

Captain Enlli Gwenllian from Pwllheli's Treasure



One Awful Evening

Welcome to The Jolly Sailor.

Come in.

What will you have?

Beer? Brandy? Rum?

Rum, of course.

*Rum is the only suitable drink
for a night like tonight.*

Sit down

in front of the fire.

*I'll bring the rum over to you
in a minute*

Where have you come from tonight?

From Caernarfon!

*Well, well. **You have** travelled far.*

*Goodness gracious. ...Listen
to that awful weather.
It's a wild, stormy **night** tonight.
It's as dark as a cow's belly.
The wind is howling
through the branches of the trees
and piercing like a knife
through every unfortunate traveller
out there.
The rain is whipping their faces
and the cold freezing their blood.
Tears are running
down the cheeks
of everyone foolish enough
to be out
on a night like tonight.
Without sufficient reason, that is.
I wasn't referring to you,
of course.*

*Do you know,
it reminds me
of another stormy evening
here in the tavern
ten years ago exactly
to tonight.
I remember the night
as if it were yesterday.
I was standing behind the bar
over there
when the door opened
and this old sailor came
in
The place was full of strangers
that night
as it happens.
People from the North,
as it happens
From Caernarfon.
I didn't know why
people from the North
had come down
to our out of the way little area.
It was no business of mine.*

*But after the old sailor walked in
it became obvious
that they had come here
to meet him.
Everyone was eyeing each other
but nobody was saying a word.
He walked up to the bar,
ordered a bottle of rum
and then,
without saying another word to me,
he turned to the Northerners who were sitting
here, by the fire,
just as you're doing.*

And he started on his story.



Listen
to that awful weather, my friends.
It's a wild, stormy night tonight.
It's as dark as a cow's belly.

The wind is howling
through the branches of the trees
and piercing like a knife
through every unfortunate traveller
out there.

The rain is whipping their faces
and the cold freezing their blood.

Close the door.

Close the curtains.

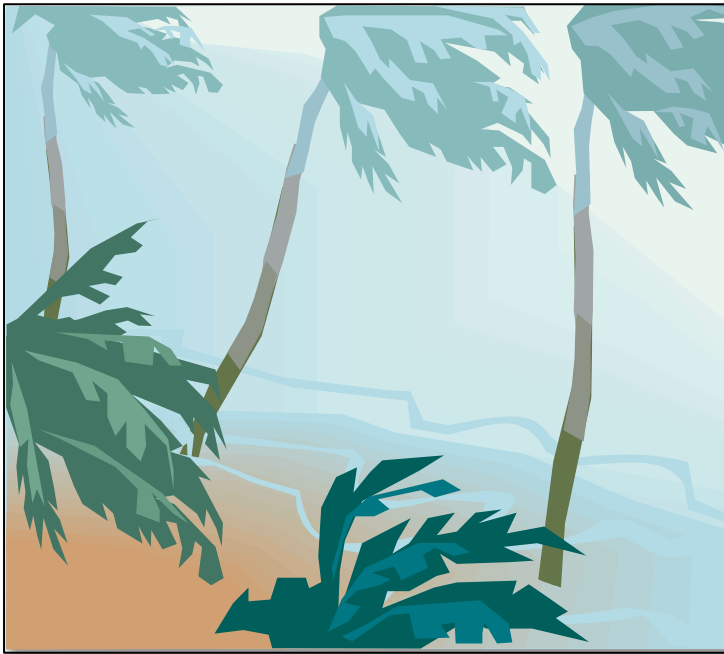
Come closer
to the fire.

Take another draught of your rum
to warm yourselves
and **open** your ears.

Open your ears

and you shall here the story
of another wild, stormy night.

A **wilder, stormier** night than tonight
in the far ends of the earth.



But **keep** your mouths shut.

Don't repeat a word
of that which

I will tell you tonight.

Not if you want to live.

Do you hear that, Mr. Landlord?

The trees have **ears**
and the bushes have **eyes**.

It was a wild, stormy night
in the Pacific Ocean
ten years exactly
ago to tonight.
I, Ceredig Caradog , **was**
on board the Prince Madog
on a long sea journey
to distant China.

The wind was howling like a monster.
The waves **were** higher
than the spire of Cardigan church
and the ship was being thrown around
like the toy of an unruly child.

The sailors **were** running around
wildly
trying to tie and retie the cargo
soundly to the deck.

Suddenly
we heard a huge crack
and when **we looked up**
what we saw
was that the mast had broken
in half.
Down it came.
Crash!

“We’re doomed”
shouted Dafydd One Tooth.
“**We’re going** to drown.”

Suddenly **the clouds parted**
and **Berwyn One Finger saw**
the outline of a steep mountain rising
out of the sea right in front of us.
“**Look, Captain**”
he said
pointing with his one finger.



“Everyone to the life boats”
shouted **Captain Rhydderch Prydderch**.
“There’s an island near by.”

And we took the boats down
and in to them
all the crew went.

