

It was another typical day for Stephanie to relax in.

But, this time, since she was bored, she decided to go to the docks to see what the sailors are doing, maybe help with some of them with their problems, or just watch the tide coming in.

After collecting some items for staying over at the docks, she finished up and went outside, heading straight to the docks.

But while she was walking to the docks, she noticed that the people around the town seemed to be distance with the docks, only sailing a few miles or more, but nothing else.

It confused her with the strange habit but figured it must have been a traditional thing.

The strange habit did not bother her that much, but she shrugged it off her shoulders, focusing on to the docks.

When she reached the docks, she stopped at the end and sighed, sounding bored from doing nothing while staying at her own apartment.

She sat down on the boards of the dock, letting her feet dangle over the side, gently swaying back and forth as she stared out into the opening, watching the moon in the sky.

Stephanie remembered this song that the pirates used to sing back in her old days, and it somehow brushed off of them and to her.

Before she could sing, she glanced over her shoulders, looking for anyone that could be anywhere around her.

After checking for anyone, she sighed gently and started singing, luckily with no one else around her.

"🎵The King and his men stole the Queen from her bed,🎵" she sang to herself.

The cool breeze gently blew around her, as her long brown hair and wires moved with the wind, not even bothered by it.

"🎵And bound her in her bones, the seas be ours and by the powers,🎵" she sang as proud as she can, not too loud to catch anyone's attention to her. "🎵Where we will we'll roam.🎵"

As she sang, she did not notice an enormous vast of fog was mysterious roaming closer to the docks.

She continued sitting on her spot on the docks, singing to herself as the fog loomed over the village, as she supposed since it was cold at night, this was common.

"🎵Yo ho, all hands, hoist the colors high, heave ho, thieves and beggars, never shall we die,🎵" she sang, as she did not notice someone else was singing along with her from off in the distance. "🎵Now some have died, and some are alive, and others sail on the sea, with the keys to the cage and the Devil to pay, we lay to Fiddler's Green.🎵"

She was going to begin singing the next line, when she paused, finally noticing the mysterious fog around her, as she looked confused about what is going on.

Then, she noticed someone else was singing along with her, as she was just singing, feeling embarrassed about who might be behind her.

So, she glanced over her shoulder, looking around for anyone, but saw that no one was there.

After she had looked around for anyone, she heard the mysterious voice again that was singing along with her, sounding like it was off in the distance, deep within the fog.

"🎵Yo ho, haul together, hoist the colors high, heave ho, thieves and beggars, never shall we die,🎵" the mysterious voice sang the next line, that Stephanie was about to sing.

Stephanie quickly got up to her feet, listening to the voice singing the familiar song in the distance, as she glanced around for the person who is singing it.

"🎵The bell has been raised, from its watery grave, hear its sepulchral tone?🎵" the voice continued singing, as Stephanie listened for the person who is singing the song like her. "🎵A call to all, pay to heed the storm and turn yourself toward home.🎵"

The mysterious voice sounded exhausted from fighting against someone with him, as Stephanie's alert turned to slight worry, worried about if that person, who is singing that song, might be hurt.

Then, the sounds of creaking and something groaning came closer to the docks, making Stephanie's skin prickle with goosebumps, feeling coldness around her body.

Stephanie then glanced over at the sailors that were at the docks, only to see that they were running away from the docks as fast as they can, running into the village, slamming doors behind their backs, shutting blinds, and flipping signs to "Closed" in stores.

The animals ran as fast as they can, hiding away from the mysterious sounds of the creaking and groaning of the object.

She glanced back at the mysterious fog, feeling more alert about what could be deep inside, thinking that a male siren was trying to lure her into the waters, where he might drown her to death.

But, she noticed she was not hypnotized by the singing, and there was no one else stepping out of their houses.

She glanced back at the fog, as a large object slowly coming out of the mist, in the shape of a ship, but looked like a haunted vessel than an original one.

The ship has white sails decorated with ripped holes in several sizes and lengths.

One of the masts was destroyed from a big creature, and the wood was charred black from the fire.

