

Every morning, he and his dad ran along the high-tide line searching for treasure.

There were fantastic rocks and shells to collect, and almost always Ozzie found something someone had lost. The best treasures were the fishing lures.

Ozzie wasn't afraid of anything at the beach.





Ozzie wasn't afraid of hard work, either. Every morning, he made his bed and swept out the container. Later, he gathered driftwood to make a fire for afternoon tea.

Ozzie wasn't afraid of the dark.

'It's really, *really* dark inside the container when the door is closed, but I like it, because it's nice and cool.'

