

# YOU'D BETTER GET A MOVE ON

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Indeed, the weight belt made him sink to the bottom. It was amazing; Skubba barely felt the heavy belt underwater. At the surface, he walked like a Japanese Sumo Wrestler, but underwater, it felt like **NOTHING!** Almost nothing.



those big gloves used by baseball players to catch the ball. These gloves are huge!

“Put them on,” Fred said. With the weights around his waist and gloves on his hands, Skubba stood bent over with his hands on his knees and looked like a little troll. Fred started to laugh.

How wonderful it was to really dive. There, a fish. On hands and feet, he crept along the bottom. His chase didn't last long because he had to go up for air. After filling his lungs with air, he wanted to go down again to look for the fish. But he ended up in a cloud of dust. Total darkness. Fish gone.

He stepped further through the water and dove. He could see again. Great!

There, that fish. Again he crept slowly over the bottom. And again he had to go up. Another cloud of dust formed that hid the fish.

Skubba realized that now that he could stay underwater, he had to choose between lying motionless on the bottom or crawling over it while making a cloud of dust. Whatever he chose, he wouldn't see a lot of fish.

“Fred?!?” Skubba told his friend about his difficult choice and asked if he knew a better solution.

“Walking?”  
“Too difficult!”  
“Swimming?”  
“Too slow!”

Together they looked out over the water as if the answer lay somewhere hidden out there.

“If we make your hands bigger, would you not be able to swim faster?” asked Fred. Before Skubba realized what his friend meant, Fred was already gone.

When Fred came back, he had two old baseball gloves with him. You know

“Go into the water and try to swim breaststroke underwater. Or better still, troll stroke,” he laughed.

And yes, Skubba went faster through the water. For a moment he thought he was as fast as fish, but when a small fish shot past him, Skubba knew better. Still, he fully enjoyed his underwater swimming skills.

All went well, until he tried to hold onto something. With these huge gloves on, he was not able to do it. Water started to trickle into his mask. When he wanted to get rid of the water, things got worse. With gloved hands he was so clumsy that he accidentally tore his mask off.

Even after he surfaced, he could not put the mask back on. His hands were just too big to use. Skubba had planned to dive the whole afternoon, but without a mask there was no fun. Fred was watching his friend.

“Everything okay there?” asked Fred.

“No,” answered Skubba and he showed him that he could not use his hands.

Shortly thereafter, they sat under the tree next to the fisherman's platform.

Walking? Difficult! Swimming? Slow!  
Troll swimming? Clumsy!

After a while, Fred broke the silence and told Skubba about the peculiar triangular things he had seen in the dive shop. Perhaps that was the solution? But how?