

Sonya was just starting out another day when she noticed that the Excelsior was losing height. She looked over the side to see if she'd forgotten to untie the ship but to her amazement saw a long string of monkey like critters tethering her and chittering at her urgently. She went and looked for her translator device and eventually found it behind the cushion on the sofa. 'Hail Chitterlings of Plutoria, why are you clinging so desperately to my ship?' she transmitted. 'We can't stay here, oh sailor of the skies, when you've left with all our supplies. All the water is gone and the grain won't grow. Why did you take it all away?' they replied in an ear-jangling chorus. The translator didn't really help things as it made everyone sound like they were talking through a xylophone. 'Let me just take a look' Sonya replied as she started to drop the ship gently back to the ground. On inspecting the ship, Sonya realised that the top layer of the planet had glued itself firmly to her hull and as she took off the entire top of the planet, earth, water and ducks was being pulled away with her. 'Hmm, I wondered why the ship felt so heavy', she thought, 'It's not built to transport planets with it'. She agreed to a meeting with the chief chitterling about how to solve this very curious puzzle. The next day the chief chitterling and Sonya met up to talk about the island's desire to shed it's skin and how the chitterlings had been battling it for years. All the food they ate and houses they built had been lost several times in their long history when other vessels had landed. In one case a gigantic ship had docked and the the next morning had woken up to find the ones that hadn't been dragged off to sea were left on a bare and unfriendly land that had seemed to writhe beneath them as they searched for their friends and family. The ship had left in the night and the island had taken the opportunity to let it's surface be dragged away forever. Sonya decided to try and find the ship and see where they had taken the last part of the island, after all they must have noticed a great big piece of land 'following' them. She sought out one of the fisherlings that lived along the shore and persuaded them to take the path that the previous ship had done. When they finally caught up with the ship it seemed that there was a whole slew of islands in the way that hadn't been there before when Sonya had passed. The captain of the ship had worked out the island just wanted to travel a bit and did so by sending out it's top part with whatever vessel looked interesting. The writhing of the island when the travelling part of it had left was caused by the myriad sealife that had come back to bring news of the adventures it was having and places it had seen. The captain sent a message to the island via a friendly passing urchin to let the Excelsior leave without trying to hitchhike aboard as the bit that had left with the him was still travelling and had a lot left that could still send news back of the mighty world around them. The chitterlings were happy, the island was content and Sonya got to have more adventures sailing the skies.