Gil Saves the Day

by umaspirateship

Summary

After the pirate ship crashes, Gil decides the best way to help the Isle is to become a superhero. Faced with growing success, he uses the mask to try and woo his (supposedly) unrequited loves, Uma and Harry.

Or, when Uma and Gil go shopping for hats, a magical wizard’s hat isn’t the only magical accessory that gets slipped among the purchases.
Before the showdown between Mal and Uma, before they’d kidnapped Ben, before, even, they’d lost the race for the trident, something strange changed the fate of everyone on the Isle for the better. Something so unbelievable, so lucky, that it seemed almost too ridiculous to be true. But, of any of the villain kids on the Isle, it made sense that it would be Gil’s fault. Despite his seemingly aloof manner, Gil was probably the luckiest kid on the island.

He knew it too... or at least guessed. Gil had the coolest brothers who mostly stood up for him and otherwise made a mean egg salad. Gil had the nicest mom, who was gone now but left him a locket with her photo in it and his own name, two valuable possessions in a place where most kids his age owned nothing. Gil was strong, and could always beat people at arm wrestling. Even Harry, who was by far scarier than he was, and Uma, who he was (mostly) sure he could beat even with her magic. Gil belonged to the crew of the Lost Revenge, and that was the luckiest thing of all. He just hoped that maybe, someday, he’d be able to deserve it.

To be fair, it was also Uma’s fault, as it was because of her he’d had the opportunity in the first place. She had been dragging him around most of the morning shopping for hats, unable to find a single one that looked captain-y enough. People had only just begun calling her by her name again, after all, and if she didn’t look the part it would be all too easy to lose their respect. Meanwhile, Gil, her ever faithful companion, was having an absolute blast. He bought every hat that caught his eye and soon had so many hats he could barely carry them. Uma sighed and got out her drawstring bag, knowing Gil wouldn’t have any money but not willing to let him walk out of the store sad.

While Uma was bartering angrily with the cashier, Gil caught sight of a sparkly gold mask hidden beneath a pile of tattered fabrics. He pulled it out, snuck it into the pile of hats, and crossed his fingers that Uma wouldn’t notice. Hats were one thing, practical even, but a mask? Besides, it wasn’t even useful, like the hats, just pretty.

With the whirlwind of events that happened after that, Gil understandably forgot all about the golden mask that was hidden amongst his collection. Which explains why, when the barrier dropped while Mal and Uma fought over the trident, he didn’t notice it glowing.

When they all returned to their rooms onboard the Lost Revenge, tired and angry and limbs sore from hours of work trying to prevent the ship from sinking completely, Gil just wanted to hide and never be found again. He blinked hard, his eyes feeling tight at the edges. He tried not to think of Harry and Uma. The way Uma’s face collapsed after the barrier snapped shut and the trident was lost forever. The way Harry’s hook clattered to the deck as they tried to drag her back onboard in the middle of the storm. Or even of the way Uma and Harry had both gone into the Captain’s quarters and collapsed on the giant bed there, too tired to pretend their insults and teasing had been anything other than flirting.

So if he spent a little longer than usual sitting in his favorite spot on the mast, watching as his crewmates wandered into bed, watching as the lights on the Isle lit up, as the evening turned to darkness. Well. Gil deserved some moments of peace and quiet to think.

By the time he finally made it back to his little room in the back of the ship, he could barely stay upright. Gil had definitely underestimated how tired he was. He shut the door to his quarters, let his face collapse, and prepared to embrace the darkness.
But it wasn't dark.

At first glance, it looked like someone had spilled a bucket of liquid gold on top of his clothes. The air itself seemed to have absorbed it too and shimmered in the darkness. But it couldn't possibly be gold. His room was dark, and cold, and empty. And he hadn't seen any real gold on the island since Harry stole his dad's gold tooth. He shuddered. Not a good memory.

But. Gold was there, nonetheless.

And it was glowing.

"Shrimpy?" he cried out, a little panicked.

No one responded.

He started hesitantly towards the pile of clothes that seemed to be the origin of the gold. It was seeping over his hat collection and onto the floor around his feet. He brushed his fingers against it hesitantly. The color dripped over his fingers. It was shockingly cool, but a little rough like the brininess of the sea. He squinted and thought he saw soft sparkles glittering in the gold. He knew then exactly what it looked like. Not gold. Not paint. It didn't even feel like ocean water anymore, as it settled against his skin.

It felt like magic.

He wiped his hands off on a spare shirt he had lying around, opened his door, and left the room.

Gil fled down the hallways until he found himself abovedeck, the cloudy moonless night still hovering in the sky. He saw the makeshift dock they'd tied themselves to in order to keep the boat from sinking. He glanced out at the skyline and was able to make out the castle in the distance where dad said Belle lived.

He was still on the Isle.

There was magic. On. The. Isle.

There was magic in Gil's room!

He'd touched it! The magic was seeping into his clothes at that very moment! Magic.

"Shrimpy!" He squeaked, hardly able to get a proper sound out in his panic. "C-captain!" The deck rocked on the waves but there was no other movement. It was still and silent and no one was there. He took a deep breath and tried to control himself. "Uma," he whispered, "Oh my gods I have to tell Uma."

He almost tripped down the stairs to the Captain's quarters. He only remembered at the last second that, hmm, maybe, it was three in the morning and, well, Uma probably wouldn't want him slamming her door open no matter what was going on in his bedroom that very moment.

So he opened the door gently. Well, as gently as his big fighty muscles would allow.

