

CHAPTER 1

A NEW LIFE IN CARAVEAS

Wouldn't you love to be part of the history? Being remembered for years, maybe decades, or centuries, until the end of humanity? I certainly did! ... Well, last time I checked, they said I would... but that's not the case for now.

If someone is actually reading this, I bet you are going to ask who I am. Well, let me answer you, my dear invisible friend, my name is Claude Castas, also known as Claude "Scab" Castas. Ah, you may wonder why the middle name there. I will tell you sometime later.

Well... I don't know how to start, maybe saying how old I am, maybe? I am 17 years old, pretty much an adult now, even if my body states the opposite. You see, I look way younger than what I am. Not sure why that happens. The year is... 1563. I was born in the sovereign country of Stain, I speak stanish, which is my maternal language, although studies forced me to learn ringlish. I actually like it; it brings more interest in life.

As of now, I have lived in a country close to Stain called Caraveas, people said that this small country had some sort of friendship with Stain, not sure why, I think it's because people keep seeing the Saint Stanish Inquisition coming by here. I always have a weird vibe about them every time I see them, it must be me. About that, I do lean towards the beliefs of my original home, Stain, but somewhat...somehow... I feel some things don't fit for me, something inside me tells me I had to be more thoughtful of the stuff I heard or saw.

As of now, I am on my mighty ship, going towards the unknown, living the magic feeling of hearing the sound of small waves hitting my ship, like an orchestra made with instruments that were made out of heaven. If only you knew how this felt... pretty lovely. I am a pirate that works for the country of Caraveas since a few months ago; it's nostalgic how time passes by like the wind. Our crewmates are working here, too. Cleaning the ship and refilling resources. It's curious how you are able to cultivate right inside your ship, must be some sort of magic.

Seeing me through the reflection of my sable brings memories of how my adventure started... I can tell you how this started. For now, I ought to leave, my buddy Fluff E. Sheep just said there is land ahead, we are going to put anchor on the nearby dock after arriving.

Until the sea rises again, I will see you, my friend.

~ Claude "Scab" Castas

I honestly never thought this would happen, I even feel it happened yesterday, me alone, to then... get some lads to get with. It's actually strange, as if it were destiny, somehow... But by now, I shall tell you, my friend, what happened. Hope I don't make you snore with this kid-thingy-baloney.

It was a couple of months ago when I met him, I never knew for who he actually worked for, but from what I saw, he was somewhat special. That day, the twilight hit upon Caraveas right when I arrived at my new home, I was about to enter through the rusty, big, but yet thick door of my house. Before entering I turned around, I saw the moon about to rise from the sea, as if the sea were the solemn bed of such beauty that is the moon, always there for me, for everyone, like a mother watching for her baby in his crib.

I decided to enter my house, but something froze me right in the entrance, because I saw something lurking in the shadows, like trying to hide from my view, but... I did see it, at least, it's silhouette. That's when I shouted, "Hey! What the heck are ye trying' to do!?", the thing turned towards me, to afterwards turn to the other way and sprint away from me, I took chase, using all the strength my legs could let me. "You imbecile...! Come back here or else...!", I quickly stopped in shock when the moonlight that came from outside shined upon the thing, it was not a thing, it was a sailor... not one of those simple sailors, it was a thief trying to steal my things! My face took a bright red tone out of shock and anger when I saw what he was holding "Return that thing you fuckin' thief!".

I ran towards him at full speed, before he immediately used the dagger he had to break my window and jump out. I stopped to watch in frustration how he ran away. I couldn't sleep that night, I just couldn't, including the fact he took something precious and valuable from me. I kept moving all over my bed, thinking of the motives of this theft; many thoughts arrived into my head, and just wouldn't get out. I kept acting like this all night, feeling my body get wet with cold sweat, feeling it run down my back and cause me cold for the night, which was a total mystery for me because Caraveas it's actually not cold. I couldn't stop asking to myself things: why would they actually want to steal my stuff? Were they just those types of cowards that can't afford a weapon, or a darn necklace? Or was it something else? I couldn't stop thinking of all the possibilities about these cowards, not at all.

The sun started to rise up, it was dawn now, the sun was making everything lighten up with it's god like light, trying to brighten everything, even myself. Wish that was easy, but it's not. I stood up, my eyes feeling heavy. I didn't want to go out, especially since I work for an abusive man that uses me as his packhorse. Along other young people that are like me.