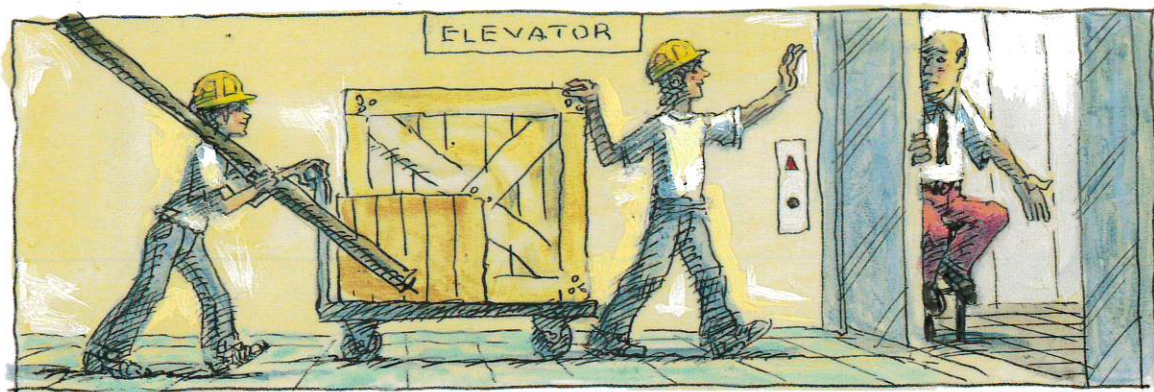
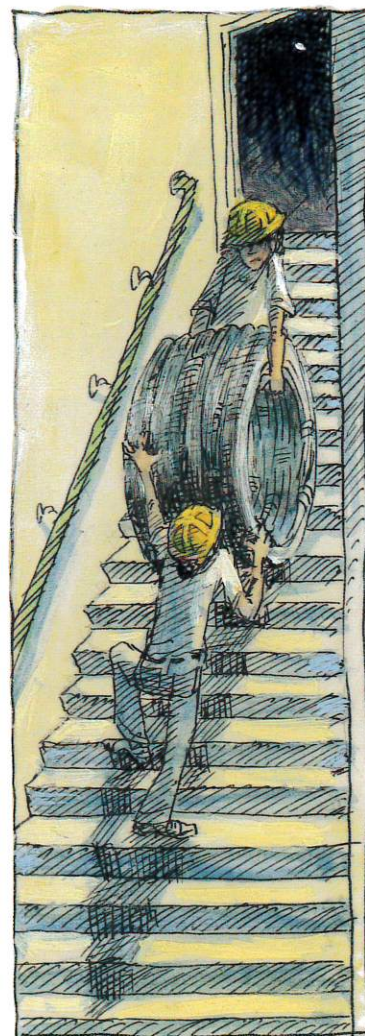
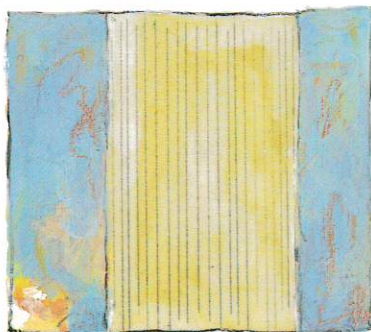


Early on an August evening he and a friend entered the south tower.

