

# *The Storyteller's Collection*

## *Story 2*



### *Sails of the Ghost Ship*

*By Don Boivin*

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*(Note: This is a short excerpt from the full short story.)*

The salvage ship, the *Huron Explorer*, was just coming back from a salvage job down the East Coast of Michigan. The captain decided to take her out a ways to test some of the new equipment that was just installed a short time ago. The weather seemed to be clear and the radar did not show any storms coming their way. Captain Reeves proceeded with some of the equipment testing figuring that the crew had to get use to running some of this higher tech instruments before doing any more jobs. They were just out about twelve miles from their hometown port and heading home from a large salvage job, that they just finished from the lower part of the state. They were going to have a few days of working around the shipyard and then start setting up for another job, where this new equipment could come into play.

While the crew was busy testing the equipment, the clouds started rolling in as the sky was darkening very quickly. There seem to be an eerie feeling drifting in with the sudden strong breeze. The waves were

starting to roll and the ship was breaking some white caps.

The winds were gusting more and more, as a flash of lightning pierced through the stormy sky, letting its presents be known, and the thunder echoed with its furious sounds of authority. Then the rain started pouring down while the waves started tossing the ship with more force. The water from the waves crashed over the railing as the crew quickly hit their different stations, fastening down loose equipment.

Another flash of lightning lit up the dark stormy sky as the thunder continued echoing its sounds of power. The salvage ship came onto her feet after tilting from one side to another, giving that queasy unsettling feeling that comes with those quick unknowing roll movements. Most of the crew finished topside and headed below to fasten down the loose gear throughout the ship.

John Goodwin, the last crew member of the ship still on deck, quickly gripped on to the railing trying not to slip on the wet surface of the walkway. The gale strong winds of the storm came up so fast; catching John before he could finish fastening down the cables that secured some of the equipment on the starboard side of the ship. As John attempted to make his way closer to the bridge of the salvage ship, he slipped and fell backwards. He rolled from one side to another, desperate to get a grip on the railing.

He finally grabbed the railing and fought with all his might to pull himself back on to his feet. As he did, his sight fell on to the bow of another ship. A wooden sailing ship or tall ship, with its segments of masts that tower into the stormy dark sky and its large sails swelled from the strong winds of the storm. Its eerie green glow seems to cover the whole ship from fore to aft. "The ship looks as though it is from the seventeenth or early eighteenth century," John mumbled. His mind tried to take everything in at that moment, while his body still fought the storm.

The strange ship was coming up fast along the starboard side of the Huron Explorer. As John stared in amazement at what he was seeing, the lightning flashed. He opened his eyes to see the amidships section straight in front of him. John looked through the pounding rain to see if there was anybody on board, but it seemed to be deserted. The ship appeared as though it came from the dark depths of Lake Huron. Glowing green slime seemed to engulf the whole ship. The slime hung from the riggings, all the way to the yardarms of the masts and covered what looked like a body. The dark outline of what appeared to be a corpse, swung from the yard of the mainmast as though suspended by a rope.

John quickly closed his eyes, not really, believing the vision he had just seen in front of him. When he opened his eyes, the eerie ship was moving slowly away, John noticed letters on the stern of the ship, barely making out the decayed name, Sea Voyager.

As the lightning flashed again, the ship rolled with the fury of the waves, causing John to fall to his knees. He scrambled up, desperate to continue watching the strange ship; only it had gone. All John saw was empty water, which suddenly started calming down, as though no ship or storm had ever touched the lake. The skies started to clear and a strange calmness engulfed the whole area, John ran to the port side of the ship, but there was nothing to see.

He tried to get a grip on himself. "Was it a dream, did I bang my head and imagine everything? No, it was so real and yet..." John headed off to the bridge in the hope that someone else had witnessed the strange phenomenon. He reached the door, but his hand was shaking so much it took him a few seconds before he could grip the handle hard enough for the door to open. John ran inside and slammed the door behind him, bolstering it with a cabin chair. He then grabbed hold of the captain desperately. "Captain, did you see that ship out there, the wooden sailing ship?"

"I caught a glimpse of something, but because of the rain I'm not sure what I saw, or what I didn't see," the captain answered, staring intently at John.

If you like this short excerpt from the full story, this story plus five other eerie stories are in my new book - "Storytellers Realm Collection of Fiction Quest Stories". You can get more information or order my book or ebook from the Storyteller's Realm Website - [www.storytellersrealm.com](http://www.storytellersrealm.com). Thank you again for reading this excerpt - Sails of the Ghost Ship.

Author Don Boivin