

Catch a Lot

Winner House Creative Writing Competition

Form 6 Upper School

The moon was a ghostly pearl, nestled between a necklace of eerie stars. Filius and Albus were out on the sea that very night to put food on the table for the whole family, all five residents of Number 22, Salmon Shores. Mist descended on the boat, like a ghostly veil and the sky turned a deep black as nightfall arrived.

“Boy, use the oars, don’t be afraid of a little storm,” Albus boomed, his voice still strong and clear.

“Father, a little storm? You think this is a little storm, your reasoning is lu...”

“Oars! Or you can starve alone in solitude!” Albus interrupted angrily.

The waves thrashed the boat like a monstrous leviathan. It was only occasional when storms passed through the secluded village, but when they did, sailor casualties were common – very common.

“Where is this whale? I promise Filius, I will not leave the waters if I don’t have a dead whale tied to the boat!” Albus grumbled.

But suddenly, something leapt out of the water and the family seagull, Winston, was caught by surprise. Fear trailed down the old seagull’s back like icy fingers and he fluttered away frantically. Albus was scouring the ocean for his watched catch only to be nudged by Winston into the depths below.

“Filius, help me, I’m go...”

Filius watched his father dive into the freezing water and shrugged his shoulders as he picked up a small lantern.

The moment Filius started searching for Albus, Albus clattered and clashed back onto the boat’s deck. Enraged and furious, determination sparkled in his gaze, he would catch this whale, and he would catch this whale.

“Father, may we sail home now, we may be lost, or possibly shipwrecked!”

“Silence, we must catch this whale, and I couldn’t care less if I died, because I died a noble and valiant sailor, a lion among all sailors!”

But in a flash, the storm disappeared and out came the sun in all its glory and royalty. Albus grabbed his harpoon and spotted the whale. Albus leapt through the sky and stabbed the whale in the eye.

“Boy! I’ve slayed the beast! Filius, Filius, answer me!” Albus cried in joy.

“Yes, yes, father, but the port is out of sight...”

Albus froze. He was lost at sea. Doomed.