

HOW MOSS GROWS ON SHIPWRECKS

Sage

The fog horn sounded, I pictured the smoke puffs in my head. The wind was to the south last time I was outside so I knew the exact way it would look if I were standing on the deck.

I was cross legged on the wooden tables in our cabin and Cole was in his hammock with his sketchbook. He would never really show me anything he drew and at some point I gave up asking and accepted it was private.

“Today marks a year since I met you,” 27th of June.

“Alright date master...”

“Date master?” I laughed.

“You know I didn’t mean it like that,” he said, rolling his eyes back from his drawing, laughing a little.

I kept the date of everything. It was one of the most important things to me, mostly because I feel the need to have memories to look back on if everything goes wrong. When everything goes wrong I’ll be fine if I have my memory book full of all the dates and all the important things. If I know good things have happened I’ll know good things will happen again and if I know bad things have happened but it hasn’t ruined my life completely it will make me feel better.



Captain Bing came in and hung his hat on the door. You may be imagining a blue sailor hat from the word captain but no this middle aged man who basically lives as a pirate was wearing a bucket hat with pink and blue embroidered butterflies. 2020 roblox girl style. I’d like to say he stole it from his daughter as a joke but no, he rocked that hat with his own intention and maybe a little bit of irony to make it bearable.

He looked over at Cole, he’d known him since he was born and Cole was like a son to him so, Captain Bing was the only one allowed to see his sketchbooks. Despite this, I never felt excluded.



“Drawing up a storm again?” Captain Bing asked.

“I’m pretty sure people only say that about cooking,” Cole replied

“Can I see anyway?” He knew the answer was always yes and had started walking over to see. He did wait for a “mhm” from Cole to make sure this time wasn’t any different. I never thought an innocent doodle would create as much of a mess as this one did but everything that happened after Captain Bing traced that drawing, crawled right out of a nightmare.

“Woah,” he muttered under his breath as light poured from the line he was tracing with no more than his finger. “How does it do that?”

“That’s not meant to happen!” Cole said in his panicked tone which I was starting to get used to. At that point all different colours had burst out of the page, red blue purple lights, but then everything turned smoky.

“Cole!”

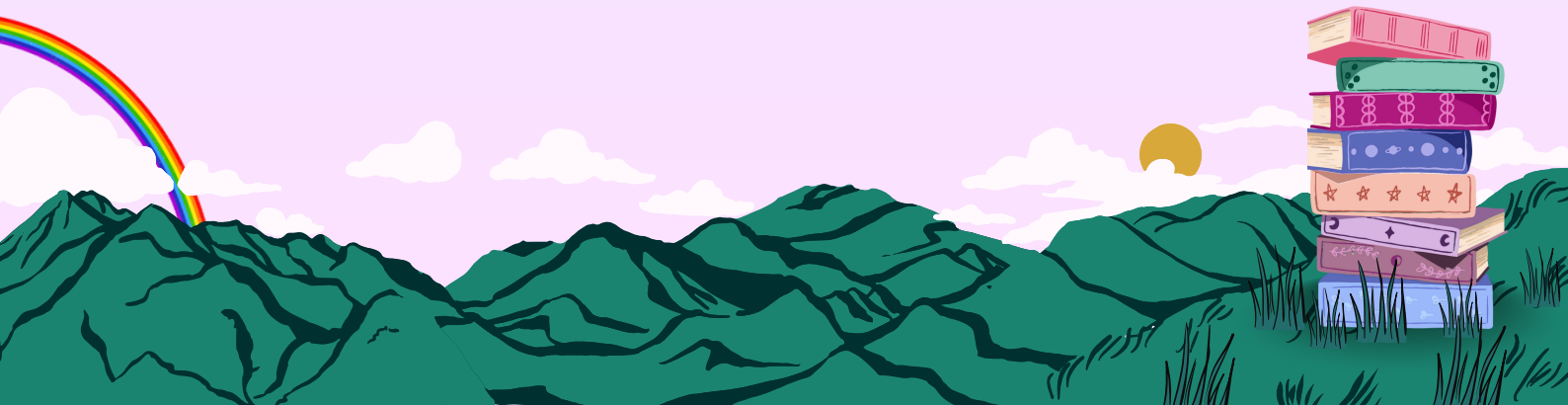
“Geo!” His voice sounded like it was too far away for me to hear him properly but I heard it perfectly.

“What’s going on?!” Captain Bing exclaimed. I could see his face twisted with anxiety but I couldn’t make out our surroundings. My brain seemed to be refusing to accept the existence of anything but Captain Bing's face.

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Everything glitched and I could hear static sounds but my mind fogged up. I understood everything, I was aware of everything in the universe all at once and then... nothing. There was nothing for a long time but time is a thing? Nothing is the absence of everything but how can there be an absence of a concept? Is a concept anything at all? Is it just our tiny minds trying to comprehend things that don’t exist? All I could know for sure is that I wasn’t anything and everything I knew was nothing. It’s funny how you care about so many pointless things, they seem to gain a point when you start to care though. Everything is so meaningless but when people care it becomes meaningful or at least meaningful to them.

