

PotC II: Treasures of the Lost Abyss

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Jack has come back to port Royal, hoping to enlist the help of Will as he searches for treasure. (not actual movie summary)

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1 - Return to the Beginning

It was some time in the past. A young boy was trailing his father deep in a mysterious jungle. The boy was around 11 or 12 and had short jet black hair. about to his ears. It was in dreads and a few trinkets hing from it. He wore only a pair of navy blue pantaloons a small leather belt, boots and a dingy torn white shirt.

"Father," the boy gasped. "How much farther till we find this treasure?"

"Not much farther now, son." His father replied. He had jet black hair, around earlength, in dreads with a small red bandana and a few trinkets dagling from them. He had on a red vest and black pantaloons with a pair of large pronounced leather boots. around his waist he had a belt with a pistol and a sword.

Soon the man parted the leaves of a bannana tree to find a large waterfall. The water poured from an unknown scource 50 feet from the gound. a small prtruding boulder promitly stood out two thirids of the way down parting the water and showing behind the falls a small cave.

They scurried down the side of the river bed and came to the foot of the falls.

"Look Jack, Here be the final resting place of the greates Pirate to ever walk the earth."

"Lets go and get that treasure!" Jack said anxoisly.

"Hold it there, This place be most likely crawlin' with traps."

"How we gonna get the treasure, Father?"

"Follow me."

They made there way into the cave. the entrance was covered in the bones of the unfoutanate travelers and pirates that fell while trying to retreuve the treasure. As Jack followed his father his foot tripped on something he fell down and met face to face with an unlucky souls's skull. Jack gasped at the sight but regained his composure. If he was to be a great pirate like his father he had to be brave.

"Come Jack, mind you not to play with those corpses, son!" His father called form the black depths ahead.

A light soon flickered ahead as Jack raced to catch his father.

"That scallywag." Tom said. "He be angren' me more than he aught to!"

"What is it, Father?" Jack asked as he neared came accorss his father on the ground, a blade zooming tow and frow above his head. In Tom's hand was a touch that had been taken form a braket. The braket had obvously been a trigger for the blade.

"It be a trap, son. He be wanten' his treasure safe from the likes of even me!" Tom growled. "Ain't never been a trap to tricky for the likes of Thomas J. Sparrow! The greastest Treasure Hunter of the seven seas.

After many traps and tricks, the two finnaly came to what they were searching for. On a raised rock platform i the far back of the cave stood a treasure chest. On either side of it was a torch in a bracket and above the chest stood an inscription.

"What be this?" Tom began to read. " 'Beware ye scoundrels of what ye may, Me treasure in this cave shall stay. If taken from the stone below, a terrible curse on you be bestowed!' Ha! There ain't no such things as bloody curses."

He hoisted the chest off the platform and opened it. Jack saw many gold dubloons and other treasures in it. As Tom placed his hands on the many gold coins, A sudden change of personality overcame him. He howled at Jack and drew his pistol at him.

"Get away from my treasure ya bloody thief!"

"But Father!"

A gunshot could be heard echoing in the cave and a newly maddened Tom emerged, carring on his shoulder the treasure chest.

The sky was blue and the sun was shining. Hardly a cloud was to be scene. Underneath its great blue expanse lay the ocean and its miles and miles of unending sea. A small black ship could be seen in the fast distance slowly making its way accross the seemingly unending waters.

The ship was the Black Pearl and her crew wroked diligently manning the sails and tending to the masts. On the main deck, where the steering wheal was a tall lean man was standing. On his head he wore a tattered old tricornd hat over a dark dingy red scarf. His jet black hair was held in dreads and displayed small trinkets of which the Pirate had found on his journies. He wore a dirty, torn white cotten shirt and over it a vest of navy blue. He had a waist scarf of light redish pink and white scarfs and a leather belt that held a pistol. His pantaloons were blue and he wore thick pronounced brown leather boots. He had on a black knee length jacket that he wore with pride.

"Excuse me, Cap'n?" said a plump man with redish blond hair and a irish mustache. "The maps you found can't be read by none on board, myself included."

"I asked for a fearless crew and I get a frealess crew that's illiterate...just my bloody luck." The captian sighed.

"I'll take em' to your quarters captian. Maybe we can find someone who can read em'...someday."

"If its all the same to you, I'd rather find that person today." He said urgantly. "Chances are that treasure isn't going to bloody well sit around waiting for me to claim it."

