

## Frank...

The constant deafening sound of the raging thunder and the eerie flash of the angry lightning. Day six of staying inside (only accompanied by my pet) listening to threatening storms. It had to end, didn't it? I've anxiously waited for six days just hoping that no one is in trouble. No one being thrown around in the storm like dolls. But all I hope is that this storm will end soon, and never come back again...

I'm Frank. I'm fourteen years old. I live in the Coorong with my pet seagull. Even though living here is isolating, I like it. My Seagull ( Mr Sea ) has an astonishing story. One day I was walking along the beach and heard gunshots from the sanctuary. I ran towards them as fast as I could. When I got there the hunters had left and the place was a mess. Two big seagulls had been killed and left on the ground helplessly. I explored the nest and unwittingly found a small baby seagull. I nursed it all day and all night! ( That's the story of how Mr Sea and I met.)

## John and his Crew...

The threatening storm constantly cracked. My hands were aching from holding onto the side of the boat. Six days of being thrown around and threatened, six days of pain!

"Ugh!" moaned my crew mates in unison. They were too exhausted to speak. The deck was a mess of blood. Bodies had been thrown around like toys and a reckless kid. Will this ever end?

My name's John. I have a fishing business just out of Adelaide. My crew and I unwittingly sailed out into the ocean nearly a week ago and have been trapped ever since! We sailed out to do some fishing when a heap of tormenting and monstrous clouds rolled in from the east. At that point we all knew we were doomed!

## Frank...

The monstrous storms rolled out, everything was decimated. It came by the Canal Park and had one last puff, before leaving the ravaged town and racing to its next victim. Finally the storm had finished, I glanced out to the horizon, expecting the worst, above the waves I could see

around 300 meters out, was a small ravaged boat. Desperate people were clinging to the sides of the boat. How could I help them now? I'm just a boy with a pet seagull...

## John and his Crew...

The storms rolled out. The waves calmed down. The sun-shone over the world. A boy! A boy is upon land. We need to get his attention A.S.A.P . I fling my hand in the air and desperately yelp for help. The boy sees me but turns away and retreats back to his humpy. There's nothing I can do now! Everything's broken: motor, propellers - there's no hope!

## Frank...

"I've got an idea!" I yell to myself frantically as I sprint back to the humpy! I grab some rope thinner than thread and call Mr Sea. If I can pull this off it's going to be amazing. I sprint outside and give the rope to Mr Sea.

"Take the rope out, to the boat!" I scream desperately." Out to the boat!" "Yes!" I scream as Mr Sea plummets onto the boat with the rope! The fisherman understands and ties the rope to the side of the boat. Mr Sea glides back with triumph, little does he know we still have the hard work to do! I pull and pull. Metre by metre the boat drags through the water towards me! "It's working!" I yell to Mr Sea!

## John and his Crew...

The boat hits the shore! We all climb off the boat! No one believes this is true. Saved by a kid and his pet seagull!

## Frank...

The men climb off the boat with disbelief. "Thank you! You saved us! You saved our lives. You and your pet seagull!"

Now I really feel the feeling mum told me about before she died, the feeling of when you've done someone good, the feeling of triumph, the feeling I've always wanted to feel from the day mum told me about it!

By Sam