

No Title

By Dark_Link_fan

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Uhh...I got bored so I decided to type a story.

1. None

"Captain, Captain!" The man yelled as he beat on the door. "Theres a ship attacking off the port side!"

Captain Flynt, who did not like being disturbed, was not happy about this. he expected his crew to take care of themselves.

He stroked his graying beard for a moment, then got up from his chair, and made his way out onto the deck.

The rain poured down on the ship and crew, who were all preparing for battle. The Captain stood beside the helm, watching, waiting for an error. His crew knew that any error could be fatal.

The enemy ship came close, ready to board. Flynt readied his pistol. The enemy crew flooded on board. Flynt's crew fought to keep them back. The Captain remained stationary beside the helm, watching the battle. Then, for a moment, he saw the one man not dressed in rags and bandages, the enemy captain. Their captain was busy fighting his own crew, so he raised his gun, aimed towards the enemy Captain's head, and fired.

In an instant, the fighting stopped, all the men and women stood still, with a chill running up their spines. The enemy captain lay dead. His head blown apart by the enchanted slugs of Flynt's pistol.

They tried to retreat, but with out their captain, and their morale so low, the ones who werent killed by Flynt's crew, fell into the ocean, or tripped over their own feet, foolishly impaling themselves with teir own swords.

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