

LITERATURE:

And I rowed like I had never rowed before, fixing my eyes on the blade, pulling long and hard through the water, reaching far forward, bracing my feet and digging the oar again into the sea. The sea surged and churned around the gig. I became my oar, my oar became me. I was too busy to feel any fear, too cold to feel any pain.

Do you think Laura was scared?

I have no children, I have no wife, but I pulled all the same. I pulled instead for Granny May, for Mother, for Father and for Billy, especially for Billy.

It was no great distance across the narrow channel but the seas were seething. A witches' brew

Do you think Laura is strong?

LITERATURE:

I climbed out and looked about me. I saw men staggering towards us, and one of them was running ahead of the others.

‘Laura!’ he cried. I knew the voice, and then I knew him.

Who do you think it is?

[Click Here](#)

