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MANEISH

A Story of Jacques Cousteau

by Jennifer
illustrated by
Eric

BUBBLES RISING
THROUGH THE SILENCE OF THE SEA
SILVER BEADS OF BREATH
FROM A MAN
DEEP, DEEP DOWN
IN A STRANGE AND SHIMMERING OCEAN LAND
OF SWAYING PLANTS AND FANTASTIC CREATURES.
A MANFISH
SWIMMING, DIVING
INTO THE UNKNOWN,
EXPLORING UNDERWATER WORLDS

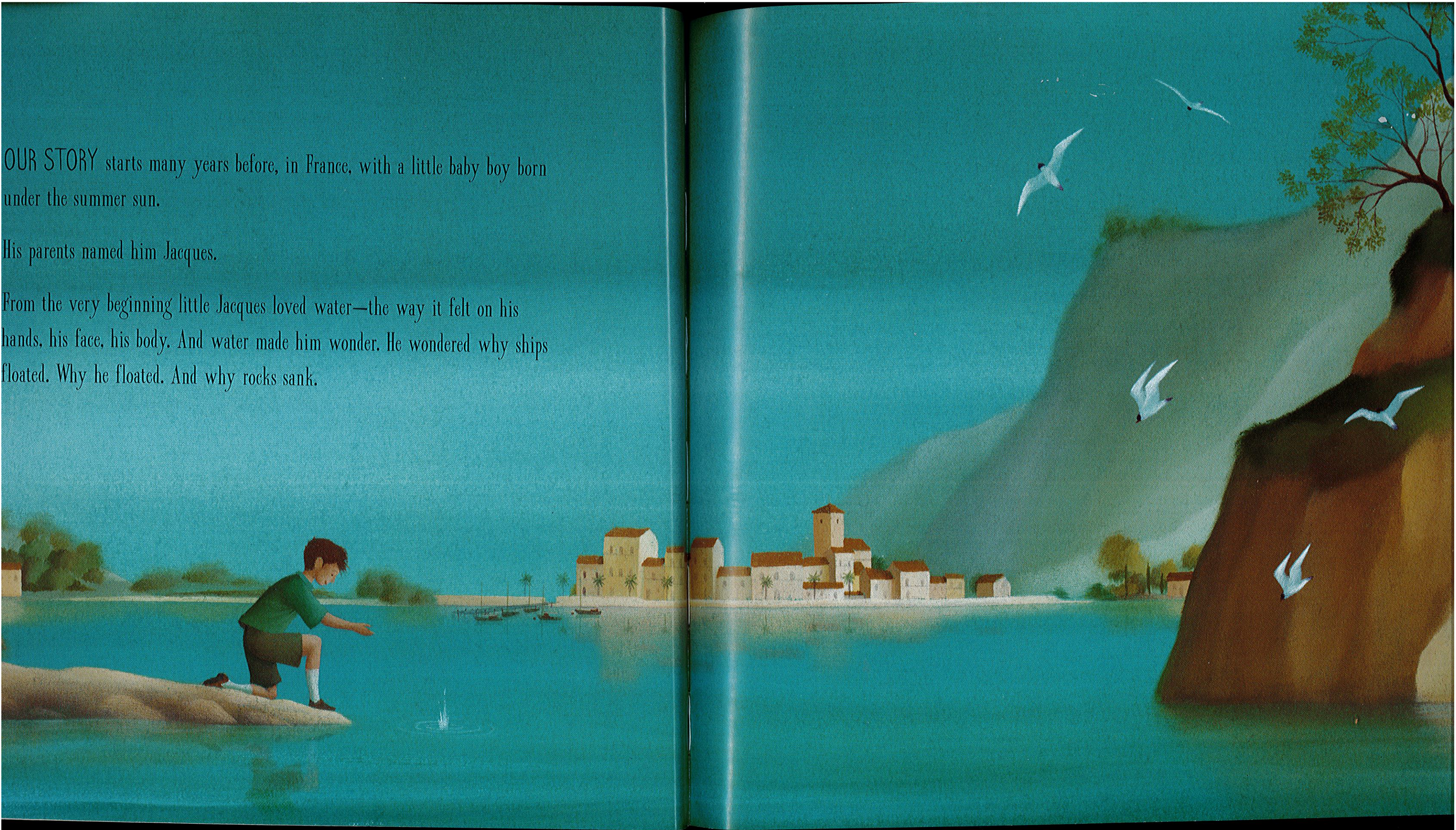
NO ONE HAD EVER SEEN

AND NO ONE COULD EVER HAVE IMAGINED.

OUR STORY starts many years before, in France, with a little baby boy born under the summer sun.

His parents named him Jacques.

From the very beginning little Jacques loved water—the way it felt on his hands, his face, his body. And water made him wonder. He wondered why ships floated. Why he floated. And why rocks sank.



One day Jacques read a story about a man who hid underwater by breathing through a long tube. Jacques tried it and discovered it was impossible.

