

A Pirate Story

Plunder, capture, pillage. Those were the words that I grew up with for almost as long as I can remember. The memories I do not have associated with those words were more than 10 years ago. I was a child and had not a care in the world. It was before my town was plundered, captured, and pillaged, by the so-called great Royal Navy. It was only after that experience that I finally understood the true concept of the world, a ferocious and unapologetic place. The only thing that I was grateful for in my entire life were the pirates. They had rescued me and my brother from that godforsaken piece of driftwood long ago. It was them, the out-siders and the banished who saved me, and made me one of their own. Since then I've been with my brother, saving other people, who are drifting.

We formed our own crew of misfit pirates. Now, these are not the typical pirates you hear about from your carrier pigeon, we are civilized and moral. The only reason the government discredits us is because we cause rebellions to spring up all across the empire. It is not even our fault. When ordinary people see what the Royal Navy really does, they get angry and ask for our help.

Even though I was happy saving and helping people, my brother and I both agreed that we wanted our family back. After all, there was a small chance they were still alive. When the Royal Navy invaded my island, my mother led almost everyone into the woods. Only a select few people, my brother and I included, held the Navy off long enough for the others to escape. All the others who fought were either stabbed or shot. The only reason my brother and I survived was because the tree we were hiding behind got shot by a cannon, launching us into the sea. It was unlikely, but maybe the rest of our community survived, still in the woods, or elsewhere.

We spent a couple of days gathering supplies. On the last evening, our hearty crew gave us both a beautiful knife. It was made of the finest steel with a gold engraved wood handle. We thanked them, said our goodbyes, and set a course north, towards home.

During our two week journey we stumbled across a couple of islands that we thought were our home. Turns out, screaming, “Is anyone there?” is a great way to get attacked. There was an island of cannibals where we had to run for our lives. Then there was an island that was the main base of the Royal Navy, where we had to run for our lives. Because really, cannibals and a corrupt government are really the same thing.

When we were almost out of supplies, I was nervous. But then I saw an island where a smoke pillar was going into the sky and my face lit up. There were people there and there was a chance they were my people. After we landed, we started hiking up a hill to where we saw the smoke. We suddenly stopped in disbelief, on top of the hill was a kraken, and in one of its tentacles was my mother!

Instantly I was up the hill, running as fast as I could. But, when I was about to jump onto the kraken’s stomach and stab it, someone stopped me. That someone was my brother, who stood calmly even with all this going on. He said we needed a plan.

About 7 years ago, a rumor had spread that an island with a village was attacked by a kraken every year. According to legend, the kraken picked off a single person every year and held it captive. Our crew searched for that kraken, hoping to vanquish it and free those unlucky souls. I never imagined that that cursed island was my island!

We held a meeting with the villagers. Apparently they tried killing the beast, but everyone who attacked it died. The throat of the kraken was the only vulnerable part of the beast. And they never moved from the island because the Royal Navy stayed away for fear of the

kraken. My brother and I decided to sail to the kraken's cave, kill the monster, and hopefully return with our mother and the other prisoners. As soon as we came up with our plan I leaped up and got a small boat. This time my brother didn't stop me. He was just as anxious as I was.

When we arrived at the mouth of the cave, we silently went in with our swords drawn. We smelled the most disgusting scent ever. Then we saw it. We were about to fight a mythical being. However, even before that thought could cross my mind, a razor fast tentacle shot at my brother. He was breathing, but he was definitely knocked out. I was going to have to fight the kraken on my own.

A red tentacle was coming at me. I sidestepped just in time and sliced it off. I had no time to celebrate though as 3 more were coming at me. I jumped on top of one of them and sliced it off. I knew it was getting mad, which was all part of the plan. Then, instead of tentacles coming at me, a mouth with 100 teeth came instead. It bit my sword and held it away from me. In doing so, its throat was left exposed. I grabbed the gold engraved handle of my knife and stabbed it right into that throat. I had won.

Right behind the dead beast was my mom and the other captives. We hugged briefly and then I checked on my brother. He had just gained consciousness and was disappointed he missed the whole fight.

When we returned to the village we had a huge celebration. It was the best day of my life. I decided to settle down here, and my brother did the same. I got a house and got married. My pirating adventures were over, yes, but new ones were just beginning with the birth of my first child. I was at peace, for I no longer drifted, I sailed.

The End