

Shen scrambled to the top of a frozen wave and looked around. Through the snow, he saw a dark line of cliffs not far off.

The waves must have hidden it from Captain Jeggings and the others. They would not have seen the lonely lights which twinkled there.

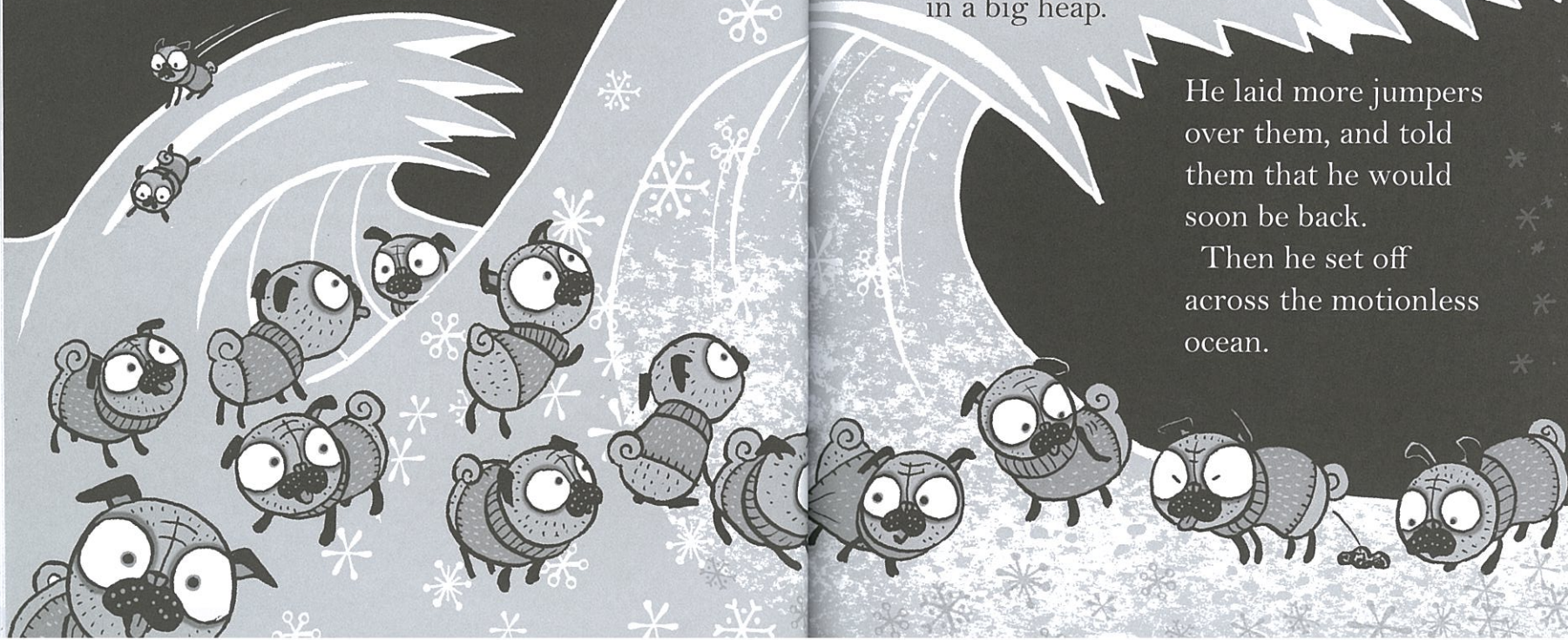
'Wait here!' he told the pugs.

'I'm going to fetch help!'

He spread some of the armless jumpers on the snow, and the pugs piled on to them, snuggling together in a big heap.

He laid more jumpers over them, and told them that he would soon be back.

Then he set off across the motionless ocean.





‘What’s a “Po of ice”?’ asked Shen.

The girl looked up. She had a round face, and her cheeks were rosy with the effort of sweeping. ‘It’s meant to say Post Office,’ she said. ‘But the S and the T blew away. Also one of the Fs.’ She tossed her broom aside and held out a small, mittened hand for Shen to shake. ‘I’m Sika. Who are you?’

‘I’m Shen,’ said Shen. ‘I’ve been shipwrecked. Oh, please, I need help, and dog food!’

Sika frowned. She had thick black eyebrows like lines drawn with charcoal. They were very good for frowning with. ‘You have dogs?’

‘Yes! They are waiting out on the ice! I have to get them to shore quickly, before the ice melts!’

‘Oh, it won’t melt!’ said Sika. ‘Don’t you know what this is? Didn’t you notice how suddenly the cold came? This is no ordinary winter. This is a magical