

A most unusual event happened that morning. Or whatever time it was. The engine quieted, shouting happened, and a heavy yank indicated an anchor had found a home. An event that nudged her off of the sheet she used as bed, enough so that she could wake up in a flash.

“Who else steers a bucket of bolts but a dweeb who crashes it into stuff in the first place?” She groaned, slapping her wings across the edge of the ledge she called home. Nobody below, nobody coming through, it was safe to exit.

Outside was cloudy, perhaps even in that drizzle-rain kind of mood. The sun shone, but it was too obstructed to ignite her (literally) pitch-black features on impact. A short distance away was an island, crowned by palm trees on the outside and more exotic, perhaps imported, broad-leaved trees.

Peeking from the doorway, it was easier to discern the orders; “Everyone, set to the shore. We're taking a day's break, so get your stuff in order.” Which was an odd order, as the breegull had never heard of boats that, after such a short time, just stopped at a seemingly abandoned island for a drink.

A further inspection showed her a lifeboat sinking down the side, and an even further peek, so far it no longer qualified, revealed a few other ships had set up nearby. A meeting, or perhaps a common meeting ground? She couldn't tell. All she could tell is that the boat was completely deserted for once. Wherever they were, there was no concern for stowaways or hijacking. Good for her, as such is the perfect time to start looting some nicer things.

Many things were taken, most of them to ease her sleeping place. Along the way, she grew slightly more accustomed to her omnipresent layer of tar, which she lost an interest in shedding. Flying was a no-go in the ocean, and swimming was never her deal anyway.

Instead, she took to read the ship's log, skipping to the part that mentioned a few future stops, estimated and true times of arrival. An interesting read to the more proficient and educated lot, as every name escaped her understanding. Except the one she cared about, but boy it was far down that list.

“Sheesh, might as well take a detour around the globe at this rate.” She muttered, for a moment contemplating to steal the boat, before realizing that she had no idea how to control it, let alone not crash into everything on her way out.

Her expedition did teach her many things. It was apparent the place didn't have a huge crew, a few hand fulls at best. A few bunks were empty, a few lavish quarters unused or offered as prize via strange contests.

In fact, every note she found seemed to encourage camaraderie and trust, making the whole place brim with unison. Or at least that clubby feel you get from brain-dead scouts, she snickered. A weapon she could wield, she figured. Especially since that one dweeb saw her. Could use the mental flicker to claim chumminess.

At the deck, she flopped over the railing and peered at the island. Part of her wanted to go over there, but how could she possibly do so without getting seen? She didn't know when they would leave, giving her no good window to go back.

No, she'd have to do with a set of binoculars and a far off gaze, seeing wooden structures between the trees. Spotting the impressive wi-fi installation and what seemed to be an outdoor seating area. Oh, what she'd give for the old days of blasting off a handheld in the sun. Wait a minute, that was the entire point of the cruise.

Now, she'd steal someone else's; there had to be at least one, but on a ship like this they'd get rowdy in minutes! Didn't mean she couldn't just take the thing, perch up high, and stop playing when she saw a rowboat coming in too close.

And thus, perched like a crow in a crow's nest, she made many bleeps and bloops, probably erasing all kinds of saves and high scores. Indeed, no trace would be left behind by the decreased battery-life, incorrect placement and swapped cartridges. Then again, her loud mouth is a good measuring stick to see how good she'll roll a 'covert stealth' check.

As time passed, it became clear that they were quite literal with their days. They hadn't yet returned, and with her battery running thin, she figured a decent meal was in place. Nothing too fancy, other than the cleanest pizza she could muster before kicking back and turning on the TV, to watch whatever B-movie had been squeezed into the playback device.

Being able to lie down in a nice comfortable bed was something else, even if she couldn't shake the constant threat of being found. Oh well. If she got caught here, she could just float to shore and this place was infinitely better than that old chemical-covered dock. Maybe she'd do it, just to see if they'd wanna touch the ever dripping tar on her.

The bed was a little odd, though. All of them seemed to be covered in the roughest, plasticity rubber possible. Obviously built to take a few errant waves, or perhaps bedwetting was a communal pastime, she snidely remarked, not seeing the oddity in still using the bed after such a thought. An odd material it was, but it didn't bother her after using a sheet and a pillow on metal. The mattress was still pretty darn soft, for what it was worth.

Perhaps it would've benefited her to read up on fairy tales, as her complacency in taking what wasn't hers meant that she woke up drowsy, in a daze, the comfort of a bed putting her in a different mindset. Worst of all, she had fallen from the bed, further shaking her up.

In this hazy daze, her mind became a jumbled mess. The stillness of not sleeping on a rickety top bunk or floating at sea, it all made her head too jumbled up to make sense. "Gotta find that jacuzzi and tell the fat bear to order a hot tamale pasta." She muttered as if battered on the head by hammers.

Following the vague qualia, she dove into the tar pit next to her actual bed, feeling bubbles tickle her sides as they struggled to get out. It did that sometimes, the bubbles, often enough that she sometimes meditated as she looked at them. Meditated over fat-jokes, as those round, shiny things reminded her bellies covered in grease from hot barbeques. She could go for a nice barbeque meal.

Her train of thought was blurry, enough so that she tried to knock her head on the wall to clear it up. But her very inconsistent rhythm had started to tank her. By the time she was cooking and baking, leaving plenty of smoke to steam out the vent for the vent monsters to savor, she swore to hear several boats approach.