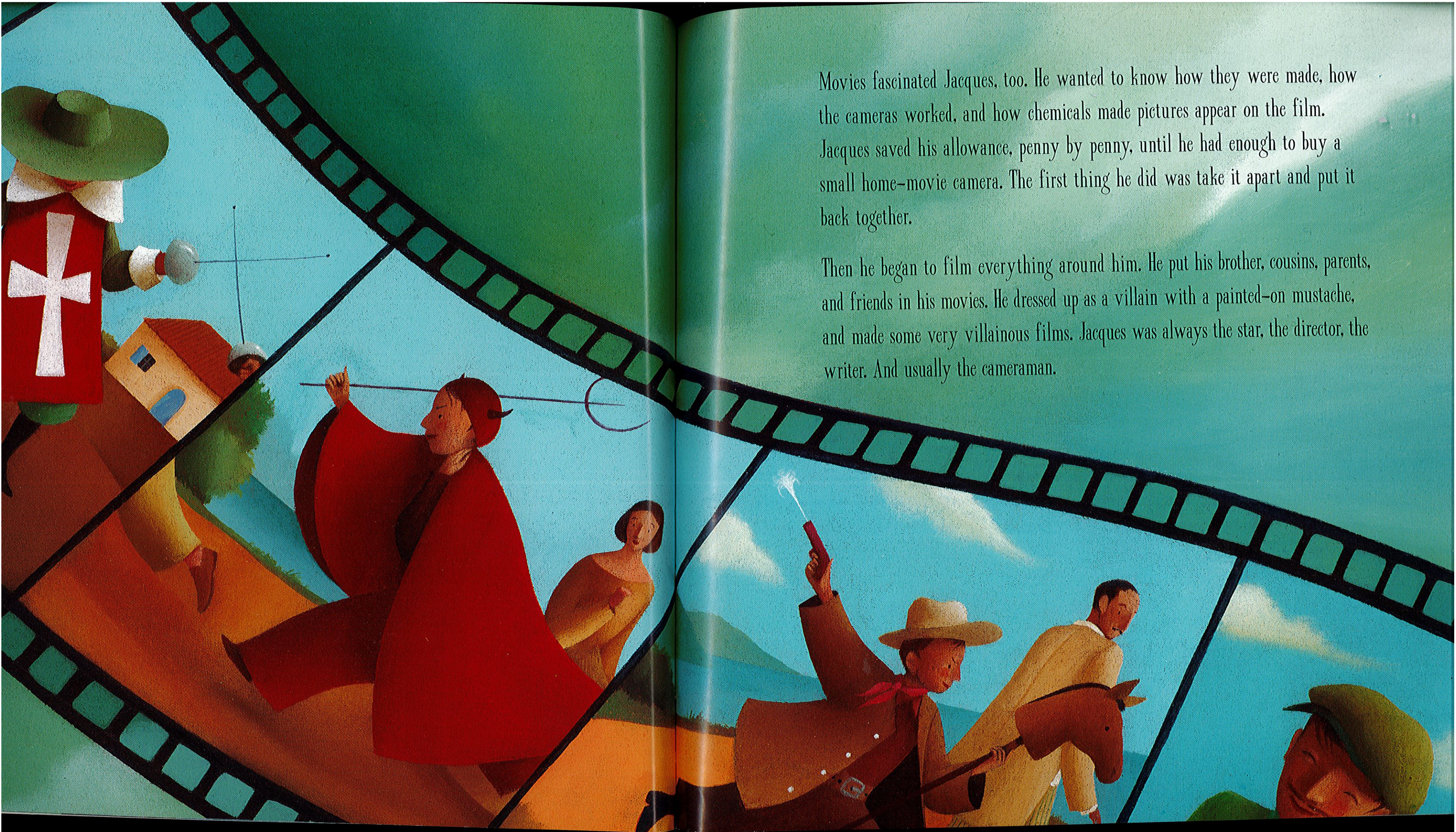
He dreamed that someday he would be able to breathe underwater for real.

At night Jacques dreamed he could fly. With the birds, among the clouds, with his arms stretched out like wings.



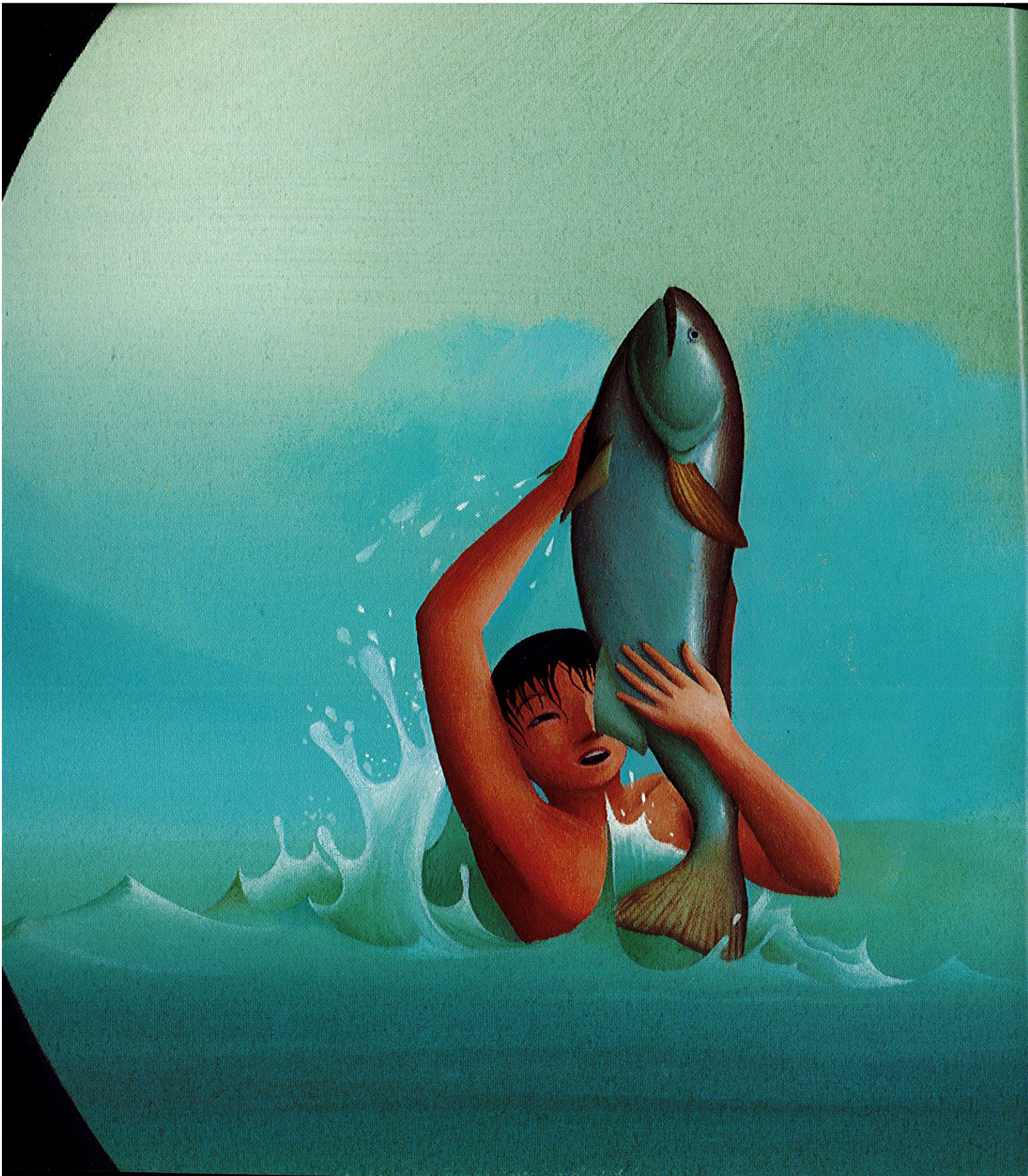


Jacques spent his days playing, experimenting, and creating. He wrote little books that he illustrated with his own drawings. And he was fascinated by machines. He studied blueprints and built a model of a crane that was as tall as he was, and actually worked.



