

## The castle of glass

By Hanne Kvist

Every morning when my brother and I go to the beach to swim, our father says: You can swim where ever you like, but stay away from the old glass castle.

Okay, okay, we say.

We are like fish. We swim from dawn till dusk. That's what we love to do.

One day we played hide and seek in the ocean, and I caught a glimpse of the glass castle. It looked so beautiful and fragile, shining up to me from the bottom of the sea. I dived down there. The door stood open. The castle was so small, with many little towers and (spir), and everything was made of glass.

Why not try, just once? I thought and swam through the door. My brother would never think of looking for me here.

I saw him jump into the water. He looked and sought. Finally he came swimming down towards me in the glass castle. I got up from my hide in the sea weed/sea grass and waved my arms at him.

He (tøvede) a little, then he dived down and came through the door into the castle. At that very moment, the door slammed.

It got quiet. Very very quiet.

The door had no handle.

I looked at my brother. He looked back at me.

– We have to get up and breathe, he said.

– I don't need to breathe, I answered. – I need to get out of this glass castle.

– You can talk under water, my brother said.

– And you look like a fish, I said. He did. He gaped(?) like a funny fish.

– Look at yourself, said my brother.

And I looked down and saw my legs shimmering with beautiful scales and my arms were only fins.

– Oops, I said.

I threw my body against the glass wall, and the whole castle crashed and cut the silence of the sea to pieces.

We were free, but we were fish.

We swam toward the beach, and at the surface we could see our father waiting on the beach, watching.

We jumped high in the air and landed with big splashes, but he didn't see us.

We called out with our little fishes voices, but he didn't hear us. Finally he turned around and walked back to the house.

Every evening our father comes down to the beach.

Every evening my brother and I swim to the coast with the other fish.

Our father doesn't see us, but I think he knows that we are here.

We just want to tell him that we are like fish in the water. We swim from dawn till dusk.

That's what we love to do.