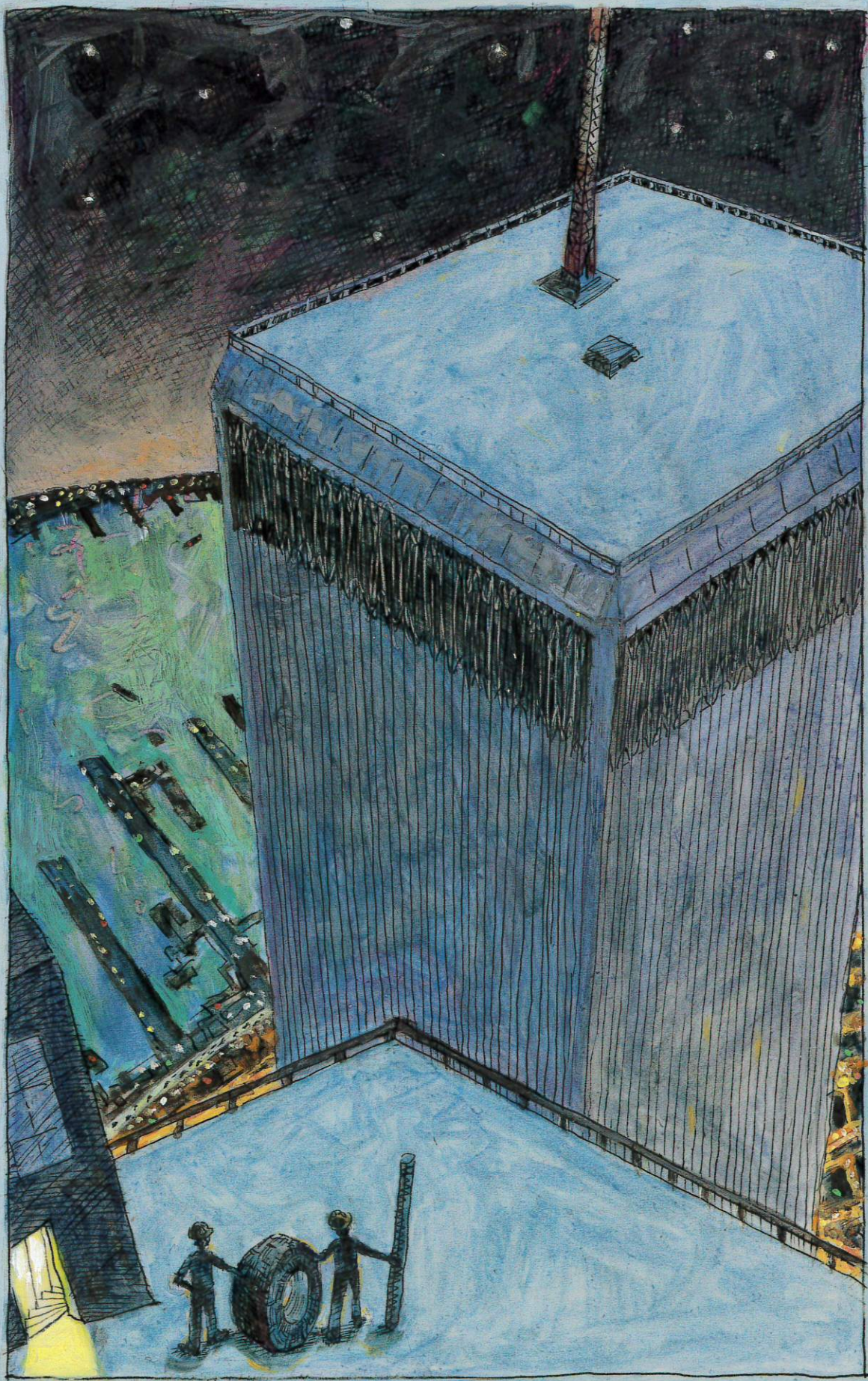


They got a four-hundred-and-forty-pound reel of cable and other equipment into the elevator, took it to the unfinished top ten floors, and waited till nightfall when everyone had gone.