Stephanie checked for any signs that the ship used to belong to anyone, but could not seem to find the pirate flag.

As the fog loomed around the wrecked ship, making it look like a frightening scene from a horror show, everyone scrambled fearfully to his or her homes or boats, worried about what might lurk within that ship.

Although she felt frightened about what might be on the wrecked ship, and wanted to run away with the people, but stopped herself, when she noticed something else.

Someone living might be still alive on that ghost ship!

She turned to the boats, looking worried about which boat she might take.

That's when she turned towards a Chinese boat, with the Chinese sailor sitting comfortably at ease on the boat and asked politely in his language, "劳驾?"

He glanced over to her from gazing into the distance and answered to her ask, "是?"

"你介意我借你的船吗?" she gently asked him in Chinese, kneeling down slightly so that she can talk to him without having to raise her voice.

"当然!" he willingly agreed, until he felt puzzled about why she wanted to borrow his boat. "為什麼在地球上呢? 即使在一天的這個時候, 你也會釣魚嗎?"

"不, 不是真的," she answered, as she pointed over to the mysterious boat in the distance. "我實際上要用你的船到那邊那艘神秘的船上去."

He glanced over, also noticing the wrecked ship in the distance, looking scared at the sight of it.

"你确定吗?" he worriedly asked, glancing back at her with a concerned look on his face.

"当然," she answered, nodding her head gently. "每當我總能看到好奇或神秘的東西時, 我總會看到危險."

He was silent for a moment, as Stephanie patiently waited for an answer, feeling worried each minute has passed.

After minutes has passed, he shrugged his shoulders at her and said, sighing gently, "好吧, 如果你這樣說的話. 但是, 不要被潛伏在船上的任何迷失的靈魂所傷害. 他們不喜歡來到他們船上的遊客."

She nodded her head again, understanding him as he slowly stood up from his boat, and climbed onto the docks, before turning around and watched Stephanie nervously.

She slowly got onto his boat and sat down at where he was sitting, crisscrossing her legs in front of her, and took the pole that he uses to push the boat gently.

"我保證, 一旦我看到誰在船上並與那個人一起回來, 或者如果那裡有一個神奇的生物, 我就把船還給你," she spoke gently, assuring him in his language.

After she had assured him, she released the boat from the docks first by untying the rope, then used the pole to push the boat away from the docks gently without accidentally tipping it over.

After she had pushed away from the docks, she started moving the boat along the docks, heading to the open sea, as the man watched nervously.

“像我之前警告你的那樣小心!” he called over to her, as she left the docks, going over to the abandoned ship.

“我会!” she called back, before disappearing into the fog, getting closer to the mysterious ship.

Wisely deciding to be silent, she quietly snuck close to the mysterious ship, glancing around cautiously for anyone that is haunting the ship and the moonlit sea.

Of course, she had heard of the story from one of the local people on the docks, when she was helping one of them with the nets.

The marine said the hero of the village was a sailor just like him, but he protects the town from evil.

Although the same bully wanted to get the village back into his own grip, he was always there kicking his butt, along with anything and anyone else’s evil butts.

The villains are either cruel at heart, powerful and vicious to have control over the world, destined to destroy anything in their way.

But nothing can outwit this brave sailor.

Until one day, he approaches an attractive female that directly caught his eye at first glance, seizing his heart with love.

But when he bought tickets to a ship to have the best moment, ruthless pirates came and attacked, with no warning.

He fought down to the last of his strength, but they were overpowering for him to last.

After they had finally defeated him, they kidnapped the love of his life before him and wrecked the ship, with him on it.

Now, only his angry spirit and his wrecked ship haunt the moonlit sea, searching for his love as she patiently waits for him to come back from the sea.

The people that he had been telling the story said that the legend is not true and the spirit of the sailor is not real.

But when the ship appeared, everyone started to believe the story, saying the sailor’s spirit could not decide if the people are evil or good at heart and kills anyone to search for the love of his life.

