



GRANDAD-

... QUANTITIES OF MACKEREL ...

"SHH!"



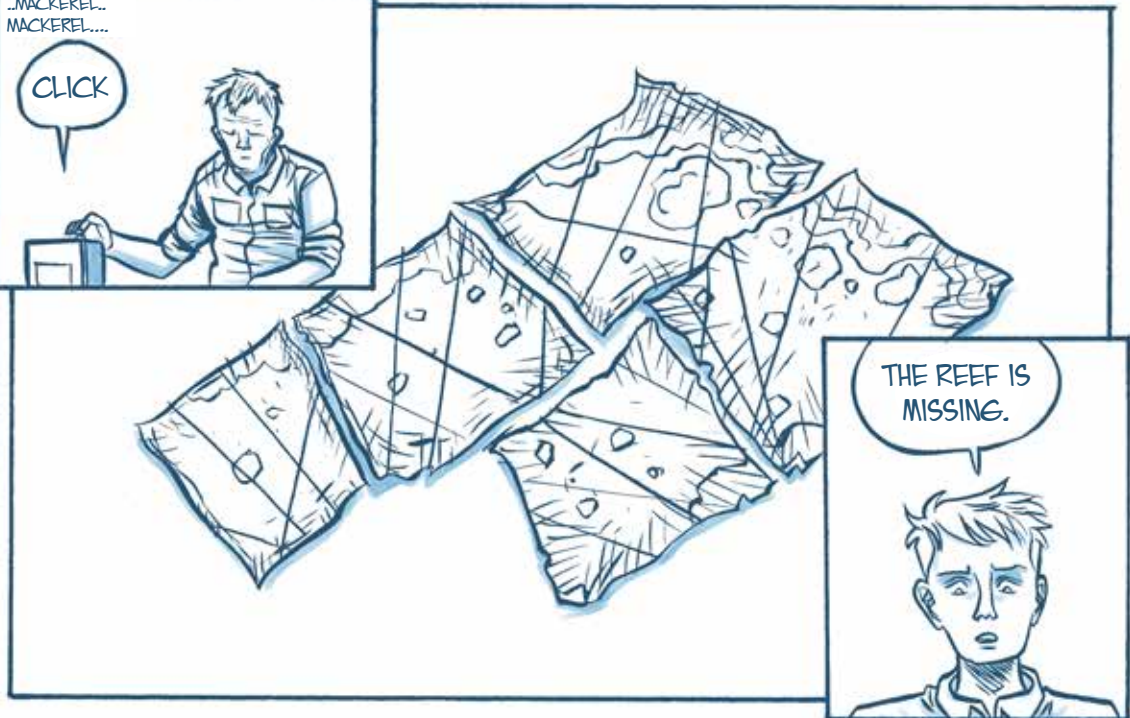
SLAM

A TREASURE MAP!  
I FOUND A  
TREASURE MAP!

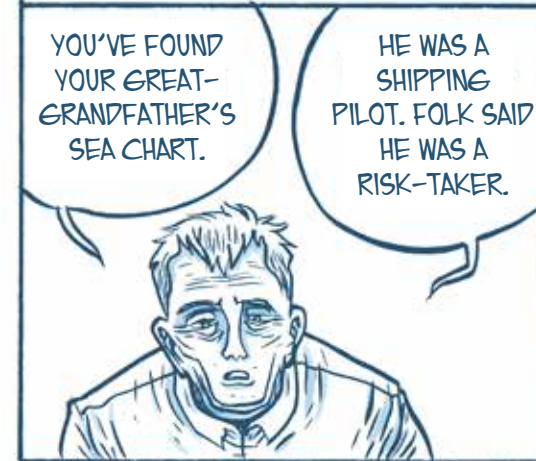


..MACKEREL..  
MACKEREL.....

CLICK

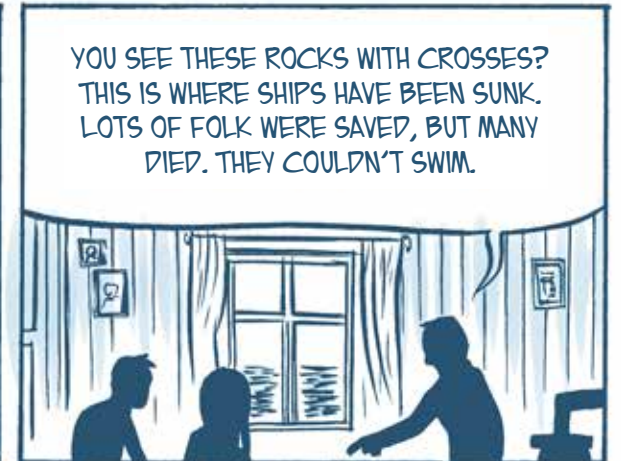


THE REEF IS  
MISSING.