Fear not, as it all happened again but in reverse. There was nothing then everything and then I was standing on a beach.



Faced with the sea and an incomprehensible situation where I was probably left stranded on the beach to die of starvation -being the brave soldier I am- I sat on the stones and had a panic attack.

“Geo?!” A voice sounded over the howling wind and my sniffles. Captain Bing? Cole?

“I’m here!” The stones clinked together as I forced my way to my feet and ran towards the voice.

“GEO!”

“CAPTAIN BING!” We ran into each other, like in one of those romance movies when the love interest doesn’t get on a plane because their lover came to talk them out of it.

“Do you know where Cole is?” He asked.

“No, I’ve only been here for about an hour. I thought I was alone.”

“Fuck, same.”

“Do you know where we are?”

“No.” Hope was seeming low unlike the high tide which was continuously crashing against what appeared to be a shipwreck in the distance. Hold on, shipwreck? How did it take me that long to notice an entire shipwreck?

“Do you know what happened to our ship?!” I asked frantically.

“No...” His voice had changed from panicked to desperate and it made me feel sick. An anxiety stomach ache, like the one I’d get seeing school again after the weekend and knowing I’d have to face all those people and all that work except way worse, was bubbling up. How could I tell him that he not only lost a boy he basically considered his son and his ship.

“Look behind you...” I whispered, watching him turn around slowly and register the shipwreck.

“Holy shit,” he started walking towards it manically muttering to himself, “this can’t be our ship we were just on it. What the hell has happened? Where in god’s name is Cole? Where is this beach anyway? Look at the clouds! Is it going to rain? How long till the sea rises to the cliffs above? How are we going to find a way off this beach?”



“Captain Bing?” I followed him, unable to answer any of the questions partly because of the speed he was talking at and partly because I had no answer.

“I’m so sorry about your ship. If there’s no ship there’s no captain I guess I’m just Bing now...”

“The moss, the way our ships sunk into the cliff side, and the rust...”

“Yeah, all stranded shipwreck forms, what about it?”

“Not for a recent shipwreck this must have been here for years which means-”

“You can’t be suggesting what I think you’re suggesting. Go on, tell me how that would work without an Elliptai anywhere near, Besides! There hasn’t been someone with that strong heart magic since Elizabeth Barry! And she was so powerful it killed her!”

“What are you talking about?”

“Elliptai’s are people who create magic from their hearts-”

“I know that but you’re talking about time travel! I thought you could only shoot beams of light out your heart or eyes or whatever!”

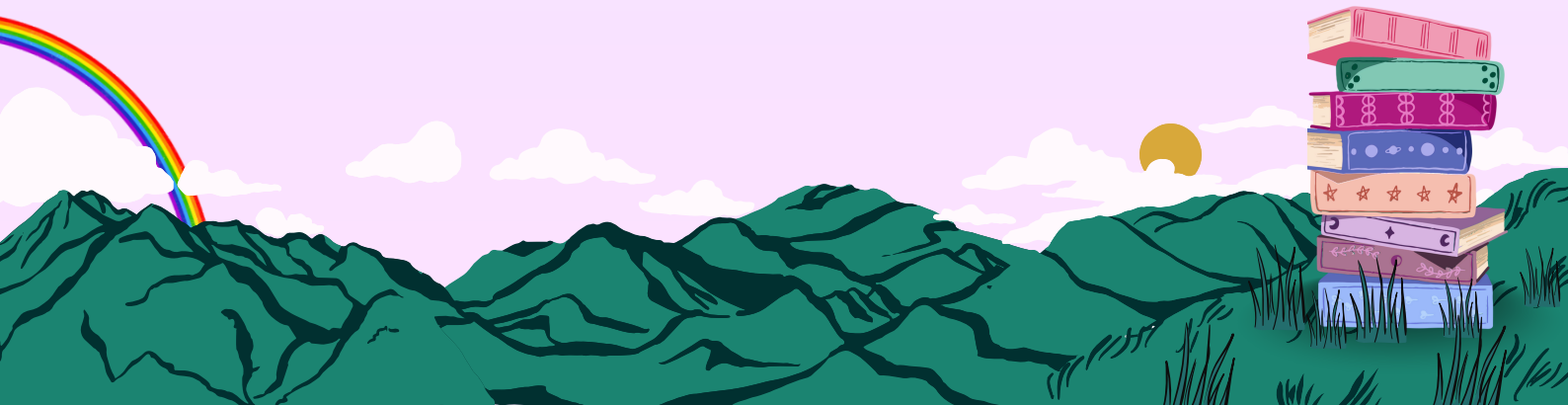
“Don’t forget tits! And mouths, very important, the Oeka really hate being forgotten-” he could see I was getting agitated. “Anyway! There have been cases of people being strong enough to master time travel, mind reading, stuff like that, usually it’s Elliptai’s. You know how you can master Orbepting and Elliepting?”

