

HIGH SAILS OF THE
DELF WAIG

KEEGON LOFCRE

CHAPTER I.

“PEACE PLAN”

Last days of January 1691, France and Spain were at war again with England and Portugal, England was slowly emerging from centuries civil wars between royal families and clans, fighting against the feudal system so hatefully entrenched in Europe, even united more against the attacks on their home soil by France's claim over English territory.

England's rightful King, Darkharde 1 and his Queen Ishleng, had been restored to their rightful throne, bringing with them, stability to begin rebuilding England's prosperity through shipping of trades, discoveries and conquests of the new lands, containing wealth of metals, spices, silks, oils, along with so many other precious things, long since being is very short supply, therefore making extremely expensive or unable to be obtainable in England at all.

The English people, once properly united by their true King and Queen, had begun picking themselves up out from the bogs of inter-fighting, occurring almost too often between joining towns, of being self-assuring in their own attitudes toward each other.

Feeling the change of lifestyle that was beginning to be felt in the new positiveness of the people towards their Crown and Country, for England had been for long ravaged by wars.

Poor old England had come to be looked on nothing more than backward aggressive heathens, of questionable breedings, by the nobility of the ancient worlds, particularly the French aristocrats with their influence of French courts.

This type of induced thinking was indeed out of place as English royal, and not so royal lineage, could be traced, and documented back, at least a thousand years.

The French knowing this only too well, were still in a promoting of their own lineage, much more noble deserving, than those common interbreeding English.

The Portuguese, had aligned with the English after the Portuguese navy, had been attacked, decimated, by the French and Spanish galleons, in their major naval port of “Lemeta Tirreios”.

The Portuguese warships, had been reading for an attack on the Spanish and French, yet had suffered over half of their ships destroyed by the surprise attack of the French and Spanish ships upon them.

After the attack, the Portuguese had to align with England, for her defences were so weakened, she would not be able to defend herself against another major attack on her ships, so it was more out of self-survival, she joined her former enemy to fight the French and Spanish.

This war, to all sides, was now at the stalemate, they knew it would take one last decisive victory or there had to be a diplomatic ending of this war, with true diplomacy not given much credence in the royal courts of France, England nor Portugal or Spain.

The royal courts of these times, were days and nights filled with pompous opulence, cultivated alliances floating thickly about the lavish settings of the large echoey rooms.

Intertwined in the many betraying trysts of sexualities conniving games of spiders setting their webs of intrigues, devouring the pecking order of their victims, to themselves be schemed against and swallowed up by the beast of the bastardery that took place.

Count Bercie Aiple Fredaz to address his highness, King Loudam 111, and the French Royal court, saying to his trusted aide, Pormus Dubray as they walked, “Half the country is going hungry burdened with exorbitant taxes for this war, while these decision makers spend their days and nights in orgies and banquets.

What chance does my plan have, or what chance does any plan for peace have amongst such wanton deceit, that we both know, having been visiting royal courts of Spain, Portugal and England, they all revel in the same falseness and excessive indulgences.

How am I to present a successful peace plan to these so called, intellectual visionaries, that are not any more than imposters, nay caring anything about ending this wretched war, swearing on bibles and anything else, attesting to their integrity of upholding the truth, that is but a grunt of broken wind in a sewer of swine.

Some of them indeed have either, the liking for war, or have their own hidden agendas for the rewards, victory will bring to them.

Yet good Pormus, by the same ramifications, rewards, for defeat, might also be bestowed upon some, for English and Portuguese, will show not one piece of mercy to any one of us, if we continue with this arrogant war and we are soundly beaten, what then Pormus, what then, if France as a major power, we are soundly beaten.

We must act from a position of strong leverage while we still can, do not you agree Dubray”.

“I most wholeheartedly agree Count Fredaz, as you and I both, have had access to secret reports from fightings, to the real state of where our war efforts are actually at, our capacities to carry on with this war, I am in total agreement with your peace plan, I am so proud to be doing my part in helping you draught such a worthy plan.

Count Fredaz, I admire the difficult way in which you are trying to bring this war to a close, satisfactorily pleasing to all sides”.

Count Fredaz, stopped talking with Dubray, to really concentrate on what, and how best, to say what he wanted the court to hear of his peace proposal.

Fredaz summoned his inner courage, as he was about to enter with Dubray, readying himself to be addressing his King and the royal court of France, after he, and Dubray, entered, bowed, to their king and the assembled court.

“I am Count Bercie Aiple Fredaz, your King’s loyal and confidant emissary to Britain, Portugal and Spain, this is my assistant Pormus Dubray .

The peace plan I sit before you is one of magnitude, it is not of treasonous words, it is the simple truth of our time.

Your Majesty, we have fought many times with the English, so have the Spanish, and Portuguese.

The Dutch have already fought three major wars with England, yet now the English and Dutch find themselves to be firm trading partners with the lucrative gold, slave, and spice trades to themselves, with England making more and more claims, on lands, any new lands found, in the name of their king and queen.

We must all of us in this court come to realise these constant wars and skirmishes are not only bankrupting the economy of France, it is also destabilising our friendship with our bordering neighbours, wondering if we intend to invade them for monies for war, or what is our intention.

Your Majesty, again I speak no treason when I say Britain is like an awakening dawn”, Fredaz tried continuing his address cut rudely short.

“Traitor, treason, hang him, he’s disloyal, he speaks lies and treason just to mention the filthy English bastards” interrupted Peestre Malquit of the royal court, settling down as the King raised his hand for silence.

Fredaz continued after receiving a nod from the king to do so, “Britain is like an awakening dawn, on steady rise, yet fully aware of the fire that is going to make her a very big supreme power.

Her ships are of the most modern, to the best designs imaginable, their cannons have range that are impossible to comprehend, unless one is to witness their range, that I and Dubray have seen, so as to report such back to you.

English ships of discovery with scientific endeavour, roam all over the oceans, France needs peace with England more than she needs peace with us, therefore your majesty I, humbly propose a peace treaty be offered between France and England” again some members of the royal court most rudely interjected on Fredaz.

“Englishman’s puppet, traitor, cut the bastards head off, how much do the English pay these days, FOR YOUR TREASON.

For YOUR treason Fredaz, YOU foul the good being of a Frenchman with you treachery”.

Levelled count Broone De-Coige at Fredaz, as Fredaz tried to continue presenting his peace proposal against the vehement yelling of De-Coige's opposition to the rest of the court, allowing Fredaz to keep speaking.

