

THE GHOST SHIP OF THE SOUTH SEAS

A SHORT STORY AND ADVENTURE FLIGHT FOR FSX

By Gera Godoy Canova

Introduction

This is a new method of presenting an Adventure Flight to all Flight Sim pilots. Within the Adventure short story you are about to read are the clues of where you are to fly and what to look for. It accomplishes two things. One, the story puts you right in the middle of the action with the characters in it. Second, it gives you the Flight by which you accomplish what you were looking for---A Bush flight in your Sim. I hope it is enjoyable to you and that you find it as one more way to enjoy your hobby.



In the history of southern Chile, there is much talk of a ghost ship, named the Caleuche, appearing under some full moon nights, summoned, so local legend has it, by the spirits of those who

drowned at sea. Local legend has it that this spirit ship is a conscious being, of an unknown kind, sailing the area waters, bearing all those spirits with it. Said to be strikingly beautiful, when actually seen, the Caleuche is painted blood red, accompanied by sounds of party music and peoples laughter, though such appearances are brief, the ship disappearing or submerging itself under the water, once again. Sirena Chilota, Pincoya, and Picoy are the three Chilota water spirits, resembling mermaids, who summon the spirits, who, once aboard the phantom ship, are said to be able to resume their life as it was before they died, for eternity.....



Now Dr. Ricardo Buenas well known botanist who has been studying plants in the cold mountains and shores of the Chilean patagonia while searching for a root plant known as "Botanicus Culeeus" has seen it!!...



Chapter 1

Max Rex well known aviator was flying low through a ferocious thunderstorm that had caught him unawares. Thunder and lightning flicked all over the churning sky. Max was bringing a brand new Ford Trimotor to his friend Dr. Ricardo Buenas who waited for it to fly out to southern Chile were he would

continue with his famous "strange plants" studies which were giving the medicine world a boost. He had flown the large three engine plane from its factory in Detroit, Michigan. A long flight to say the least.

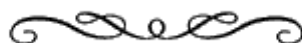
" Santiago tower this is CP559 about twenty miles from your station to land" Max shut the microfone and waited through the radio static a responce. After a few seconds a noice crackling voice said " CP559, land as you see fit, there is a large thunderstorm over the city but two planes just landed without much problema, be on the lookout for lighting". Max looked at his altimeter which showed eight thousand feed and falling. " Roger, Santiago tower CP559 will be landing in a few minutes, over and out". With that Max concentrated on the landing and nothing else. It was 1937 and most capital cities in South America had large airfields, Santiago was one of them. Aviation in South America had been growing very fast since the first air mail flights back in the early twenties.



Chapter 2

It was pouring as Max switched off the three powerful engines by the Aerosur hangars. A man came running in the downpour with a large umbrella as he opened the door of the freighter. " Buenas noches señor Max, come with me so you will not get wet". Max jumped off the plane and ran under the cover of the large umbrella and the dark little man.

Dr. Ricardo Buenas, a tall skinny man of about sixty with a jungle hat over his bawl head was waiting for him in the large hangar full of commercial airplanes. " Hallow Max my good friend" said the doctor as Max walked toward him a little wet. "Dr. Ricardo, what a pleasure to see you again, your plane is outside in perfect order" answered Max. "I see that, I was wondering if you would have to divert to another field due to this horrible storm". "I have been in worse and they all can be tamed " smiled back Max. Max gave a dollar to the little man with the umbrella and both men started walking to a large red Lancia four door waiting for them by a well dressed driver.

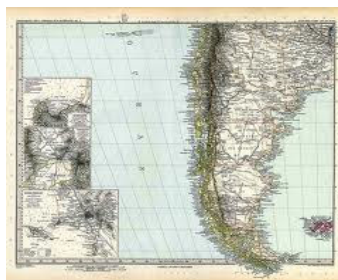
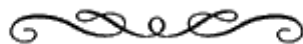




Chapter 3

A large bedroom had been prepared for Max at Dr. Buenas large home in the outskirts of bustling Santiago. Maria, the boss maid, had prepared a delicious meal for them and as they walked in she said "Welcome to Chile Mr. Max it is good to see you again, I have prepared your favorite plate, "Pato al horno con cebollas" (Roasted duck with new onions). Max kissed her cheek and said " My dear Maria you are so wonderful I was wondering what goodies you would have for me", they both laughed and together with Dr. Buenas walked to the large dinning room which smelled very good.

