

Chapter 2 - The Peace and the Storm

March 1611

Cicely wobbled back and forth on the boat and held her stomach. She'd made a {{really}} great friend out of a {{the}} woman **named** {{,}} Temperance Flowerdew. Temperance told Cicely many stories that she {{had}} heard of **from** the new world.

"There's more land than the eye could see. Everyone who goes is richer than the richest duke in England!"

"Really?" Cicely wondered. "They must have the most delectable bakeries!"

Temperance nodded. She told Cicely that the new world **had** {{consisted of}} fresh food and an abundance of working hands. They sat together {{and talked back and forth}} while the boat teetered back and forth. {{and back and forth.}}

A droplet of rain landed on Cicely's forehead.

"Oh dear, it's looking sad out," Temperance said. She held her hand out for Cicely.

"Let's retire inside, shall we?"

They hid below deck while the *Swan* continued to rock {{until it was too much}} and Cicely requested a bucket. Pressure beat against her eyes and she gulped down searing saliva until her stomach retched. {{It scorched her throat on its way up.}} Their food wasn't good, and it was even worse when it made {{its}} **an** appearance for the second time that night.

Cicely spat until there wasn't anything else to spit. She wanted to dump the bucket, {{— it smelled—}} but the crew told them to stay below deck until the storm had passed. So, she held onto the disgusting bucket until someone else asked for one.

"It'll be over soon," Temperance promised. "These always happen."

{{They rocked back and forth and}} Cicely didn't find any rest. The boat growled and groaned and everyone held onto hushed whispers as if keeping reverent would make the storm pass even faster.

There was one tiny window near the back of the ship that kept a few {{w}} faces occupied. "I can't see anything out there! Oh wait! There's another ship!"

"Can you see the *Sea Venture*?" Cicely's question echoed off {{of}} many pale faces.

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"Samuel! Come back!" Captain Pierce's words were swallowed by a great thunder.

Samuel wiped the tempest from his eyes when he sprinted across the deck. The ship lurched to the right and he grasped a rope tightly, still pushing {{his pursuit}} forward. He had to see how bad the damage was.

The railing flailed lamely, soaked caulk splitting at the seams. {{Still, Samuel pushed forward.}} Men attempted to yell over the howling wind. Others clutched onto the rope like Samuel. John Rolfe had an arm on a door and the other fastened around his wife.

Commented [J11]: I like where you are going with this! Maybe say ...

"I can see anything out there!" chimed in one voice.

"Oh wait! There's another ship!" added another.

You can write this better than I can since you are intimate with the story, but back and forth dialogue here may be best.

Commented [J12]: No need to add "of" right after "off," it comes across as a mistake since these words are similar.

It was dark. The waves and rain slapped against the ship when it whistled. {{and g}} Glimpses of lightning gave the passengers enough light to see past their arms.

Samuel wiped his face again. {{Water drenched it over and over and he continued to wipe and}} He wrenched his way toward the ladders to the supply deck. It was full of water. The boat was sinking and there wasn't anything {{they}} he could do about it.

William Strachey stood in Samuel's way and a quick push got the man tumbling backward and clutching to the rope.

"Sorry," Samuel half-heartedly called. He gulped. The water was pitch black. He wondered if he would even be able to see anything {{,}} before he shook his head.

"Samuel!" Captain Pierce grabbed Samuel's wrist. "That's suicide!"

But it was too late. Samuel jumped into the murky salty water. A barrel slammed against his ankle and he dove under the water. The water stung his eyes like breathing blood. But it didn't matter. They needed to find the leak before they could do anything else.

Shadows enveloped Samuel when he swam up and gasped for air. A loud splash told him someone else had jumped in. He barely saw the outline of their head bobbing when he yelled, "{{s}} Search the front of the boat!"

"Okay!" John Rolfe's voice echoed back.

There wasn't time to think when Samuel dived again. He swam down {{, down, down}} and rested his hands against the sopping wood of the *Sea Venture*. It pricked against his skin, but he'd had much worse injuries than a splinter.

And then the wood vanished. Samuel swam up and gasped for air. He tried to calm his breathing before he sucked in a large gulp and dove again. Water rushed against his face and he found his spot and examined it with his hands. It was a hole the size of his arm—there were probably multiple.

"John!" Samuel gasped. "John!"

"Find it?"

"Yes!"

They swam to the ladder and John wheezed when he clutched onto it. Samuel looked up and yelled, "Will?"

There was no response. Samuel heaved himself up and the water coursed through his coat and his pants and weighed him down, but he {{reached up and}} grabbed another peg on the ladder. The ship lurched and he swung against the ladder, but still, he climbed.

"William!" Samuel yelled out the door. "I know where the leak is!"

"How do we clog it?" Captain Pierce clutched onto the door.

It was apparent now why Samuel was selected for life in Jamestown. He was a man of action, not one of hesitation. But he hadn't even thought of how to clog it. There were barrels of beer and meat and biscuits and not much else down there. They could use their clothes, but {{it would take much effort and}} with how close the top of the ship was now to sea level, Samuel doubted they had time.

Commented [J13]: Who is Will? Is he a fellow soldier? Quick introduction needed here.

Commented [J14]: Reword this action. Did Samuel or William fall backwards? This is confusing.

Commented [J15]: Hmm what do you mean by this? Like when his eyes opened under the water felt wrong and stung, like what it would be like to breathe blood? Reword it to make clear!

Commented [J16]: Why does Captain Pierce respond when Samuel is speaking to William?

“Beef?” Samuel surprised himself with that declaration. “Grab anything we can use as buckets to get the water out. We’re going to use the beef to clog it.”

“What—”

Samuel was already in the water before Captain Pierce could ask. The soldier grabbed the closest barrel and screwed it open with John. It was beer. They found another and another until they opened one full of brined beef.

The ladder was busy with men latching themselves to a peg. They pailed water out and over the side of the boat while Samuel, John, and a few others {{dived and}} shoved the tender meat in between the holes and planks with withering caulk.

It was going to be a long night.

Commented [J17]: Add that Captain Pierce said this. It gets confusing with the big description you just had who was talking.

I am trying to stay on top of clarity since you are introducing so many new characters :) I would focus on this in your next draft.

Commented [J18]: Make a stronger last sentence. “This is going to be a long night” implies that the night is annoying, not deadly like it actually is.