Uma's room always seemed to be a dark shade of blue at night. She had a window right above her bed that bobbed between the sea and the horizon, a slight glow of the stars in a gentle stream of light. The stars splayed across her skin as she slept.

"Uma," he whispered, taking a step forward.
There was a hook at his throat and a chest at his back before he could say anything else.

"D'ya really think you'd be able to lay your hands on the Captain just because she's asleep? Who do you think you are, waltzing about like this is your ship, like you can go wherever you -"

"Harry," Gil gasped out, "I'm sorry. I'll sleep on the docks for the next week I promise. I'm. I. Please, I need to talk to Uma."

Immediately, the hook fell from Gil's throat and he found himself being spun around to face the pirate who'd been threatening him only moments before.

Harry's hookless hand drifted to his face.

"Gil," he whispered. "Darlin', what are you doing awake?"

"I know you said no one was supposed to bother you, but..."

"Hmmm?" Harry said, letting his fingers drift down Gil's cheek. Gil took a deep breath and leaned away. Harry was always clingy when he was tired, and always turned bright red whenever it was mentioned in the morning.

"There's something in my room that Uma needs to see," Gil finally got out after an awkward silence.

"Oh?" Harry let out a soft laugh, "Something she needs to see in the middle of the night? If you weren't... Well. What is it Gil?"

"I think it might be magic. I - I'm worried that it's dangerous. And, well, I might have touched it?"

Harry sighed and dropped his hand from Gil's face.

"What have we said about touching things we don't recognize?"

"Uh... not... to do it?"

"C'mon. We don't need to get Uma just yet. I'll go with you. Could just be bad dreams."

"I never got to sleep though, Harry, I swear I'm not dreaming."

Gil found himself being led down the hall to his quarters, pouting as he went. Thankfully, the passage that led from the Captain's quarters to his own only connected to doors to Uma's private bath and the closet they'd let Gil store his favorite snacks in. At least he didn't have to worry about waking up the other members of the crew. It was bad enough he'd woken up Harry, even if it WAS important.

Harry got to the room first and pushed open the door.

It was pitch black.

Gil blinked. "What-"

"Don't worry I brought some matches," Harry said. He stepped away from Gil into the room and lit the lamp on Gil's wall and the one on the desk next to his bed. Harry picked that one up and let its light sweep over the room.

"Where'd you see this magic?"
The lamplight swept over his clothes and Gil sucked in a breath. The gold was gone. Gil tried to suppress his panic, grabbing the shirt he'd used as a makeshift towel before he'd left. It was clean. Not a single piece of glitter remained on the fabric. And it certainly didn't feel like magic in his hands. It felt like low-quality cotton.

"Gil?"

"It's gone," Gil said. "I guess... maybe it was a dream."

"You need to get some sleep, it's been a long day for everyone, especially us," Harry said, glancing up at Gil. "You could... nevermind. I. Sleep well, Gil."

He set the lamp back down on the table. Gil stared at the floor, unable to control his expression enough to glance up. He was such an idiot. At least he hadn't woken Uma up for something so dumb. The door clicked shut as Harry left, not waiting for Gil to respond. Gil felt dumb. Gil was dumb. That much was obvious. He'd thought that maybe he could help Uma fix the necklace, help them sail the boat and defeat Mal. But they'd failed. And now he was bothering Harry over stupid dreams.

Gil turned off the lamps.

Gil closed his eyes.

The corner of Gil's room started to glow gold, and Gil's eyes snapped open.

Only this time, the gold wouldn't stop. It spread over the room, washing Gil with light. His hair seemed to be lined with the stuff, and he could feel himself shaking with the gently buzzing of magic. Magic.

He walked over to the pile of clothes, the Gold seeping under his skin. Gil clenched his fists, once. Twice. Then he plunged his hands into the pile of clothes, digging through his hats and old t-shirts until he'd found the source of the glow.

It was undeniable. It seemed to radiate magic like the sun in the summer, and it was warm when he touched it. It was not the soothing cool he'd felt earlier, but a bold spark of energy.

A golden mask, which tied in the back with two soft gold ribbons. Gil gasped as he recognized it as the one he'd snuck into his purchases at the shop. He'd almost entirely forgotten about it.

Gil glanced towards the door, which was awash with gold like everything else in the room. He should go get Uma and Harry.

Or. Or.

He let himself smile a little as he thought. Maybe he'd be able to solve this one for himself. Maybe he'd find a way out of the Isle, and he could bring it to Harry and Uma and they'd be proud. Maybe he could do something right for once.

Gil put the mask on.
I wrote a thing! A real thing! I'm not dead! Gil feels always get me in the writing mood again.

I am a real live human on tumblr @umaspirateship. I hardly ever post but WILL respond if you message me. Or like. Comment here, so I can be very excited and happy for my guy Gil getting the appreciation he deserves.

Also, got any ideas for who Gil should fight in the upcoming chapters? Also, I'd love to hear about any superhero designs inspired by this!
An Unbreakable Force Meets an Unstoppable Hero

Chapter Summary

The residents of the Isle can feel the gold in the air and the shift in the horizon. Gil comes into himself and tries to conciliate himself to the fact that even his newfound powers can’t get him off the Isle. Gil’s righteous anger at the state of the Isle brings a glittering golden Sunrise to Auradon.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There’s golden light in the corner of alleyways. Glittering fingerprints left on door handles. In the pitch black of night, the skyline glows.

The first night it happens, no one is quite sure what it is.