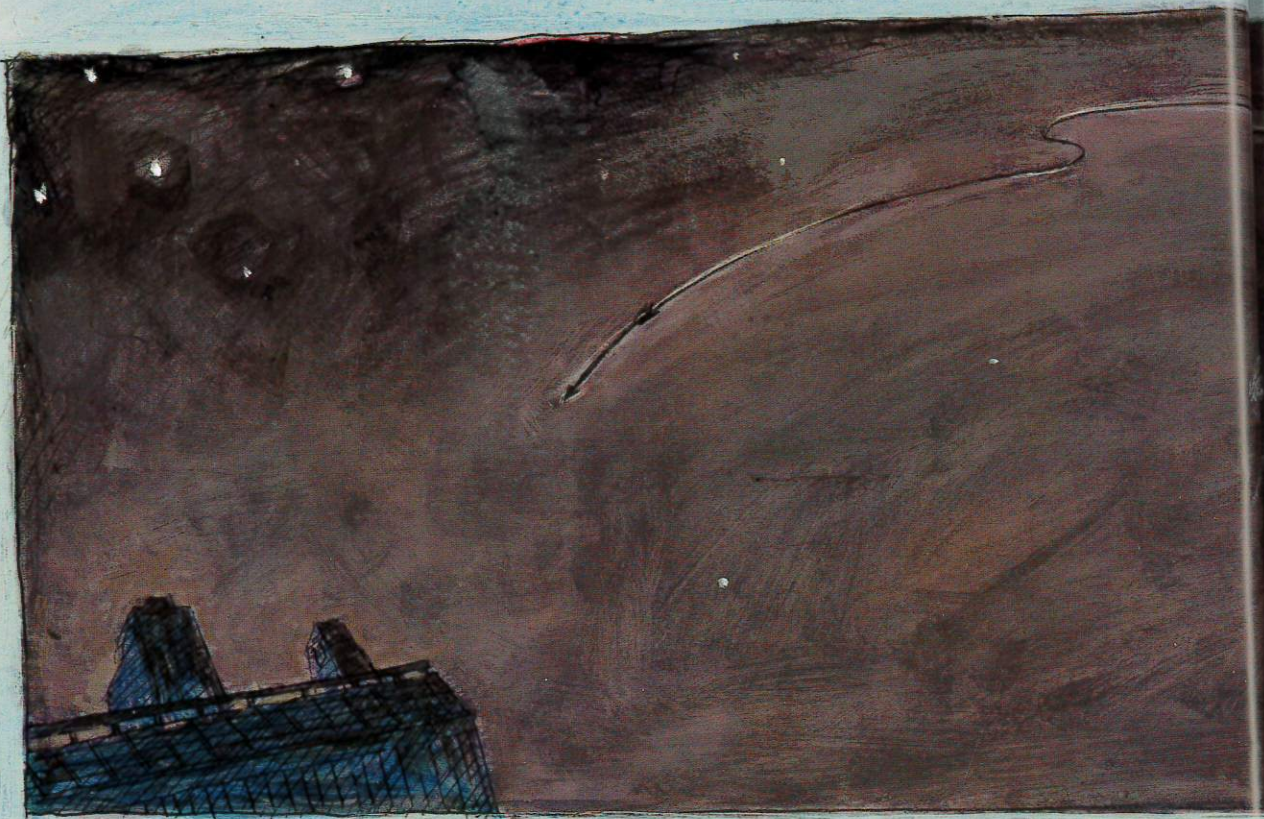


Then they carried everything up one hundred and eighty stairs to the roof.

