An illustration of a man and a woman standing by a body of water. The man, on the right, has a beard and is wearing a dark cap with a white band and a dark jacket. The woman, on the left, has short dark hair and is wearing a dark top. They are both looking towards the water. A thick, dark rope or branch hangs across the foreground. The water is depicted with wavy, textured strokes in shades of blue and green. Dark, leafless branches frame the top and right sides of the scene.

Makio's father loved the ocean. He'd say, "Listen, Makio,
the ocean is saying good morning."

The lapping waves would whisper:

O-hi-o.

O-hi-o.

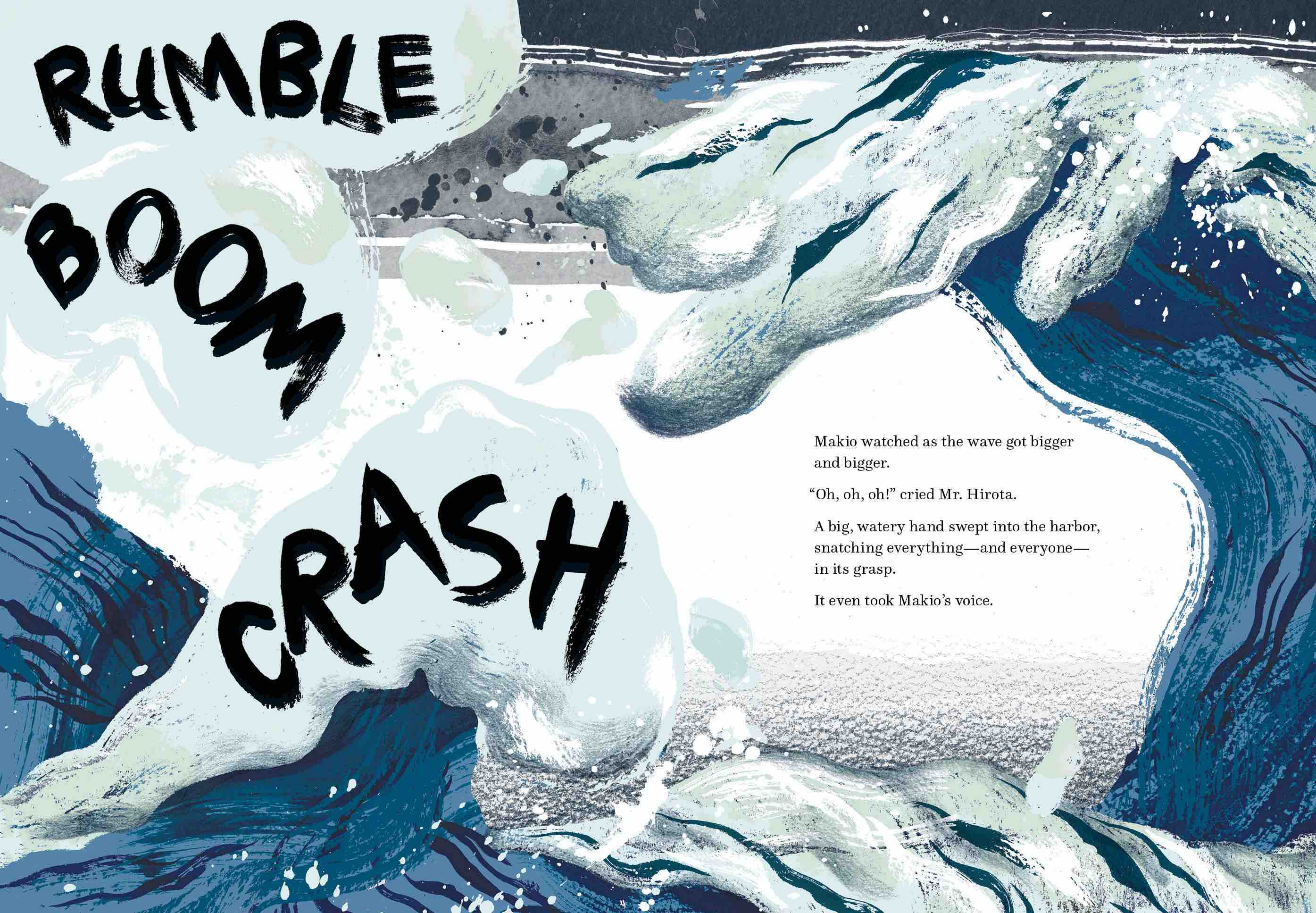
O-hi-o.

