

was time to die. It was going to be tough on old Dad, but Dad would be proud of him. His last coherent thought was this one, of his father.

The water was thrusting up toward him in tossing revolving foamy waves. All over already?

Horrible pain seared Warren as fire leaped across his face, blinding his last living moments. The crash into the water was a terrific blow in the dark. Warren's final sensation was a soothing cooling one: the sea, bathing his scorched face and hands. The plane exploded, but he never knew that, and his torn body began its long slow descent in peace to its resting place on the bottom of the trackless sea. For a few seconds, a thin black smoke plume marked the place where he fell. Then like his life the plume melted into the wind and was gone.

6. From Poland, by James A. Michener (New York: Ballantine Books, 1983), pp. 470-473:

In the city of Lublin at the corner of University and Basztowa streets there stood a rather impressive public building graced by a tower containing a good clock which struck the hours. In the cramped, dark, damp rooms in its cellar, the Lublin Gestapo had constructed a series of windowless cells and interrogation rooms, and none in the entire area of occupied Poland was as horrible, for criminals delivered here were not expected to leave this place alive.

When Szymon Bukowski was shoved through the small, low door leading to the cellar, he was greeted by a Gestapo functionary who clubbed him over the head with a brutal blow that might have killed a man less vital than he, then ordered two others to drag him to a holding cell. When he revived in the darkness, his head throbbing and his ability to speak impaired, he found that he was in the presence of another prisoner, whose voice indicated that the owner was a much older man.

'Professor Tomczyk,' the voice said. 'Roman Tomczyk of this city.'

Szymon could scarcely make his tongue work, but managed to ask in a muffled accent: 'University here?'

'No,' the voice said, and that was all.

Bukowski thought that perhaps the man was a spy, and would try to extract confidences, but there were no questions. And when light finally entered the cell, Szymon was amazed that this man could speak at all, for his face was horribly battered: 'What happened?'

'The broomstick.'

'Did they beat you with a broomstick?' The bruises looked too big and too flat for that.