They were sitting at the dinner table when a tall short haired woman came into the room. Dr. Buenas turned to Max and said " Max, meet Ana, my secretary and helper, she has been eager to meet you after all the tales I have told her about you". Max got up and kissed her hand admiring the animal beauty of the woman. " It is my pleasure meeting you Ana, am at your service from this moment until I leave" he said smiling with his DeLuxe smile. Ana sat by Max and Maria brought the delicious duck together with many other smelly dishes that brought hunger to all their faces. Bartolo, the buttler started serving water glasses and Italian red wine, the best--Chianti da 1899--.

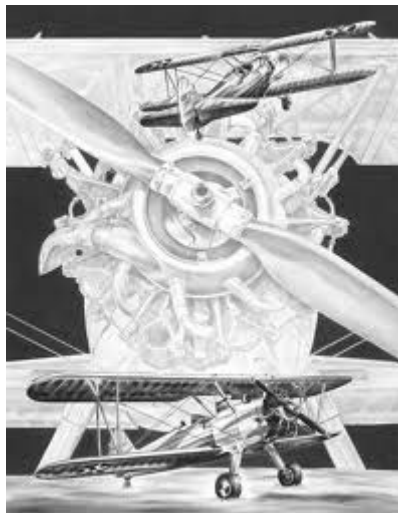


Chapter 4

After dinner they all retired to a huge den where the walls were

full of books. Coffee and Limoncellos were served by the butler and in a relaxed mood Dr. Buenas said to Max " My dear fellow I would like you to fly with me to southern Chile as soon as day after tomorrow, please do not say no". Max drank his limoncello took a sip of hot coffee looking at Ana, who winked at him. " You bet" said Max staring at the woman by his side. "What? you will come just like that" jumped the old Doctor. " Yes, why not, I have to take a vacation and this is a great country and am all set for it". Ana and the doctor looked at each other and smiled. Ana got up and served another drink to Max and the doctor serving one herself too. " Oh, am so happy you accepted Max, but we must tell you a story why the doctor has asked you to come" she said sitting by Max.

Dr. Buenas was not smiling when he said. " We are selfish my friend, we need you to come for I am after a ghost ship and need a good pilot" he looked at Max who at those words was staring at him with a strange face. " Here are some manuscripts I want you to read when you go to bed tonight, in them is the whole story of the Caleuche, a sailing ship that was lost in the cold south seas one winter in 1834. It has been seen in the islets and islands of the south by many generations and I saw it last year, believe it or not". Max looked at both his friends and said" Dr. there are many mysteries in this world, I have seen a few and been in very mysterious places, so there is nothing that cannot happen as far as I know. If you saw it lets go get it!!!" he said bringing up his glass of limoncello to them.



Chapter 5

FLIGHT TO SOUTH CHILE

Santiago is quite far from Aisén where Dr. Buenas had his ranch which would become their base of operations. The expedition was set to start in three days after Ana bought all the supplies they would need and Max checked the Trimotor and made sure they took the necessary oil, tyres and whatever spare parts he decided they

should take along.

The day arrived and at six a.m. the big Trimotor took off under a bright sky. Max took the plane to an altitude of seven thousand feet and leveled the large plane. Ana sat on the copilot seat and helped Max on the flight. Ana was a pilot on her own right with two hundred hours to her credit in Waco biplanes.

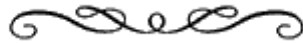
Their first stop would be the city of Concepcion and then on to Puerto Montt. In Aisén they would plan their strategy for the search of the ghost ship.

The tri-motor freighter landed smoothly on the large Aisén airfield under rain clouds surrounded by wonderful mountains, they were now in the Chilean pampas. A real bush pilot paradise. Max had made a flight plan where he would only stop if fuel was needed. He had calculated not to make many stops from Santiago to their destination. Ana parked the plane on one of the local hangars and after having the crew of one of the Doctors trucks from the ranch unload it, they were taken to the ranch by Bigelow, the local driver in an open top Fiat.

