**Overboard**

On that dreadful night, I recall that the ocean had been surprisingly calm to begin with. Sitting proudly at the helm of my yacht – The Peggy Sue – I tugged my woolly hat firmly over my ears and wrapped my fleecy anorak snuggly around my body. “This is the life,” I had thought to myself, grinning happily. Hanging in the sky, the waning moon provided an ominous glow across the peaceful waters of the Pacific. Studded diamonds glistened in its ebony backdrop. I was content with life…

 Suddenly, the calmness was interrupted as Stella (my black and white sheep dog) began to bark quite ferociously! Realising that she was up on the bow of the boat, without being clipped to her safety harness, I frantically leapt up. With the intention to entice her to me, I quickly grabbed my lucky football with the thought to lure her to me - she loved to play with it usually. Stepping outside, the icy wind slapped my cheeks and bit at my fingers. As I crouched down to whistle and call for her, I noticed the sails begin to flap wildly. The weather was turning. At this point, I knew I had to get Stella and fast!

 Swiftly, I raced to the fore-end of the boat, clutching my ball tightly. “Stella!” I screamed, becoming rather frantic. It had started to rain heavily and I could really feel the wind whipping around me now. Crouching down with difficulty, as the boat had begun to tilt, I lurched forward and grabbed Stella tightly, holding her firmly under my arm. As she flailed around frantically, trying to escape my grasp, she knocked the football from my hand. It rolled towards the edge of the boat! Horrified, I lunged after it but it rolled out of sight and plummeted in to the seething water below.