

Devil Fruit: ito ito no mi.

Clairo was a girl like any other who grew up in Sabaody Archipelago, emphasizing the past tense. She changed into someone very different. But we are getting ahead. A story has to be told from the beginning.

Clairo Rae was born 20 years ago on a pirate ship during a nasty storm.

Her parents, Eliza and Frederic Rae, were both captains of a large pirate crew: The Stray Cats. They met as rivals, battling it out on the many islands that they visited. Time passed and their intense feelings over who has the best, made them see the good things in each other. First they gained respect, then love.

Her mother was cursing their first meeting during childbirth as the ship trashed on the waves. She felt sick in more ways than she ever could have imagined, even more than that one time on Cool-Breeze-Island. Still the most wrongly named island Eliza had encountered.

Blackjack Morrigan bursted through the door. "Captains we need one of you on the ship. It is taking massive damage due to the winds." "Any islands or coves in sight?" Frederic asked as he stood up, still holding his partner's hand. "No sir, and the log pose is still pointing downwards." Frederic wavered but then felt the squeeze of Eliza's hand. "Go be and be the captain. I'll be fine." Frederic nodded, grabbed his hat and ran out. "Blackjack, you stay here and make sure The captain is all right!" Blackjack saluted and rushed to Eliza's side, grabbed a damp towel and patted her forehead with it.

"STATUS?" Frederic shouted to their navigator Everhardt. "most of the crew is tightened somewhere on the ship. The battle bros are both out of commission. Alfonse got hit on his head while pushing Edward out of the way. You know how they get when one of them is out of commission." Frederic nodded, "The ship?" "The railing has been battered a great deal, and there is a hole right above sea level but Sanchez is already on it." Frederic nodded. "Any idea on how long this storm will continue?" Everhardt shook his head, "No, no idea. Storms this close to the red line are too unpredictable. I think our best bet is to go and make sail for Sabaody Archipelago!" "And how long would that take?" The navigator shrugged.

"In clear weather i would say an hour or 2, but now... In this shit storm? who knows."

Frederic placed his hand on his navigator's shoulder. "Let's hope we find it quickly. This ship needs a safe haven. Now go and tell the crew to be safe but ready when I need them. It could be we need to loosen or tighten the sails. We don't know yet with the storm. I'll be at the helm with Kell." Everhardt saluted and went on his way, swaying on the deck as it rose and fell on the waves. Frederic himself grabbed the railing and walked upwards towards where the helm was. There stood the burly Octopus fishman of the crew, Kell, holding the wheel firmly in his eight hands. "How we doin' Cap'n?" "Well Eliza is almost bursting at the seams and was cursing my name before Blackjack came in and told me the situation here." "SO everything is going just right?" "Indeed it is Kell, indeed it is. Steer towards starboard Kell, Sabaody should be there." "And a safe port?" "as safe as we get as a pirate crew Kell." "That's safe enough for me Cap'n, you and Captain always keep us safe." Frederic smiled. Suddenly Blackjack's voice pierced through the storm. "CAPTAIN FREDERIC, CAPTAIN ELIZA GAVE BIRTH! IT IS A BABY GIRL!" as the words died in the storm, the mangroves of Sabaody showed. "Get us to port Kell!" Frederic said with the biggest smile.

5 years had passed since that fateful night on stormy water. Clairo, who was now a funny adorable looking little child, has had a fun childhood surrounded by most of her parents' friends.

The Stray Cats were disbanded after their arrival on the archipelago. The captains decided that it was better if they quit the pirate life, seeing as they had a small child to care for now. They gave their crewmates the choice to stay behind with them or they could make their own crew or join another pirate's crew. They were on the perfect spot, seeing as almost all pirate crews had to pass through Sabaody Archipelago. Some of the crew started a new crew called Little Cat Crew, honoring the birth of Clairo. Most stayed behind and started to settle on grove 53, a shipwright grove. The Stray Cats transformed from pirates to coating specialists.

