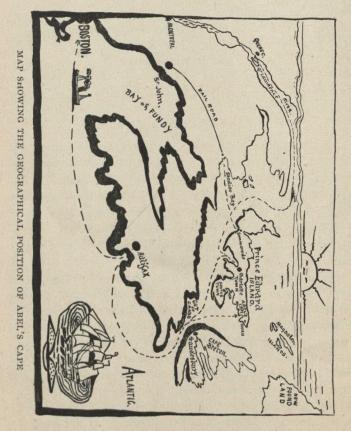
was desecrating the grave they had guarded so carefully.

The gulls flew by like lightning, grazing my head with their sharp wings, and piercing my ears with their shrill cries. The wind howled, and the rain began to beat down savagely. The ghosts were indeed out but I was not even nervous. It was right that I should pay something for such a treasure. To gain it by labour and danger seemed only natural. How long, though, could I hold on? To ascend was out of the question. I must hang until the



tide turned. But, with the great weight choking me, could I hold till then? All spinal action was prevented by my glorious burden. My arms were becoming cramped, my