De vliegende hollander.

The Flying Dutchman.

Wild chased the storm landward. The sea rolled foaming at the wharf and smashed against the side of the only ship that w**a**s moored there - a heavily loaded ship bound for the East Indies.

The weather so horrible that none of the crew has entered the deck. Only the captain, a big, square man with nerves of steel, stood sober on the forecastle. He looked with flashing eyes to the foaming waves, which prevented him from giving the starting signal. Because of all the setbacks in the last couple of days he already had to postpone the departure for several days and now this dreadful storm stood in his way of delivering his precious cargo. With clenched fists he stood on the deck and cursed. Who or what dared him, the bravest and most fearless captain in the world, to thwart him? Did he not sailed his ship through the roughest storms along treacherous reefs and shallow seas? Was he not faster than any other ships of the Company to the East dangers? Had he not proven a dozen of times no sea was too high and no storm was too rough? He loved the dangers that belonged to the sailor's life and he was equal it.

His men felt perfectly safe under his leadership and carried out his orders promptly. Without grumbling and without questioning. They knew they could rely on his decisions and they did not mind that he behaves as a bully to achieve his goal. In the end, the captain was the boss on board and he always brought them home safely. Yes, the crew of the East Indiaman had respect for the captain and would do anything for him. Although he was so stubborn and passionate.

But now he took it all a bit too far. While the storm howled and the foaming waves broke over the bow, he appeared growling and stated loudly that "Weather or no weather, tomorrow morning at six o'clock we are going out!"

The conversations of the sailors stopped and non of the card-playing men dared to say what he thought. But when the boatswain cleared his throat, everyone nodded relieved. "Objection, boatswain?" asked the captain threatening. "It's Easter Sunday tomorrow, Captain," replied the boatswain. The sailors were grateful to him. "That's right, Captain!" they said. And: "The boatswain says a true word!" Because it was a sacred law that could not sail a ship on Easter Sunday!

The captain clenched his fist and let him come down firmly on the map table of his sailors. "Nothing to do with!" he roared. "Easter Sunday or no Easter Sunday and storm or no storm, I’ll sail off whenever I want. Make sure tomorrow morning everything is ready to go and that's it!" And he went angry to his cabin, where they heard him cursing for hours above the roar of the waves.

Wilder and more violent than the past few days, the storm drove the next morning on to the coast. Higher than ever the waves lashed the walls of the nave, which are securely tied along the wharf. Black clouds kept the darkness above the harbor. Anyway the voice of the Captain boomed of the deck: "Set sail, lift anchors. We're leaving!" It sounded almost exultant. As if the tough warrant the storm could subside. The mate ventured a cautious protest: "Captain," he said, "today is Easter Sunday and the men really object to sail on such a memorable day." But the captain laughed at him. "I'm the boss!" he thundered. "And if I say that we lift the anchor. Storm or no storm, no Easter or Easter!"

The sailors flew shouting into the ropes. Their captain was a brave man and if he felt responsible to sail, it was justified. Had he not sailed the wildest seas and along the most dangerous capes? Was he not the bravest and brightest captain of the world? They hoisted the sails and their spirited cries drowned out the violence of the storm. But while they obeyed the command of their captain and made the ship ready to travel, against their better judgment, they heard the Bells of Easter above the tumult of the hurricane tolling. "It is Easter, captain," the helmsman tried again carefully. The captain swore vigorously. "What, Easter?" he snorted. "I said that we leave, so we’ll sail out! Even if I have to sail forever, we will go!" The sailors were silent, but quickly continued on working.

The captain of a nearby cargo ship that was tied near the railing and blew his ship horn, "What the hell. Are you sailing out?" The proud captain laughed . "Why not?" he shouted back. "Man, you're crazy! This will not end well. It's Easter and you can not defy such a terrible storm!" - "We will see about that," said the confident captain. "In any case we go out!" He ordered the men to set all the sails and when the large white canvases rattled in the wind, he ordered to lift the anchors.

The crew was very impressed. Their captain was a big guy, a daredevil! What had he said? "Even if I have to sail for eternity, we go!" Hastily they put the finishing touches to the work, while the captain impatiently on deck stomped back and forth. The boatswain looked at him to report that everything was in readiness for departure. In the distance the Easter bells rang.

"Your orders are executed, Captain," said the boatswain. The captain was now dead quiet on the forecastle. His eyes had a fixed expression; his hands hung limply by his sides. It was as if all the life had gone out of him. The boatswain seemed suddenly transfixed the deck and did not move anymore. And the sailors in the rigging and decks silenced and no longer moved. The cook stood motionless behind the stove in the galley. The ship's boy froze halfway a somersault on the steerage. All men hung, stood or sat speechless and motionless aboard the East Indiaman at the place they had occupied.

But the ship started moving slowly and shockingly! While the crew was a collection of statues on the upper and lower decks, arched the sails against the wind by itself. No one did anything, the ship just turned his bow and sailed out of the harbor.

On the wharf a curious crowd gathered, they watched with amazement at the sailing ship of East Indies Company. They could not believe their eyes. In the spar along the railing and on the deck stood the sailors, the boatswain and the captain motionless. None of the crew was moving and still the ship was moving on the waves straight into the wind! Who had ever seen something like that? A ship that left in the fiercest storm ... a ship whose crew watched idly ... a ship that departed even when the Easter bells rang ... The words of the arrogant captain went from mouth to mouth. "Even if I must I will sail for eternity, we go!"