“**Row for your lives**”
shouted **Ifan One Arm**.
“**I’ve forgotten the parrot**”
shouted **Gwilym One Leg**.
“Too late”
said **Ceidiog One Eye**.
“**We have to reach the island.**”
And so we went,
rowing for our lives
in the direction of the island.
The wind was deafening,
the waves vicious
and the light faltering.

Suddenly a **huge wave**
washed over the boat
knocking me
over the side and into the sea.
I swallowed a mouthful of salty water.
When my head came out of the water
the boats were far away from me.
The current was strong
and pulling me
in a different direction.
I tried swimming to the boats
but **they were** getting further
and further away.
The high waves **were**
washing over me
and **I was swallowing** more and more water.
In the end
the effort was too much for me
and **I slipped**
under the water.

When I awoke
the sun was shining
and its warmth burning my face.



I **opened** my eyes
very slowly
and that's when I **noticed**
an old man sitting
by my side

"Ah...." **he said**
"You've woken up.
I **wasn't** sure last night
whether **you'd** live or not."

"Where am I?" I **asked**.
"And where's the rest of the crew?"

"The crew **have** all
been carried by the current
to one of the other islands
which are a few miles to the south
of here"

he said.
"Either that
or **they're sleeping** with the seaweed
in Davy Jones' locker.
Anyway,
you'll never see them again."

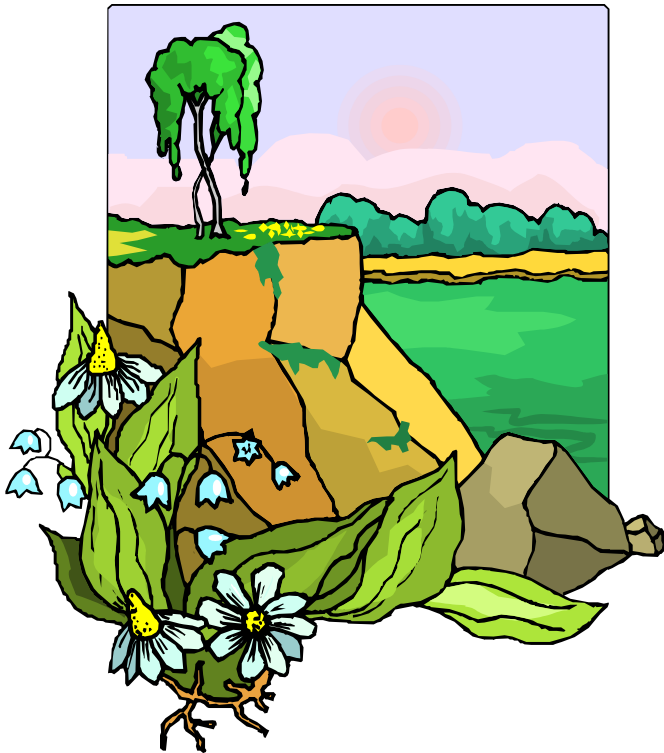
I sat up.
"Who are you?
And how **did you come** to this island?"

"Who am I?
I've been here
for so long
I've almost forgotten
who I am.
But **when I used to live**
in Fishguard
everyone used to call me Bili."

"Bili?"

"Yes. Bili Dowcar (Cormorant).
Because I'm very good at diving
off cliffs..

And talking about cliffs
do you see those marks
on the steep cliff behind you?
I've made a mark on it
every day since I
was washed ashore
here on the beach
ten years exactly ago
to last night.”



Behind him
there was a cliff covered in marks
scratched
to note the days, the weeks
the months and years
since he had been living
on the island.
Bili paused for a while
and gazed out at the waves on the sea.

“**It was** a wild, stormy night
last night
but **open** your ears
and you shall hear the story
of another wild, stormy night.

A **wilder, stormier** night than last night
here in the far reaches of the earth.

Yes. **It was a wild, stormy night**
in the Pacific Ocean
ten years exactly
ago to last night.
And **I remember** the night
as if it were yesterday.

I was aboard The Red Shark,
a pirate ship,
the ship belonging to Captain Enlli Gwenllian from Pwllheli,
the most vicious pirate
of the oceans (seven seas).



Despite the small scar
under her left ear
Captain Enlli Gwenllian was
an exceptionally beautiful woman
with **black hair** like the crow
and penetrating, **black eyes**
like nuggets of hard coal
shining in her head.
But **her heart was**
blacker than the **blackest** pit
in the bowels of the earth.

I and another ten sailors
had been captured by
Captain Enlli Gwenllian
after she and her crew attacked
our ship
a few miles
to the North of Santiago.

We were given a choice by her –
join her crew
or walk the plank!
We chose to join her crew,
of course.

I served as (I beed) a pirate on
The Red Shark
for ten years.
Ten years
of attacking cargo ships,
stealing countless treasures
and forcing other innocent sailors
either to join us
or walk the plank.

After year of plundering
cargo ships
the length and breadth of the Pacific Ocean
Captain Enlli Gwenllian
had built a fortune
for herself.
One day
she decided
that she wanted to keep all the booty
that she had stolen
somewhere safe.
Therefore, **ten years exactly ago** to yesterday,
I and three other sailors
were chosen
to go with Enlli Gwenllian
to bury a chest full of booty
here
on The Hand Shaped Island
in a secret spot.

