Adventures of Jack Hawkins

The map looked ordinary all by itself. The crinkled yellow-stained paper was ripped and torn. It’s edges had been worn and the crisp texture of the parchment crinkled gently folded at the ends. The ancient inscriptions were carved delicately into the paper now, some faded drops of ink. The letters danced faintly in the dim light of the house. I didn’t believe I would be sent on such quest into the unknown lands. The thought of travelling the southerly seas struck my heart with a loud pang. But, I had to make it there. No matter what happens.

While boarding the ship, I was met by the captain and admiral of the journey. He said that this island is insignificant. I scratched my head in disbelief. “This is the Skull Island of. The one mentioned by the many and the one that holds the greatest treasure of all time.”

“What, you found the old works of Robert Black. The famous seafarer that discovered the island and was praised with gifts.” Said Captain Smith in shock.

“Yes, it’s him. He made this map. This is the map.” I explain.

The captain stood in shock as I looked down at the scrunched ball of paper. The island were a clumped mess of rocks separated completely from each other. South of the Middle Colony. However, when I looked closer at the precise and intricate illustration, the island morphed into a skull-shape with a devious cross bone of death under the skull. It reminded me of a pirate flag. Especially the on of the fearsome and infamous Cran Pirate.

As we set sail into the mist of the great mysterious ocean, we were met with the tempest winds and the crashing waves threatening to sink our ship into the murky depth of the Atlantic. A merciless wraith hovered over us using the forces of nature to turn the wooden vessel into pulp. However, the dark clouds of demons didn’t stand a chance against us no matter how hard they tried. We just sailed in the rough weather trying our best to stay on board.

When we finally reached the Southern sea, we saw a ship, one that is the size of an island approach. It had a fluttering pirate flag. The bow was as tough as steel and had a malicious headstone trying to jump of and devour out ship. I knew one thing. It was the Cran pirates. We couldn’t fight against them. We were pulverised.