

THE CLOWN BEHIND THE THRONE

SI in the body of Buggy the clown who joins Shanks at the beginning of his adventure. Your everyday Joe awakens with a hangover in the body of Buggy the Clown the day of Roger's execution. How will he react when all of his canon knowledge starts more than ten years in the future? In any case, sticking around to the guy capable of becoming an Emperor looks like a safe bet.

(only 2 chapters for now)

IT'S JUST A JOKE

I came to my senses with a splitting headache, the kind that makes your brain feel like its rattling in your cranium. The kind that twinges a bit more acutely with every sudden sound. The kind that usually one could associate with a hangover that followed a copious and debilitating amount of Tequila plus heavy brawling.

"... ou ok?" a voice clearly directed at me managed to somewhat distinguish itself from the others around me: "Are you ok?"

I blinked and focused my eyes on the owner of said voice, which dripped with distracted concern. It was like the red-headed young man who was speaking to me had been worrying over something different and of life-threatening importance before stopping to... oh, haul me on my feet from the ground I had been resting over, that was awfully nice of him.

"Yeah man." I tried to shake my head slowly in order to force myself properly awake, and surprisingly enough, the headache went from head-splitting to a dull ringing that I could feel focused on the side of my head: "Thanks." I added with slow clenching and unclenching of my gloved hands.

Uh? I stopped, and looked at my hands: no matter how much did I drink the night before, a pair of white gloves wasn't among the things I expected to ever wake up with. Without a thought, I shrugged them off, trying to remember my previous night, only to stumble when the read-head dragged me forward, his hand holding on my wrist.

"C'mon, we need to reach the plaza." he said quickly.

I followed numbly, taking stock of where the fuck I was: a cobbled road, that was good, I was in some kind of historical centre or something. Then my nose picked up the heavy but unmistakable saltwater smell that clung in the air, and that gave me something to worry about.

I didn't live near the coastline.

That thought and the need of looking around hoping to find out soon some info point kept me distracted long enough for the redhead to drag me to this 'plaza'. *It sounds like some kind of flash mob.*

My eyes, and a brain that kept getting more and more confused, picked up on the strange way that everybody was dressed. Summer clothes, from kids that were being ushered away from the plaza to the old men, prepped against walls that found a way to snuck them back in with a knowing grin on their faces.

And more importantly, the big ass sword that the redhead had tied to his waist. *What the fuck?*

It was like knowing that something was there because you saw it, or only knowing it intellectually. Very much like drugs in a disco, if you knew how to look, they were easy to spot. From the junkies to the dealers, one could spot them among the relatively more normal people.

Only that in this case, there were weapons everywhere instead of pills of happiness.

Speaking of that, my eyes fell over my own waist, where... *Why am I wearing a sash? AND WHY DO I HAVE KNIVES AT MY SIDE?* I screamed in my own mind. Shocked into silence.

Slowly, I pulled out one. *I must be in some kind of revocation or historical-shit.* That thought perished when the knife shaved off my arm's hair without a single whisper of resistance: it was bloody sharp

My eyes boggled out as my breath caught in my throat: *WHAT THE FUCK?!*

I looked around once more, trying to figure out what the fuck was actually happening, my mind scrambling to find something to use as an anchor, something that actually started to make sense: the plaza was so full that if someone fainted, the crowd would have kept the person standing without even trying. The sun was blazing among a few white clouds, and there was only a light sea breeze to hold back the warmth of the day.

The people, pressed together like they were a single being, stank. There really wasn't a better way to say it, it was hot, and the sweat, along with the secretly spread farts and burps of everyone, were elbowing each other to better make themselves known in my nose.

My round, big nose... *Wait, what?*

I went cross-eyed as my sight picked up on the red sphere that stood in front of my face, my free hand tentatively rising to pull it away. Normally, even in case one had been such a bastard as to glue a clown nose over mine, pulling would be enough to take it off, my college experiences granted me that reassurance at last.

I didn't feel that pulling sensation over the skin of my nose. On the other hand, I felt my fingers squeeze over the red ball in front of my face. I stopped squeezing, looking around in the hope of finding some validation of my discovering, maybe someone blurting out a laugh and explain the joke I had fallen into.

Everyone however, had their eyes pointing in the same direction, so I was ignored.

Once more, I checked the red ball over my nose, and once more, it felt like the red ball *was* my nose.

