Francejobert fischer johnson arrived jamaica january 23 stop within hour of arrival both taxi driver and hotel clerk called us quote

an unlikely group un-quote stop cannot get enough sun stop have all agreed to disembowel anyone who asks us join an-other arctic expedition although would not mind something in tropics stop johnson making time with blonde stop only trouble she is transplanted bloody limey stop fischer spending days with womens liberationist who bought him drink and made pass in bar stop jobert feels young again stop maybe because he is squiring around twenty EIGHT YEAR OLD DOXY FROM MONTEGO BAY STOP HAPPY SECOND HONEYMOON OR WHATEVER STOPJanuary 26: Paris, FranceThe main performance of the evening at the Crazy Horse Saloon made use of twenty mirrors. It was sexier than anything Harry had seen here before. This time Rita definitely had a light film of perspiration on her pretty upper lip.In their suite at the Hotel George V, there was a bottle of Moët et Chandon in a bucket of ice beside their bed.She sat on the bed. He sat beside her."Let's reminisce," she said."And drink champagne.""They go together.""And then what?"She said, "We'll kiss.""French style?""Naughty boy.""We are in France.""Good point.""Then what?""I'll nibble your ear.""And I'll nibble yours."She picked up the champagne bottle and wrapped a dry serving towel around it. "Let's get started."As he pulled the foil from the cork, he said, "What happens after we've nibbled ears a while?""I'll kiss your eyes.""And I yours.""We'll drink some more.""And after that?""We'll fuck.""Ahhhh.""Like rabbits.""I thought we'd never get around to it," he said, grinning.When they did get around to it, well after midnight, it was very tender and intense for both of them. They did everything with each other. They missed no pleasure.He was still drifting down from his peak, still shud-dering with pleasure, when he was startled by a sharp noise beside the bed. He sat up too fast, and she fell off his lap onto the pillows. He said, "Did you hear that? What was it?""Ice," she said."Ice?""Yes, ice—shifting in the champagne bucket."They stared at each other. She smiled. He grinned. She began to giggle, and he roared with laughter.

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€ ~0€€ ~0€€ ~0€€~0€€x~0€€x~0€€x~0€€x~0€€x~0€€x~0€€x~0€€~0€€x~0€€~~0€€~0€€~0€€x
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