There went a shudder through the people on the wharf. Such a spirited challenge was just screaming for a punishment! And as if the fear of the audience was immediately converted into a visible warning, something strange happened. The air above the departing ship was gray and cloudy but nowhere was to see a ray of sunshine. But still the sails lit up as fiery pennants. And though no smoke trail pointed to a sudden fire on board the white painted hull changed into a blackened carcass.

The people on the wharf watched with contained breaths to the fiery sails of the ghost ship disappearing at the horizon. Worried they returned home, as they wondered about the outcome of this adventure for the crew of the East Indianman. Above their heads the Easter bells rang ...

The strange ghost ship did not tie in any port of the East Indies. It also did not return to a Dutch port. The women that were left behind were not engaged and letters from the board and the company received no notice of arrival anywhere in the world. So we had to take so well over time that the ship was the reckless captain sinking with all hands. But strangely flooded debris to nowhere. The people in the country forgot what had happened and thought no more of the ghost ship. Only a single mother prayed at night before bedtime is still at the return of her son and a number of disadvantaged women continued hope for a safe journey home of her husband.

The months became years and it was as if time had swallowed the memory of the ghost ship.

And then something strange happened. One day, cruised a loaded carrier from the East back to the homeland. Driven by a strong east wind to sail the ship sailed past the Cape of Good Hope. Suddenly the sailor on the lookout was an exclamation of surprise. He rubbed his eyes and wondered if maybe he was dreaming. He saw me close to port suddenly emerged a ship behind a golf shot. And not just ship! The sails were red and bulged into the wind. Imagine that: a ship that sailed against the wind as if it were the most natural thing in the world. The sailor again uttered a cry of terror from all sides and his mates came rushing in. They all stared open-mouthed at the remarkable ship they had ever seen hunting along. They saw the fiery sails against the wind Bolden, the charred hull and masts, fore and aft dead silent ... That silence was not the strangest of all. There was no lookout in the crow's nest; there is no quick sailors climbed the rigging in feet and on the bridge was an imperious captain. The only moving in the vicinity of the vessel, was a black bird circled around the mast.

"A ghost ship!" shouted one of the men horrified. "Get the captain!" The bosun went to the cabin of the skipper, but the two men were on deck, it was remarkable ship just as quickly disappeared from sight as it had appeared.

The captain laughed his sailors. "A ghost ship?" he said scornfully. "You probably suffer from heatstroke. Ghost Ships do not!" And he immediately ordered his crew to go back to work and not to speak about the so-called ghost ship. But he could not prevent several sailors were staring silently and occasionally shaking his head. They were still seen with their own eyes: a ship into the wind sailed with sails and a fiery blackened hull!

Increasing reports of a wandering ghost ship reached home. A lot of people believed the messages and others went there on the shoulders. A ship against the wind sailed with curved sails! A ship which no sailors in the rigging and moving skipper was on the bridge! A ship with blood red sails! Come on! And everyone had allegedly seen near the Cape of Good Hope! So it had to be a myth.

But the companies were finding it increasingly difficult for sailors to their ships. And more and more captains said: "I'd rather not sailing around the Cape of Good Hope." Because the story did the rounds that the ghost ship spread death and destruction that everyone who received it looked a horrible disease among the members so that a progressive Company are best captain sent out to investigate the case of the ghost ship. It was only once an end to the rumors that crazy, wandering boat with crimson sails and blackened trunk, always observed near the Cape of Good Hope! It was only once an end to the exaggerated fears of sailors on a ship that obviously do not exist!

But the best captain of the Compagnie saw it with my own eyes as soon as he rounded the Cape of Good Hope, its course was almost crucified by a sudden looming oncoming car with bright red sails and a blackened trunk. The intrepid skipper ran anxious not to his cabin and was not desperate. He was wise and said: "This can not!" Whereupon he called all hands on deck and made a speech. "Men," he said, to continue hunting the ghost ship pointing, "what we see before us, must be a delusion. At that foreign ships are not people, and yet the sails are hoisted and sail right into the wind. For this, nobody an explanation. "

As he spoke, something terrifying happened. The ghost ship turned its prow and run at full speed right on the schooner of the brave captain off. The sailors cried out. "Beware! We are go!" But it was already too late. Without pausing, shot the ghost ship approaching. On the prow she now saw clearly the figure of a man with flowing white hair, but otherwise nothing moved him. And on the deck were higgledy-piggledy sailors motionless against the mast and the railing. "Stop anyway!" cried the frightened men from the schooner. The ghost ship will not bother with their cry of despair, floated on the waves and ... enter through the schooner back! No shock or vibration was felt on board the schooner; only an icy gust ...

It took some time for the crew of the schooner dared speak again.

"Something I've never experienced before," said the bosun finally in a hoarse voice. "I think I'm getting old." But they were all with private ogen.gezien: the blackened hull and mast, the crimson sails, the skipper motionless on the forecastle. They all felt the cold breeze when the ghost ship through the schooner over feed.

"It was a Dutchman," muttered the captain pale. "He carried the Dutch flag!"

"The Flying Dutchman," someone said. And that name went from mouth to mouth. Later, at home, she would tell you proudly that they had almost touched the Flying Dutchman.

Again years passed there. Old ships made their final journey and went under new festivities for the first time to water. Only the Flying Dutchman chased endlessly on the waves around Cape of Good Hope. The swashbuckling captain had decades ago about himself and his crew declared: "Even if I must sail forever."

Maybe even the moment of rest for the wandering ghost ship. Perhaps that time is even begun. The last time anyone has seen the Flying Dutchman and it is possible that the proud captain finally came to their senses. Let's hope for him and his crew, for there is no greater punishment than the sky to chase continue forever on the endless seas and oceans without ever allowed to build anywhere.