

Captain Vara was amused by my fear and inexperience. "Careful, boy," he wickedly teased, "These gusts can suck up a lightweight sailor like you and hurl him into the sea!" Then, he laughed cruelly, as I clung to the railing, my stomach churning like the ocean around me.

At last, the sky cleared and the waves calmed. Captain Vara started the engine and turned toward home. But, after several hiccups, the engine died and refused to start again.

Captain Vara was not laughing now.

Without the power of the engine, our boat was no more than a helpless cork bobbing in the water. The shore, too distant for anyone to detect our distress, seemed lost to me.

As Pedro struggled to repair the engine, he both cursed and pleaded to Neptune, the god of the deep sea, whose name was proudly displayed on the helm of our small boat.

"Don't just stand there!" growled Captain Vara as he hung a pair of binoculars around my neck. "Search the ocean for a rescue ship!"

Exhilarated by the huge responsibility thrust upon me, I forgot about my seasickness and put the binoculars to my eyes. I stared out across the water, wide-eyed.

The Shark

At first, I couldn't believe what I saw: behind the walls of water, a mast was dancing. Once the swell calmed, I saw that it was a raft.

In the middle of the raft, gripping the mast, was a young girl about my age. Her red dress was soaking wet and in her hand she held a doll dressed all in white. I waved my arms, but she did not see me. Her attention was focused on the water in front of her. What was she looking at? I followed her gaze down to the water's surface and saw what she was seeing.

It was a shark's fin.





