

FRED IS BACK

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In the first stories, we introduced you to Skubba and Fred. The story ended with Skubba trying to see underwater through a pair of old glasses his grandfather had given him. Glasses make some people see better, but they did not work underwater. Maybe Skubba had to squint to see better?

But that did not help either. Skubba could still not see any better underwater. Whichever effort he undertook, his sight underwater remained murky.

“That will not work!” He heard somebody yell behind him. Fred was there again.

“I’ve read that there should be some air between your eyes and the glass.”

“How do we do that?” asked Skubba.

“I’ve made something.” Fred pulled out something out of his bag that looked like a lunch box. However, the bottom was cut out and replaced by a transparent, hard plastic. He gave the box to Skubba who looked at it and then looked at Fred. He did not understand it. How could a broken lunch box make him see better? Because Fred told him it would work, he had to believe it would as his way had not.

Skubba put the broken box on his face and ducked under water. 1, 2...10 seconds later he came up spluttering, shaking his head. The water ran out of the box.

“It does not work! I cannot see any better with this than with my grandfather’s glasses.” And he threw the thing over to the side.

“Of course not,” said Fred. “There is water in the box. I told you that there must be air between your eyes and the window.”

Oops, indeed that was what he had said. “What must I do with it?” asked Skubba, pointing to the box lying on the ground like trash.

“Take the box and push it into the water. If you do not go under with it, you should be able to see better,” Fred replied as he picked up the box.

Full of doubts, Skubba took it back and did as the boy had instructed. He pushed the box onto the water, very gently as not to make any ripples. Then he pressed his face against the opening of the box. As soon as the transparent bottom penetrated the water, the water no longer looked cloudy.

“Yes. It works! I can see my feet!” He could almost see a meter deep. He had never been able to see that far into the water before. Enthusiastically he dived to the bottom. But he was barely under when he surfaced again. A bit disappointed.

“Nice thing, but I cannot use it underwater.”

“True,” Fred replied. “But now we know that it works. If we can manage to get air between your eyes and the plastic, you will be able to see.”

Maybe this strange boy did know what he was talking about. Could they become friends some day?