

Karaoke-Night

A normal day

Von Sharry

"Come on, Zoro! "

A loud laughter filled the streets of a small village. Just a few minutes ago the strawhat-crew had reached the harbor of a dreamlike island. It was an ordinary day and the black-haired boy was full of energy like always.

"Got it, got it. Stop being so annoying. I'm coming. "

With a low growl the swordfighter of the pirategang allowed his captain to pull him through the tight alleys of the hamlet.

Actually he would have liked to stay on board, using the spare time for some extra training session, but order was order, no matter how stupid it was.

"Luffy! Wait up for a second! " The likewise irritated voice of the young navigator rose suddenly, who hurried after the chaoscouple.

"We do not even know anything about this island yet. What if we get attacked?"

But the rubberboy just laughed even louder. "Man, that would be great! Just having some fun!"

"Just having some fun?" echoed the longnosed King of Liars doubtful, while he tried to close up to Luffy and Zoro.

Except for the ship's carpenter everyone had left the ship, to move the legs just for a little while and to buy the most important needs. All of them wanted to enjoy one day on solid ground, visiting an unknown island, meeting new people, finding new friends, before they would once again set sail the next morning.

Well, almost all of them.

The former pirathunter would have gladly missed this useless pastime. However, here he was and followed reluctantly the happy-faced gummibear, which still clinched to his wrist and pulled him from one store to another, just to notice, that none of them sold food.

Not far behind those two young men followed the rest of the crew. The skeleton, the young doctor and the archeologist brought up the rear, while discussing excited.

Just a few feet before them was the lovecook, following the very love of his life.

"Tell me, sweet Nami, how long will we stay on this island?"

The addressed one rolled her eyes and reached up to the longnose.

"Didn't I just say that a few minutes ago? Weren't you listening?"

"Probably he was too busy, admiring Robin in her new dress." added Usopp grinning.

Sanji could not help but turn around at those words, watching the other love of his life floating down the street in a red dream of grace.

"Isn't she simply beautiful?" he whispered in awe. Small hearts of smoke puffed out of his cigarette.

Quite fast he calmed down again, as he noticed the small angry sparks filling the air around the lady next to him. Quickly he cleared his throat and reminded her politely of his question.

Before she could answer him, the desperate voice of their captain reached them from not so far away.

"Where can I find some food?!" he asked loudly no one specific. He still pulled the green-haired one in tow, who looked kind of depressed himself for another reason, but did not fight his friend's hands.

"Like I already said," explained Nami again, now however slightly snappish.

"Tomorrow we should be able to set sail again. Until then I just want to relax a little. So far that is even possible with Luffy,"

Named boy vanished at this moment with his attachment from their eyes behind some building, but his noisy voice revealed his whereabouts just too easy.

"What a strange island. There is almost nobody around here." Noted the musician of the gang, looking around carefully.

In fact the pirate had not met a single soul yet, neither at the harbor, nor at the entrance of the village. Even now, where they were already deep inside of the tight streets of buildings, they had only seen a few shopkeepers.

All of them were selling more or less the same stuff, Music instruments.

The tail of their little procession just stopped by one of them and regarded the display.

"Bonjour." The seller greeted them polite and bowed sharply.

"How can I help you, madam?" His eyes focused on the beautiful archeologist and almost ignored her unusual company. The skeleton used that moment to take a closer look at some violin strings.

The black-haired lady nodded softly. "You do not now by accident, why there is not one living being in this marvelous town?" she asked with a little spark in her eyes.

The citizen smiled widely. "Well of course. Sure, as a tourist you do not know, that today will be our weekly music festival."

Nami, Usopp and Sanji stopped as well and listened to the conversation more or less interested.

"A weekly music festival?" repeated the cook skeptical. "Isn't that way too often?"

Laughing loudly the guy with the long beard shook his head. "How can you say that? There could be never enough music in this world. Here, on Melodia, everybody loves music, so of course we are celebrating it always. This island is never quiet, except for the day of the music festival. On this special day we honor the silence until the sun goes down, so that we may never forget the worth of music. You should really stay until tonight to celebrate with us."

