

A little short story about a boat

Can Guvenc

When i was young. I was floating. Floating here if you can believe... Was not alone like this...

Once -like 70 winters ago. I floated here. I carried people... From this side to the other... I carried Mustapha. To his fishes at night and at day i carried his family to the island for picnic for joy and for peace... we swam with the moon over glimmering sea sparkles - thanks to the planotones- , and we travelled in the mist only with our lamp and the sound of our lamborghini motor...

First the sparkles were gone there were no planktones to feed them... I said ok we still have the moon. But then the fish was gone. Who i swam with... species by species... from small to big. Water was hot and they didn't like it... After them Mustapha... without fish he couldn't feed his family and he moved away...

then after the island... I think with the fish gone, water felt a bit lonely and then a bit pissed so she devoured the tiny island with his trees and little rabbits on it. And she threw me shore to shore.. Now that was horrifying...

Days passed, and winters she calmed down... But now winters started to become late... and short... and dry...

it was hot it was sooo... hot... without rain the sea became bored and started to become thin... day by day... season by season...

one day when i woke up here i was alone... with the seashells dried over me... over the sand without water to float... Now I only have the sun to dessicate my paint And the moon to freeze me with her breeze...

