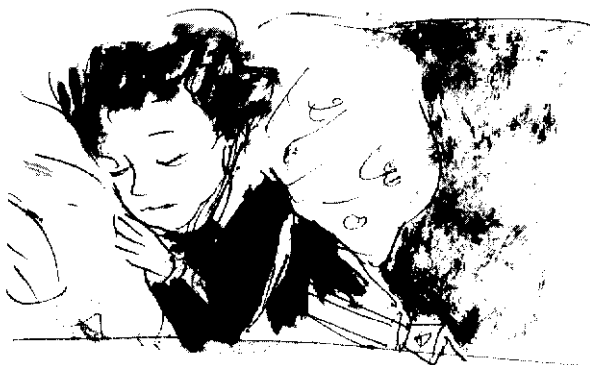




Chapter 1

Tom loved going on holiday with Mum. They always went to the same place, a little beach way up north. He'd spend half the trip curled up on pillows in the back of the car. For the rest of the time they'd

play 'I spy' until finally the caravan park came in sight.

Every year they stayed in the same rickety old caravan. It was in the furthest corner of the caravan park, next to the beach. It had a little path made of broken shells that crunched under Tom's feet as he carried the bags inside.



Once they'd unpacked
they'd go and get fish
and chips for tea from
Mr Guthrie's shop.

'Goodness me, you've
grown,' Mr Guthrie would
say.

He'd sprinkle their tea
with salt and vinegar and
Tom would carry the hot
parcel home under his
shirt. It left a red patch on
his chest.



Before bed, Tom and Mum would go for a walk on the beach.

They'd watch the sun go down and Mum would try to work out what the weather would be like the next day.

Last year she'd said, 'Fishing weather tomorrow, Tom!' He couldn't figure out how she knew.

This year even he could



see what was coming.

Clouds boiled like porridge
in a pot and lightning cut
into the sea.

‘Better batten down the
hatches tonight,’ Mum said.

Tom thought about being
tucked up, safe and warm,
with the storm bumping
into the caravan, and Mum
asleep in the fold-down bed.



Chapter 2

While Mum and Tom slept,
a battle raged over the
ocean. The wind blew up
waves the size of cargo
ships, and clouds hugged
the earth, blocking out
the moon and stars. The
sea rolled and shifted,



tumbling tiny things about.

In the morning they
woke to rain washing over
the caravan. They played
games inside all day until,



late in the afternoon, Mum
said, 'Let's go and see what
the storm's thrown up.'

Tom ran ahead of Mum.
He turned into the track

that led to the sand-dunes.
Pumping his legs, he
climbed to the top.

Beneath him the beach
was covered with an
enormous serve of seaweed.
It looked like cabbage on
a plate.

The waves had carved
a little cliff near the
water's edge. Tom ran
towards it, but just as
he was about to jump off,

he saw something in the
sand below.

He stopped and looked
to see what the storm had
sent him.



A penguin lay at his feet,
its flippers stretched out
flat as if it were dead.

