After getting permission for their plans, Jeff and Dulcie loaded the small sailboat and climbed in. They sailed around for a while before turning toward the island.

Then they noticed an abrupt change in the weather. The light wind that had been keeping them cool was becoming stronger. Looking to the west, Dulcie saw dark clouds filling the sky.

The waves on the surface of the sea were getting taller, making the boat rock from side to side. None of the waves were big enough to overcome the little boat yet, but they were getting bigger by the minute. Dulcie watched her brother try to control the sails as the boat pitched up and down.

Suddenly, Dulcie was overcome with fear. “Do you think we should head for home, Jeff?” she asked.

“No, Dulcie,” he answered. “We’re too far away now so I don’t think we’d make it. We’d be better off landing on the island and waiting out the storm there.”

As Jeff and Dulcie tried to get the sailboat closer to shore, the storm grew stronger. Rain beat down hard and fast. With great effort, they managed to get the boat close to shore. When the water was shallow enough, they jumped out and pulled the sailboat up onto the beach.

Jeff and Dulcie found a small cave, where they were warm and safe until the storm ended. Then they made their way down to the beach where they had left the sailboat. It was wrecked on the rocks that covered the eastern end of the beach.

“What will we do now, Jeff?” cried Dulcie, looking forlorn.

“Don’t worry,” said Jeff. “Dad knows where we went.”

When the rescue boat came, Jeff and Dulcie told their dad and the rescue team about the storm. “I’m glad you’re both safe,” said their dad, looking relieved.