



Then I rushed out to put my bike away.
Fists of wind pounded me, punching me sideways.
The palm trees bent and thrashed in a wild dance. The
wind was pushing the waves into mountains. They
broke over the coral reef, then crashed against the
rocks in a burst of spray as high as our cliff.

"Batten down the hatches!" Dad shouted in his old
navy talk as he slammed the storm shutters.

I tried to whistle for Triste, but no sound came.