

One Piece: Halfway Broken

Chapters 89 & 90

Novus Peregrine

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Chapter 89: Return to the Grand Line

“Captain! The log pose has caught an island!”

Luffy blinked, then blocked a strike from Kuina as she tried to take advantage of his momentary distraction. As she recovered from his parry, he gestured a pause to the sparring he'd been doing with her. She nodded, backing off without any real irritation at the interruption. They'd only been filling time, waiting for exactly that report from Nami since they'd landed the *Discovery* back on the Grand Line the day before. Log poses, when caught between islands by some means, would *eventually* reset to lock onto the nearest strong magnetic signature. It was considered a dicey, dubious proposition, not to be relied on, and for good reason. After all, with the wildly varying strengths of magnetic fields inherent to Grand Line islands, you could get lucky and lock onto one in hours...or go weeks without managing the same.

They, of course, had cheated. Like any good, sane, and intelligent person would. The fact that so few people *deliberately* used an Eternal Pose to go somewhere *other* than where it was locked onto was, Luffy thought, honestly a sign that general intelligence and understanding of navigation were both objectively shit in this reality. So long as you knew *generally* where an Eternal Pose was pointing, you could sail at a calculated angle away from where it *was* pointing, in order to stay roughly on a straight sailing line. Yes, it involved a bit of math and understanding of general concepts, but it really should have been basic barebones common sense. More, if you happened to have two or more such poses? All the better, as the multiple reference points, with a navigator of Nami's skill working them, would easily keep you pointed in the same general direction. Nami, specifically, could even use the method to create reasonably accurate *charts* of the seas they were passing through.

Being able to sail a 'straight line,' had an obvious advantage of course. Namely, that it drastically increased the odds that you'd eventually hit a magnetic signature along that path, rather than getting stuck sailing endlessly in circles. Which, given that Luffy and the few who knew of his larger collection of Eternal Poses didn't want to give their existence away by using one straight off, was exactly what they'd done upon reentering the Grand Line after their month of laying low on Sixis. It had been a total of six weeks since the Whitebeard War, enough time to fall off the proverbial radar, while not being nearly enough time for the Marines to have recovered far enough to actively hunt them. As a result, their initial plan was to simply latch onto one of the routes through Paradise they hadn't traveled down yet, then follow it until they could 'discover' an interesting Eternal Pose.

Now, Luffy made his way to the pilot house, with Kuina following in his wake and several others on the deck perking up with interest. The windows of the house were open, since it had been calm by Grand Line standards for the last few hours, and Nami smiled at him as he approached. Wordlessly, she held out a log pose for him to see that the needle was no longer spinning without focus.

“Any clue where it’s pointing?”

Nami shrugged and shook her head, not that he’d really expected otherwise.

“You know how shit most charts of the Grand Line are Captain. I’ve got a vague idea of two possible islands it *might* be, based on where we reentered the Line from. It could be either or neither though. For that matter, it could be an otherwise uncharted island since we weren’t hopping a route properly and could have locked onto an off-route orphan.”

Luffy could only nod at that. There were seven known ‘routes’ through the Paradise half of the Grand Line. Two of them didn’t actually make it all the way to the Red Line, but still had useful enough islands along them to be considered ‘routes.’ Two more crossed each other at Alabasta, one of which was the one they’d followed most of the way. Though Drum was actually part of the *other* route that crossed at the desert kingdom, rather than the one that they started on via Cactus Island.

Aside from those seven routes, though, were two other types of islands. Well, three really, since there were a few outliers like the Sabaody Archipelago that weren’t really *islands* and had no magnetic signature at all. Ignoring those and sticking to the two relevant types, the first set were places like Asuka Island and Skypiea. They *could* be locked onto along one of the routes, but they weren’t always, with many ships never hitting them as the conditions to be locked onto weren’t perfect when they passed by.

The second set were random ‘orphan’ islands that weren’t locked onto normally from the main seven routes *at all*. They still had magnetic signatures, but not strong enough ones to pull sailors away from the main routes if you were already traveling down one. Most had only ever been discovered by sheer chance, and charts of the Grand Line were generally dubious, at best. Indeed, quite a few Marine bases were situated on such orphan islands, granting security by virtue of only reliably being reachable via an Eternal pose created after such an island was stumbled upon. Luffy doubted even the WG and Marines actually knew where *all* such islands were, even in Paradise. Though they undoubtedly had a more complete idea than anyone else.

“I suppose we’ll just have to see. Have the spares locked onto the same signature?”

