



Wilson-Fur's fur stood on end in amazement. He had never seen a submarine before – not even from a distance, not even a small part. And here, in front of him, stood a submarine in full view!

It is not surprising that Wilson-Fur did not notice it right away; from a distance, the boat was exactly like the underwater rocks – the same round shape and the same dark color.

This boat was probably moored to the pier, but with the low tide, it sank onto the sand and ended up very conveniently between two rocks.

Wilson-Fur saw a small porthole and, standing on tiptoe, he tried to look in, of course, keeping some distance, just for safety... But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't see anything; it was completely dark in the submarine.

Suddenly, a curved pipe sticking out of the boat began to creak and stared with one eye straight at Wilson-Fur!

Wilson-Fur froze in place; it seemed to him that someone was looking at him in the most unceremonious way!

How impolite, how brazen it is to stare! thought Wilson-Fur.

Suddenly, there was another creaking sound, and the round hatch handle began to turn. Then, again, something cracked and creaked, and the hatch opened. And a head with a huge mustache poked out from the boat!

"Hello, landlubbers!" the head shouted.

