

The Greatest Gift of All time

By Vedant

11 years old

5th grade

Teacher: Dr. Barber

It was chilly that Christmas Eve of 2016 in the great city of Barcelona, when I read a book about a great renaissance city, only 500 miles away from my home. I hadn't thought of a Christmas gift yet, so for Christmas, I wanted to go to the that city, called Seville. I told my mother that for Christmas, I wanted to go there, hoping I will learn more about the renaissance. My mom, who was working, told me to go to bed, or else Santa wouldn't come with plane tickets to Seville.

The next day, I woke up, and I rushed to the Christmas tree, where I found a note, saying "Look at the door." I then ran to the door, and stepped out where I saw a large, four-and-a-half-foot tall box, wrapped in an ornate silver paper, with unique, beautiful designs. It was tied with gold paper, with a note saying, "To the one who believes in wonder." This did not look like a plain old Christmas gift. Instead, it looked as if the gods made it. I slowly opened it, with both caution and curiosity. When opened, I saw...a wispy mist, which was blue, purple, and gold. I was so enamored by the gift, that I did not even realize my older brother sneaking up behind me. Suddenly, I felt a push, and I heard my brother saying, "Got ya!" And just like that, I was in that wisp of colors and felt like I was sucked into a long kaleidoscope. I felt a rush of emotions – fear, bewilderment, confusion, excitement all at once. I saw a few pictures of places on earth, all seeming to go further back in time. In the distance, I could even see a Roman army preparing to conquer Carthage. However, that was not interesting. Instead, I was plagued by curiosity when I saw a picture of a city, with a sign saying *Seville*. Then, I knew I was in the right place, and I entered the photo.

It was the year 1516, in the town square of Seville. People were minding their own business until a group of people wearing silver, gold and red, bearing swords were walking through the square. Behind those men was a large yellow carriage. Inside was the king of Spain. Out of nowhere, a blue mist appeared above the carriage, and a box fell out of the mist. That box had poor me. Oddly enough, I had grown, from seven to twenty-one years old. Anyways, at once the King's guards surrounded me and arrested me. I was then taken

to the local guard house and interrogated. The guards were asking why I tried to kill the king. Now, smart but not-so-young me muttered the following.

“I had no intention to kill anyone, and I am but a foreigner, and I am lost. I am on my way to England from Portugal.”

They then said, “Portugal would not let anyone go to or from England. You must be trying to secure a citizenship here, so you can later travel to England.”

“Well, Spain was my 2nd best choice, so I guess I will settle for living here.”

“Okay, we will let you remain here, however, you must work for a living and we will pick you job. Do you agree?”

“I do.”

“Okay, you will become a sea dog. If you are wondering what that is, you will be a pirate, but most of the loot secured will go to our King. You are to report to the docks first thing in the morning. Here is some money to spend for food, and a temporary shelter. Goodbye.”

The next day, I reported to the docks for work, and my sea dog group would be sailing to the Caribbean Sea to plunder British and French ships. The Spanish government decided this idea would be smart, as Britain and France were still trying to expand into the new world, but Spain had strong territory there, so they could plunder easily, and if they lost a battle, they could simply restock at one of their many islands in the Caribbean.

While sailing across the ocean, my crew and I saw a small British ship, but it seemed quite heavy, meaning it was a treasure ship. However it was guarded by British warships, but we outnumbered them, so we attacked, and plundered. The battle was long and hard, and many of the ships in the fleet took damage, but in the end, we won the battle. The British raised the white flag, and the Spanish royals earned millions of pesetas worth of gold, silver, gems, and assorted products. Most of it went to the royalty, and the little that was left went amongst the crew. However, the crew was quite large, with about 50 people, so I only got a small fraction of the money.

After many plundering missions, the Spanish promoted me, and I would be under a new commander. This commander was a legend. And he was famed and feared around the world. His name was Redbeard. Called Baba roja by the Spanish, this man struck fear into all the sailors, English, French, or Spanish. If he were after you, you would better start praying, because no one ever escaped the wrath of Redbeard. Weirdly enough, everyone had some odd colored beard, so I dyed mine white. My name also had to be changed to

Whitebeard. The battles were harder, but benefits were better, as there were less people, so I got more money, and I now got a fraction of the money.