Nami looked down and to her right, where a small rail held an additional set of two log poses. They weren’t the only ones on the ship, of course. Any idiot who didn’t collect several of the things when they had a chance, keeping some of them secured away from the rest? They were just that. An idiot. Log poses might be hard to find on the Blues, but they were easy to acquire on the Grand Line, and spares were a must for sane sailors. Yet, despite the conventional wisdom of keeping them separated, there was a reason they had a pair of spares readily at hand in the pilot house as well. Even if it was a recent addition.

“One of them has, the other one looks like it’s trying to. You’re planning to scout ahead?”

That. That was the reason. For most ships in Paradise, it would be a stupid ass idea. In the New World, Vivre Cards made it a bit more feasible, as your scout element could use a card of someone on the crew to return back to the ship. Even for the Straw Hats, they had typically only risked it rarely on the Grand Line previously, counting on Luffy’s eyesight in falcon or owl form to be able to find the *Discovery* again. Yet, Kaya had recently come up with something new, while trying to study a small piece of the Vivre Card that Ace had left with Luffy.

While she hadn’t figured out how to make *those* yet, despite easily being able to ascertain that such cards had some spiritual shenanigans going on with them, she’d come up with something else useful. Specifically, a set of seals that, when applied to a compass, could make the compass point specifically back toward a ‘beacon seal’ positioned on the *Discovery*. The development was new, and Luffy figured this was a good chance to test it out. It was also, of course, why they’d set up spare log poses on a rail in the pilot house, with Kaya’s Seal Compasses resting in a nearby drawer.

“Yeah. It’s time to give Kaya’s new Seal Compass a test, I think. It’s calm enough at the moment to minimize the risk, so long as I don’t hit anything too crazy. Unless you’re sensing a weather shift I can’t?”

Luffy’s weather sense was *just* good enough to work on the Grand Line...somewhat. Nami’s, after a few months to adjust? It blew his out of the water, as it were. She could instinctively and reliably predict most weather shifts by up to an hour. Something that should have been the next best thing to completely impossible on the Grand Line. He was honestly curious to see just how much better it could get when they eventually made their way to Weatheria. He watched as she cocked her head, clearly paying extra attention to that sense for a moment, before humming.

“Nothing for the next hour, then...a weather zone, I think. A summer island? Pretty sure, at least.”

Blinking, since she’d never predicted *that* before, he couldn’t help but ask about it.

“You can feel a *weather zone*?”

Nami shook her head, then nodded, sending a bit of a mixed signal before explaining.

“Not the *zone*, but the way it’s effecting the weather as a whole? Or something like that. Honestly, I’ve been getting increasingly better weather senses as I’ve worked with my Devil Fruit. I think you might have been right to think its awakened form would be able to influence weather?”

Huh. Luffy had been mostly taking a stab in the dark, based on vaguely remembered stories, when he’d suggested that possibility. In truth, he’d mostly just wanted Nami to have the major boost to her safety that a Mythical Zoan offered. Well, all the better if it turned out to actually be true. Though he supposed she also might merely be getting used to the generally improved senses of a Zoan, rather than it being something specific to the Pegasus Fruit. Either way, it was certainly a useful boon.

“Makes as much sense as anything, I guess. Hand me the spare that’s already latched onto the island? I’ll go take a look and at least see if there is a major Marine presence we need to steer clear of or not.”

Nami nodded firmly at that, detaching one of the log poses from the rail and handing it over. Doing the same with a Seal Compass from the locked drawer a minute later. Time to go do a little bit of scouting...

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Luffy frowned as he looped over the island in his gryphon form. Just as Nami had guessed, he’d hit a Summer weather zone, proceeding onto the island itself once he’d crossed into it. What he saw when he reached it, however, was both bizarre and worrying. Though the reasons for those two reactions were entirely different. The bizarreness lay in the fact that he...sort of recognized parts of the island?

Whoever had settled here must be extremely familiar with the East Blue, as there were numerous pieces of architecture that he recognized from the various islands of his home ocean. What looked like a mini Baratie, a mansion resembling Kaya’s family home, a dojo that looked eerily like Kuina’s father’s, and even a giant windmill extremely close in appearance to the one at Foosha Village he was personally so familiar with. It was like someone had crunched down all the most notable bits of the East Blue into a single largish island, most of it crammed into a single town *on* that island.

