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.