The crew thanked him for his information before taking up the hunt of their crewmembers.

The cannoneer tapped his nose, caught in thoughts.

"Melodia, what a well-fitting name." he mumbled ironically.

"Unoriginal." Robin agreed.

"Still, I don't get, why nobody is en route." worried the little reindeer.

Sanji looked down on him, thinking. "That's probably part of this music festival. The people wait in their homes, until it's evening and they can celebrate."

The small group just reached a crossway, unsure which way to take to find their

captain plus attachment, when exactly this person showed up, the swordsman still tagged along.

"Nami! " Luffy cried out desperately and filled with panic.

Immediately everybody got tense and expected the worst to happen, until they noticed the bored look of Mr. Green-hair.

"What's going on?" asked the navigator still worried.

"It's so horrible!" screamed the young captain in pain, while finally letting go of his first crewmember, just to throw himself to the orange-haired girl, who escaped in the last second.

Babbling wild stuff with a moanful voice, the strawhat cowered miserable on the ground.

Confused everybody exchanged looks, before paying attention to the swordfighter, who massaged annoyed his strained wrist.

"What is wrong with him? What happened?" wondered now Usopp unsure, while Chopper rushed to his captain and ran in circles around him, filled with panic.

Zoro shrugged his shoulders.

"Apparently all food-stores are closed til this evening." He answered cold and ignored fullheartedly the pitiful wimp next to him, who cried out in pain by his last words.

"Only those music-stores are open." Closing his announcement over the loud sobbing of his friend.

Sanji nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, that's because of the music festival, which is..."

"You're wasting your breath, Cockroach." He was interrupted abruptly by the green-hair.

"We know, what's going on."

More than angry Sanji wanted to reply something really fitting, but Brook was faster.

"How? There is no one around you could have asked."

Zoro folded his arms and shrugged his shoulders again. "There was an old barkeeper. He invited all of us for tonight to celebrate after he saw our desperate captain."

Suddenly Luffy rose back to his feet.

"What an awesome idea. We will have so much fun!" he unexpectedly yelled in pure excitement.

Naturally not everyone agreed to that option.

The skeptical navigator and the wary cannoneer scented a trap behind that invitation. The cook on the other hand was more skeptical about finding the way back to that club. Neither Luffy nor Zoro were well known for their sense of direction.

Meanwhile the discussion did not last that long and in the end the decision was made.

At Sunset the whole crew left their beloved Thousand Sunny.

"Are you really sure, that our little Sunny will be all right, if we all leave?" It was the last, desperate try of the longnosed one to stay on board. He was well aware of the fact, that he might miss one great party, but the risk felt so much higher, that he would prefer the safety of the ship.

Luffy only answered with a loud laugh and tried for one more time, to drag the swordfighter along with him. But this time the other was fast enough to dodge his rubberarm, unlike the unlucky navigator.

With different speed the group reached the small village, now heated up with happy voices and working sounds. Countless people hurried down the streets to prepare everything for the festival. They decorated the houses and streets with lanterns and glittering festoons.

The laughing voices of children and the happy conversation of the elders swept through the air, while tables and chairs were brought outside.

After only a few steps the crew reached a huge desk, close to the main street. On top where hundreds, maybe even thousands of small, little snail shells. Behind them was the tall and bearded man from earlier that day, waving agitated.

"Hey you guys! You're the tourists from this morning." He smiled widely. "Why don't you come over? Welcome to our great music festival. I do hope you will like it. As soon as the sun is gone it will start."

Curios the skeleton with the afro-hair took a look at the display. "What are those?" he asked, pointing one boney finger at the shells.

The bearded man laughed softly. "Well, those are our sonar snails. I always sell them at the festival. There is nothing I don't have and of course just from the best musicians of the world."

Confused Sanji picked one of the strange snails up. "Uh, so what can they actually do?" "Music, what else?" The answer came from an older woman, who showed up next to him, putting another box under the table.

"You can record music with them and they will never forget it. The small in front all have saved one song and cost around 500 Berry. The bigger ones are able to remember up to 20 songs and cost between 1,000 and 20,000 Berry. If the bottom is white, they are with vocals; if it's black it's only instrumental."

