



BOARDINGS

The boatswain's mate cursed softly to himself when his flock jacket snagged as he climbed down into the hull of the small Vietnamese junk. Freeing himself, he fell to a pile of dirty rags below and a rat scurried from between his feet. His first reaction was to shoot the rodent, but he didn't. The others, above decks, wouldn't know what he was shooting at and he knew that the wrong reaction on their part would be disastrous. In the after section a chief

