**101 Men**

The golden sun beat down on the sand, like lava to the unsuspecting toes but a blanket of warmth for the drenched. The warm sensation is everlasting, providing the gift of warmth to the crevices of each individual toe. The palm trees flowing with the sound of the wind, always happy. Never low. Joy from the stems of its roots to the very tip of its longest mammoth of a leaf. Waving to their fellow friends surrounding them, with even the scent of cool air. The gentle whimpers of seagulls contrasting with the soothing sound of white water waves creeping its way up the shore. The hermit crabs hiding at the water's edge, waiting for an opportunity at lunch. As the salty, smooth, stench, sends stillness to his soul.

His mind clear of care and calm. A broken man, at peace. He sits sunk into his seat, his body paralyzed by the oncoming waves of warmth, which traveled millions of miles, across the Galaxy to comfort him. Wrapped tightly in warmth, but on the inside the coldness of space overwhelming him. His pathetic life merely an atom and a sea of solar systems. His life like a planet without a sun. Lifeless. Incomplete. His world engulfed by a black hole; stranded in a vacuum of nothingness. The innocent of laughter of children in the near distance calling his eyes to an object. A beautiful example of craftsmanship. A grand vessel. A sight to sore eyes. A toy. A plastic sailboat.

The contrasting colors of blues, reds and yellows made the ship pop out from the murky water. The angry waves crashed on top of the toy. As a larger wave approached the ship… it drew closer and closer, as it crashed, the man's eyes popped open.

The deafening sound of an entire sea of water beating down in his ship acted as an alarm clock for the crew of 101 men. No one thought anything of it. They were sail men after all. Some choppy waters ain't never kill anyone. But this man knew this wasn't any old ordinary storm. The screams of Thunder were louder. The shaking of the ship was stronger. The squeaks of the rubbing metal were higher pitched. Nonetheless, the crew tried to catch some Z's. After all, work at sea wasn't a stroll in the park. Another waved rolled through and punched the ship in its gut, its lungs gasping for air, its ribcage – broken, the microorganisms filling it now panicking. The screams in the background inaudible but not meaningless. The crew of 100 in men stay hidden away from their angry predecessor. Mother nature was angry. A confused teenager, improvising with each milliliter of water. He wasn't going to let Mother Nature give her children a beating.

His curiosity taking over, he stepped out into the frostiness of the night. Water seeping in through the cracks of his turned grey socks. The dark mysteriousness of the night, interrupted by the blinding light from strobe lights fighting through the silence of the night and battling through the murky, lifeless body of water. The yelps in the background of a ‘man overboard’ overwhelm his mind. His heart beating out of his chest. His salty, scruffy beard filling with his nostrils with saltiness. His battered boots weighing him down, almost trying to tell him to stop and go back to sleep. Nevertheless, his pride took control and curiosity manipulated him to follow the brightest light on the darkest ship.

His hands guide him through an endless puddle. The handrails, rusty and cold, tell a somber story. Raindrops the size of tangerine slices beat down on the ship. Poseidon was angry. Furious. A boiling kettle. Releasing his steam. Close to overflowing. The floor beneath him shaking. Like an endless earthquake. His foot footing becoming less and less precise with each step. He began to let go of caution. Let care be free. his mind blank. In autopilot. 1 misstep and he was in the bottom of the Atlantic.

The shock of the freezing water sent the man into a state of panic. The hypothermic temperatures were enough to kill a man in a matter of minutes. his arms and legs reaching sporadically, uncontrollably in every possible direction. a fish out of water. a man in water. His boots were now heavier than before, like arms trying to pull him down to play in the sand. The once far screams of a ‘man overboard’ now seemed closer. genuine. His head was now struggling to stay afloat. His body paralyzed from the chilled water, seemed useless in a completely outmatched war. His body began to slip asleep, his muscles tired, but his urge for survival, more awake than ever. Waves the size of mountains launch him into oblivion, his head reaching the surface just in time for his empty lungs to refill, before being malnourished of air again. His sinus is overflowing with the ice cold water. His cries were enough to send chills down a frozen, numb spine. His body began to slow down, but the barrage of waves seemed to only speed up.

The constant ringing overwhelmed his ears as his disoriented body began to slip. The tip of his tallest hair was now fully submerged, as he sunk to the bottom of an all-encompassing abyss. In one final act of defiance, he battled his way to the surface. fighting through every milliliter of water. His salty tear is diluted by an unrelenting body of water. He felt ever so close, but yet 1,000,000 miles away from the nonexistent light which divided life from death, as he once again began to sink his anchor to his inevitable fate. His lifeless arms reached above his head. His fingers like roots, growing, begging for a sensation other than moisture. When all hope seemed lost, he gripped his fingertips. The rough surface of a familiar friend gripped his hand back.

His lazy eyes zinged open. The veins in his arm, protruding intensely as he gripped on his pathetic example of an umbrella. The once warm sand, turned stone, cold, and dead, sent soggy moisture to the crevices of his numb toes. his body quivering like a homeless hound on a stormy night, in the grandest of cities. The palm trees lay tired and lifeless; a flag on a windless day. The screams of crows in the distance, like nails on a chalkboard. Their sly remarks intimidate even the proudest of men. The furious Choppy waves continuously beat down on the sand, which at this point was begging for mercy. The famished hermit crabs, decided lunch could wait; carrying away into their pathetic excuse of a home.  
  
He sat still, paralyzed by the traumatic times of the past. He watched as the gray sky absorbed the sun and rubbed the sky of the little joy it had left. The once happy laughter of children now bored and fed up. As they observed their ship being beaten down by an entourage of waves. Without the slightest regard of the men inside. He sat still and at peace, as he watched the boys allow their ship to drift away into an unforgiving ocean of pain and sorrow.