

Extreme Action Series

THE WRECK



By Frances Croft

The Wreck

Part One

Matthew leaned against a wooden post on the old wharf and stared out to sea. The sky was almost cloudless and only a light breeze touched his fair hair. Half Moon Bay was a small fishing village. From the north a low reef stretched like a finger towards the entrance of the bay while to the south were tall, rocky cliffs. Fishing boats seemed to sit motionless on the calm water. A large white yacht was moving slowly out through the entrance to the sea.

He'd driven down a day earlier from Bridgetown because he'd had some business to do for his father. His friends, Andrew and Suzie and his cousin, David, were late. He looked at all the diving gear sitting on the wharf. Once everything was loaded and they all arrived they'd be off in his Uncle Jim's boat, the Sea Spray.

"Matt," Andrew called walking quickly along the wharf.

"Hi," Matthew turned and smiled at his friend.

"How are you doing?" Andrew said, putting his bag down.

"Good," said Matthew. "Hey where are the others?"

"They'll be on their way. Suzie said she'd pick David up. He's supposed to be back from that Outward Bound course this morning so hopefully he won't be late."

"OK, no worries," said Matthew. "I was just sitting here thinking about the dive. The wreck isn't down that deep so we should be able to stay down for quite a while. There are these huge underwater caves close to the wreck as well so we can have a look around there too."

"Cool," said Andrew. He sat on the rough boards and stretched his long legs. "I've been looking forward to this trip for months. You're sure your uncle doesn't mind us coming?"

"No, everything's arranged. Uncle Jim went fishing before dawn. He'll pick us up from here. He shouldn't be long," Matthew said looking at his watch. "You'll like him. He's really easy going. He was an expert diver until he had a car accident a few years ago. His left arm was pretty bad for a while, so, he's fishing full time now. Oh, there he is."

The Sea Spray, with Uncle Jim on board was moving towards the wharf.

"Hi," voices called from behind them.

"Just in time, Suzie," Matthew said as he smiled at the fair headed, athletic girl who was hurrying along the wharf with his cousin, David. "How did your course go, David?"

"I survived but only just. Wasn't keen on having to stay alone in the bush for two nights." He dumped his gear on the wooden boards.

"He's gone on about it the whole way here," Suzie laughed.

swam along the side of the sunken trawler. Out of the corner of his eye he thought he saw a faint glow above and slightly behind him. He turned but there was nothing there. He checked his watch. They still had plenty of time before they had to surface. Andrew, who was behind him, had stopped to look at the variety of fish that swam in and through the wreck.



As Matthew rounded the bow, he saw another gaping hole. Long fingers of thick, dark kelp blocked his view. He pushed the seaweed aside and peered in. Something glittered. A canister! Kicking gently he swam forward. He reached in and grabbed the shining object.

As he did a hand covered his. Above him and to his right was a diver with a knife. Suddenly the diver and the knife were spinning away from him. A dark shape and a surge of water almost knocked him over. "There's someone else down here," he screamed. The glittering canister was gone and the strange diver was swimming quickly away. The dark shape had vanished.

"You okay?" Andrew cried coming up behind him. "He's getting away! You're sure you're all right, Matthew?"

"Yes! Let's get out of here."

A short time later they were all standing on the deck of the Sea Spray. Jim listened in amazement as Matthew explained how the diver and the knife had been pushed away.

The Wreck

Part Four

For Matthew, sleep was almost impossible. The hours dragged by until they were all sitting round the table having breakfast. He wondered what Detective Wyatt would say? A sudden knock on the door disturbed them.

"I'll go," Jim said quietly. He got up, left the room and returned with the detective.

"Thanks, Jim, I'd like a cup of coffee," Detective Wyatt said after the four young people had been introduced. He sat down and held the cup in both hands. Outside, the wind whistled round the house. There was a definite change in the weather.

"You have all had a very narrow escape, especially you, Matthew. We never expected you to see those divers again or we'd have insisted that you didn't dive anywhere near the wreck," said the policeman as he sipped his coffee.

"The entire operation depended on fine weather and those two young men you taught to dive, Jim, are Ken Blake's nephews. They are professional divers and only pretended to learn to dive to give themselves an alibi. The white yacht brings the drugs in and one of her divers puts the drugs in place. Tony and Brett Green dive and collect the drugs. Ken Blake distributes the drugs," he went on.

"I'm sorry you were all involved in such a dangerous situation. Jim never told anyone you were coming down for the weekend. This meant Blake couldn't warn the white yacht that you were diving to see the wreck. However, the divers thought you would have been frightened off and that's why they had another run." He stood up.

"This time we've caught the whole gang. We have been aware of what was going on for months but we never knew which bay the drugs would be dropped off at and there was no proof. We seemed to be one step behind them all the time. We caught Blake with the canister as he came ashore," he related.

"Did your divers see a funny glow in the water?" Suzie asked.

"No, they didn't. They never mentioned anything like that."

"It's your imagination, Suzie," David laughed.

"Matthew saw it too, didn't you?" protested Suzie.

"Sorry, what did you say?" said Matthew. "I wasn't listening. I was just thinking." He knew that either Tony or Brett Green had tried to kill him. They had collected the drugs! It was quite frightening to think of it now.

"You will be asked to give evidence when the case comes to court," Detective Wyatt smiled and turned to leave.

"Do we have to?" Suzie asked, sitting back in her chair.