What the fuck happened yesterday? Once more, I tried to remember, and slowly and hazily, I remembered that I was walking back towards my reasonably shitty apartment when I blinked, and ... Nothing, I had to draw a blank over the events of the previous night.

As I was busy looking over myself, noting with dismay dark leather boots and white baggy pants that were tucked into them, along with a body that most definitely didn't resemble the one I was used to...

Then it happened. The crowd went utterly still, and I felt my eyes move without my input, mimicking the rest of the crowd and even the red haired man that had dragged me to the plaza: from our left, a chained man was being escorted by very nervous-looking soldiers to what looked like an execution stand on the opposite side of the plaza. He was a 1,85 meters tall, muscular man. The most eye-catching feature was undoubtedly his curved black moustache, and he walked, no, he strode with a countenance that would have put to shame any king.

Seeing him, something stirred in my mind, the pieces starting to click together to paint something that... well 'the impossible' was apparently dead.

Even as the man was being paraded as a defeated prisoner soon to pay his due, I was close enough to see his grin. It was fierce and savage, holding the promise of victory even in his circumstances, and even if he never looked at me while he walked, I knew that his gaze would weight as a mountain. His black curtain of hair hid the sides of his face, but there was no mistaking his straight back and slightly puffed up chest, even forced as he was to take little steps because of the chains he had on his calves, every time his foot landed on the cobbled path felt like he was conquering it, claiming it as his.

Nononono... My mind refused it.

He wore a long red captain's coat, and beneath it, a blue shirt and a yellow sash around his waist. He had a white cravat around his neck, dark blue pants, and what appeared to be black sea boots. I remember thinking that it suited him, in the same way that thunder suited lightning or tsunamis suited earthquakes. Even as I thought it, I knew that he would have made wearing prisoner-rags looking like a kingly suit.

Time had been still during his walk through the plaza, and I realized that the sea breeze had died as soon as he had taken his first step in the human-made corridor towards his demise, so the air had turned so unbearably hot, that I could see it waver. Even the few clouds in the sky had stilled themselves, like they too were eager to witness the events about to unfold.

How... I blinked, my eyes still glued to the figure that I remembered hazily from that manga...

I looked him as he walked the stairs that led him towards the stage were two other soldiers were waiting for him, the chosen weapon for his execution glinting in the overbearing sunlight. I saw him stop briefly to exchange a few words with a soldier that denied him something, but they were too quiet for me to hear. Almost unwillingly, I hunched forward, my body answering to a need I didn't recognize.

He turned and swiftly sat in the middle of the stage, his legs crossing with the undeniable exact grace that I expected of him. He was too far for me to see his eyes, and yet, there was a glint of power behind them that made it look like he was looking straight at me, evaluating, waiting, pondering. There was something beyond the scope of my understanding at work, I could tell.

His eyes fell over the crowd, and I could swear that his grin widened when he saw the redheaded man with the straw hat at my side, and he almost barked out a laugh when he looked at me. His eyes were on me, and maybe, maybe because he couldn't possibly see me clearly among the crowd and the wavering of the hot air, a frown marred his features as he studied me.

His eyes snapped away from me when a man in the crowd called for his attention: "Hey! PIRATE KING!", and irrationally, I wished to hit him for having broken the sacred silence that was holding us by the troath: "What did you do with your great treasure? It's somewhere on the Grand Line, isn't it? You have it, don't you? The greatest treasure in the world?"

The soldier barked something back, but the attention of everyone was back on the King by then, but the man in the crowd couldn't be denied and continued: "Your one special treasure?" he insisted, "ONE PIECE?!"

Oh fucking hell... It was impossible.

And then, in a single second, even in those moments charged with tensions and a challenge about to be thrown, I felt myself dying, the infinite amount of small clues, from the strange clothes to the weapons that I could see everywhere... everything clicked together, and I realized the dramatic reality of my actual circumstances.

The King laughed, and once more everything stilled, a strange sense of gravity pulling everyone towards him, forcing each one of us to heed him: he was sight for the blind, water for the thirsty, and we all *knew*, deep in our bones, that if we didn't hear his next words, we would have just decided to lie down and await death. His laugh had started as a chuckle only to quickly spiral in a veritable maelstrom, anchoring us in the present, keeping us tied under of his revelation, held by his sheer presence: chained, seated cross-legged and waiting to die, he held more power than should be allowed to a mortal: "My treasure?" he repeated.