"Why the rush, We have the only maps in all of the world!" said a strong robust tanned woman with long brown hair.

"Are you sure?"

Anameria stared at the horizon and found the smallest speck of a faraway shore.

"Port Royal dead a head!" Yelled a very short man in the Crows Nest.

"We're going to Port Royal? Why?"

"Why to pay dear old William a visit of course!" said Jack, smiling.

2 - The Tides Turn

It was around noon, and a man was seen exiting the local blacksmith shop in Port Royal. He wore a jacket and a pair of tan pantaloons with a matching tan vest and white shirt. He had on shoes distinctive of that area. His shoulder length brown hair was tied back in a neat ponytail and in his hand was a box with a gift.

He walked down the streets greeting people as he came to them. He finally came to a humble home in the foothills of the volcano that had sculpted the island and had long since been dormant. He opened the wooden door to reveal a woman, nine months pregnant. She wore a gold and white dress and had her golden brown hair pulled back in a decorative bun.

"How's my dear wife and soon to be mother?" he asked as he drew her into his arms.

"Fine my love." She responded placing a kiss on his lips.

"I have brought you something from town." He said indicating the box.

"Why Will, You shouldn't have!" She exclaimed breaking the embrace and examining the gift in her husband's arms. She slowly opened the box to reveal a beautiful hand sculpted iron figurine.

"Blacksmiths don't just make swords and horsehoes." Will said ecstatic at Elizabeth's expression of joy.

"It's lovely, but my birthday isn't for 2 months and our anniversary is at least that far off if not farther." she replied

"Do you remember the first time we met?" He asked taking her hands in his.

"Yes, when we were children, aboard the ship taking me to Port Royal for the first time. Why."

"This statue is to commemorate that fateful day, when my true love came to me in my hour of need."

"Is that all." She replied saucily.

"If you like I can take the rest of the afternoon off and we can go and look at the new ship in the marina." Will suggested.

Suddenly from the decks of the Interceptor II a loud shout could be heard.

"Is my ship ready yet?" Inquired the Commandore.

"Almost, sir. She should be as fast if not faster than the Interceptor." Gillette replied.

"Good. See to it that it is done within the week. I have plans for this ship."

"May I inquire as to what they are, Sir?"

"No, If I am to catch that underhanded pirate I must not let one word of my plans be uttered lest he gets wind of them."

"But Sir, they are miles away. They aren't likely to catch wind of anything here save the stench of their brethren rotting in the bay."

"That's what you think."

From the shores of the marina Will and Elizabeth were making their way toward the Interceptor II. The larger and more impressive Dauntless stood at its pier ready for casting into the deep waters that lay beyond the bay.

"Goodness, that ship is awfully close to being finished. I'm afraid our dear friend Jack has run out of time." Elizabeth said as the ship stood cresting the waves.

"Perhaps we should've invoked a bit of sabotage." Will thought out loud.

"Again? Commodore Norrington is still puzzled over the mysterious disappearance of half the ship's deck lumber. There is only so much sabotage one can do without being caught." Elizabeth retorted.

"Is it my fault that a horde of termites came and infested them all?" He said with a mischievous grin.

"Perhaps it was a tad too much when the cannonballs mysteriously fell from the deck and onto that poor carpenter's head." Elizabeth replied.

"It was only one cannonball that stuck him and he only received a blow to the shoulder not the head." Will came back at her.

She just stared at him angrily.

He sighed at her discontented face "Perhaps your right, but there is only so much one can do whilst the noose around his friend's neck tightens." Will said.

"If you were to do such a thing, what form of sabotage will you do this time? Surely the Commandor would have suspected something was amiss."

"I shall produce a commotion and when the time is right, knock that large lever with lumber into the ocean." Will said preparing to lunge for the attack.

"Be careful."

He got up and made his way past the guards with relative ease. They had been sleeping in the noonday

sun, unaware of the danger to their heads if they were caught.

Will gracefully maneuvered around several large piles of lumber and steel as well as other carpenters and iron smiths. Just as he was about to shout out his diversion, a man on the bridge of a sail shouted out.

"THE BLACK PEARL, SHE HAS RETURNED!"

Sure enough at the vast distant horizon, a small dark ship was to be seen. and it was plain to any eye that it had black sails.

"What is that fool up to?" Norrington wondered out loud.

"That fool! He's delivering himself in a giftwrap!" Gillette smiled.

"Don't be fooled." Norrington responded. "he may yet have a trick up his sleeve that I don't know about."