

The Finding Of Tortuga

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Rachel and David snuck into Fort Charles to do what they always did: steal. Fort Charles is covered with guards. Not many pirates come there. Some of them who have went into Fort Charles, were arrested and thrown in jail. Rachel snuck up the stairs and around a corner. She felt a hand on her shoulder and froze. "I'm in so much trouble," she thought.

But she turned to see David. He had brown hair and brown eyes. He didn't like to give up easily. So he was always getting into trouble. He always wore black, like an East Indiana Trading Co. guard. He was 18 years old.

Rachel had blue eyes and blonde hair, which was always in a ponytail. On this warm day in Port Royal, Rachel wore a white sleeveless top, a matching white skirt, a pair of black leather boots, and a red and white bandana. She was 17 years old. She was kind of an annoying girl and sometimes even bossy. David gave her the nickname: Ray. She didn't know why though. He said he gave it to her because of the 'Ray of Light'.

"David," Rachel said, "Don't do that."

"Sorry. Just trying to let you know that I'm right behind you," David laughed. Rachel shook off David's hand and then looked around for something to steal.

“You know, I overheard some guards talking about a pirate girl who went to sea and was sunk by a Navy ship. The pirate made it; came back to Port Royal. However, she soon vanished. Some people say she died. But others say she went to another island. Nobody knows for sure, though.” David said.

“Um... your point?” Rachel said, sounding annoyed.

“People say the island she’s on is right past Devil’s Advil. But everybody’s scared that she’s haunting the island.”

“So?”

“So,” David said, waving his hands in Rachel’s face. “We know where Devil’s Advil is. We could go there and see if we can see an island. Then if we can, we can prove she no ghost.”

“Why do I got the same feeling that you’re including me in this?”

“Please?”

Rachel just nodded and followed David out of Fort Charles. David borrowed a ship from his friend and they set off to sea. As they sailed to Devil’s Advil, the water became violent and threw the large ship back and forth. But David was an expert at sailing, and he moved skillfully through the water of the dangerous sea.

“Gee, this water doesn’t like you, does it David?” Rachel joked.

“Haha, very funny, Ray,” David said.

The rest of the way to Devil’s Advil, Rachel joked about how the water didn’t like how David was ripping through it. David tried to ignore her, but as usual, she didn’t shut up.

When they reached Devil’s Advil, the crabs ran away. Devil’s Advil was a medium-sized island. It didn’t have many trees. But some plants. The only life at Devil’s Advil is some crabs and some scorpions. Not many people to Devil’s Advil because the waters surrounding the island were very violent.

“All right, let’s get searching!” David said, not wanting to stop for one second to rest his aching arms.

They slowly walked around the medium-sized island a few times. But, as usual, Rachel wanted to rest for a second.

“Aw, come on, Rachel. We’ve only gone around this island 5 or 6 times. You can’t be tired all ready,” David said.

“No, for just a second...”

David sighed and pulled out his pistol. He pointed it at a crab and fired. The crab just fell to the ground and was still.

“OK, since you’re going to take forever, I’ll go get some dinner.”

David threw the crab, he had just killed, to Rachel. Rachel caught it and laid it down next to her. David disappeared around the corner of

a bolder. A second later, Rachel heard a gun shot.

Rachel had a journal on David's ship. She got up and walked to the ship. It was right where she'd left it. On the stairs. She picked it up and opened to a new piece of paper. She wrote about what she would do if the island really were 'haunted'. Rachel saw that instead of writing what she would do, she was writing questions. Is this girl a ghost? Is she haunting the island nobody has step foot on? Why is she haunting the island? Because she doesn't want the Navy to take over the island? Or maybe she just wants to be left in peace?

But when she looked up, David was there. Staring at her with a funny expression on his childish face.

"Hey, David," Rachel said, closing the journal.

"Hey. What are you doing? Leaving me on this island to fend for myself?" David asked.

Rachel laughed. "Of course not."

"Oh... well, I got some crabs to eat. I also collected driftwood for a fire. Night is coming soon."

"What you mean? We're staying here over night?" Rachel asked, standing up with her journal.

"Yep."

