



Diary entry in a bottle

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Humor, Retold Fairy Tales

Dear Diary, Thursday 25th January 1567

Writing from my ship
and my hammock

My name is Captain Hook and as you know I am the 'villain' in Peter Pan- which is not really true, and I hope you are not Peter Pan's fan because your heart is going to be crushed tonight

I am writing a diary so people knows the real story behind my wickedness. I will keep this extract in a bottle and whoever finds it please make sure that the true story is shared among the people. I MEAN PUBLISH THE STORY.

The rumbling noise of the sea made it harder me to sleep; I can hear the men's roars of triumph as they stationed themselves on the dusty deck. It was the last set of men they wish to send until they have to wait for another 35 years. One tale told about getting close to the treasure but died of starvation. Another tale spoke about malicious monsters strangling pirates to death and the other one...and another one... You get the idea. All stories had one thing in similar.

They never found the treasure.

They thought they were destined for their treasure. But were they?

I will tell you: no matter how much they tried, the truth will crawl out of its cage and through the cage; even at the last minute.

The half-eaten moon penetrated its light through the dark curtains and its arm stretched right into my eyes. I woke up with a jolt again and turned my head left but only to be disturbed by the intermittent dripping of the water and the closet rest its shadows on me. On my right, the shrieks of children to elderly women echoed across the whole island; but the sound of muffled voices are barely audible. Muffled voices! My ears ached some more of secrets but the yells of courage intercepted right through voices. Quiet as a pin drop, I edged myself towards the subdued voices until there was only one curtain separating myself and the hushed tones. "This might be not the time to talk about this, but after 35 years our son needs to continue this journey," whispered my father. So he knew he isn't going to succeed! What's the point of going there anyway? For the first time, I can detect the nervous tone he has in his voice; my mom just nodded bravely but instincts say there was some deficiency of energy in there.

"Here are the 8 lines written by the oracle before she passed away, and now I should pass it on to you," he hissed. At that moment, the drums banged against the hands of the bulky men; I cursed under my breath. Luckily, some of the words are still audible.

"Ahem," my father cleared his throat

'When brothers becomes...,

And sisters become mothers

Hero's will search for the...

Which shall mend

The days of happiness shall rise

Only to be broken...

Two armies will always...

To... out of each other's ..."

What can the other words be? I have only one clue about the papyrus:

It doesn't have a happy ending.

35 years later

The first ray of light of the fiery ball made me jump out of my bed. Dressing impeccably as possible, I look into my reflection and smoothed my hair with oil; today it was my day to go and accomplish the quest which the

others failed. I continued to straighten my mustache with a nice curl-which is as thin as a needle and stands out in my pallid face; the beetroot-colored tricorne was tilted to the right and out of the tricorne, my dense hair oozed until to my shoulder. On top of the white vest, there was marron colored robe that enclosed me and a golden ribbon outlined the infrastructure making it more stand out. I breathed in deeply and let it out. I have to do this.

With my back straight, I walked along the perpendicular road towards my ship while the 2 crowd of people stood beside me and applauded. Trumpets and drums bellowed with rhythmic uproar. My mother stood at the front of the crowd giving me a valiant smile; I just nodded in response. When I was at the front of the ship, I gestured the crowd to stop commotion with my right hand and cleared my throat loudly. Gradually, I produced the scroll-which took me a fortnight to write the speech- from my baggy pocket; I tilted my hat so the white, rare feather is visible to the crowd and began my oration.

“Today my fellow residents is the day we retrieve the ‘unsearchable’ treasure; our entrepreneurs have given us clues which we may become helpful in some ways. Today is the day we become the leaders of our island; we shall vanquish the curse no matter what comes on our way!” The crowd hailed and cheered with an ear-piercing noise; I climb aboard and tell the crew to start the journey-though I didn’t know where to go! I just wanted them to see that we had a strategy so I once again gestured the residents once again and started the excursion!

Reaching somewhere out of the resident’s sight, Smee (my henchman) asked, “Captain where are we going?” I pulled my index finger from my pocket and laid below my lips but above my chin- looking thoughtful. Really, I was clueless; I scrutinized horizon, the sun seemed to be exhausted from the day’s work.

“We shall rest here because tomorrow we have a tedious and a plethora of works to do. And from now on you will address me as Captain...” I thought about it. It needs to be catchy and short, “Hook! Captain Hook!” I announced. Hook is catchy because it means you are on the hook and you don’t give up, technically.

