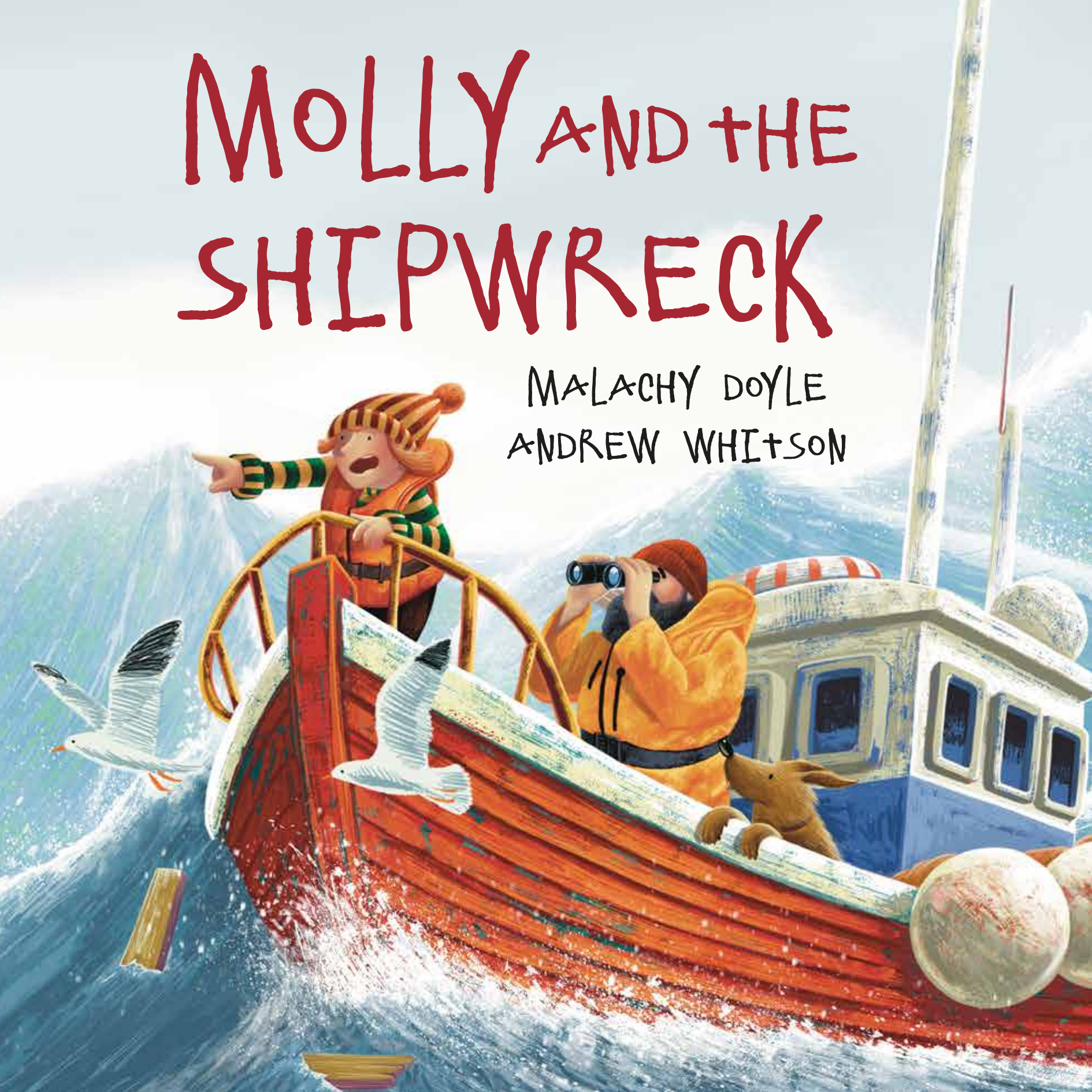
MOLLY AND THE SHIPWRECK

MALACHY DOYLE
ANDREW WHITSON









MOLLY AND THE SHIPWRECK



To Coillín, my beautiful light.
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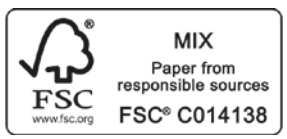
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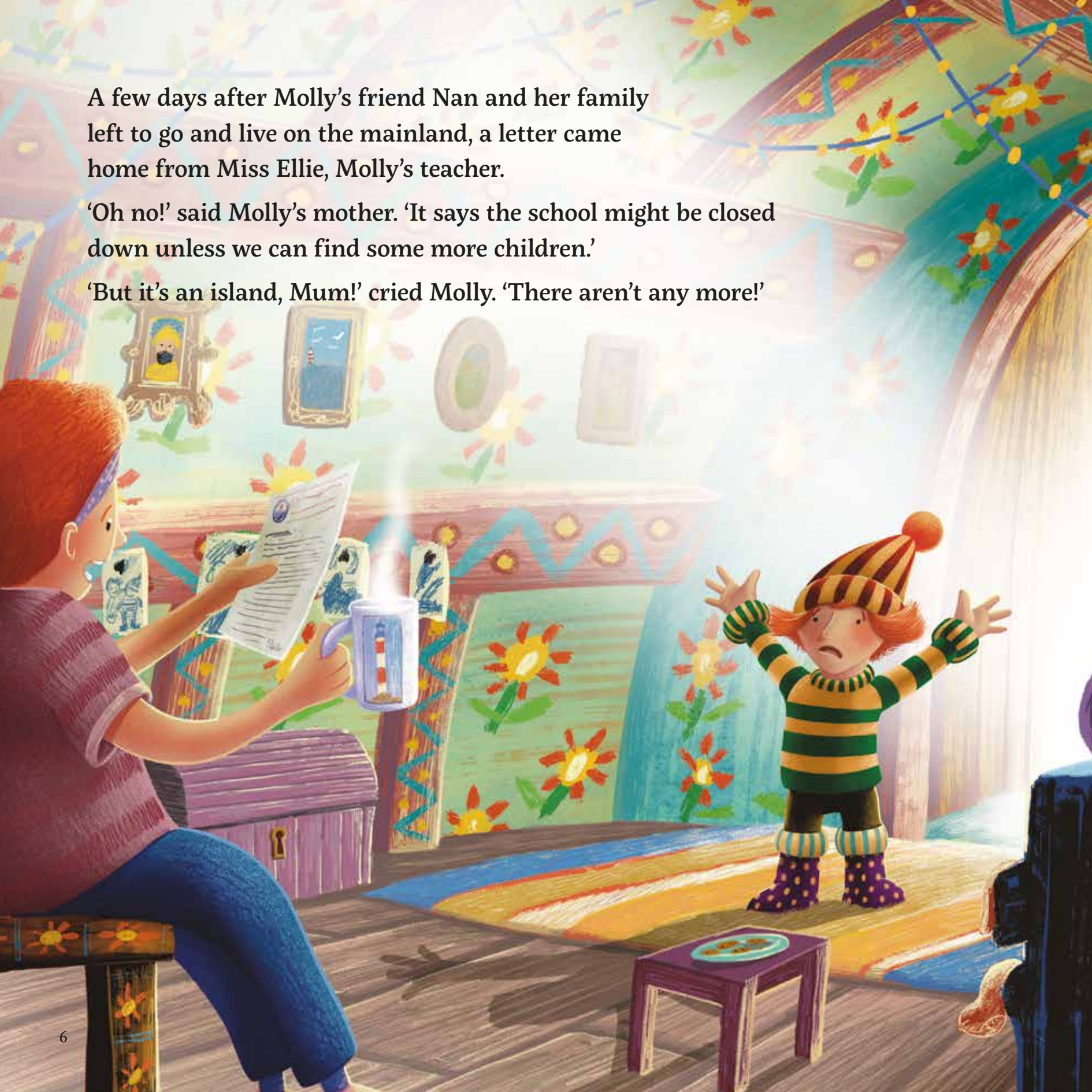
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MALACHY DOYLE ANDREW WHITSON

MOLLY AND THE SHIPWRECK



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A few days after Molly's friend Nan and her family left to go and live on the mainland, a letter came home from Miss Ellie, Molly's teacher.