Harriet Hook claims it’s the Kraken, finally risen from the sea to eat them all. No one really listens to that. Mad Maddy starts spreading rumors that it’s Mal, returned from Auradon to slowly poison them all. Some people believe that, but the magic isn’t quite green enough to convince them entirely. Dizzy Tremaine doesn’t start any theories, but her sketchbooks begin filling up with golden dresses and jewelry, inspired by the magic of it all. It’s the genie, some say. Maybe Jafar had a new plan. Monsters. Heroes. Natural disasters. The hand of God.

“Fairies,” one goblin would say in passing.

“Could be,” the other would respond.

Nothing much changed on the Isle. But this wasn’t just something new, it was something magical. It was wickedly cool, first of all. And it was terrifying, awe-inspiring, ground-shaking. Clearly, whoever or whatever was behind the gold was powerful. Sometimes, there’d be golden wind pushing inland from the docks, pushing off hats and tangling hair. Sometimes, the air would be filled with chimes as the magic twirled around the heads of the people below.

Then, he appeared.

He was flying, floating, shimmering like a cloud being stretched across the darkened sky. He absorbed the light from the stars and sent it back doubled. He darted back and forth across the island, pushing golden fists insistently against the invisible barrier.

He glowed the same magic gold that had been seeping around the Isle for at least a week. It was undeniable that he was the source.

“Do you think he’s trapped?” whispered remarks, darting around Ursula’s Fish and Chips, catching the ears of one Uma, Captain of the Lost Revenge.

“Hah,” she’d say, slamming their meal down on the table. “We’re all trapped here. What makes whoever it is any different?”

Gil would glance her way and duck into the shadows. They always seemed darker now than they
did before. He’d close his eyes and try to listen for Harry, who was shouting orders at the various outsiders they’d hired to help fix the boat. The clack of Harry’s hook against metal and wood would help Gil breathe again.

Gil was getting tired of how much he could see.

When he took to the sky, people looked up. He was always watched and watching. And what he saw sucked. The Isle literally freaking sucked. Kids, smaller than even he had been at that age, huddled under bridges and in alleyways and in abandoned warehouses. And everyone was lonely. He could see that even without the glow, sitting on the doorstep of the Shoppe. Everyone too afraid to let themselves get close. Not to mention the literal trash which lined the roads, which was their only possessions, which defined their lives as the trash barge drifted in and out of the harbor. Living was terrifying and infuriating, and if Gil had to watch anyone else get thrown on the street or locked in the spare cupboard or hit or shot at by parents whose only personality anymore was wrapped up in their gun and their ego. If Gil had to. Find anyone else like himself. Himself before Uma and Harry. If Uma had never become captain of the Lost Revenge.

Well.

Gil had thought these powers would be their liberation. And maybe they would be, still. But they trapped him in a well of righteous anger that never found an outlet. Gil wasn’t just becoming a hero, as some whispered during his nightly journey. Gil wasn’t just becoming Good, either. (Though if he was honest, well, he was never really that evil to begin with. He’d failed Evil Schemes 101 and Wicked Plots and he’d always been considered the least successful Gaston son.)

Gil was becoming himself. He tore himself from the image of himself that had always been there. Someone buff, and stupid, and loyal to a fault. He stole his faults and reshaped them into a Hero. He would save them. He funneled every emotion he felt out of himself and into his plans.

But the barrier never moved an inch under his palms, and it was discouraging. When he set out at dusk, it nearly always meant getting soaked in rain, having to blink it out of his eyes as he ran tests on his powers or on the barrier itself. Again. He wasn’t sure what else he could learn. Barrier: unbreakable. Gil: still gold.

The gold never seemed to run out. It let him fly, which was pretty obvious as the golden paint, still dripping from his hands, lifted him to the ceiling in his room that night. And, even without the mask, his hearing had been heightened. Flecks of gold floated sound to his ears, masquerading as sunlight as they drifted through the air. Sitting in his room onboard the Lost Revenge, he could hear all the sounds of the docks, up to the whispered conversations in the booths where he’d arm wrestled henchmen as he waited for Uma to wrap up her shift. After a while, the shouts and quarrels of the night had become white noise.

Gil didn’t have super-vision or super-speed, and he couldn’t read minds or turn invisible.

But the magic of the mask would lift and guide the wind and pull him along like an irresistible current. The magic was limitless, but he wasn’t. Being caught up in its light drained his own natural sunshine and he could hardly even keep his eyes open most days.

“Gil.”

The voice was commanding, and concerned, and a little unnerving. It was carefully crafted in the way of someone who thought about every word but meant to sound like they didn’t think at all.

Gil blinked his eyes open.
He’d drifted off again. The galley, this time. A half-finished sandwich looked unappetizingly up at him from his plate.

“Gil.”

Oh, right. From the door, he thought. Gil blinked again hard and turned around, trying to appear more awake than he was.

“Where have you been?” Harry asked, gliding forward until he was in front of Gil.

“Uh… the galley?” said Gil. “Is this a trick question?”

Harry smiled a little at that, and Gil grinned back.

“No, not the galley,” Harry said. “I mean, why haven’t you been sleeping?”

“Look, I’m sorry for drifting off, I know I have a responsibility to the crew and the Captain. It’s just… been a long day?”

“Gil.”

“A long week then,” Gil conceded.

“Sleep is important,” Harry said. “If you’re not at full capacity, something could happen. You need to take better care of yourself.”

“I’ve been worse,” Gil rolled his eyes. “I slept on the streets for months before coming here. You know that.”

“Yes… I do,” Harry muttered. He looked into Gil’s eyes and Gil bit his lip. “And how do you feel about it?”

“About what? Sleeping on the streets?”

“No. Well. Sort of. I meant, about being here. With us?”