Now we zoom in on Little Clairo. She is waggling around on the docks, waving towards the several carpenters she knew. "Hi uncle Everhardt, hi uncle Blackjack!" the little child yelled out gleefully. The two men waved back from their seating on the scaffolding. Large buckets full of coating were being pulled up to their point. "Can i come up to where you guys are?" Clairo asked, using her hands near her mouth to amplify her voice. "Sure come up," They began, but their face quickly dropped and they got a frightened look in their eyes. "thinking about it, maybe you shouldn't little one" Everhardt said. Blackjack didn't even talk to Clairo any longer, "It was all Everhardt's idea boss, i had nothing to do with it." Clairo, whose own face went from true glee to watery eyes, looked back and saw her father standing omniscious. He squinted angrily towards his two greatest coaters. "If you guys weren't so good at your jobs..." "But we are Captain!" Blackjack said. Frederic shook his head, "You are indeed." He patted Clairo on the head and pushed her forward, making her follow him. "Hey Clairo, let's go and see what mommy is up to"

Clairo ran towards the door of their house. She was at the moment winning a race from her father. Her father had said that if she won, she would get an extra dessert. That was one of the greatest prices in Clairo's eyes. As she pushed open the door, Clairo saw her mother putting a strange looking fruit into a chest that stood on the dining table. Her mother looked down at the little scallywag and jumped.

"Oh Clairo, my dear. You made me jump!" Eliza quickly closed the lid of the chest, picked it up and placed it back somewhere in the kitchen.

[You don't have to be so secretive mommy,] Clairo thought. [That dessert fruit you just put away is already mine. It doesn't have to be placed away!]

"Mommy, mommy, I won a race against daddy! Now I get an extra dessert!!" "Does she?" Eliza looked with a sideway glance towards her husband. Who just sheepishly laughed and shrugged. "I had to take her mind away from climbing into the scaffolding." he said with a closed mouth. "Who gave her that idea?" SHe mouthed back, both mother and father now looking at their child playing with some wooden blocks.

"Who do you think?"

"Blackjack?"

"And Everhardt?" Eliza looked with a shocked look towards her husband.

"I thought he would be smarter than that."

"I think his relationship with Blackjack made him more risqué. And besides, he was a pirate just like us before. It is not like he was that cautious to begin with"

Eliza nodded slowly. "That is certainly true... Wait, where is Clairo?" both parents looked back over towards the corner where their little one had been playing just moments ago, but now it was empty. Both started shouting her name and running around in their house. Frederic flew up the stairs to the first floor while Eliza sprinted towards the kitchen. She gasped as she witnessed the scene in the kitchen.

"She isn't here!" Frederic shouted.

"Fre, Fre, Frederic! Kitchen!!!!!" Eliza yelled in a panic. What Frederic saw as he entered the kitchen, he would never forget. He saw his little girl with a strange colored half eaten fruit in her hand. Her cheeks bloated from a mouthful of the strange stuff. His wife looked petrified as she spoke the following words. "Sweetey, I need you to spit out what you have in your mouth. Can you do that for mommy?" And then Clairo swallowed.

17 years later

Clairo, now a full grown woman, ran out of her room meaning to exit the house. "Don't forget to eat something!" Her dad shouted, so Clairo snatched a pre-made sandwich from the dining table. "Say hey to mom and the guys from me!" Frederic said as the door fell shut behind her.

[I should do my chores quickly, then I can go try to find old man Kurk for some combat training!] She thought to herself as she ran down the hill towards the former "Stray Cats" dock.

"Heya Little Clairo, can we get a string over here?" a couple of old timers asked. They stood next to a bench which appeared to have a broken leg.

"Of course you couple of Old timers." She approached them, string began to coil up in her hands as it sprouted from her body. "Want me to fix it while we are at it?"