Now also Usopp got interested. "So that means they are something like tone dials, aren't they?"

The older lady shook her head. "I don't know, what tone dials are, but if they play music, well, I guess sure."

"Cool! Can I eat some?" Like a hyperactive gummybear the young captain jumped from Usopp to Sanji and back.

"Of course you cannot!" barked the navigator and used one stroke with her fist to bring him down.

The salesman laughed again, obviously happy about the positive energy from the bunch of strangers.

After a closer look to the patch-work party he nodded. "You know what? Because you are here for the very first time, each of you can choose one of the sonar snails up to 2,000 Berry as a gift from me. Just take a look. The title of the recorded song is written on the back."

"Really? That's so cool!" the little reindeer seemed more than grateful.

But the tall man already wasn't listening anymore, because he tried to explain his graciousness to his not happy looking wife.

Filled up with enthusiasm all of the crewmembers searched for a fitting gift.

Of course Nami used up the whole price range and found one medium snail in turquoise with little yellow dots. Chopper, Luffy, and Usopp did not take long to find something they liked. Also Franky and Sanji did not need much time to make a good decision.

Only Robin and Brook seemed to have problems in between the thousand different possibilities.

At this moment the cook noticed, that the swordfighter was not even trying to look for his present, but had shoved his hands deep inside of his pockets, watching his young friends playing with the snails.

"What's wrong, Marimo? Did the algae fill up your ears? Take one?"

The green eyes looked at him annoyed. "Just shut up, curly eyebrows. I'm not

interested in music!"

Suddenly it all went quiet. All the working noises went silent and all of the surrounding citizens starred at them in shock. Friendly eyes turned into distrust. The people of the village whispered quietly to each other, regarding the strangers suspiciously.

"Just take one, will ya stupid?" Sanji snarled, slowly getting nervous over the new anxiety.

"Why should...? Uh!" Zoro could not even finish his question, when Nami already slammed her elbow in between his ribs.

"Just take on damn snail and say 'thank you', got it? The people are watching!" she hissed between gritted teeth. It was easy to see, that the swordsman did not really care about the starry crowd, but the angry look of the navigator was enough, to make even a fearless man wince.

Growling silent curses over his crewmates, the swordfighter stepped closer to the table and started to check up one or two of them, before sliding one into the depths of his pockets. He nodded sharply and turned away. Meanwhile Brook was still not able to choose between two quite different looking snails. After another five minutes or so, the seller showed mercy and gave him both.

The sun was gone long ago.

The beer flowed like water and the visitors were high-spirited.

After half an hour searching, the crew was finally able to find that stupid club, the captain wanted to visit. To some surprise they were greeted like old friends and got the first drinks for free.

Since that moment the strawhats enjoyed their time off. Indulged in the alcohol, the food, the pretty ladies and the music. All of them were having a good time.

Already after a short while the skeleton and the ship's carpenter had left them to group up with other musicians. Usopp on the other hand had piled up two tables on each other, and stood on top to sing down to the crowd, accompanied by the dancing Luffy and Chopper.

In the other corner of the club the rest of the crew was sitting at their table. Nami, being more than embarrassed, tried to ignore her crewmates so that by now she had seated herself next to the quiet swordsman, who finished one bottle of beer after another.

The chair on his other side was occupied by Robin, glancing amused from one of her friends to another, while slowly drinking her wine.

On the opposite part of the table cowered the pitiful cook. Jealous he watched the Marimo, surrounded by the most beautiful beings of the world, without even noticing it. Sure he knew that it had been his own fault, but still...

Shortly after they had arrived at the club, he had been taken away by some pretty girls from the island to another table. There he had spent some glorious hours, but slowly, one girl after another had left him to dance with some other guys.

But his sadness had only lasted for a few seconds, until he remembered the gorgeous beauties of his own crew. So it was only naturally, that he rushed right back to them, only to see his most feared nightmare coming alive.

In his reality he had to witness, how Robin seduced the swordsman with lascivious eyes, while Nami drank in the sexiest way possible from his beer before gliding with her tongue over her cherry-red lips. The swordfighter had placed one arm around each hip and smiled pleurably.