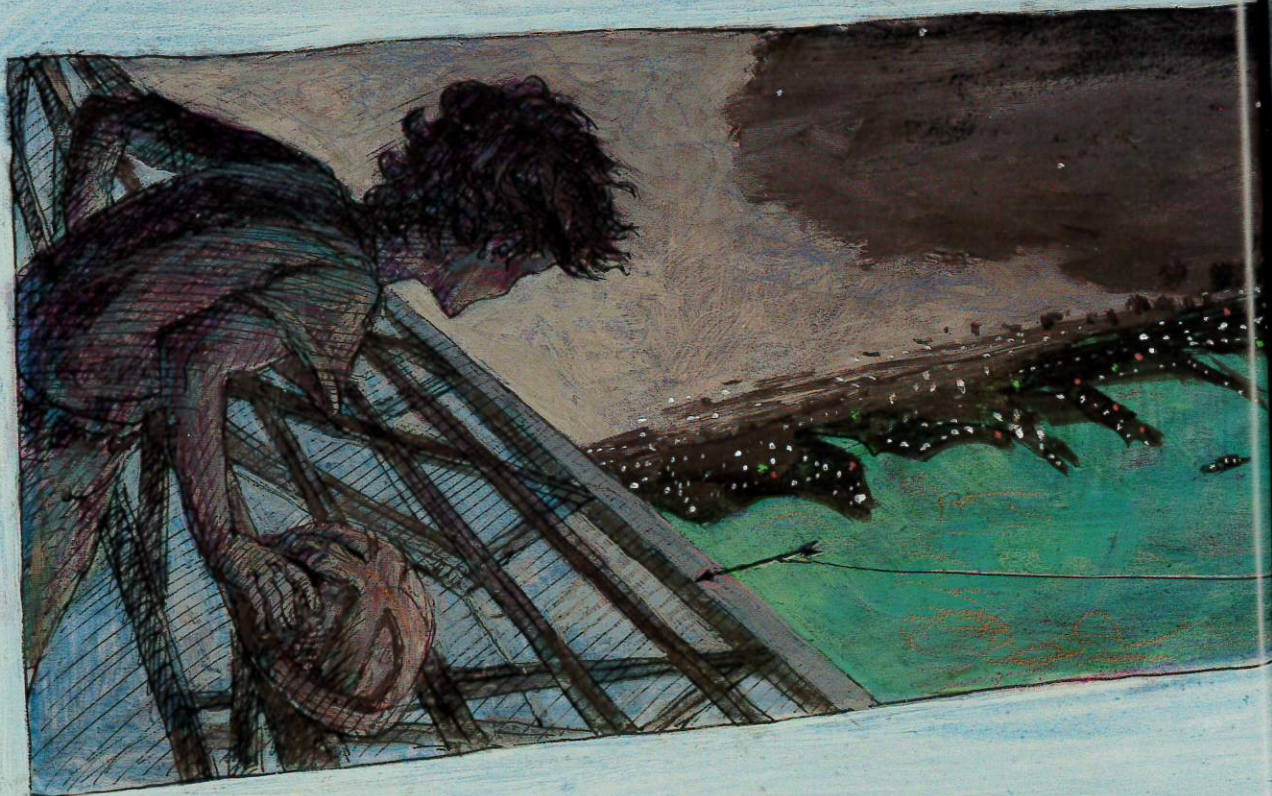




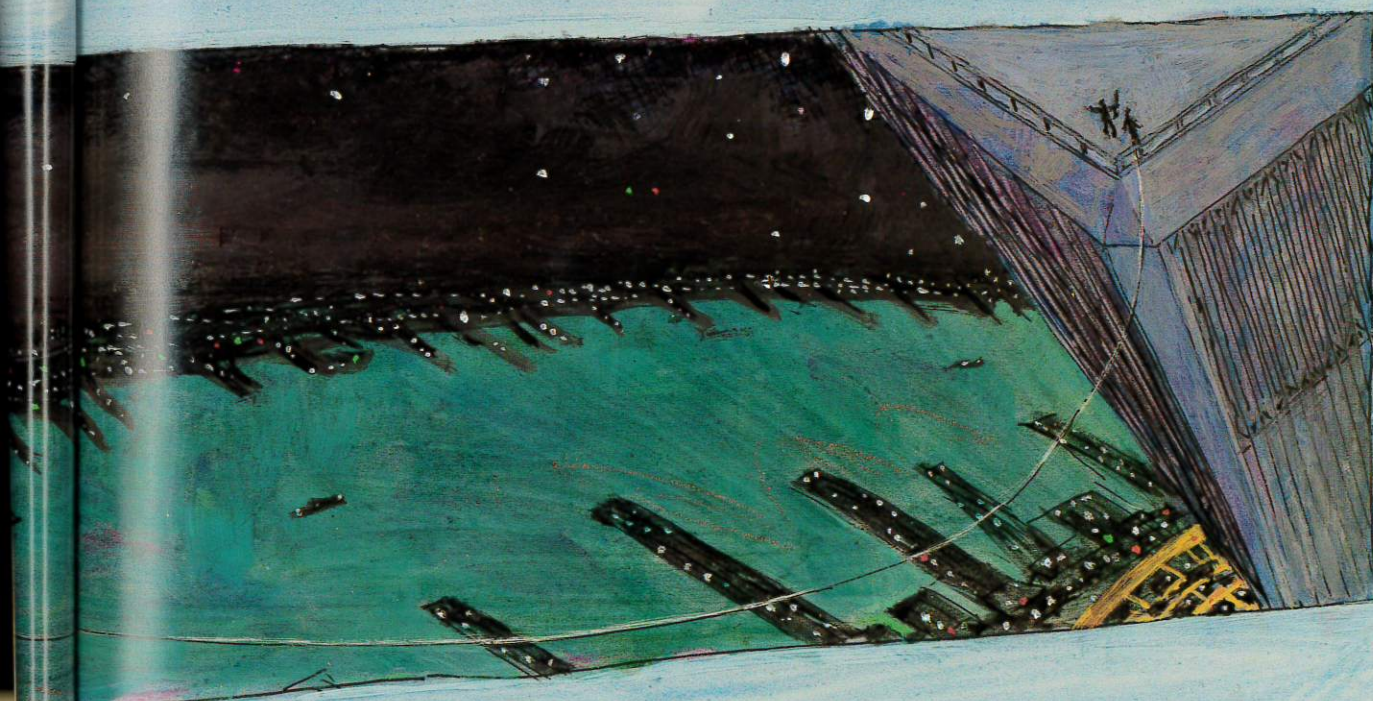




At midnight, on the other tower's roof, two more friends tied a thin, strong line to an arrow and shot it across to Philippe, one hundred and forty feet away.







It missed, and landed on a ledge fifteen feet below the roof.  
Bad luck! thought Philippe.





He crawled down to the ledge, over the sparkling city, and got the arrow.



To its line he tied a stronger line, which his friends pulled back to their tower.



To his end of the stronger line, Philippe tied the cable on which he would walk. It was five-eighths of an inch thick.