The trio of old men nodded. "Yes please, the knots of the Stray Cat Coaters are much better than anything we could make!" Clairo pushed aside the old men, and crouched near the bench. She held her hand impatiently out for the bench leg.

"Oh yeah, here you go miss." The one holding the wooden stick said.

Clairo twirled the stick around before placing it in a 90 degrees angle against the horizontal part of the bench. She lashed her string around the bench so it stayed in place. She tugged the leg and it wobbled more than she liked. She looked back at the old men, who were already happy that their bench stayed put. But Clairo, as a child of now carpenters/Shipwrights, wasn't happy with the result.

[Maybe I should try *that* thing.] She thought to herself, as she placed her palm against the wooden leg. She positioned it so her palm was pushing the leg firmly and snugly against the main wood of the bench. She thought back to what Kurk told her about combat and Devil Fruit powers. "*Clairo,*" *the old man would say, "If you want to get the most out of your fruit and tap into its ultimate potential, you should think about naming your abilities. All the greats name their abilities and saying the names of these attacks will fill you and your allies with hope while instilling fear in your enemies' hearts."*

"Trigger..." The White haired girl whispered and a loud **Thwang** noise could be heard. Clairo looked down at her hand and saw a line of straight, hard string that had shot out of her palm.

"Euhm miss, What did you just do? And is that also part of your plan?" One of the geezers said. Clairo looked over to where he pointed and then saw that the string had pierced not only through the leg and the beginning of the board. But it had pierced through the whole horizontal area.

[Maybe Kurk was right about Devil Fruit abilities...I have never shot one as strong as this before.] She quickly stood up and scooted over to the other side, she pulled out her boot knife and cut the string close to the board. She picked up the now loose thread and placed her finger against the end-point. It pierced her outer layer of skin with ease, a small droplet of blood formed. She placed the finger in her mouth.

"Here you go guys" she mumbled. "This should do the trick."

The trio bowed and said their thanks. As Clairo moved away, she could hear them talk excitedly about how sturdy the bench now was. The smile on her face grew larger.

"That was enough for me. Can I go now mom?" Clairo asked after hauling buckets of coating up and down scaffolding for the last 3 hours. Her mom, who had just been busy talking to a pirate captain, was counting the money they had just made from their latest job. Eliza waved her away. "Yes yes, you can go and do whatever people your age do now-a-days but be back before dinner! Dad is cooking and you know he insists on eating together!" "Yeah, sure, I promise!" Clairo yelled as she bolted out of the office. "Young people, am I right?" Eliza said at one of her clerks. "Yes ma'am" The clerk said. "But at least she isn't setting out to sail right!" at this Eliza smiled and brought her focus back to her work.

Clairo rushed through the different groves that made up the Archipelago. She had a lot of ground to cover. Herself and her family lived in the grove that they worked in. Grove 53. But Kurk was an old pirate, one that didn't settle down like her mom and dad had done. So he had chosen to live in one of the more lawless groves. Which sometimes made it difficult for Clairo to get back to Kurk without any troubles. Clairo felt in her body that this trip would not be as easy as other ones.

"Hey you, White head! Hey, hey Whitey!! Stop right there" [ah, there it was.] Clairo thought as she saw a trio of bandits crawl out of the bushes. A bigger fellow was flanked by two lanky guys. One with a dirty blond mop of hair and one with a raven haired pulled into a ponytail. She now knew from where that uneasy feeling came. Clairo stopped and waited for the trio to approach here. "And you guys are?" She asked them.

"We are.... *Friends*... from Kurk. and Kurk owes us something. He can't give us what he owes, but you can help us with that right? I mean, that's what friends are for right?"

Clairo looked the three of them over. Her confidence in them being real friends of Kurk was low, very low. She saw the left most bandit creeping forward. In response, Clairo took a step backward. The one in the middle, a tall man with an ugly scar across his cheek, placed his hand on a dagger that was tucked away in his belt.

"Now just stay here. Nothing will happen if you cooperate." He let the words trail.

