





"Looks amazing, just doesn't work..."

"Why d'you say that, Jasmin?" I asked, lifting the plastic bag off my Acer 17. Freakish April weather meant piercing sunshine kept vanishing, blustery gusts blowing fine moist specks from the reservoir. Thankfully, the wind calmed down and the sun came out with a vengeance.

"Because, Joshua, you're obsessed with that silly laptop. Can't be that good if tinsy drops on its keyboard make it shut down. Maybe it's an aquaphobe, like you." My sister stuck her tongue out at me before licking her breathing equipment and refitting it. Tightening the pink swimming headband, adjusting her bathing suit, skimming another pebble across Thirlmere, she filled her lungs before jumping off the jetty again, resurfacing quickly.

Force from the splash had ripped off her goggles and snorkel. She treaded water for a moment and threw them to the shingle.

