

# Submarine Adventure

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# Acknowledgement

*Submarine Adventure* is a fictional story based on actual historical events in the Dardanelles during World War I. Indeed, Captain Holbrook led these men, but as for the sailors, they are based purely on imagination.

Thanks to Granddad King who told us stories of the war and Gallipoli as we, his grandchildren, sat on the floor near the big open fire. He marched in the Anzac Parade with his war medals proudly on his chest and taught us respect and admiration for the deeds of those brave young men who fought for King and country, giving fully of commitment, loyalty, courage and in many cases, their lives. He never forgot, nor must we.

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L.D Dauphin (2013)

Cover design: Sally Walk, artist



# Prologue

*A young man flickered into existence inside the emerald cave. He was dressed simply in a rectangular piece of hide and tough leather leggings, moccasins upon his feet, his long black hair pulled back and tied by a thong at the nape of his neck. He carried a bow and arrow on his back. Venturing to the mouth of the cave, he peered out.*

*The spirits of the ancestors reached towards him. The dead wanted their story told. They lingered a long time. He too waited, trapped in time, and unable to return to his loved ones. He now accepted his fate. Still, the young man longed for adventure. He had known he walked a dangerous road; however, he could not resist the call. Lifting his gaze upwards to the sun, he paused before looking across the alien Australian bush. The boys would arrive soon. He would help steer them towards their own adventure. But would they bring him closer to his destination?*

*Back inside the cave, the young man idly traced his name on the rock of the cave: Traveller. Hearing the sound of voices, Traveller hastily stood up. He restrained himself from calling out to the boys and voicing his excitement. Clutching the strap of his bow and arrow more tightly, Traveller turned towards the green inner glow of the cave, to await the arrival of the chosen ones.*



# Introduction

World War I was in its early stages in December 1914. Turkey established forts at the northern and southern entrances to the Straits of the Dardanelles, at Sedd-el-Bahr and Kum Kale, respectively. The allies wanted to gain control of the area, which separated Europe and Asia, to allow them faster access to the Baltic Sea and Russia. The Allied Forces attacked the Straits with the intention of capturing Constantinople and forcing Turkey to withdraw from the war. However, the Turks took the attack as a warning and strengthened their defences in the Straits. Turkish ships guarded the narrow passage.

The Straits leading from the Ægean to the Sea of Marmora are almost 44 kilometres long. For approximately 6 kilometres of that distance, the channel is less than 1.6 kilometres wide, and guarded by numerous guns, which could fire on shipping at a point-blank range. Powerful searchlights swept the surface of the sea, and at least five lines of mines were moored across the entrances, and at the gap called simply, the Narrows. Nets were also strung across the channel to trap any entering vessels.

The currents were very strong and changeable. Any boat accessing the channel had to be on guard at all times for changes and movement in the rips and tides. Smaller boats were easily swept along on the tides and lost their position very quickly. As a consequence, the Straits of the Dardanelles were a

very dangerous place to be, especially if you happened to be in a submarine.



# Chapter 1

Two brothers, fair-haired and blue-eyed, dropped down onto the grass. The look-alike boys were tall for their age and lithe from hours of competitive swimming, so physically similar that people found it hard to tell which one was Jake and which was Tom. Their mother said it was easy to tell them apart. 'Jake is the headstrong one. He always rushes into everything without thinking,' she told people, 'whereas Tom is the thinker. Just as well one of them knows what's what, or they'd be in all sorts of trouble all the time.' Both boys disliked it when she singled Jake out as the irresponsible one, even if it was true.

The brothers lay resting against a gum tree at the top of a hill with Dodge, their dog, panting beside them.

'Who's a pretty boy then?' a voice asked. The boys sat up in surprise. A sulphur-crested cockatoo was eyeing them from a tree, its head tilted toward one side.

'Well, he's not talking about you, Jake,' chortled Tom. 'He must mean me.'