I stare at the ceiling on top of me while I rest in my hammock; my thoughts keep getting distracted by my father never coming back. Will that be family ritual-never coming back from an adventure? Suddenly, I thought of the riddle, which my father told my mother before their separation, but she ever mentioned the riddle to me or talk about any oracle. Maybe because she didn’t want me to inform about my disastrous future, perhaps I am going to die or have the plague or more importantly, not success in my quest. No, I need to be optimistic. I shooed those ‘possessing’ thoughts and produced the scroll which I have written the riddle on:

When brothers becomes..., fathers

And sisters become mothers

Hero’s will search for the... (gold/ treasure/ dust???)

Which shall mend

The days of happiness shall rise

Only to be broken... (a handful of seizing???)

Two armies will always... (be friends?)

To... out of each other's ..."(trouble???)

(The question marks are my predictions)! I only got the first line which meant getting older from brothers to fathers- get it? I am sure it is nothing to do with gold so I crossed it out because we are enduring a curse so how will we solve it with gold?

The curse by the way is ... (drumroll): crocodiles. I know, crocodiles! It happens to be that my no-good-dirty-flirty-great-great-great grandfather flirted with other women behind his wife's back. My grandfather was muscular, attractive, and dumb; he was afraid of nothing except crocodiles – he has 'crocodophobia'. His wife was a witch- I am not describing her as bad, she was actually 'potion connoisseur'; so when she ascertained it, she decided to seek revenge. And you know what happens next! She cursed the land with crocodile and us so whenever we are going on a voyage, you are going to face 7 crocodiles at most! If you have crocodiles roaming around you, then congratulations! You are one of my descendants!

The calmness of the sea made my eyes open as fast as a light and quickly I strapped my boots on; I need to be an example to everybody.

I have to do this; complete this mission

And I have a plan

My first sense that jolted back to attention was my nose. The smell of something burning and black smoke made me nervous. The black smoke made my eyes itch and produced bile in my mouth, the horrendous smell made my eyes blind and tears welled up. I bolted towards my cabin and banged the ligneous door behind me.

Wow! Look at our first action towards the mission. AMAZING!!

When the smoke cleared, I breathed out the poisonous air that built its way inside my head; you don't want to have a bad relationship with your crew mate! Gradually, I positioned myself at the center of the deck and held my right hand up to the air. Suddenly, it seemed really quiet because the crew was lined from thin malnourished to muscular and bulky. I nodded in approval and began my speech:

"I believe ya scallywags u all are jumpy tonight so we need to get started to find our loot! Who has an idea for out loot?"

"I know," boomed Bill Jukes, "I shall drown in the pool of roundy, shiny thing...oh GOLD!" He thumped his fist

on the wooden table so hard that I slid down the right of the deck-so did everybody.

“What do ya mean ‘I’ “demanded Mullins. Instead of punching Roger, his hand landed on the cheek of Starkey. This is when chaos found its destination; blood splattered on the floor and food became the cheerleader-jumping out of nowhere.

I put my hand on my forehead in frustration.

“Stoooooooooop! What do ya think u doing ya scallywags?” I shrieked, “We will never find our loot ya idiots! No prey, No predator!” They all hang in midair and formed a line at the last sentence.

“Captain, I heard about a land called Neverland,” answered Smee, “It’s said to be a legend and 11 miles from here Captain.” I thought about it. Looked up at the sky for no reason. At that moment, Starkey felt it a waste of time and again they shouted at each other. I shook my head in disapproval. This is never going to work.

“Stoooooooooop!” I yelled; they all stopped and I declared, “The next person that interrupts the conversation will rub the deck for 5 days- this made them stop.

“As I was saying Captain,” continued Smee, “This land is believed to contain some sort of magical dust, which I think shall mend the curse.” I stopped the words he spoke just now seemed familiar. Oh yes, the riddle!

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When brothers becomes..., fathers

And sisters become mothers

Hero’s will search for the land

Which shall mend

The days of happiness shall rise

Only to be broken... (a handful of seizing???)

Two armies will always... (be friends?)

To... out of each other’s ...” (trouble???)

“Ahoy! Get ready to go to land!” I ordered,

“Smee put the white sail

Jukes, get water of pail

Bill, cook the turkey

Mop the deck Starkey

And everybody row the boat

Out of the moat!"

Aye, Aye Captain," they answered in unison. I looked through my telescope, a land awaits us

In our journey to Neverland, we took control of a boat and called it Jolly Roger because we won the first ship battle so we were jolly; and the crew named my mustache the Black Stash because it made me look so evil and the devil himself. That was two most interesting thing in our journey! Good thing was that we started with 10 members and we have 10 members!