And his voice was thick with promises and allusions and images beyond what we could understand, it was bait, line and sinker for the young and the old, for civilian and soldier, for sky and sea. The soldier that had tried to quiet the man questioning the King barked something and pointed his weapon towards Him, but his words were drowned out. Not by other sounds, for everything was quiet and waiting for Rogers' words, simply, after hearing the King, the voice of the soldier was akin to an ant trying to cower the wind that announced an incoming hurricane.

"If you want it, I'll let you have it." and everyone felt like a boulder had been trusted upon our shoulders, an indescribable and unbearable pressure weighing us down: "Go look for it." he challenged the world as the soldier lost it and raised his weapon without being ordered to. "I left all of it at that place!" and with those words, he gave us a direction we were unknowingly gasping for, and while our bodies were still sluggish and slow to answer, our minds already were soaring forward, through the unknown and the impossible, we didn't know what His treasure could be, but none of us actually cared, after seeing Him, hearing Him, we all wanted to know, we all needed to know, it was planted deep within everyone: the call. His challenge. His promise.

What could a man like the King have found? What could bring him to offer such promise and challenge while he was being executed? As the blades fell, his grin widened beyond what I thought possible, and the pressure of his presence turned in something else, it was something beyond the ability of words to describe, something charged with far too much meaning for it to be tamed by definition, titanic,

gargantuan, vast, unknown, mysterious, powerful, new, unheard of, impossible, joyful, terrible and again another list of words that managed to reflect a single shard of what the King *was*.

And when he died, the world *broke*.

I laughed.

I am in the One Piece world.

I laughed until I felt tears stream down my face.

I am Buggy the Clown.

I laughed with abdominals clenching painfully as I gasped for breath.

It's all a fucking Joke.

In Loguetown, the day of Roger's execution, I laughed until the redheaded man knocked me out.

AN

I really don't want to pull a NeonZangetsu and keep pushing out stories without ever completing them.

Having said that, yes, this is really an SI-Buggy fanfiction, starting at the execution of Roger. Why? Because his power is utter bullshit, and I want to play with it.

And yes, I went from wanting to focus on my main fics (Revolution, The Bigger Picture, Unbound, and The age of Men) to publish 4 more stories without any kind of middle ground.

And, sadly, I really need to get my ass in gear with real life, so I'll have to force myself to slow down with the writing, if nothing else because of the sheer amount of time it takes. Since January 18th 2020, I've published more than 500k words in several different stories, and obviously this has been acceptable with COVID hammering our asses, but there is really more stuff that needs doing in RL.

That means that updating stories will be a slow thing, but prepping these plot bunnies for further work is something that I can do in few hours.

I hope you enjoy.

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JOKING AROUND I

Once more, I came to my senses with a splitting headache, if possible, even a more painful one than the one of my nightmare.

I blinked a couple of times in order to clean out my eyes from the gunk, taking a hand over my head in order to shade myself from the sun, and froze.

I was on a sailboat.

More accurately, I was on a sailboat *currently sailing*.

My hand dropped from shielding me against the harsh glare of the sun and I unsteadily rose to my feet, while my body instinctively adjusted itself to the oscillation of the small deck.

Oh shit it was real. Was the main thought in my head as I stumbled in order to avoid the suddenly moving triangular sail. "Fucking Hell." I grumbled half-heartedly as I needed to take a full step back and sit basically balance myself on the bow of the small ship.

"Buggy! You're awake!" a cheerful voice made me look away from the menace that was the wood structure keeping the sail able to swing around in order to take advantage of the wind as much as possible.

My eyes landed on a man that could have been aged anywhere from 16 to 23, red hair, a straw hat, and an unusually attentive gaze. Shanks, one that in the manga rose to the very top without need for either a Devil Fruit or an arm.

"Are you ok?" he asked without waiting for an answer, "I had to knock you out since you were laughing like a loon and the marines were starting to take notice."

My second thought since I had awakened on the ship was: *If I feign to be Buggy, Shanks will find out and gut me like a fish.*

Really, how would you react if someone you're close to suddenly is someone else? Worse still, how would you react if said person tried to trick you in believing that he was still the same? In a normal world, that would mean shouts and insults, a punch or two at the worst. In the One Piece world... well, there were people who could cut open mountains.

