

Words: 389

Claws and a chitinous tail both tapped impatiently on the worn, sunbleached wood of the ship's deck. Shrimp shifted from foot to foot as he struggled to work a broom, growing increasingly frustrated as his strategy of rubbing it back and forth in one spot was not working.

"Uma, ya say that ya wanna be ready to finish things next time the Slice 'O Life picks a fight with us, but couldn't we chase 'em down now? Finish things in the hour? Why're we cleanin' when we could keep fightin'?"

The Grem's captain sighed and shook her head. "Shrimp, ya gotta begin t' learn your strategy. But most importantly, Cthulhu bless, ya gotta learn how a broom works, shellfish brain! And stop trippin' over yer own two feet, don't think I didn't see that cannonball ya dropped and let roll as ya stumbled during the sortie. Best hope the thing don't explode some poor kraken down there."

Shrimp narrowed his eyes, making no effort to hide his disapproval regarding the jab, and gradually drifted towards the back deck, away from his boss. Abandoning his broom, he began grabbing large seaweed clumps deposited by the waves from the recent sortie, tossing the macroalgae back into the sea. He paused as he picked up one strand, its branched "leaves" and red coloration almost appearing like flowers. Absentmindedly, while admiring the color, he twisted the strand, causing it to twist back on itself and form a rope. Smiling as he got an idea, Shrimp snuck below deck with his find.

Quickly locating one of the bundles of dried herbs and flowers Uma had placed on the railing, Shrimp tore it apart for the prettiest plants of the bunch. Dried petals floated down around him as he weaved flowers into his red seaweed rope, ending his project with a satisfied grin as he fastened his creation into a circle and immediately placed the resulting makeshift flower crown upon his head.

As if on cue, a beam of light pierced below deck as Uma opened the door, illuminating the newly crowned Grem. She tried to look disappointed and mad, but she knew her crew's proclivity for chaos and adored them for it; she couldn't bring herself to fake otherwise.

"... Shrimp, alright, if ya wanna make messes like this, yer gonna learn how to sweep."