All of which was weird, but likely had a simple explanation if the settlers here were from the East Blue originally. Unfortunately, the *worrying* thing also likely had a simple explanation. After all, there were pirate ships in the island’s only bay. All of them bearing the same mark, that of a Jolly Roger whose skull featured a snout and bull horns, a pair of battleaxes crossed in place of the usual bones. Despite being more divergent than most, it was very obviously still a pirate’s mark, though not one that Luffy immediately recognized.

Its presence, regrettably, probably explained why the entire town looked to be in rough shape. There weren’t many locals present, and those that were in sight were clearly serving the pirates. Something it was equally clear they weren’t exactly doing willingly. Concerningly, there was also the corpse of a Giant Hercules Beetle that looked suspiciously like it had undergone transformation by SIQ. Was this pirate group somehow associated with Shiki, then? It was close to the East Blue/Grand Line Calm Belt, if not particularly close to the route Shiki had been following to cross it. So it was certainly a possibility.

Well, either way, they were going to need to do some scouting. Both to find out how to remove these pirates without screwing over the locals, and to make sure there wasn’t some grander plot at work. Thankfully, the *Discovery* had plenty of options for coming in unseen. Winging away from the island and checking the Seal Compass strapped to one foreleg, Luffy headed back to the *Discovery* to let everyone else know what he’d found...

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Hina sighed, blowing smoke from her cigarette as she did. Luffy had just sketched out the pirate mark he'd seen, showing it to the crew, and most of them looked puzzled. She, however, was not. She'd recognized the mark almost instantly and wasn't pleased to see it here.

"Hina knows who it belongs to, but not why they are here. The Minotaur Pirates are from the West Blue like Hina is. They are the oldest and strongest pirate crew from the West Blue, suspected to have originated in the New World and come across the Calm Belt somehow. They've been a constant thorn for the West Blue, as they are too strong for the local Marines to truly handle."

Her Captain frowned for a moment, before that frown shifted to a look of understanding that made Hina wonder what he'd realized. Thankfully, she didn't have to wonder long, as he quickly enlightened everyone else to his realization.

"Unintended side effects. If the information we've gotten from various sources is at all accurate, the West Blue is basically a war zone between the Revolutionary Army and the Marines right now, right? That means both groups have fielded a lot of powerful fighters, too many for a pirate crew to want to be caught *between*. They must have come to Paradise because it was *less* dangerous than the West Blue is right now. At least for them."

That...fuck. That made a lot of sense, didn't it? The Minotaur Pirates were considered genuinely dangerous in the West Blue, and would be considered so even here in Paradise from what Hina remembered. But no one short of a Yonko would want to be caught *between* the Marines and the Revolutionary Army. Heck, even a Yonko would likely try to avoid such a position. Possibly for the first time in centuries or longer, the Grand Line was the *lesser* danger for a pirate crew.

No, not just one crew. Fuck.

"Hina thinks we will see more of this. With the West and North Blue both in turmoil, and the Marines weakened, a lot of pirates who played it safe before will likely take to the Grand Line. Many will perish, unprepared for the realities of the Line, but at least some will likely begin to spread havoc in Paradise."

She could see realization spread across the faces of the rest of the crew as they caught up with her and their captain's chain of logic. Grimaces and grim determination filled most faces. At least she could count on this odd bunch not to ignore the problem if they came face-to-face with it, even if she was no longer being sent against it directly by the Marines. Captain Luffy shook his head a moment later and shifted his attention to her.

"That is something beyond our ability to affect for the time being. For now, Hina, please tell us everything you can remember about these Minotaur Pirates. From there, we'll see what the best way to deal with the current situation is."

Nodding her head, Hina did her best to draw the details out of memory. They were hazy, something she'd only loosely kept track of since leaving the West Blue herself, and only because they were the most dangerous crew in her own home ocean.

"The first thing you should know is that their name is literal. The reason they are suspected of coming from the New World is that all of them are bull or cow people. Possibly some derivative

of the Mink Tribe, though little enough is known of either the Minotaurs or the Mink themselves to more than speculate on that possibility...”

Chapter 90: Little East Blue

It had only taken a very little consideration to decide to approach the island from underwater. While it was still somewhat true that most people didn't look *up* that often, the *Discovery* was a large ship by almost any standard. Large enough to be easily spotted at lower altitudes. Not to mention the possibility of someone noticing a shadow, since the ship *was* large enough to cast one if not at extremely high altitude. Overall, this made it the better choice to use a refined version of the submarine form they had used to escape the Sabaody Archipelago. The original, quick and crude design, had been greatly improved upon by Luffy and Dis working together, leading to far greater maneuverability and control. Which, given the reefs they'd had to maneuver around to approach the island, was a relief. It was also something which meant they could, in fact, stay close enough to the surface while maintaining relative plane, for a periscope to work.

