

SHIP WRECKED



WRITTEN BY
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ILLUSTRATED BY
Ricky Ambagan

Winner of
CANVAS'
Romeo Forbes
Children's
Storywriting
Competition



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All artworks featured in this book are by Ricky Ambagan



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The Catalina was ruined.

Blown off course by a hurricane, the ship had crashed into the rocks of the Devil's Isle. The entire crew had perished—thrown overboard into the sea, or incinerated in the blaze that consumed the lower deck.

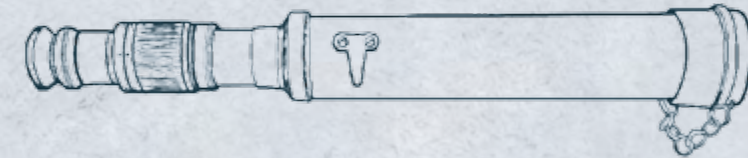
Wasak na wasak ang Catalina.

Naligaw ito ng landas dahil sa bagyo, sumalpok sa mga bato ng Isla Diablo. Nalipol lahat ng mga tauhan—naitapon sa dagat, o naabo dahil sa sunog sa ibabang kubyerta.

And now all that was left was a schooner
reduced to a pile of matchsticks, and the two
of them—captain and bosun—had escaped
by the skin of their teeth.

*Ang nalalabi na lamang ay ang barkong tila
pumpon ng mga posporo at silang dalawa—
ang kapitan at ang maestro—na nakaligtas sa
bingit ng kamatayan.*





“Salvage whatever’s left of our supplies and weapons,” said Captain Marcus Cross, peering into his spyglass at the dark jungle beyond the jagged beach. “We’ll set up camp and devise a plan to get ourselves out of here.”

“Isalba ang natitira pa nating kagamitan at armas,” utos ni Kapitan Marcus Cross, sinisipat sa teleskopyo niya ang madilim na kagubatan pagkaraan ng malubak na baybayin. “Magtatayo tayo ng kampo at magpaplano kung paano makakaalis dito.”



Alexander Sharp squinted at the setting sun.

“Aye-aye, Cap’n.”

They had better pitch camp and build a fire before dark. Evil spirits were said to roam the island, and beasts that could tear a man from limb to limb.

Inaninag ni Alexander Sharp ang papalubog na araw. “Masusunod, Kapitan.”

Dapat na silang magtayo ng kampo at lumikha ng apoy bago pa man lumatag ang dilim. Ayon sa sabi-sabi, naglalagalag ang masasamang espiritu sa isla, at mga halimaw na kayang guta-gutayin ang isang tao.





They could retrieve nothing from the submerged galley but a damp loaf of bread and a few cuts of dried meat, and the only weapons that remained were a cutlass, a dagger, and a single pistol with a half-loaded barrel.

“It’ll have to do,” said the Captain, tucking knife and sword into his belt and handing the pistol to his bosun. “You’re a better aim than I am, Master Sharp,” he added, gesturing at the patch over his left eye.

Wala silang nabawi sa lumubog na galera kundi mamasa-masang tinapay at ilang hiwa ng tapa, at ang tanging naiwang sandata ay espada, punyal, at isang pistola na kalahating kargado.

“Sapat na ito,” pahayag ng Kapitan, isinukbit ang kutsilyo at espada sa kaniyang sinturon, at ibinigay ang pistola sa kaniyang maestro. “Mas asintado ka sa akin, Master Sharp,” dagdag pa niya, itinuro ang tapal sa kaliwa niyang mata.

Together they quickly made a fire out of the timbers of the Catalina's smashed hull, and erected a crude tent out of the broken foremast and a torn sail.

