

May 23rd

The water slapped against the side of the boat, playing a staccato counterpoint to my racing heartbeat: beat, beat, beat, slap. Beat, beat, beat, slap.

I gripped the side of the motorboat and stifled the mixture of panic and rage that was trying to burst free from my mouth. *Stay calm. I've got to stay calm. That's the only way to survive this. Be calm.*

A warm body pressed against my leg, and I placed one hand down to rest on the silver-grey fur. I glanced up. Was this my opportunity?

Yes, it was. I took a deep breath.

*At least I'm not alone. I won't die alone.*