



Anouk and Ben and Cara stood on the scribbly
tideline and watched waves breaking into blues.
"Blue of blue," said Anouk.
"Every blue there is," Ben said.

"Even the ones without names," added Anouk.
Side by side they stood and stared across the bouncy
sea at the little island.



"It looks like a gold coin," said Anouk.

"I bet there's treasure," Ben said, "if only we could get there."

"Maybe you can," croaked a voice.

The old man's face was as wrinkled as monkey-puzzle bark. He was all bones and light as a tail-feather.

"But it's very, very risky," the old man said.

"Have you got a boat?" asked Ben.

"I ask the questions. I'm the Riddlemaster."

"Riddlemaster!" exclaimed Anouk. "I like riddles."

"The islanders will sail you across," the old man told them, "but you won't be able to go on shore unless you can answer seven riddles."

Cara blew out her cheeks like a teapot.

"What if we can't answer them?" Anouk asked.

