

The Sea House

Lucy Owen

ILLUSTRATED BY Rebecca Harry

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'For my dad Jeff Cohen and his grandson Gabriel,
whom he never met but would have adored.'

Lucy Owen



'To my lovely Aunty Denny xxx'

Rebecca Harry

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FABULOUS'S FANTASTIC FISH FACTS

About the Author

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CHAPTER 1

Tears

Coral woke up. Her eyes snapped open in the darkness and she sat up, trying to work out where she was. She'd just had the same dream again. The one where she was with her parents and felt so close to them. They had all been back together, on a happy holiday, swimming in the sunshine, as if nothing had happened.

It was a shock to wake up back in her room. To remember again that her parents were gone. In the inky blackness of her bedroom, Coral had never felt more alone.

She was trying so hard to be brave for everyone. Her Aunt Trish and Uncle Jeff had moved in and were doing their best to look after her, and friends from school visited to try to cheer her up. But nothing could fill the huge hole in her heart. It didn't even seem worth coming out of her room when she didn't have to.

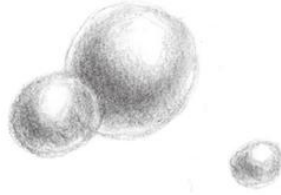
Coral had not let herself cry, not since the accident. She fought hard to keep her tears back, worried that if they began, they would never stop. But in the dark dead

of night, after the hopeful bright island of her dream, she felt the grief surge inside her.

She gulped and gasped for air, almost drowning. Her heart was pounding. A sound like the ocean rushed and swirled in her head. Finally wave after wave of tears rolled down her cheeks, a sea of sorrow.

Coral couldn't hold back any more. She lay back down on her bed, allowed her tears to flow free, and let herself be swept away.

Just before she cried herself to sleep, she closed her eyes and wished something would change. That something good would happen.



CHAPTER 2

Underwater

When she woke next, Coral didn't know what time it was, but she knew something was very, very different. Her long hair felt as if it was swaying. She turned her head a little and felt a ripple move through her hair, right to the very tips.

She tried to sit up. But that too was very, very different. It was a familiar feeling, but she couldn't think what it was. She felt slower, but at the same time lighter. It was almost as if she was under...

Coral's eyes widened.

UNDERWATER!

But that wasn't possible! How could she be underwater in her own bedroom? What had happened? How was she even breathing?

Coral exhaled and a stream of bubbles came out of her mouth.

She looked around. Her curtains were waving gently round her window, like long strands of yellow gingham seaweed. Apart from that, the room looked the same, though there was no doubt about it. It was underwater.

Out of the corner of her eye, at the far end of the room, Coral saw tiny blue flashes of light. Something very small was watching her, twinkling, sparkling and darting from