But, Stephanie always feels suspicious about that ship whenever she goes over to the docks to look at the moonlit sea, wondering when that ship appears.

Not only that, but the ship only appears a full moon, on a Friday.

So, she got closer to the wrecked ship, clearly seeing what it is, as she shivered slightly at the cold feeling around.

Checking for signs of ghosts, she gently exhales out some breath, seeing it did not become condensation.

So, it was safe to climb aboard the ship without anyone or anything attacking her without warning.

After she was close to the ship, she glanced around for a moment, checking one more time for anyone or anything heading towards where she is without her noticing.

There was no one or anything around, so she stuck the pole deep into the sand underwater, and used her powers to give it weight, not showing that it became rounder than usual, but to firmly stick it inside.

After she had stuck the pole deep into the sand, she slowly got up from the boat, being careful to not tip it over from her weight on accident.

Then, she tied the rope around the mysterious ship, so that it would be there after she examined the vessel, and maybe, just maybe found someone that is still alive for 2 whole years.

Once she had tied the rope to the ship, she cracked her knuckles and placed her right hand against the side, before placing the other above her head.

Then, she moved her body up from the boat, as she moved her right hand away from the side of the ship, placing it over her head.

When she was halfway up from the boat, she placed her first foot on the side, acting like a lizard.

She slowly continued doing the same process, placing hand by hand in front of her, and placing foot by foot too.

Since the mysterious ship went into the fog again, it concealed her from the watching people, so that she does not let her secrets spill out.

When she got up to the top of the wrecked ship, she went through the broken part of the wooden railway, climbing onto the main deck.

After she got onto the main deck, still on all fours, she glanced around curiously and cautiously for any ghosts or anyone that is on board.

When the coast is clear, she got up from being on all fours and slowly stood up to her feet, still glancing around for anyone.

The main deck is wrecked, as there were cannonball holes everywhere, especially one in the middle, where the main mast used to be, and the sails too.

The bowsprit was snapped into two, and slash marks were everywhere, luckily no smell of blood.

Deciding to search for the survivor or any of them, she decided to sing the same song that she was singing before.

“🎵 And bound her in her bones, 🎵” she sang, loud enough for anyone to hear. “🎵 The seas be ours, and by the powers, where we will we’ll roam. 🎵”

She stayed quiet to listen to that person to sing the next line of the song, as she anxiously glances around.

Then she heard the same weak, tired, and hurt voice softly sang, finally answering to her song, “🎵 Yo... ho, all hands... hoist the colors... high, heave-ho... 🎵”

Quick as she can, she ran over to where the voice is, worried about that person could be on the verge of dying, or worse.

As she ran down the side of the main deck, although kept falling through the small holes that were left over from the cannonballs, as she cursed to herself quietly, but gets back up after each one and continue running towards where she heard the voice.

She got up to the stairs, noticing they were broken, as she groaned in worry.

Deciding to use her powers, she jumped up from the bottom of the stairs and landed at the top of the stairs, although cracking through the floorboards halfway.

Stephanie groaned again in annoyance and popped herself out of the hole she went through, quickly scrambling up to her feet, and stopped in the middle of the back of the ship, where the navigator navigates the way.

She stopped and glanced around, looking for the singing as she had a worried look on her face.

Deciding to sing again to look for the person, she sang the next line of the song, “🎵 And bound her in her bones, the seas be ours and by the powers, where we will we’ll roam. 🎵”

She paused again when she heard the familiar voice sang the next line of the song.

But, this time, it was quieter than the previous lines that she listened to and sounded like it was right behind her back, “🎵 Yo... ho, all... hands... 🎵”

The voice suddenly went silent in mid-song as a twinge of panic went into her heart.

She quickly turned around and saw a pile of smoldering rubble of charred wood, as she froze, looking worried and shocked.

Could it be she had been singing along with a ghost?

Before she could look around for the person, she noticed something white was in front of her when she looked away, before taking a second glance, seeing a sailor’s hat in front of her.

It was not like the hats at the Navy that she noticed while looking in her Dad’s stuff when she was much younger, remembering her old days.

