

Alex Jackson

MARITIME HIGH SCHOOL | 11TH GRADE

Today marks the day of the 8th year of being on my ship. 8 years. It's been so long since I took the opportunity and became something more than some sea scum, swimming under the darker part of the world. Now I've been able to be out above that prison. The crew on my ship and I have gotten close. They see me as a great man, a brave, honest, honorable soul who has earned the name 'Captain.' I feel guilty as they pat my shoulder, joke with me, trust me with their whole life on my ship. They don't know the truth of how we came to be today. What really happened on this ship when I first came aboard. I fear the day will come that I will have to tell them all about what I really am and what happened. We found a lady on the water in a small wooden boat. She was passed out and looked like she might have fainted from the heat of the sun or from no sleep. We rescued her and I took her into my office to rest. She's sleeping on the small couch across me right now, as I sit on my chair writing this. I wait impatiently for the moment she will awake and take her first look at me. She will see the fins on the side of my face instead of ears, the sharp white points that are called teeth, the little bits of color on my face and neck due to the few scales there, and she will notice the shape of my pupils that are more sharp than round, she will know what I really am as the rest of my crew has been blinded to this knowledge of what I really am or anything like me. What if she reveals what I am to everyone else? What am I to do when she calls me a monster, a freak, something along the lines of a different being. Should I do the same to her like I did to my crew? Or should I finally tell my crew the truth behind their captain and the past 8 years? So long, yet I feel like I could trust them but something pulls me back under the sea, drowning me in guilt and fear of what would become of me if they ever found out? I should, but am I willing to risk it? To risk everything I've built on to sink below the sea back to my roots? Time will tell... hopefully.

Sincerely,
Captain Ace

