Fire Dome

“So this is life…” I think as I look out to sea and ran my hand through my sandy blond hair. I notice with my keen orange eyes that something is bobbing in the water. I scrunch up my face in confusion.

“How is that thing floating without a well-armored vessel in the sea to protect it?” I mutter aloud as Captain Yamrin walks up to me.

“Ye be Think'in of ‘ome aren`t ye, lad?” Captain Yamrin whispers to me. “I know 'ow it feels; I miss me own 'ome to and me wife.”

The Captain sighs, and pats me on the shoulder. He`s about to turn around but I stop him. I try to tell him what I see, but before I can say anything the captain hushes me. “Listen, the gull`s ain`t sing’in d`eir song…”

That is when a noise rips through the air!

**“BAROOOONGH, BAROOOONGH!!!”**I quickly turn to Captain Yamrin whose face is filled with horror. I follow his gaze and realize my mistake, a huge two hundred foot long kraken and twelve, sixty-foot-long tentacles come crashing through the water. The head slowly rises from the water and I realize the peril we`re in. This was the kraken that killed my father after he took its eye. The captain catchest me with a sad yet determined gaze, “Kierno! Get the skimmers ready, and when they are, get yers’ and everyone’s scrawny hides into those rafts! After ye do that I want ye to leave. I’ll take care of ol’ one eye ‘ere.”

I protest but the captain isn`t having it, so I give him one last hug. Hehad raised me after my father died—and had known me since I was a baby. Almost fourteen years. I tell him I am sorry for everything as tears gush down my face. He smiles at me with his big yellow, kind eyes and says, “Kierno, thank ye, I love you like a son, I’m sorry ye have to go through more death, but it`s life at sea and there`s always gonna be a ‘azard. Now go before I start to cry, too.”

I wipe the tears from my face but they just come back as I give him one last hug, and before he could yell at me to hurry I run to gather everyone. I steal a glance back just in time to see Captain Yamrin pull his saber from its scabbard and swear at the beast. This puts a smile on my face and pumps me for action as I round everyone up.

“Yoran,” I shout to her. Yoran swivels, her body stiff with fear. She’s my age and has a voice like a dolphin, but she’s good in a fight. I point to her redheaded brother with the quaking knees beside me. “Carnille and I will prep the boats. Everyone help the captain and meet us there!”

All three of us run to the large crafts and undo the knots’.

**“CHINK, CHINK.” “CHINK, CHINK.”**

Only two of the three boats are untied before the kraken smashes the third. Carnille looks up with a scream before the tentacle crashes down on him Yoran stands petrified as she watches her brother die. I know her well enough to realize she might flail out against the beast but it`s no use, so I wrap my arm around her to stop her from acting rashly. She starts to flail and yell and scream, **“**I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU!**”**

She slowly calms down and glares at my orange eyes, and in hushed tones says, “Let. me. go.”

So I do and immediately her rage washes away and she slumps to her knees crying as she realizes the horrible mistake she nearly made and the death that just stole her brother from her. I pull closer to her, using the side of the boat as a shield from the kraken, and give her a hug.

“It`s ok I know how you feel. I`m here for you.”

I let go and help her up.

**“CRAAAAAAACK”**

I snap out of my daze and order everyone into the skimmers. Yoran’s father comes up to me, his face crumpled with sorrow and says, “Thank you…, for stopping Yoran I mean, because if I lost her too I’d probably do what she did but no one would care to stop me.”

With that Morian rusheshis daughter to the ramp that leads to the first skimmer, and I follow. We lower the boats and paddle away from the now sinking ship. I look back to the bow and I see Captain Yamrin waving us off; I wave back knowing it’s the last time I`ll ever look at him. “Sir, a ship!” Morian yells to me from the other skimmer—though a large man, he struggles to keep afloat in the churning waves. “Shall I flag it down?”

I turn around and notice the S.S. CATRINA passing by not too far from us. I ponder his question before I yell back, “Nay, we need the kraken to calm down or else, alas another crew will be taken to a watery death.” I sigh and settle into my seat, I look towards Yoran and give her the best smile I can muster and she returns it with a half-smile, her wet cheeks glistening. I wish I know what to say but no words can bring Carnille back.

Three days pass and we are running low on rations. I wake up from a disturbed sleep, and pull my cheek from the planks to see that Yoran peers over the starboard at the glistening ocean beyond. I try to think of what to say but I`m at a loss for words. She looks at me teary-eyed and her voice is so quiet, I nearly don’t hear it, “Thank you.”

Before I can say anything she looks away, I was about to say more before a glint catches my eye. I turn to see where it comes from and a huge grin sets in my face. I find the distress horn hoping they`ll hear us in the distance.

**“GUWOOOOGH, GUWOOOOGH.”**

I wait for multiple minutes yet I hear nothing, just when I was about to blow again I hear the deeper sound of a larger ship.

**“GUBOOOOGH, GUBOOOOGH”**

Morian wakes from the other skimmer, his hair flies around his sunburnt face, his eyes blink under the disturbing sound of the loud horn. He shakes a fist at me “WHAT IN THE BLOODY NAME OF THE KRAKEN ARE YOU BLOWIN THAT HORN SO EARLY IN THE MORNIN FOR, BOY**?”**

I tilt my head and grin even bigger, and I sweep my arm towards the S.S. TEFROCON. He looks at me and gapes in astonishment. I shrug at him and say, “Now don`t be getting mad at me for finding us a way home!”

He leans back against the hard wooden bench, smiling and says, “Kierno, you`ve stayed strong for all of us. You may be young, but I would bet my life that Capt. Yamrin`d be mighty impressed with your success, plus you got us the best naval warship for a ride home so I’d say you scored big. Who knew she`d be prowling around these parts, I bet it`s the kraken they`re after because legend says they hunt`em.”

He smiles at me and nods at his daughter. For the first time since Carnille died, Yoran looks hopeful. We smile at each other. Turning her gaze to the ship in the distance, she mutters, “So you found us a way home? Well, at least I won`t have to be smelling your fish breaths all night long anymore.”

My head whips up—Yoran being sarcastic? She seems almost herself again and I laugh. Her father gives her a sour look but he can’t keep it up and breaks into a grin. “HEY!” I defend myself. “That’s unfair. At least we don`t have to keep smelling your fish perfume!”

Yoran playfully punches me in the arm and we go at it until we all burst into tears from laughing. It’s such a relief that after all that has happened, to know we will survive!