

No Title Yet

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I still have a lot of work to do on this story... like give it a title and a plot...

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Kira cut her sword into the air lazily, obviously drunk. Hiccups echoed on the deck. It was abandoned by the sailors at dusk, all of them flowing downstairs for dinner. Luckily, she grabbed a bottle of rum before climbing quietly tipsy back onto the deck. The boards reflected the day's work of cleaning by the moon's light. It was silver lining around everything, which made her smile. This ship was her father's for years. Now it belonged to her older brother, who she appreciated was a good captian. Her brother was searching for something, she didn't know what it was quite yet, but she had a feeling she would know soon. But with her parents dead and her brother her only relative, she decided to go pirating. She was talented with a sword, everyone knew that. So no one messed with her on the ship, and she was glad. Seeing the older, stinky men staring at her -- undressing her with their eyes. She could only be glad she had the ability to cut their eyes out if needed. Soon the attention of the men and her brother got Kira bored, and she was seeking a companion on the next stop. The next stop turned out to be a small town, and she saw this as a chance to find someone. But instead, she found a cat. And with the begging to her brother, and reasons why cats would be great upon a ship, Kira got herself a cat companion. Kira and her newly found companion quickly became good friends. They roamed around the town terrorizing the people who lived there. Soon they came to a bar. Kira lifted her rum bottle up and tipped it upside down, it was empty. She threw it aside and walked into the bar, her new pet following closely behind her. She sat on a stool at the bar and ordered a bottle of coconut-favored rum. She paid the bartender and walked out of the bar. When she got outside something flashed in front of her sight as she took another swig. She hiccuped before whispering to her cat to go and investigate. She watched as her furry friend scurried into the shadows. A hiss, then her cat bolted past her, terrified. She dropped her bottle on the ground, thankful it didn't crack. She stood in ready position to fight, narrowing her hazy sight into the shadows.

Her brother emerged, shaking his head. "What did I tell you about drinking?" he scolded. She gave a nervous smile. "What drink?" she said innocently. He walked over to her and picked up the bottle she had dropped, "This drink" he said sternly. Kira looked at him innocently. She knew it would have no effect on him, but she tried anyway. Her brother looked at her with anger in his eyes. It was then she knew that she was in trouble, because her brother rarely ever had a look of anger unless somebody had done wrong to him or anyone he cared about, but in this case he was ashamed of Kira. Ashamed that his little sister had become an alcoholic, for she was only 17. "No more drinking," he said as he began heading back towards the ship, "there will also be no more pirating, no more terrorizing people, and in fact, you're not allowed to leave your cabin until I say so."