Of course the real world had not much in common, but that did not bother the cook, who watched the trespassers with a broken heart.

Suddenly a boisterous squeaking echoed through the room and everybody spooked. The old barkeeper climbed up the self-made stage of the cannoneer and pushed him down with one single movement. In his hand he held a microphone seemingly from the stone-age.

By now all eyes were on him, ignoring the suffering Usopp, and the music stopped.

"Good evening, my dear friends!" the clubmaster yelled into his scepter. Wild applause greeted him.

"Now it's time. You all know for what!"

The rejoicing grew bigger and bigger.

"The rules are like always!" the crispy voice of the barkeeper sounded from the speakers. "The one, holding the scepter of music has to sing!"

Meanwhile the whole audience was caught up in some state of ecstasy.

"Well then. Have fun and let's go with Karaoke!"

"Karaoke!" the choir responded loudly.

Only seconds later the music went on again and the barkeeper threw the microphone high in the air.

Screaming women tried to catch it like some strange bridal bouquet.

"What a riot." Complained the swordsman while reaching for his bottle, just to realize that it was empty. "Where's the waiter?"

Named person just found his hands on the scepter of music and tried to give his best performance. The crowd clapped amused.

"What a nice folk." Commented the archeologist next to him with a silent smile.

In this very moment nobody else, but the captain of the strawhat-pirates reached out for the microphone. More laughing than actually singing he missed half of the notes, but nobody really cared for it, while he sang and danced, grinning like a child.

The audience grew even louder, celebrating the young boy, who was able to turn even this sad song over loss and mourning into a partyversion.

Luffy himself had already jumped on the self-made stage, singing and dancing even wilder. After a short while he took Usopp and Chopper up to him. Now all three of them were performing like the oddest boygroup of the world, which made especially the girls scream. They got faster and faster, so that the music was not really able to follow and the tables wobbled dangerously, but nobody noticed, while they all clapped their hands and celebrated the three boys up in the air.

Some couples had gathered in front of the stage and danced impetuous.

Sanji could not help but gasp, when the beautiful black-haired Robin got up and asked with offering a hand "May I have the next dance with you?"

But even though he was already up, almost reaching for her hand, her offering was not meant for him, but for the stubborn mosshead, who simply looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

"No," he rejected cold. "I'm not interested in dancing."

He did not quite end his sentence, when Nami pushed him from behind, right into the arms of the archeologist, who sprouted some extra arms to catch him in an elegant way. Growling lowly the green-haired followed his crewmate to the other dancers and placed his arms clumsily around her hip, way too high, for Sanji's taste.

In this moment the brilliant idea came to his mind, to ask the navigator for a dance. But of course he was too late. He did not even open his mouth, when a longpulled hand reached out for Nami and threw her right into the arms of her captain, who was

still on top of the stage.

Almost in rage Nami wanted to knock Luffy down from the tables, even under the old tiles of this club, but then he offered her the microphone and she remained silent.

Everybody of the crew knew how she loved to sing, even if she would never admit it, so it happened that her lovely voice swept through the air and joined the music.

Now only the pitiful cook was left at the table to watch his friends.

Franky and Brook were playing music as if their lives were at stake, Nami and the chaos-trio sang and danced from the top of their stage. They seemed really happy.

Slowly Sanji moved his gaze to the dancers. Robin's hair swirled through the air and she smiled breathtaking, while being spun throughout the room by the swordsman. His face was motionless and stiff, but his movements were fluent and elegant, like he had never done anything else in his life.

Yes, they all seemed to have a really good time, even the stupid Marimo, only Sanji was stuck at their table like a picture of misery and did not know what to do. But lucky him, he was not alone.

Before he was able to drown in self-pity, his captain waved to him and stretched out his rubber-arm.

Within a blink of an eye he was next to his friends on the stage, who were singing their hearts out. Then Nami gave him the microphone.

For half a second he froze, staring at it, before taking it with a smile, while the crowd requested him to sing in a never ending chorus.

