

the true story

which none of you knows

Von abgemeldet

meet us

die idee ist mir gekommen, als sich meine kleine schwester eine "peter pan" version angeguckt hat.

ich war schon immer piraten und böse buben fan, und ich dachte mir, vielleicht ist die geschichte wie sie jetzt erzählt wird ja total falsch und aus dem falschen blickwinkel erzählt- und die piratenbande ist die eigentlich hauptperson.

und weil ich weiß, dass das auf deutsch vermutlich kaum einen interessiert, hab ich auf englisch angefangen.

"I believe the ship needs to be repaired." the Captain stated, looking crossly at the little room in which the ceiling had come down.

Fortunately, the room had not been used (well, except as storage room for stuff like sticks, old shoes, ties and janitor's stuff) and that it had no ceiling anymore would not make sailing that much harder.

The Captain was right, though. That the ceiling had crashed down in here was just another sign for the state of the ship. Which was.... not good at all.

No one really knew how old the ship was. It had no name, and it didn't really need one. On the ocean we had never met any other ship like ours. Yes, canoes, used by the indians.

Yes, one shouldn't call them indians, but native Neverlands, I know that.

When I arrived here, the ship had already been occupied by the others, and they told me, that when they arrived here, the ship had already been occupied by the others. Weird.

The original pirate crew had disappeared somehow, and been replaced with us. A bunch of not-really-anymore-teenagers who had taught themselves how to sail the ship.

The Captain turned around. "You should do it."

I turned and looked at Smutje. "But be careful, not that something else is destroyed." With that, I slipped past him and fled on deck. Smutje mumbled after me: "He didn't mean me, you know.." He sounded annoyed.

The Captain obviously didn't care. He came after me, standing on the rail, looking on the deep water.

"We're going to need wood and screws." He said thoughtfully. "We're going to need someone with decent repairing skills." I said.

"Crew!" Smutje shouted, "I need some help here!" "For what?" I yelled back. "It will take forever if I try to handle this alone!" "You have enough time!"

He appeared in the doorframe. "Then you won't get any food." Seeing the Captain's uninterested look, he added: "You both." The Captain grimaced. I said: "That's alright. It's not like your food would taste good anyways."

Smutje sighed annoyed. "Then cook yourself." We'd had this discussion before. I said what I usually said to this. "I won't enter a kitchen and do housewife work."

"Hoke, will you help me at least?" Smutje asked the Captain desperately. He sighed.

"We'll sail to the Blue Bay and look for help, ok?" Smutje was very much relieved. "We had to return to the land anyways. For food and such..."

Smutje liked to be on the land. To see plants, to walk and to meet people.

Not that here were that much people. Some of the ind... native Neverlands, the waterfolk, people that randomly appeared because of bored fairies and of course the lost kids.

The latter were brats we avoided as much as possible. They had chosen us as their arch enemies (without even asking us) and were now getting on our nerves whenever possible.

Especially that Peter Pan, as he called himself, an ugly boy of maybe 10 and the annoying habit to jump out of dark corners, scream "die!" and throw stuff at us. Unfortunately he had a faerie friend, who gave him and his little friends the ability to fly, which made it even harder to get rid of him.

The Blue Bay was the closest harbour to our current location, unfortunately it was the bay usually used by the... natives... were also this kid-gang was often found.

I had a headache only thinking about that.

"Can't we sail somewhere else?" I asked Hoke who had slumped to the ground and seemed to suffer from a headache like I. "It's close. And the indians there should know how to repair a ship." He scratched his head, tousling his jet black hair which was only two centimetres longer than mine.

A gust of wind tugged at my white blouse. "How long do you think it will take?" I asked, hoping he'd say 'only a few hours' even though I knew it would take way longer.

"I fear repairing everything that should be repaired on this ship would take a year." He replied darkly, looking at the hole in the rail on the other side of the ship, then up to the mast, on which the mainsail hung flaccidly, because half of the stay had broken away five weeks ago.

Smutje had disappeared again, leaving us two in the sun, alone with our misgivings.

"We really need to take off again." I stated, sitting on an old jalopy. The Captain nodded.

"The fairies will return soon. It'd be good if the ship would be sailable again by then."

I asked myself why the fairies liked Neverland that much for the thousandth time. Whenever we came close to it they insisted that we come here. It was probably because this was their home. If it really was, what no one knew and what they

wouldn't say. "Hoke, do you think they would repair our ship if we gave them some spices?" I voiced my thoughts. He shrugged. "We couldn't give them that much anyways, we need to deliver it to Galoria, and quick. We already lost time and that merchant what-was-his-name said that Kurkuma stuff was important to him."

Yes, we were Pirates, but we acted like a cargo vessel. From time to time, we had to spend time in Neverland, which was small and bored both me and the Captain, but Smutje and the people that lived here like it for some reason.