"And if I don't?"

"Let's just say it wouldn't be in your best interest. Besides, it is just about money."

"Do I look like I carry around a lot of money?" The young adult woman said. Her eyes kept darting from left to right and back. The other two were trying to circle around Clairo so she would be surrounded. Clairo knew that situation could only end badly for her

"Maybe you don't, but your parents do. They run a fairly successful coating business, don't they."

"That's none of your business. Normally I would say it had been a pleasure to meet you. But it really hasn't. Now I think it's time for me to leave."

"That's not for you to decide," Ugly cheek scar told her. "Blake, Max, get her!"

Clairo jumped backwards, making the first one stumble as he tried to latch on to her. She dropped a string down and attached it to her boot knife. She pulled it up and grabbed it in to her hand right as the second one swung with his knife. Sound of metal on metal rang through the small clearing.

"How did you," the one with the knife sissed as he tried to overpower her. Clairo kicked against his kneecap, which made the bandit buckle before punching him square in his face. A tooth flew out as he hit the ground.

Now the first one, either Max or Blake, Clairo didn't knew which one, stepped up after he stumbled.

"You sure you want to try this, Clumsy?" She said with a grin. Clumsy looked back at the one Clairo had deemed to be the boss.

"It's just a young girl Max, just don't fuck up!"

Clairo swept her foot over the earth to broaden her stance. She knew a quick surprise attack like she did before would not work on this one. Clumsy approached her very carefully. Even though Cheek Scar had told him that he was fighting just a girl. Clumsy did not have a lot of confidence.

[This is probably the first time someone actually fought back against them. I'll have to make sure this is a lesson for them. Can't have them prey on anyone any longer.]

Clairo motioned to Clumsy to close the distance. He jabbed with his dagger as he stepped forward, Clairo could easy parry each attack with her own knife.

[If he keeps fighting this conservatory, I won't be able to counterattack efficiently. I should try and attack him. Show him what a real attack looks like.]

"This all you got? These piss-poor attacks, I can parry all day. I will show you real offense."

Clairo feinted with her dagger towards the man's eyes. He blinked in fear and pulled his hands up. Which left his stomach area open. Clairo frontkicked him as hard as she could in his stomach. Air and spit forced their way out of Clumsy's mouth as he doubled over in pain. She quickly hit him on the back of his head with the hilt of her dagger, knocking him out.

"It seems that only the two of us are left, big boy." Clairo tried to sound as menacing as she could.

"You, you think I am afraid of you?" Cheek Scar said as he stumbled backwards, his dagger held high but trembling.

"Oh, I think we both see and know you are. Especially after seeing those goons of yours handled so easily.

"We both know those are chump change." He said through gritted teeth.

"Seems you are the same honestly. All talk, no bite." Clairo rushed forward a few meters, in doing so scaring Cheek Scar, who turned around as fast as he could and sprinted away from the clearing.

“Trigger!” Clairo shouted. The sound of splitting air filled the clearing followed by the sound of pierce flesh.

“Argh” The bandit cried out as he fell down on the earth. He looked at his feet and could distinguish a thread going through both of his achilles heels. His face dropped.

“You have, you are.. one of those... *Devil fruit users*. “ He whispered.

Clairo nodded. “I ate the Ito ito no mi. I am a breathing, living string person. Nice to meet you!” and she kicked the face of the bandit knocking him out.

As Clairo took in the battlefield, the sound of applause approached.

“Bravo Clairo, Bravo. Just magnificent how you handled those bandits.” Clairo looked up and saw a small figure creep out from behind a mangrove tree. The figure was hunched over a walking cane, had long flowing hair pulled into a ponytail. His face was leathery with a lot of wrinkles. For most the man looked like an old frail grandpa-character, for Clairo he was her reckless pirate-combat-trainer. She looked at him surprised.

“You, you knew of all this” She motioned to the trio of unconscious men.

