

“Great,” Adam murmured.

His father drove towards the village. Dark Cove depressed Adam. The place huddled at the base of tall cliffs as if it was hiding from the world. Everything was grey and dull. The cottages had cracked chimney pots and loose roof tiles. Winter storms stripped the paint from window frames and rusted every bit of exposed metal. Sad fishing boats bumped against the little harbour wall as if they were desperate to break free from their ropes and drown themselves in the black, miserable sea.

“One day, we’re going to buy a little shop here and sell ice creams to the tourists,” said his mum, gazing into the distance.

“There aren’t any tourists,” Adam said as he looked out of the window. “Only us.”

“There will be,” his dad said, turning into the narrow lane that led down into Dark Cove. “One of these days, things will pick up for Dark Cove. Some day soon, the Mermaid will smile on us

