

Chapter 1

'Batten down the hatches,' ordered Dad.

He likes saying that sort of thing. It makes him feel like he's back on his ship, telling every one what to do and being important.

'Get everything inside. We are in for a mighty storm.'

'You mean bigger than it is now?' I asked.

The wind was howling around the light house. Waves were crashing on the beach, spraying mist on to the house.

'This is nothing, Kelly. The waves are going to get a lot higher. There is a

deep low to our south, and it's going to whip up the biggest storm we have seen on Fleet.'

Callum locked the bikes in the shed, I shut the doors and windows, and Dad checked the lighthouse.

'All ship-shape?' asked Dad. 'Now we just have to wait it out.'

He was right about the waves. They just kept getting higher and higher. Sea spray slammed against the windows of the house. The wind screamed so loud it was hard to hear yourself speak. The thunder of the sea made the house shake. Plates fell from the shelf. Paintings dropped from the wall.

'The waves are going to smash the house,' I yelled.