\_\_\_\_\_\_31 March, 414\_\_\_\_\_\_

Five Days Later

It was a clear day—one of the first that the party had experienced over their five days. Perfect white clouds floated across the sky, fluffy turtles wandering slowly above. The water seemed brighter than normal that day—and everyone seemed a bit happier. Magnus and Yorick sparred on the warm, sunlit deck, and Halifax sat cross-legged on the bow of the ship, staring off into the horizon, his white hair tossing in the breeze.

Then—just then—it started.

“Captain! A ship off port!” yelled the lookout perched high in the crow’s nest.

Yorick leaned over the railing and shaded his brow with is hand—peering off into the sunlit horizon—and indeed there was a ship, slowly inching towards the *Manticore.*

The crew, however, remained unworried—until, that is, an hour passed and the sails became visible: they were white silk billowing in the wind, bearing the three crescent moons of the *Silver Maiden*—the pirate ship that had sunk Jeffers’ *Hell’s Queen.* The captain began to bark orders to his crew: “Battle positions men! Raise the starboard sail, ‘n load up the cannons! No doubt our *Manticore* can outmaneuver this *Silver Bitch*!”

The crew became less certain of that fact, however, when a cannonball slammed into the galley and sent wood splinters flying across the deck.

Halifax stood from his position on the bow of the ship, brushing away splinters. “One Hell of a warning shot…”

Do you guys do anything specific?