

LITERATURE:

WHEN I WOKE UP THIS MORNING I THOUGHT
yesterday must be a dream. I had to go into Billy's
room to be quite sure it wasn't. He was still asleep.
He sleeps like a baby, like he always did, with his
finger alongside his nose.

The wind has dropped. From his window I
watched the sea dancing in the morning light.
Father was on his way out when I got downstairs,
leaning on a stick and limping, but beaming at me.

'The Zanzibar,' he said, 'she's still on the rocks -
what's left of her. But she won't be there for long.
We're going out to see what we can take off.'

What do you think Laura was dreaming?

What was the ship called?

LITERATURE:

'Cows!' someone said. And at that moment, amid great splashing and whooping from the gig, six cows came out of the sea and came gambolling up the beach.

'Well, I'll be beggared,' said Mother.

What washed up onto shore?

By this evening, the beach on Rushy Bay was littered with piles of loot – every family had their own pile and we ferried it all back home in donkey carts.

We had prayed for a wreck and a wreck had come. And what a wreck! That a miracle had happened, no one doubts. There is wood enough to rebuild our battered houses, and to rebuild or replace our ruined boats. There are cows to give us milk, all the corn we need to feed us and them through the

What was a miracle?



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