

# Mayday, Mayday

The waters that had rocked us gently to sleep the night before now started to breathe heavy and deep. Night crept in and the wind pressed hard against us. Dark, ominous clouds rolled in, black stallions galloping across the waves.

We huddled together in the belly of the boat, cold and helpless. We begged the storm to go away. But she would not listen to our calls for mercy.

Instead she played with us. The sea air engulfed our nostrils as she rattled the cupboard doors. Cups and plates chattered inside. The boat's sail danced and the mast and the rigging creaked and groaned high above us, an old man clinging to life.

Suddenly, the boat lurched to starboard and the table we were sitting under made its bid to escape the giant's rage.

"Mayday, mayday, this is Roger Hemmingway of The Calypso Princess, is there anybody out there? I repeat this is Roger Hemmingway of The Calypso Princess, calling for immediate help".

I shot forward, my head in a spin, icy beads of sweat on my forehead.

It had been three days since the storm.

Three days of not knowing if Alexandra was alive or dead.

Three days of this nightmare playing itself over and over again in my head.

Three days of watching the idea of being rescued quickly sink beneath the waves.

All I could do now was to fight: fight to stay alive and fight not to let go of the one precious thing I had left...hope.

I looked out to sea and prayed.