"Oh, OK."

Then they walked back to where David stored the stuff. David cooked the crabs and then they ate...

The next morning, Rachel awoke to find David gone.

“David?” Rachel murmured.

No answer.

Where did he go? Rachel wondered.

Rachel got up and walked around the island. No sign of David. “Did he go back to Port Royal?” Rachel thought. Right when Rachel turned to go see if the ship was there, David jumped out from behind a fern. “BOO!” He yelled, because Rachel didn’t have time to react. She fell backwards.

“David? What the heck!”

David laughed. “Sorry. Just wanted to have some fun.”

“Ugh, you-”

“Oh! I could see the other island! You know, the one that people say is haunted by a girl?” David interrupted.

“You did? No way!”

“I did! Come on, I’ll take you to the island!”

So they sailed to the island David said he found. The waters were now gentle and did not throw the ship around like it was in a blender.

Then, when they landed, they found that the island was empty! Only burned down old houses and buildings remained. No one in sight.

“What? Nobody’s here?” David breathed.

“You said that someone was here!” Rachel said, throwing her arms up behind her head.

“I-I did! There has to be somebody here-”

“Right. Like she really is a ghost!”

“Well... we should look around.”

So, they walked the streets of the ‘abandoned’ island. Rachel thought of the island being filled with people and everyone having fun and living in peace and harmony. But David didn’t seem to have thought anything of this abandoned island. There was a swamp that David wanted to go through.

“Why?” Rachel demanded.

“That’s the perfect place for a ghost to hide!”

Rachel said “OK” and they went in. David went in a burned down house and said, “If there’s somebody here with me, can you please show yourself? I mean no harm. My name is David and my friend, Rachel.”

Rachel giggled. She did not know David knew how to hunt a ghost.

But nobody answered. But then-

“WHAT DO YOU WANT!?” a violent voice bellowed, making David and Rachel jump.

“Uh... we were just coming to see if there was a ghost on this island. We-”

“LEAVE OR ELSE!!”

“Show yourself!” David yelled back.

“I’m in plain sight, so you can see me...” the voice was soft now but sounded very close.

“Show yourself!” David repeated.

The voice was silent and then Rachel swore she could hear a faint voice say, “Pirates are so annoying...” Then it trailed off. David walked out of the burned down old house and glanced at Rachel, who had been very quiet.

“If you can’t see me, look up.” The voice said.

David looked up and immediately saw a girl sitting on a burned down house.

“Now,” she said. “Can you see me?”

“Who are you?” David said, in a rude voice.

“My name is Mia. Why are you here?”

“We already told you why we’re here.”

“Well there are no ghosts on this island. It’s only me and...”

“You and who?” Rachel asked.

“Constance Sorrow...”

“Constance Sorrow? Where is she?” David asked.

“She isn’t going to show herself because you set foot in her home! She doesn’t wish to

be bothered anymore. Stay away from her and her house!" Mia's voice was now harsh.

"Constance Sorrow? She's not a ghost... is she?" David asked.

"She... she is."

Mia muttered something under her breath and she jump down from the burned down house. Rachel wondered why the house didn't collapse under Mia's weight.

Mia's long black hair swished back and forth as she walked towards David and Rachel. Her eyes were black as coal. She wore a long black coat over black pants and a white shirt. The shoes she wore were torn and old.

Mia turned and ran away from David and Rachel.

"Hey! Get back here!" David yelled. David ran after Mia and Rachel followed. They ran deeper and deeper into the swamp. It was scary to think people lived around that swamp. Rachel stayed close to David as they wandered after Mia.

"Dang it," David said, frustrated. "Where did she go?"

"Forget about her, David."

"She's such a little brat!" David said, pacing back and forth.

Rachel never had seen David so frustrated before. Other then frustrated, he looked as if

he was about to collapse. Rachel was scared he would. She wouldn't know what to then. If he collapsed, he'd pretty much drown in the swampy water. If he did, what would she do?

"David," she said, scared, "let's go back. We've come out too far. You look tired."

"I'm not tired," David said but his eyes said he was.

"You are. You just don't want to leave her alone. Can't you just drop whatever you're thinking?" Rachel said, turning to go back.