Movies fascinated Jacques, too. He wanted to know how they were made, how the cameras worked, and how chemicals made pictures appear on the film. Jacques saved his allowance, penny by penny, until he had enough to buy a small home-movie camera. The first thing he did was take it apart and put it back together.

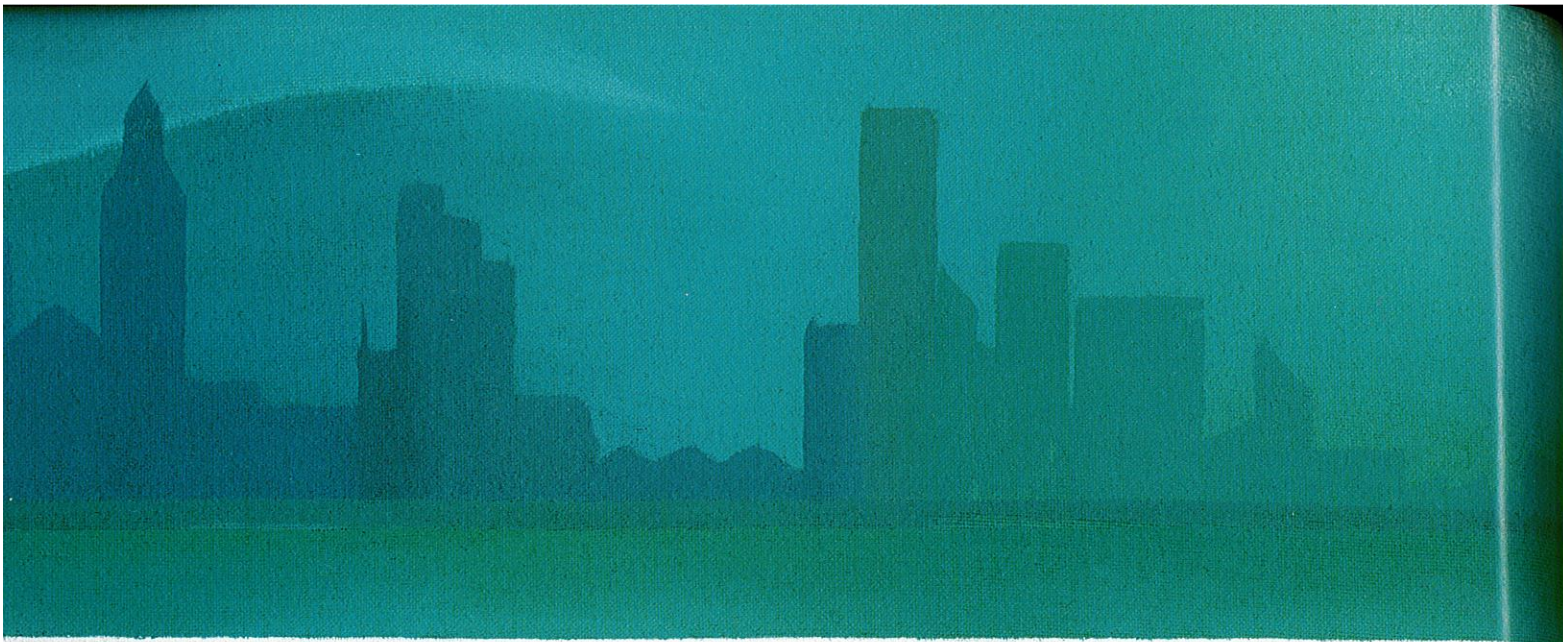
Then he began to film everything around him. He put his brother, cousins, parents, and friends in his movies. He dressed up as a villain with a painted-on mustache, and made some very villainous films. Jacques was always the star, the director, the writer. And usually the cameraman.



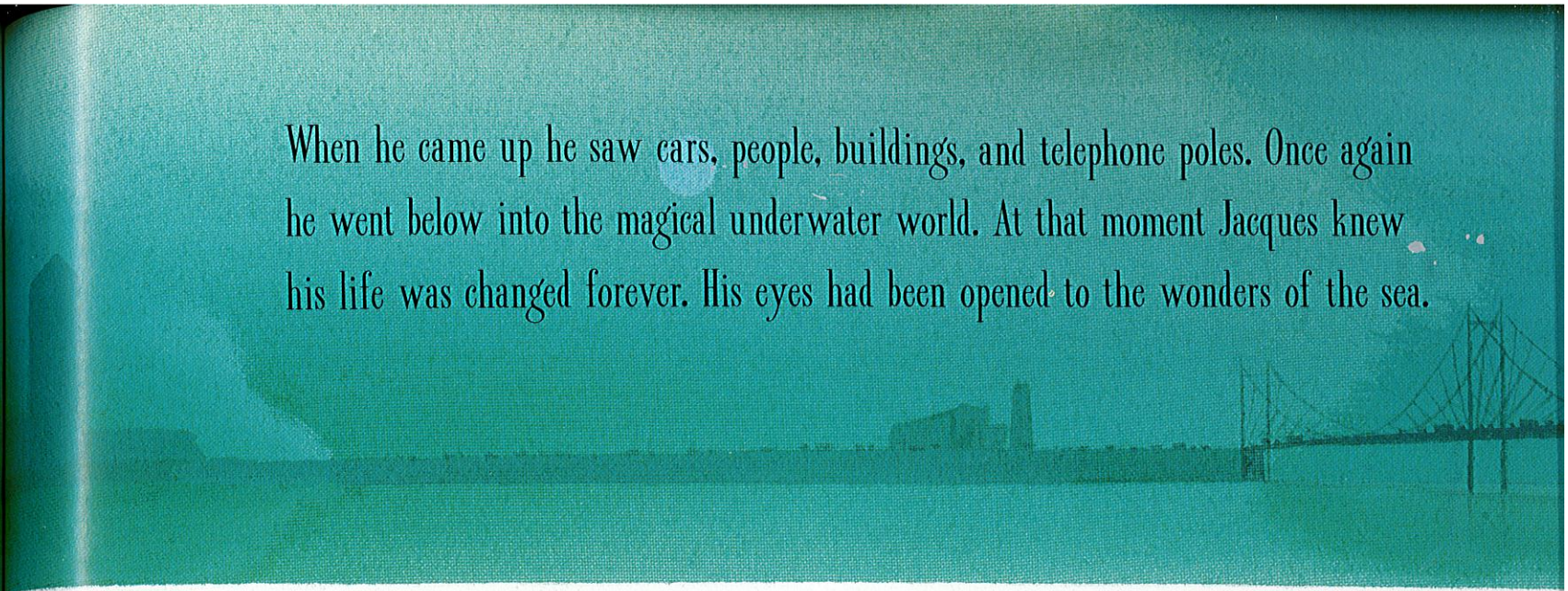
WHEN JACQUES FINISHED SCHOOL he joined the French Navy. His ship sailed all around the world, and everywhere he went he filmed what he saw.