That night Max and the Dr. Buenas studied maps of the areas they would be flying. Turning a large one Dr. Buenas said " We will fly first to Isla Marcada where Eliseo Percoso an expert on this fantastic ghost ship will show us all his studies on the ship and point to the most probable areas it might be caught at this time of the year". Max looked at the location of the island and took his navigation instruments and plotted the route which he figured to be around 95 Nautical miles away and with a bearing of 298 degrees from Aisén. He also computed the approximate time in route to be around two hours and twelve minutes. He turned and said to Ana " I will be checking some other maps while on flight so you can fly this leg". Ana smiled at him and with a wink said " yes sir captain, whatever you say". With that the three walked to the dining room at the summons of the butler.

They sat at a large table and soon the maids brought delicious roast pork, barbeque chicken, salad and Italian style potatoes with porcini. They all ate and drank with delicious Chilean red wine famous all over the world. Not much talk went around and after dinner they moved on to the patio with a large log fire going for comfort. Dr. Buenas served a large glass of wine to his friends and sat by the fire looking at both of them he said " There is something both of you do not know, so please bear with me" Max and Ana looked at each other as the old man continued " This ghost ship has taken much of my interest because according to the person we will meet tomorrow, Eliseo Percoso, who went to school with me until we graduated from the University has documents, don't ask where he got them, that reveal that the ship carries a large treasure. He is sure that if we find the darn ship we could try to get the treasure. I know this sounds crazy, but I have known Eliseo for over thirty years and in that time he has recuperated or found four treasures which have given him millions to dedicate to his studies of the South Pacific coasts. I trust this man one hundred percent and am sure he is on a good

trail concerning this ghost ship". Max was the first to say " Amigo Buenas, whatever you tell us I beleive, I could use some money to buy my small air service two new planes or at least one, so if this expedition will do that for me, what could be better. I suppose this friend of yours knows how to get that treasure from a "ghost ship" if we find it." "He tells me that we would have to check the ship from all sides and in one of them a "reflection" of the treasure would be enough for us to grab it". Answered the doctor not to sure of himself. " Well we can sure do that but it will be necessary to find a landing place near the ship since the plane is not an amphibian" said Ana with raised brows. "Yes that will be imperative" fineshed off Max.



Chapter 6

Next day the thunder of the three engines echoed over the mountains as the freighter reached for altitude. Flying over so many waterways and hills was quite a sight and soothed Max's nerves. Flying always made him relax and think clearly. This was the first time he was chasing ghosts and it made him feel uneasy. Ana seemed to take the whole deal quite well and she looked as if she was enjoying herself a lot. Dr. Buenas was a real dude, Max thought with a smile in his face. Here was a well known botanist searching waterways in this lonesome part of the world for a treasure!!. It all seemed unreal.

Isla Marcada was interesting thought Max, as he looked at his map and calculations which showed they should be seeing it in a few moments. Wedged between two hills was the airfield according to Dr. Buenas. " Ok guys, start looking for the airfield we should be in the general area right now" announced Max, waking up the old doctor and smiling to his lovely copilot. He started the descent at five houndred feet per minute and hit banks of clouds. At some two thousand feet over water, sorrouned by many islands Ana pointed to her right saying " I see it now, it is at our two o'clock, the field seems to be long and its wedged between those two hills there". Max banked the plane to take a look and saw it clearly. "Ok, fasten up, Ana you land, I want to check you out once and for all". Ana took the wheel and softly pulled the throttles a bit while she pressed the right rudder pedal and banked softly turning the wheel. A few minutes later she had the

large plane on a clear landing path to the dirt airfield below and in front of her. Max felt the front wheels hit the dark dirt runway and bounce a little, she had made a perfect landing. He smile at her noting she had a grin all over her face.



Chapter 7

The large plane turned halfway on the landing strip and Ana moved it slowly to the wooden structure on the side. A tall figure waved at them. She stopped the engines in front of him and Dr. Buenas opened the back door and jumped out greeting his old schoolmate " My dear friend Eliseo good to see you man". " It is a pleasure professor tutu, its been a long time we crossed paths" answered the skinny man hugging the Doctor. That night after dinner they all sat by a fire and Eliseo told them his plan for finding the ghost ship.