Makio always returned the greeting.

Ohayo gozaimasu, ocean.

But on the day the big wave came, the ocean didn't whisper.

It roared.



RUMBLE

BOOM

CRASH

Makio watched as the wave got bigger and bigger.

“Oh, oh, oh!” cried Mr. Hirota.

A big, watery hand swept into the harbor, snatching everything—and everyone—in its grasp.

It even took Makio’s voice.

Then one day:

Rat-tat-tat.

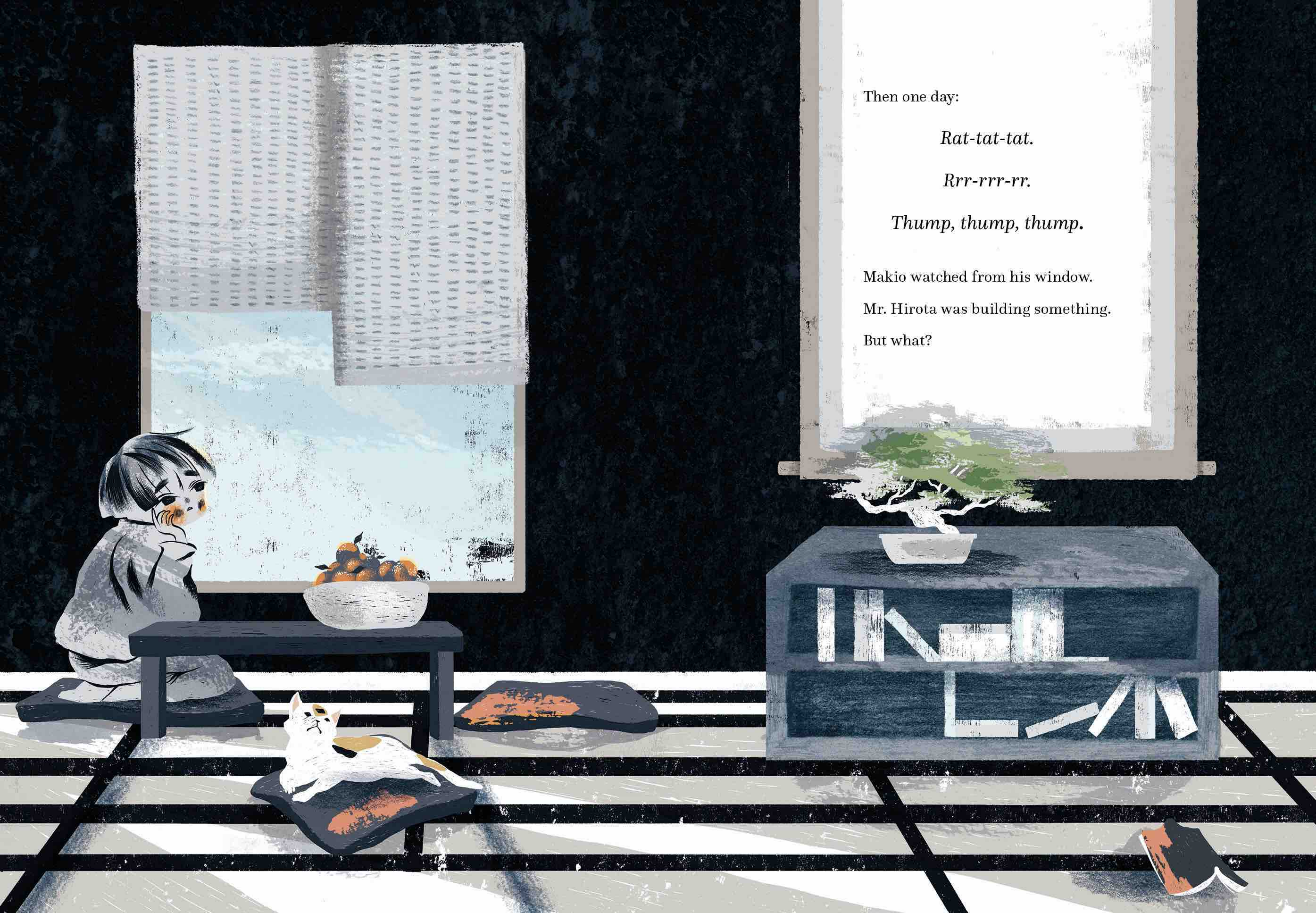
Rrr-rrr-rr.