“Harry, I can’t…” The feelings weighed too much on Gil’s shoulders. It hurt too much to get them out.

Harry froze and nodded. “Yeah, sorry, I shouldn’t have…”

“No, it’s not…”

Harry turned. “Get more sleep.”

“I will,” Gil lied, already brushing his thumb across the fabric of the mask, hidden in his pocket.

If the barrier wouldn’t break, he’d decided, watching as Harry’s concern buried itself under his tendency to think the worst, Gil would just have to become unstoppable. His fury was unending, and his fists glowed even now, with the mask tucked safely away.

There’s golden light in the corner of alleyways. Glittering fingerprints left on door handles. In the pitch black of night, the skyline glows.

This time, Gil breaks through the horizon, resplendent.
The gold pours from his hands, spreading over the warehouse he’d chosen for his first task. He closes his eyes so he can see what it is he wants. Home. Somewhere safe. Uma and Harry and warm summer nights and the soft glow of lantern lights. The sunset glinting off the mast and sparkling on the deck. The way his brothers hugged him when he’d left. Being able to breathe again. Something subtle, and gentle.

The gold cleans the space, whisking away dust and loose scraps of paper. Gil’s fingers weave golden fabric, his smile soothes over cracks in the wood and cement. The gold embeds itself into the doorframe, setting protections even Gil didn’t quite understand.

When he opened his eyes, the warehouse stood out from anything else on the Isle. The gold had faded into muted browns and reds like he’d intended, but it was clean, and looked new, and was in far better condition than the rickety buildings next door. Inside, Gil had hung hammocks and built bunk beds out of thin air. The main floor had no sleeping space but was filled with games and a kitchen and a worktable filled with as many tools as Gil could remember the names of. The floor was plush carpet, softer than anything Gil had ever felt, but, when crafted by magic, was somehow still possible for him to create. This was better than mind reading. Better than invisibility or ice powers or turning a beast back human again.

Gil’s eyes were beginning to drift closed. He floated along the tide of gold back to the ship and hoped his plan had worked. If joining Uma’s crew had taught him anything, it was that if you offered VKs a home, safety, even the smallest sliver of control over their own lives, they’d take it. Hopefully what he’d created could be the Isle’s Lost Revenge. Could make a bigger difference than any goddamn Auradon hero. And he’d do more tomorrow night, he swore when he was finally wrapped up in his own bed. He wouldn’t abandon anyone.

Gil fell into sleep, golden mask hidden beneath his pile of clothes again. The door creaked open and Harry looked in.

“So it isn’t you,” he said. He shook his head and smiled gently. “Oh, Gil. Sleep well.”

He slipped back to Uma, wrapping his arms around her waist as he drew close.

“How is he?” she murmured, “Gone again?”

“Hah, no. If he’d been gone again I’d be sounding the alarms.”

“Good.”

Harry looked at her and frowned. “I thought you wanted Gil to be able to make his own choices. That was your promise after you brought him here. What if he’s… what if he decides to leave?”

“Then we’ll just have to convince him to stay,” said Uma. “When we get out of here, it won’t be real freedom unless I have both my boys at my side.”

“And if he wants more than us?”

“Then we give it to him.”

When the dawn came, the Isle named him Sunrise. Gil stayed home but could hear the whispers on the breeze. He could hear Uma and Harry in the galley, pulling together his favorite breakfast and arguing over the effectiveness of a new type of bait Harry had designed. The air shimmered gold.

Chapter End Notes
I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Poor Harry, almost figures it out but can't quite get there. Please share your comments/questions/predictions! I love hearing them it's very exciting!

- Abbey (@umaspirateship here and on tumblr)
A Captain in Distress

Chapter Summary

Gil continues saving the day as a mysterious superhero, codename: the Sunrise. Ironically, rather than saving Harry and Uma he accidentally makes them think there's something deadly wrong with HIM! Harry, worried about Gil's health and the powerful new hero, wanders off. Uma chases after, hoping to find some steady footing at last. Or at least a plan. A plan would be nice.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“‘You may have thought you’d be able to hide your crimes under the dark of night, but your luck has run out. The Sunrise has come at last for the Isle, and I’ve come at last for you!’ The golden hero dropped from his place near the warehouse’s window, and immediately found himself dodging punches.

“‘You know,’” the Sunrise said between blows, “‘If you wanted to attack a child so badly you could have always called me. I’m always up for a fight, and I definitely give a better one.’”

The other half of the fight laughed darkly and pushed his hair out of his face as he stepped out of the way of another attack.

“‘Ah, but you ain’t the one stealing me goods, are ye?’”

“‘Word around the block is you hired him to steal for you in the first place. What’s up with that?’”

“‘Ow else am I supposed to make a living? I ain’t got no special golden powers that’ll lift the best goods right out the goddamn ship.’”

The hero just scowled. “‘I help people who need it. But even if you begged, I wouldn’t lower myself to help a bastard like you.’”

“‘What, for hitting some scrawny kid? How was I to know ‘e was one o’ yours?’”

“‘Everyone on this Isle is under my protection. You better hand over your goods and scram or I’ll knock your lights out.’”

“‘As if, firecracker. I run ma business the way I want, and ain’t no kid getting in the way.’”

There was a flash of gold, and at dawn, a crowd gathered to gawk at the goon tied up on the top of the tallest mast in the harbor.