" We will have to go to a small village in isla Pamplona where a very old woman, actually a regional witchdoctor, will do a hog bone reading, a retual to see into other worlds and find out where the ship is at that moment. With that information we should be able to find the ship in a window of two days at the most". Max thought all this sounded crazy and maybe they were all chasing moths in the artic!!!. He looked at Ana who looked mesmerized hearing this strange man that was supposed to be a scientist and was talking like a supertitious monkey. " Amigo, Eliseo, what you have just told us seems unbelievable" said the Doctor. " I know it sound crazy but let me tell you the retual works. This woman helped me find two of the largest treasures I was able to get my hands on after she told me where to look for after a similiar retual". Answered Eliseo taking a drink of hot chocolate and rum. Max took a look at a large map which Eliseo had taken from a chest and said to him. " Show me where this village is". Eliseo pointed with his skinny finger at a spot in the maze of islands and islets. Carefully Max took his portable plotter and pencil and computed the general route to the place. "Its not to far, only sixty four NM to the south east on a bearing of a hundred and fifty two degrees as the crow flies". He said looking at his own navigational map. "It will be a short flight, but the problem I see is that if there is no airfield there we might as well go on a boat". "This is the only airfield you will find in all this coast". Answered Eliseo. "but no problema, amigo Max, we will take my amphibian, we will water

land right in front of the village" said Eliseo. " Great, I was also trying to figure out where we would land with the Ford if we found the ghost ship" said Max sitting by Ana and taking a sip of his hot cup. " Ok, we start tomorrow morning at seven" said the doctor getting up and walking to his bedroom. In a few minutes all hit the sack, it was late and very cold.



Chapter 8

Eliseo's amphibian sat under a tree and it showed that it had not been flown in a long time, leaves were all over it. Max opened the door and sat on the pilot's seat looking over the instruments. The gas tanks were full and the compass was pointing correctly to the east. It was an Norseman, steel bridge parts held the plane together. It looked like it could take about anything the Chilean Patagonia dished out and more.

An hour later the rumble of the engine echoed from the many islands and hills below it. Max was enjoying flying this powerful monoplane, its floats shined with the upcoming sun. He flew low at around two thousand feet.

Fifty eight minutes later the floats touched the cold water by a small village and the four of them jumped to the shore where Max had parked the plane.

Mama Tuta threw the hogs bones one more time and with small wrinkled eyes said " It will be in the Balares Cove, and it looks it will sink again for twenty five years, either you catch it now or come back in two decades and wait five years" She said with a big grin with her toothless mouth. It will have a party there and leave in the fog". Ana was holding Max's hand hard. Eliseo said " Thank you mama Tuta, I have brought your Cuban tabacos, the six gallons of rum and many old newspapers you asked for". She looked at him and the whole party and said " You will have to get very near it in order to grab the treasure, but must do it fast for if the ship 'feels' you it will disappear immediately. Go now and good luck."

They all walked out of the hut they had been in for two hours. Amadeus Butones, the town chief asked them to spend the night with them and participate in the annual barbeque contest. They did.



Chapter 9

After a long dinner with most of the towns people they were given a log cabin where they were to spend the night. Max sat with Eliseo and doctor Buenas checking the maps of the area where the witch had told them the ship could be.

Eliseo pointed to the Balares Cove area and Max calculated the route as being fifty eight miles away. It was on the south east and inland. The cove was very small and could be hard to find. According to the woman, they had no more than two days before the ship dissapeared benith the cold sea. Max figured that it should be on a bearing of a hundred forty to a hundred and forty seven degrees from there.

Next day fog covered the ground and sea, the group walked to the plane and with some apprehension got in the plane and this time Ana took the controls to take off.

All the town people gathered at the shore and looked at the loud plane turn toward the wind and start its run toward the east. Fog was low so they looked at it for a short time as the yellow floater jumped from the water and soon disappeared into the white sheet of low fog, the drone of the engine lingered in the air for a few minutes and then all was quiet and once again only

the sound of the waves could be heard in the small cold village.

-----THE END-----



GOOD LUCK TO THE PILOTS WHO WILL FLY WITH MAX AND HIS FRIENDS LOOKING FOR THE "GHOST SHIP"

.....You have all the needed information to find and visit Eliseo's airfield, the witch's village and the location of the ghost ship....hope you do find it!!, but remember the ship will be there for only two days, then it will sink again for another twenty five years!!!!

I hope you enjoyed the little story and now the Flight!!!!

Use any plane you desire but remember to change to an amphibian or float plane at Isla Marcada to continue the adventure.

Soon another episode of the famous Max Rex, Gentleman and Adventurous Aviator!!!!

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