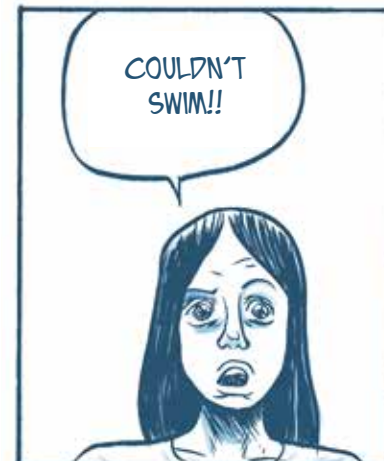


YOU'VE FOUND  
YOUR GREAT-  
GRANDFATHER'S  
SEA CHART.

HE WAS A  
SHIPPING  
PILOT. FOLK SAID  
HE WAS A  
RISK-TAKER.



YOU SEE THESE ROCKS WITH CROSSES?  
THIS IS WHERE SHIPS HAVE BEEN SUNK.  
LOTS OF FOLK WERE SAVED, BUT MANY  
DIED. THEY COULDN'T SWIM.



COULDN'T  
SWIM!!



THEY DIDN'T WANT TO LEARN. THEY DIDN'T WANT  
TO TREAD WATER AND SUFFER SLOWLY, THEY  
WANTED TO DIE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.



WHEN THE WIND'S UP,  
IT'S NO USE TO JUST  
CLING ONTO THE  
ROCKS. THE WAVES  
DRAG YOU BACK OUT  
TO SEA, AND THEN IT'S  
ALL OVER.



.... WHEN IT'S OVER, HOW DO YOU  
END UP LYING.. NOSE DOWN?

Silja counts the pencil crosses on the map. She gets to seven. Seven crosses on seven rocks.

She smiles. "Seven wrecks."

"You're not allowed to swim near rock shoals."

Grandad says, suddenly seeming anxious.

"We'll stay by the quay." I tell him.

Silja doesn't say anything. Her smile is almost unnoticeable. But I know her well, so I can see that she's grinning. And I become even more convinced. She's up to something!

Last year, she found a wreck.

The wreck lay far down in the water, but she dived for it anyway. She was lifeless when Grandad got her back on dry land. The doctor arrived in a helicopter and saved her. The whole summer, people talked about Grandad's wild grandchild. Just as reckless as old Krohn the pilot.

Poor Grandad! I think to myself. It's not just the operation on his eyes irritating him. Silja is too. Silja and her endless diving.

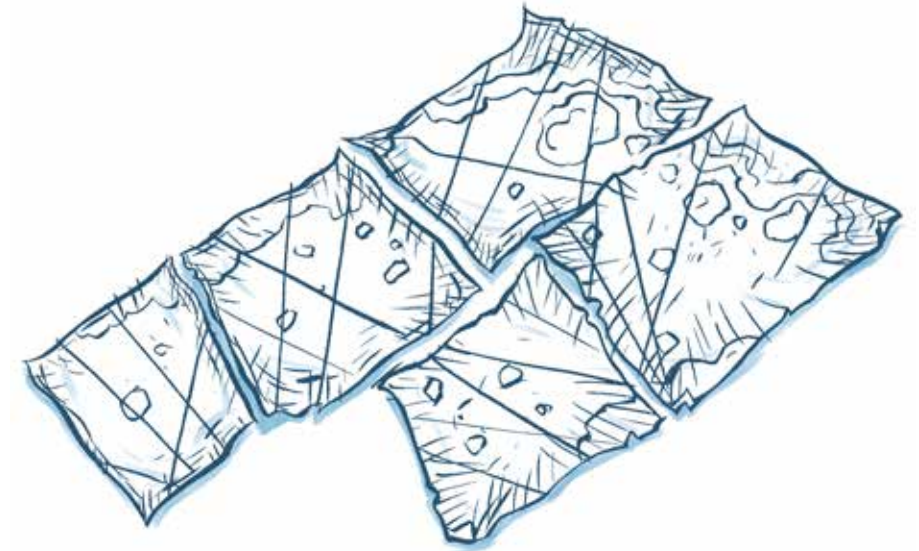
"We'll do as you say, Grandad." I reassure him.

"I'm going out for a dip." Silja says.

Silja runs out.

"Take care of her." Grandad tells me.

But he doesn't know about how she stuck her disgusting tongue in my ear! He just wants to sit inside with his poorly eyes.



I don't go swimming. I sit on the quay and watch Silja. Watch and count.

We were born on the same day, me and Silja. I was born the year before. She's the youngest and the tallest. I'm the oldest and the shortest. Silja laughs about that.

She laughs at me as often as she can. Laughs and calls me things. Twit. Twerp. Old trout.

Or just Tony T, so that Grandad doesn't know that she's annoying me.

When I feel like I've been watching Silja long enough, I ask her to come ashore.

Then she runs off into the boathouse!

She comes back over with a spear and hops out into the sea. She glides slowly along the bottom and skewers four flounders.

"Take these!" she shouts and hurls the fish onto shore.