Another detractor against any sort of a peace plan with England, interjected very loudly with bad accusations against Fredaz, "Tell this court in all honesty, if you have ANY honesty left, DEAR CUNTEE, sorry, DEAR COUNT, have you taken an English or Portuguese slut as a payment for your treason, or maybe you like English ARSE instead of sweet French quimmy" tormented Artes Thumbey, very influential confidant of the king, soft slapping his old friend De-Coige on the back, bursting out laughing with the other members of the royal court.

Count Fredaz continued with his peace plan, angry at the absurdity of their taunting him.

"Your majesty, since when is the losing of thousands and thousands of lives, our nation's survival, linked to the inconsequential stupid banter to some members of this now royal court, that should, and do know better.

And in their stupidity of trying to gain mirth, they are free from condemnation, to imputing sexual preference in their ridiculous arguments against myself for ever trying for peace, I ask them, do they want this war to continue.

Majesty, gentlemen, ladies, I implore you, before it becomes too late, embrace the peace plan, or I fear we will embrace nothing but a nation's pain and the consequences it will have for all of us" pleaded Fredaz, reaching for a chair to rest, respond to the gruelling questions he was expecting, and also the farcical ones trying to destroy his credibility by members of the court,

Fredaz knew very well, some of them had their own agendas for keeping this war going, and he was not one bit surprised when Quess Bergier pointed his fat finger at him, flashing it about here and there, cutting the air like a rapier, to begin accusing him of all sorts of collaboration with the English.

“Fredaz, you are a slyly deeply dangerous traitorous propounder, of a plan to give your English masters, what they could not achieve by starting this conflict, and so is your peace plan, which should be called your capitulation of France plan”, yelled Quess Bergier.

Count Fredaz’s steely glare was metered by Bergier’s unyielding stare back at his, Fredaz tried a slightly different tact against Bergier, after glancing quickly down at the very short note Dubray slid in front of him, causing a wry smile to overtake the angry look on Fredaz’s face.

“Ah, I see your belly is full and the jowls around your neck feed well of this war, monsieur Bergier.

You also use your position of protection unwisely as to think of me as an adversary of you, or this court.

What manner of inanities do I incite in your mind to know such things are untrue, yet to broach the subjects in jest, to the public gallery is insulting, as you yourself have a taste for sweet arse, instead of lovely French quimmy, is that no so, Quess Bergier, and the younger the male arse the better you, yourself, master it” Fredaz retorted back at the very wealthy and obesely bloated merchant, Quess Bergier, Fredaz gaining loud mirthful shouts of encouragement from some members of the court.

Bergier was by no means taken aback, nor silenced by Fredaz’s tirade, aimed at his own sexual preferences.

Instead, responding directly to the king bypassing the other members of the court.

“Majesty, maybe count Fredaz, being such renowned swordsman would, with his own manners of presentation's leaning, would he feel happy to rid this court of us so called wastrels, perhaps you as well, your Majesty, for his truthful masters, the English.

Maybe Count Fredaz, or should that be, the English Earl of traitors, instead of stabbing, English or Portuguese hairy arses with his meaty sword, count Fredaz would be to his preferences to see royal blood, mixing with court blood, dripping off his betrayer's steel sword, for I swear to your Majesty, and this court, that Count Fredaz is guided by the sword inside the English material, that some of us suspect, makes up the cut of his cloth, for his betrayal is here for all to see and hear, no matter what sort of silken veil Fredaz uses, to his king, and this very court, as I, and my learned associates have just so rightly suggested.

Know this Fredaz, neither our King, nor members of this court are take in by the abominable lies your thrusting about at us, as truth of your peace plan.

Your peace plan is no more than pretence and pretext, to lull us into giving you an underhanded way of getting your English and Portuguese bed partners, safe passage into French waters to attack and kill, all of us”, lampooned the fat sizeable Bergier at Fredaz, inwardly contented with his vocal jousting with count Fredaz, seeing the very concerned puzzled look upon the King's face, coupled with an unusual quietness of the royal court.

Bergier knew he'd gotten through Fredaz's defences when Fredaz jumped to his feet defending his reputation.

Count Fredaz also knew himself, that after this last debacle of indecent debate with Bergier, not only was his reputation, but his life, and his family's life, were now on the line, by the unfounded accusations levelled at him by the self-serving lies of some of the royal court in attendance on this most momentous day.

“Your Majesty, how am I to answer Quess Bergier, and his loyal associates, with such, made-up, rehearsed, disgusting, untrue allegations, poured all over my character and integrity, to distract from what I present as a plan for peace, to save so many other lives from being lost to war.

What am I to say to them, when I feel in my heart, and know in my brain, THEY do not wish for peace, but for this war to continue in all it's bloodshed and misery.

I have never inferred or never would, of such things as to raise my sword or any part of my body, against my King or members of this royal court.

Quess Bergier I find the manners and untrue words of you, and your co-horts, to be offensive to myself and my exalted position, for you, as others do, to hide behind your position to spit as many lies as you can make up” Fredaz glared back at Bergier, interrupted by King Loudam.

“Count Fredaz, you do sail in very disturbing waters, with your words to a peace plan with our hated enemy, only that you are my trusted ambassador, I might have your head for treason, as some of the court asks, I wish to hear what you have to say of your peace plan, I am intrigued by the vehement opposition to your peace plan before its opened to it entirety to reveal its content, Fredaz you may proceed without any interruption”.

Count Fredaz bowing to his King and continued.

“I propose a meeting for ambassadors of each power to be given the chance to speak openly before each other. and of course the King of France and this court.

At this meeting, King Loudam 111 of France, will present his, and his court’s demands and offers, listening with the fairness and open-mindedness to the sovereignty of the ambassadors demands of the offers from their King and Queens.

Once they have had a royal hearing, and dialogue to satisfaction, the ambassadors will then be taken out to the prearranged, and agreed points of rendezvous with a French warship, as escort to an unarmed cruise ship, kept all to the strictest secrecy, then to wait, to be met by a warship each of, Spain, Portugal and England.

After, most hopefully of agreement at these meetings, the ambassadors will disembark to their own warship and return to their ruling sovereigns, with the peace offerings.

I have such high expectations that the replies will be positively acceptable, with ambassadors returning satisfied on another date, not of futures too distant, with the signed documents for peace.

I have chosen the wide ocean as a meeting place your Majesty, as on all sides, there are many distractors willing to go to any lengths to continue this war for personal gain, with some just because they see it as a Frenchman’s right to forever fight the English, and vise-versa, some with a very real vested interests indeed.

I am unshakably convinced that if this plan is allowed to escape from the secrecy it deserves, then the wolves, yes the WOLVES, masquerading behind their evil vanguards of biblical predatory goodness, will utter condemnations.