In China, he filmed men catching fish with their bare hands. They held their breath underwater for many minutes. Jacques wondered what that would be like.



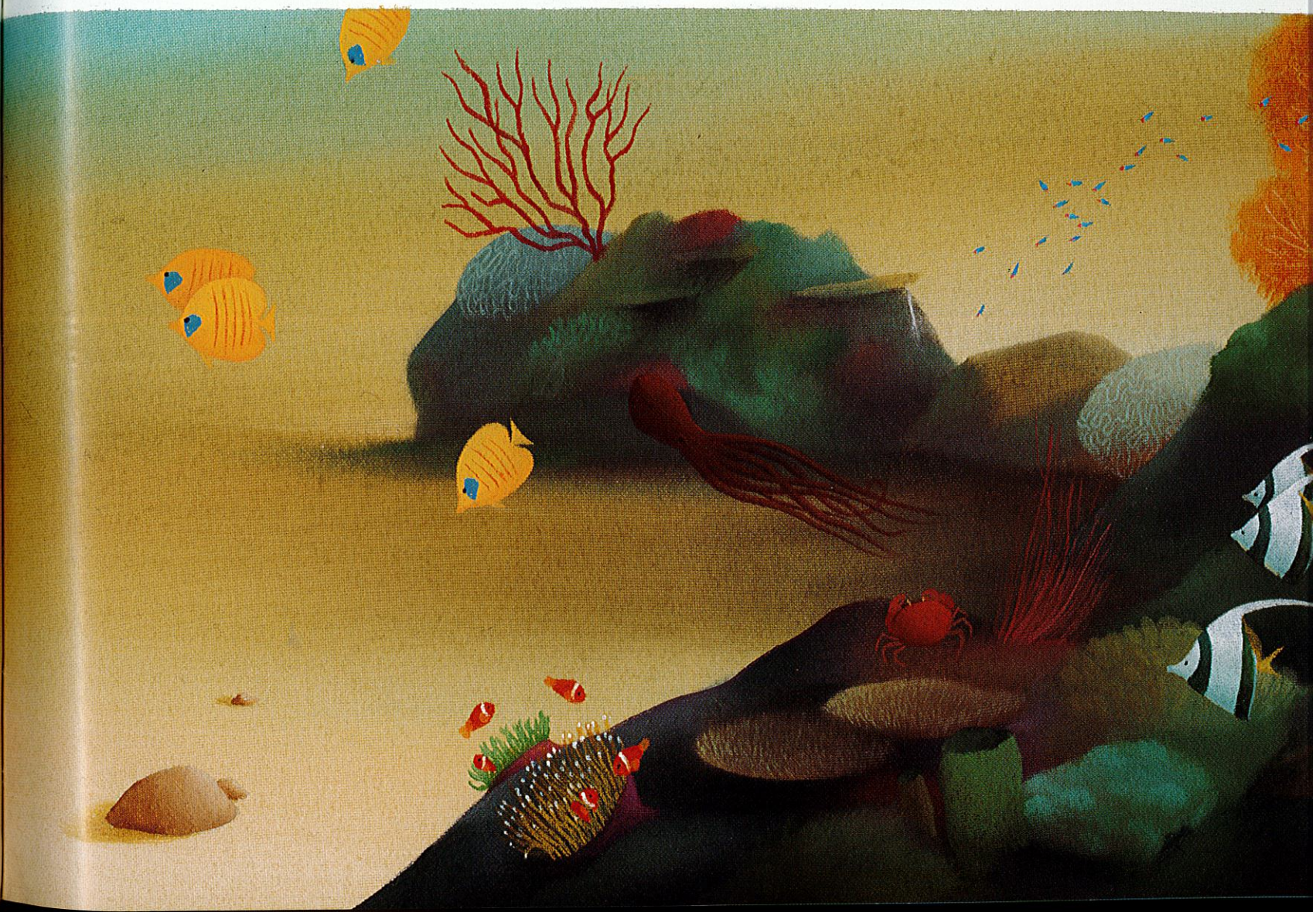
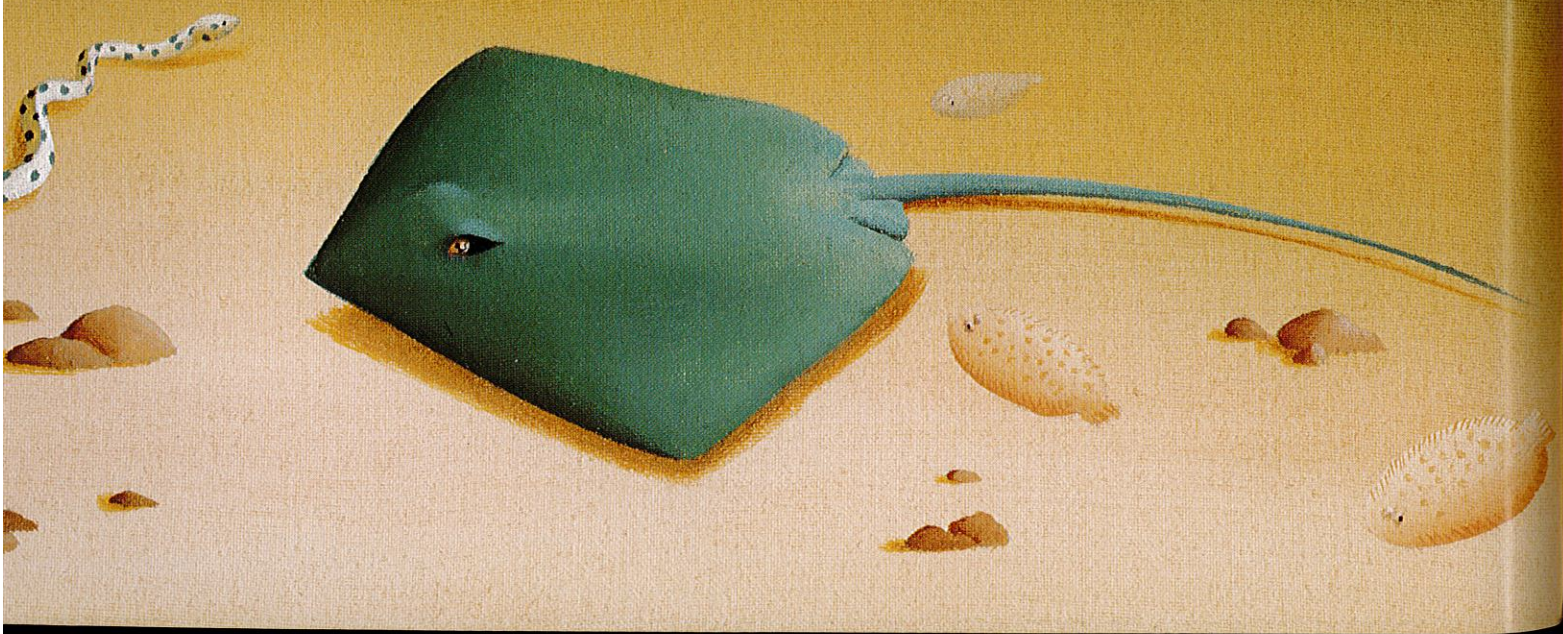