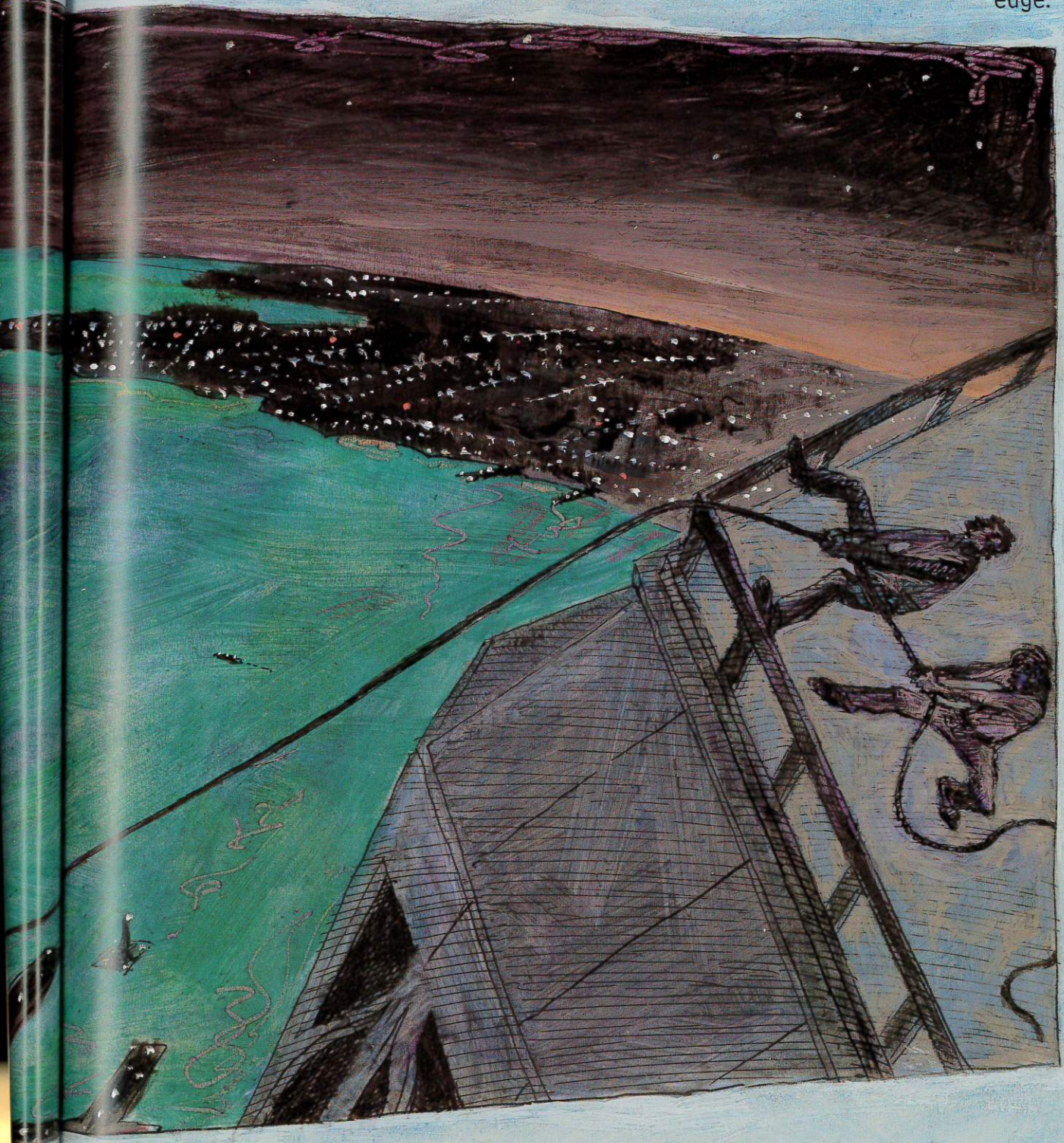


His friends pulled the cable over to their tower  
but it was so heavy that it slipped from Philippe's grip.  
The cable's middle plummeted toward the street—





pulling the friends on the other tower  
to the very  
edge.



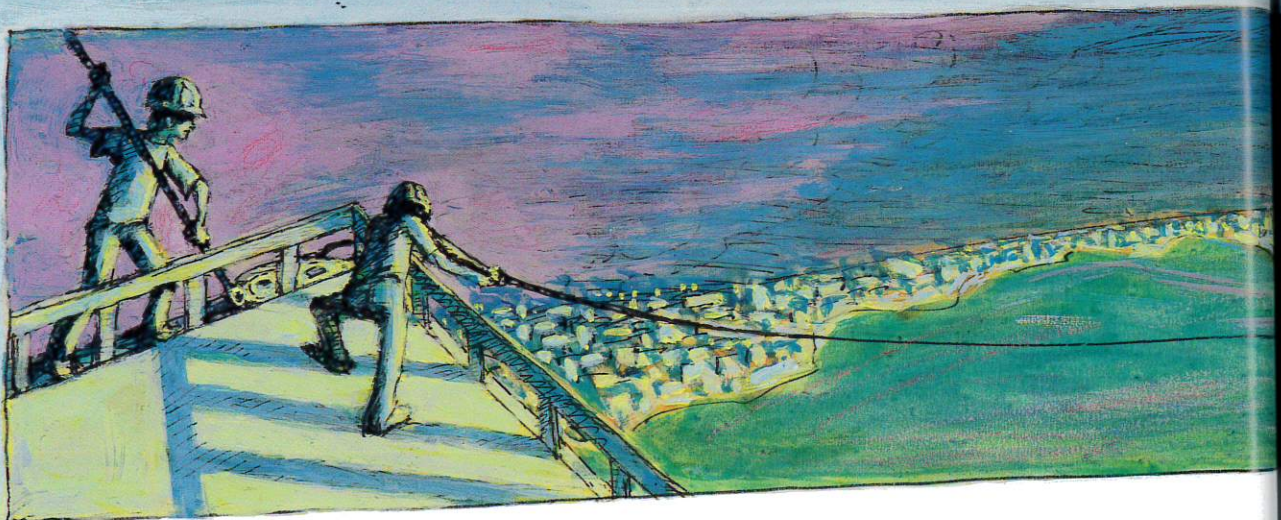
Philippe, just in time, secured his end.



