

# the begining

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*this isn't my best....but its about a group of four who are pirates. if you like action adventure and pirates then this is the story fo you!!*

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# 1 - chapter 1

1

“ She's late again,” Sighed Karma, “ always late. Remember the time Rain followed Zanza's directions on how to get here from town, brother? When you were away and you missed all the fun. Zanza and Rain are the king and queen of sibling rivalry. It might have been for the best that Zanza stayed with us for the summer, even though they can hardly be seen without each other in town. He did tell me that he liked the sea air, open spaces, good harbors and small enclosed caves that line the shore on the west side of the island.”

“ Zanza told me otherwise Karma. He says that the air here smells like fish. The open spaces are perfect for digging holes without to many people getting suspicious and he likes the harbors because they are great places to keep a ship safe from unexpected Tsunami's that roll through here sometimes. The caves are the best place to be when the entire police force is looking for you and your stolen treasure.” Shinji said matter-of-factly. “ Much safer and more convenient then in the middle of a small nosy town. Besides you know that Pirates like us prefer to be close to water in case an emergency comes up. If a cargo ship leaves it would take days to catch up with it if you came from town, and you should know that pirates always stay near their ships if the police find your hiding spot. Its all a big game of cat and mouse.” Explained Shinji.

“ Speaking of Zanza... where is he today?” Asked Karma with a small pout that made here look like a young child even though she was seventeen years old.

She didn't look like a pirate. She wasn't wearing a scary outfit or dreadlocks, but a traditional kimono that was gold and green satin. In the fading sunlight she looked like an angel, whereas her brother looked very uncomfortable on his legs.

For the most part it seemed he would be more at ease in a schooner in the middle of a raging storm. His storm grey eyes longed for the ocean. For the warm rays of the sun reflecting off the sails and onto his upturned face, the wind whipping his clothes around like dust in a sandstorm, the splash of the breakers on the bow of his beloved ship wetting his exposed torso. His body was strong and he himself was tall and muscular. His knew how to sail a ship past an armada of the largest type, where to find a treasure that had been searched for in vain and how to steal any object in front of the sharpest eyed person. He never killed anyone or caused any true harm and so he was not the most feared pirate but the most respected...and wanted.

The police had been after Shinji ever since he stole the most valuable diamond ever found in the current world. It was called the Black Dragon and its value was too high for even an eight year old to count. But Shinji had not taken the money as his own. He gave it to a poor town that hid him willingly after he had been shot in a fight with another captain and, in return he gave this small dying portside village something to hope for. A future.

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2

“ A red sun rises. Blood has or will be spilt.” Whispered Chris.

“ Why do you believe those silly superstitions?” Answered Karma.

“ Can't help it captain. My mother taught me everything I know. She stuck to a book of superstitions that her father had written like it was the Bible itself. She gave it to me when I turned fifteen.”

“ Well, you had better go help out the other crew members. And don't be talking about blood or they might get frightened.” She turned away from him and observed what was happening around her.

She was in a small cove and a long sleek ship was anchored not far from the shore. Three smaller boats were in the water transporting supplies from the beach to ship. Shinji was inspecting it carefully; a look of pure happiness on his face.

The ship was called the Dragon of the Sea. She was the fastest out there and the most silent. Large tan sails held up by strong ropes were swinging along with the motion of the waves. The capstan waited patiently, almost like an obedient dog. The whole cove seemed to be vibrating with energy.

Karma walked down to a loaded boat and climbed aboard. Once they reached the Dragon of the Sea, she skillfully climbed up a rope ladder and sauntered towards Shinji.

“ Nice day for sailing.”

“ Sure is.”

“ Shinji?”

“ Yes?”

“ You don't think we'll come into any real danger? Do you?”

“ Why do you ask?”

“ Oh, just because. You know. A red sun rises.”

“ You aren't going to believe some silly superstition are you?”

“ No. But shouldn't we be prepared for the worst?”

“ I assure you we are perfectly safe in The Dragon of the Sea. Hey, look! That's the last load. Get everyone together ok?” Shinji walked off to help pull up the last boat.