Since the boys were indeed identical twins, Jake just shrugged his shoulders and laughed. 'Yeah, right!' he replied. Jake loved his brother and didn't take offence. Normally the more vocal of the twins, Jake deferred to his brother when they were alone.

'Charlie's a pretty boy,' said the parrot, swaying his head left to right and looking down at them.

'He's full of himself, isn't he?' said Tom.

The bird glared at the dog beside them. Dodge sat up and barked at the cockatoo. The parrot stretched its wings and whistled to the dog. 'Get in behind, stupid mutt,' it said.

Dodge watched the bird with a grumpy expression upon his doggy face before turning his tail in disgust and lying back down on the grass.

The cockatoo ruffled its feathers and started to fly off. 'Beware the emerald cave,' it said as it flew away. The boys looked at each other in astonishment.

'Did you hear that?' Jake asked Tom. 'I've heard parrots talk before, but that was unusual. What's it on about?' he wondered aloud. 'Beware the emerald cave. What's that supposed to mean?'

'How would I know what that crazy animal was talking about?' Tom replied in frustration. 'It must be a riddle bird, not a cockatoo. It's got me stumped.'

'Out of the two of us, aren't you meant to be the brainy one?' Jake threw a lump of dirt at Tom, not really angry, but happy for any excuse to let off some steam. Tom glared back at his brother, annoyed Jake was trying to pigeonhole him just like other people. Tom decided to solve the argument in their usual way, by leaping on his brother. Both boys forgot about the parrot as they tussled in the long grass.

Eventually, the twins, exhausted from mucking around, collapsed onto the ground with Dodge panting beside them. Dodge was ecstatic because he was spending time with his two favourite people. Their mother joked and said Dodge was joined to her sons, his nose always a couple of inches away from the twins' heels. If he could get the boys to throw a ball for him, his day was perfect.

Suddenly, the dog jumped to his feet, growling loudly, looking down the hill. Jake sat up startled and looked at the gully below them.

'There's someone, a person,' he said, leaping to his feet and pointing. 'A boy. There in the bushes, down there.'

'How weird!' exclaimed Tom, jumping up. 'What's he doing out here? And he's carrying a bow and arrow,' he finished disapprovingly. 'I hope he's not thinking of hunting some poor animal.' Tom thought hunting animals for sport was cruel.

The strange young man was looking straight at them. He gestured to the boys, beckoning them to follow him. His dark eyes were compelling. He was wearing the oddest clothing.

'He looks like he's going to a fancy dress party,' said Tom. 'Is he wearing an animal skin?'

'Looks like it,' said Jake. 'What do you think, Tom?' Jake asked his twin. 'Want to go down there?'

Tom stared at his brother like he'd just lost his mind. Jake smiled back in encouragement. Jake was always up for an adventure. Sighing, Tom turned to study the newcomer, trying to assess the risk. Every time they'd been grounded, this was how it had all started, with Jake encouraging him to agree to do something outrageous. Although Tom had to admit he was also curious. The sudden appearance of a boy way out in the bush was frightening, but intriguing.

Before he could answer his brother though, Dodge started running towards the stranger.

'Dodge, come back!' Jake called. However, the dog was gone, barking madly, racing down the bank towards the bizarrely dressed young man. The twins looked at each other, silently agreeing they would have to retrieve Dodge, and then took off after their dog.

'Stupid dog,' Jake called out in frustration. 'Come here!' Dodge always seemed to be in some sort of mess. His grandfather said that Dodge was a dog of very little brain. His grandmother agreed and said: 'Dogs live in the moment. They are up for whatever is happening at the time.' Jake could believe both his grandparents. He yelled again at the canine, 'Come back!' But Dodge raced on, *living entirely in the moment*. He had seen something, and he was out to get it.

They sprinted downhill, and through the bushes. Jake thought through the events of the last few weeks as he ran. It had all started when their parents told them they were shifting to the country.

'I'm not moving!' Jake declared mutinously, looking at his mother in disbelief. 'What about Matty? What about our friends? And we'll have to change schools. What about Dodge? Dodge won't like it in a new place,' he warned.