I can smell the treasure right from here.

The moment we set our foot on the island, the aggravating birds seemed to chirp noisily; long bushy trees grew out of nowhere making it look like a jungle. The intermittent dripping noise made a little hole in the ground and small creatures seemed to march around the whole island. On the other hand, our land consists of bullfighting and us riding horses all around the land; birds were banned from our island and we chopped down trees to create space and to create no space.

I don't know why they are acting like fools, but our job is to grab the magical healer thing and get away.

We wandered around the forest- mainly searching for food- when a boy with tattered clothes appeared came to us- chewing a branch- and stopped abruptly. He scrutinized our clothes and when he glanced at my tricorne, he gasped.

"Pirates, PIRATES," he yelled," They are coming to attack us! Help, Peter Pan!"

He ran off to his domicile; I began to have an uncomfortable feeling about this place when a boy dressed in green clothes and a small hat. He took out his pocket knife and pointed it at my throat

"You came to steal from us haven't you, you..." He wondered what to call me, "you vegetable." I looked at him heatedly; I need to trick him to give me the dust so I said

"Look here, we didn't come to have war, we need to have the magical dust so we can cure..."

"Don't give me excuses ya scallywag! I kept the dust in somewhere that even you don't know where to find it," he yelled

"I believe your name is Peter Pan," I said calmly, "And you look so clever to put it so we don't find it," He looks flattered; now is the time!

"It should be somewhere really safe, right?" I continued.

"Yeah, it is in the third tree from here. You know the red tree right over there and if u go up the branch u will

find a bottle of ..." Peter pan stopped. He has told the place.

"Look now you told us the place," I said, "Maybe I can tell you what happened and why we want that bottle." I narrated the story of how our land was cursed and how all our generations failed to complete the mission. When I finished, I can tell that he was convinced. However, his mysterious little eyes were skeptical of me, so I decided not to get too goody with him.

This time I was cautious with every step I made; his caring hospitality towards me made me ponder about him, is he really that ...good?

Tomorrow morning, we set out on a sail to my island with Peter Pan following us to our island to heal the curse; he gazed at all our belongings and asked me about every item, which made me feel very doubtful against him. I can't have a row with him when I am this close to my destination. When we are 1 mile from our island, I figured out that a crowd formed ahead of us and shouted in triumph. My mouth stretched high to my cheek; I have done it!

I guess the riddle that the Oracle announced was a mistake. It was a happy ending!

I was wrong

I stepped out of my deck as the crowd banged their fists on drums and nearby tables; my mother's eyes became shiny with exhilaration- this was the happiest moment of my life! I accomplished a mission in 5 months where none of my ancestors could even complete the operation. I am now a real pirate!

Just before the oracle came to examine the potion, peter pan bid me goodbye

"Captain, I hope your land is freed from the terrible curse," he said and shook my hand with him. Peter pan 'borrowed' a small ship and off he sailed away.

The Oracle came and tapped my tricorn with her staff while I presented the vial with me bowing; she grabbed it without a response and scrutinized it- first by licking, then smelling the potion. The crowd held their breath and their eyes grew larger and larger every second like they were going to be eaten by a lion. The Oracle turned towards the crowd and smiled for the first time while the clique cheered, but when she looked at me, her expression became solemn.

Something wasn't right

I can hear my heart pounding in my chest.

"Dear fellows, after enduring this curse for thousands of generations we definitely have the cure. Right in my hand!" announced the oracle. The faction applauded and hailed but I can feel the bad part was going to come.

“However,” said the oracle and the cheering stopped, “This potion is a replica of the real potion, therefore, it will heal the land. If anyone outside the land the healing power shall be broken for all of us, so I recommend the pirates not getting it,”

“That’s not fair because they saved us they should get the healing power,” argued women from the crowd.

“The real potion is hidden in the island of where you found the replica, so if you find it then we can heal ourselves as well. But for now, I believe we should use the replica until the real potion is found,” suggested the oracle

Peter pan tricked me.

I remembered before he departed, how he replied by hoping ‘our land gets freed from the curse’; I was tricked I am going to get my revenge on him.

PS- I worked out the riddle after 2 days

When brothers become fathers

And sisters become mothers

Hero’s will search for the land

Which shall mend

The days of happiness shall rise

Only to be broken lies

Two armies will always fight

To get out of each other’s sight

I also wanted to add another joke just so PETER PAN is humiliated. Hope you like it

Why does Peter Pan fly?

Because he neverlands!’

PS- this joke was made my Smee(my henchman)

Yours,

Captain Hook!

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