

























“Can you swim?” bellowed the angry man.

“I can—he can’t,” yelled Francis.

“Then jump,” shouted the angry man, thrashing the water with his arms. “The dam’s just ahead. *Jump*, I tell you.”

Francis glanced ahead and, sure enough, the river seemed to disappear with a roar. Ram saw it too, gave a loud squeal, and jumped. The angry man caught him and held him fast.

“Pull,” he shouted to the boys on the bank. “And you—hang on.”

There was a great splash and a struggle. Francis seemed to swallow the river and go down to the bottom. Then he surfaced and found his hands being guided onto the dog leash, and he was being pulled ashore. The angry man was already struggling out of the water with Ram in his arms, and a moment later Francis was picked up like a drowned puppy and thrown on the grass, soaked, frozen, and sobbing.