

# The Cursed Treasure

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Written & illustrated by

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**Aged 11**

## Acknowledgements

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# Chapter 1



The waves were rough that day.

As Davy Jones stood on the edge of the cliff, overlooking the vastness of the grey sea aligning with the horizon, the winds ruffled through his hair and tore at his clothes.

Watching as the wind chased the stormy clouds, he suddenly remembered his days as a Captain.

It was on days like this, when the waves were powerful and fierce, that he missed the seas so much. That feeling of freedom, the fresh wind and the splashes of salty seas upon his face.

He walked along the side of the cliff edge, as the winds picked up and the sound of the waves crashing against the rocks of the cliff sounded like a surreal voice, an eerie whisper.

“Your heart is the key,” said the voice.

Davy Jones looked around and frowned. What did that mean?

“Never forget who you are!” came the faint words.

He looked down from the cliff. There, in the dock, next to the pier, Davy saw his old trusted ship, The Flying Dutchman. Once strong and beautiful, now it slowly has rotted away, covered with seaweed and barnacles.

Feeling mournful, he followed the path that led to the Dock Pub, the Swinging Sea Snail, for his daily dose of town gossip and a pint of ale.

“Give me the usual,” he said to the landlord, sitting himself at the bar table.

“Coming right up, Cap’n Jones,” saluted the landlord and placed the pint glass under the faucet.

Filling the glass to the brim, the landlord placed it on the bar table and pushed it towards Davy. The glass slid across the table, foam spilling onto the table surface.

Davy caught the glass and gulped the drink down in one go.

“Keep them coming!” he grumbled, shoving the glass back to the landlord.

“Someone’s in a good mood, aye Cap’n?” remarked the landlord, refilling his pint.

“Mind your own business!” Davy said and then added, “didn’t mean to be rude, just this weather brings back painful memories.”

The landlord nodded and sent another pint sliding across the table.

Some hours and many more pints later, when the sun went down and the crescent of the moon took its place, Davy Jones trudged out of the pub tripping over his own boots. He walked to the pier and into the dock to say good night to his beloved ship.

As he walked, he sensed someone’s presence. He looked around, but there was not much to see in the faint light of the moon. He continued to his ship’s dock, and then he heard the steps behind him.

## Chapter 2



(The Flying Dutchman)

“Who’s there!” Davy shouted, squinting into the dark.

He could make out a shape in a shadow.

“Who’s there?” he repeated, trying to pull his sword out of the sheath.

The shape separated from the shadow and moved towards him.

“Reveal yourself, coward!” he yelled, wobbling on his feet and waving his sword around.

“Steady on your feet, Captain,” said a calm voice. A strong hand lay on top of Davy’s.

“What do you want from me?” Davy stared at the person.

The man before him was in his mid thirties, he wore a fancy coat of the latest Italian silk and tall leather boots with spurs. His face was pleasant to the eye, his hair was closely cut. He had dark, piercing eyes that shone in the dark like two bright diamonds.

“I may have a proposition for you, Captain,” said the man. “The one that can make you rich. Very rich, indeed.”

“I’m listening,” replied Davy Jones.

“I understand you are a Captain in possession of a ship,” said the man.

“Not a ship,” muttered Davy, “more like a heap of rotten wood.”

“Then, perhaps, I’m mistaken. I thought I was talking to Davy Jones, the Captain of the Flying Dutchman.”

“No No, I apologise, it is me, trust me. Mr?”

“Pestorno, Mr Alibanio Pesterno”

“Right then,” said Davy, “Do you wish me to bring my old crew?”



“Yes Captain Jones, Do anything to get this treasure.”

When morning came the collector was standing on the side of the Dutchman, Iit was fixed!

Davy was in shock, “WHAT, HOW?”

Alibanio simply replied, “I told you I would do anything to get it”

## Chapter 3





Davy and his crew set off onboard the Dutchman to look for such treasure they got intel it was at the bottom of the Pacific ocean so they sailed away and took a dive to the bottom. All the crew went down.

