

# THE CAPTAIN WITHOUT A SHIP

Story: <https://pnc.st/s/cuento-resonante/d54e9a5f/005-the-captain-without-a-ship>

Song: <https://pnc.st/s/musica-variada/e433145c/005-music-cuento-resonante-podcast-episode-005>

This PDF: [https://oportuno.org/1/005\\_-\\_The\\_Captain\\_Without\\_a\\_Ship.pdf](https://oportuno.org/1/005_-_The_Captain_Without_a_Ship.pdf)

Website: <https://oportuno.org/>



## The Captain Without A Ship

At the busy seaport of Blackwater Bay, a figure of solitude became a familiar sight. Day after day, the Old Sea Captain sat on a wooden bench near the dock, his weathered hands gripping the carved head of his cane. His uniform, though worn and faded, still bore the insignia of a once-proud master of the waves. His gaze lingered on every ship, following them as they sailed into the horizon or eased into port, their crews shouting orders and laughter filling the salty air.

The captain had once commanded a majestic schooner, *The Azure Star*, lost to a ferocious storm. His crew had narrowly escaped death, but the ship was swallowed by the sea. Without a vessel, he was a man untethered, a captain without a course. Though he sought work, no shipowner would hire a man they deemed too frail and past his prime. Still, he sat at the dock, a living reminder of the sea's merciless and wondrous nature.

One bright afternoon, a young man approached, his stride purposeful but hesitant. The lad, no older than twenty, carried the air of someone with dreams too big for his means. Seeing the old captain in his attire, he stopped and cleared his throat.

"Excuse me, sir," he began. "Are you hiring for your next voyage?"

The captain chuckled softly, his deep voice carrying the rhythm of waves. "Son, I am a captain without a ship, but still a captain. The sea may have claimed my vessel, but not my spirit."

The young man sat down beside him, curiosity sparkling in his eyes. "I've been looking to join a crew, but I have no experience. What's it like to be a sailor? What do I need to know?"

The captain leaned back, considering the question. His eyes turned toward the horizon. "The sea, lad, is a cruel and beautiful mistress. She tests every fiber of your being. A sailor learns quickly that failure is not the end—it's a lesson. It was failure that taught me to read the skies, the waves, and the wind. Remember this: a man who learns from failure becomes stronger than one who fears it."

The young man nodded, his curiosity deepening. "Did you always dream of the sea?"

The captain smiled, his gaze softening. "Aye, but dreams alone don't sail a ship. Hard work during calm waters prepares you for the storms. I spent my early years mending nets and scrubbing decks while others rested. That's how I earned my first command. Work hard, lad, even when the sun shines, for it's in those moments you build your strength."

The young man asked another question. "What about the people? What makes a good crew?"

The captain's face grew serious. "Trust, lad, is your compass. It's hard to earn, easy to lose, and almost impossible to repair. A ship's crew is like a family—you survive together or perish alone. Be honest in all things, and you'll steer clear of most storms."

The young man hesitated. "What if I'm not good enough? What if the sea's too much for me?"

The captain's voice softened. "We all feel that way, lad, when the waves first rise against us. But courage isn't the absence of fear; it's facing it head-on. The sea rewards those who persist. If you fall, rise again. There's no shame in struggle, only in giving up."

The conversation continued as the captain shared tales of battles with pirates, discovering uncharted islands, and the kindness of strangers in distant ports. Each story carried a lesson.

"The sea is vast, lad, like the world itself," he said. "Embrace its diversity. The differences between people enrich our lives, much like the currents enrich the ocean. Never underestimate anyone—greatness can rise from the most unexpected places."

Finally, the young man asked, "Do you regret losing your ship?"

The captain's eyes glistened, and he took a deep breath. "The *Azure Star* was my pride, and her loss broke my heart. But I learned gratitude for what remains—my crew survived, and I live to tell her tales. Appreciate what you have, lad, and you'll find fulfillment even in the face of loss."

As the sun dipped toward the horizon, the young man stood, a spark of determination in his eyes. "Thank you, Captain. I hope one day I can make a name for myself, too."

The captain gripped his cane, standing slowly. "You will, lad. Just remember: the sea shapes you, but it's your choices that define you. And if you ever find yourself in need of counsel, you know where to find me."

With that, the young man left, ready to seek his first ship. The Old Sea Captain returned to his bench, watching the ships come and go, knowing his wisdom had set another sailor on a journey of their own.

The end.

## **The Captain Without A Ship**

### **Verse 1:**

The captain gazed at the endless sea,  
Remembering days, when he sailed, so free.  
The winds and the waves help to teach,  
The ablest sailor, their port to reach.

### **Verse 2:**

"Through hardship's trials, strong we'll be,  
We build our strength, as we sail the sea.  
The winds and the waves help to teach,  
The ablest sailor, their port to reach.

### **Verse 3**

Through hardship's trials, strong we'll be,  
We build our strength, as we sail the sea.  
Through every storm, we find our way,  
The winds will guide us, night or day.

### **Verse 4:**

No ship to sail, don't give up hope,  
Knowing the sea is there, we can cope.  
The sea's calling can not be denied,  
Heard by Sailors, from far and wide.