

Excerpt

It was a big turtle. I estimated it was nearly half a metre long and maybe thirty centimetres in height at the top of the rounded, heavy shell which was the tallest part of its body. It wasn't moving and its eyes were closed.

I bent down close to its head and whispered. 'Hey turtle, what's your problem? Do you need some help? Why aren't you going back into the sea?'

There was no response. It was so still. I hoped it was asleep and not in serious trouble. My breathing became faster and deep inside my brain there was a bell ringing ... an emergency bell. I wanted to help this creature. I couldn't leave it here to die. But how could we help ... and had we arrived in time?

