

Ghost at sea

There was a ship sailing in the Caribbean Sea it was late and dark, the sea was rough. Wind was howling, the sound like a ghost sent shivers up the crews back. Cold and wet the deck was ice, water within the barrels frozen. But yet all was very quiet on the ship no one in sight. Perhaps all were asleep or trying to stay warm near a fire below deck.

Captain there is a ship on port side. 'A ship you say Demerol were' 'there captain sir' said Demerol 'you are right there is a ship lower anchor we stay here for the night' 'captain the crew are nervous to stay here. There is a strange wind, the ship is dark and eerie as black beards ghost ship itself'. 'It does give you a strange feeling but to say that it's the ship of black beard himself. You mean to tell me it's the ship with black sails. A captain that has a heart so heavy if he jumped into the water he would sink right to the bottom. But yet he would just stay down there because he is unable to die. Half his crew are ghosts and the rest of them should go to jail for the rest of eternity, because of all the horrible things they have done. They steal, kill, capture, cheat lie and you think that ship is their ship. I think the cold has finely gotten to that big head of yours' said the captain 'but sir I still think that we should carry on with our journey, I mean it has black sails' 'the captain interrupted Demerol You are relieved go below warm up and have a good sleep and that's an order' 'yes captain sir' said Demerol. But as Demerol left he left the captain thinking about the popular ship and the way his crew were acting. After all this was a brattish navy ship the finest in the fleet what ship could take them on and win. Even when the captain lay on the bunk below deck he thought of the ship unable to sleep although he was so tired. Finely the rocking of the ship on the waves and the warmth of his bed put the tired confused captain to sleep.

Awoken by a cold metal blade at his throat Jeffrey the chart assistant a boy of only fourteen was met by icy blue eyes and a thin line that he supposed were the man's lips. The man said in a harsh yet dead voice to the boy to stay quite or he may regret it. Normally Jeffrey would object, but he was held at the end of the blade of a knife and even in the dark it did not look to him like the wind struck sailor was blushing. He was pushed out onto deck the cold struck him like a flame to your face and now in the light of the moon he saw his catchers the face of a killer. Even though he knew this sailor he had seen him many times among the crew yet he had never seen his face so hard. Even though Jeffrey was not easily scared for his age he was terrified. Luckily the man did not say anything because fear was crippling him, and no words would be able to leave his mouth. Now they were making their way to the chart room just below the poop deck. When the sailor opened the door it creaked, Jeffrey was used to this and thought it normal. But the sailor I could promise you he flinched was he scared to make a

noise because it woke the captain or was it something else. As he entered he saw a light and in the dim light he saw several winds struck sailors. That he also had seen among the crew they sat around a table. The table where the charts were put to read. One of the sailors an ugly sailor with a scare down his face probably from a knife, fetched a stool from the back of the chart room and put it near the table. The man yelled in a loud, deep and scary voice put the young man down grime so he can sit at the table. He was yelling to the sailor who had the knife to my throat. Even though I didn't have a knife at my throat any more I somehow was still as frightened as could be. 'My name is Adrian sit down' I guessed the sailor with the scares was talking to me and sat on the stool he had brought. 'Now boy I heard you watched the charts man get us here by these maps'. '(I would have corrected him they were charts not maps but I thought it safer not to)'. So he continued can you get us home by these maps. Said the sailor with the scares I mean Adrian. There was a long silence I tried to force the words out but I just could not. 'So boy can you' said grime he was about to say something else. But Adrian rudely interrupted get the boy some coffee maybe his tongue is frozen. All the sailors started laughing one of them got up and left to get the coffee. So once Jeffrey got some coffee he started talking even though he was scared. Why do you men want me to know the way home, none of them answered but after a while one did he said that basically they were scared and they had to get away. Because there was a legend that at twelve o'clock all ghosts would appear. But at that moment the captain came in. And behind him 3 other men 'put them in the hold' said the captain. No fair sir you can't we are only up late what are you putting us in the hold for? Said Adrian