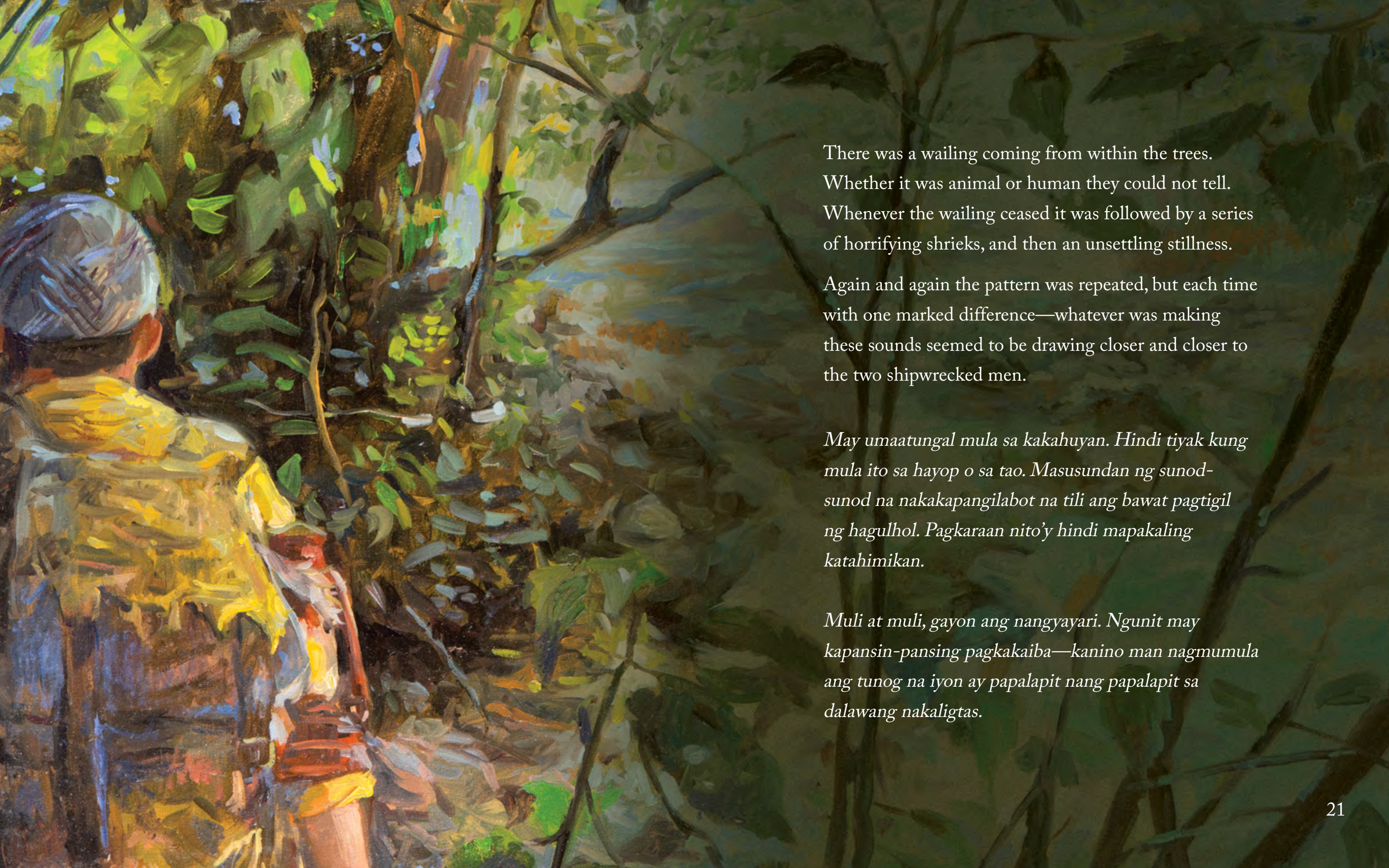
As the night crept in, transforming columns of rock around them into dark baleful shadows, an eerie silence descended over the island, broken only by sounds that would curdle the blood of the bravest of men.

Dali-dali silang lumikha ng apoy gamit ang mga tabla ng nawasak na kasko ng Catalina, at nagtayo ng gawagawang tolda mula sa baling haligi at punit na layag.

Nang kumalat ang dilim at naging aninong mapanganib ang mga haliging bato sa paligid, nakakapangilabot na katahimikan ang kumumot sa isla, binabasag lamang ng mga ugong na magpapanginig kahit sa mga tuhod ng magigiting.





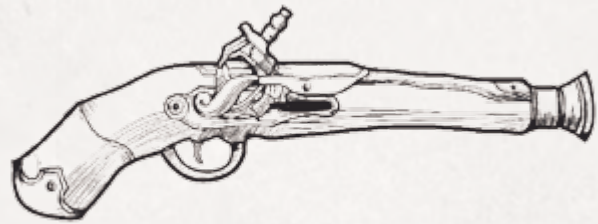


There was a wailing coming from within the trees. Whether it was animal or human they could not tell. Whenever the wailing ceased it was followed by a series of horrifying shrieks, and then an unsettling stillness.

Again and again the pattern was repeated, but each time with one marked difference—whatever was making these sounds seemed to be drawing closer and closer to the two shipwrecked men.

May umaatungal mula sa kakahuyan. Hindi tiyak kung mula ito sa hayop o sa tao. Masusundan ng sunod-sunod na nakakapangilabot na tili ang bawat pagtigil ng hagulhol. Pagkaraan nito'y hindi mapakaling katahimikan.

Muli at muli, gayon ang nangyayari. Ngunit may kapansin-pansing pagkakaiba—kanino man nagmumula ang tunog na iyon ay papalapit nang papalapit sa dalawang nakaligtas.



