DARK WATERS

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DISCLAIMER: Even though this story features real people, it is not based on a real-life event. Also, all the dialogue spoken by the characters is translated from Japanese into English.

18th December 1977. The largest ship in the world, the Atlantis, took off on its maiden voyage from Tokyo, Japan & its destination was San Francisco. There were 2,600 passengers, including 247 crew members. There were 300 lifeboats & it could withstand massive objects. It was meant to arrive on the 11th of January 1978. It never did. A few months later, a search & rescue was launched to find the ship. It was eventually located on the 13th of March 1978. 2 people were found on the ship. Everyone else was dead. This is the story of what happened.

Sakura Noriyuki was a chef. She was the 4th child of famous Japanese chef, Hikaru Noriyuki. He was most famous for his sushi. He married Chiyo Matsumoto, who was a sculptor. They had 4 children: Ren, Haruto, Kenji & Sakura. She was the only female child in her family.

On the 10th of November 1977, Hikaru got a phone call. He went to pick up the phone, but due to his old age, he walked towards it very slowly. Kenji picked up the phone for him.

"Hello?" he asked. "Who is this?" The person on the other end talked. Kenji handed the phone to his father.

"Dad, it's for you." Kenji walked away & Hikaru answered.

"Hello?" he answered.

"Mr. Noriyuki," the person on the other end answered. "My name is Ichiro Fujita."

Hikaru's face immediately glowed. "Ichiro Fujita. *The* Ichiro Fujita?"

"That's right. You probably heard about my new ship, the Atlantis on the news. Didn't you?"

"Yeah. What about it?"

"Well, I've heard your restaurant is the best in Osaka & we were hoping to bring you in as our head chef."

Hikaru was so excited, he dropped the phone, which caught the attention of his wife, who was currently making dinner.

"Honey, what was that?" she asked.

"I just got a call from Ichiro Fujita!" he gleefully said.

"Fujita? The architect? Is he still on the phone?"

"Oh!" Hikaru picked up the phone from the ground. "Hello? Mr. Fujita? Are you still there?"

“Yes,” he replied. “I’m still here.”

“OK. When do I start?”

“The ship sails in late December, so you have a few weeks to get ready. The flight departs on the 7th of December. We’ll have a room set up for you.”

“OK. Can I just ask one small favour?”

“Sure. What is it?”

“Can you get more rooms for my employees? I feel like I can’t work without them. Oh, & can I bring one of my children?”

“I think we can afford that. All flights & trips will be paid for by my company.”

“OK. Thank you again, Mr. Fujita.”

“No problem, Mr. Noriyuki.”

Hikaru hung up the phone & looked at his wife. They both cheered & embraced each other.

“Wait. Which child are you choosing?” she asked.

Hikaru thought for a moment & then he yelled, “Family Meeting!”

The entire family met up in the living room (except for Chiyo who was in the kitchen) & made the announcement to his kids.

“My family,” he began to say, “I have just gotten a call from Ichiro Fujita & he wants me to be on his new cruise ship in Tokyo!”

There were a few gasps, but they eventually turned into cheers & smiles. “Did you take the offer?” Ren asked.

“Yes! Of course, I did! But only if I could take my team & one of you 4.”

Ren, Haruto & Kenji were arguing over who should go, while Sakura minded her own business.

“I have decided to take... Sakura!”

The family gasped, including Sakura. “Me?”

Her brothers weren’t too pleased.

“Why her?” Haruto complained.

“Yeah, she’ll probably give the food cooties,” Ren cheekily said.

“Real mature, Ren,” she groaned.

“I’ve chosen Sakura because she’s still a chef in the making, so she needs to be in the wild for the first time.”

Sakura had worked at his father’s restaurant for 10 years, climbing the ranks from janitor to assistant chef.

“When does the flight leave?” Sakura asked.

“The 7th of December, so we have weeks to get ready.”

Hikaru left the room. Sakura’s brothers began arguing, so Sakura decided to follow him to the balcony.

“Dad! Why did you choose me? The others are proper chefs & even have their own businesses.”

“I chose you Sakura because you have yet to unleash your full potential. And besides, if I took one of your brothers, they’d get distracted by Tokyo.”

“Yeah, that makes sense.”

Hikaru put his hands on her shoulders.