Some in this very court, yes your Majesty, trusted from your own court, they will strike defiantly at the heart of the proposal, this saddens me so to have to say that out aloud, but the time has arrived for truth.

I believe on a warship in the ocean, is the only place France can guarantee safety, secrecy of all the emissaries.

These enemy warships entering France's waters will be alone, but it must be stressed, it is to be with guaranteed impunity from attack by French forces.

The Spanish, our friends and ally, already sail in our waters, as a gesture of goodwill from France and Spain to England and Portugal, as I have stated earlier, a small unarmed French ship, escorted by a French warship, be loaded with a small amount of gifts.

These gifts would be our finest wines for the men and our best perfumes for their ladies and wives.

Small token boxes of gold and silver as our goodwill gestures, for Kings and Queens of England and Portugal, would be given to the English and Portuguese captains, to make sure their sovereigns do in fact receive the gifts”.

The king irately interrupted the count.

“Count Fredaz, do you want to bankrupt our France yourself, with these gifts, instead of the war, if it lingers on and on, we'll needs ships, men, preparing for war not peace.

Gold, silver, gifts to the courts, what is behind your thinking count, please privy us with it before you make a laughing stock of yourself, and your King,, for listening to your proposal so far”.

King Loudam, very indignantly said to Fredaz, then motioning to Fredaz to continue, while composing his anger at what Fredaz was suggesting.

“Your Majesty, and members of the royal court, we are at war with England and Portugal, costing us many many lives and thousands of francs every day this war goes on.

France is gaining no upper hand from the battles, let us not be fooled by reports of great victories, there are no great victories, we are not having any great victories.

We are not conquering new rich lands, we virtually fight over the same territories, we have always fought over.

Our greatest future as a nation does not lie continuing this way.

King Loudam, Majesty, we need to quietly extricate ourselves, forthwith, with our array of intelligent leverage to our realistic demands, before I believe we have rigorous conditions imposed upon us by a victorious enemy.

Majesty, you know only too well from the reports this court receives, France has not had a decisive victory for all of last year or the beginning of this new-year, we are at the standstill on the pinnacle before falling backwards.

The only real winners are the suppliers of materials, foods to our ships, with some of them, gaining great wealth from the war, I suggest it would be in their best interests, to have the war continue for years.

Some of you learned gentlemen, so skilled in tactics, may want to ask why I do not say to protect ambassadors with a large French fleet.

My answer to that would be, let us turn the scenario around and say, it has been England submitting a peace deal to France, would you as noble Frenchmen, send one of our warships in amongst the ravenous teeth of an English fleet, sitting in English waters just itching to tear you apart.

I do not think so stupid of you that you would agree, so if we would not agree ourselves, then why expect our enemies too, no matter what the stated guarantees.

Again we have to remind ourselves just who does proffer from this costly war continuing.

Your Majesty, we risk a lot more than gifts if we do not try to bring this costly war to a close.

Your Majesty I speak not only as your loyal friend and ambassador but also as a passionate Frenchman, when I say in the struggles of wars, winners and losers emerge to what is done stays done, whichever way to your liking.

By this I mean France was once a mighty powerful sea and land power, yet we have to accept with the bitterest of any taste we, as will Spain and Portugal, be relegated to remain strong powers only.

However, no matter how insufferably sickening the rankle of the taste is, England will without doubt, within the coming decades, be regaled as the major dominant world power.

I base my opinions and forecasts solely on rational thinking of my brain and what I see and know by the shown fact to be true of my travels and dealings with the English.

As your trusted ambassadors, myself and Dubray, we have visited England, the English royal court, and more importantly, to me, I have seen for myself their developing factories, the machinery, the outstanding inventions all of it contributing to my belief what I am saying to you all is the truth, however unpalatable.

Majesty, members of this royal court, advisers to the King, one of the greatest of all ancient Roman philosophers said; "To live in the past is to drown in shadows."

I beg you now, let France not walk in the dark, let our France be the leader, who walks from the shadows with the brightest of lights to enlighten the world in peace, again in all truth Majesty I speak not treason, only with the truth as I see it happening to France from this war”

King Loudam interrupted Count Fredaz;

“Ambassador Fredaz, you philosophise so far beyond this time with your predictions, things that carry the onus of such distaste to be most unpalatable to a true Frenchman’s palate.

Am I to give you reining, to such prophecies against my own crown.

Am I to yield to the English, found to be an impotent King in this peace deal.

Do you suggest I merely become a minor signatory to it, as a dog might wag its tail for a pat from his master.

This proposal of yours, count Fredaz, scores so much inordinately against my being as a Frenchman.

Yet, if I am indeed to lead France from dark shadows of costly wars, and be remembered as I wish to be, a true leader with wisdom, I must give listen of study to the peace proposal to feel its relevance more of time.

I will ponder with my advisers, as much as a learned man can do, to achieve what is best for his country and its future”, King Loudam then arose leaving with his personal attendants, and advisers following him.

Three days later, ambassadors Fredaz and Dubray, were summoned to appear before their King, and the royal court, both men thinking one thing then to the other side of what decision had their king, both men bowing respectfully before the king, as the King began speaking to Fredaz.

“Bercie Fredaz, I use your first given name, in name of priority, before this court, I want it to be openly known to future history, as the King of France, I was understanding, a compassionate, seeker of peace.

Then, so let it be recorded, that King Loudam 111 of France, on this third day of February, sixteen ninety-one (3-2-1691) do so endorse, with royal approval, the meetings, the peace proposals, presented to King, this court, by royal ambassador, Count Bercie Aiple Fredaz”.

King Loudam 111 of France, so ordered to his court recorder to scribe and date such words for futures keeping.

The first part of Fredaz's plan would probably be the easiest hurdle to get over, to get Spain, England, Portugal to agree to let their ambassadors meet in the first place, “that’s what WE ambassador’s are for, is it not” assuredly surmised Fredaz, to himself and Pormus Dubray.

“The part about ambassadors to be meeting together on the open seas, and to rendezvous with a mighty French warship, waiting for their arrival, might be the stumbling block”, Dubray agreeing with Frandz, yet Fredaz was sure the other players wanted peace as much as France needed peace.

His assumption bore fruit, when receiving unofficial word, but he knew it was official word, all powers would proceed with his peace meetings.

Spain agreed to send their warship the “Delf Waig”, France would use the “Jessa Moinee,” Portuguese, “Ecca,” England, the “Briggett”, all parties agreeing to a very small unarmed pleasure\cruise ship the “La Fare”, bearing gifts as goodwill gestures to success of the meeting, to accompany the Delf Waig, to be her escort ship.