My tenth mission was quite weird, and due to it, I believe that in 2016, I will be famous for changing the course of the entire world. Here is that story.

So, I was ordered by the Spanish king himself, the one I was accused of killing earlier, to do something almost impossible. My job was to capture or kill the great Brownbeard. A few clarifications. He was British, and he was the 2nd greatest sea dog of all time. (The first was Sir Francis Drake. And 3rd is my very own captain, Redbeard.) Now, we had to sail to the Caribbean again, with some great ships, like the Tobago (Redbeard's), Trinidad (Yellowbeard's), and the Angel, which was Bluebeard's. But most importantly, I had command over the San Salvador.

About three weeks into the mission, we got a good look at them, and Redbeard decided to attack. Looking back, Redbeard almost got us killed, and here is why. Redbeard is a great captain, and all, but he has one fatal flaw: He is way too full of himself. He thought Brownbeard was just any other British sea dog. Even though the king thought he was up for the challenge, he really was not, as he tends to underestimate everyone, ally, or adversary. This meant he was underprepared, and what he thought was a two-month long trip, just became a six-month long nightmare. Now we had to land in the Bahamas. Sadly, the captain must pay for repairs, so Redbeard blames that catastrophe on us. We sailed to the Bahamas, where something great (for the British) happened.

Remember when Christopher Columbus sailed the ocean blue in the year 1492? Well, not a lot of people are aware, except for those in this place called the US, that Columbus mistreated Native Peoples, and what do people do when they are mistreated? They get mad, and sometimes, they end up destroying invading ships. Like now, when the natives came with fire, and put Trinidad and the Angel up in flames. However, Redbeard was fast asleep, so he did not notice a thing. The point is Bluebeard, and Yellowbeard, are dead, and their ships are gone. (Thanks a lot, Columbus.) Sadly, even after the attack, Redbeard still was egotistical and thought it would be smart to attack Brownbeard. We were not ready for that at all.

After that first skirmish, Brownbeard had a genius idea. Because he was decently informed, and he knew that now there was no such thing as the Angel, and the fact Redbeard was not aware of the Angel being destroyed, he planned a deception operation, where a ship in his fleet called the Prince Henry would look like the Angel, and they would tell them to head to their exact coordinates, for a surprise attack. About a week later, the "Angel" pulled alongside us, informing us that the British were planning an attack, from the

north, the direction we were going, so we headed south. Little did we know what was incoming.

It was a foggy day, and we were in what they called in the 1940s, the Bermuda Triangle, as a fleet of the finest Renaissance warships, were sailing through, trying to escape something that was never following them. Suddenly, the clouds parted, revealing over fifty of the finest British warships, all ready to give a “full broadside,” which means the all the cannons can fire, and they can hit. Anyway, those Brit’s were ending us. They were firing five hundred cannon balls a minute, and soon, all our ships were gone, except mine, and Redbeard’s. There was no hope now, and everyone on my ship knew that Redbeard would not understand, so my entire ship switched allegiance, and we stopped firing. Some of my men were fetching the white flag, some were writing a banner. You’ll see what it says soon. But most were at the cannons, and I turned the ship to give one last full broadside, this time at our leader. Then, I told my men to fire. I asked a few to put up a poster, and some of them to hoist the flag. The poster said “We fired an exploding round at the ammo storage, we surrender, and the Tobago will explode right now.” So all the Brit’s turned to look, and...nothing happened.

BANG! Well, never mind. After this, Brownbeard offered for us to join him, and we accepted.

Now I am British, and a proud Sea Dog. I got knighted, along with Brownbeard, so now my name is Sir Whitebeard, and I am rich. There was a 10 million £ bounty, on Redbeard. I got that award and I split that with my last set of crew members standing. Now Sir Brownbeard and I are great friends, and we are teaching, and inspiring future sea dogs, and telling them the story of this epic battle, and I am also fortune telling all major events, and I get them right. (Duh, I come from the future.)

The end.