When he came up he saw cars, people, buildings, and telephone poles. Once again he went below into the magical underwater world. At that moment Jacques knew his life was changed forever. His eyes had been opened to the wonders of the sea.



One day, at a beach, a friend gave Jacques a pair of goggles with rubber frames and glass to look through. Jacques wore them into the ocean.

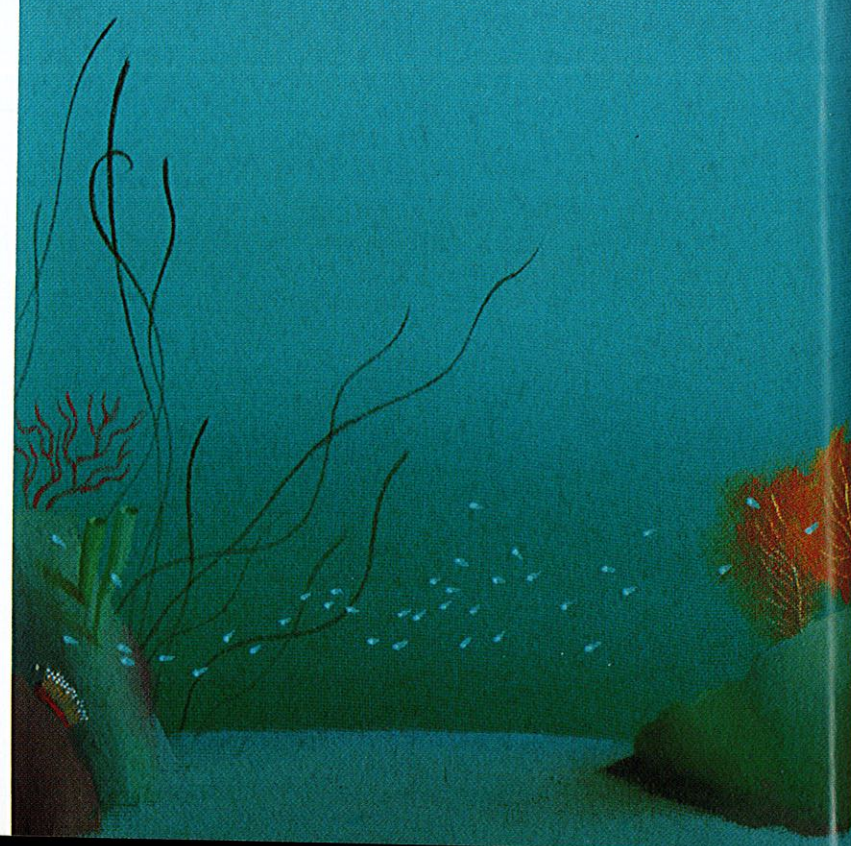
Beneath the water he was surrounded by silvery green forests of sea plants and fish he had never seen before. Everything was silent and shimmering. It was a whole new world.