The La Fare had been designed and built by the noted French ship builder, Quace Booslier, two years before this war had started for the sole purpose of plying the extremely lucrative pleasure cruising about territorial waters of France for well monied, highly connected French aristocracy, her design was never to arm her with cannons, or to tackle the rough open oceans as the much larger traders and warships did, the La Fare well know in her own right as a harmless French cruise ship, thus the agreement of all parties to her being at the secret rendezvous.

Count Fredaz being French ambassador, instigator of such peace deal, would, after the meeting with his king and all submissions for an agreed peace deal discussed, would accompany other ambassadors, staying with them on board the “La Fare”, until their own warships arrived, some more proof of goodwill to the peace deal, to be immediately able to discuss any other doubtful matters arising from his peace plan.

In the dealing and double dealing that occurs in all the supposed trueness of decent diplomacy, the four gifted ambassadors had met on other occasions, never all at once, and never in the open in front of a king, royal court or royal advisers, it had always been in clandestine meetings as was the usual of such matters.

At these supposedly unofficial meetings, they had put their respective King and Queen’s demands and suggestions on the table, always being unable to agree, arguing over the most trivalent matters.

These arguments over silliest minor details proved to the four ambassadors none of their King’s or Queen’s really wanted, were ready to give an inch towards peace, til now.

Until now, with this ongoing war forcing them to the negotiation tables, it would be unthinkable, almost certain political suicide to travel with your enemy's court agents, as you would be seen to be fraternizing, and that would leave you vulnerable to your distractors attacks.

With all this as a major concern, it had been decided by all concerned to break with rules of court etiquette and sail the four ambassadors together, as wealthy passengers with the gold disguising the seriousness and secretiveness of the voyage, less people knew of the peace proposal at the moment, the more chance it had to succeed.

Pre-arrangement of these meetings had the intention that if the "La Fare" somehow came under attack which was nearly impossible to imagine this close to French soil, in French protected waters, with a mighty French warship as her escort, that if the impossible did happen, then the men were to surrender without a fight, and let it be known to their attackers they could be ransomed for great rewards for their and their families safety.

The French admiralty had been instructed to keep their navy clear of the area by a radius of 25 nautical miles.

This exclusion zone was another assurance, that the French navy would not attack the English and Portuguese warships, once they entered French waters.

The French navy was not told the actual content of the meeting because of the security required in the earliest and most desperate stages of the peace deal.

The French navy had neither been told that on board the La Fare, her passengers were; Monsignor Elva Deeger and his wife of forty five years, Senoria Bleeth Deeger aged in their sixties, ambassadors to the king of Spain.

Second family were 50 year old, French Aristocrat, Count Bercie Aiple Fredaz the French ambassador to King Loudam 111 of France and his younger wife countess Mallinea Lognes Fredaz.

Third family were forty-year-old English ambassador Abacrombye Markus Covener, his wife, Blyne Ethera Covener and their four children, Mary six, Cathrine ten, Stuart twelve, and Execeta seventeen.

The fourth was the Portuguese ambassador Zardoza Albratta Maseddel Ajuez and his wife Camalia Pesdasine Erjosa Ajuez both in their early thirties.

The women and children was more ploy to help cover the real reason of La Fare sailing to these points of latitude and longitudes, just another pleasure cruise, “wonderful if you can afford it” was often the mumbled rumblings of the port hands resupplying the La Fare.

The peace plan had been implemented and was going well exceeding some doubter expectations, Count Fredaz continually mused over the fact, of need for secrecy, with the sinister sub-plotting of some people of the royal courts for their own gains, the more chance his plan had to fail.

But the most solid base of his plan, allowed for some leeway, with the meetings at sea, protected by 4 War ships.

The four ambassadors had met the king of France, his wife, and his royal court, putting forward all demands, all had come away satisfied with the King of France’s demands with counter offers for peace.

Ambassadors, their wives and children, were now on board La Fare, waiting for other ships to arrive as arranged, enjoying their French host’s congenial hospitality for longer than it was ever expected.

It was taking an inordinate time for the Ecce, Briggett and Delf Waig to reach this rendezvous spot.

Where were the other three ships, kept being asked not only by the ambassadors, but also by the captains of the two French ships, tiring of man-made becalming of their ships, simply waiting, waiting endless waiting, tacking and criss-crossing the same area of the vast ocean, waiting just waiting.

Where were the other three ships, had the secrecy of the plan been revealed, their positions been compromised, how long could they afford to wait, was discussed over and over again.

Constant lookouts kept through nights as well as the days for any sign of sails, but there was no signs to where were they, not a single sign of sail being spotted anywhere, day after day, night after night, where were they.

Where were they, indeed, was because of an error in translating Count Fredaz plan, ship's positions from French to Spanish, French to Portuguese, French to English, map references of longitude and latitude were ever so slightly different by loose translation from one language to another.

Ever so slightly, no matter how minuscule, mistakes in translation of latitudinal and longitudinal coordinates makes for large discrepancy of area where the French and Spanish meeting position was, in reference to where the Portuguese and English believed their meeting position to be.

The captains not being fully told of exactness of the peace meetings for security reasons, believed of their crews, having loose idle talk, followed their given co-ordinates of positions without question to their authenticity of area.

English warship Briggett, meeting the Portuguese warship Eccca, exchanges flags of cordial greetings with an on board conference agreeing the two ships would sail with light set canvas in zigzagging patterns back and forth across the intended meeting area until they found the two French ships.

The Jessa Moinee and the small La Fare, were in the correct area, it was the Portuguese and English ships in the positions given to them from careless translation, placing the ships many nautical miles, not out to sea, but over the curve of the earth's land shape farther up the French coastline and away from being able to have their flags atop their huge masts seen by any look-out on the La fare or the Jessa Moinee.

The Eccca and Briggett had been spotted from land, but it was thought this close to French soil it was their own ships or allied ships, hence no alarm was raised.

The French fleet ordered to stay out to sea from the meeting area had no chance of seeing Eccca nor Briggett's sails so close to land, for they were over the curve of the horizon as ordered, no longer in French territorial waters.

English warship Briggett and the Portuguese warship Eccca, were waiting at one end of French waters, whilst the French ships Jessa Moinee and her escort La Fare were at the other end waiting for the Delf Waig, the Eccca and the Briggett to appear with full sail as agreed.

Nearly two weeks of zig-zagging across their given co-ordinates with no sign of Jessa Moinee nor la Fare, nor Delf Waig, had both captains feeling they had waited long enough, fearing something extraordinarily had happen to the ships they were supposed to rendezvous with.