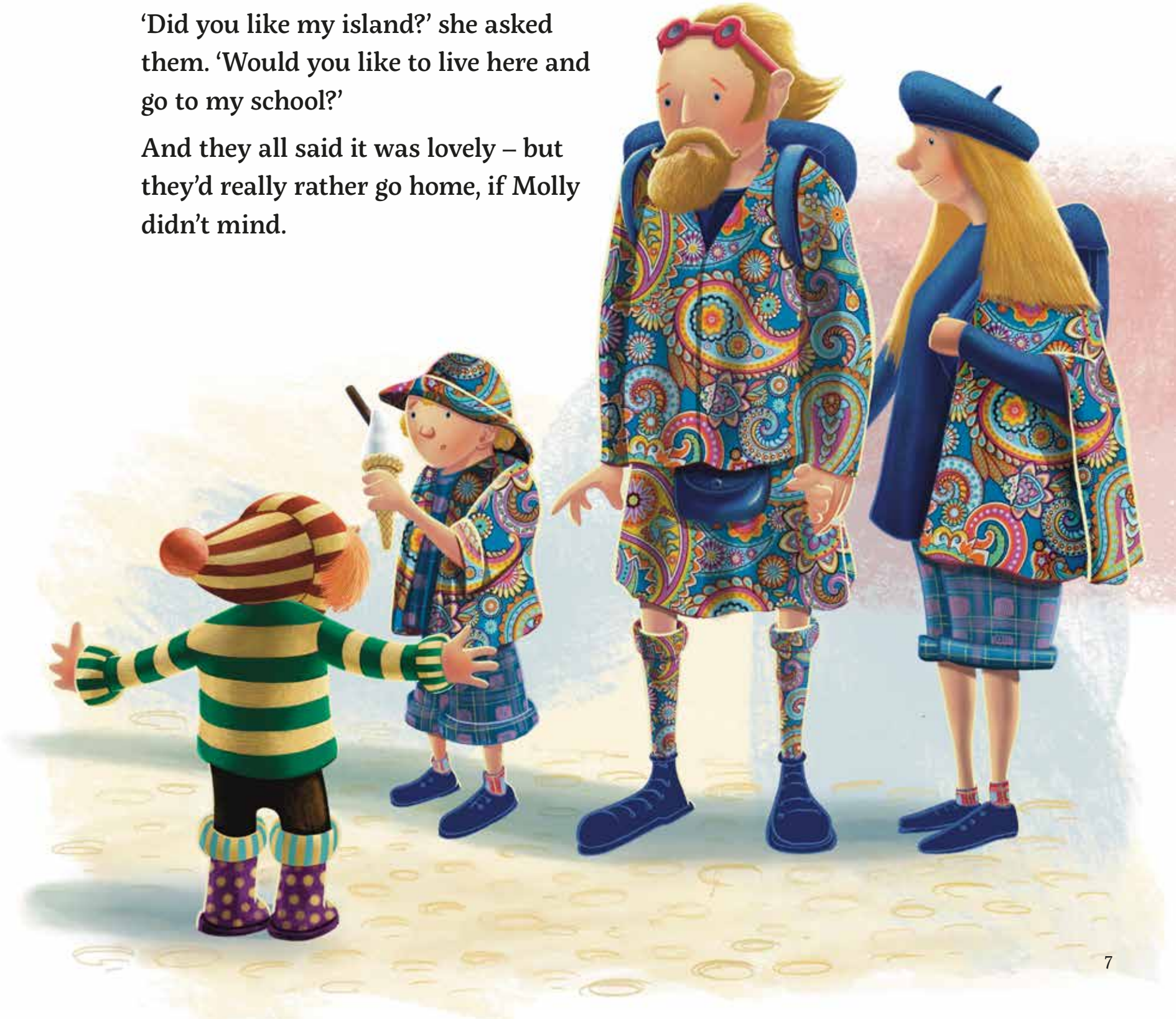
'Oh no!' said Molly's mother. 'It says the school might be closed down unless we can find some more children.'