Uma watched the commotion from the deck of her own ship and crossed her arms. There was too much commotion on the Isle, lately, and it was beginning to get on her nerves. Who did this Sunrise guy think he was anyway? If he didn’t knock it off, he’d get the attention of Auradon, and even worse – Mal. At this stage in her plans, that’d be disastrous. They didn’t even have a functioning ship, goddammit, and Harry, who was one of the meanest souls on the Isle, had his head in the clouds all day. Maybe if Gil finally got back to normal everything else would fall into
place. She turned away from the scene across the water and ducked back below decks.

Gil was asleep again, his forehead wrinkled and his rest uneasy. Harry had draped his old quilt over Gil at some point in the night, and Gil was absolutely tangled up in it. Uma pushed her hat back on her head as she ran her fingers through her hair.

How was she supposed to fix things when there wasn’t a foe she could fight off? No races to win, no tricks to unravel, and no rivals to outsmart. Her sword hung uselessly at her side. Goddammit, where was Harry when she needed him.

Uma stalked back into the hallway. She glanced into her own room and found it empty. Harry still wasn’t back from wherever he’d wandered before she awoke, when the moon was still bright in the sky. She clenched her fists and walked back onto the deck. The commotion outside was getting louder as the man on the pole was untied by a pair of scrappy and rather angry looking kids, younger than them but ten times as dirty. Harry was not on the deck and he was not in the crowd, either.

To the Fish & Chips Shoppe it was. She hated going there on her days off. She hated going there ever, without her crew to back her up.

“Jonas,” she said, yanking on the sleeve of a passing pirate as she disembarked. “Have you seen Harry?”

“Just got off watch. Saw him heading into town about four-ish.”

“I am going to wring his neck,” Uma said, “If he’s off collecting dues right now, I am going to string him up from our mast and keep him there until winter rolls in. See how he feels about that.”

“Of course, Captain. If you go through with it, I’ll get the rope myself.” Jonas gave a little salute and grinned.

“Ah, shut up, Jonas. Respect your Captain.”

“Uma, there is no other soul on this Isle I would follow like I follow you.”

“Get back to work,” Uma said, rolling her eyes. “And if I’m not back before, tell Gil I’m at the Shoppe when he wakes.”

“Aye, Captain. Ride with the tide!” Jonas said. He turned back to head below decks, and Uma watched him until he disappeared.

“With my crew,” she said, “It’s always something.”

Despite the smile Jonas had managed to provoke, Uma’s hands clenched as she walked on the gently swaying dock. She couldn’t let herself relax and kept her eyes glued on the dispersing crowd. Maybe Harry had found new prey among the crowd. She doubted it. Whenever he wandered off in the night, she always knew where she would find him.

The Isle, being as it was an island, had hidden beaches and coves everywhere. The front of the Shoppe may have had views of the lagoon, where Uma and Harry had faced off in their infamous boat race, but the back hid something even more special. Uma figured Ursula had put her shop there for that very reason. Well, at least before she’d locked herself in the backroom of the restaurant. When she’d had some semblance of ambition. You see, if you took care walking the treacherous path, which was near deadly at high tide, you could find a little rocky shore. The little shore was hidden from the rest of the Isle by a looming cliff and had the floorboards of the restaurant high above as a roof. Sometimes, the cove-like hideaway would flood and leave puddles
full of crabs and seaweed and the seashells that sparkled even in the dark. The edge of the shore
scraped the ocean, and if you fell into the water you would sink until you hit the bottom of the
barrier, if such a thing existed.

This was where she’d met Harry.

She’d just wanted someplace to hide from the goons trying to get Mal’s attention. Like Mal would
ever give them the light of day. Anyone so unoriginal in their evil schemes as to target Shrimpy,
instead of someone with any actual power was kidding themselves if they thought they were clever
or evil enough to join Mal’s gang. Uma had been evil enough and more than clever. But she’d
made a fatal mistake – she’d trusted Mal.

So. She was gangless and angry and looking for someplace to be alone. She snuck out to the cove,
hoping desperately for somewhere safe. But when she got there, she found not solitude but the
silhouette of a boy along the shore.

The boy had black hair that swept into his face as he leaned towards the ocean. One of his arms
was submerged in the murky water, his sleeves pushed back so they wouldn’t get wet.

“Get out of my spot!” Uma said, striding across the room towards him. She gave her very best
threatening glare (she had been practicing).

“This is your spot, is it?” the boy replied. “I didn’t see your name on it, did I?”

“You’re a child if you think writing your name on something makes it yours. Everything I have I
had to earn.”

“And I get that, I do,” the boy said, glancing towards the water, “But I’m trying to earn something
myself here. So. Scram.”

“What are you reaching for in the ocean? It’s just grimy water and crocodiles.”

The boy grimaced. “Yes, well, I’m hoping one will come along and bite my hand off.”

“What?!” Uma yelped. She ran over and tugged the boy out of the water. “Are you crazy? Why
would you want that?”

“Oh, crazy am I?” the boy grinned, “Glad to know you’ve formed such an opinion after mere
seconds of our acquaintance. The name’s Harry. Harry Hook.”

He held out his dripping wet hand and Uma reluctantly shook it.

“I’m trying to get a crocodile to eat my hand,” Harry said, “So I can get a real hook just like my
dad. He says you have to earn your place as a pirate. My sister Harriet earned hers by being the
oldest and beating dad’s crew in a swordfight. Now, I’m not too good with swords and have no
chance of being the oldest, so, next best thing. When I have a hook like my dad, he’ll see that I’m
just like him. That I can be a pirate too.”

Uma shook her head. “Or you could just find your own crew to join.”

“My own crew? Me and what boat?”