“Sakura,” he began to say, “you have proven to me that you are great at cooking. You just have to find a place to unlock your full potential. And I think this cruise will help you unlock it.”

“OK, Dad,” she said.

He smiled at her & he walked away. Sakura continued to stare out the balcony.

On the 7th of December, Hikaru, Sakura & 26 of his men, headed off on a private jet towards Tokyo. When they arrived, they immediately noticed it was a lot busier than Osaka & that they’ll have a challenging time getting around the city. When they arrived at the hotel, it was incredibly fancy & sophisticated. After 11 days (about 1 and a half weeks) of relaxing & getting ready, they all began to drive towards the Atlantis ship in a bus. Sakura looked out the window & at the Atlantis. She was amazed by its beauty & elegance. When they got off the bus, they were immediately greeted by Ichiro Fujita, who had been waiting for them.

“Hello, Mr. Noriyuki,” he greeted. “How was your flight & stay?”

“It was very good,” he replied, “& the hotel was amazing!”

“That’s excellent to hear! Oh! I almost forgot! I have someone for you to meet. Follow me.”

Hikaru & the others followed Mr. Fajita, except Sakura, who was still looking at the Atlantis, the largest cruise liner in the world (at the time).

“HEY! SAKURA!” one of the cooks called. “KEEP UP!” She listened to him & continued towards the ship.

“Mr. Noriyuki,” Mr. Fujita began to introduce, “this is the Prime Minister of Japan: Takeo Fukuda.”

“Nice to meet you,” Mr. Fukuda said to Hikaru. “You must be the famous chef Mr. Fujita has been telling me all about.”

“Oh, yes,” Hikaru said gleefully. “I am.”

“Let’s go inside. I’ve heard the ship’s interior is very exquisite.”

Everyone walked inside the ship & when they got to the lobby, they stopped in their tracks due to the elegant beauty of the inside of the ship. There was a massive Poseidon statue in the middle of the lobby & there were rooms around every corner.

“This ship is able to contain around 2,600 people, which is why there’s so many rooms.”

“Mr. Fujita, this is absolutely magnificent!” Sakura praised.

“Well, it’s thanks in no small part to my well-trained builders & Construction workers, who worked to the bone in order to make this ship the finest it could possibly be!”

Mr. Fujita turned around, looking at Hikaru, Sakura, Mr. Fukuda & the team.

“Shall I show you to your rooms?”

2 muscular guards appeared behind them & picked up their bags.

“I can see you have very talented guards,” Sakura sheepishly said while blushing.

“Oh, I trained the best of the best of the Japanese Navy to be guards on this ship to make sure nothing goes wrong. Anyways, enjoy your stay.”

After everyone got into their rooms (Mr. Fukuda got a special suite due to him being the Prime Minister), the ship began to sail off for San Francisco, California, USA. Everyone on & off the boat cheered. It was like the Titanic’s maiden voyage. But like the Titanic, things went horribly wrong in just a few days.

Sakura unpacked her bags & got herself prepared for later today when dinner would be served. Hikaru looked at Sakura & noticed her hands were shaking. She had social anxiety & sometimes it would be easy to tell.

“Sakura,” her father dais, in a calm & comforting tone of voice, “there is no need to be nervous. Your food is delicious! Don’t

think about what others think of your cooking. Just think about making the dish."

Sakura's hands eventually stopped shaking.

"Thanks, Dad."

"No problem. Anything for my amazing daughter."

She got dressed & made her way towards the kitchen, where Hikaru's cooks were getting used to the new & mysterious environment, as well as the weird appliances. Sakura got to her station & Hikaru came into the room.

"All right, listen up!" he called, getting everyone's attention. "We got 1 hour before dinner, so begin getting people's orders!"

They began listening to his commands like sheep in a herd & Sakura began getting ready to cook. The menu in the ship's restaurant was the same as the menu in Hikaru's restaurant in Osaka, so they were familiar with the recipes. She got handed a few starters & so she began doing those. After the starter course, she got a lot of feedback from the customers, who were very pleased with her cooking. Then, the main course & people got more orders for sushi & they delivered. It was successful. Eventually, dessert was going to begin & Sakura got the most orders out of any cook, which very much surprised her. She cooked the orders & the food was delivered & just like that, dinner was over.

After dinner, Mr. Fujita called her to come out of the kitchen. She listened to him & when she left, she got a standing ovation.

