Harry held the wheel of his ship with his strong, old sea-rusted hands as a violent storm raged. Huge waves crashed violently against his ship. Salt spray lashed his deeply lined face plastering his think grey hair against his freckled cheeks. His cloudy blue eyes were fixed upon the jagged black rocks as they loomed closer. The sea was all Harry had ever known and he was not afraid of it. “You are not going to take us this time,” Harry bellowed and, with his pipe hanging from the corner of his blistered lips, he smiled and began to sing.