

The sun had turned a pastel orange as another day passed. The skipper sighed. The skipper was an unusual man for he walked on a limp when there was no injury and his eyes were a golden yellow, similar to a cat. The entire day had been motionless (if a day can be motionless). The sea resembled glass, the crew were as useful as slugs and the captain had stayed in his quarters all day long. The deep paces of the captain tranced the crew as they lazily squabbled over rations and cards, as men at sea do. The skipper, who had anchored the heap of metal, which was caked in rust, lowered it cautiously into the still water causing ripples across the reflecting water. Suddenly the ripples turned bigger and bigger, eventually transforming into vast waves that shook the boat as if it were a small toy. As hurdles of men descended into the deck, the skipper's eyes widened in horror. A dark, slimy tentacle reached out of the ocean, bringing huge wads of seaweed and fish with it. As the crew screamed in terror the captain remained in his quarters, surprisingly. Now dozens of tentacles had risen from the once flat, almost eerie, water but now chaotic bundles of waves, intertwining with each other like a loom. A particularly large tentacle swooped up, like an eagle, and ripped apart men, food and the ship itself, effortlessly, as if it was ripping up paper. The skipper screeched, ironically like a cat, and then was punched into the side of the deck, blood seeping off his pale neck. The burly men, which were the remains of the crew, picked up multiple rifles as they each ricocheted off the now scratched surface of the monster. It roared in fury, like a furious lion, except jet black ink was squirted onto the remains of the now derelict and sinking boat. As if it were a horror film, the monster wrapped itself around the shreds of wood, its flaking skin peeling into the water. Then a devastating crash followed the destruction as dead corpses floated in the water, the mixing of blood and ink swirling in the water. The monster, now satisfied with itself, drifted away pushing the mesh of wood, dead bodies and ink away from itself.