“We’ll work out the details later,” Uma said. “How about the two of us try and take down Mal and
her crew first – that’ll get us enough power to do whatever we want.”
“Just take down Mal,” Harry laughed, “A small task for great minds like ours. I like it.”

“If you’re on board,” she said, “I believe it.”

“What’s your name anyway?”

“You can just call me Captain.”

Harry shoved her and rolled his eyes, “No way am I calling you Captain. You’re a whole foot shorter than me!”

“Yeah, but what I lack in height I make up for in brain cells,” she said. “Unlike some people in this cove. You don’t even have the muscles to make being so stupid worthwhile.”

“Fine, fine. You can be the brains. I’ll be the natural sailing skill, which, sure, is only useful when we get a boat, but when we do, I’ll be SUPER useful.”

Uma nodded, “Fair. We just need some brawn, and we’ll be complete. And I guess you can call me Uma for now. If you’re planning on sticking around.”

“You can’t get rid of me, Captain.” Harry gave a mock salute and sat down on the rocky ground. “Watch the stars with me some? I’ve heard some great stories about them.”

“You’re in luck,” Uma said sitting down next to him, “I don’t seem to have anything else on my schedule for today.”

Neither Harry or Uma had visited the cove since they’d won the Lost Revenge. Nowadays they’d tell stories of the stars out the window of her quarters when they couldn’t sleep. Or they’d find themselves on deck, watching the choppy waves beneath them and holding each other steady.

“The crowd was pretty loud today, huh,” Harry said as she approached. He stared off into the distance, hook dropped on the ground as he clasped his hands together in front of him. “The Sunrise is getting pretty bold.”

“You know, I never got why they call him that,” Uma said, sitting next to him and letting out a sigh. “Doesn’t he usually work at sunset? Or during the night? He’s never been seen during the day, much less at dawn.”

“The gold,” Harry replies, “Is like the Sun. And his deeds are discovered when we wake. But mostly, he’s called the Sunrise ‘cause he brings a new hope to the Isle. Like the sun rising on a clear day. Like a dream of someplace where it isn’t so damn cloudy all the time.”

“If he’s bringing hope, why do I feel so defeated all the time?” Uma growled.

“It’s because it means we failed,” Harry said, grabbing his hook and standing up. “We had a plan and couldn’t see it through, just like every damn villain on this Isle?”

“Well, is this Sunrise guy even a villain?” Uma yelled.

They both froze and looked at each other.

“Shit.” Harry groaned.

“Yeah, no kidding.”

“An Auradon kid, here on the Isle? Do you think it’s true?”
Uma glanced at the sky, where the usual storm clouds were now streaked with blue.

“I don’t think there can be any other explanation. Where would someone like us get real, good magic like that, anyway? That’s not how villains’ stories go.”

“Well, they’re stuck on the Isle now,” Harry said, “That much is obvious. What if we… convinced him to team up with us? But that’s impossible…”

“No, no,” Uma grinned, “That could work. He clearly cares about the kids on the Isle. But he has no plan. He’s just been building safe houses and tying up the scumbags who think they’re allowed to be abusive assholes just because there’s no higher authority. Well, we have the plan. And the Sunrise has the higher authority.”

“Think he can make The Lost Revenge sail again?”

“You’re thinking small, Harry,” Uma laughed, smiling for real, “With our help, he can make her sail past the barrier itself!”

Uma paused and dropped her hands from where she was waving them about, triumphant. “We have to go.”

“What?”

“I told Gil to meet us at the Shoppe. If we’re not there…”

“He’s going to start thinking he’s done something wrong again. Which is no good when he hasn’t done anything wrong.”

“Except getting sick,” Uma reminded him, “He’s been unnaturally tired for a while. Do you think it’s stress? Or…”

“Don’t mention it,” Harry said, “I don’t want to think about it. If he doesn’t get better, I’m going to Auradon to murder the king myself, barrier be damned.”

“Well, with the Sunrise’s help,” Uma said, “As much as I’d rather do it myself, I think we’ll have a chance of saving Gil and putting King Ben’s head on a stake.”

“A stake’s interesting, sure, but have you seen my hook?”

“Yes, Harry. We’ve ALL seen your hook.”

Chapter End Notes

Another overly long break, another chapter! Lots of Harry and Uma in this chapter. Don’t worry, more Gil POV coming soon. This story IS about him after all :P

Wasn't D3 great guys? I'm loving the Gil content it's too much. Me: eyes new D3 content. This fic: looks offended.

As usual, comment here or on my tumblr @umaspirateship! I might post some sea3 playlists soon when I finish them and that will be rad. Oh and send me asks that's fun too!
Shoot, almost forgot -- This chapter fulfills the Jonas square for @descendantsbingo! I saw the square and had to work him in somehow :D

- Abbey, owner-operator
The Conch Signal

Chapter Summary

Gil is not acting normal.

Harry and Uma try to find a way to contact the Sunrise.

A new magical artifact is discovered.

The Sunrise tries not to freak out too badly in their presence.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

In moments like these, Gil regretted not wearing the mask. The mask, at least, obscured his face, keeping his emotions (and identity) where no one could see them. As Gil, he was an anxious, lovesick, idiotic open book.

“Gil, treasure,” Harry had said offhandedly as they waited for Uma to close up. “You know Uma and I want what’s best for you?”

Gil had just looked up at Harry, innocently, and smiled. Gods, he could be a fool sometimes. Frequently.

“Sure,” he’d said. “I know that.”

Harry had just stared over his shoulder, lost in thought, and didn’t respond immediately.