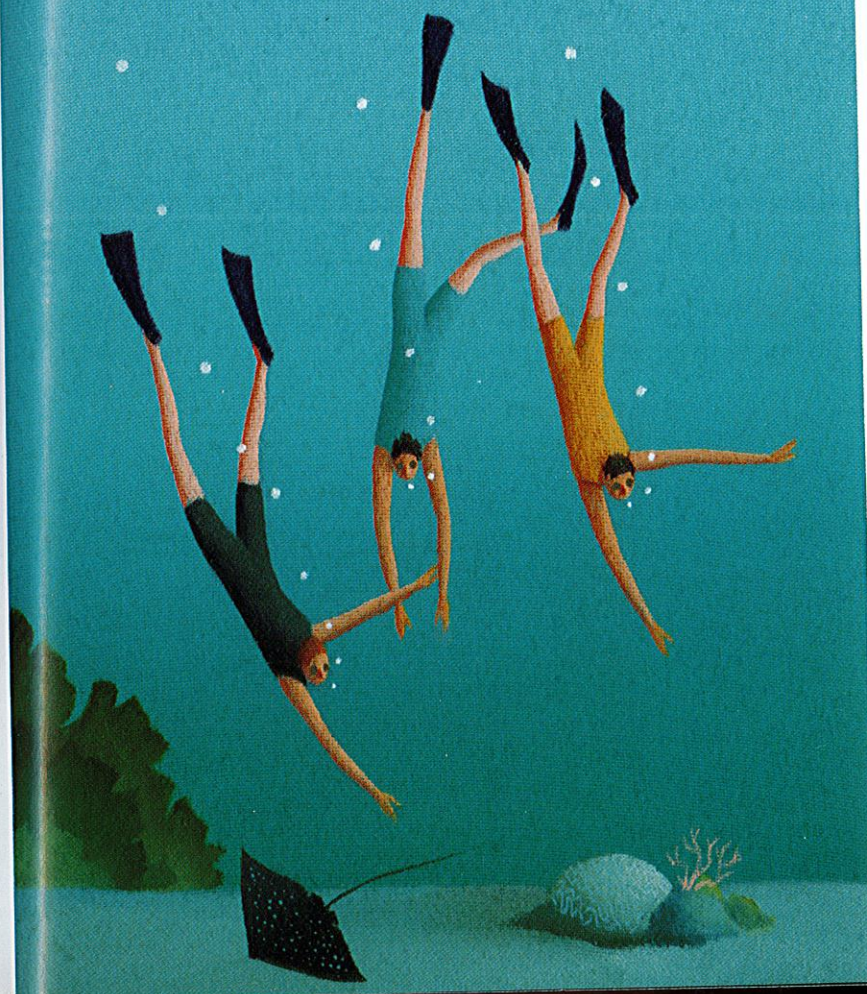


riends, Philippe and Didi,
ether. They experimented
hey could stay underwater
y could go.

waterproof case for his
e amazing kingdom he and his
ring beneath the surface.



They made rubber suits to keep themselves
warm and flippers to help them kick better.
But Jacques wanted to stay down longer than
just one breath at a time.



He realized he needed to take more air with
him, enough air to explore the mysterious
depths and vast expanses of the ocean. To
swim through the sea as free as a fish.

He wanted to become a manfish.

And he began to work on just how to do it.



A WARM SUMMER DAY, Jacques stepped into the Mediterranean Sea with his new invention. He called it aqualung—because *aqua* means water, and our lungs are the part of our body that holds the air we breathe.

At the surface, Jacques swam and glided and dove. He did all kinds of somersaults.

He even stood upside down on one finger, and laughed at his reflection in the sea.

Jacques could breathe beneath the water!

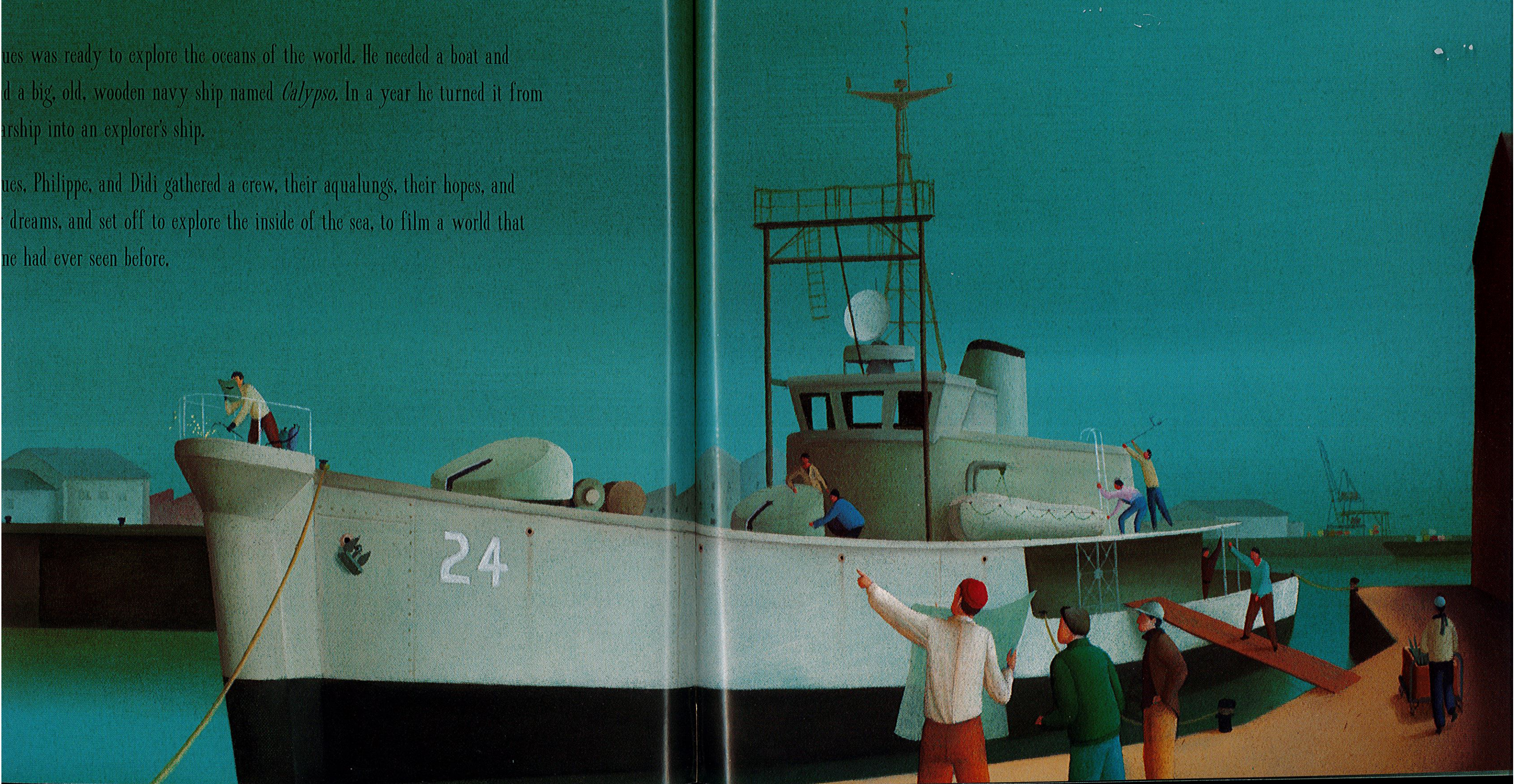
Now he could swim across miles of ocean, his body feeling what only scales had felt, his eyes seeing what only fish had seen. The water made him feel like he was flying. Just like in his dreams.

Jacques had done it. He had become a manfish.



ues was ready to explore the oceans of the world. He needed a boat and
d a big, old, wooden navy ship named *Calypso*. In a year he turned it from
arship into an explorer's ship.

