



The ghost ship

Long ago, in the seaside town of Lloret de Mar, people told a legend that made children and grown-ups shiver. It concerned a ghost ship sailing endlessly far from the coast, its hull and sails as black as coal. A black flag bearing a skull flew above it, and bones pecked by ravens hung from its masts.

Its skeleton crew lit the night with an eerie glow. In the legend, seeing the ship was a terrible omen: people said that nobody who saw it survived longer than eight days.

It had all begun one distant Christmas. The captain mocked his sailors' religious beliefs. That Christmas Eve, while the ship lay anchored at Lloret de Mar, one sailor asked to go ashore for midnight Mass. The captain and some companions decided to join him only to make fun of his faith.

Inside the church, a mysterious force prevented them from interrupting the service. Afterwards, everyone returned aboard except the believing sailor. He no longer wished to travel with people who scorned his beliefs, so he stayed ashore.



When the captain and the others boarded, something extraordinary happened. The ship raised its anchor by itself and began sailing without help. It was condemned to cross the seas for ever, never touching land again. The crew turned into skeletons and kept working night and day without rest.

People say the ghost ship continues its endless journey, its black sails sometimes appearing on the horizon. The people of Lloret de Mar pass the story down to their children and grandchildren as a legend about respecting other people's beliefs.

And so ends the tale of the ghost ship: a mysterious story in which respect becomes a light that can guide us towards a safe harbour.