

The wind sang a sea shanty as seagulls strolled along the pier and children clambered onto the rocks. It was a perfect spring morning in Lerwick. Coco and her granny chatted away while eating millionaire's shortbread and sipping cups of coffee in the cosy cafe.

'Hello miss', said a waiter. 'May I get you the bill?'

'Yes dear, that would be lovely.'

Granny hobbled over to the cash register to pay for the food. Beep! The cash register flew open and Granny collected her change.

The view from the sea shore is breath-taking and Seagulls rule the area, scavenging for dropped food. As Granny and I walked along the sea shore we heard a noise like crying, and hurried to see where it was coming from. And there it was, jammed in among the rocks sat a soaking wet cardboard box. A little baby lay nibbling its toes while salty tear drops trickled down a red face. I carefully lifted the little one up into arms and the baby made a sound like a kitten.

My house sits in a landscaped garden and is painted a lovely shade of blue. I live there with my Dad, just the two of us. Now we have a baby which makes 3. She was wrapped in a purple knitted blanket and lay asleep in her Moses Basket on the kitchen table next to a vase of tulips. Dad sat on the couch reading the newspaper. I gently lifted the baby and laid her in his lap.

'What do you think we should name her, Pumpkin? I was thinking Ursula.'

'Nope. I'm not having a sister named after an evil sea witch'. I was thinking of something more like Kimi.'

Dad pulled a face and turned back to his newspaper. After a moment he said ‘What about your mother’s name?’ ‘Keziah’ I whispered, ‘It’s perfect.’ My Dad looked a little sad as he smiled ‘I think so too.’ The baby smiled and cooed and my sweet Mama’s name became hers.

As time went by, Keziah turned into a beautiful young girl. She had thick healthy hair, a gorgeous smile and her eyes lit up like a glowing green torch whenever she laughed. I thought often about the day we had found her. Her little body had been hot and bothered even though the sea air was fresh and cold. She had soft dark brown hair, and the largest green eyes. All she had on was a cloth nappy held with a red clip. And as I rocked her and smiled down into that little face, she had smiled back showing one little tooth, and I remember how happy I felt to have found her.

One special Sunday morning, Keziah put on a blue dress and new red shoes – it was her ninth birthday and would be remembered as the day she learned how she had come to be a part of our family. She was happy to know how much she was loved but she had questions too. ‘Where are my...’ Keziah trailed off, looking unsure. She shifted in her chair and bit around her thumbnail. ‘Birth parents?’ I asked gently, kneeling in front of my little sister.

‘Chances are that your parents were lost at sea and whoever they left you with couldn’t look after you anymore’.

Keziah was silent so I continued, ‘The public records state that your mother was called Mariah Peterson and your father was called Daniel Peterson’.

Afraid she would think we didn’t want her, I swallowed past the lump that made me feel like I couldn’t breathe and tried to reassure her. ‘Keziah you are a gift to this family. And you’re my baby sister, I love you’.

My eyes swam with tears and as I choked and slumped back on the floor, two arms came tightly around me.

That night as the wind and the sea fought, tears trickled down Keziah’s cheeks making her hair stick to her face. A soft hand touched her knee and she looked up at Coco. Curling up beside her sister she stroked her arm. As the windows rattled and the curtains danced from the force of the wind, Keziah sniffed.

Seeing her little sister’s sadness, Coco pulled her in close and sang quietly, smoothing Keziah’s hair away from her face. It sounded like she was trying to cast a spell Keziah thought, finding her first smile since that afternoon. Feeling loved, safe and comforted, she fell asleep.