Two weeks in enemy waters with no meeting of the French or Spanish as agreed to, had given them the uneasy feeling they had been tricked, two weeks were more than long enough for some sort of word to be brought to them by another ship.

Signals were sent between each ship to abandon the wait and sail back to their respective home lands, report the failure of approved meetings, ever taking place.

Ecce and Briggett made way to hoist sail in no major hurry, until sails were spotted from the Ecce's crow's nest; "Fleet of sails at speed, bearing down from the west", the warning from the lookouts of the Ecce, warning impending attack of the French war-fleet, Ecce signalled to Briggett of the impending French attack.

Both Ecce and Briggett set full sail as quick as they could, with men of both crews running across large crossed mast unfurling the large main-sails reminiscent of monkeys running up the branches of a tree from a predator.

The two ships having set full sail slowly building up speed as more of the wind caught in sails, French warships already at full sail fell upon the Ecce and the Briggett trying to outrun them.

Both ships realizing they could not outrun the French fleet, engaged the fleet with cannons fiercely blazing before being pummelled to wreckage by might of French cannons, with loss of all crews, both ships, Ecce, Briggett, allowed to burn to the water line, sinking slowly.

Not one, English, or Portuguese seaman was afforded any chance of survival, those that survived cannons, were slaughtered unmercifully by French steel with musket fire, much the same as their enemies were doing to them.

The French fleet thought they had sunk some enemy invaders, preying on merchant shipping in French waters, it was many month later when this French fleet anchored in port, that anyone found out why the two enemy warships, Eccca and Briggett were in French waters.

The English and Portuguese always had their doubts of the genuineness of Fredaz's peace plan, reaffirmed for all time by the sinking of the Eccca and the Briggett, when their sinking eventually became English, Portuguese knowledge, worsening their hatred of French tactics in supporting peace plan, their peace plan, so proven to be viewed nothing more than to lure other of their ships to their destruction, in total disregard for accepted standards of diplomacy being agreed to meetings.

Doubts about good intentions can sometimes ring with the hollowest of hollow echoes, once the truth reveals itself, no matter how, as at the same time the Eccca and the Briggett were being attacked, so too, were the Jessa Moinee and the La fare whilst waiting for the Eccca, the Briggett and the Delf Waig.

For whilst Eccca and Briggett had been engaged by a royal French Fleet, the Jessa Moinee and the La fare were suffering a very, very, different fate.

CHAPTER 2.

“A DIFFERENT FATE”

Backgrounding the events of the attacks and sinking of La Fare, Jessa Moinee, which had led to one of the worst atrocities in tales of the oceans sailings, had the roots of its beginning, when the Spanish warship, Delf Waig, found the Portuguese trader Faz Ovor, carrying passengers, as well as being fully laden with the finest silken materials and spices of many sorts, returning from across the ocean hurrying to make her way to the safety of Portuguese waters.

The Delf Waig had chased Faz Ovor, finally catching, attacking her inside Portuguese waters, Faz Ovor captured after a fusillade of cannon ball damaged, first her steering, then splintered her waterline to slowly let sea water leak in.

Captain Destora bought the Delf Waig close enough for boats to be lowered for a boarding party after giving the captain and crew of the Faz Ovor opportunity to surrender.

Captain of the Faz Ovor, Spiche Baco accepted the surrender of his ship to the Delf Waig.

Captain Destora had spoken hardened authoritatively to the boarding party quoting from his bible, before they embarked for the Faz Ovor.

“These people are all God’s children, as we are all, God’s children, we, are also honorable Spanish sailors.

All of the crew and passengers of the Faz Ovor will be accorded your manners”, demanded Captain Destora of these men, these men knowing of certainty to his meaning.

Boarding party securing surrender of the Faz Ovor, Captain Destora brought the Delf Waig alongside the Faz Ovor to see for himself the damage.

The damage was at first sight not that great, but more careful looking, saw, along the water line, was cracked and splintered, nearly the entire length of the ship.

The Faz Ovor was seeping in water, slowly sinking, yet she would last until they could reach one of the islands, Destora could see from the deck of the Delf Waig.

Destora ordered his crew to makeshift repairs to the steering of the Faz Ovor, leaving enough sail for the ship to be able to sail safely to the island before she sunk, Destora also ordered all spare sail from the Faz Ovor to be brought on board for later use if needed, with the choicest of cargo from the Faz Ovor, was comfortably stowed away on the Delf Waig.

The Delf Waig set sail for homeport of “Badgonla” on the Spanish Mainland, after leaving the passengers and surviving crew of the Faz Ovor unharmed, to sail to one of the close inhabited islands in this area.

Evening began chasing this finest Spanish galleon, riding the sea as surreal as a famed artist might capture the moment on canvas, for history to view in largest of national museum's hanging, retelling magic of moments through the artistry of sheer genius brush-stroking, able to rise from the painting, the fine salty smell of the ocean spraying up over the sweet creaking's gentlest strain on rigging, intoxicating the moon watching the ship.

In its dreamy gentle swells in surges of wavey ocean glidings, lightly set night sails were holding against almost hypnotic pull of night's softest sea breeze, so soft it could nearly be classed as not a breeze at all, more a collection of particles of air gathering to speak.

Dolphins began playing across the bow of Delf Waig in their games with the bow of the ship, diving and leaping in vocal sounds so close to the ship they could be assumed to be scraping the bow timber, tickling the underside of the ship trying to make the huge ship laugh in the astounding quietness of the changing moments echoing only the sound of Delf Waig's bow cutting and gliding through darkest blue water imaginable bordering on being black in colour.

Squeezing out the sea from her keel with a swooshing sound, settling down on the water after each little swell rose and fell her draught so sensually.

The night watch in the crow's nest of the Delf Waig, Pertri Osi, smiled at the picturesque perfect reflection of the Delf Waig, silverest of a full moon's artistic flair, thinking 'how totally beautiful scenic it seemed, another Delf Waig, sailing in water upside down quietly beneath the Delf Waig, in their totally joined unison of mirrored sailing'.

Pertri's total peace with himself, surrounds, happiness suddenly receiving a magical boost, when off the port side, moonlight reflected the fluke of a giant tail, in submerging with a loud smack on the surface that would have terrified anyone not experienced with the sounds of the oceans.

Pertri yelled out from high up the mast of the Delf Waig, "Whales off the port side, whales of the port side"

"How far off the ship, how many can you see" asked captain Destora, restlessly pacing the deck of his ship.

