

It was the summer of 1712; the Privateer vessel Shenanigan chugged along in the rolling waters of the Atlantic ocean, it's sails puffed out like an overzealous peacock.

The ship, a motley vessel, belonged to Captain Barns Featherstone, was infamous for its eccentric crew, brimming with far more personality than seamanship.

Captain Barns was a rotund man; a brassy demeanour, with a bicorn hat that caused him to be much more comedic than authoritative, he prided himself on leading expeditions, though he had never quite mastered the skill of navigation, this had unfortunately earned him the nickname of Captain Confusion, even his crew embraced the nickname with a hearty laugh.

Amongst his crew there was his first mate; Charles Davall, he had a knack for making problems become much worse than they would start out from, but he offered endless comic relief with his stubborn adherence to the various superstitions he learned about, no matter what culture he discovered them from

In the ships galley was the cook; William Longjohn, he had quite the remarkable culinary skill, though only you ignored the occasional 'fishy surprise' that you could find

And then there was Snappy, the ship's parrot, she had developed quite the penchant for cursing and stealing the hats directly off the heads of the crew.

One fine morning Captain Barns called the crew out on deck “Ladies and Gentlemen, gather ‘round!” he bellowed, his voice sounding so loud it echoed out across the lashing waves of the Atlantic “Today we are on a daring escapade”

“Daring escapade!” Charles raised his voice, he eyed the captain; it was his belief that all their adventures just happened to be disaster waiting to happen

“Yes!” Barns snapped “We are to capture a most elusive fish” he announced; he was barely able to contain his excitement “They say it glows in the dark and can grant wishes”

“Before or after we eat it?” William chimes, he held a pot against his waist with his left arm, while using his right hand to stir the suspicious contents within

Ignoring the jibe, Barns then unveiled a crudely sketched map adorned with doodles and what appeared to be a treasure chest with a marked ‘x’ “The legend says it swims the midnight rendezvous; if we nab it, we’ll be famous”

“Or dinner for someone else” William chimed again earning some snickers from the assembled crew

As Shenanigan continued to trudge along, the crew eagerly looked out into the thrashing waves searching the water for a glimmering of the fish; unfortunately though, thanks to the captain's navigational skills, or rather lack thereof, they had actually drifted wildly off-course, they had been sailing much closer to a dangerous stretch of ocean that would one day earn a reputation for mysterious disappearances "If we're lost, we could be in some kind of magical realm" Charles declared, gesturing the sigh of the cross repeatedly over himself

"Oh stop that blithering would you; we don't need more of those strange superstitions you keep going on about" Barns said, he could barely stop himself from slapping his forehead in frustration "Where is that idiot fish" he mumbled

"Right here" squawked Snappy as she snatched the Captain's hat as she flew by him, dropping it out into the ocean, much to the amusement of the crew

By the nightfall it had become impossible to continue the search; though that was until someone spotted a glimmering shine beneath the waves "There it is" they declared "The glowing fish"

"What do we do" William queried, his eyes shifting to turn his attention towards Barns

Charles, uncharacteristically ambitious declared in response "We catch it!"

"Good idea!" Barns shouted; his eyes gleaming with hope "William; get the nets!"

While William scrambled to fetch the oversized nets, Snappy swoop-danced overhead and mimicked the phrases of the crew “We’re gonna catch dinner; we’re gonna catch dinner”

Ignoring her quips, the crew launched the nets overboard; and after several minutes of thrashing and hollering, they pulled up, not a fish; but the captain’s hat that seemed to have mysteriously reappeared and tangled within the net “This is ridiculous” Barns huffed

With the crew now convinced they were either in a fish-less zone, or that the crew collectively was not equipped for aquatic treasures, it was William that would have sudden idea “What if we find something shiny?”

“Brilliant!” Charles shouted “Isn’t that what fish are attracted to?”

The crew quickly got to searching around the ship; finding an object that would provide a shine; various metal objects from cutlery to buttons; though William was not happy when he found someone had tossed his rum overboard, he hadn’t finished with it, and just as everyone was about to throw even more overboard someone shouted “There!; There it is!”

Lo and behold, the crew had managed to lure out a colossal fish; it had silver scales, glimmering within the moonlight, it had an otherworldly shimmer to it, the fish practically approached the ship of its own free will; it even seemed to be staring up at the crew, almost human-like “What now” Barns questioned

“Ask it for wishes!” Charles exclaimed, tossing over a few shiny coins overboard

“Wishes; you jest” spat Barns, but the crew clamoured around, the desperation rather humour and vivid

“Great and powerful fish of the Atlantic!” Barns shouted “We seek two wishes; a fine ship and a grand treasure” he shouted with an exaggerated gesture

The fish just blinked at them, belching out a ring of bubbles; a strange silence descending over the ship; the crew was leaning over; staring expectantly, then it happened, a sudden wind that seemed to come from nowhere, the waves lashed at the ship; the objects that had been previously thrown overboard finding there way back aboard.

In the flurry, the crew ducked and covered their heads as utensils and buttons along with so many other things, came hurtling back aboard, several hats being collided with, everything seemed to be raining down over them “I think we got greedy” William whispers in a panic

In the midst of the chaos Snappy soared up and snatched a shining multi-coloured fish in her beak “Look; I caught dinner” she announced

As Barns laughed uproariously; the parrot fluttered down, cascading sparkles from its beak; William catching sight of the perfect fish to cook.

From that day forward, the crew of the Shenanigan had a different tale to share, while they may not have caught the glowing fish they had set out to find, they learned that adventures, even ridiculous and chaotic ones, were the best followed with laughter, camaraderie and a taste of the unexpected.

“Rudder or no rudder” Barns said, shaking the fish in Williams hands with glee “We’re still the most fortunate ship on the high seas!”

“Cheers to that” the crew cheered raising their mugs of rum; a resounding laughter echoing out across the waves as only they could