

running across the deck. He was only three or four years old, and the wind was much too strong for him. He fell over on the deck and began to cry. Then another big wave hit the side of the ship. The white water came over the side and carried the boy along the deck.

'Help!' the woman screamed. 'Save my child!'

Daniel put out a hand and caught the boy's coat. Then he carried him quickly back to his mother.

'Quick! Get back in, out of the wind, woman!' he shouted. He hurried through the door and closed it with a crash. 'It's too dangerous for children out there!'

'Yes, I know,' the woman said. 'Come here, Simon!' She sat down and held the boy with one arm. She had another child in her other arm – a little girl, about one or two years old. 'Thank you, sir,' she said.

The ship moved up and down very quickly, and Daniel sat down beside the woman. She smiled at him, but she looked very white and ill.

'I'm Daniel Donovan,' he said. 'What's your name?'

'Mary Dawson,' she said. 'This is my son Simon, and my daughter Sarah.'

'Isn't your husband with you?'

'No,' she said. 'He's in Scotland. We're going home to see him. It's good we're in a strong, modern ship.'

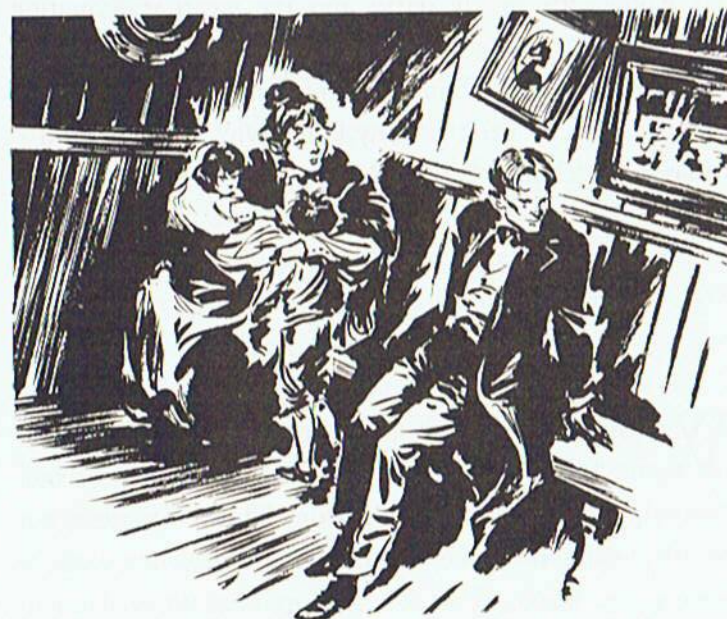
'Yes,' said Daniel. Then for a few seconds he said nothing. It was quiet in this room. Much quieter than outside.

'Mr Donovan,' said Mrs Dawson suddenly. 'What's

happened to the engines? I can't hear them now. Can you?'

Daniel listened. 'My God,' he thought. 'She's right! The engines have stopped!' He could hear the noise of the wind and the sea, but not the engines. 'You're right, Mrs Dawson,' he said. He stood up, and ran to the door. 'Excuse me. I . . .' But then he opened the door, and his words were lost in the wind.

Outside, he looked up at the ship's funnel. There was no smoke above it. He looked over the side of the ship, at the big paddle wheels. He watched them for two minutes, but they did not move. And all the time the big



'What's happened to the engines?' said Mrs Dawson suddenly.