

11. It would be a long, treacherous journey home. The sea was peaceful, almost too peaceful, especially for this time of year. November 28th, the beginning of every sailor's worst nightmare... a storm was brewing.

storm season.

Charcoal clouds began to spread across the sky, as if it was an infection, poisoning everything it set eyes upon. The once luminous, shimmering moon, ~~beheld~~ ~~a blur~~ which seemed so near in the pitch black sky, now became a blur behind the dull, soulless clouds. It was as if they were charging at us, like soldiers; intent for malice. A gust of wind darted past us, fueling Poseidon's treacherous sea, ruffling my hair as well as the boat. Was this a warning? Was this it, or was this only the beginning...

Suddenly, an even stronger tempest wind blew, cracks and crazes began to appear on the deck. Boom! Jagged lightning bolts began to appear, emblazing the sky then ~~releasing~~ ^{fueling, agonising} it's rage, ~~then~~ darted at us, enraging the surface of the sea. Silence. Like a life blowing in the breeze. Bang! Thunder and lightning agonised the sea, narrowly missing the galvanised oak-panels of the ^{vessel} ~~mighty~~ ship. ~~The waves~~ Bullet-sized rain droplets pelted at us, the waves turning

into jagged skyscrapers, overpowering our mighty ship. We were only a droplet in what seemed like a never-ending ocean.

The thought of stepping onto land again became a distant, foolish dream. I was so dazed in my own thoughts I almost forgot about the peril danger. Suddenly, the brutal, unforgiving waves turned into calm, serene lullabies. The smog that once incarcerated us and distorted our vision began to disappear. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a dim, faint light. Adrenaline soared through my body, I couldn't believe it. "Sail, Starboard!", I shouted the sailors as I hurled the ~~the~~ gigantic wheel with all my might, a surge of energy overcame me and filled me with excitement.

As we began to get closer, my hands began to shake, and the outdated light made it impossible to see what colour the lighthouse actually was. Red and white? A clown's face, mimicking us? Or Black and white? Prison, imprisonment in Poseidon's uncontrollable sea? As we got off one by one, scurrying up the lighthouse like mice, giddy as schoolchildren I heard a distant, faint voice. I remembered the first and last rule of the marines, 'never leave a man behind.'