Of course, the only reason they bothered with a periscope was so that Vivi could use the magnified image it provided to open a subtle Air Door.

“Alright, Robin. Do your thing.”

Robin nodded, crossing her arms as she used the small Air Door to spread her eyes and ears around the odd East Blue themed village. It was a mild risk that someone on the island might spot Robin's efforts with Observation Haki, but it wasn't very likely. Even if the Minotaur pirates had been big names in the West Blue, and might have originated at some point from the New World, the likelihood of a Haki user skilled enough to pick up Robin's dispersed bits was low. Besides, unlike with Shiki, they weren't *that* worried about confronting this crew outright if needed. It was only caution regarding what might happen to the locals if they went in hard and fast that saw them bothering to scout the situation out this way.

For several minutes, the crew did their best to wait patiently while Robin did her thing. Thankfully for those less patient souls among them, it only took those few minutes, rather than needing a prolonged scouting operation like they'd performed with Shiki's floating islands. Robin opened her eyes and gave a report with a curious frown on her face.

“The pirates have set up shop with the town as a base and seem to be making expeditions into the mountain that makes up much of the island. Quite a few of them were complaining about trying to find the locals. I'm guessing from a comment about the mountain being like a maze, that the handful of locals they are using as slaves were merely unlucky and the rest are in hiding.”

Luffy pursed his lips, considered for a moment, then shrugged.

“That makes this easy, then. Mark the location of each local. Vivi will open Air Doors for us near each of them so we can get to them straight away. Pagaya, you and Perona will stay with Dis. Surface and sink those ships after we all step through into the village. They don't seem to be

anything special, so a shot or two from the railguns will wreck them easily. Just mind what is *past* them in case the shots over penetrate.”

The older man acknowledged the order, as did Perona. Despite having come quite far in basic conditioning since coming aboard, the ghost girl knew she wasn't up to being a front-line combatant of the crew just yet and was frankly fine with that. Pagaya simply wasn't combative by nature and was perfectly content to leave the fighting to others unless given a very good reason not to. Everyone else quickly got themselves ready, even as Robin switched to spying again to talk Vivi through targeting the initial Air Doors...

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Luffy stepped through the Air Door and immediately punched the surprised looking bull-man on the other side in the face. He didn't hold back much at all, having already been warned that even the weakest of the Minotaurs had what amounted to low-level Zoan durability. That fact didn't help the one he just cold-cocked, the pirate's skull caving under Luffy's fist with casual ease. Hina had known enough about these pirates, and Robin had seen enough to confirm it, that they weren't bothering with the concept of 'take prisoners.' The fact that *no male locals* had been spotted said unfortunate things, as did Robin's report of bruises and other abuse visible on the captured women.

So far, it appeared more that they'd been forced into servant roles, rather than something... worse. But that wasn't certain, and Luffy wasn't interested in holding back against known-violent pirates. Particularly as they no longer really had a good way of offloading ones they'd captured. They *could* send less violent offenders to Alabasta for punishment or potential rehabilitation. But asking Alabasta to house the more dangerous and violent flavor of pirates wasn't something they wanted to burden Vivi's home with. Any Minotaurs that outright surrendered would be spared and sent either to the desert kingdom or to a deserted island. Those that didn't so surrender would be dealt with permanently enough for the locals not to fear retaliation.

Speaking of locals, Luffy turned to the shocked looking woman in a tattered dress and addressed her as gently as he could.

“Miss? If you head to the town center, my crew's two doctors are setting up there while the rest of us clean house. They will see to your injuries.”

The woman gulped, looked at him fearfully, then surprised him by jolting and losing a considerable chunk of her fear when she...saw his hat?

“Wait, are you Straw Hat Luffy?!”

Luffy blinked.

“Yes?”

To his utter surprise, the woman threw herself at him and...hugged him?

“Oh, thank goodness! We're saved!”

Jaw working soundlessly, Luffy shook his head, even as he drew his revolver to put an armor-piercing crystal round between the eyes of another Minotaur that was trying to charge him. The noise didn't even make the crying woman flinch, so he decided to simply take the direct approach. Infusing the woman with a bit of his Haki, he *moved* and was nearly-instantly next to the area where Kaya and Chopper were setting up. The two of them had knocked out a trio of Minotaurs on their own arrival and were busily setting up a basic aid station.

