



bucket by the stove. "Then both of you scrub the deck."

"Mind that **undertow**," the Skipper called after them.

"What's he mean?" thought Walter. But he didn't dare ask.

On deck, Walter blinked spray from his eyes. A howling wind whipped his hair. The *Mary Anne* was flying through huge green waves. They seemed high as mountains! Foamy sea water crashed over her, then slid off the decks, then crashed again.

Alfred staggered into him as the *Mary Anne* tipped up, then down, up, then down.

"This is the open sea!" screamed Walter skidding down the deck. He grabbed the mast to save himself. Where was the first mate? He'd been at the tiller but now he was below decks with the Master.

"Fill the bucket!" he shrieked at Albert. Sea water was streaming down his face. He was already soaked through. The *Mary Anne* gave a sickening lurch.

Albert steadied himself on the heaving