“Heart and eye magic? Yeah.”

“Yeah well that’s not supposed to happen! And I always had the suspicion Cole’s drawings worked as an aid which makes sense but did I activate it or did he?”

“I’m sorry, ‘worked as an aid?’ And activate what?”

“God I really should have taught you this earlier. You usually harness your abilities through a skill you have, for me sailing, for Cole drawing. You don’t need one because you’re special. Once you get good enough you only need your skill if you’ve used too much energy, it’s like recharging. You can use your skill to do more advanced stuff if you are powerful enough like the person I mentioned earlier.



She used her skill but overestimated what she could do and then exploded.”

“So you and Cole time travelled all three of us and our boat crashed because we’re in the future and there is no passed version of ourselves for however long it’s been? Well what are we supposed to do then? That still doesn’t explain where Cole is.”

“I can tell you the answer to that last one.” There he was, Cole hovering right above me.

“Holy Shit!!”

“To answer your questions, yeah I did time travel you as much as possible to keep you out of the way you see, I’ve been quite busy. I’ve been thinking of a humane way to get rid of you so you get to choose! How exciting!” He said.

“What happened to you?”

“You know, just the usual, getting possessed by evil spirits and all that. It was really funny though! And I’m not all anxious anymore!”

“What’ve you done?! Fuck you!” Bing yelled.

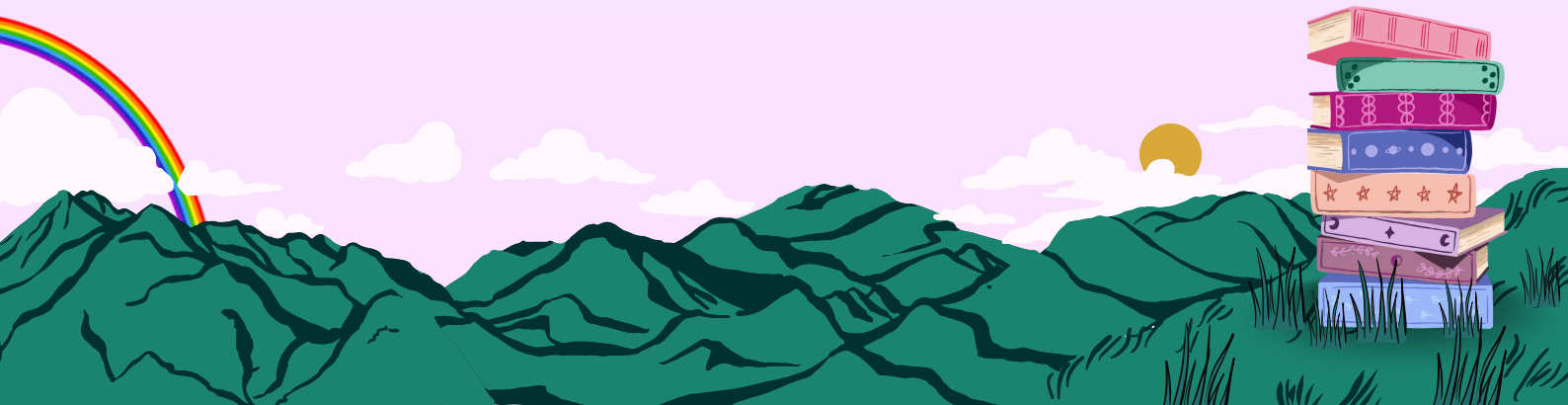
“I just made a few needed adjustments! Unfortunately that meant sacrificing you so I had to possess Cole because he’d never give up either of you. I promise all I did was execute everyone who doesn’t have magic because they were killing us.”

“You can’t just do that! That’s over 3 quarters of the population!”

“Eh, our world was overpopulated anyway. So do you wanna die or be copied into an alternate universe and take over whoever you are in that place to live their life?” Bing’s face was a contortion of anger and sadness. I had no idea what to choose but in my mind it was out of fight till I die or take over someone else’s life.

“Take me out of here I have no ship, I have no son. It’s happening again and I’m too old for the hero’s life now. Just kill me.” It’s like he had forgotten about me but he was right. What’s the point of fighting if I’ll never stop? Hero’s don’t win in real life.

“I’ll go to the other dimension,” I said, defeated.



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Before I had time to register anything I woke up in a bed, like those ones in the hospital.

“Geo? You’re in good care. Don’t worry.” Was the first thing said to me by a middle aged blonde woman. It took me half an hour to wrap my head around the fact that I was in a psych ward and the staff suspected I had schizophrenia because I was seen talking to a tree and calling it ‘Captain Bing.’ I knew what happened did happen though and I would never doubt it. I had a sweet note from an old friend called ‘Echo’ explaining his experiences with magic which proved me right. Unless of course, we were both just crazy.

