

It was a normal day on the Palm Isles, Christopher Wells was on the beach with his brother Tyler. Tyler was very small due to a birth disorder, He got all the attention from the other islanders. "My match is late at night today," said Christopher, " you can't watch it." Tyler always wanted to watch his brothers sparring matches.

"But why can't I stay up late just tonight," said Tyler.

"You need sleep to be strong like me," said Christopher. The sun was setting and it was time to go home, Tyler pouted when Christopher took his hand. When they got home there mother wished Christopher good luck and took Tyler to bed.

Christopher was crossing the bridge to the arena when he was greeted by his opponent Rodrick, "I will not lose again," he said.

"I'm winning five to one," Christopher stated.

"We'll see about that," Rodrick said confidently. They entered the arena and got their wood training swords. They listened to their master's speech.

"The match between Christopher Wells and Rodrick Jones will now begin."

Christopher was winning so easily that he took less attention to the Match and looked to the horizon, but he saw something strange. While looking at the object he was tapped on the shoulder by a sword. "What are you looking at," said Rodrick.

Christopher pointed at the strange object, everyone looked at it. "A SHIP!" Someone shouted.

Everyone ran to their homes but Christopher couldn't look away. When it got closer he could see a skull and crossbones flag, the flag of pirates.

Rodrick saw to and quickly ran to the master's house. He came back out with a sword. It was the only sword on the Palm Isles.

"What are you doing!" The master shouted. Rodrick was already running to the ship. He always acted like a hero, usually he gets hurt in the process. A tall man stepped off the ship and saw Rodrick running at him with a sword. The man quickly blocked the swing sending the sword flying. Rodrick than ran away three times faster than before. The sword landed right in front of Christopher, he picked it up but right before running home he heard his master scream. A cannonball was on his leg, he could not fight.

"Take the sword," the master said. "You are the second best swordsman on the isles."

"What," said Christopher, "but then why do you train me."

"I wanted you to be ready, Christopher," the master stated.

"For what," Christopher asked.

"I knew that pirates would come tonight," the master said, "save Tyler."

Christopher ran home as fast as he could, he almost got hit with a cannonball but he avoided it. When he got home the captain was already there.

"So you think you can fight me too," he said.

"No, I know I can fight you," Christopher said.

"You have a lot of confidence," the captain said with an intimidating tone, "I like it."

Christopher swung at the captain but he quickly blocked it with his sword. The captain swung back at him but Christopher blocked it to. Suddenly, a pot fell and hit the captain's head

"OW!," the captain screamed before swinging at Christopher.

Christopher saw that another pot was falling. He swung right when it hit the captain. He sent the captain's sword straight up into the air. Christopher saw a hand grab the sword. The captain ran out the door and back to his ship.

"I saved you!" Tyler shouted from the balcony above Christopher.

Christopher ran up the stairs and hugged Tyler. Christopher would be remembered as a hero.