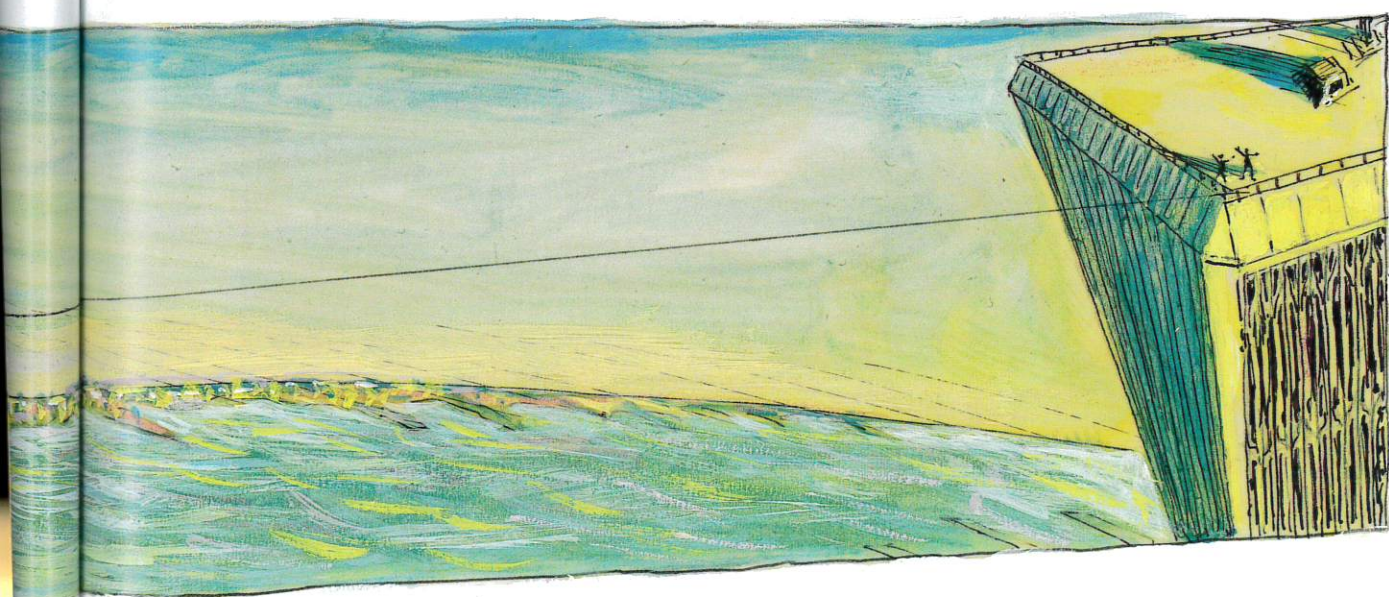
It took three hours to pull the cable back up.



Frantically, as the stars faded, they tightened it between the towers.