But it was like a common sailor's hat, like the ones that she usually sees at the docks.

Stephanie crouched down to the hat and picked it up from the ground, as it was covered in ash.

She stared at it for a moment, as there was a worry feeling in her eyes, before glancing up at the pile, wondering for a moment.

Without singing or saying anything, she placed the hat on top of her head and reached over to the smoldering rubble with both of her hands, and started digging frantically.

She did not mind that her sweater was getting covered in ash as she went through it, including the palms of her hands and the lap of her blue jeans.

Stephanie only had one mission in her head than to worry about clothes; rescue the survivor.

After a few minutes of digging through the ash, she then touched the feeling of skin, and it felt cold, but there was still life inside that person.

A relieving feeling washed over her worry a little, but she was still getting that person out.

She reached over with her left hand and wrapped both of them around what seemed to be the wrist.

After wrapping her hands around the wrist of the person, she used her strength to pull him out of the rubble carefully, and into the opening.

When she pulled him out of the rubble, she could clearly see him, but he was covered head to toe with ash.

From what she can tell despite the ash covering some parts of his body, he has fair skin, with short auburn hair that sticks up slightly in the front.

He is wearing a black short sleeved shirt that looked like it was ripped by swords and knives and lightly burnt from the fire on board.

The man is also wearing a pair of blue jeans that were ripped in some places of his legs, along with some burnt marks and black and white shoes.

He was unconscious as his face was covered in bruises.

Worried about his condition, she carefully flipped him over to his back with both of her hands first, so that it could be easy for her to get a better look of him.

Then she placed her right metal palm on his back and lifted him upright, staring at him for a moment, before placing her ear against his chest.

She inhaled for a moment, listening for any noises from him, as she looked worried.

A soft but steady thumping noise came from the middle of his chest, as Stephanie sighed in relief when she heard the noise.

He is still alive.

She moved her head away from his chest and placed her left arm underneath his knees, lifting him up from the floor as the boards underneath her creaked.

Luckily, it did not break from underneath her weight combined with his.

She walked back down from the other stairs on the other side, as the boards creaked from underneath her feet, and she walked back over to the same broken area of the wooden railway.

After she had got over to the broken area of the wooden railway, she started walking down the side, without falling down into the water.

After she had got down to the borrowed boat, she carefully placed the knocked out sailor on the other side of the vessel, sighing gently.

Then, she sat down in the front of the boat and grabbed the pole from in the water, as it lost weight by the touch of her hand and stopped staying in one place.

After she had taken the pole in her hand, she started pushing the boat away from the ship.

She rowed back to the docks, as the wrecked ship behind her collapsed completely, sinking deeper into the moonlit sea, without the survivor on it.

'Strange...' She thought to herself in curiosity, as she watched as the wrecked ship sank gently into the moonlit sea, as the surrounding fog disappeared slowly, revealing the same docks, this time, crowded with people.

The Chinese sailor watched her with a puzzled look on his face as she came back unharmed from any spirits or monsters.

"我回来了!" she happily called to the Chinese sailor, as she waved her hand to him.

When she got over to the docks, she parked the boat at the exact spot of where it was earlier and fastened it with the rope.

People crowded her as she slowly got off the boat, asking her question, and what happened, when they noticed the knocked out man in her arms.

"I-It's him!" one of them gasped. "The legendary sailor!"

Stephanie looked slightly annoyed and a little worried as people crowded her, as some were asking too many questions.

"Alright!" she spoke loudly, as everyone glanced up at her, and stopped asking questions about him.

She sighed after she had got everyone's attention, before calmly speaking, "I gotta get him over to my room where I can heal him from his wounds."

Everyone glanced at each other for a moment and glanced back at Stephanie, as she rose an eyebrow.

Then, they parted out of her way, as she walked down the docks, carrying him in her arms, as the people of the village watched her.

'And figure out what happened to his boat and before all of that happened...' she thought to herself as she walked off the docks.

She headed towards a hotel where she can place him in her bed, as she can use her magic to heal him during the time slowly.