

The Parrot Legacy

Even before the incident, William Mason's day had stunk. He had been chased off an island by monkeys, it had rained all over his food, and he had lost a barrel of rum, yet it still got worse. Mason's pirate ship was fast, but today the entire world seemed to bully the *Silver Cutlass* to misery. The worst was yet to come, for without reason, Mason's parrot, Edward, flew off and didn't come back. That was it. Mason retreated to his quarters, leaving his crew scratching their heads. They were wondering why the captain was so depressed. Mason's peg-legged second-in-command, Lefty McScurvy, went to check on him, but William Mason would not answer to anyone and fell asleep.

Mason had a dream. The dream showed Edward the parrot flying off into the night sky. When he woke up, he realized an island he saw in the dream was near the *Silver Cutlass*. "All hands on deck!" he bellowed. "Do you scurvy dogs think the mornin's for sleeping?!"

Lefty scratched his peg-leg in confusion. "Captain, what is your heading?"

Mason looked at Lefty and said, "Well, you should know! After all, the day we found Edward was when you lost that leg!"

Lefty looked down at his peg-leg, the one lost in that horribly disgusting way. "Aye, Captain!" The crew scrambled around, peg-legs flying, wooden eyes rolling, and hooks going this way and that. The ship set sail, speeding toward the direction where Mason thought he might find Edward.

Soon the ship reached the island. When they landed, Mason leapt down the docks and went to the pub to see if anyone knew the whereabouts of a certain green and red parrot. He found a man named One-Eye with a wooden eye that twisted and turned. Old One-Eye said that he knew a parrot was spotted flying off west to the bustling city of Port Royal. Mason readily thanked the disgusting man and was off again. As he boarded the *Cutlass*, he slammed into the ship's cook, sending a pot of stew splattering all over Lefty's beard.

Shortly afterwards, the crew of the *Silver Cutlass* was nearing the city of Port Royal. Mason longed to have his parrot perch on his shoulder, sailing, pillaging, and plundering once more.

The *Silver Cutlass* made port and Mason saw a shop where an old woman was making a living selling parrots. Mason saw the sign and dashed inside. He saw Edward at last, sitting in a small wicker cage. "Woman, I will gladly pay you in gold for this magnificent bird. What say you?" The woman almost yelped in agreement, taking the 20 pounds of gold that Mason had with him.

Mason went slowly back to his crew and ship, spending time with Edward. "You foolish rascal," Mason chuckled. "I was worried sick about your feathery hide!" Mason made it to the *Cutlass*, showing Edward to the crew. The men clapped and cheered, for their captain's best friend was back, and, in a way, so was the captain.

For many decades more, William Mason, Edward, and the crew of the *Silver Cutlass* had exciting adventures plundering the cities of the Caribbean. And all was well. That is, for the pirates.