

Chapter 5

Lizards tramped about on the top of the jetty. I was a sitting duck. A bunch of flying lizards could finish me off in a second. I could not stay out there in the water, hanging about to be a mid-day snack.

Weeds hung from the big logs that held up the jetty. I slipped into a bunch of kelp and hid. I clung to a rotten plank, trying to fend off a bunch of jelly fish that wanted to sting me.

I was cold. I was stranded, but the lizards could not see me, clinging to the bottom of the jetty.

Hardy was on top of the jetty. He was at the far end of the jetty. He was asleep. There were hundreds of lizards landing on the jetty and hopping about. I did not want to

think about what was going to happen to Hardy.

Hardy is a log when he is asleep. The best thing I could wish for him was that he would not see what was going on. Maybe he would stay asleep when the lizards chomped him up.

I wanted to cry, just thinking about it.

'I can not do it,' I told myself. 'If I do get out of this, I can not tell Hardy's dad that I swam off and left Hardy to get munched by flying lizards. I have to try to help him. Maybe they have not seen him yet. Maybe he is so still that the lizards think he is a bit of the jetty.'

I had to go back. I had to swim back to the end of the jetty and try to help Hardy.