



by Sam Hyman, David's Roommate

# DAVID'S BRUSH

with

# DEATH!

**There we were . . . deep below the water's surface where no cry of help can be heard. Then disaster struck and David fought for his very life!**

It was another bright Hawaiian day and David and I were up even earlier than usual, because we were both really excited about getting back into our scindiving gear and onto the floor of the ocean! We had been promised a few surprises, too, although the first dive had been so fantastic that I couldn't imagine anything that would be more exciting! Boy, was I wrong!

Because of the amount of swimming we would soon be doing, we cut down on our usual monumental breakfast and took it kind of light—just three eggs, some toast with guava jelly, a side of ham, and some papaya juice. We both pushed our chairs away from the table making comments on our will power and went up to our rooms to get our gear.

## UNDERWATER BEAUTY

All the way to the docks, I was thinking about our last dive—the unbelievable beauty and strangeness of the sea-floor, and the thrill of flying like a bird over that other-world landscape where things are never still, but always wave slowly back and forth beneath you. I was also thinking about the silence, where no cry for help can be heard, and those dark places, where who knows what could be lurking! The danger is always with you, and in a way it makes the beauty even more special, because you've got to take chances in order to see it!

The sea was choppy, much rougher than it had been the day before, and I began to think that I had eaten too big a breakfast after all! David doesn't seem to get seasick, so by the time I wound up at the back end of the boat, looking a little green, he was laughing

and giving me a rough time. "You'll get yours," I said, "you just wait and see." At the time, of course, I didn't know that my words would come true—and with almost tragic results!

## SURPRISE AHEAD

We suited up in a hurry and jumped over the side, because I was eager to hit the cold water and stop feeling dizzy. The water, as I've said, was choppy, so we bobbed around like a couple of corks until our masks were on tightly and we had tested our breathing devices, and then down we went.

What a feeling! All the tossing and bumping on the surface, all the noise of wind and waves, disappeared at once as we floated down toward the floor of the ocean, a long, hazy distance away. David and I grinned at each other—it was just like we remembered!—and followed after the stream of silvery bubbles trailing out behind Neil, who had driven us out in the boat, and who was leading us toward the "surprise" he had told us about.

## MULTI-COLORED FISH

Fish swam by in brightly colored schools, moving together like a high school drill team—all I could think of was that one of them had to be yelling signals! The fish around Hawaii are amazingly vivid, blues and reds and yellows like I've never seen before—in fact, they're brighter than the flowers on land! I swam off a little ways after a big dumb-looking fish who kept giving me sleepy glances out of the corner of its eye, and when I looked over toward David and Neil again, they were almost on the bottom, and they

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

