

“This one is for you, father,”

Jib was sitting down next to the long river of the symp town, watching the glistening water already filled with multiple colourful flowers that the others had released. The remembrance festival was supposed to be a light-hearted way to celebrate one’s loved ones who had passed on, a season full of festivities and feasts. In Jib’s case, however, it was different. Every year, the short sailor would release a flower for his father, Captain Davy Stern. The difference between Jib and another symp that would do the same was that Davy Stern was still alive.

Jib Stern grew up thinking that his father was a great sailor, the best one, even, before his untimely passing. One that had put the needs of others before his own, one that had cared for the community, one that had left home to do great deeds. The first part was true though, at the beginning of his life, Davy was one of the best sailors out there. He sailed the seas with his crew, doing good deeds, just like Jib’s grandfather. After a horrible accident, the crew got stuck on a really far-away island and Davy had to resort to things that he never in his life would ever think he’d do. Desperate times called for desperate measures. Davy Stern became ruthless, evil, a downright horrible bastard that would eventually terrorize the seas with his very name. “Devil’s grin” he’s known as now, not “The Great Sailor Davy” like Jib was lead to believe.

Jib was already releasing flowers for his father every year. Despite hearing the news that his father was still alive, he continued. Davy Stern was dead in his eyes.

“The real you died a long time ago,” he whispered under his breath and released the pastel blue flower into the water. He watched as the flower made its way down the river, joining the others a bit further down. The festivities that were loud around him turned into a strange silence when Jib looked down at the water. He saw his face twist into a strange grin for a second, his fur turning green, his hair turning into long tentacles, he looked like Davy. Jib flew back, feeling his body start to hyperventilate, and sweat started to run down his forehead. He felt a hand on his shoulder and jumped at the sensation.

“How are you, love?” it was just Elise, Jib’s wife, holding their son “I know you want to be alone for this, but I’m done releasing flowers. It’s been a while, dear.” Jib smiled at his wife and stood up, grabbing the sailor hat that had been lying on the ground next to him.

“Yeah, sorry,” Jib answered “I’m fine, just got a little bit carried away in my thoughts, that’s all” He hugged Elise. Nimbus grabbed at Jib with his small hands, a signal that he wanted to be carried. Elise handed the small bappy over. Despite being sleepy a lot of the time, Nimbus was active and interested in his surroundings, it was his first remembrance festival after all.

“Let’s go to the market, I think this little guy might want to try all the food and snacks this holiday has to offer” Jib chuckled and booped Nimbus’ snout “Let’s go!” Elise giggled at her husband’s goofiness and grabbed his hand.

Davy Stern might be a heartless soulless monster, but Jib made sure not to be like him. Jib was loving, making sure his son would take over him and NOT his grandfather. Still, Jib felt the anxiety in him... Davy started out just like him, a caring sailor who wanted the best for his family.