“Wha- what's this?” she asked.

“Sakura,” Mr. Fujita began to say, “your food has been praised by everyone! It’s safe to say that you are very respected by the crowd.”

She looked at the crowd & she was smiling, her face glowing red like a tomato. She hugged her father, who was also cheering for her.

“Sakura. How about you bring your best dish to my office & we’ll have a toast!”

“Uh...sure. Yeah!”

After 20 minutes of preparing her best dish, she began bringing it up to his office, which was in the middle of the ship. She got into the elevator, went down a floor & exited. When she got to the door of his office, she was knocked on the door, but then it opened by itself. There wasn’t anyone behind &, more alarming, there wasn’t anyone in the room.

“Hello?” she called. “Mr. Fujita? I have the food!”

She then saw another open door in the room, only the door had the same texture as the wall.

Huh, that’s strange, she thought. *Maybe I should check that out. But I also don’t want to disturb his privacy. But then again, what if he’s in trouble.* She pondered to herself for a while, before finally saying, “Screw it. I’m going down.” She put her tray of food on the table & walked through the door, which led to a walkway

that led a few floors down. She continued down the stairs, but slowed down when she heard faint talking.

“You really think it’s going to work?” a faint voice said. “I mean, what if someone hears the shot?”

“Relax,” another faint voice said. “We’ll use a silencer gun & once he’s dead, we’ll get the money, kill everyone one else & get the hell out of here.”

Sakura silently gasped, but continued downstairs & was shocked to discover who was behind all this.

“We’ll make sure that Mr. Fukuda dies a quick & painless death.” The man turned around & he was Ichiro Fujita. Sakura gasped a little bit loudly & was spotted by Mr. Fujita.

“HEY!!!” he shouted, chasing her up the stairs before catching her throwing her to the ground, which the fall made her unconscious.

“Sir, did you kill her?” one of the henchmen asked.

“No, you idiot. We’ll wait.”

After a few hours, Sakura woke up to find herself stuck to the wall with duct tape.

“What the hell?” she panicked, demanding to see Mr. Fujita. “Let me go you stupid fu--”

“Please, Ms. Noriyuki,” Mr. Fujita said, approaching from the shadows holding a sharp, rusty knife.

“I heard your plan to kill Mr. Fukuda! I won’t let you get away with it!”

Mr. Fujita ran up to her & held the knife to her neck, her sweat slowly seeping onto it.

“I can kill you, you stupid cook, because I run this ship & I can do whatever the hell I want, which includes murdering the Prime Minister when he’s not looking. But now that you know my plan, I guess I’ll have to kill you.”

“Wait,” one of the henchmen said, “shouldn’t we not kill her.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Mr. Fujita said, annoyed.

“Who’s that?” Sakura asked.

“That’s Mr. Hayashi. Come on, tell me!”

“You saw how many people loved Ms. Noriyuki's dishes, so if we kill her, then people will notice something is up.”

Mr. Fujita audibly groaned & cut the tape off the wall, causing Sakura to quickly fall onto the ground.

“Listen here. I will let you go free--”

“Oh, thank you! Thank you so muc--”

“***I WASN’T FINI—***I wasn't finished. If you tell anyone, or write a message anywhere on the ship, telling people about my identity, you will be shot immediately & the plan will backfire & no one is killed. I control EVERYTHING in this ship: Every camera, every microphone, every electronic device. If you compromise the deal, I will catch it & give the order to kill you.

Even when you think there aren't any cameras anywhere, I WILL **CATCH <u>YOU</u>**. Got it?"

Sakura began to tremble in fear & was holding back tears, to the point where she couldn't even speak.

"Well? I'm waiting."

She wiped away her tears, breathed in & finally responded.

"I won't tell anyone."

"Good. Now get the hell out of my shack."

Sakura bowed & walked away, not realizing that she had forgot to stop crossing her fingers, causing Mr. Fujita to see them, & shooting at her.

BANG! BANG! BANG! went the gun, which stopped her from going up the stairs.

"Don't get cute," he said. Sakura ran up the stairs & exited his office, heading directly for the nearest bathroom, in which she locked the door & began to break down, not knowing what she'll be able to do.

22nd of December 1977: Sakura was cutting fish in a darkly lit kitchen, visibly sweating from paranoia from what had happened a few days earlier. She grabbed another fish & her fish fillet knife & put down the first cut, in which a large splash of blood came from it. She visibly winced & felt a shiver go through her spine.

