

Rising Siren of the Ocena

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Submitted: August 7, 2006

Updated: August 9, 2006

Meeting Jack Sparrow for the first time, through a scary experience, Eve was not impressed. But when danger comes her way she finds her only escape on the Black Pearl. Now piracy isn't that bad of a life. But just as Eve is settling in she's shipped back

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1 - Meeting a Pirate

“They always say what doesn’t kill you only makes you stronger. But what happens when you live in a time when almost everyone you know has a shadowy past. There was no pity for the underdogs in the 1700’s. I grew up in a do or die world. A world where strange creatures crawled, where curses were real, and where pirates roamed the seas. My name is Eve and I was born in a small village off the shore of Barbados in a place called Bathsheba. My family was broken from the start. Daddy was moody and had trouble “keeping it in his pants” as mum always explained it. He even tried to go after my older sister Shannon and me once or twice. When I was six my younger brother Jesse was born. Daddy was a pirate. He’s usually known as The Blaine Kidd. He had married mum and decided he’d settle down for a while. But after my brother was born he became very restless. You can’t keep a pirate away from the seas for too long. Daddy became violent too and often abused us all. One day I found a wanted poster in town with Daddy’s name on it. Though I was only eight I knew my Daddy was a bad man. I told the red coats where he was and they took him to prison. He swore he’d kill me for what I’d done. But the family was happy he was gone. That was my past...” Eve took school for a while until her mother no longer had the money to keep her in. After a while Eve’s sister took to working in the fields. Money ran so thin that soon Eve’s mother was forced into prostitution and Eve was to stay home and watch her brother. Eve took care of the house and her family after they came home. But soon this pattern took a toll on her. “Mum stopped caring, sis grew bitter, and Jess caused havoc.” Jesse became a thief by the age of nine. By this time Eve was a 15-year-old young woman. Her body was well-shaped; her ivory skin was rarely touched by the sun. She had a circular face with high cheek bones, deep brown eyes, and brunette hair down to her bust line. It was raining that day and Shannon was relieved of work for the day so Eve decided to take the opportunity to leave Jesse with her as she went out for some fun. She ran up to her room pulling on her only clean blue dress. It had a high dip neck and long, loose sleeves. After putting her hair up, slipping her shoes on, and pinching her cheeks for color she ran out the door. “Sorry, sis gotta go. Do watch the brat for me.” Eve said running past Shannon, not giving her time to protest. Eve ran under the ducts of the buildings around her, so as not to get too wet. She passed the village venders, waving as she saw some familiar faces. A few buildings away and she came to an alleyway. A figure waited for her on the other end and Eve readily hurried forward. “Hello Tom, what’s today’s adventure?” She asked the figure as it pulled down a hood revealing a boy about the same age as Eve. He was tall with blonde hair and blue eyes. “Actually I’ve got to meet up with some friends today. We’ll be trading things.” Tom said with some difficulty. Eve didn’t know what he meant but didn’t really want to know either. It didn’t matter, as long as she was out of the house and with Tom, she was happy. Tom led her down a few more alleyways before they came to the heart of the village. It was the busiest parts of the village but also the scariest, for some, even during the day. Tom walked up the steps to a large, run-down building. He knocked five times on the rickety door. “But Tom isn’t this the back of the town bar?” Eve asked in a hushed tone. Tom just merely told her to be quiet. The door cracked open a few inches as an eye peered out at us. Then it swung open, revealing a large, well-built man. He looked at Eve in a suspicious manner. “She’s alright,” Tom said reassured the large man and disappeared inside. Eve inched around the man slowly, afraid that he might jump at her. As she rushed past the man she caught her foot on a crack in the floor. “Oww,” Eve yelped as her forehead hit the corner of a nearby table. She knelt on her knees holding her face. “How’s ‘bout a hand love?” A man said holding out a hand to her.