Well, there won't be a better occasion for this. I thought: Eventually, I couldn't really pretend to be the one he shared years on the sea with. And in the manga, he asked Buggy to join him didn't he? The clown managed on his own, but he was someone who already sailed the Grand Line, and I really have no idea about what to do in order to survive around here.

"Who are you again?" I asked with a heavy frown, causing him to sputter indignantly.

"*Pff!*... C'mon Buggy, that's just rude! Ahahahah!"

My confused (or what I hoped was a confused) expression, coupled with the lack of laughter, eventually brought him back to a more or less serious attitude. "You mean... you really don't... how did..." he muttered mostly to himself.

"And who am I?" I brought my left hand up and touched the side of my head where I had been hurting in a particularly annoying way on the day before, and found two separate lumps, the second reminding me that Shanks had knocked me out.

The redhead gaped at me like a fish for a couple of seconds, giving me time to check whatever possessions I held. Besides the few knives that I had stashed on my body by means of more or less simple leather harnesses (two on my waist and another two on each leg), I found a bundle of bills in the dirty sash that I had on my waist, and another one in a bundle of cloth that I had in one pocket.

"You..." the voice of my companion stammered out, losing his usual cheer: "You're Buggy."

I blinked a couple of times, having very little need to feign confusion despite my having figured out what the situation was: "Yeah, I kind of figured it out with you calling me that." I rolled my eyes: "Who are you? And I mean... *who* am I?"

"I'm your friend! Name's Shanks! We've sailed together for years on the Captain's ship!" he was quick to recover, and happy to be able to build an answer that was somewhat satisfactory.

"Uh..." I crossed my arms over my chest, once more looking around: there was very little to distract myself with. The ship was eight meters long, if that, made of a dark wood that had seen better days, the sail was triangular and dirty with days and days of travel, while I could guess that the bundles and the barrels around the pole that acted as a mast were our food reserves.

"So... we're a kind of merchant?" I shot in the dark, causing the will-be emperor to pale in distress and splutter once more.

I suppressed a bubble of laughter, seriously, that gag was proving itself surprisingly funny, and waited for an answer.

From a question to a stammered answer, I managed to get Shanks to give me a rundown of the world we were in. Not that there were many doubts regarding my situations, but making sure couldn't hurt, and I managed to figure out that there weren't any outstanding differences between what I knew and what actually was real.

After a while, we arrived to the part regarding Devil Fruits: "So... I ate this Berry Fruit."

"The Bara Bara no Mi." Shanks corrected me with a sigh, obviously tired from my relentless questioning, by that point, I was pretty sure he was still answering only because he hoped something would trigger my 'memories', but there was no need for me to tell him that it wasn't going to happen anytime soon.

"And I can... split myself?" I continued ignoring his exasperation.

"We've gone over this already, Buggy." he pinched his nose with another sigh.

"And we're pirates in the same crew." I scratched my chin in what I hoped was a befuddled attitude.

Shanks stiffened a bit then, before he relaxed again against the bulwark, his hand never leaving the steer of the ship: "We were on the Oro Jackson together yes."

"The one with the captain executed the other day." I concluded, having the redhead nod tiredly, "Uh, ok... what now?"

Shanks scratched his jaw for a few seconds before answering, his eyes landing briefly on the empty flask that he started sipping hours before: "Now... I planned to ask you to join my crew, even if I didn't think you would have followed me, so... Would you?"

I blinked for a couple of seconds: "Would I... What, join you? Why do you want to be a pirate again?"

"To be free." he answered with a wide, open smile. And for a single instant, I could see how this could be a redhead with a straw hat could become as powerful as depicted in the manga, for an instant there was some kind of... honesty, some kind of integrity. A strength and a reassurance that I wasn't easy to find in the world I came from.

Do I even want to be a pirate? Sure, I'm in the body of one but... I frowned, remembering that Marines actively enabled slavery on the orders of the World Government (Shanks had not shied away from exposing the many reasons why there was no point in following the law), and I didn't actually know if the Revolutionaries were already running around. Besides, there is still the big ass problem relative to remaining alive.

I guess I could hide... But again, it would be some time before I managed to figure out all the kinks of living off the islands I met and what I managed to fight out of the sea. Oh yeah, if I fall in the water, I drown.

I had no idea regarding the geography, regarding how to skin and cook a fish, or even how much stuff tended to cost.

