



Connie's Description:

The ship is midnight black against the turquoise waves that laps at the hull and tears at the sail leaving the ship worn and tatty. Rocking violently in opposition to the tide, she speeds through the sea as though nothing mattered. One second you saw her, the next you didn't, and that was if you caught her at the right time, which hardly anyone did. And if you did see her, you would have pinched yourself multiple times and questioned yourself 'is this a dream'- not everyone sees a pirate ship! The boat sails along the seven seas as fast as a rocket, never bobbing deeper under the water's surface. There are no other ships like number 13, as it is so spooky and rare that no-one dares to copy it. The crew call themselves the Demons, and the myths state that they destroy anyone or anything in their path.

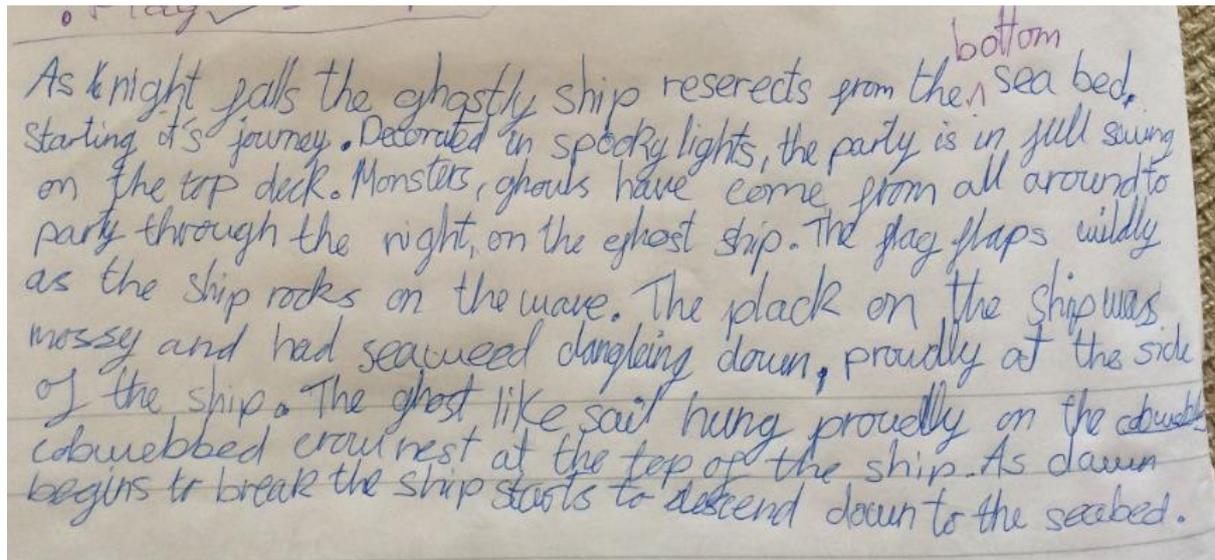
Dylan's Description:

The sale was a ghost-like figure hovering above the main deck as if it was waiting for something. Lanterns dangled below a series of branches which were crawling over the edge of the ship. The moon hung among the sharp grey clouds. The cabins rose above all among the phantasmagoric appearance of the ship. The occupants of the ship stood on the watch the ocean roll past. As a clock's hands spun over midnight the ship's deck was empty.

Layla's Description:

One dark stormy night as the waves bashed on the side of the boat and the rain came down around, there was a dark colored ship sailing in the middle of the sea. There was small dim lights strung up above on the ship. It looked eerie and spooky as it sailed around with nowhere to go, from a distance you could see some of the passengers. they looked very spooky. The sea looks rough and there is a fog surrounding the boat. There are lanterns hanging from the boat. i wouldnt like to be on that ship.

Emily's description:



As the night falls the ghostly ship reserects from the ^{bottom} sea bed, starting it's journey. Decorated in spooky lights, the party is in full swing on the top deck. Monsters, ghouls have come from all around to party through the night, on the ghost ship. The flag flaps wildly as the ship rocks on the wave. The plack on the ship was mossy and had seaweed dangling down, proudly at the side of the ship. The ghost like sail hung proudly on the cobwebbed crow nest at the top of the ship. As dawn begins to break the ship starts to descend down to the seabed.