Nodding at one another, Marcus and Alexander silently rose to their feet. Hands on their weapons, they stood with their backs to each other and wheeled slowly around as one, their eyes searching the darkness.

Tumango sa isa't isa, tahimik na tumindig sina Marcus at Alexander. Hawak ang mga sandata, tumayo silang patalikod sa isa't isa habang maingat na umiikot sa paligid, sinisiyasat ng kanilang mga mata ang karimlan.





And in the shadows Marcus saw two yellow eyes. He nudged at Alexander to warn him, but he was already staring at another pair of gleaming eyes advancing towards them, its approach accompanied by a low, rumbling breath.

Sa mga anino, natanaw ni Marcus ang dalawang matang dilaw. Siniko niya si Alexander upang balaan ito, ngunit napatitig siya sa paparating na panibagong pares ng kumikinang na mata, may hatid na mahina at umuugong na paghinga sa paglapit nito.

If only these sets of eyes appearing in the dark had stopped at two, but in a moment there were three, then four, then five pairs of them in all.

Immediately, there followed a chorus of growls and the flash of sharp white teeth. And then they pounced, all of them at once.

Mainam sana kung dalawang pares lamang ng mga mata ang lumitaw sa kadiliman, walang ano-ano'y naging tatlo, naging apat, naging limang pares ang lahat ng ito.

Biglang sumunod ang koro ng mga angil at ang siklab ng matatalas na puting pangil. At sila, lahat sila, ay sabay-sabay na nanunggab.





Heavens, what freakish beasts they were!

Massive, horned, six-legged, hairy, with thick, foul-smelling drool dribbling from enormous jaws.

One of them sank its teeth into Marcus's neck. Another seized Alexander by the ankle, and a third latched on to his wrist. The last two hung back, circling the melee for an opening strike.

Mahabaging langit, makatindig-balahibo silang mga halimaw!

Dambuhala, may mga sungay, anim ang mga binti, balbon, may malapot, kasuka-sukang tumutulong laway mula sa malapad nilang panga.

Ang isa sa kanila'y kinagat ang leeg ni Marcus. Ang pangalawa'y sinakmal ang bukong-bukong ni Alexander, at ang ikatlo'y sinaklot ang kaniyang galanggalangan. Ang nalalabing dalawa'y umaaligid-aligid, umiikot sa bangayan upang makadaluhong.

Marcus had let his cutlass fall and was now struggling to pry his attacker's jaws open with both hands. The moment the beast was off him, he pulled the dagger out of his belt and plunged it into its belly. It howled angrily, but the blade left barely a scratch on its thick, dense hide.

Meanwhile, Alexander had wrenched the creatures off his wrist and ankle and hurled them away with all his might. He reached for the half-loaded pistol and fired every shot—bang! bang! bang!

Sadyang binitawan ni Marcus ang kaniyang espada at ngayo'y sinusubok ibuka ang mga panga ng sumalakay gamit ang parehong kamay. Sa sandaling nakawala siya sa halimaw, binunot niya ang punyal mula sa kaniyang sinturon at agad na pinagsasaksak ang tiyan ng halimaw. Galit itong pumalahaw, ngunit bahagya lamang nagalos ng punyal ang makapal at siksik nitong balat.

Samantala, nakabalikwas si Alexander sa mga halimaw at binalibag niya ito sa abot ng kaniyang makakaya. Inabot niya ang kaniyang pistola at pinaputok ang bawat bala—bang! bang! bang!





Three devil hounds yelped and fell to the ground.

“Captain!” cried Alexander, snatching up the fallen cutlass and levelling it at one of the two remaining beasts about to spring on them anew.

Marcus was already dealing with the other and jabbing at it with his dagger. But were bladed weapons any use against these monsters? They might as well have been holding spoons.

Umatungal ang tatlong asong diyablo at bumagsak sa lupa.

“Kapitan!” hiyaw ni Alexander, agad niyang pinulot ang nahulog na espada, nakaasinta sa isa sa dalawang halimaw na nauulol sa paglapa sa kanila.

Nakikipagbuno na si Marcus sa isa at sinasaksak niya ito gamit ang punyal. Ngunit ano ang silbi ng mga sandatang ito laban sa mga halimaw? Parang mga kutsara lang ang hawak nila.

And if that wasn't troubling enough, the three fallen hounds, thought to be dead, suddenly clambered to their feet, very much alive.

"Curses!" Marcus and Alexander whispered under their breath at the same time. "What do we do now, Captain?" said Alexander.

"Think fast, Cross," Marcus muttered to himself, "think fast or you'll both be dead." His eye then fell on the fire they had built from the wreckage of the ship.

Dumagdag pa sa kanilang bagabag na ang tatlong asong halimaw na inakalang napaslang ay agad namang bumangon, maliksing-maliksi.