If I hadn't exhausted my capability for historical laughter back at the execution, I would have probably laughed my ass off by then.

"Yeah, why not." I shrugged and scratched my red, round and impossible nose.

He threw at me his empty flask, which I watched and tossed in the middle of the boat, out of his reach. "Show some enthusiasm!" he hollered at me.

"Hey! You hit me on the head and made me lose my memories! So you're better be the one grateful!"

That started a series of verbal barbs that eventually evolved in an actual brawl. I was more than happy to simply poke him with my wit, so I was pretty surprised when he rose from his seated position and punched me on the jaw.

As your average Joe with a regular job that very much never included fighting, I reacted far too late. His knuckles buried themselves in my jaw and I felt the impact ringing in my ears.

Fucking hell! I fell on the deck like a sack of potatoes, my hand clutching my quickly bruising jaw. Even if the pain was thudding and very much present in my mind, I knew that it had been a strong punch. One that had behind it all of Shank's weight, and yet... I blinked, quickly rising to my feet. I have the absurd durability of Buggy's body.

With narrowed eyes, I swung wildly with my left, spotting a grin on Shank's face as he batted away my attempt at retaliation and decked me again in the same point, following quickly with another punch on the side of my head. With a pained grunt, I kned my opponent in the stomach, even if I dropped following the impact of his knuckles on my head. *Again.*

My breath started getting louder, and I felt my own face stretch in a smile that copied the one of the redhead: "I changed my mind! I'll let you join my crew instead!" I taunted him.

"What..?" My second punch caught him unaware, striking him cleanly on the chin, even if he took a step back in order to avoid it.

We both stopped: "Aaaaaargh!" I screamed bloody murder. My fucking hand was floating, closed in a fist, on Shank's chin: "I've lost my hand!"

"It's your devil fruit, you idiot!"

"Who are you calling idiot, asshole?!" I thundered back, one thing was knowing intellectually that you could fall literally apart, another was to actually witness it: "How the hell does this make any sense?"

Shanks sighed and rubbed his chin: "Something tells me this will be a longer trip than I imagined."

The following day, after a late-night spent basically finishing whatever reserves of food and ale we had on small ship, found me seated at the bow, alternatively looking around for something interesting to do and experimenting with my 'powers'.

"Barabara" a Japanese onomatopoeia meaning disconnected/disperse/in pieces/asunder. I couldn't help but think that Buggy had been an idiot of the worst kind. He basically was naturally immune to being chopped off. Ok, that was useful, no doubt.

Lulled by the calm waves broken by the ship, I had a knife in one hand and I was busy using it to cut off the fingers of my off-hand. *Chop* *Chop* *Chop*

It was a... honestly I didn't feel a thing. My fingers were simply there, separated from the rest of my hand by a small width of steel. I curled them up without issues, and pointing them in a direction, I found that they tended to go there, slowly and clumsily, but ...

"Hey Shanks! Look at what I can do!" I turned to show off my frankly batshit crazy power, my fingers wiggling a few inches over the blade.

The man laughed: "That's nothing Buggy! You should see what you could do a week ago!"

"Hey! it's your fault if I don't remember how to do it!" I retorted, turning sharply towards the sea. *Jealous asshole.*

"*It's not!*" He screamed back as I returned to chop my fingers, this time along their length, feeling no difference whatsoever in how they responded to my will.

"Is too!" I repeated distractedly, the slices of my fingers knotting together, slowly but surely, before I undid the knot. It appeared that as long as I could envision the movement, whatever I chopped off would remain so.

"Is not!" this time I chopped at the wrist, once more my body accommodating itself around the edge of the blade and letting it through without an issue.

"Is too!" I sing-sang back. *What are exactly the limits here? How thin can I make the slices? Or the cubes that I cut myself into?*

"Is not!" I put away the knife and returned to study my hand, which was without a single cut over it, perfectly working.

"Is too!" I answered as my eyes shot forward, attracted by a sudden flash landing on a mass of clouds that had previously escaped my attention.

"Is not!"

"Storm ahead!" I warned him, quickly putting away what I had in the empty barrels in the centre of the small boat, only then noticing that Shanks had been sprawled against the bulwark with his hat covering his eyes.

"Is not!" he echoed again, and I was about to shout some clever insult when I heard it: **KRABOOOM**

The thunder rattled my bones. A fucking storm was in full swing ahead.

