

“Ye there, ye look like ye’ve got plen’y of livin’ to do.” The Captain called out to a white, butterfly-themed CCCat amongst the mixed crowd, paired with another sparkly, silvery, droopy eared member of the species. “The ones wit’ the butterflies and the sparkles!” The two stopped to look at the old Gravent. The silver CCCat flared a sabre-toothed grin. Using their natural ability of telepathy, the CCCats were able to communicate to each other without saying a word out loud.

“Kicho, this old-timer’s calling for us to join him. Wanna go see?” The sabre-toothed CCCat, Dreamer, spoke with a hint of a scheming tone in the mind.

“I don’t know, I’m not overly in the mood for any games right now.” Kicho, clearly having a grumpy tone, started to walk off until Dreamer caught him. Kicho looked at him with the impression of a scowl.

“Buuut he could get us some good stuff, better than what we find here or anywhere close. Come on, what do you say?” Dreamer kept up the grin as he motioned to The Captain. “I hear there are rare sea butterflies that migrate between islands.” Kicho’s head turned to face Dreamer’s once more, but with what looked like a raised eyebrow.

“Okay.” Kicho replied after a moment of silence. Dreamer pumped the ground with glee as he yanked Kicho towards the old Gravent. Dreamer’s sabre-toothed grin glistened in the bright sun.

“You called?” Dreamer slid up to the old Captain with his big grin.

“Aye, that I did!” The Captain exclaimed. “Yer friend ‘ere reminds me of them tales of the fabled sea butterflies they’s be tellin’ me about.” The Captain motioned to a couple tending to a fruit stand. “Real fine pretties that go fer quite the bounty in these ‘ere parts.” Kicho’s posture stiffened as his head turned towards Dreamer, once again using telepathy to communicate.

“We are **not** selling any of those sea butterflies, Dreamer.” He uttered in a stern tone.

“Relax,” Dreamer telepathically replied dismissively, but also sincerely, “we won’t be selling any. We’re probably not gonna find any out there, and even if we do, we’ll take them with us when we make port next.” Dreamer may be a schemer, but he was never dishonest with those he knew well. Knowing this, Kicho’s posture loosened. “I’ve heard about them too. If we get a cut for those butterflies, we’re happy to join you. Er... matey.” Dreamer spoke aloud to The Captain with a not-so convincing pirate-esque accent to finish his reply to him.

“Don’t be forcin’ it lad.” The Captain flatly replied. “But aye, I’ll give ye yer share. This way to me ship!” The old Gravent stepped aside to reveal a medium-sized vessel. The lower half of the ship had eroded paint dotted with bright wooden boards that didn’t match the darker, older-looking wood of the rest of the ship. “The Gallant Sword.”

A few hours passed since the two CCCats climbed aboard The Captain's ship. It was late evening and they were out at sea. The water was calm and the skies were clear and there was a faint breeze pushing the ship along with its sails drawn. Kicho paced on the deck of the ship with The Captain at the wheel at the aft of the ship, on the lookout for any of the "sea butterflies." Dreamer ate some fish straight from a barrel, perking his head up and caught on to Kicho's pacing, a single fish still held by Dreamer's sabre-teeth. In a swift motion he gulped it down and approached Kicho.

"Something up?" Dreamer spoke aloud but in a hushed tone. Kicho nodded.

"Nauseous. My feet belong on the ground." Kicho's tone was understandably out of the ordinary.

"Ah, I'm sorry, I didn't know." Dreamer replied as he patted Kicho's back.

"It's alright, I didn't either."

A moment later, The Captain walked passed the two and yanked on a lever to let the anchor of the ship loose from the port bow of the ship. After a few seconds, the anchor made contact with the seafloor and the Gallant Sword steadily came to a halt.

"Alrighty, seein' as yer seasick and it be late, we should get some shut eye. Captain's orders. We'll be 'avin' a better look for them sea butterflies in the mornin'. Sleepin' quarters be jus' below me stick leg." The Captain tapped the deck with his wooden leg. Dreamer nodded.

"You got it, captain." He replied.

"You go on ahead, I'll be down in a sec. Gonna see if I can catch my breath." Kicho waved his hand to Dreamer. The silver CCCat patted Kicho's back once more before he and The Captain made their way below deck to their own quarters.

Kicho leaned on the wooden railing of the ship. The moon was now glistening in the water below. The stars too were sparkling in the distance. The pretty sight was enough to distract Kicho away from his seasickness.

"Pretty..." He uttered quietly. He then noticed that one of the stars was on the move. In fact, it looked like it was fluttering and darting around in the sky. It then occurred to Kicho. It wasn't a star. The object gracefully descended to the railing right beside Kicho. It was emanating a blue hue and it let off traces of what looked like glitter. It was the fabled sea butterfly. Kicho leaned down and rested his cheek on the rail beside the sea butterfly. Then, something dawned on him.

"No wonder I'm seeing you now, you're as blue as the daytime sky and as twinkly as a star. Hidden in plain sight." He spoke softly so as to not disturb the small creature. It fluttered once again before taking off elegantly. Kicho's head followed its path and he couldn't help but let a smile emerge. Then he saw another star shift. Then another, and another, until it looked like the entire night sky was on the move, and his face had a slight shade of blue as the fleet of sea butterflies traversed above. Even the true eye that was buried within Kicho emerged to gaze at the spectacle, seeing the true magic on display.