Because you were plotting against me I know you were. From being woken with a knife at my throat to plotting to leave to being locked in the hold my night doesn't get any better. My eyes were closed I wasn't warm but I wasn't freezing and now I was just falling asleep. When I felt someone touch my hand, I would have thought it normal except for it was warm and soft. The crew were all cold scallywags with dry old rotten skin. And I heard a song one my mom use to sing. But I opened my eyes and all but me in the cold hold with the bunch of scallywags was gone. The next day the traitors and me (because I am not a traitor I was forced) were put to work scrubbing decks making bunks and coiling ropes. Sometimes I wish I had not tried so hard for the job of chart man assistant. After the long hard day of work we returned to the hold, our prison. My hands full of blisters and bleeding from the scrubbing of the deck. That night I did not feel the warmth of someone's hand but once I was fast asleep I heard someone calling me I woke with difficulty and there in front of me was a young girl no older than me she was ghost white. (Did I say ghost) 'Did you not hear me calling you Jeffrey' 'no how do you know my name and who are you' said Jeffrey. Sorry my name is Antonia, I live on the ship on the port side of this ship. Why you are here said Jeffrey. I have come to fetch you, my captain

wants you aboard he thinks you can help said Antonia. Help with what? You will see but we don't have much time, I need to be back within the hour. Will you come with me said Antonia well I don't know I mean Antonia interrupted well you right you might miss having blistered and bleeding hands. Alright I will join you on your ship said Jeffry good I will get you there, take my hand said Antonia. I took her hand. She walked straight through the bars of the hold and pulled me through as well and I was so struck that I had no words. While I was still figuring that out we had made our way up the ladder to the deck. Keep quiet and stay in the shadows said Antonia. Soon we reached the side of the ship and before I knew what was happening she jumped over the side. Antonia was still holding my hand and I was pulled over with her. But she was floating she wasn't even touching the water. And if that wasn't the weirdest thing I wasn't touching either. She just walked to the other ship (or more like floated) and before I knew it we were on the ship. She took me below deck and to my surprise there weren't any bunks or anything. But at the end of the room there was a door a light could be seen behind it. When Antonia opened it, I was surprised it was unlike the rest of the airy ship. It was well lit by candle light and there was a double bed with the thickest blanket ever and fluffy pillows. But the scariest thing was the person who walked in next. It was a man he was wearing a captain's hat. He had a black beard and black as night eyes he barely fit in with the room we were standing in. His teeth yellow from loss of vitamins aboard ship. The man dirty from a hard day of work aboard the ship though he didn't even look tired he stood tall and strong. There was an awkward silence that hung in the air and although I tried I could not think of what to say. Was it fear or inquisitively that tied my tongue the way it was. While we were standing there I saw on the man's waste three guns and two knives. Now he began to circle me and Antonia took a step back. He nodded as if to say well done to Antonia and left the room. I finally let out a breath I never knew I was holding. Now Antonia spoke 'he is the captain of this reckless vessel he's going to get us to where we need to go'. 'Where do we need to go' I said. 'You will see but for now go to sleep and she faded' I lay most of the night thinking of the miseries of what had occurred that day and how impossible it was. I am half expecting to wake up and be back on board the other ship I was scared there but now I am terrified. Eventually I slowly drifted off to sleep. I wake that morning having had the best sleep in a long time I didn't know the time so I thought I just might go on deck and see the crew. I opened my door and there on the floor sleeping were all the sailors. To tell you the truth they were ugly looking. Their hair had lost its shine from the months at sea and their skin discolored from the layers of dirt. And saying this is putting it nicely I would really not mind if I didn't have see them ever again. I made my way onto deck quietly. On deck it was dark and you couldn't see a meter in front of you there was such thick mist I went and sat on the poop deck for a while. But the captain came from out the mist and just stared at me although he looked tough. In his eyes he looked

