

Creeping out of the room, I tried my best for the captain not to notice me so he couldn't pull me back. He didn't. I ran on the top deck with the gun in my hand, I blinked the worried tears out of my eyes and brought the heavy gun to my chest. Taking shots in every direction, I hoped for the best. The gun was loud, it was almost deafening.

Wiping my eyes to get clearer vision, I saw my bedroom and heard dad downstairs shouting about having dry cereal for breakfast. I needed to get the milk.

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