“Are you okay, Harry?” Gil had said. “You look really worried. Is this… is this about our conversation last week? I swear I’ve been getting more sleep, and I’m happy here really, you don’t need –”

Harry had hit his head with his head, sighing, “You didn’t do anything wrong, Gil. The Plan is just weighing on my shoulders tonight. Things will be better once we get to Auradon, I promise. It’s just. Hard, right now.”

Gil’s face had plummeted, instantly overcome by guilt, but he forced a reassuring smile on his face. “Is there anything I can do?”

“No, Gil,” he’d laughed, “I know you want to help, but Uma and I can figure it out. We’ve got a new angle, see. But that doesn’t mean the loss was any less brutal. It’s been hard on all of us, and I wanted to make sure you knew you could trust us with anything.”

“Of course I trust you,” Gil had said immediately.

“Then you’ll tell us if something’s wrong?” Harry had continued, leaning forward into Gil’s space. This had made Gil blink and took a step back. “What makes you think something’s wrong?”

“The sleeping, for one, and you haven’t arm-wrestled anyone in the Shoppe recently, either. And
you’ve been… distant.”

Gil had squeaked out, “I’m fine, it’s nothing. I’ll go to bed early, don’t worry, leaving now!” and ran off before Harry could stop him.

That had not gone very well. At all. Now Gil was zigzagging around the skyline as he tried to worry a hole into the barrier. Maybe his sheer anxiety would be a strong enough force. Maybe he’d never take off the mask again so he could, just, avoid having conversations with people.

Harry’s suspicions showed that he was two braincells away from realizing Gil was the Sunrise. And it’s not like he could just stop acting suspicious! Being a superhero was exhausting. In uniform, he had boundless energy and light. Out of uniform, he felt dragged down, dim and tired. It felt like the world around him had been covered in a layer of shadow.

And Gil couldn’t stop being the Sunrise either. He’d changed the Isle, at least a little. And maybe someday he’d find the weakness in the barrier. Really, it felt like the only way he could help Harry and Uma. Especially now that they wouldn’t even let him help with the change in The Plan! He’d thought he’d proven his worth. He was buff, and dedicated, and loyal, and surprisingly detail-oriented. He could help!

The sun was setting and Gil still hadn't relaxed. The Isle had been peaceful since he took to the skies, and he didn't want to disrupt the peace by pushing his way into situations unnecessarily. So, settling himself onto the tallest tower in the Isle, Gil let himself lay back and watch the sky change colors and the sun disappear behind the Auradonian landscape in the distance.

Across town, Harry was wearing a hole not in the barrier but in the floor of the Shoppe. Gil’s reaction had been worrying, and if Gil wasn't lying about being happy on the Lost Revenge than he had to be lying about something much more serious. Both of the options were bad, and only reinforced the necessity of the new Plan. It felt like ages passed as he waited for Uma to leave the back room and finish locking up.

"Where’d Gil go?" she asked as soon as she stepped into view. "Did you send him outside again?"

"No," Harry said, "I was trying to get him to talk to me about what’s going on. He freaked out and ran off. Back to the ship, I hope, but who knows. He seemed okay at the beginning of the conversation, and he’s never freaked out like that before."

"Speak for yourself," Uma snapped. "I haven't been able to have a real conversation with him since we lost the trident."

"I’m sure it’s nothing you did. I have been bothering him recently."

"That makes sense, you’re always messing up," Uma said, pausing. "But for real. He’s GIL, he… if he’s being so evasive, it can only be because-"

"Something is terribly wrong," Harry agreed, "We have to get him to Auradon for medical attention or, or I don’t know a nice nap on a comfy bed! Whatever he’s keeping from us has to be -"

"Tricky or Wicked?"

"Of course," Harry said, rolling his eyes, "Everything here is. But you and I both know this is more serious than that. You need to talk to him, Uma. You'll see. He's hiding something, like he never has before."

"Well, if we can track down that Auradon sap tonight," Uma said, "We won't have to worry for
long. If Gil’s sick, if he's lying to us, I'll be able to fix it when my powers aren't trapped by this barrier!"

"What do you mean, ‘if’ we find him? I thought you had a plan!"

"I have The Plan, but A plan? I have no idea how we're going to find this guy, let alone have him hear us out."

Both of them fell into silence, glaring into the air as they schemed. As they thought, Uma and Harry drifted out of the restaurant and down to the cove. The water was lapping up the sides of the path as they walked.

"I'm sure you'll say something that will sway him to our side," Harry said. "You're the Captain. You got me to follow you, after all."

“You would follow a crab into the water.”

“But instead I followed an octopus,” he grinned. “Clearly I’ve got a little taste.”

“Taste isn’t gonna sway someone from Auradon. They’re all fools and idiots.”

“And I’m not? Aw, Uma I’m honored.”

Uma waved him off and walked towards the shoreline. She expected to see her reflection scowl up at her, but instead, she could only see blue and a shimmering light deep below distorting the water. She couldn’t see what it was, so deep down only the sand and trash and weird-shaped fish could reach it.

And maybe a young sea witch with growing powers.

“Harry, hold my hat. I need to go for a swim.”

Harry grabbed her hat dutifully but raised an eyebrow and said, “Down there? You can’t exactly use your magic on the Isle. It’s a bit far.”

“Then I guess,” Uma said, taking off her vest and shoes as well, before shooting him a grin, “I will have to hold my breath.”

And then, without any hesitation, Uma dove.

At first, the water rushed past her like the wind in the sails of the *Lost Revenge*, whipping along her body as she fell ever deeper. Then it began to drag, like a reluctant child, pulling her hair and her clothes down, her body pushing back up instinctively.

