From under my bright yellow hat, I could just about make my path to our boat, Greet, as she bobbed dramatically in the shallow water at the edge of the windswept beach. Horizontal rain, sharp and cold, hit my frozen face as I tried to keep up with my dad and the precious cargo he carried in his strong fisherman's arms. The weather was rough and vicious whereas my dad was a perfect example of gentleness and calm as he cradled our whale protectively. I could tell by the way that he was breathing, that the whale was, in fact, a heavy load but I had faith in my dad's knowledge of marine life but I had faith in my dad's knowledge of marine life and I knew that he wouldn't give up on our new friend. When we reached our boat, dad shock the huge raindrops from his hat so that he could have a better view of where to put the whale, who by now was even more wet than when he was in the bath at home.