



“Afa! Afa! Come back! Come quickly!” Mako shouted.

The little dog turned back toward the canoe. He was swimming with all his strength. Mako leaned forward. Could Afa make it? Swiftly the boy seized his spear. Bracing himself, he stood upright. There was no weakness in him now. His dog, his companion, was in danger of instant death.

Afa was swimming desperately to reach the canoe. The white shark had
200 paused in his circling to gather speed for the attack. Mako raised his arm, took aim. In that instant the shark charged. Mako’s arm flashed forward. All his strength was behind that thrust. The spear drove straight and true, right into the great shark’s eye. Mad with pain and rage, Tupa whipped about, lashing the water in fury. The canoe rocked back and forth. Mako struggled to keep his balance as he drew back the spear by the cord fastened to his wrist.

He bent over to seize Afa and drag him aboard. Then he stood up, not a moment too soon. Once again the shark charged. Once again Mako threw his spear, this time at the other eye. The spear found its mark.
210 Blinded and weak from loss of blood, Tupa rolled to the surface, turned slightly on his side. Was he dead?

ANALYZE VISUALS

How does the shark shown **compare** with your mental picture of Tupa?