

Rage of the Sea

Silent king of the
depths. The bane of
all sailors who dare
to travel near his
great halls.

Each one more arrogant
than the last. Each one
believing that they
shall be the ones to
finally kill the Kraken.

Sail your ships and
mark your charts.
Sail to the ends of the
earth until dark.

Travel by moonlight.
Travel by starlight.
Travel until you can
no longer keep your eyes
open.

Past the edge of the
earth and beyond.

Close your ears to
the enchanting tune
of the sirens. Do not
look upon the mermaids
with alluring eyes and
wickedness in their hearts.

Grab your hooks and
grab your spears. Tend
your nets and banish
your fear.

For the Kraken knows
you are near.

Will you be the one?
The one who banishes
the great monster from
the depths?

Will you take revenge
for family or friends?
Will you seek the glory
that only comes from
defeating the greatest
of sea monsters?

One dares to stand above
all the rest. One dares to
travel where all others
fear to sail.

Past the sirens and
mermaids. Beyond the
sea dragons and water
serpents.

Past schools of mythical
fish large enough to feed
his crew for months.

Ignore all temptation.
Fight past all fear.
Confront all dangers.
Steadfast in a search
for the last of his kind.

A captain who has traveled
the world. Conquered the
world. Charted lands that
few people believe even
exist.

A great ocean where
the sun never rises
and the waves travel
under the light of an
eternal moon.

Man the decks!
Mind the sails!
Grab your weapons,
swords, and shields!

The time has come upon
us! Fight for your lives!
Fight for glory!

Fight the last Kraken

to live upon the earth.

For the great captain
has already slaughtered
all the others.

The seas are safe again.
Free for travel and
exploration.

Only one last hurdle
remains. Only one last
beast to be taken care of.

Let the seas boil and
let the monster roar.
The captain fears not
the warning at death's
door.

For what is a beast
before a man?

A monster before
the best of hunters?

Proudly standing at
the front of the ship.
Spear and hook in hand.

The ocean boils as the
great sea serpent comes
to defend his land.

Large enough to sink
a ship or eat several
men whole.

Listen to the roar of
men as they scream
their defiance and pride.

Watch as the last of all
the Kraken is speared
and sliced in his side.

Fighting with dying breath
to sink just one more ship.
Instead it dies under nets

and iron. Never to see
the moon again.

Hear the laughter of
men as they rejoice over
their final trophy.

Proof of their victory
and of oceans made
safe from a tyrant.

Man the decks!
Mind the sails!
Our work here is done!
We have won without fail!

But as the ship turns
proudly under the bright
light of the full moon...

...there comes an eerie
sound in an all too
familiar tune.

Watch the ships crew
as they stare around in
fright. Gazing upon
the Kraken they had
just slain that night.

How could there be
another? It must be
some foul trick.

Voices of pride turn
to fear as the ocean
explodes beneath
their ship.

Ripping the proud
vessel apart as if it
were merely a twig.

Spears of iron meet
spears of wood as the
hunting ship meets its
end.

Men desperately search

for safety as the sea
awakens beneath them.

Looming high above
and rising up from deep below
comes a second Kraken
that is a far more dangerous
than any previous foe.

It rises above their heads
illuminated by the moon.
A monster that could
devour not men but
mountains and drive
even armies to their doom.

As it lowers its great head
to meet the captain's eyes,
he realizes his mistake
as he sees a reflection
of his own demise.

The great king laying slain
among the broken timbers
of his ship was no king at all.

For his men have not been
hunting not monsters but
children. Each of their
dying screams another
pain of agony in the heart
of the one who raised them.

Now the empress has
come with all the rage of
the sea and with eyes of
hate she whispers what
you could not see.

Men dragging creatures
to their death. Laughing
as they harvest them while
they are still alive.

Killing off those who have
rested peacefully in their
ocean homes for centuries.

And when her children

rose to protect them they
were hunted and slaughtered
like mere witless beasts.

Just another trophy on
a wall filled with blood
stained glory.

Poison fills the water.
Great ocean homes now
lie broken and abandoned.

Still humans come even
beyond the edges of the
earth to take what does
not belong to them.

For the first time the
captain who thought his
power so great sees himself
as the ocean does.

He is no hunter but a
murderer of children and
now their mother has
come to take her revenge.

For there is no force alive
that can escape the rage
of the sea.