Suddenly...

They. Found. It.

The treasure Alibanio had spoken of!

It looked a lot like a sarcophagus though, not a chest.

Not good!



(The Treasure)

# Chapter 4

The Crew was outraged, they thought this “Treasure” was a chest full of diamond, ruby, emerald and gold. But all they found was this archeological museum exhibit. It had many engravings of water and boats so they thought it was some important person who has a connection with water.

Davy Jones was furious! He was told this was treasure, not a collection.

When he was alone he told the treasure, “You are NOT treasure you are not worth anything!”.

Suddenly he felt the winds pick up INSIDE of the ship!



He heard a menacing voice boom, “YOU HAVE INSULTED THE SEA! FOR THIS YOU HAVE BEEN CURSED! IF YOU DO NOT BREAK IT BY THE END OF THE WEEK, YOU WILL BE BOUND TO THE SEA UNABLE TO LEAVE!”

“ARGGGGGHHHHHH!” screamed Jones.

Every part of his body had changed. Before, he was a good looking man now he looked like this!

# Chapter 5



(The Cursed Captain)

It was morning and Davy's crew were waking up, he had to hide, they couldn't see him like this! He hid inside of the captain's quarters, hoping they would go back to sleep, but his luck had turned when they opened the door to wake him up as they had approached land.

They had one glimpse of his face and they were horrified.

How was this the captain? Davy asked them, "What is it? Are you cowards who won't keep your end of a deal, or are you the best of the best?".....

Half of the crew jumped overboard, the other half were loyal and not cowards. They listened and felt sympathy over his story, "Aye, It be alright Jones, you'll always have us."

"I thank ye for your offer but soon I will be bound to the sea, unable to leave, and you know the rules, a captain must go down with his ship."

“It is alright Davy, we will help you and if it doesn't work we will go down with you.”

And so their epic quest began to rid Davy of his curse.

They didn't know but now Jones could breathe underwater and was immortal! He felt like a god and thought “Hmm this was a sea god so what if I guide ships and save fish as I'm one of them now...” so the idea formed and he theorised this might actually work.

The first fish he had saved was an octopus; the next was a catfish, until after thousands...

He. Had. Saved... A WHALE!

He was now truly accepted as a saviour among the fish. Now all he had to do was save some ships and he was cured! He saved ships such as the Queen Anne's Revenge, Bachelor's Delight and last but not least, The

Roebuck. He went back to the chest and whispered to it, “Have I finally pleased ye?”, “Or is there some hidden extra?”

Suddenly he remembered “Open your heart.” and he just thought, he never enjoyed what he did, he only did it to be free.

He flew off the boat and saved a poor, dying, baby fish, but always with a smile on his face and joy in his heart. After a minute he surfaced and the week had ended, he had lost track of the time.

Accepting, as he thought his fate was sealed, he took a peek at his hands. They were normal – he was cured!

His crew had a feast of fruits and veg to celebrate and after 5 days of smooth sailing Davy had made it to land, traded the god for a lot of money which the crew split between them. Davy then lived a happy life with nothing to bother him.

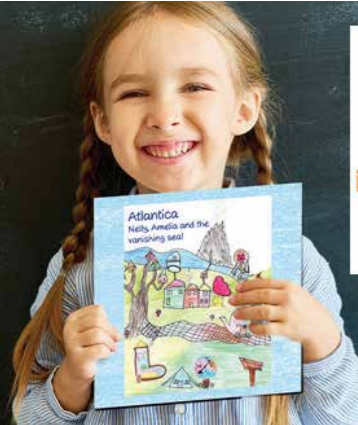
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Have you ever heard of the pirate that never did any pirating? If not, then perhaps the tale of Davy Jones and The Cursed Treasure might just be for you...

So climb aboard the Flying Dutchman and get ready to hear the legend, or should I say, the true tale?!