

Friday 14th October 2016

Dear diary,

I can't remember much - but it's starting to come back to me. I know it ended with a plunge into the mutiny, endless ~~Cobalt~~ Cobalt Sea.

I was sitting on the top deck when it happened. Silence. No-one dared to mutter a word. All that could be heard was the sound of raging waves crashing against the side of the boat. The icy wind slapped my cheeks and the salty water stung my cracked lips. People call me brave but I felt anything but brave now.

The first mate, who I had known since I had first come aboard, told me to go and look at the stars to take my mind off the pending invasion. As I looked out at the sea, I saw a white, luminous crescent rise above the misty, grey ocean. I felt the hazy, mellow glow beam down on me and I fell asleep peacefully on the mastlit, birch deck.

I awoke at the sound of cannons booming. How long had I been asleep? I glanced out over the side of the hull... The sea was now ^{just} miles and miles of ominous, inky blackness. I turned around and I saw ships being engulfed by crashing waves. Poor innocent souls, being dragged down into Davie Jones's locker ready to await their terrible fate. The Spanish were here!

In a matter of seconds, a dozen blazing, pine vessels were charging towards the Spanish like stampeding tigers. Then I froze, a cannon ball was heading ~~to~~ rapidly towards us. Before I knew what happened I was plunged into the icy, blue sea.

~~The~~ Blackness. Diary all I could hear was bizarre echoes of the ocean. I should of been scared but I wasn't it was almost as though I was unable to feel. My blood ran cold as I felt a hand grab me and haul me out of the water. Gradually I began to gain consciousness.

I awoke up to see a warm friendly face staring down at me. I stood up quickly in shock worried that this stranger was Spanish. He started speaking in a foreign language that I didn't understand, but I immediately realized that he wasn't Spanish.