



Extract 2

September 6th

A great storm is gathering, the seas huge, the skies full of anger.

We went to fetch Granny May this morning. Her roof looks as if it might blow off at any time. She didn't want to leave, she didn't want to be a trouble. Mother paid her no heed and we took an arm each and brought her home.

All day we huddled together around the fire in the kitchen trying not to listen to the howling outside. Father saw to the cows today. He's shut them in the shed now, out of the storm.

It's a high tide tonight. Father says there'll be flooding. The sea will pour in across from Great Porth and make another island of us – it's happened before.

On nights like this, when I was little, I used to go into Billy's room, climb into his bed and we'd talk till morning. We could pretend we weren't frightened and if we pretended hard enough, then we weren't.

Now I sit alone on my bed and listen to the roar of the storm outside and the whistle of the wind in the windows and I am afraid. I can only think of all that sea pounding our little island, trying to suck us down and sink us for ever. I am so afraid.

Where are you, Billy? Where are you? Why did you go and leave me?

