

Santiago sailed alone in a skiff, he was old and tired but had cheerful and undefeated eyes. It had been 85 days and still no luck. His best friend, his apprentice, had been forced to find another crew with better luck.

He returned home empty handed, "tomorrow will be different". Santiago slept upon old newspapers, covering the springs of the bed.

Cautiously filled with hope, the two readied Santiago's skiff and he set out before dawn. Today he would sail further than ever before. His apprentice saw him off, "good luck, old man".

He hooked a fish, a fish so great it would not give in. For two exhausting days he was towed along by the great fish. On the third day Santiago saw his chance to get the upper hand of the situation. It was a painful battle but he persisted and won the fight. This was the greatest fish of his career and it would never fit in the small skiff. Santiago then fastened the fish to the side of the skiff and began sailing home, however, it would not be an easy ride.

Sharks sought out the fresh blood trailing behind Santiago and the great fish. One after another, sharks appeared and viscously tore chunks of meat from the great fish. Soon, all that was left was a bare skeleton in between a head and a tail. Santiago was devastated and sailed back to shore. The perilous journey was over and Santiago stumbled back to his shack. He slept deeply, for he did not want to face reality again.

When he finally woke, the entire town had crowded the skeleton in awe and some mistake it for a shark. His apprentice was elated at his return as three days had passed without any word of the old man, "Now we fish together again".