That's a larger spurt of blood than usual, she thought. *Oh no.* She lifted her left hand & her face went pure milk-white, as she saw that she had cut her fingers off. Blood began pouring out as she tried screaming, but her voice was broken with fright. The blood turned into a red tentacle & it began spreading around her, consuming her &…

She woke up. It was 5:00AM & she was uncontrollably sweating all around her body. Her father came into the room.

"Sakura," he tiredly asked. "Are you OK?"

She looked at him & at first, didn't respond. She tried to say something, but she was out of breath from having that nightmare. She instead did an action that signaled water.

"Water, do you need water?"

She nodded.

"OK. I'll go get water."

After she drank the water, she calmed down & gained the ability to speak again.

"Sakura," he asked. "Can you tell me why you're like this?"

"I-I had a b-bad dream," she quietly responded.

"A dream can't cause THAT bad a reaction. I think I know what it is."
Her face immediately turned white. "Y-You do?!"

"Yeah, I do. You're stressed."

Sakura calmed down after hearing this. “Uh, y-yeah. T-That's it. I'm stressed.”

“You need to take today off; that’s what I do whenever I’m stressed. I’ll tell Mr. Fujita that you need to have the day off to relax. OK?”
“O-OK.”

“Good. I’ll go tell him.” He exited the room, leaving Sakura by herself. A few minutes later, she got a phone call. She ignored it, at first, but as it kept ringing, she found herself unable to, so she picked it up.

“H-Hello?” she politely asked.

“YOU MISERABLE PIECE OF CRAP!!!” Mr. Fujita screamed at her. “WHAT THE HELL DID I SAY ABOUT TELLING PEOPLE ABOUT THE PLAN?!!?”

“I didn’t tell him! He told me I was stressed!”

“Well, tell him you’re feeling better! People will get suspicious if you spend 1 day not working!”

“But--”

“**NO BUTS!** Get back to work, or I’ll fry your ass to hell, understand?!!”

“Y-Yes...” she sorrowfully replied.

“Now get off your ass & cook up breakfast!” He hung up & she didn’t know what to do. Should she tell her father about what was happening, or should she just let it slide & continue working? Her answer was to do neither.

I'm not letting that no-good, greedy jackass push me any farther! she thought. She got changed & began formulating a plan in her mind.

24th of December 1977: Sakura was preparing the dinner meal for tomorrow, while in her mind, she was preparing her plan. She created a meal for Mr. Fukuda. She then called the assistant to Mr. Fukuda on the phone.

"Yes?" the assistant asked. Sakura was breathing shakily as she didn't know how the plan would turn out. She got herself together & replied.

"Hi, it's Sakura," she hastily replied. "I have dinner for Mr. Fukuda. Is it OK if I come up?"

"I'll ask him."

Sakura began shaking, afraid he'd say no. But, in a stroke of luck...

"He said it's OK."

Sakura breathed a sigh of relief & immediately replied.

"OK. I'll come up now." She hung up & went upstairs. When she got to Mr. Fukuda's office, he was on the balcony, staring out at sea.

"Sakura," he said.

"Y-Yes?"

"Do you want to know why I went on this trip in the 1st place?"

“S-Sure.”

“The U.S President, Jimmy Carter, wanted us to become an ally of his country. That’s why I went on this ship. I’m sure he’s waiting for me in San Francisco.” He saw that Sakura wasn’t coming out onto the balcony.

“Sakura are you OK?” he asked.

She didn't know how to reply, but then she figured out how.

“I know something you don’t.”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“Mr. Fujita is—p-planning to kill you.” She stepped out onto the balcony, which caught the attention of the snipist under the floorboards.

“Sir, our plan’s been compromised,” the sniper said.

“What?!” Mr. Fujita said. “By whom? Sakura?”

“You’re right.”

“GODDAMN IT!!!!! Shoot BOTH of them!”

“Yes, sir.”

“So,” Sakura finished explaining, “I need you to--” she saw the sniper man getting ready to shoot them both. She reacted quickly.

“GET OUT OF THE WAY!!!!” she yelled as she tackled Mr. Fukuda to the ground, causing the sniper man to miss.

BANG!

“JESUS! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!” Mr. Fukuda yelled.