"Yeah, we're not entering there, I don't care if you caused me to lose my memories, I'll still drown if we go in there!" I shouted at him while he started pulling on the steering bar, bringing the storm on our left. I nimbly ducked under the sail when it turned from one side of the boat to the other.

I tried to get a read of the winds ahead, but I wasn't Nami and as such, I wasn't gifted with a magic ability to read the weather (fuck you plot armour).

A tense half an hour later, despite our best effort, with the redhead steering and me forcing the sail to point in a certain direction with the bare strength of my arms, the winds pulled us in. "Hold on to something, Buggy!" he warned me, and I would have answered with a witty remark if not for the harsh winds that basically sprayed me with saltwater: I felt suddenly both nauseous and numb, my knees weakening and wobbling heavily.

I forced myself through the confusion and reached the mast of the ship, taking up a rope and using it to tie myself to the mast: "If that sinks us, I'll drown! Even if you killed my memories, try to not kill me too!"

I couldn't hear clearly over the howling wind and the occasional thunder, but without a doubt, I could do without his insults or unhinged laughter. I quickly fastened a rope around the mast and secured it around my waist, if nothing else, I would be tied to a piece of wood if the ship shattered because of the waves.

Once the storm was completely upon us, things started getting confusing: the seawater mixed with the rain and hailed on us on the back of the harsh winds, while the flashes of lightning temporarily blinded me and their bone-rattling thunders stopped me from communicating with Shanks.

At the end of the day, Devil Fruit and power granted to me by my metaknowledge, I was powerless and totally incapable of braving the seas by my lonesome, as I had suspected the day before. *I didn't expect to be proved right immediately.* I whined a bit in my head, my eyes rolling randomly in my eye sockets and my head feeling heavier and heavier.

Like I did when Roger had been executed, confirming my situation, my only reaction, beyond the crippling fear that was promising me only death in this wild world, I felt a historical laugh bubbling from my chest. What else I could do but laugh? To be reborn in a world of magic and impossible mysteries, of islands in the skies and the possibility of sailing to the moon, only to drown in less than 48 hours.

It was hilarious, even if in a deprecating way, and what could I do but laugh? And that was what I did.

I howled, challenging the waters, the sky, the lightning. I was on the edge of consciousness, and still I forced my lungs to fill themselves with air in order to be able to laugh even more.

I was terrified.

There was no helping it, maybe my presence would kill Shanks too and Luffy would become a marine, so my existence would end up killing canon with extreme prejudice without even an input on my part.

I was alone, with the redhead scrambling in order to find a way to keep the boat afloat, I was powerless.

No miracle in sight, no sudden power well within me or graceful Sea King to carry us around.

There are few things more terrifying of being in the middle of a storm. I couldn't see, but I felt Shanks guiding the ship to climb up the mountains of water and free-fall after each cliff.

I couldn't see... so I closed my eyes, and I kept laughing. With my eyes closed, I could somewhat hear Shanks cursing as he pushed and pulled, steering the boat along the raging waters and sneaking out of the avalanches of sea foam that threatened to swallow us whole.

Time lost any meaning, as well as direction, there was only the need to laugh, to laugh louder than the thunders above us, because stopping would mean that I was dead.

The little boat I was tied to climbed out of a crashing wave, and when I felt a sudden lurch at the pit of my stomach, I knew that we were climbing high, higher than we ever did, faster than we had ever sailed.

I howled in laughter as Shanks cursed once more. I smiled maniacally and managed to open my eyes: it was titanic, gargantuan, vast, and steep. I had never been so close to the sky as when we reached the crest of the wave.

In a burst of energy, I dragged close to me the empty barrels that were tied to the bulwark, trying to secure them to myself with what little rope I had left. Sprays of seawater kept weakening me in a way that I couldn't fight off, and around the middle of our descent at breakneck speeds towards the churning waters far below, my eyes closed once more.

I opened my eyes in time to see the bow plunge into a wall of water ***CRACK***

If possible, the sound was even louder than the churning waters and the bone-rattling thunders, if only because while the first two implied risk and battle, this signalled the end of the run, at least for me.

The small ship ruptured, the wood finally breaking apart under the pressure and the forces that tried to crumple it. The keel flexed with a heartbreaking keening sound before giving in, while the planks of wood did the same.

Then my face met the wall of water and I lost consciousness as I felt a spike of pain hit my legs.