Sleep eluding him, in the torment of not being with his wife once again after so long.

“Captain I count nine very large, six smaller whales, about about 400 yards off the port side”.

“Keep extra vigil lookout, these are truly majestically lovely creatures, but to hit one out here and damage or sink the ship would be disastrous, keep alert”.

“A ship has to be very careful of these large whales, particularly at night”, Destora said to the helmsman, Yarda Stutz.

“Captain any course change”, enquired Stutz of his captain.

“No Mr Stutz, same course, the lookouts will warn us of any immediate danger if the whales change course to cross our bow, all we can do is try not to hit one, for if we change course the whales might change course also, keep alert Mr Stutz, keep alert” ordered Destora, knowing very well, tranquillity of a scene could have tragic consequences, if the whales suddenly changed course, crossing the bow of the Delf Waig.

Captain Destora, was fascinated how the moon’s light was reaching out upon the reflective sea over the horizon, illuminating the shape of the whales, helping, to bring their haunting noises, to the ears of himself, and the crew.

The beauty of the whales singing, diving, breaching, upon the surface, giving up long spouts of expelled breaths, shooting water high in the air, giving way to their sudden of disappearing amid a radiating brilliance of the rising dawn.

Captain Destora started speaking to helmsman Stutz, as if the man was his close friend, this not surprising Stutz unduly, as he and the crew, all knew captain Destora.

They all knew their captain Destora was a devoutly religious man with deepest morality feelings understanding of life.

“Mr Stuzt, Delf Waig must have been in the middle of a large pod of whales, migrating to Lord only knows where.

Did you also know Mr Stuzt, there had been so many reports over the years of a ship hitting a surfaced whale and sustaining damage or sinking.

These whales, had in some oceans, bred to prolific numbers, becoming very common to ships, sailing not only the oceans, but even the coastal shipping, always running into them when the whales came into the protected waters of the coasts to feed, breed or give birth.

I intend in my retirement years, to continue my love of the water with my family, every day, I shall row a small boat out for us, to just sit amongst the whales in my home port's quite protected cove, of course some fishing also Mr Stuzt.

I cherish every time I see these magnificent creatures in our wanderings of oceans, yet I have this oddly strongest feeling of them not always being there”, Captain Destora finished speaking as if to himself.

Dawn was further breaking, captain Destora ordered full sail to be set after no more sign of the whales could be seen from any of the lookouts.

It seemed odd at first to a crew to be commanded by such a religious man as Destora, holding church each week on a war ship, treating all his crew to his prayers, sermons, on the deck of Delf Waig, heathenish crew members grew some liking Destora's sermons, the rest not so enthusiastic.

Delf Waig's previous Captain, Yeclo Abriel, known as fair captain to his crew, none of his orders unreasonable.

Yeclo's crew used to seeing their captain so enjoying himself at the same brothels, grog houses as them once in port, likened him to being a normal man, not some captain far remote from them, yet sometimes this sort of trait, could be a captain's downfall to further advancement, it depended how it was viewed by the people that made such decisions.

Yeclo Abriel was renowned for his direct approach to a problem, yet with any of the crew able to approach, and talk to him to a reasonable hearing.

Captain Yeclo Abriel, being the exact sort of captain these times called for in the unrest of war with England and Portugal, it inexplicably unfathomable, to his crew, indeed to other captains, when he had been promoted to be head of war planning fleet tactics, giving Captain Conca Destora, command of the Delf Waig.

The crew of the Delf Waig had heard, then asked the crews of Destora's other commands, what he was like, as a captain, being told Destora was an excellent captain, the crew still wondered how he would react when engaged in an attack on another ship, or having to fight a naval fleet, that was until the Delf Waig found the Portuguese trader the Faz Ovor, plundering every thing of value from her.

The Delf Waig moored at the docks, in her home port of Badgonla, enjoying shore time, barely over a week after unloading the plunder from her attack on the Faz Ovor.

During this little over a week, with the rotation of the crews between shore leave and watchers on the ship, Delf Waig had been re-supplied ready to sail, this was a standing order to quickly readying the ship for sailing.

Readied for deployment to any new orders received, changing orders from which a ship might be already sailing under.

Captain Conca Destora awoke with the ache of man demanding attention of his wife lying breathing beside him on the edge of snoring.

Conca, dreamily, with a mounting hunger reached to kiss Emmeceeta on her bare shoulder, giving his hand free reign to fondle between her legs.

Emmeceeta murmured, pushing her herself back for Conca's need to enter her from behind with gentle strokes of his loving lust becoming much stronger, spawning in her in minutes, his wild thrusting heavy breathing subsiding as a salmon dies after returning to the river of its origin.

Conca was intent to leave his shrinking penis in her wet vagina, enjoying the feel of her, but Emmeceeta had a much better idea.

Emmeceeta rolled over telling Conca she needed him again, bringing his limp penis to rigid life as she hopped on top of him sliding herself to the pleasures of an experienced woman.

Always much lovemaking when Conca returned to Emmeceeta waiting home to his wife instead of the sea, it was one of life's more wondrous things, Conca not only desired Emmeceeta as his wife and woman, Conca deeply, passionately loved, respected, Emmeceeta consummately.

Conca and Emmeceeta would cuddle, talk, after sex, she calling him her "torrent", laughing because of his still willingness for her after all their years of marriage, lovingly blaming it all on the ocean breezes, he calling her anything that came into his head that was delicately honourable.

Conca Destora, enjoying his time with his wife and children, had this time at home really spoiled, being handed by the king's courier, his new set of sealed orders to begin sail immediately.

Destora already sailed under strict orders, engage all enemy shipping wherever he found them.

Conca Destora captain of the Delf Waig, now carried another set of secret orders to rendezvous with the French warship the Jessa Moinee, being escort to the unarmed La fare, in French territorial waters, guaranteed immunity from attack by the King of France, "Make all available sail to the winds speed, do not divulge these orders to any one of your crew including officers, guard these orders with your life if necessary".

'As usual there were games being played behind the scenes by the goings on of the royal courts.

A Spanish warship was being sent on a secret mission to meet a French warship the Jessa Moinee escorting the La Fare, carrying gold, jewels, what in the name of God would we find when we get there' pondered very many times, did Destora, as he hurriedly set sail to his new ordered course, to bring the Delf Waig to the French warship Jessa Moinee as quickly as possible.

These secret orders that now had Delf Waig sailing through the port's entrance towards open seas, was being watched by a rotting leaking old Spanish merchant ship the "Gefgarnaz", not far off the Spanish shore, she was plying the coastal trades not only because of her unseaworthiness condition, but also by chronic shortage of decent seamen.