Luckily the alcohol and the audience had given him confidence and the world-known lyrics were easy to remember, so he took on the musical scepter and told a story of love and doubt.

The listeners reached a euphoric status and clapped loudly.

"I didn't know you could sing!" yelled Usopp in his ear to drown the music.

The party continued. Sanji and Nami shared the microphone, always accompanied by the wanna-be-boy-group. Right in front of them on the floor were Robin and Zoro, still dancing. Sometimes it was obvious that the mosshead did not know the steps, but the lady leaded him nonetheless and they always looked amazing. In laughter she followed the music and even the swordsman could not hide his smile.

Sanji was in the middle of an unbelievable good airguitar-solo, when suddenly one of the tablelegs broke.

Nami, still holding the microphone, cried out in surprise, but her scream was easily covered by Usopp, who screamed in fear while falling to the ground.

Letting out a loud laugh, Luffy reached out for one of the chandeliers, caught his navigator and landed safely between the lamps. Sanji meanwhile grabbed the small reindeer and got both of them safe and sound out of the crumbling stage. Leaving only the cannoneer buried under wood and dust.

The crowd fell silent and watched in awe, how the microphone flew through the air and landed in the outstretched hand of the surprised archeologist, who just had turned out of the arms of the green-haired one. The cheering of the audience grew louder, as Robin shrugged her shoulders and turned back into the arms of the swordsman before lifting the scepter to her lips and started singing.

Zoro's face was still cold and almost bored, but he followed the fluid motions of his dancepartner, while being watched by everyone and Robin telling a sad ballade about the loss of a loved one. Both of them moved to the slow rhythm and it seemed like they did not care or maybe did not even notice the looks, that were stuck upon them. After a while the music changed to a faster song and again Robin turned out of Zoro's

arms, still singing with her husky, man-eating voice. Then suddenly she turned around and threw the microphone to her friend.

"Catch it, swordfighter!" she demanded in the most lovely way possible.

The cook could clearly see how the other one almost grew a few inches as he drew in some air and placed his fingers around the black scepter. For a moment he just stood there, uncertain what to do, the cheering grew louder and louder, making it impossible for the pirate hunter to back down. So he grabbed his new deadly weapon with two hands, held his breath for a second and opened his mouth.

In the next moment everyone tried hectically to cover their ears. Muttered complaints rose quickly and people were painfully shaking their heads.

The eyes of the black-haired lady grew big, filled with horror and desperation, while an ear-piercing squeal rushed through the speakers. One of them crackled fatally before dying in a cloud of smoke.

"Zoro killed a speaker with his voice!" Luffy laughed and jumped town to his crewmate.

"Luffy!" Nami screamed angrily. "Get me down, now!" while still hanging on the chandelier.

Meanwhile the swordsman still tried with closed eyes to at least get one note right, failing in every possible way, while a second speaker died.

Worried that he might become deaf, Sanji hurried through the crowd and ripped the microphone away from the dead-bringing hands of the other one.

The surrounding people sighed in relief.

"What the hell are you doing, Marimo?! Do you want to kill us with your howling, you moron?!"

"What? Dare to say that again?!" Zoro barked right back.

"Seems like your ears already quitted their job, you stupid, deaf mosshead." Sanji responded even louder.

Zoros answer was silent by the restarting music, slowly people picked up their conversations again and the mood lightened up. The swordsman and the cook continued their little battle until finally their captain jumped in and ordered beer for everyone.

The next glamorous hours spun away in a blink of an eye, the new topic of the evening was Zoro with his lament and none of his crewmates missed the opportunity to make fun of his special talent.

As the night continued no one was surprised, that Zoro was the first one leaving the club. And no one was surprised that he got lost on the way back to the ship and happened to be last one to hit the bunk.

For sure, he would live to rue this evening.

They had left the island Melodia already weeks ago.

Still the small presents could be heard every once in a while, often accompanied by happy voices. Naturally the swordsman tried to back off as much as possible whenever a sonar snail was turned on, but without any success thanks to his caring crew, who could not stop reminding him of that significant night.

