

“She must be injured,” he reasoned, stripping off his anorak as he waded into the swirling water. “Don’t worry, I’m coming to get you.” His feet were only just touching the sandy bottom when he reached the rock. He **bobbed** up and down next to the girl, whose frightened face stared down at him. She tried to smile, but was shivering so badly that it turned out more like a grimace.

“*Het jy seergekry?*” Grant asked.

The girl’s face registered incomprehension and confusion.

He tried English. “Are you sore?” he asked. “Ag, I mean, hurt?”

The girl shook her head and her **chattering** teeth made a peculiar noise.

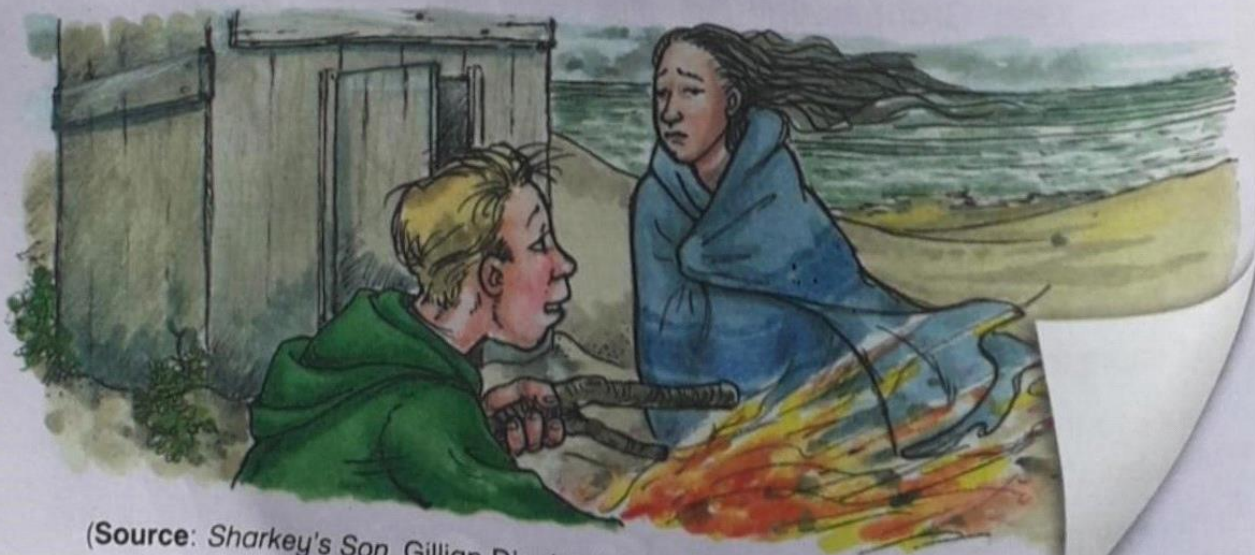
“Come on, grab my hand.” The girl put one of her hands into his. It was stiff and purple and deathly cold.

“Quickly,” Grant said, pulling the girl off the rock and into the sea. He supported her back to the beach. He picked up his anorak and wrapped it around her shaking shoulders. Then he led her up to the wheelhouse.

Once inside, he pointed to his blanket. “Take your costume off and wrap yourself up in that,” he ordered. “I’ll make a fire. You need to warm up as fast as possible.”

The driftwood was very dry and the fire caught quickly. It was already crackling just outside the doorway of the wheelhouse by the time the girl shuffled out, wrapped in a blanket.

“Sorry about that,” she said softly. There was something in her tone that made Grant think she was unaccustomed to apologising.



(Source: *Sharkey's Son*, Gillian D'achada, Tafelberg, 2008, pp. 43–45)