

ALICE IN AUSTRALIA, BURIED TREASURE #4

MY MUM IS A BONA FIDE TECHNOPHOBE WHO REFUSES TO CARRY A PHONE.



SO I SIT BESIDE A BIG RED ROCK ON THE BEACH.

I STRETCH MY T-SHIRT OVER MY KNEES TO COVER MY LEGS, PULL MY SLEEVES AS FAR AS THEY'LL GO, SHOVE MY HAT DOWN HARD ON MY HEAD, AND SIT VERY STILL, TRYING NOT TO BURN.

I DIG MY FEET A LITTLE WAY UNDER THE SAND, WHERE IT'S COOLER. I WIGGLE MY TOES.



MY BIG TOE TOUCHES SOMETHING SMOOTH. STARTLED, I PULL AWAY. THEN I PUSH MY HAND INTO THE SAND...

SMOOTH AND ROUND.



BURIED TREASURE.

I BEGIN TO BRUSH AWAY THE SAND...



THERE IT IS – IT'S A... WHAT IS IT?

I BRUSH AWAY MORE SAND, VERY CAREFULLY...



IT'S A NEST OF EGGS! I SIT BACK, AMAZED.

A DARK SHADOW PASSES OVER ME – A GIANT BIRD RETURNING TO HER NEST. I SCRAMBLE BACK TOWARD THE ROCKS, AND LOOK UP INTO THE SKY, SQUINTING.



BUT IT'S MY MUM, STANDING THERE, CALM, AS THOUGH SHE HADN'T GONE MISSING.



'HAWKSBILL TURTLES,' SHE SAYS, 'I THINK.' I LOOK AT THE NEST, AMAZED.