

STORMY WEATHER

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The tempestuous waves wouldn't stop hunting me down endlessly.

I had given up hopes of surviving the voyage quite some time ago. Now, it was just a matter of time before the sea goddess has her feast.

My men have abandoned me. They've taken the last few boats and headed north. I could only hope that they had a swift death. Able young men, they were. But I do not blame their thirst for life even though they did not die thirsty in the deep blue waters.

It was a miracle I had made it this far. It must be the prayers of those whores back home who I owe money. After all, what do you expect from a pirate with a sense of debt?

Maybe deep down I knew this was my last voyage before we sailed from Raven Cove. I had gazed at the land with the fill of a baby at its mother's full bosom that dawn. For I knew, I would never be held in those arms again.

And now here I am, with loneliness and despair to give me company. Abandoned by my own men, alone in the ship calmly waiting for my time to come.

The last of the food supplies were taken away by those rat bastards, and some good it must have done them when the sea swallowed them a whole. There was no water left. Worse, there was no whisky left!

I remember black beard telling me that sea water when taken at four ounces in slow proportions would sustain you for a meagre time. As much as I would like to die, I would never die a thirsty man.

It's probably the bloodthirsty ruthless pirate in me that still fights to stay alive in this stormy weather that should've broken a man long ago.

The weather intensified just enough to even make me start questioning my own ways. Would I be remembered when I pass?

It's not like I have any family. All I remember is the sea since.....I could remember. She has been my mother and now she will be my executioner. She has come for me at last with her cohort reaper, the storm.

I never had any friends. It makes me laugh with tears in my eyes even as the brutal waves hit me on my face. If only I could remember the names of my enemies if not my friends. Ah, Blackbeard, my dear old friend, how could I forget you? How could I forget the days you taught me how to sail? The days you smacked me for getting the port hand wrong! You probably would've been the closest thing to a father that I had, you filthy scum. And most of all, how could I forget the day I led the charge of mutiny against you to claim myself as the captain of 'The Angel's Tear'? Oh what I wouldn't give for a bottle of whisky and your company Blackbeard.

I hear most men pray in their final moments. Who do I pray to? God? If he even exists? I've heard countless men scream his name right before

they tasted the end of my blade. Some good it did them. No, God isn't worthy of summons at this hour. Maybe the other guy, but I shall meet him soon.

In these final moments, I think I'll gloat in my own pathetic whimsies as the ship crumbles before the ice cold rain that shatters her torso. The sea has lost her patience and wants to devour me and 'The Angel's Tear'.....come get me you lousy bitch!

A wave bigger than any mast that I've ever seen now rises to look down upon me with judgement.

It asks me, "Any last words?"

I spit on the ship's deck to add to the bombarding rains. I draw my sword to go down fighting, but my blade and I prove no match for the mighty wave that takes us down into the depths of the ocean.

It's getting colder now and much darker. I am beginning to feel the water abusing my beard and my limbs as I begin to feel nothing, losing myself into the depths of the blue.

And the only thing I can think of right now.....

Oh what I wouldn't give for a sight of Wilhemina's breasts now!

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