kind he looked as if he was the nicest man on board. Young man he said what you doing up when there is so much mist but I did not get time to answer because at that moment he left me as if in a rush. Of course I followed. He was staring over the side. There on the side of the ship was a woman at least I think it was a woman. And before I noticed the crew was on deck. The woman was wearing scarlet cloth and she had some kind of bull with her they were riding on the water alongside the ship. The captain and all the crew were walking and stumbling along as if they were enchanted. Some falling off the ship others jumping off I was so scared I ran to the corner of the ship that looked the safest. Sat there in the corner with my eyes closed for what seemed like forever then I felt a hand and as I looked up the captain said "it is over" "what was that sir" I said in a bit of a shaken voice. 'I don't know but it gives you the strangest feeling' said the captain. As the captain looked into the boy's eyes he was taken aback at the intensity of the blue-eyed boy's gaze, it seemed to hold a world of knowledge and wisdom, so much so that the captain had to look away. He felt like a pupil in the presence of a teacher. As the captain stood up he said "go get yourself some coffee it will cheer you up" with a smile on his face Jeffrey stood up "thank you sir I will" and I left .

Sitting at the table drinking coffee I was ever so content. But if you looked around you would most probably wonder why, the hold was cold and dark the walls were covered all over with slime, probably from the years at sea. The coffee had no sugar and no milk but it was warm. My clothes were falling apart my shirt torn my pants worn I am wearing no shoes because they broke long ago.

Now the ship was dead still like we were on land so I went on deck to see. The sea was like a sheet of glass and there was no wind. This was very odd because for the last month there was such a storm. Almost everyone got sea sick. Just then Antonia came and stood next to me and said "we did not make it now it will take forever" what do you mean I replied inquisitively. This is the sea of Ancora meaning the still sea. The sea lay still in the glimmer of the sun, as far as the eye can see. A boy about my age with brown eyes and I think blonde hair. But we may never know for sure because his face and hair were so dirty you could hardly see. But he was very lively considering we have been on this ship two weeks. He was shouting "we are doomed stuck here nothing to do no way to get back" but at that moment one of the sailors caught and threw him in the sea. I rushed to the side as did everyone else. The sailor that had thrown him in now had taken off his boots and top and jumped in after him. Everybody started jumping in swimming, splashing and joking. Are you going in I asked Antonia "no I can't leave the ship but you can and she pushed me over the side. As I landed in the water it was the best thing in years cold clean sea water. As I came up the boy, who was still dirty, asked "hi what's your name how old are you" I replied "my name is Jeffrey but you can call me Jeff. I am fourteen and you" "my name is Luke I am thirteen and a half" said the dirty kid, or Luke.

That night when lying in bed I thought about home yes home. Mum and dad, us sitting round the fire in the evening me on dads lap mom in dads arms. Yes that's the way I remember us back in London. The next morning I was minding my self on deck. When suddenly captain stepped out and was bumped by the first mate. Something dropped; I knelt to pick it up as my hand just touched it. The first mate stood on my hand he pushed his weight down and I let out a frightful scream. At this moment the captain noticed and punched the first mate hard the first mate hit the floor. I slowly got up my hand broken and bleeding. I was in such pain when the captain asked if I was okay I could not say. The sea was still calm but mystically the wind was as strong. Filling the great grand sails. And we were off with speed. Boy was I glad to feel the wind and spray of the see on my face. Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by Antonia she said Jeffrey is your hand okay? Painful but okay I replied trying not to sound discouraged. Antonia said she did not have enough pour to heel it completely but she could try. I was stunned what did she mean about pour but the next minute I felt her hand on mine and all of a sudden the pain was not as bad and my hand not so crushed. Jeffrey we should arrive tomorrow said Antonia. "Arrive were" you will see when you arrive their said Antonia. When we arrived the next day I could see why Antonia said they need help but why me what could I do. There was a camp of people being torched and killed. I had to look away I could not breath somehow it brought back memories I could not remember. I felt tears coming to my eyes but I could not cry. Then I heard the captain's voice call through the air sharp and clear. We will have to dock somewhere else it to dangerous here. I did not understand why people would do that to other people. I mean they have families and homes. I would never forget this day this journey it was beyond compare. Memories that cant be replaced