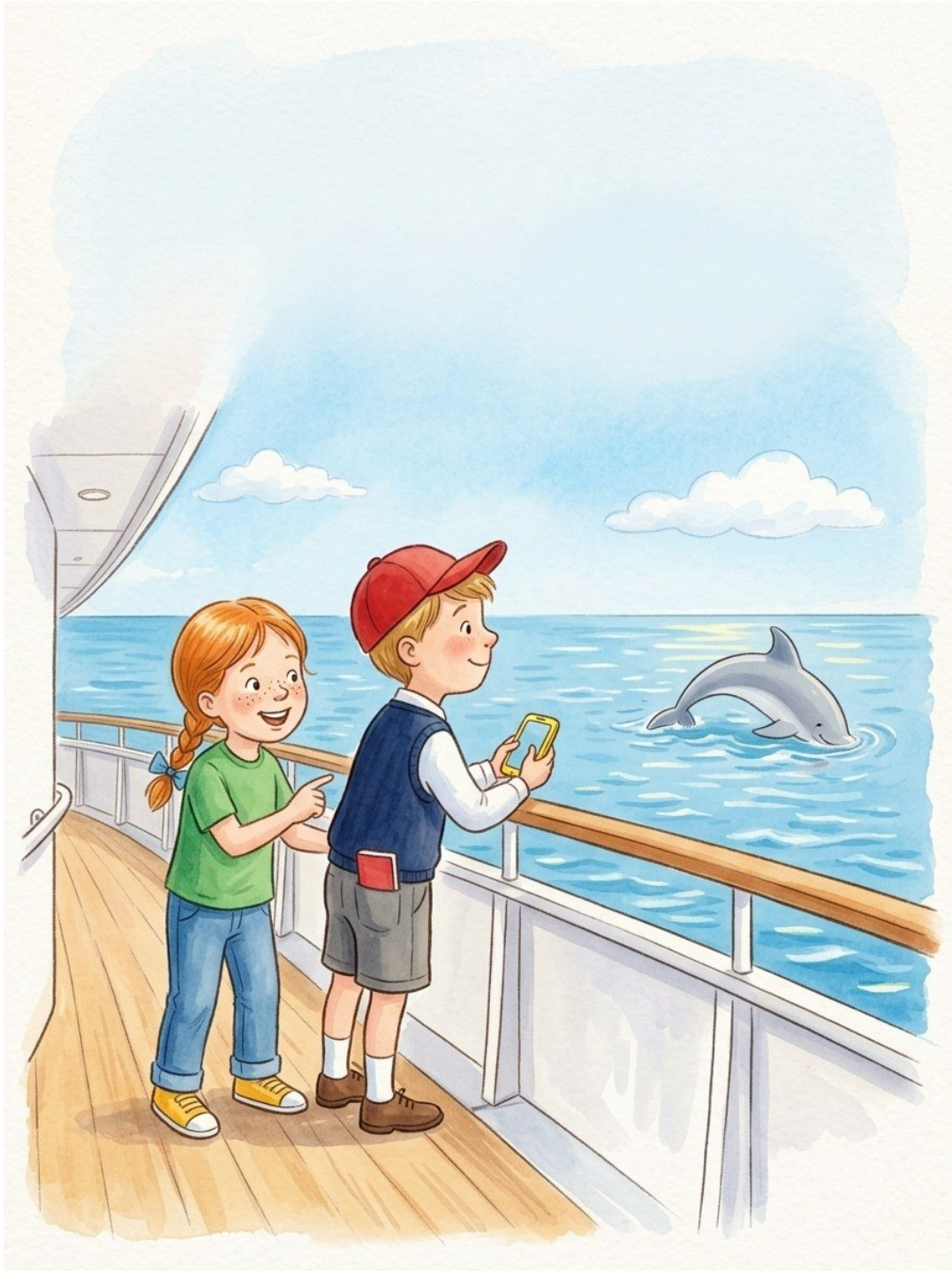




Scott and the Phantom Dolphin



Scott stood on the deck of the ship with his phone in his hand. His class wanted to see a dolphin, and he had told them he would bring back one good photo.



Jen stood by his side and gazed at the waves.
"There!" Jen yelled. A dolphin rose up from the waves. Scott clicked. But the dolphin dove, and his photo showed just a fin.



He tried again. Click! This time he got a wave. Then he tried once more and got a blank patch of blue with no dolphin at all.



"That dolphin is a phantom," said Scott. "He is there, and then he is gone. I give up." He set his phone down on the bench and slumped.



Just then, the dolphin jumped right by the ship. He came down with a smack, and a wave as big as an elephant crashed over Scott.



Scott stood there dripping, with his mouth open. In back of him, the dolphin poked his nose up and grinned. Click! Jen had grabbed the phone. "I got him!" she said.



"And I got you, too." Scott looked at the photograph and had to laugh. There he was, wet from his cap to his socks, and there was the dolphin with a big grin.



"What a triumph," he said. "My class will like this one best. I wish I could get that dolphin's autograph!"