

Misled

There it was, seemingly floating in a lustrous cloud, shinning like the gold doubloons it would be full of. Or so the legend had it. Wait; before I tell you any more let us start from the beginning, or what can be qualified.

There I was, one minute old, wait... No too far back.

I always had a thing for shiny objects, ever since I was a young boy. The little copper coins I would collect from bumping into peasants at market to the silver coins I would get paid for a job. Aye, I did l love shiny things, the magpie is what they called me. For I stole, I did. I started as a petty thief. But the habit grew, and the more it did, the more I stayed oblivious. I never knew how much trouble I would get into. I started a gang; we jumped from alleys. We got chased by the constables. The suspense built, when we were hiding, all the money piled up, but something didn't feel right. I didn't know why. With all this money I should feel unstoppable, but I didn't.

One day when I was sitting around the bay I saw a ship. It didn't look like a merchants ship, or a traveling vessel, it didn't have the clean pristine white sails of a navy ship. The flag was like none I had ever seen, black with a skull on it, two swords crossing behind its head. The crew didn't have any uniform, they wore scraggly rags, odd shaped hats, and some of them had odd or off shaped legs, or hands. I couldn't see exactly what was wrong with them because of the distance between they and I. I walked to one of the shops nearby and asked the shopkeeper who they were.

“Those there are the pirates of Bloody Morty Kidd, one of the toughest pirates on the eight seas, err seven. Or maybe it's six. Hmmm, never mind.”

“What do pirates do?”

“Boy, are you telling me you've never heard of pirates?! They sail the seven seas raiding other ships

stealing treasure...”

He went on talking about pirates for a long time, but he had lost me at treasure, I realized this was what was meant for me. Raiding? Treasure? It sounded perfect.

“... They use their cutlasses to rip up the sails of the other boats, raid the ship steal the loot, burn the ship to the bottom of the sea, with the passengers tied aboard. They are savage men you ought to be careful.”

Burn the boat? Passengers tied to the boat? Steal? The more I listened the more I realized these pirates, where... Amazing!

The pirates had dropped anchor, left a guard and the ship. I asked one of the guards where they had gone.

“The pub.”

Just like that I was off. Fast as that pudgy man that chased the meat cart when there was a food shortage. Yeah, not the best example of speed.

I went to the pub and I looked in the door and saw-no pirates. None. I wiped my eyes and checked again. I slowly walked into the pub and looked around, more thoroughly the second time. I had missed the pirates. My calling. But then I saw a door down the end of the hallway. It must be some sort of private party room. Each step I took made a thud. The little vibration reverberated in my ears. The hall way must have been a mile long. I can't wait to see the pirates, each little judder of excitement jumps into my throat with each step. It seemed like I'd been walking for an hour. This moment with this door would be the turning point of my life. The walls welcome me to this place I'm a few steps away now, and my hand feels the cool glinted doorknob and as I start to turn it a man behind me proclaims, “Oi, you back there, what are you doing? That's the ladies' privy you ninny!”

What? I look at the door now that I look at it I see the sign 'ladies' on it.

“Noooooo!”

'Find the pirates JOHNNY'

I sit back on my couch, that has to be the longest cut seen to any video game I've ever played. The screen in front of me flashes my character on the floor of some pub crying. Jeez, pull it together man.

I've just started playing this new video game I got for Christmas. Outside it is snowing and I have my mug of hot coco in front of me, it tips and spills all over the floor, the spill looks oddly like a corpulent (word a day calendar) hippo... Better take a picture of it before I clean in up.

I find my camera in my room when I get it I hear my sister scream: "what did you spill on my new carpet?!?"

Oh yeah that was my sister's new carpet. I hear her running up the stairs, and I jump into my bed and pretend to be asleep. I close my eyes and when I open them it seems like much time has passed. I feel odd I walk downstairs and look around, something catches my eye and I look back the carpet is clean, and well gone. There is no shaggy red carpet that's always been there. I am very confused; I look at my stack of video games, the odd pirate one is still there. Some things that normally are here are gone, everything is incoherent to what it used to be. I go into the kitchen to find my dad making tea, tea? My dad hates tea, what's going on, I'm so confused.

"Where is Alice dad?"

"Alice?"

"Yes, you know your daughter."

"Hm, daughter. Sometimes son, just sometimes you make me laugh."

Something is definitely amiss (again word a day calendar) real dad would never through out a compliment so offhandedly. I need to get to the bottom of this.

Look around the neighborhood 'Johnny.'

This is one of the oddest video games I have ever played. Probably, there was that one time though... Well, never mind. I sit back on my big green beanbag and look at

the screen the video game gets stranger and stranger. I don't quite get this game, I think I'll take a break and go upstairs and take a nap. As I get up the beanbag rips and spill those little beanbag-stuffing things all over the floor. Eh, I'll get it later. The steps up to my bed seem to drag and my vision gets blurry and I fall down the steps and bang my head, but I don't feel anything, blood flows out of my hair and changes into vivid colors then swirls around my head and I wake up on my cot in my small boy scout tent. I lean over to the only other boy in my small tent my friend Leonard

“ I just had the weirdest dream ever.”

“You act like I care.”

“...”

“I'm going back to sleep.”

He was back to sleep in no time, I wondered how the ground was so uncomfortable and I needed to pee. I got up and walked out of the tent only to run into a bear wearing a very fashionable suit and tie, “Come with me man, I know a great place to use the bathroom.”

“Thanks man.”

I know it sounds odd, but at the time it seemed perfectly reasonable, just a bear that wanted to help a brother out. He was a really stylish bear to. Always trust a stylish bear. I didn't even think about how it was weird that he knew I needed to use the bathroom.

The bear and I walked through the forest for a while. I was getting tired.

“Where is the bathroom?”

“Man, I never promised you no bathroom I just said I know a perfect place where you can become a King.”

“What? You never said anything about... What? A King you say... Will I be the ruler of the bears?” I asked inauspiciously

“What? I just said you could go to the bathroom.” He said with an odd smile, “There's a perfect tree right

there.”

I made him look away when I was doing my business and when I looked back he was gone and I was alone in the middle of the woods, then a thought hit me, if you get real thoughts in dreams: I might be in another dream.

I pinched my self, and woke up lying down in my own pee. The bear stood over me, “really man?”

The reality of this bear struck me. Why the fu... Never mind. I stood up; I should probably wash this off.

The bear and I started to walk back to my tent, and eventually the lake where I could get de-peeified. I thought of all the questions I could ask this talking bear, all the things I could learn from a talking bear. But eh, you know I'd probably see him again.

Once we arrive at the lake I jump in, with all my clothes on, even my shoes. I could feel the cool water surging over me in unusual way. I felt myself sinking, sinking into the great gloomy gloom gloom. I struggled and felt the water over power me. I could not struggle anymore I could not move any part of me. I took a breath and was ready for my end. Then I took another breath and another, and I was not drowning. Sh*t, I am in another dream.

I wake on my hospital bed. On the white sheets I have known for so long. The IV tubes coming from my arms. The oxygen supply my life counts on, sitting there next to me. My family that has been helping me the whole way. I am now in the world that I belong in. My world of disease that I have lived with for so long now. I wished I had stayed in that great could-be dream forever. Never to wake to my grim reality I facey.

But all dreams end. At one point life all ends. Down to a finite point we call death. As I fell into the black sleep that reaps my body I have my eyes closed. I am no more. My spirit rises above the room and drifts slowly up. I wish I could stay with my parents that weep in despair. I need to comfort them, to help. To tell them I am in a better

place. But no, my body is in control by a higher power...
Death.

Just kidding.

I wake up in my bed, another day, another day.