



opening extract from

Tim and Charlotte

written by

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Frances Lincoln

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One day Tim and Ginger were walking along the beach near Tim's house.

The weather was stormy and Tim and Ginger were happy because they liked to



watch the great waves crashing on the beach and feel the strong wind and salt sea spray on their faces. They liked, too, to run



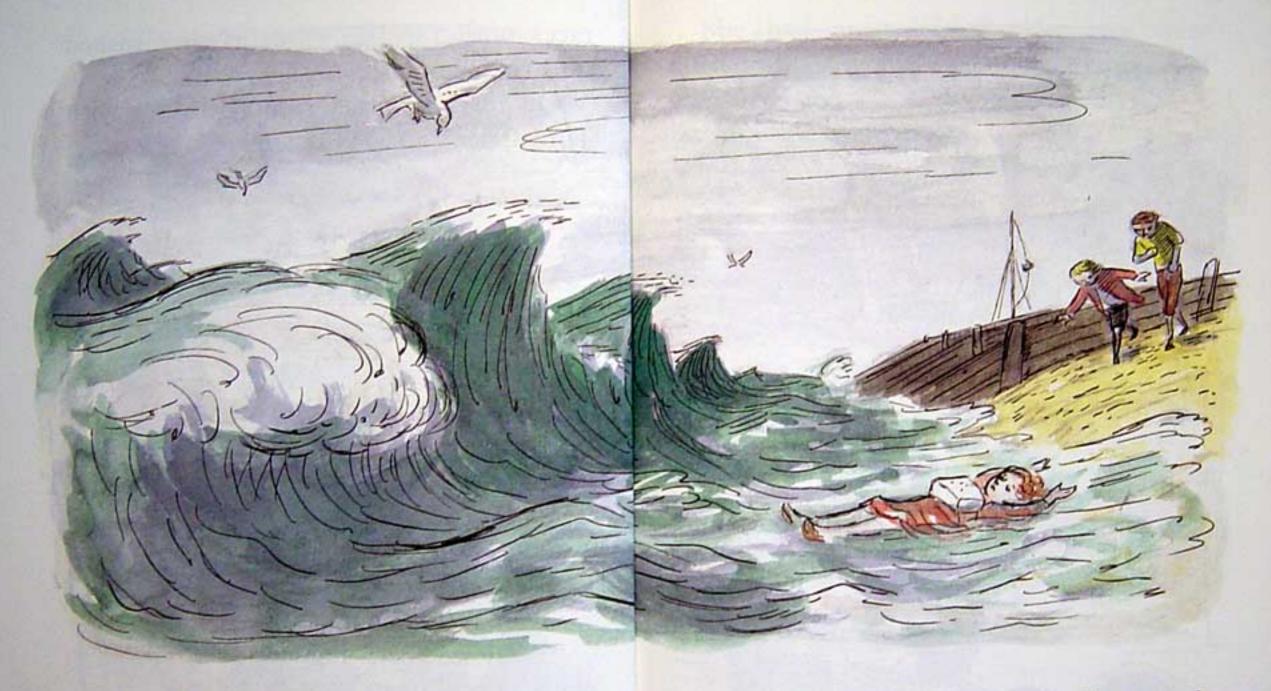
races with the big waves as they rushed into the shore.

On their way they stopped to talk with Tim's friend the old boatman.



"Dirty weather," he said, "and it will get worse. I pity them poor lads at sea."

"Ooh," said Tim with a shiver, "something exciting is going to happen. I feel it in my bones."



The old boatman was right. As they went on, the wind blew harder and the waves became bigger. Suddenly Tim gave a great shout. "Ginger, what's that in the water? Oh, it is a little girl, quickly, we must rescue her."