The Spanish navy was short of experienced sailors in the early stages of the war, a calamity indeed.

Having had new and modern designed warships built for them, yet as if an oversight they had not nearly enough personal to properly man their fleets.

Some smart thinking in the navy had reasoned the merchant traders didn't need the calibre of all their sailors, the merchantmen could get their sailors from the men who frequented the ports looking for work, but the navy, French navy, especially in times of war needed the best quality of sailors, so the navy grabbed sailors for their fleets from the merchant traders, leaving merchant traders to cope as best they could with their shortage.

Press gangs had not yet been used as this method was thought not to be the best answer, as bludgeoned repressed men from the ports of their hometowns, taken against their will would not make the type of sailors the Spanish Navy needed.

The Gefgarnaz, an old type Spanish merchant trader about at the end of her sailing days, so badly undermanned by the navy requisitioning most of her crew, did not have enough men to properly sail her.

Perhaps if she were a newer, more productive vessel the navy may not have plundered her crew so hard.

The Gefgarnaz was duly stuck in the Spanish port of "Torrevi Benidoma", trying to scraping together, any sort of a complete crew from transient sailors of merchant shipping frequenting the port and the other men drifting in and out of the coastal towns.

The Gefgaraz had no definite cargo prospect, picking up whatever she could as cargoes from the many ports she was forced to visit, her Captain "Rid Admarr", an alcoholic, frequently taking to enjoying smoking opium.

There was no second or third officers as the navy had taken them, leaving the captain with less than three dozen old or crippling up men as her crew, they would have taken him if he wasn't in such need of drugs and a ship needed a captain, no matter what condition.

Captain Rid Admarr owned the Gefgaraz himself, the previous owners, the "Iletrenca Trading Company" one of the largest family owned merchant trading companies in Spain, were going to scrap the rotting old Gefgaraz.

Admarr offered to buying Gefgaraz from the Iletrenca family with his small inheritance, left to him from his older spinster sister.

He dealt as well, not to be paid for his captaincy of the Gefgaraz's last voyage, returning with a full cargo load, instead, his money was to be deducted from the price of the Gefgaraz.

The Iletrenca family accepted his offer knowing full well the ship would probably sink on the open seas, but if she was plied only to the coastal waters, then, she may have been able to survive another few voyages.

There was no real money to be made for a shipping company, with many overheads from types of cargoes from port to port along the coast, such as coals or the perishable foods needing a bit more attention..

A single person owner might just about make enough money for himself, and to pay a motley broken down crew.

The Iletrenca family was more than happy to off load the Gefgaraz to Rid Admarr.

Admarr now had his own ship, calling into the ports along the coast looking for cargo, or she did, until the navy took all her healthy crew leaving her undermanned to sail.

Rid Admarr was most happy when Lief Napoire and Réne Alburde made contact with him about signing on as his crew members.

Lief Napoire hot-blooded Spaniard, always dreaming of plans, schemes, to make his fortune, a true daydreamer, with a chink of the blackness of cowardice to his character, giving him the liking to inflict pain as a way of hiding his shortcomings.

Napoire, had, from the outset, first tortured his pets, moving on to forcing the pain of his perversity upon the helplessness of his chosen victim to sate his sexual arousal.

Napoire having developed in taking on a very abrupt face to face manner about him, with a most pushy almost obnoxious overbearing front to his manners, his unstopped torment of others, aided in their unwillingness to report him because most fearing some sort of retribution from him.

His mother and father, made aware of their son's bad waywardness in their town of "Govesia", to having rescued him from arrest time and time again.

Lief's parents were informed by the local authorities that their errant son was a cruel insensitive, sadistic torturer of the destitute and homeless, of which he frequented often for his devilish pleasures, he was locked in mistreatment of his conquests, after his indulgent fantasies were satisfied.

His parents horrified at thoughts of such malicious accusations against their son, kept on strenuously defending his name, denying Lief's involvement most vigorously.

Lief Napoire in his early twenties, having so sampled about all a young man could, from dregs unlimited human bodies to choose from, be they male\female\girl\boy, man or woman, listening in glee to their cries of pain.

Exactly the same as when his pet dog rex yelped in pain from the injury Napoire had caused to it, leaving him with the sexual perversion of being happiest, when beating, hurting his victim.

Napoire drifted from his home town, to the sea ports, living like a vagabond looking for ships to sail on, after his mother and father, had to finally, publicly, disown him for his vile ways, being unable to shield him anymore from the public eye, with their own good reputations beginning to suffer by their insistence their son was totally innocent of such heinous crimes.

Napoire had begun to see that to fulfil his daydreams and fantasies, he would most assuredly, need certificates of a sea captain, badgering his suffering parents into grudging submission, by threatening to return to “Govesia” and carry on as usual, if they didn’t pay for him to gain enrolment to the Spanish sailing academy in port “Taena De La Gura” to gain his sailing credentials.

Here at the academy he met René Alburde, Spaniard, and apprentice, who was to become his lifelong friend and sometimes lover, without the hot-hotheadedness of Napoire.

René Alburde had huge reluctances for confrontation, bordering on chronic self-disbelief with a very sneaky way about him, yet as willing to hurt and injure as Napoire.

Réne Alburde had been forced to join the academy by his father, an influential nobleman in Spanish royal court, fed up his son was just loafing doing in their home town of “Picdarramar”, having absolutely no thoughts or cares of attaining something with his life.

Seba Tillia Réne de Alburde could see his son had no steel in his bones.

Wanting to rid himself of the son who had become an embarrassment to his own overwhelming and destructive egotistical pride, Seba had paid for his son's enrolment after pulling some favours to get him enrolled in the academy.

Alburde and Napoire took to each other from their first introduction, becoming lovers immediately, both men enjoying the experiences of a woman equally to that of a man, both acceptable to their strangely weird fixations.

The academy in the latter part of training organised students to be taken on by a ship's captain to be evaluated by the actual experience of a privately owned passenger ship.

The naval academy's reasoning for this, that because of the war, most of their training vessels had been seconded by the war-effort, the academy having almost relic types of ships to train their recruits, and what better way to give said recruits training, than the exposure to private well equipped passenger ships with the rigours they demanded.

By the time the trainees were ready to be placed on passenger or merchant ships, their war faring abilities had been extensively tested by the academy, most certainly was outside of the normal Naval training procedure but so was this long, long, endless war.

Returning from another boring trip with the cabins of pompous wealthy passengers or merchant cargoes, Alburde and Napoire became aware the rigours and strictest regimes of being, behaving to requirements of captaincy, weighed a little too heavy for their liking.

