



A Sailor's Tale

The wind howled through the sails as our ship surged forward, the bow slicing through foam and spray. I stood near the bridge, where the captain steered with a calm hand, his eyes sharp and steady.

"Anchor's aweigh!" someone called from below. The thick chain clanked loudly as the crew raised the heavy iron, soaked with seaweed and salt.

Ahead, gray clouds rolled over the horizon. "Storm coming," muttered the first mate. "We'll need the ballast secure or she'll toss like a cork."

I moved carefully across the tilting deck, ducking as the boom swung with the shifting wind. It was a heavy wooden beam that controlled the lower part of the sail, and no one wanted to be in its path.

Out at the very front, the bowsprit stretched like a spear into the sea. It was slick with mist, and I gripped the ropes tightly as I climbed to help secure the sails flapping there.

Suddenly, a lookout's voice rang out. "Ship astern!"

We turned to see a shadowy vessel gaining on us. The captain gave the order without hesitation.

"Prepare for a broadside!"

The gunners sprang into action, positioning the cannons along the side. A roar of fire and smoke erupted. The sea lit up with flashes of light, and the enemy ship veered off, deciding we weren't an easy target after all.

As the storm broke around us, I felt a thrill deep in my chest. We were soaked, bruised, and shouting to be heard — but we were sailors, part of something wild and alive.