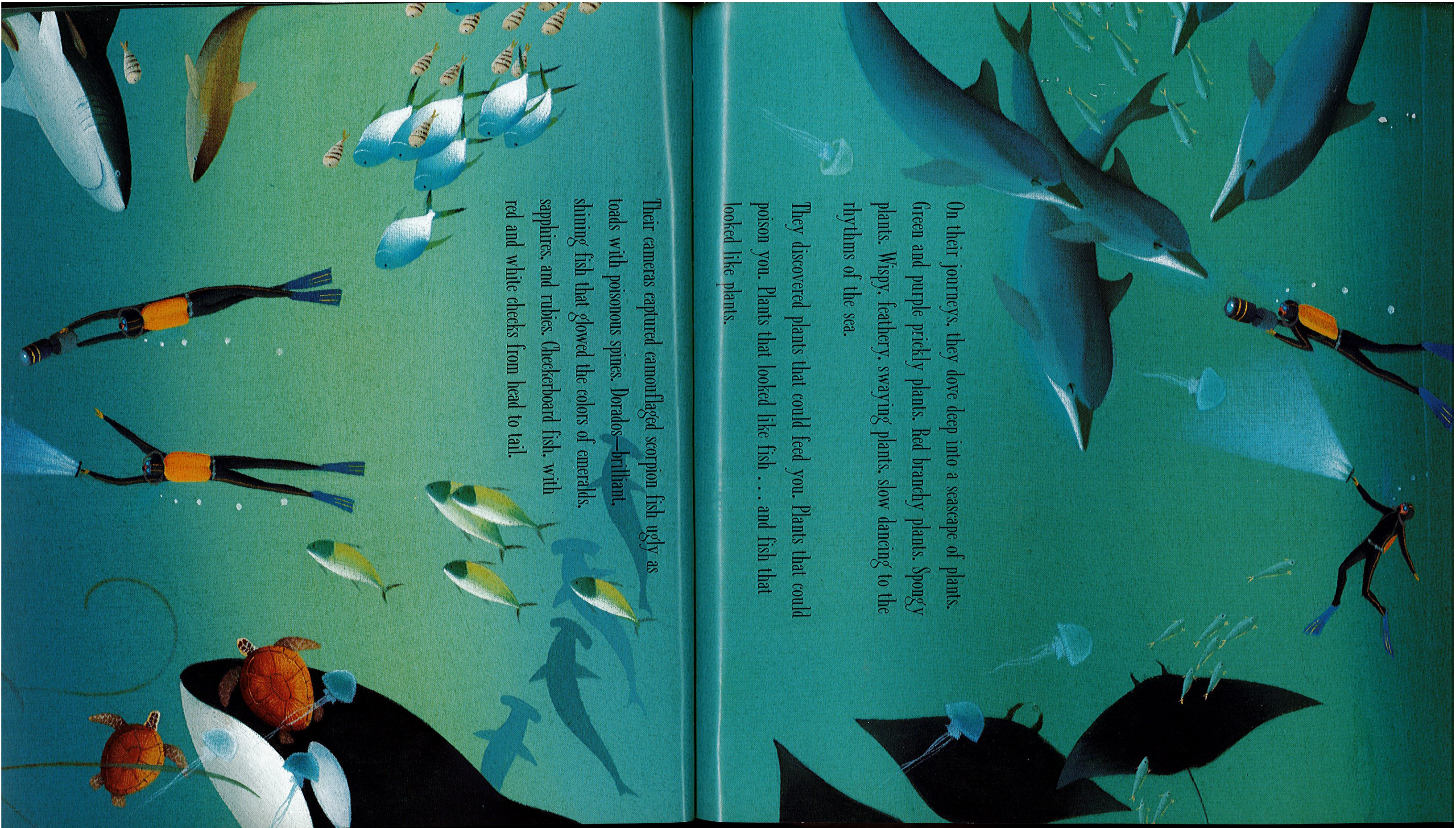
ues, Philippe, and Didi gathered a crew, their aqualungs, their hopes, and
dreams, and set off to explore the inside of the sea, to film a world that
ne had ever seen before.



On their journeys, they dove deep into a seascape of plants. Green and purple prickly plants. Red branchy plants. Spongy plants. Wispy, feathery, swaying plants, slow dancing to the rhythms of the sea.

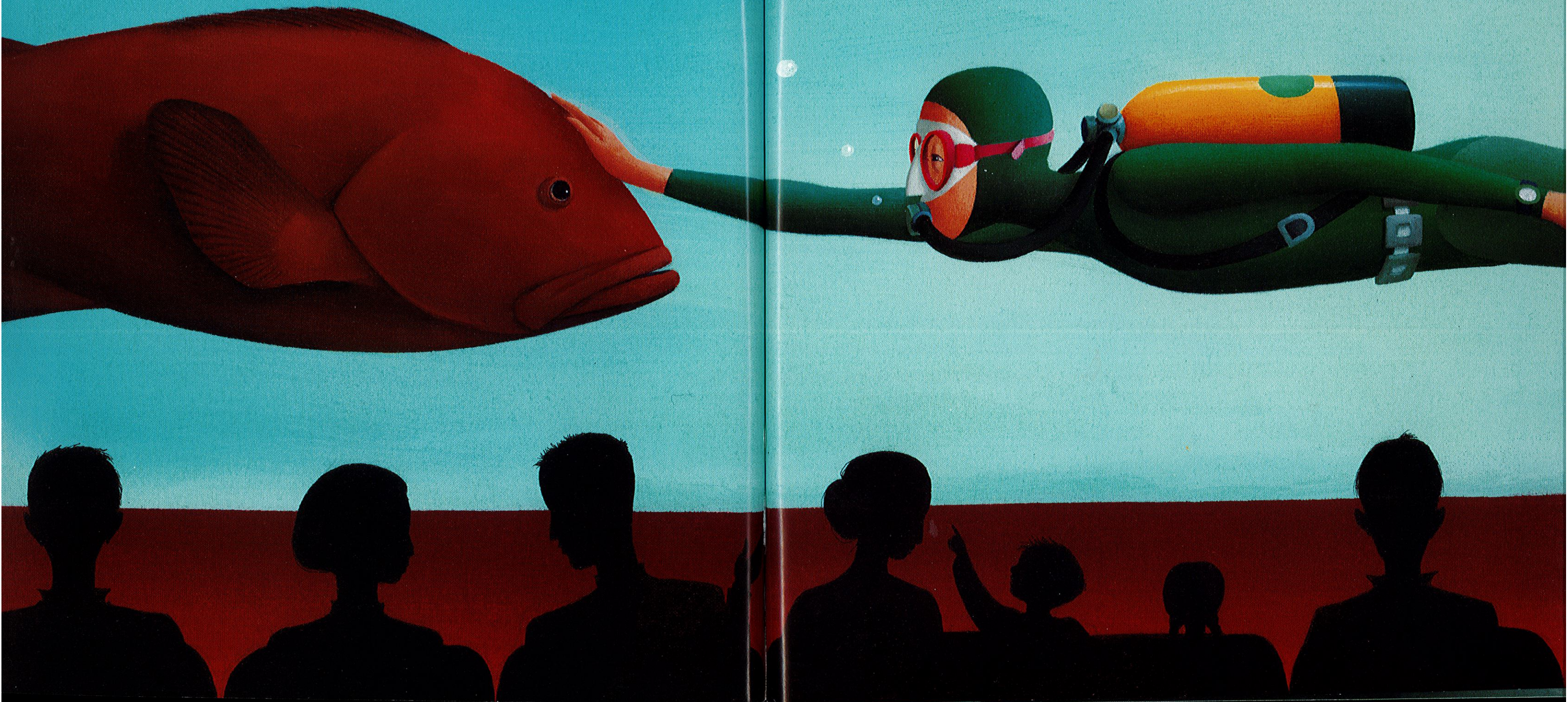
They discovered plants that could feed you. Plants that could poison you. Plants that looked like fish . . . and fish that looked like plants.