“Of course I did! Did you really think I would be in debt with a couple of losers like these three?”

“Euhm, you owe money to someone new every week or so.”

Kurk smiled, “That may be true. But I am never in trouble and I certainly would not need the help of a young rascal like yourself.” Clairo tried to get a word through but Kurk continued.

“It was I who orchestrated this all Clairo. I hired these three third-rate bounty hunters to give you confidence and show you that you are strong. and voila. It seemed my plan did work! Look at your work. Beautiful.”

“You really think so? That I am strong?”

“Of course I do. The evidence is right here, isn’t it girl!” He pointed once more at all three individuals. “Not everyone can take out these three... Well not so quickly as you did. “

Clairo turned giddy.

“So you think...” She dug her toes into the earth and turned with her foot. “You think I could set sail and become a pirate?”

Kurk nodded.

“I most certainly think you could do that! Clairo you have the blood of two pirates in you and me, an old shark as your teacher. If you can’t make it on the seas, than who does.”

Clairo pondered about it. “Hmmm Yeah, if you say so.”

“I do say so!!” Kurk patted her on her back. “You could travel the other half of the Grand Line. Something your parents never did. It would be nice if the litter of the Stray Cats fulfilled their early dreams. And of course, your own dreams.” Kurk winked.

Clairo’s eyes glazed over as she thought of all the different adventures she could have and the islands she could discover and explore. Kurk snapped his fingers in front of her eyes.

“See that’s what I mean. I just mention sailing and you drift away. If you don’t go and set out to sail this day. I wil put you in a wine barrel and throw you off this damn island!” Kurk said with a big smile. Clairo pushed him away.

“urgh you old guy. Just shut up already. I’ll leave this island! I promise!”

“Tonight?”

“Euhm, give me a couple of days! I need to find a ship that would take me. Don’t forget I am a hammer on the seas!”

The old man threw his hands up.

"Okay, because it's you, I will give you a couple of days. But after 5 day, I will throw you into the waters! Ship or no ship, devil fruit be damned!!" They both laughed.

"Don't you have a ship Kurk? I know it would be a big ask but I would be out of your hair as quickly as tonight!"

Kurk sat down on a stump and pulled out his pipe. He filled it with some green herbs. Clairo always thought it was a kind of drug, something mind numbing. Because after smoking from that particular pipe, Kurk was always more mellow. More subdued. Clairo didn't like Kurk smoking the drug, but she had heard some stories, from Kurk, from her parents and from patrons in the various inns. Kurk had seen some shit, if he felt that he needed the drugs. Clairo would not intervene or even tell him about her reservations. She had too much respect for the old pirate.

Kurk inhaled the smoke, let it sit in his mouth before blowing the smoke out via his nose.

"I am sorry Clairo, can't help you with that. My ship." He took a long drag of his pipe. "My crew perished and my ship with it. The only thing I still have from the ship, I always carry with me." He patted his chest pocket. Clairo could faintly see the outline of a piece of wood. Clairo could only think it was probably a shard of his old ship.

"Clairo, when you finally settle on a ship. Take care of it," He placed his hand on her knee.

"Really take care of it."

Clairo nodded and placed her hand on top of Kurk's. "Any other advice for me, old-timer?"

"There is no shame in being a helping hand on a ship. As long as the captain is dependable. But I think you are a good judge of character. After all, you came looking for me after meeting me only one time." Clairo smiled fondly as she thought back to her first meeting. She followed him home after seeing him talk about his past exploits as a pirate. Seeing him quickly dispose of a couple of thugs after they got too rowdy certainly helped in peeking her interest in him.

"We sure had a lot of fun together, didn't we Kurk?"

He nodded, "We sure did Clairo, we sure did."

"Can I give you one last piece of advice Whitey?" Kurk asked Clairo, she nodded.

"Be careful of certain pirates. Especially here on Sabaody. This new generation, these supernova's. They are all here. And they are Dangerous!"