“There’s a sniper man trying to kill you,” Sakura explained. “Quick! Grab a gun & save as many people as you can! Come on!”

“*KILL EVERYONE ON THE SHIP!!!!”* Mr. Fujita yelled. “FIND SAKURA & MR. FUKUDA & **MAKE SURE THEIR DEATHS ARE *PAINFUL!!!”***

Sakura & Mr. Fukuda ran across the ship, as goons of Mr. Fujita began shooting & killing everyone on the ship.

“WHY IS EVERYONE BEING KILLED?!!?”

“Because they planned to kill everyone if you weren't killed.”

“Jesus Christ.”

“Come on, if you see people with guns, shoot them.”

So, they began shooting goons, but it didn’t seem to do anything as whenever they killed one, 5 more would just appear out of nowhere & kill 20 more people. Eventually, the numbers of the people on the ship dwindled down minute by minute, before there was only around 20 left by 10:00PM.

“Noriyuki’s & Mr. Fukuda,” Mr. Fujita mockingly said. “Your time is up. Just let us kill you & nothing will go wrong with our plan.”

“That seems like a pretty unfair deal,” Hikaru, “you back-stabbing, no-good, son of a b***h.”

“Dad, what are you doing?” Sakura whispered panickily.

“Relax, I know what I’m doing.”

“I don’t appreciate the language, Hikaru.”

“That’s Mr. Noriyuki to you, slime-bag.”

“Suit yourself.” He reached for his gun to shoot them, but then, suddenly, the 15 goons were shot & killed immediately by Mr. Hayashi, who came out of nowhere with a machine gun & a briefcase full of Japanese yen.

“Kenzo, what the hell are you doing?!”

I’m tired of you bossing me around. This whole is wrong! You’ve just killed thousands pf people for no reason--”

As he continued rambling, Mr. Fujita groaned, pulled out his gun & shot him in the head, to which everyone screamed in shock.

“I’ve always hated that loser.”

BANG!

Mr. Fujita froze in his position & turned white. He looked down & noticed a stream of blood coming from his chest.

“Crap,” he weakly said before collapsing. Hikaru had shot him in the chest with Mr. Fukuda’s gun.

“Thank you,” he said as he went to grab the money, but Mr. Fujita grabbed his gun & shot him twice: in the neck & in the shoulder. Hikaru collapsed & Mr. Fujita then shot Mr. Fukuda in the leg & before he could shoot Sakura, she used her gun & shot him in the head, before shooting him 7 more times in

order to make sure she's dead. She immediately went to her father, who was down on the ground, blood all over him.

"Dad, speak to me," she cried. "Are you OK?"

"Do I look OK to you?"

"Uh, sorry. I-I'll go get help."

"No, no. Help Fukuda. He needs tending to."

"No, Dad. I can help you live."

"Sakura, look at me. I've been shot twice & there's blood all over me. Do you really think I'm going to live after today?"

She didn't know how to respond to that.

"I love you, Sakura."

"I love you too, Dad."

He died, slowly & peacefully. It took Sakura a few seconds to accept it.

"Dad? Dad? Come on, speak to me, I know you're in there. Come on, Dad! Dad?! DAD!!!!"

"Sakura," Mr. Fukuda said weakly. "Leave him. He's in a better place now. Come on, help me up."

After a few seconds of tearfully sitting there, she collected herself & said, "OK."

"We've got to find a phone so we can call the authorities."

Unfortunately, the radio didn't work as in the massacre, the satellite was knocked over & killed the radio signal, so they were unable to contact anyone.

3 months later, the ship was found after 2 months of searching. A detective entered the ship & was greeted with the sight of mangled corpses all over the ground & the walls painted red from blood. They eventually found Sakura & Mr. Fukuda in a small storage room, eating the parts of Mr. Fujita's corpse.

"Jesus Christ," the detective said in disgust. "I that you Mr. Fukuda?"

He nodded. The detective reached for his radio.

"Get the coast guard & the Japanese army. We need 2 medical rooms on a ship for Mr. Takeo Fukuda & a young woman. Notify the emperor Showa--" As he continued giving orders to the team outside of the ship, Sakura began uncontrollably crying for 2 reasons: because she was finally found after 3 months, but also because she would have to tell her mother that she had to eat the remains of her father in order to survive.

THE END