Karma cupped her hands and put them to her mouth. “ Line up for the captain! Everybody! Lets see order!”

Once order was obtained and everyone had lined up along the railing Shinji began to pace in front of the crew. “ Okay everybody. We know our mission. There are nineteen of us against the whole world and our goal is the treasure at the other side of the ocean. We have twenty-six days to find that treasure before it disappears. There is bound to be several dangers but we must stick together so that we can pull through.” The end of his speech received several cheers and claps from the crew. “ Alright everyone lets get ready to go. We set sail in ten minutes. Lower those sails! Hoist that anchor!”

“ Shinji? Where are Rain and Zanza?” asked Karma.

“ Below deck. Checking out the hull.”

Satisfied with the reply she had received, she turned to oversee the crew at work. Several were climbing up the Ratlines to let loose the sails. They waited there for further commands from Shinji. He was up there among them holding steady an anxious sail. “ Okay! Let them loose!”

There was a great swoosh followed by a short, blasting wind. The sails were shining like diamonds. Her brother had once explained that he had done a dangerous favor for someone and the payment he had received was a jar of magic powder that had come from the boundary twelve. Spread it on your sails and they would never tear or rip. The shininess was to collect sunlight and that was stored in the special fibers. This way if the wind goddesses decided to leave their side they would have solar powered sails to keep them going. The sails had come from boundary seven and the ship was from boundary two.

She sighed. Ever since the moon had erupted in 2056 and the ancient gods and goddesses had once again taken to ruling the earth, danger in the thirteen worlds had lessened and multiplied in ways not imaginable. If the world had been faithful to them during their time of absence then they `d had the gods and goddesses luck and trust. But not every world had remembered.

Karma shook herself out of the cruel thoughts. She knew something about this treasure that they were seeking. It was in an ancient Greek book of tales of the dead. It was in her possession at the bottom of her sea trunk. She turned and headed below deck to retrieve it.

She headed to the stairs but stopped suddenly when her arm began to sting. She looked down to see blood trickling down her arm and staining her shirt. She knew that she hadn't hurt herself. Her leg was warm and she realized that not only was her arm bleeding but her leg and hands too. Suddenly Rain burst out of the galley door blood dripping from her stomach, cheeks and arms. They screamed and caught the attention of the crew.

Shinji and Zanza flew up the stairs to their sister's sides.

“ Quiet!” Shinji roared. He turned to Karma and calmly asked her what had happened.

“ Nothing! Nothing happened brother all I did was starting walking! I did not do this to myself!” screeched Karma.

“ Shinji! We just crossed out of our boundaries! How could you forget that a sacrifice must be made to please the goddess of safe travel? This is why we brought rabbits and pigs!” said Zanza as he led the girls towards the galley doors.

“ I'm sorry.” Shinji replied. “ I... its all my fault.” He looked down and started away. Zanza took the two down to their rooms and gave them bandages to treat their wounds. After he had left, probably to talk to Shinji, Rain began to clean her cuts. “ What is with the sacrifice thing?”

“ It's the goddess of travel. Ever since the gods and goddesses released themselves they have needed a “tribute” for whatever they control. Unfortunately most of them prefer blood because that is the one thing that they do not have and cannot make. I had heard that if the “tribute” is not given willingly then it would be taken.”

“ So it was almost like voodoo because we did not hurt ourselves but the goddess did?”

“ I guess so. But still more worries me. We have barely begun our voyage. As we speak the island gets further away but it is still in range of sight. The treasure *is* cursed and I worry that it wants not to be found.”

“ Surly it cannot control the outcome of our quest?”

“ I must tell you something. The night after you arrived I took the map from you and examined it by candlelight. After I was finished looking I headed back inside; but I fell and it caught on fire. I was afraid that it would be destroyed but instead I saw markings on the back. They explained that the treasure used to belong to a powerful god that was defeated by a human and thrown, along with His brothers and sisters in to the moon.”

“ So the god is trying to get it back?”

“ He is desperate for it. If we get it first then he alone will be banished to live once again in exile in the cosmos.”

“ I see. So we are doomed to never get the loot?”

