

Rescue story with a dilemma WAGOLL

I had been to stay in my grandparents' village many times before, but I had never seen another child there. I had seen lots of dogs, but no children. It was a quiet seaside town in the south of England. Waking up in the mornings, you could hear the waves crashing against the jagged cliffs and seagulls crying overhead. I usually spent all summer there and really loved walking along the beach, feeling the sand in between my toes and splashing at the water's edge. Granny and Grandad had a dog, a sappy old black Labrador called Jet, who liked nothing more than rolling around in the sand, playing fetch and dashing in and out of the dank, echoing caves.

I had been at my grandparents' house for a week. Every morning, I woke up early and took Jet for a long walk along the shore line. On this particular day, clouds were building up; forming whipped cream images of animals in the sky. The waves were white, thrashing dragons on a backdrop of blue and green. I saw a flash of black up ahead and thought Jet must be doing her usual trick of chasing seagulls, frightening them into flight over the water. "Jet! Here girl." I called. Jet didn't return straight away but this wasn't unusual. She was an old dog and a bit hard of hearing. I saw another streak of black ahead, running upwards to the cliffs and shouted for her again. Suddenly, Jet was by my side. "That was quick." I said to her, and we set off back to Granny and Grandad's cottage. Along the way, I couldn't resist peaking in the caves, tiptoeing around the rock pools and climbing over the rocky crags to see into the deep crevices created by the relentless, unforgiving tide. "We had better get back now Jet." I said to my four-legged companion, "The tide is coming in and we don't want to get cut off." At that moment, I heard a strange noise coming from the back of the cave, like something landing with a thud. I turned my head sharply but couldn't see a thing in the gloom. "Must be a seagull." I thought to myself.

The following morning, I ran down to the beach with Jet. Something was pulling me back to the same cave where I heard the weird sound. As I approached the same spot, I noticed something black, darting into the cave. It looked like a person this time. "Hello. Is anybody there?" I asked the empty cave. Silence. Jet ran away from me into the cave. "Jet, come back!" I shouted. Cautiously, I edged further in. Drips of ice-cold sea water fell on the back of my neck. I was aware of the waves behind me and water lapping at my ankles. "Hello?" My voice echoed all around. I could see a shape near the back of the cave. I felt my legs tremble and my heart rate pounding faster. Jet returned to me and I breathed a sigh of relief but right behind her, was a boy. "This is my cave." he said. "Get out."

I was so shocked that I just grabbed Jet's lead and ran away. Outside the cave, I stopped to catch my breath. The water was now up to my knees and rising fast. The boy in the cave would surely drown if he didn't come out. Should I go back in and tell him, should I go and get help, or should I just leave him there?

I thought for a few moments. Did I imagine the boy? I had never seen another child in this village. I heard a noise from the back of the cave again and decided I had to try and help him. "The tide is coming in. You need to leave this cave." I said as I made my way back to the boy. All of a sudden, Jet pulled away from me and ran back towards the beach, leaving me alone. The water was now up

to my thighs and my jeans were soaking wet. "Go away!" came a reply from high up somewhere. The boy was crouched inside a crag ready to jump. Thud! He landed right by my feet and nearly knocked me over. A wave rushed in behind me and I felt my elbows getting wet. "We need to leave now or we'll get cut off." I said with urgency. The boy now looked shocked at the height of the water and looked at me with scared eyes. "I, I, I can't swim." He whispered.

"Jump on my back." I said. Forcefully, I pushed into the waves with the boy's hands gripped tightly around my neck. The water was fighting against us as I tried to get back to the beach. My knee crashed into a rock and I yelped in pain. The boy was heavy and weighing me down, making my head go under every few breaths. We struggled along until eventually, we felt sand under our feet again.

Sitting on the shore, catching our breath, I asked him what he was doing in the cave and where he had come from. "I live in the next village and I walk my dog like you do, on the beach, in the mornings. Two days ago, my dog went missing. I can't find him anywhere, so I have been looking in these caves. I'm sorry if I was a bit mean. I'm just really sad about my dog." The boy stopped talking and looked at me. "I think I saw something heading up to the cliffs the other day. Shall we go and have a look?" I suggested. I led my new friend up to where I saw the black image the day before. We could see something moving. Was it a tail wagging? Jet jumped out and although I was pleased to see her, we were disappointed it wasn't the boy's dog. But behind Jet there was another tail wagging. Hiding behind a huge boulder, was a little, dark brown, furry bundle. "Jackpot!" the boy cried, and the dog jumped into his arms.