

The boy was slow to wake up the next morning. The ghost of Tupa had played through his dreams, making him **restless**. And so it was almost noon before Mako sat up on the mats and stretched himself. He called Afa, and the boy and his dog ran down to the lagoon for their morning swim. **D**

When they returned to the house, wide-awake and hungry, Mako's mother had food ready and waiting.

80 "These are the last of our bananas," she told him. "I wish you would paddle out to the reef this afternoon and bring back a new bunch."

The boy agreed eagerly. Nothing pleased him more than such an errand, which would take him to a little island on the outer reef, half a mile from shore. It was one of Mako's favorite playgrounds, and there bananas and oranges grew in great plenty.

"Come, Afa," he called, gulping the last mouthful. "We're going on an expedition." He picked up his long-bladed knife and seized his spear. A minute later, he dashed across the white sand, where his canoe was drawn up beyond the water's reach.

90 Afa barked at his heels. He was all white except for a black spot over each eye. Wherever Mako went, there went Afa also. Now the little dog leaped into the bow of the canoe, his tail wagging with delight. The boy shoved the canoe into the water and climbed aboard. Then, picking up his paddle, he thrust it into the water. The canoe shot ahead. Its sharp bow cut through the green water of the lagoon like a knife through cheese. And so clear was the water that Mako could see the coral gardens, forty feet below him, growing in the sand. The shadow of the canoe moved over them.

A school of fish swept by like silver arrows. He saw scarlet rock cod with ruby eyes and the head of a conger eel² peering out from a cavern in the coral. The boy thought suddenly of Tupa, ghost of the lagoon. On such a bright day it was hard to believe in ghosts of any sort. The fierce sunlight drove away all thought of them. Perhaps ghosts were only old men's stories, anyway!

Mako's eyes came to rest upon his spear—the spear that he had made with his own hands—the spear that was as straight and true as an arrow. He remembered his vow of the night before. Could a ghost be killed with a spear? Some night, when all the village was sleeping, Mako swore to himself that he would find out! He would paddle out to the reef and challenge Tupa! Perhaps tonight. Why not? He caught his breath at the thought. A shiver ran down his back. His hands were tense on the paddle. **E**

restless (rĕst'lis) *adj.*
unable to sleep or rest

D THIRD-PERSON POINT OF VIEW

Reread lines 73–77. What is the **narrator** able to reveal about Mako that the other **characters** in the story wouldn't know?

VISUAL VOCABULARY



coral (kôr'əl) *n.* a type of marine animal, the skeletons of which build up a rocklike underwater structure called a reef

E THIRD-PERSON POINT OF VIEW

Reread lines 105–111. How do you learn what Mako is thinking even though he hasn't spoken?

2. **rock cod . . . conger eel:** Rock cod is a type of saltwater fish, and a conger eel is a large eel.