

Robinson knew it would be a difficult passage. The sea was too placid for a sanguine moon. There was a storm a-brewing. The ship began to list slightly from side to side as the moon gave a foreboding nod to the greyness of the world. Dark clouds obscured the moon as they churned grimly in the night sky as black as a witch's Sabbath. The moon's mercury flush was painted silver by the thunderheads, casting down shivers of light with a ghostly glow. Underneath the moon, the rain moved towards him like a wraith's veil of sorrow. A winnowing wind fermented and sighed, rippling the surface of the corpse calm sea. Fingers of fear started to grip his heart.

The ship started to heave and toss in the rising swell and Robinson gripped the wooden sides with his naked fingers. He could just make out the silhouette of rocks in the distance and the cursing spray spewing onto the shingled beach. The rain-shroud was released spitting at him with undead tears. It wrung his head of curls into a mop and soaked his jerkin through. The rain intensified and whipped down like crystal nails and streaky lightning emblazoned the entire sky. The sea swells rose and rose and his beard froze as the north wind blew and sped him to his doom. Lacerating rain stung his bare arms like ice burn and the sea throbbed grey with woe.

The ship raged high and dipped in despair and the capacious sea yearned for him. Robinson felt his own mortality. The brine hissed and sissed, lashing his face and the timber plank buckled and bulged then screamed and shuddered but the ship righted herself once more. The bedlam of the sea made his blood frenetic. Suddenly, a mountainous wave rose up before him, blotting out the world. The wind howled out his doom and the rocks enticed him. The ship rose with the swell, upwards then downwards to its destruction. Time seemed suspended. The boat plummeted into the milky depths, swallowed whole in a final terrible squeak of timber.