"Ray, come on. You're being stupid-"

"I am not being stupid," Rachel said, starting to walk.

"Ray," David said, keeping his pace with her. "...Fine. We'll go back."

"Good." Rachel said, not looking him right in the eyes.

They walked back with no sight of Mia. Mia seemed to vanish into thin air. Like a ghost. Her words were stuck in Rachel's head. "She isn't going to show herself because you set foot in her home! She doesn't wish to be bothered anymore. Stay away from her and her house!" Mia had said. Rachel couldn't stop but think that Constance Sorrow really was a ghost.

"Let's just go back home to Port Royal," Rachel argued.

“Not until we know that this island is not haunted.” David said.

“OK.” Rachel said, not wanting to argue with him.

As they walked, Rachel saw some strange plants. Some, she knew, were ‘giant fly traps’. They’re just a little bit bigger than a normal fly trap. They have some in Port Royal. She didn’t want to pay any attention to them. But she couldn’t keep her eyes off of them.

“Do you see those giant fly traps?” she asked.

“What about them?”

“Nothing. I thought they were strange looking.”

“Pay no attention to ‘em.” David said.

Then without warning, a giant fly trap came up from the ground and bit David’s leg. David only gasped. But it was only there for a moment until it disappeared back under the murky water.

“You OK?” Rachel asked.

“I’m fine. You worry too much.” David laughed.

They walked back to David’s ship and rested for the night. David sometimes awoke in the middle of the night and told Rachel that they were going to go after that girl, Mia, in the morning.

Rachel would say, “Will you stop with going after her? She’s under a lot of frustration, already.”

Then they went back to sleep.

The next morning when Rachel awoke, she found Mia sitting next to her.

“Mia?” Rachel asked. “What are you doing here?”

“Your friend was bitten by one of those giant fly traps?”

David sometimes answered a question with another question, like what Mia just did.

“Yeah. But it’s-”

“No big deal.” Mia finished her sentence for her.

“Yeah.”

“Those giant fly traps are poisonous, you know?”

“They are?” Rachel jumped up off of her cot and looked over to David’s cot. He was gone again.

“Where is he?” Rachel asked.

“Constance is taking care of him.” Mia said, standing up.

“Oh. But where is she?”

Mia told Rachel to follow her. Mia walked away from the boat and into a building that wasn’t as badly burnt down as the rest of them. There, Rachel found David but nobody else was with him.

“Where’s Constance?” Rachel asked.

“Constance!” Mia yelled.

“Yes, Mia?” Constance said, but still nowhere to be seen.

“Rachel is here to see the weirdo.”

Rachel heard a soft chuckle. A woman walked out from a door, and she didn’t look like a ghost.

“Ghosts don’t exist,” Rachel’s father had told her once. Rachel had believed her father but now she didn’t believe what her father told her.

Constance Sorrow had red shoulder length hair and dark eyes. She was about 20 years old. A blue dress was what Constance wore. It came all the way down and covered her feet.

“My,” Constance said, “not many visitors come to this island. It’s very nice to meet you, Rachel.”

“Did Mia tell Constance my name?” Rachel wondered.

“It’s nice to meet you too, Constance.”

“Hmm, you seem familiar, Miss Rachel. Have we met before?” Constance asked.

“I don’t think so,” Ray said.

Constance turned to David, who was asleep on a cot. He looked paler than usual. Constance walked out of the room.

“He’s so stupid.” Mia said.

“Huh?”

“Not caring about his leg when he was bitten by that giant fly trap.”

“It’s-”

“Stop saying it’s not a big deal. You know he could lose his leg, right? Or maybe he could lose his life,” Mia said, rudely.

Rachel’s eye brows went up. She didn’t think Mia care if David lived or not. Rachel actually thought that Mia might never want to see or hear of him again. But Mia seemed like she had a soft side or something for him.

“We already gave him tonics. So he should be up in a while. If he can walk, he’ll be OK,” Mia said.

“Are giant fly traps really that dangerous?” Rachel wondered aloud.

“If their bites are not treated, then yes.” Constance said, coming back into the room.