'Do we have to, Mum?' Tom asked his mother. Worse yet, they were shifting so their parents could live off the land, be self-sufficient. How did that work? No supermarket shopping; this meant no potato chips. And never having takeaways? What were they supposed to eat?

'We are moving,' their mother said firmly. Kate was a short lady with long brown hair, typically tied up. She laughed easily, but had strong opinions on all sorts of things. 'And you may as well hear the bad news now. I'll be selling your Playstation and your Wii. You'll no longer have mobile phones. I am sick of you sitting around inside playing video games all day. There will be lots of other things to keep you busy.'

'You can't sell our games,' a shocked Tom replied.

'No phones!' Jake looked unbelievably at Tom. Jake received regular text messages from his friends, and one or two girls.

'I know it's going to be a big change for you,' their father said, joining the conversation. Jimmy was almost the exact opposite of their Mum, over six feet tall, with blond hair. He

was slow to joke, and he always saw the good in people. 'That's one of the goals for our new life – to have you outdoors, not inside on the computer all the time. It's not healthy.'

The boys couldn't believe their ears. They stood there dismayed.

'Besides, your dad wants to go back to farming,' Mum said. 'That's what he did when he was younger. Now he's got the chance; he wants to give it another try. As for me, you know I can work from wherever I am.' Their mother was a freelance writer, who could submit her articles by email.

'What about Matty?' questioned Jake. 'We can't just leave him behind.'

Matty was their older brother. He went to TAFE and, on weekends, his band played a regular show at *Flames*, a local venue for kids under 18.

'Matty is old enough to decide for himself. He can transfer and finish his course at the TAFE near the farm if he wants to. And he's got his driver's license now, so he can drive to gigs,' replied their mother. 'You'll enjoy being in the country. You'll get to learn lots of new things from your father – like how to drive a tractor, haymaking, and looking after the animals.'

It sounded like purgatory, which was a new word Jake had learnt that week at school, meaning hell.

'And Dodge will love it,' Mum added quickly.

And so here they were. They had come outside to explore their new home, after being shooed away from the unpacking by their mum. Once the boys had walked around the dam, and reached the top of the hill, they'd stopped to take a break. Now they were running down the other side of the hill as fast as they could to catch their stupid dog.

'Dodge,' Tom called again. 'Come back!' Jake thought Dodge probably couldn't hear them over his own barking.

Then suddenly everything went eerily quiet. Dodge was never silent when he was on the hunt. Something was wrong.

## Chapter 2

The boys skidded to an abrupt stop. Jake sucked in a breath when he saw the shadowy figure of the dark-skinned young man standing in front of them near the mouth of a cave. The cave was nestled against the base of the hill. Jagged rocks edged the tiny entrance. Dodge growled under his breath, looking at the stranger, and then their pet surprised the twins by moving to lie happily on the ground near the cave opening. Raising his eyes to look at the twins, Dodge panted contentedly. The dog made no attempt to attack the stranger, seeming quite at ease. Displaying his teeth, it was almost as if Dodge was smiling at Jake and Tom.

'Dodge isn't worried,' Jake said to Tom. 'It's like he's under some sort of spell.'

'Yes,' replied Tom a little confused as Dodge usually barked at people he did not know, and didn't stop until he was exhausted. Before Tom could consider what this meant, Jake's feet slid over the rough surface at the entry into the cave, and Tom had to grab Jake's arm to stop him from falling onto the sharp rocks.

'Careful!' Tom warned his brother. 'Remember the last time you fell, you broke your arm. It's a long way back to the house, and you're too heavy for me to carry.'

Jake laughed. 'Yeah, but I was playing footy remember, and I didn't just fall; someone landed on top of me. Stop worrying so much,' he grumbled at Tom.

The boys moved towards the narrow entryway. 'Hey?' they called out in unison. In the brief second it had taken for Tom to stop Jake from falling, the stranger had disappeared.