Kaya was quick to spot Luffy's situation. With her usual personal magic with the injured, she somehow got the woman to let go and sit down for a checkup and treatment. Shaking his head in renewed puzzlement, Luffy pushed aside the matter of the woman's odd response to being saved by a 'pirate,' shifting back into looking for more threats. Sadly, he could already detect Yamato dealing with the only truly dangerous feeling signature among the pirates. It might be *traditional* for Captains to fight Captains, but Yamato had been itching for 'a real fight' for weeks. He wasn't surprised she'd steered straight for the strongest signature. One that *did* show signs of primitive Haki use. Though nothing that was likely to give Yamato trouble.

Sighing, Luffy aimed for the nearest pirate that was running around unengaged and used *Soru* to close the distance in an eyeblink. He supposed, this one time, he could take out the trash while the rest of his crew vented a bit of steam and tried out their new moves. At least these Minotaurs were tough enough not to fold at the slightest effort, even if he didn't think any of his crew were going to have trouble with them...

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"Nami is the best! Did you see how she picked up that one motherfucker and beat another motherfucker with him?!"

Luffy stared, even as what looked distinctly like a teenage fanboy was cuffed over the head by his mother, who shouted shrilly about his language. Nami herself was clearly just as off put, though that *might* have had something to do with them finding that shrine with a surprisingly good nude statue of her? This island was *weird*, and he turned back to its mayor, who was chortling merrily at the scene. Said mayor saw his look and smiled.

It was the day after they'd rooted out the Minotaur Pirates, with the group only managing to put up moderate resistance. They'd been extremely good for a crew of Grand Line rookies, easily strong enough to handle most of Paradise. But that wasn't nearly good enough to handle Luffy's crew at this point. Something he was going to have to keep in mind as he looked for ways to challenge his minions so they could grow stronger. Training only took you so far in this reality. Thankfully, he still had a few decent ideas where they could find strong enough challengers to push most of the crew. Possibly not him or Yamato, but the pair of them were still at the point they were learning a lot just from fighting *each other* anyway. Yamato hadn't been around long enough for that to hit diminishing returns from familiarity yet. Besides, there was always Rayleigh when they *did* hit that point, if the old man was willing.

For the moment that was all in the back of his mind, however. He *really* wanted to know what the fuck was going on here. Yesterday they'd focused entirely on first the pirates, then on making sure all the islanders were okay. Thankfully, despite their initial fears, no one had actually

died. The reason the pirates had managed to catch only local women had been luck. Bad luck on the locals part, that was, as the Minotaur pirates had *swum* ashore and ambushed some of them doing the wash away from the village before hitting the village itself. The *rest* of the villagers had all managed to flee while the giant beetle, named Boss, had fought off the initial rush of pirates.

Surprisingly, even Boss had lived, despite terrible wounds that had initially led them to think he was dead. Or, well, perhaps *not* so surprisingly, in truth, since Kaya had confirmed the beetle was SIQ enhanced. Though apparently with an earlier strain that didn't induce rage. The beetle was some sort of escapee from Shiki, at least according to what Chopper had translated from Boss himself. Said beetle had also been quite pleased that Shiki was dead, though a little sad that the island and all the other enhanced creatures there had been lost.

Getting back on point, though...

"So, Mayor Fabre, now that things are calmer...what the heck is up with this town? And why are you all so calm about a pirate crew saving you?" Luffy gestured to Nami's 'fanclub.' "Clearly, you recognize us. Given what the World Government has been saying about us though, I'd have thought that would make you *less* likely to welcome us."

The mayor, who looked quite pleased despite also clearly being tired, was jovial as he responded.

"Ah! But that's only what the World Government is saying! No one, save for little Yoko whose father was a Marine, really believes anything they say about you. Everyone here on Little East Blue came *from* the East Blue, you see. Or is at least descended from someone who did! We've been following your crew's exploits since you were still bounty hunters, cleaning up our home ocean! Why, we've even heard the truth that Alabasta put out via Big News Morgans about how the World Government slandered you by naming you all pirates! No, we here on Kansorn Island know you're all good people. Why, you proved it again by rescuing us all!"

Luffy blinked, doing his best to chew through that deluge of information. He'd know vaguely that King Cobra had planned a meeting with Morgans after the Whitebeard War, having held off giving the infamous man a story until past that point of no return. *Most* of the World News was controlled by the WG, but Morgans was the exception, often defying the censors if a story was thrilling or 'big' enough for him. None of the News Coos belonging to the man's *World Economy News Paper* had been able to find the *Discovery* recently, most likely due to their use of air and underwater travel putting them outside whatever method the Coos used to track people. As a result, Luffy hadn't seen the that article yet, not having even been aware it had been published, even if he knew it had been *planned*.