Although he would have loved to bury this topic forever, he could not prevent to be chaffed up about his weakness by his friends. Especially the cook himself used his new knowledge in the meanest ways against his best enemy. In the middle of a fight he would start singing or covering his ears, because Zoros voice was too deadly.

With the flow of days the teasing weakened slowly and everybody was looking

forward to the upcoming island, but the sonar snails made it impossible to really forget the karaoke-evening.

"Oh, somehow I feel really guilty." Robin sighed softly without any remorse in her voice, stirring her coffee. "After all it was me, who gave him the microphone."

Nami was sitting next to her at the already set up breakfast-table and had just turned off her sonar snail.

"Well, you could not have known, that our manly Zoro sounds like a dying raccoon." She replied coldly.

"Downright." The cook agreed, bringing the last plate to the already full table. "At least now we know why he was called the demon of the east blue."

"That's not nice." He was scolded by Usopp, who just entered the room.

"But true!" Luffy laughed, rushed through the door, over his friends head, right to his beloved spotted place for breakfast.

"And yet I was so confident that Mr. Swordsman is good in singing..." the archeologist whispered more to herself than to anybody else.

"Still, there are worse things, than not being able to sing." Nami shrugged her shoulders.

"Yeah, right." The rubberboy laughed. "Like blowing up a speaker with your own voice."

"Luffy!" yelled Nami and Usopp at once, neither of them able to hide their grinning. Then they suddenly looked away as the phantom of the opera himself made the appearance and fell on his chair next to his captain. Even though he did not say anything, he knew just too well, what his friends were talking about.

One by one the last crewmates entered the room and the breakfast went on like any normal day.

Only a few days later they reached the next island.

Before Nami was even able to ask, who was going to stay with their Sunny, the swordsman had already disappeared in the lookout.

Laughing over his odd behavior, the rest of them left the ship, remembering the embarrassing show of Zoro before they split up and took on the island.

Because it had been almost impossible to stock up the supply on Melodia, Sanji was really looking forward to spend the whole day at the market. He wanted to buy all they needed and even more, after all no one knew what they might face on the Grand Line.

In the beginning he had been grocery shopping by himself. Sure he missed a burro, but at least no one was interrupting him dealing with some stupid slogans like "Well, the price does not really matter." Or "Please, please, please, Sanji. Please buy it!" or even better. "Oh, I'm sorry, I already ate it. Hahaha!" so that he was faster done with his to-do-list than he expected.

At the end of his trip he met Robin and Chopper, who had spent the afternoon in a library.

Together they wanted to head back to the ship, both of them had used plenty of money, so it would be best, to put the expensive books somewhere safe, before their navigator could see them.

"Where's Nami anyway? I thought she was with you." Sanji asked his friends.

"She wanted to accompany our cannoneer, who was going to buy a special clock. Seems to take longer checking out the prices." Robin laughed friendly and as always a little bit mysterious.

Just in this moment, the strange duo showed up around the next corner, arguing noisily.

"That's way too expensive, Usopp. Why waste over 10,000 Berry for a clock, when you can already buy a used one for 200." She hissed angry, slapping her fist in her hand.

"This isn't a normal clock, you know. It's able to recharge itself and adapts itself to different time-zones. A few more Berrys should not matter."

"A few Berrys?!" she screamed almost insane.

Meanwhile they had almost reached their other crewmates.

"Uh, Nami seems to be really in a bad mood. If she sees our books, we'll be dead for sure." Fearful the little reindeer tried to hide behind Robin.

"Indeed, she sure is energetic." She agreed, still smiling.

Sanji on the other hand just thought how amazingly the rage fitted Nami and made her look even more stunning, but he as well would love to avoid that rage to be turned on him.

"Let's go, Chopper. We bring all of the books and the other stuff to the ship. Robin darling, would you be so kind, to distract the lovely Nami for a moment?"

"It's my pleasure." She accepted his request, gave him her bags, with the most beautiful smile and turned to the odd couple, still arguing.

Chopper and Sanji used this second leave unseen.

With hurried steps they made it back to the Thousand Sunny.

"I bet Zoro will be happy, that we returned earlier." The young doctor hoped.

With a grin Sanji shook his head. "For sure not. Little Marimo loves his solitude."