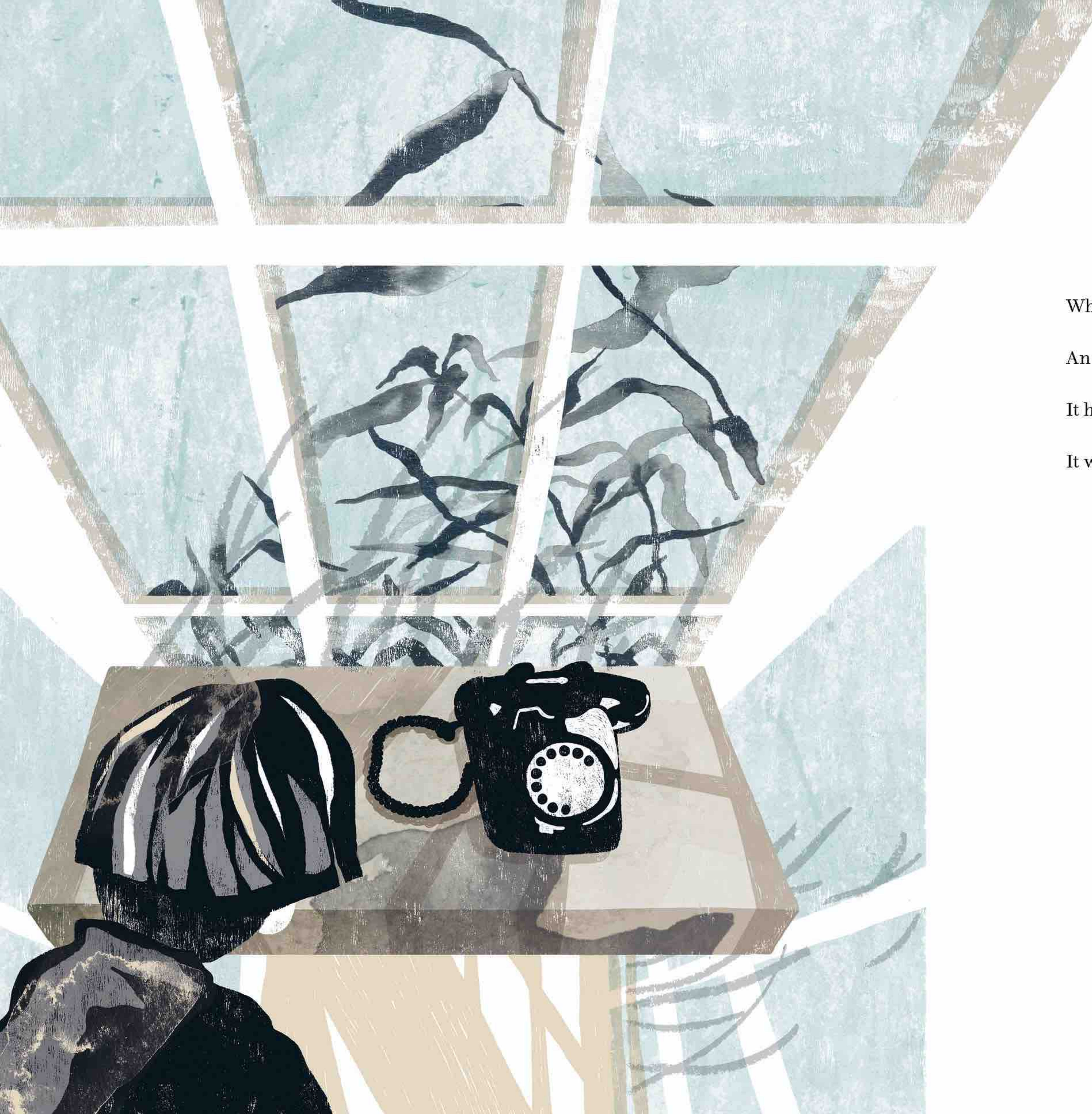
Thump, thump, thump.

Makio watched from his window.

Mr. Hirota was building something.

But what?