He was going to have to make sure to get a copy soon. A quick trip to Alabasta via Vivi Express should enable that.

Still, that part of what the mayor had said was easy enough to process, once Luffy worked through the information for a few moments. It was good to know, as it might mean they got better receptions on some islands than he might have otherwise expected, but it also wasn't the thing that was currently throwing Luffy for a loop. No, that was...

“Wait. *Everyone* on the island is from, or descended from, the East Blue?”

Mayor Fabre’s smile widened, amusement at Luffy’s expense seeming to wipe away some of his tiredness.

“Yes, indeed! We are so remote here that we’ve never had any real immigration from elsewhere, only the few ships that have made it across the Calm Belt from the East Blue!”

Luffy gaped. He couldn’t help it.

“...Across the *Calm Belt*?!”

The mayor outright laughed at his expression, but he also answered the implied question once he recovered from his good humor.

“Quite! I imagine you’re a mite bit confused how that could have happened, given how most people think of the Calm Belt as uncrossable! The truth is rather different, however. The Calm Belt is uncrossable *by anything but chance*. Not uncrossable at all! The general rule of thumb is that one in fifty ships trying to cross it will make it intact. Which isn’t exactly *wrong*, but it isn’t a proper understanding of things, either!”

Luffy frowned. He’d had access to a *lot* of different navigational knowledge over his time in this world, including delving alongside Nami into everything places like the Royal Library of Alabasta had to say. He would be the first to point out that something about this world’s weather and geography was bullshit in ways that physics most definitely couldn’t explain. Yet, he’d never heard of anything like what the mayor seemed to be implying. Not aside from a few tricks like Marines using seastone or the Amazon’s using those serpents of theirs to scare off the Sea Kings in the Calm Belt.

“You’re saying there is some way to reliably cross the Calm Belts?”

The mayor shook his head immediately, still smiling.

“Oh no, not at all! No, the thing that most people miss is that almost *all* of the ships that survive *come out* at a very few specific points. One of which happens to be near Kansorn Island. You see, while the Calm Belt doesn’t have any *wind*, the idea that it doesn’t have *currents* is a bit of a lie. The Sea Kings that live in the Belt have migratory patterns and usual territories, you see, and those monsters are large enough that their regular movement *causes* a sort of current. Traditionally, these currents are too unpredictable to *use*, but that doesn’t mean they don’t *exist*. In fact, the Marines building that utterly ridiculous Tarai Current of theirs actually stabilized the northern belt between the Grand Line and the East Blue somewhat.”

Luffy’s mind was racing at the implications, putting together pieces of what the mayor was saying. Speaking slowly, he voiced his thoughts aloud as he thought he started to understand.

“So...any ship that *does* survive crossing the Calm Belt from the East Blue, would end up near this island?”

Fabre nodded, grinning as he did.

“Exactly right! None of the ships that have landed on Kansorn from the Calm Belt did so *willingly*. But there are always at least a few ships a year lost to storms pushing them into the Calm Belt. So, over time, even if only a relative few of those ships survive the disaster that is getting pushed into the Belt? Inevitably enough of them come through somewhat intact that Kansorn has had a decades-long trickle of accidental immigrants! Given the town here only goes back a little over two centuries, we suspect that the completion of the Tarai current shifted the original end point of that against-the-odds arrival. Of course, once a ship makes it *through*, they aren’t likely to risk trying to go *back*, and so Little East Blue here came to be!”

That...made a sort of sense. As much as *anything* in the physics-defying oceans of this world did. All of them. Luffy, having Out of Context understanding of how bodies of water *should* act, was aware that the Grand Line wasn’t the only weird one. None of the Blues ought to work the way they did either and the Calm Belts should be completely impossible in an entire host of different ways. Even the fact that Giant Sea Kings apparently created a current of sorts with *migration patterns* was absurdist. But it was the sort of absurdism that seemed to rule in this reality.

“Huh. Well, Nami will be fascinated by all of that, if we can pry her free of her fanclub. As her boyfriend, I should probably smack some of them. But watching her react to them is far too amusing. I’ll probably just steal their statue to tease her with when we leave, instead.”

The mayor laughed, seemingly completely unconcerned with the idea of Luffy stealing the statue. Luffy supposed he was probably just grateful neither he nor Nami had taken stronger exception than that to the perverted teenagers and their antics...

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