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# I Can Hear You Calling Me

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# **I Can Hear You Calling Me**

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He woke up with the sun blinding him, it was so hot and bright. Licking his hot dry lips, he tried to shake the cobwebs in his mind free. What happened? Where was he? Hot grainy sand sunk between his fingers. Was he on a beach? Shielding his eyes, he searched left then right; he was on a beach. Just him. Not another single person in sight.

Jonathan sat up as he tried to collect his thoughts. The last thing he remembered was a boat. He was on his uncle's ship; they were headed to Port Lucia. He was on night duty. The seas were calm one minute and then Poseidon must have been angry at someone, within minutes the storm came at them. Gales were as high as twenty feet tall. The winds were raging, and he couldn't hear the men shouting but could see them shouting instructions by the looks on their faces. Everyone was working together, it was crazy. Then as quickly as it came, it disappeared. The waters were rocking the boat but not threatening to toss it. Everyone calmed down, they were jovial and relieved. He felt the same rush of emotions. It wasn't long after the men settled and were softly slumbering, he could have woke them but why bother, he had things under control.

The moon was full, and the stars were out guiding them. It was a soft sound carried to his ears by the gentle breeze. At first, he thought it was his imagination, but as they kept moving through the waters the soft singing grew louder. The melody tugged at his soul.

He changed course, heading towards the beautiful haunting voice. The song sounded like it was coming from the lips of an angel. She was out there. Somewhere. All alone. He had to find

her, rescue her and he would make her his bride. That voice was soft, pure, and perfect. It was all consuming.

Patrick one of the older men who was hard of hearing tapped him on the shoulder and was asking him why they were going the wrong way.

“Can’t you hear her?”

“Hear her?” Patrick raised an eyebrow. “Hear who?”

“I don’t know but I need to find her, save her and make her my bride.”

“What is she saying?”

“She is singing.”

His eyes went wide as he shook his head no. “Use your head boy. Look around you, we are dead in the middle of the ocean, there is no one out here but this boat, Poseidon, and that siren you hear in your head.”

“There is someone else out here,” Jonathan persisted.

“No boy, what you’re hearing is the call of the siren. I can’t let you steer us of course.”

Patrick took hold of the steering wheel and moved us back on course.

“Listen old man, there is a damsel in distress out there. We must rescue her; I have to rescue her.” Jonathan tugged the wheel back in the direction of the damsel.

Patrick shook his head and pulled them back on course. Jonathan knew better than to fight with this old man. He was one of his uncle’s favorite men on board.

“Fine.” Jonathan stormed off toward a dingy. He dropped it into the water and slid down the rope into the boat. He would go alone. He wasn’t afraid to be out on the ocean alone. He paddled towards the singing, towards his damsel. Then the wind began to pick up again and the moon disappeared, hiding in the clouds. His uncle’s boat was further and further away. It would

be nearly impossible to reach them at this point. He couldn't understand how stubborn Patrick was.

The waves started to pick up. Then there was a shadow at the bow of his dingy. Was that a human?

"Hello?" he called out to the night air. The waves were getting higher, tossing his little dingy around. For a fleeting moment, he wondered if he was stupid. Patrick had warned him of sea creatures and traps. Was this a trap? A wave took him high into the air and tossed him like a football. He held on, the rain came down heavy, the boat tipped over and it was all a blur, darkness took over.

Yet here he was sitting on a beach, in the middle of nowhere. Getting up he began walking around the beach to see how big this little island was. After walking around the little island twice, he came to the conclusion that the island was small, and he was in fact stranded on it all alone. Kicking the sand, he resigned that this was his faith.

He managed to create a shelter for himself and found a small pond that was fresh water, not salt water, what were those odds?

It had been several moons since he had been stranded on this little island, his hair grew longer and his hope of being rescued grew shorter. At night he could hear that haunting voice, calling his name. Singing and calling him to come play with her. He wasn't sure if it was all in his mind or if she really existed. Either way, it was slowly driving him insane. It's been too long, stranded on this little island, he couldn't even remember how he had got on the island, and he couldn't remember his own name. Maybe tonight if she kept singing to him, he would swim out into the ocean to find her. If he drowned, he drowned. Maybe she would finally shut the hell up.

The sun shone brightly, heating his already baked skin, and warming his thoughts as he cemented his plans for tonight.