



Wusky's Undersea Discovery

The pages of Wusky's book rustled as he scratched in it with his blunt pencil. "I've always wanted to be a swash buckler!" Wusky wrote. He was writing in his diary. Wusky had been the Beach Cabana Café owner since he was old enough to own it! And everyday, he would look out over the ocean and imagine what it would be like to live on a ship.

"I don't know what a swash buckler is," he continued, "but I bet he could buckle his shoes faster than anyone I've ever met!" Wusky closed his diary and sighed. The sea looked so blue and inviting and it was the hottest it had ever been in Acersville. The kind of hot that makes your ice-cream melt before you even get your first lick! Wusky sighed again.

"That's it!" he decided out loud, "It's way too hot to work today!" So he put a sign on the Beach Café door that read: GONE SWIMMING.

The sea was so cool and refreshing that Wusky swam deeper and deeper until he could hardly see the beach. With nowhere else to go but down, he decided to see if he could touch the bottom of the seabed.

"Mmmm, a seabed," thought Wusky, "I wonder if it's comfortable?" He chuckled to himself as he dived deeper. As he dived, he bumped into something.

"Hey! Watch where you're going mister!" It was a yellow fish.

"I'm sorry about that. I was on my way down to the seabed and didn't see you!"

"Don't you mean the Sea Rogue?" asked the yellow fish.

"What's a Sea Rogue?" asked Wusky excitedly, forgetting about the seabed.

"Come on, I'll show you."

The little yellow fish swam deeper, with Wusky following close behind. Eventually they reached a sunken ship.

"There it is!" announced the fish proudly, "the Sea Rogue."

Wusky tingled with excitement.

"Can we have a closer look?" Wusky asked.

"If you're brave enough." replied the fish, "The Sea Rogue is a pirate ship!"

"Oh wow! Today is my lucky day!" said Wusky, trying not to swallow too much water in all his excitement.

Wusky swam closer to get a better look.

"Arg, what have we here Matey's?" came the gruff sound of a pirate's voice. Wusky gulped. The pirate that had notice him looked very fierce and his eye patch made him look even more dangerous.

"Looks like a land lubber to me!" replied another pirate. This one had a wooden leg.

"Arg, what's yur name lad?" asked the pirate with the patch.

"The name's Wusky." replied Wusky bravely. "You've got yourselves quite a home here!"

"A home! Not exactly laddie. A hideout's more like it!" The other pirates chortled to themselves.

"A hideout?" asked Wusky curiously.

"A hideout from those scurvy critters we stole all this booty from." said Patch, pointing to a pile of dog biscuits.

Wusky's mouth watered.

"Scurvy critters?" he asked, very interested to learn more about these 'critters'.

"What mean ye, repeating everything I say? Get yur own lines ya beach barnacle!"

"Sorry," replied Wusky, "It's not everyday you find undersea pirates."

"That's cuz we weren't meant to be found, ya pesky seagull! I oughta take yur belt buckle for what you've done!" said Patch, furiously.

"Excuse Patch," said the third pirate Loopie, "He be angry because of his eye."

"Quite a good eye too, might I add!" huffed Patch.

"The name's Wallace" said the third pirate. "Don't get too much land visitor's down here."

"Tell us now," interrupted the pirate with the wooden leg, "What be ye looking for down here anyhow?" he had a mysterious gleam in his eye.

"Don't worry Peggy, I'm sure he's not after your treasure!" replied Wallace.

"Blast ye scurvy dog!" he shouted, "Call me by that name again and I'll gut ya, with me boot buckle!" and he stormed off with Patch to the other side of the ship.

"Forgive Woody and Patch," Wallace apologized, "Now tell me, what is it that brings you down here?"

Wusky explained how he had wanted to be a swashbuckler for as long as he could remember; and how he had always wanted to live on a ship.

"A swashbuckler you say?" grinned Wallace, "Why I've had my fair share of swashbuckling in my day! What do you say we have a go?" Wallace threw Wusky a sword.

"Come on old chap let's see what you've got!"

The two of them began sword fighting and surprisingly Wusky was quite the professional with a sword in his hand. So much so that Woody and Patch forgot to be angry and began cheering them.

Wusky managed to get Wallace's sword out of his hand with a mighty CLANG.

"Jolly good!" exclaimed Wallace panting, "A worthy opponent I must say!" The two friends shook hands.

"Aye laddie, yur pretty good with a sword in ya hand! What tis it ya do for a livin'?" asked Patch, cracking a smile.

Wusky explained that he owned the Beach Cabana Café on Brenton Beach.

"Aye a barman, would ya believe it! Got any Rum?" asked Woody, his eyes widening.

"All the Rum you can drink and more!"

"All the Rum we can drink? What are we waitin' for lads?" exclaimed Patch.

So the pirates decided to return to the surface of the sea with Wusky and live in Acersville. Wusky taught the pirates how to be good mannered waiters in his Beach Café and in return the pirates taught Wusky some pirate songs and how to swab the deck.

"Well diary..." wrote Wusky as he stared across the ocean at the setting sun. "Today I found out what a swashbuckler does. But I found something else too, three new friends!" Wusky closed his diary and smiled. A mighty fine day it had been and a mighty fine discovery it had been too!

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