DEATH SHIP

By: Ohagi

Authors note: This is my first series, so please don’t expect much.

It was a long day at work, the hospital said I needed a break, which was odd. I’m a woman in the early 90s. I don’t think I’m allowed to have a break. Luckily, my friend Mary and her husband, Luca. Came over to the hospital, telling me to go on the cruise with them, Mary was very and pretty too eager for me to say no. “so, when is the trip?” id ask, “About 3 pm sharp tomorrow.” Luca would state. Staring at the cigarette in his fingers. “im pretty sure Artie is working there too?” id say, Mary nods. “hopefully.” Artie was my husband, a steward on the ship. “So, where’s the cruise headed anyway?” id ask. “Apparently its to Hawaii.” Luca says. Before he’d flick his cigarette into the trashcan. “Hawaii!? That’s far from here.”