On board it was quiet, not a single soul to be seen.

"So where is our stupid mosshead?" Sanji wondered. But he was not really that worried, that he would actually look for his crewmate. Somewhere on this ship he was probably lost, if he had to guess, he would suspect the lookout.

Followed by Chopper he entered the kitchen and filled up the storeroom, while the reindeer brought his shopping into the pharmacy behind the dining-room.

Together they made it to the library, putting the books away, before going back to the island.

Sanji liked this room. It was quiet and smelled of paper and lavender, a little bit like Robin. Moving calmly he set all the books of Robin on one unused table.

"Do you hear that?" he was asked by his little friend, who was still holding one of his books.

"Hear what?"

"Well this, sounds like a guitar." The reindeer guessed, looking around confused.

Thoughtful Sanji folded his arms.

"From where is it coming?" Of course the ears of the doctor were way more sensitive than his own.

Carefully Chopper walked through the room, finally stopping at the ladder, leading up to the bathroom.

"From up there." He almost whispered worried.

"You think somebody broke in?" His voice was just a scared hint.

"To go playing guitar in the bathroom? Sure not." Sanji answered, lifting a curly eyebrow. With a sigh he passed the distance to the reindeer, nodded one time and then reached up for the ladder.

When he arrived at the top, he was finally able to hear the guitar as well, from the other side of the wall, from the bathroom. While he wondered, if Franky had made it back before them, also Chopper climbed up and entered the changing-room.

They exchanged a glance and Sanji went for the door, putting one hand on the handle, almost pushing it down, when suddenly the person on the other side of the wall started singing.

Shocked both pirates stared at each other.

A dark, vibrating voice told a melancholy story in a foreign language, filled with happiness and sadness.

Sanji let go of the handle. A shiver went down his spine, while he himself slid down the back of the door, next to the sitting reindeer.

"You think it's..." he was not even able to finish his whispered question.

"Yes, I believe so." Chopper nodded almost soundless.

"Unbelievable." The cook admitted in awe.

"Beautiful."

For a time, that could have been forever those two were sitting at that door, listening to the chant. After a while the song ended and a new, brighter one started.

Here as well, the deep, raspy voice told the story, now though it was warmer and somewhat gentle.

Suddenly Choppers ear twitched.

"The others have come back." He whispered silently.

Before Sanji could say something, the little doctor vanished through the hatchway.

A few minutes later the complete crew sat in the little changing-room, listening to the swordsman on the other side of the door.

All, except for the inwardly laughing Luffy, were quiet and enjoyed this peaceful moment.

Robin was leaning against the wall, eyes closed. Brook cowered right next to her on the ground, his afro-head placed on his bony knees to listen in a relaxed state.

Franky, walking across the room, sneezed in a huge handkerchief. "Who could have known that Zoro-bro could have such a super voice?" he mumbled softly.

Usopp was sitting in front of Sanji and Chopper, his back against the opposite wall, drawing unseen pictures on the ground.

"Well, no wonder. In that club in Melodia he was only able to melt a speaker."

Again Luffy could not hold his laugh, but was immediately shut up by Nami.

"You think, he wanted to take us in by that?" Chopper asked a little bit hurt.

"Don't think so, it was too horrifying for a joke." The navigator responded.

Robin nodded. "I assume our brave swordsman is just a little bit stage frightened."

Mean smiles crossed the faces of all being present.

The idea, of the fearless pirate hunter, being scarred of singing in front of an audience, was more than a sweet excuse.

In peace with the world all of them laid back and listened to the swordsman from the other side of the door.

For another time Luffy tried to silence his laughter while grinning widely.

"What's going on with you?" Sanji asked him half-worried.

But his captain just shook his head.

"I think it's really funny. We are all sitting here while Zoro is taking a shower. He will be so happy, when he comes out, naked."

In that very moment the door behind Sanji's and Chopper's backs moved slowly away, and both fell on the hard ground, looking up at the majestic pride of the swordsman.

The loud laughter of the captain filled the air around the Thousand Sunny, followed by the angry voice of the swordsman.

It was just a normal day, more or less...