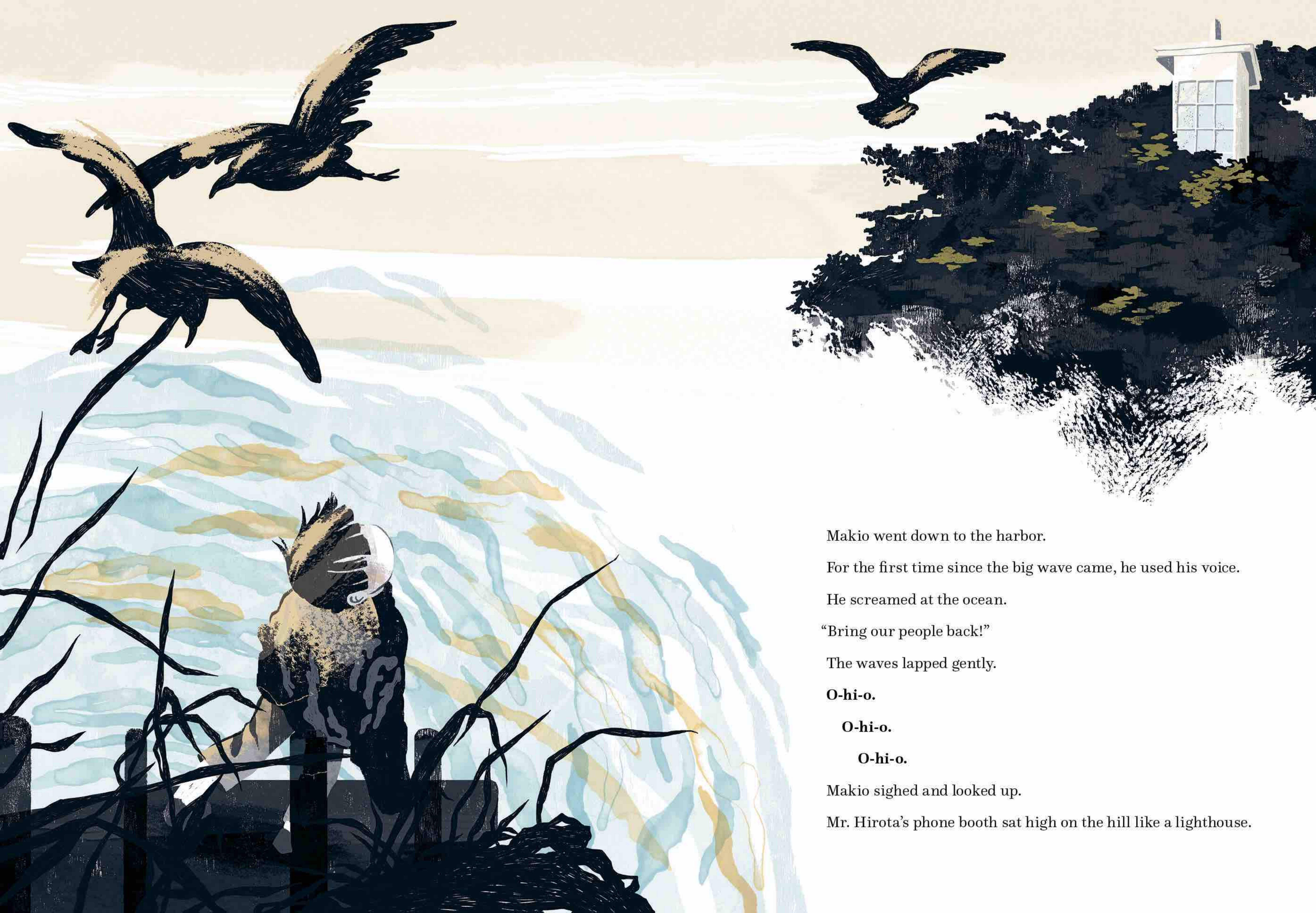
When Mr. Hirota left the booth, Makio crept inside.

An old-fashioned phone sat on a table.

It had no plugs or wires.

It was a phone connected to nowhere.





Makio went down to the harbor.

For the first time since the big wave came, he used his voice.

He screamed at the ocean.

“Bring our people back!”

The waves lapped gently.

O-hi-o.

O-hi-o.

O-hi-o.

Makio sighed and looked up.

Mr. Hirota’s phone booth sat high on the hill like a lighthouse.



Dad?
It's me.
Can you hear me?
I yelled at the ocean.
It said good morning anyway.

Guess what?
I did really well on my math test.
The cherry blossoms are in full bloom. Everything's pink!
Mom painted your room your favorite shade of blue.