'Where did he go?' Tom said to Jake.

'Back into the cave, I suppose. Hey, you in there,' Jake yelled. 'What do you want?'

'You signalled to us,' Tom said, speaking loudly to the stranger. 'Is something wrong? Do you need our help?'

The twins stood in the opening to the cave and peered inside.

'Should we go in?' Jake asked his brother again.

'That guy could be hurt,' Tom reasoned. Just like his father, Tom was always thinking of others.

There was green light shining within the cave, spreading its emerald glow outwards. Despite the small access point to the cave, Jake could not understand how they could have missed seeing the cavern from the top of the hill.

'Beware the emerald cave,' Jake said to Tom. 'Wasn't that what the parrot said?'

Tom nodded a little nervously. 'Why is this boy out here in the middle of nowhere? It's totally mysterious,' said Tom. 'And I'm not sure about going into a cave. Mum will freak if she finds out we've wandered in there.'

'Let's take some stones and use them to mark our way,' suggested Jake, naturally the braver of the two. 'We don't know how far it goes, and we wouldn't want to get lost. Besides, if we leave Dodge outside, we can call him when we need him. He would come and lead us out.'

'That might work,' replied Tom, a bit doubtfully, as he stared at the now sleeping dog. 'I'm not sure Dodge will be useful though.'

'Let's try,' said Jake confidently. Tom nodded reluctantly in return.

The twins gathered small stones from the mouth of the cave, and filled their pockets with them.

'We'll have to make sure we get rid of any stones before we go home,' laughed Jake. 'Mum will be angry if they go through her new front loader washing machine.'

'We won't be popular at all,' replied Tom. 'They'll make a hang of a racket.'

The twins looked at each other and let out awkward laughs; their nerves were getting the better of them.

'Let's do it. High five,' said Jake to his brother.

'High five,' Tom clapped his hand, palm flat against Jake's. 'Let's go.'

'I can run,' Jake said to Tom, repeating a phrase they often said to each other, meaning that if they encountered danger or a problem, they should run for safety.

Gingerly, they hunched over and entered the cave. The emerald light seemed to follow them, giving them just enough light to see by as they ventured on. Walking deeper into the rock structure, they dropped a stone every metre or so.

Once inside, the cave opened out further and formed a tunnel. It was cool in the passageway, and the air was quite fresh. It smelled like rocks and fresh water. The boys guessed there was a stream running through it somewhere. The floor of the cave was worn smooth, as if many people had walked on it. The twins were astonished at how nice it was inside, expecting lots of dirt and musty smells. A few steps more and the size of the cavern expanded again, and the boys could stand up easily. They no longer needed to duck their heads as they walked.

'I wonder where the light comes from?' asked Jake. Suddenly, he grabbed Tom's shoulder. 'Look, there he is,' Jake whispered. Ahead of them was the shadowy figure of the young warrior, beckoning them to follow him.

'Who are you?' Jake called out, but the young man didn't reply; he just kept waving at them to keep moving.

'Should we keep going after him?' Tom asked his brother.

Jake nodded, naturally curious. 'Can't hurt, can it?'

Tom shrugged. 'I guess not,' but he wasn't convinced.

The stranger darted ahead of them, and the boys ran after him, slowing only when it became too dark to see clearly.

'How far into the cave are we, do you think?' Jake asked Tom.

'I'm not sure,' Tom said. 'Hey, bow and arrow guy, slow down!'

As fast as the boys moved, the stranger always stayed just on the edge of their vision, maintaining a wide distance between them.

'Hey, Jake, look over there,' Tom said excitedly, shoving his brother in the side.

'Wow! Cave drawings,' gasped Jake, stopping in his tracks, forgetting completely about the stranger. The emerald light seemed to hover above the designs illuminating the pictures. Jake moved closer to the wall staring in amazement. 'They're awesome.'

'They are incredible,' said Tom wonderingly. Looking further along the rock, he said, 'There are drawings all along these walls.'