"Yawa!" sabay na hinihinal na bulong nina Marcus at Alexander. "Ano na ang ating gagawin, Kapitan?"

"Maging alisto, Cross," bulong ni Marcus sa sarili, "maging alisto o pareho kayong lagot." Natanaw niya ang apoy na kanilang pinarikit mula sa mga piraso ng barko.





“Torches!” he cried, and bolted away to pluck a blazing firebrand out of the pyre.

“Catch!” He flung it in a sweeping arc over to Alexander, who caught its unlit end deftly with one hand.

Marcus drew out another torch and together they menaced the beasts with heat and flame.

“Mga sulo!” sigaw niya, at kumaripas ng takbo upang agawin ang nagliliyab na panggatong mula sa siga.

“Saluhin mo!” Inihagis niya ang liyab kay Alexander, na maliksing nasalo ng isang kamay ang bahaging ‘di nagbabaga.

Muling kumuha ng liyab si Marcus at sabay nilang binantaan ng init at lagablab ang mga halimaw.

“Back, you devils!” they cried.

But could these beasts be killed with fire, and could they survive long enough to escape from this cursed island?

“Urong, mga yawa!” sigaw nila.

Ngunit kaya bang puksain ng apoy ang mga halimaw, at kaya ba nilang makaligtas sa ganitong paraan hanggang sa makatakas sa islang isinumpa?





“Boys, it’s time for dinner!”

The voice was like a hundred lightbulbs lighting up a pitch-dark room, instantly turning the Devil’s Isle back into a small garden in an average suburban village.

The shipwrecked Catalina was again no more than a large dented washtub, its crew an assortment of stuffed toys. Their weapons were only made of plastic, their flaming torches only flashlights fished out of the kitchen drawer. And the five monstrous beasts? Just Max, Trixie, and their three frisky puppies.

“Mga anak, hapunan na!”

Mistulang sandaang bombilya ang tinig na iyon na nagliwanag sa pusikit na silid, agad-agad na naging munting hardin ng isang karaniwang pamayanan ang Isla Diablo.

Wala na ang nabagbag na Catalina kundi isang malaking yuping banyera, may mga tauhan ng sari-saring manyika. Yari lamang sa plastik ang mga sandata, ang sulong naglalagablab ay mga flashlight na nakuha mula sa kaha sa kusina. At ang limang mabagsik na halimaw? Sila’y sina Max, Trixie, at ang kanilang tatlong malikot na tuta.

Marcus tugged the black felt patch off his eye and Alexander brushed the dry leaves off the seat of his shorts. They looked at each other and shrugged.

“To be continued!” they promised one another out loud, and grinned at the figure smiling fondly at them from the door of their cozy little house.

“Coming, Ma!” said the brothers, and with their arms over each other’s shoulders, they made their way inside.

Binatak ni Marcus ang itim na telang tapal sa kaniyang mata at pinalis ni Alexander ang mga tuyong dahon sa likod ng kaniyang salawal. Nagkatinginan sila at nagkibit-balikat.

“Abangan ang susunod na kabanata!” mariin nilang pangako sa isa’t isa, at saka ngumisi sa pigurang masuyong nakangiti sa kanila mula sa pinto ng kanilang maaliwalas na munting tahanan.

“Nariyan na, Inay!” sabay na winika ng magkapatid, kapwa magkaakbay papasok ng kanilang bahay.





About the Author

Becky Bravo grew up in a house with a garden and a grassy backyard surrounded by fruit trees. Back in those days, kids owned fewer toys than they do today, so she and her siblings and their neighborhood friends had to rely quite a bit on their imagination. The house and the yard they learned to turn into any place they wanted it to be—an arena, a hospital, a distant planet—while they made believe they were whoever they pleased: fancy dog handlers, doctors, astronauts on a mission. She lovingly dedicates this story to the kids of her generation.

About the Artist

Ricky Ambagan finished BFA Viscom from the University of the Philippines – Diliman. He currently resides in the mountains of Rizal with his wife Tonet and their three Marco, Jolo, and JC. He has been busy drawing and painting since childhood. This is the first time he has illustrated a book.

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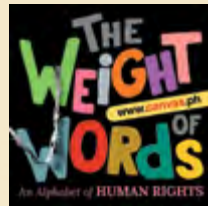
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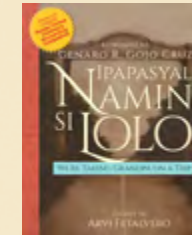
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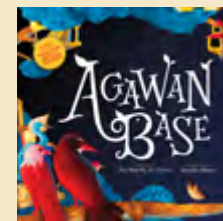


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Will they survive long enough to escape from this cursed island?

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