“But if you try to treat it yourself when you have no idea what you’re doing, you could make it worst,” Mia said.

Constance hummed as she walked around the room, sweeping. It sounded as if Rachel had heard it before. She tried to remember where she’d heard it, but failed.

“You know, Mia.” Constance was saying. “You could go and get some food or something for us.”

“Why me?” Mia asked, in a tiny voice.

“Because I said.”

Mia just moaned, “...Fine.”

Mia turned and was out the door in seconds.

“Why don’t you go with her, Miss Rachel?”

“Um... sure.”

Mia waited for Rachel outside.

“Constance seems familiar, huh?” Mia asked when Ray walked out of the home.

“Kind of.”

“She says that she’s seen you and David before. But she can’t remember where, though. Weird actually. I think I’ve seen you before too. Before you came to this island.”

“Doesn’t this island have a name?” Rachel asked, thinking that *‘this’* was just a nickname or something.

“I don’t know. Constance was the first one here. So I don’t know if it has a name or not.” Mia said as they walked into a graveyard.

“...Are you a ghost, too? Like Constance?” Rachel couldn’t help asking.

Mia didn’t reply. But she walked faster.

Rachel thought that was the wrong question to ask Mia. Mia, Rachel knew, was under a lot of frustration and looked like she didn’t want to be asked such stupid questions.

“...Yeah.” Mia voice came.

“What?” Rachel asked, not really paying attention.

“Yes, I am a ghost.”

Rachel stopped walking and looked at Mia as if she were insane.

“You can’t be a ghost. People said that you were-”

Then Rachel remembered what David told her. About what the Navy guards were talking about in Fort Charles.

“Some people say she died. But others say she went to another island.” **David had said.**

“I was sailing just out of Port Royal and all of a sudden a Navy ship was attacking my ship. I don’t know what I did wrong. But my ship sunk. I didn’t come back to Port Royal. I died and came here, where I found Constance. She was a ghost too. I stayed with her because her husband had died and she died soon after this town was burnt to the ground.”

Rachel was speechless. Mia turned and started to kill some crabs that were hidden in the sand. “She is a ghost,” Rachel thought. “that’s why the burned down old house, Constance’s house, didn’t collapse under Mia’s weight. That’s why she vanished into thin air when me and David were chasing after her.”

“You can go back to Constance while I get you and David something to eat,” Mia said, breaking Rachel’s thoughts.

“OK,” was all Rachel could say.

She walked back to the house and walked in. David was staring up at the ceiling. Constance was gone, though.

“Where have you been?” David asked.

“With Mia.”

“I’m sorry, Ray. I was being stupid again. It’s my fault! I was only thinking about finding out that this island isn’t haunted. I wasn’t thinking anything about me when we were in the swamp, chasing after Mia. I didn’t mean to not care about what would happen to us. I-”

“It’s OK,” Rachel said, annoyed.

David sat up on his elbows and looked around the room, as if he didn’t know where he was. “Wasn’t Constance here a while ago?” he asked.

“I don’t know. I was with Mia.”

“Oh.”

David lay back down and looked up at the ceiling again. Rachel walked over to him and sat down next to David. She told David what Mia had told her. When she was done telling him, David’s eyes widened.

“She really is a ghost!?! That’s insane!” David said.

“Can we go back to Port Royal, now?” Rachel asked.

“You can go home when you are better. You should rest now, David.” Constance said.

“I feel better,” he replied, turning his head to face Constance Sorrow.

“Can you stand?”

David sat up, and then put his legs on the floor. Rachel helped David up and David said

that he didn't need any more help. He could stand. His leg look like it was just fine.

"I can."

"Well, I think then you should go back to Port Royal. Don't you feel homesick?"

"Yeah, I guess we should start going on our way."

Mia walked in then. "You guys are leaving?"

Rachel nodded. "Yep."

"Oh, OK."

Then David and Rachel walked out of the house with Mia and Constance following. Then they (David and Rachel) boarded the ship and they said their farewells to Constance and Mia.

They sailed back to Port Royal. Rachel wrote in her journal about Mia and Constance...

The island had a name then... Tortuga...