

Extract of:



Snorri and the Sunken Treasure

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The sea is deep, dark and vast. So vast that it is impossible to know every inch of it. In some places, it is as warm as bathwater, while in others, it is as cold as a refrigerator. The deep blue sea is packed full of life. Adventures, treasure and secrets abound beneath its surface. Aquina, the little mermaid, and Snorri, the six-legged octopus, know this. But today...

“I am sooo boored!” moans Aquina, kicking a shell to one side.

“Let’s see what’s going on in Aquamaris then,” Snorri suggests.

Aquamaris is a legendary city at the bottom of the sea and today is a day much like any other: there is a merman herding manatees and porpoises. There are colourful stalls selling baked starfish, algae soup and sea-snail lollies. Opposite the stalls, the theatre is showing a play about the deadly sea snake Svalgur. And on the coral bank, the older mermaids are having a singing lesson.

“I’m just going to grab a few baked starfish,” says Snorri.

(...)

“Are you going to use your mind magic?” asks Aquina.

Snorri can make things move with his mind! (...) At precisely that moment, a young kelpie comes water-galloping towards them at speed.

“Not again!” Aquina moans. “That’s Aquarian’s kelpie. He’ll never learn to stay in the saddle for long.”

Snorri looks startled. “Who is Aquarian?” he asks.

(...)

“He’s a spring guardian,” explains Aquina.

The spring guardians live in the nearest ice city to Aquamaris and the merpeople prefer to have as little to do with them as possible. Snorri knows this.

He hears Aquarian call: “You twisted piece of seaweed! Stop! Stay where you are!”

Snorri tries to stop the kelpie in its tracks with his mind magic.

He focuses on the kelpie. "Stop!" he thinks. "Stop right now!"

But the kelpie continues water-galloping around, out of control. Snorri doesn't hesitate for long. Pumping water out of his body, he shoots himself forward. When he does this, he briefly has the ability to move faster than any other creature for miles around. He grasps the kelpie's mane in his powerful tentacles and pulls it downwards.

Snorting, the kelpie comes to a halt in front of a large crab, which is laden with seaweed.

Aquarian has caught up. He grabs the reins.

"You could at least say thank you to Snorri!" scolds Aquina.

"I could have caught my kelpie myself," Aquarian grumbles.

"Psst!" Snorri hisses at the squabbling twosome.

He is straining to overhear the conversation between two mermen who are exchanging suspicious whispers in the shadow cast by the crab.

"Treasure?" murmurs one of them. "Real gold? On the ship graveyard?"

"Yes!" whispers the other. "In one of the wrecks."

"But there are hundreds of them! Do you know anything more?"

"Only that the name of the ship apparently has something to do with a bird."

Gold? Treasure? Snorri's eyes widen.

Aquarian's too. And suddenly, he seems to be in a great rush. He leaps onto his kelpie's back and is gone.

"What an idiot," murmurs Aquina.

Snorri grabs her by the arm and pulls her with him.

"We have to hurry!" he hisses.

"Why?" she asks.

"Gold!" exclaims Snorri. "And I know exactly where it is!"

"Please don't say the ship graveyard..." sighs Aquina.

But Snorri has already disappeared amid a shoal of silver fish.