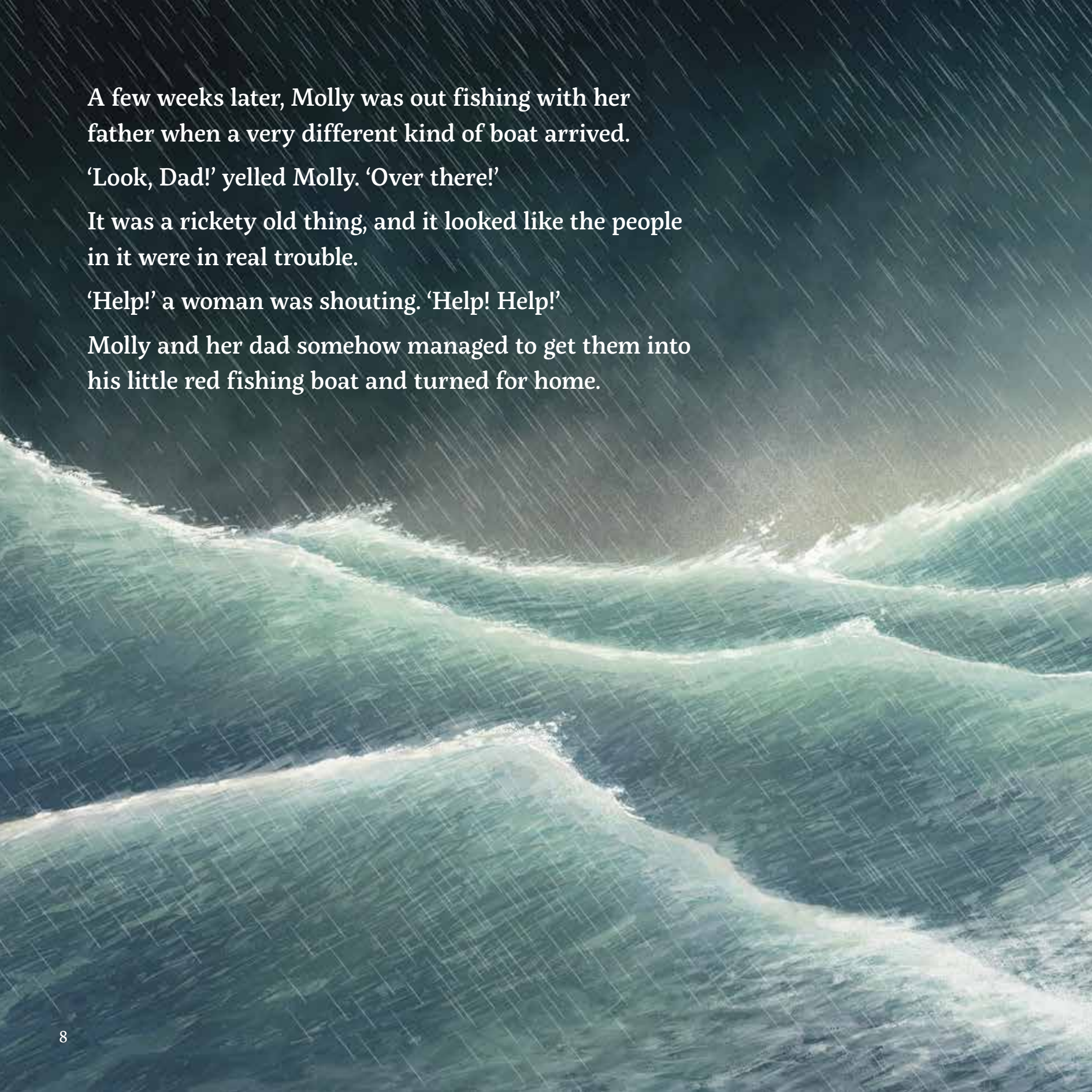
'But it's an island, Mum!' cried Molly. 'There aren't any more!'

So Molly stopped the day-trippers on their way back to the boat.

'Did you like my island?' she asked them. 'Would you like to live here and go to my school?'

And they all said it was lovely – but they'd really rather go home, if Molly didn't mind.





A few weeks later, Molly was out fishing with her father when a very different kind of boat arrived.

'Look, Dad!' yelled Molly. 'Over there!'

It was a rickety old thing, and it looked like the people in it were in real trouble.

'Help!' a woman was shouting. 'Help! Help!'

Molly and her dad somehow managed to get them into his little red fishing boat and turned for home.





After Molly's mum cooked them up a hot meal, the oldest child, Amina, showed Molly some pictures of where they'd come from.

'*Mamá*...' said Amina. '*A mi papi*...' she added, sadly.

'Your dad?' said Molly. 'Where is he now? Did you have to leave him behind?'

'Shush, Molly,' said her mother. 'Give the girl some peace.'

'Would you like to stay here?' Molly asked Amina. 'Would you like to live on my island?'

'You're sweet to offer, love,' said Molly's mum. 'But I don't think they'd be allowed. I think they'll have to go to the camp on the mainland.'

