

The horizon was still visible. The sailing master took his lunars with one eye spinning in its orbit while looking for Penderghast or his unperceivable minions. Would he be next? What about the souls aloft? The wind could sweep them away and who'd be the wiser 'til the next watch was called? Gone were the days when we feared only the fatal knout or the neck stretched. Instead, a more potent fear had swallowed the ship whole.

Liberty could not come soon enough, though would it come at all? Would the captain grant liberty in light of this strange happening? Who would remain on the ship after three souls had miraculously vanished from its decks? If a storm turned us over, it couldn't be worse than the invisible enemy that now stalks us. What would the chaplain say on the following Sabbath morning? What answer could he possibly give for this?