The Fisherman

999 words

Rain stung my face as I dashed across the road. My socks sloshed in my shoes, arriving under the port awning. The dark night flooded the town like the ocean at high tide. What if I could control the water and make it stop raining, I thought to myself. A rough British voice sounded behind me. “Now what would bring you to the port this late?” I turned around to see a man with his head down concentrating on a net in a bunch of knots. A dim flickering light shed on the man. He was wearing old worn-down clothes, boots with holes in the soul, and a brown leather hat covering his face.

“I’m here because this is the best time to go fishing. I’m taking a couple friends from school.” The man nodded and looked up at me. “Beware! Tonight, it roams!” I squinted at the man; a hint of worry was in his eyes. “What roams?” I asked. The man looked down at the net, “Listen for a strong wind, and rushing water. If you encounter this, turn on your motor immediately and go in the opposite direction!” I opened my mouth to say something but was interrupted by my friends. “David, you didn’t start the boat?” I turned around to see them approaching me.

“Nah, I was too busy talking to this man right here.” Pointing toward the man. “No one’s there Bro.” I looked back, but he wasn’t there, not even the net. Confusion swept over me.” I walked over to our boat and started it. Once everyone was aboard, we started going toward the east. The rain stopped, and it was eerily quiet. I cast my line into the water and waited for a bite. Suddenly my rod went crazy. I reeled in the fishing line, but nothing was on the hook. I noticed the boat had started moving, but no one was at the wheel. A strong wind followed. The quiet peaceful ocean had turned into a sea of chaos. Rushing water had dragged us out of sight of the lighthouse. I looked toward the bow and the old man was sitting there unweaving the knotted net. He looked at me and yelled, “I warned you!” Quickly, we were sucked into the depths of the ocean by a whirlpool. I saw the boat falling apart and darkness overcame me.

I woke up in an underwater cavern and saw both of my friends lying unconscious in the mouth of the cave. I noticed this cave was not ordinary. It was a ruin of an ancient temple, with two stone lions at the entrance. I walked into the temple and in the very heart of it, was a glowing pan of blue sand. I reached into the sand and crabs immerged that had see-through shells. Inside their shells I saw a small blue crystal. They quickly crawled up my arm and pinched me, injecting the blue liquid from the crystals. I yelled in pain and shook them off. My veins were glowing blue.

I ran out of the temple and returned to the water at the mouth of the cave. I dipped my arms in the water to wash my wounds, thinking they were infected. Instantly the marks were healed like they were never there. “Woah!” I yelled. I ran to my friends, as they were waking up. “Are you guys, ok?” I asked. “We’re fine, but where were you?” they asked. I looked at the water then back to my friends. “I was pinched by little creatures while exploring.” Suddenly the ground shook and I looked toward the temple. It exploded into flames. A giant fire monster emerged and reached toward me. I covered my face with my hands and waited for the fire to burn me to death, but it never did. I looked up, and water was shooting out of my hands toward the monster. Confusion set on me.

Water covered the fiery face. To save everyone, I closed my eyes and jumped up, opened my palms, and thrust gallons of water through the chest the creature. It fell on its knees, shrieked, and turned to ash. I walked to my friends who’s mouths were all the way open. “How’d you do that?” My friends exclaimed in shock. I looked at my hands, which were now dry, “I…. I don’t know.” I said, We all jumped in the water. I created an air bubble with nothing more than a thought, so they could breathe. Once at the surface, I hoisted myself into the air and closed the whirlpool, that took them to that horrible cave. “This is very weird!” I thought. I took the ruins of the boat and held it together by water pressure. We made our way back to shore. At port, my friends went home, but I stayed and waited. I crossed my arms and took a breath, rain began to fall. That calm British voice sounded behind me. I turned around and he was there again, unweaving the net.

“You really are a mysterious man.” I said, He chuckled, “Is it all still intact?” I looked at him funny, “What?” Is it all still intact? He asked again, “I don’t know what you mean?” “The sun used to shine on that temple, but it has been banished to the bottom of the sea, because of Juacio’ the killing machine from another realm.” “You mean that fire monster? That’s Juacio’?” The man nodded, “Did you encounter him?” I looked at him in the eyes, “I stopped him, he’s gone.” The man smiled, “Then you have the power of the sea. This town could a hero, and I think I know who.” I smirked, and the rain just froze in place.

So now you know my story, and how I became a hero. There are some bad times, but there are also good times. In the end, there’s only one name and that name is,

The Fisherman.