Sheet 2

The storm

Sandy wandered along the windswept deserted beach, pausing every now and then to investigate the flotsam and jetsam that had washed ashore. He picked his way carefully amongst the strewn wreckage from the cargo ships that trawled up and down this section of the coast. They say: one person's trash is another person's treasure.

Was it only yesterday morning that he had excitedly run down this same beach eager to test his new fishing rod? A fishing rod he had saved months and months to buy. Yesterday, the sun had glinted off the white crests of the waves as they rolled towards the shore. Sandy had curled his toes in the soft dry sand as he merrily considered the day ahead of him. Firstly, he needed some bait. He had grabbed his bucket and dug for yabbies. The wet soggy sand had yielded a bountiful supply. When he was satisfied, he had prepared his brand new fishing rod and leapt into the waves. His first cast went askew, but his second had hit the sweet spot and he rocked on his heels as he settled in for the long wait for his dinner.

An hour later, Sandy searched the steamy horizon to the east as the temperature climbed. Dark grey clouds were brewing low over the ocean. A clap of thunder had suddenly roared angrily in the distance, and rattled Sandy's thoughts. The salty breeze whipped around his hair and freckled, dimpled face as the smell of rain assaulted his senses. The frothy white waves crested higher and higher as they churned like a washing machine. A flash in the distance made his head spin. He covered his ears against the thunderous clap. As the first spits dotted the soft white sand, Sandy abandoned his fishing.



Abandoning also his fishing rod when fear and panic for his safety surfaced. He ran for home on his short spindly legs. It was only when under protective shelter he remembered his rod. Crash! Bang! Crack! The dark black threatening sky had been a foreboding of a rocky night ahead. He could not go back. His new rod would be lost to the greedy sea.

'What a difference a day makes', Sandy hummed forlornly as he meandered along the transformed shoreline. Yesterday's storm had unleashed its full fury up and down the coast, abruptly stopping all activity. Today, the sun was high in the endless blue sky, shedding its brilliant light over everything it touched. Today was different. Things were different. His fishing rod had been taken by the sea.

A gentle ocean breeze ruffled through the seaweed in front of him, exposing more of the flotsam and jetsam that had not been there 24 hours earlier. Sandy's attention was curiously drawn to a shiny object not three feet away. He stretched forward, eager to reach his target. His hand clasped around the smooth shiny chrome of a solid cylindrical reel. A fresh smile cracked across his wind-burned face as he held his find aloft… one treasure lost to the sea, another treasure found!