She kept herself from taking in a gulp of air, or rather water, and gave a powerful kick.

As she fell, she couldn’t see the glowing object get any closer. But when she glanced up, the surface and Harry, still clutching her hat, seemed as far away as the bottom of the ocean. Her head began to throb, and she used her arms to desperately pull herself down as fast as she could. Soon, she had to close her eyes and spend all her energy trying to keep herself from breathing or from simply passing out.

Just when she thought to turn back, thought that maybe this was as lost as the trident, that it would be a secret forever unknown, her vision was shocked with gold. Her eyes were still clenched shut, but beyond them danced a shimmering light brighter than any treasure or the moon or anything she
She let her eyes drift open and saw the source of the light – a simple conch shell, buried halfway in the sand. Uma reached out a hand and pried it out, watching as the sands, turned a glittery gold, drifted off the conch onto the seafloor. As soon as she touched it, she felt twenty pounds lighter, felt like flying, felt like she was sailing on the deck of a fixed up Lost Revenge, wild and free.

She blinked and found herself sitting back in the cove, soaking wet, the conch shell lying at her feet. It no longer glowed, but it made the magic at her core vibrate with anticipation. Uma pulled on her boots and vest from where they laid on the ground next to her. She needed her Captain’s hat. She turned her head and saw Harry a few feet away, lying asleep on the rocky shore, the hat still clenched in his hand.

She coughed as she stood up, and Harry jolted awake.

“Uma?” he called to her, “You alright?! It’s been an hour!”

“And you fell asleep?” Uma said, “I can’t believe you! Next time I take deadly risks I’m bringing Jonas.”

“Jonas would have stolen your hat and taken over the Lost Revenge by minute twelve.”

“Good to know you won’t do that, you’ll just drool on it! Couldn’t you have at least, I don’t know, tried to find the Sunrise? Then maybe he would have saved me AND we could have executed the plan. BUT NO, you just HAD to fall asleep.”

“I didn’t fall asleep, there was a – WHAT IS THAT?!”

Uma looked where he was pointing and saw that the conch shell had begun to not only glow but float in midair.

“A conch shell,” she said, a little gobsmacked. “A glowing, golden, flying, magic conch shell.”

“Huh.”

Uma reached out her hand to touch it, and suddenly the wind around her began to rush. When she had it in her hands, the shell trumpeted a loud call into the night. Startled, she was in the process of dropping it when something else distracted her in the sky above.

Or rather, someone.

For the Sunrise had arrived.

“Wha – how did you get here?” Uma asked. “I thought this place was secret.”

“Uh,” he said, overenunciating each syllable and deepening his voice, “You… called?”

Uma looked down at where the shell laid among the rocks, no longer glowing. “Huh. I guess I did.”

“Do you need help?” he asked, “The tide is coming in. I wouldn’t want you to get trapped.”

“You wouldn’t? We’re not very popular, on the Isle or off of it.” Uma lifted an eyebrow meaningfully.

“Uh, well, I wouldn’t know,” the Sunrise laughed, sharply. “I try not to listen to gossip.”
“Hm, well.”

“In that case,” Harry said, standing up and dusting off his pants. “You wouldn’t mind giving us a hand.”

“So you DO need help?” the Sunrise asked, settling down into the cove next to them. “You’ve been a little unclear.”

“Perhaps it’s not so much what you can do for us,” Uma said, sliding over so that she was standing right in front of him, “but what we can do for you.”

The Sunrise shook his head and frowned.

“I don’t need any help,” he said. “I’ve got magical golden superpowers, surely I can be of some use for you. Do you need any boxes lifted? Or I could grab you some fresh lobster for dinner?” He glanced down at the water and shivered, “Well. Maybe not that. But I’m super useful in other ways!”

“I’m sure you are, sweetheart,” said Harry, sidling up next to Uma and letting out a low, sneaky smile. “Only we noticed that you’ve been rather failing at escaping the Isle lately.”

“Yeah, well there’s this magical barrier in the way if you haven’t noticed.”

“Oh we have noticed,” Uma said, looking the Sunrise up and down. “And that’s why we created a plan. The Plan, so to speak. And we want to cut you in.”

“Me?” The Sunrise gasped for air and took a step back. “I wasn’t expecting – “

“We totally understand,” Uma said, placatingly. “We’re threatening pirates, and it’s a hard decision choosing between returning home and being a coward. That’s why we’ll give you a day to think about it.”

“Returning home?” The Sunrise tilted his head, but Uma wasn’t paying attention. Instead, she’d leaned over and picked the conch shell off of the ground.

“I’ll call you,” she said, using the shell to give a little salute.

The Sunrise couldn’t move, frozen in spot even after Uma and Harry had left. It was only when the tidewater had begun to lap at his knees that he had recovered enough to take off back into the skies.

Chapter End Notes

wooooo this is the last new chapter i’ll be posting before i officially go back to school yehaw

i’m hopefully still gonna be updating. maybe i’ll decide to throw in a few more magical artifacts in the future for good measure. :P

i hope you enjoyed the new chapter!!!!

let me know your thoughts/comments/theories in the comments below or on my tumblr @umaspirateship. --- i will especially appreciate theories about the why of the
magical artifacts/superheroness now that i have a legitimate plot/plan that plays off all my existing elements that i am SO excited to keep developing for you guys.

- as always,
Abby, owner/operator of umaspirateship

post script: new chapter for my Jay fic is in progress as well and will hopefully (crosses fingers) post before Monday, when school starts properly. noooo promises I still have to pack!

post post script: ahhhh d3 is over and I don't know what I'm doing

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!