

Up and up he went. Quite quickly at first, then more slowly and carefully. His body was flat against the rock. He tested a handhold, a foot-hold. He climbed up a crack in the rock. His feet were against one side of the crack, and his hands held onto the other side.

Eleni watched, her mouth dry.

'I can't shout after him again,' she thought. 'He won't stop now. I'll just have to hope that he'll be all right.'

Small stones fell from above as a bird flew off a shelf. The stones from the shelf hit Costas' helmet and then fell down to the beach. The bird flew away. Costas just continued climbing, slowly and carefully.

Now he was getting nearer to the overhang – that part of the Rock which was shaped like the beak of a bird. It was the most dangerous part of the climb. From there, the other three climbers fell and died.

Eleni watched, her hands half-covering her face.

Costas moved more slowly now. He stopped three or four times with his face against the rock.

'He's frightened,' Eleni thought. 'Oh no, he's really frightened!'

'Costas!' she cried out.

Costas didn't move for a long time. The ugly, bird-shaped rock was above him. Then he put out a hand. He found a hold. He moved one of his feet . . . and slipped.

Eleni screamed as more small stones fell from the cliff.

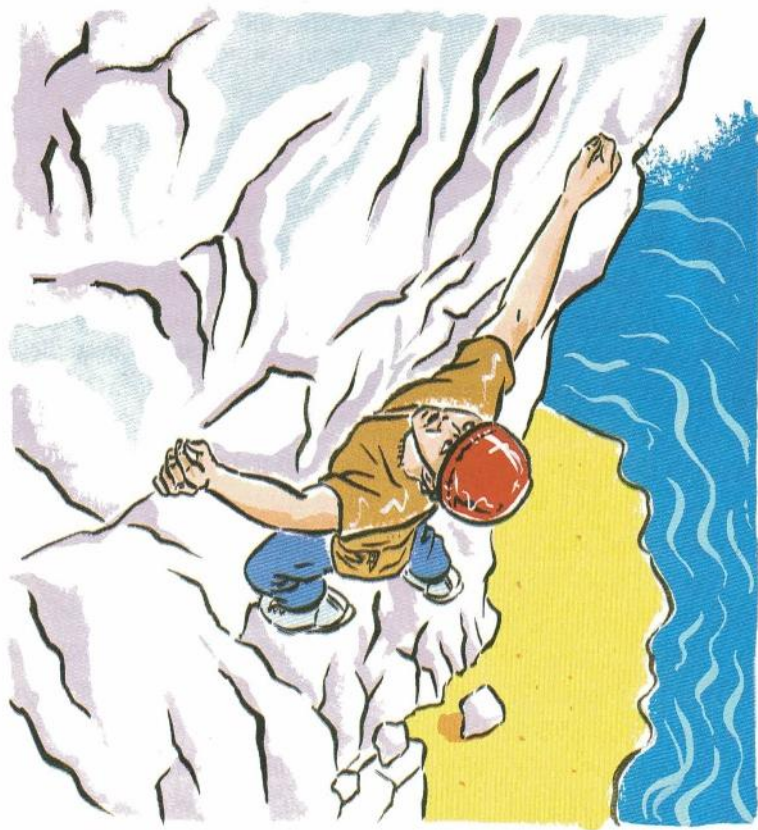
Costas tried again, and again his foot slipped. Now Costas cried out too. But he held onto the rock. He didn't move.

'Costas!' Eleni shouted.

He didn't look down, but he shouted something back.

'I can't hear you!' Eleni shouted.

'I can't move!' Costas shouted again.



David Ashken watched the boy on the rocks. He was looking through the binoculars. At first, he didn't believe what he was seeing. Somebody was climbing up to Eagle House!

'Has Mr Vitalis found another person to steal his paintings?' he thought.

And then Ashken understood. It was just somebody climbing the cliff.

'Somebody brave,' he thought. 'Or stupid.'

As he watched, he remembered things.

Things that he wanted to forget.