Their cameras captured camouflaged scorpion fish ugly as toads with poisonous spines. Dorados—brilliant, shining fish that glowed the colors of emeralds, sapphires, and rubies. Checkerboard fish, with red and white cheeks from head to tail.



Everywhere the *Calypso* went, Jacques and his crew made films of what they saw. Films that played in movie theaters. Films that played on TV.

Millions of people all over the world discovered the wonders of the sea for the very first time, with Jacques, Philippe, Didi, and their adventurous crew.



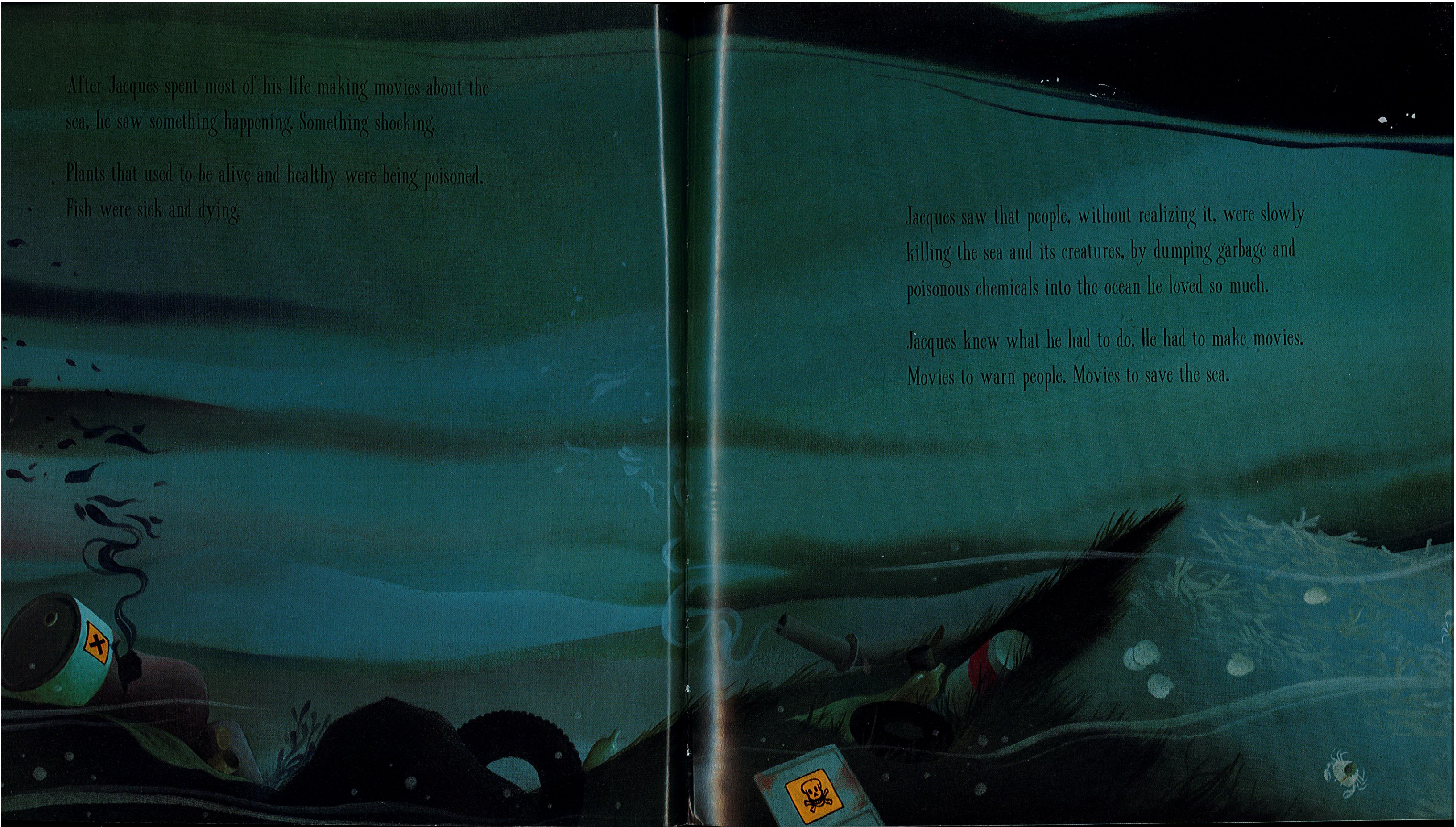
After Jacques spent most of his life making movies about the sea, he saw something happening. Something shocking.

Plants that used to be alive and healthy were being poisoned.

Fish were sick and dying.

Jacques saw that people, without realizing it, were slowly killing the sea and its creatures, by dumping garbage and poisonous chemicals into the ocean he loved so much.

Jacques knew what he had to do. He had to make movies. Movies to warn people. Movies to save the sea.



ques also spoke to presidents. To kings and queens. To people all over
earth. Asking them to help save our oceans, our planet.

l he spoke to children.

ques dreamed that someday it would be you, exploring
lds never seen, never imagined. Whole new worlds, silent
shimmering. Worlds that are now yours. To discover.
are for. And to love.