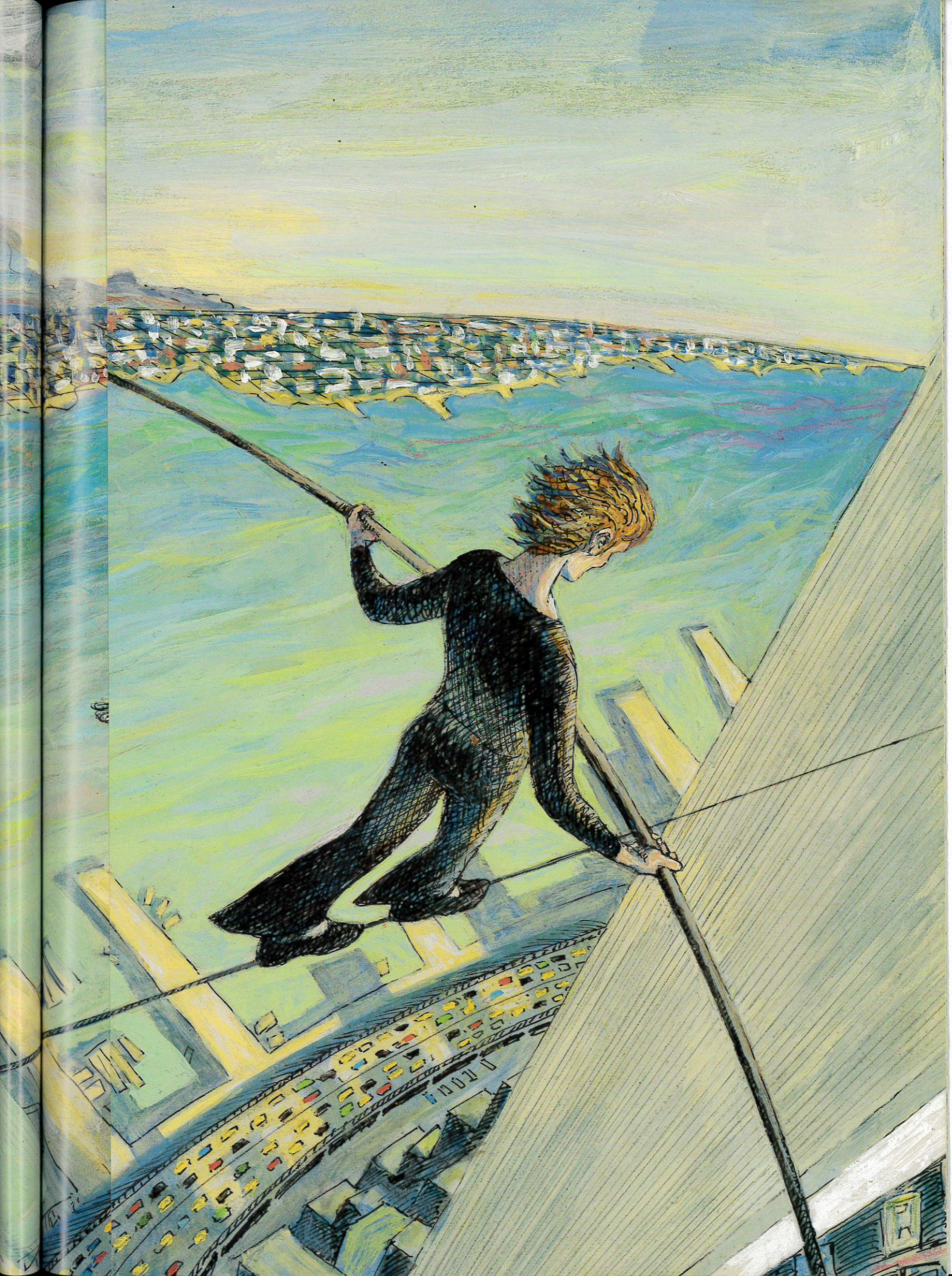


It was past dawn before they were ready.











Out to the very middle he walked, as if he were walking on the air itself.  
Many winds whirled up from between the towers, and he swayed with them.  
He could feel the towers breathing.  
He was not afraid.  
He felt alone and happy and absolutely free.