Studying them carefully, the boys murmured in surprise when they saw pictures of ancient ships, old-fashioned airplanes, the sun and the moon, people sitting around a fire, and a person fishing from a riverbank. Every drawing was unusual.

Jake traced the pictures with his fingers. He loved to draw, and he thought this was something special. 'They tell a story,' said Jake to Tom. 'The pictures are stories about things that have happened in the past. Like caveman drawings, except I'm pretty sure this is a submarine from World War I.'

'And you think you're not smart. How do you know so much about World War I

submarines, Jake?' Tom asked.

Jake blushed. 'I read about them at school.'

'You read?' Tom asked, pretending to be gob smacked.

Jake threw a stone at his brother, who quickly ducked to avoid it before turning back to study the wall. 'Look at this picture, Tom,' Jake pointed to a drawing of a person who looked very much like the stranger who had beckoned them into the emerald cave.

'Who are you?' Tom called out to the stranger with the bow and arrow, who was still hovering just out of sight. 'What do you want with us?'

Yet again, the stranger in the moccasin shoes refused to answer.

'Ah, Tom,' Jake said. 'I think you better see this.'

Tom blew out a frustrated sigh before returning to his brother's side. Jake showed Tom a drawing of the stranger falling through space and landing in a battlefield.

An uncomfortable feeling crept up Tom's spine. He remembered Dodge's strange reaction to the stranger, like he was under a spell. 'Something's wrong. I think we had better get out of here,' Tom said apprehensively. Around them, the emerald light started to flicker disturbingly.

'I can run?' Jake asked.

The air turned cold.

'We can run,' Tom agreed.

A loud howl erupted in the darkness.

Before they could even move to escape, Jake and Tom felt themselves sucked off their feet, as though the tunnel floor had suddenly disappeared, and then they were falling, tumbling through the darkness, downwards into a deep pit. There was no warm emerald light now, just pitch black, silent and scary. It was like being tossed around by a water ride, but without the water.

Jake felt dizzy and sick. Nothingness enveloped him as he fell. Everything became a hushed, inky void. He thought for a minute he saw the young man who had called to him and Tom. The stranger was waving, and smiling happily, encouraging him to keep going.

Shocked, Jake tried to call out to Tom, but no sound came out of his mouth. Jake spun over and again, plummeting to the centre of the earth. As Jake fell further, the blackness cleared, and he could see people in the green glow of the emerald cave, illuminated and ghostly faces. Some were smiling, and others appeared to be calling out to him. A few looked severe and terrifying: the same faces from the drawings.

Deathly white arms reached out towards Jake, but before the hands could grab him, the twins collided into each other, and Jake evaded a spectre's grip. Tom wasn't as lucky as Jake though. Jake felt Tom's shiver as the cold fingers of a ghost latched onto his brother. Terrified, he tried to pull his brother out of its grasp; however, the hands would not let Tom go. One of the ghostly faces mouthed Jake's name. Jake held his breath in horror as the spirits seized hold of him also. Jake tried to twist out of the ghoulish grip, while not losing hold of his brother. Too late, his fingers slipped off his brother's jacket – and Tom whorled away from him, his face twisted in a silent scream.

Gasping, Jake flipped onto his back and kicked away from the grasping hands, managing at last to break their hold. He glimpsed a small beam of white light ahead of them. Desperately, he reached for Tom again and managed to snag his jacket. Willing them towards the light, Jake was relieved to see the phantom apparitions stop near the edge of the murky void. Their icy hands stilled and then, with screaming, angry faces, they flung themselves back into the gloom. For a moment, he thought he saw once more the stranger

standing on the edge of the light, nodding his head reassuringly at him, and the next minute he and Tom were sucked away.

Thump.

Jake hit the ground hard.

Tom crashed down on top of him, knocking the breath out of them both.

Stunned and winded, but together, Tom and Jake lay on the cold earth. As they looked around them, the only thing they could be sure of was that they were no longer in the emerald cave.