We loaded the chest into the rowing boat
and rowed into
this small bay.
After tying the boat
to that palm tree
over there
we carried the chest
through the jungle,
over a rope bridge
which crossed a deep ravine,
to the top of the The Skull Shaped Mountain
and **into** the cave.



“Start digging here”
said Enlli Gwenllian.

It was very warm in the cave
and it took two hours
for the four of us
to dig a hole, put the chest in it
and cover it up once again.

“Back we go to The Red Shark”
said Enlli Gwenllian.

And we started back
down from the Skull Shaped Mountain
and **over** the rope bridge
which crossed the ravine.
“**You go** first, Bili”
said Enlli Gwenllian.
“**I’ll go** next
and **you three come**
after me.”

I walked across the bridge
and Enlli Gwenllian came
straight after me.
Then, suddenly,
she pulled her sword out
and with one strike
she cut the rope which was holding
the left side of the bridge secure.
The bridge turned
on its side
and **the three unfortunate sailors fell**
down to the ravine
and the wild river
below
shouting *Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!*
Then, she pulled her pistol out
and pointed it at me.
“**Back we go** to The Red Shark.
And a word of advice for you.
Don’t even think
about trying to escape.”
So **we walked back**
to the rowing boat.

Enlli Gwenllian commanded me
to untie the rope
from the palm tree,
push the rowing boat into the water
and row us
back to The Red Shark.
Enlli Gwenllian **was**
still pointing her pistol
at me.



The Red Shark was
out quite far
in the bay
and **it was taking** more time
for us to return
because (that)
I was the only one rowing.
Suddenly,
when we were half way
to The Red Shark
the weather changed.
Very black clouds came from the South,
waves started
to strike against the boat
and **it started to rain**
very heavily.
Then, **we saw** a lightening flash in the sky
a heard a huge thunderclap.
Before long
the wind was howling like a monster,
the waves were higher
than the spire of Aberaeron church
and the boat was being thrown around
like the toy of an unruly child.

“Row faster”
shouted Enlli Gwellian.
“We have to reach
The Red Shark
before the storm hits us.”

And **I started** to
row for my life
towards The Red Shark.
But it was too late.
The wind was deafening,
the waves vicious
and the light faltering.
Suddenly a huge wave
washed over the boat
knocking me
over the side and into the sea.
I swallowed a mouthful of salty water.

When my head came out of the water
the boat was far away from me.
The current was strong
and pulling me
in a different direction.
I tried swimming to the boat
but it was **getting further**
and further away.
The high waves were
washing over me
and I was swallowing more and more water.
In the end
the effort was too much for me
and **I slipped**
under the water.

The next morning
I woke up here on the beach
with blue sky and dazzling sunshine
above me.
There was no sign of the rowing boat
or The Red Shark.

I don't know
to this day
what happened
to Captain Enlli Gwenllian
and her crew
but I've lived here
for ten years
and during that time
you are the only living person
to land on this accursed isle."



Cutting a long story short,
I, Caradog,
lived
on that accursed island
for ten years
(for five years
all alone
after Bili vanished
one stormy evening).
But then, one day,
I was saved
by a boat on the way home
to London
from China.

I didn't say a word to the crew
of that ship
about the treasure buried
on the island.
Perhaps **they would**
have stolen the treasure
and left me there.
"I'll **come back** one day
to collect the treasure"
said I to myself.

And that's why **I'm here** tonight, my friends.
I'm searching for a captain
and a crew of brave and hardy sailors
to take me back
to The Skull Shaped Mountain
on The Hand Shaped Island.
There's enough booty there to share
amongst every member of the crew.
If you're interested
come back here
a week from tonight.



*And then,
without saying a word more to anyone
Ceredig Caradog vanished
through the door
and out into the rain*

*A week later
It was another wild, stormy night
and **the tavern was full**
of brave and hardy sailors.*

*But although they stayed
for hours and hours
Ceredig Caradog did not come
anywhere near the place.*

*And no one has heard a word
about him
ever since that wild, stormy night
exactly ten years ago to last night
when he vanished
out of the tavern door
into the blackness outside.*

*But last night,
as it happens,
a vey striking
middle aged woman **came**
in here,
a woman with black hair
beginning to turn grey
and two penetrating, black eyes
like nuggets of hard coal
shining in her head.*

***A sword was hanging**
from her belt
and a pistol stuffed
into her trousers.
And she had a small scar
under her left ear.*

***She sat down** by the fire
with her rum
and pulled out a map.
And as I went to put
more wood on the fire
I happened to catch a glimpse of her map.*

***I stopped in my tracks**
because right in the middle of her map
there was a hand shaped island
and on it a skull shaped mountain.*

*The woman noticed
that I was looking at the map
and she closed it immediately.*

*She knocked back her rum in one go
and then,
without saying another word
to me or anyone else,
she vanished
out of the tavern door
and into the darkness outside.*



The End