These two, confiding to each other, found they would rather indulge in sex and drink\drugs. than be away months or years at sea for near minimal pay.

When there was great riches to be had in other-ways, Lief boasting to Rene, René didn't have the character to be a leader he was more a follower and a carrier out of orders, whilst Lief was a natural leader, thus through normal ways of things, Lief became leader without disagreements from the subservient René.

Lief Napiore always had a childish fantasy that one day he would be the master of his own destiny riding the waves on his own ship discovering new lands, becoming so famous among his people.

Lief and René hatched their plan of getting their own ship by gathering to them fifty trusted men each from the ships they had sailed on.

These hundred men would in-turn gather to them at least two trust worthy men and this would be the nucleus of the crew more than sufficient to man the ship they had their eyes on, the Gefgaraz.

The other men they needed were carefully secreted from the riff-raff of the port's towns.

They hadn't particularly singled out the Delf Waig, it just so happened she was in port when they were ready to strike.

It was a big bonus but a dangerous bonus to their plot, she being one of the most modern and best-cannoned ships in the Spanish navy.

One of the trusted members of Napoire and Alburde's crew, Manita Depranse, having been stationed in the Delf Waig's homeport of "Badgonla" waiting for any ship that would fit their needs to drop anchor, when the Delf Waig anchored, Depranse rode as quick as a horse could get him to the nearby port of "Torrevi Bendoma".

Reporting to Napoire, discussing options, then having food, changed horses, riding back with Napoire's orders for the men to quietly unseen as possible, to quickly make their way to the Gefgaraz in Torrevi Bendoma.

Napoire, Alburde and his crew he had been enlisting every day with the drunken, drug affected Admarr.

Admarr, caring not who they were, he knew his ship could not sail without some sort of a crew.

Napoire's crew numbered one hundred and ninety six, with another three hundred split between ports of Badgonla, Torrevi Bendoma, awaiting word to come to the Gefgaraz.

Most Captains would become a little suspicious that with the navy grabbing all able bodied sailors, all these experienced men just happened to have turned up signed on as his crew.

All Captain Admarr was interested in was could they sail, so as to give him opportunity to at last get some decent paying cargo no matter what.

Napoire and his crew were now in full control of the Gefgaraz, any time they wished, leaving the other crew and captain Admarr, with the sustained illusion they were still in charge of the Gefgaraz waiting for a cargo.

As soon as Napoire received the news about the Delf Waig, he instantly went to the captain's cabin.

Admarr was obviously stunned in his opium stupor, unfeeling to his body being relieved of its life by the sword cutting his vital organs to pieces, whilst Napoire in dealing with the captain, Alburde had taken thirty of his crew below deck, killing the original members of Rid Admarr's crew.

Meeting back up with Alburde and his men, Napoire told the men; "Don't throw bodies in the waters of the port.

Because they would quickly be found, bringing much undue suspicion why the men had all been killed.

I hope to be able to use the bodies for our plan if they don't stink too much, by the time we need to use them, now stow them in coldest place on the ship under some canvas.

If they rot too bad before we use them then we toss them to the sharks, but we don't need bodies floating about the ship in port, or I'll have to use some of you", Napoire explained to his men with a frightening sick little chuckle.

Napoire did not have to wait long for the men from Torrevis Bendoma, to start turning up and boarding, as did the men from Badgonla.

One and a half days, Napoire had all men he needed on board the leaky old Gefgaraz.

Napoire ordered, "anchor be raised, sail to be set", as the old Gefgaraz groaned as she caught the breeze and the luck of an outgoing tide, "set course for port of Badgonla, keep the ship out to seaward".

Once in deeper water Napoire yelled for full sailing, thinking for a few brief seconds would this rotten timbered old ship actually take full sail, with amount of men below decks, or would the sails rip the Gefgaraz apart.

Reaching the port of Badgonla, Napoire told his crew it was now time of waiting for the Delf Waig to sail, telling his men; "they would rotate between decks, sailing duties, until the lookouts spotted the Delf Waig under sail.

Once the Delf Waig was spotted under sail, then two thirds of them were to go below decks wait for his orders to jump into the water, abandoning a fired and burning out of control sinking ship, hopefully this would lure Delf Waig close enough to The Gefgaraz for them to strike.

It may be days or weeks waiting, so they would sail in a crisscrossing pattern as if visiting the closer ports as the Gefgaraz had been doing, knowing this would bring no real notice from the Delf Waig”.

Napoire hardly finished his morning food of the next day, when the lookout reported; “he could see into the port with his telescope that the Delf Waig was hoisting anchor and sailing to the tide.

“Quickly, head us directly at the Delf Waig, René”.

The Gefgaraz changed course to loud groaning of her old timbers as she very slowly made towards the Delf Waig, Napoire easily seeing sails of Delf Waig approaching, to get out through the mouth of the port as the Delf Waig seeked the deeper water of the open sea.

Napoire knew once clear of portal waters she would set all her sails, then the Gefgaraz would never catch her.

Napoire waited until he knew the lookouts from the Delf Waig could clearly see the Gefgaraz, before ordering the lower decks to be set alight.

The fires set below the decks very quickly took hold Gefgaraz was smoking like a dirty sooty coal fired chimney, time for the crew to wave, jump up and down as they yelled to the fast approaching Delf Waig.

Napoire told some men to throw the stinking bodies of Captain Admarr and his crew into the water as if they were jumping off the ship.

The lookout from the Delf Waig reported; “ship on fire, burning from her lower decks, she is well alight, men abandoning ship, many bodies face down in the water, can’t make out her name yet captain, too much smoke”, as lower decks of the Gefgaraz burned intensely.

With flames licking out through the portholes, men waiting in hiding below decks, jumped into the water just as planned by Napoire.

Captain Destora of the Delf Waig ordered mainsails to be dropped bringing the ship as close as was safe enough to the Gefgaraz as they could get, ordering his men to help rescue the crew from the sea and the burning ship.

Crew of Delf Waig rescued all the sailors stranded on the Gefgaraz, pulling all the men up from waves not realizing how many men there were now on deck.

They were starting to bring the bodies of Rid Admarr and his old crew on board as Napoire and his crew attacked the crew of the Delf Waig with secreted knives, daggers.

Captain Destora hearing sounds of fighting, quickly ran towards his closed door to go up on deck to see where the noise was coming from, opening his door, Destora was met by Petri Osi, white faced with panic.

“Captain we are being attacked by pirates” screamed Osi.

“Settle down Mr Osi, we're only just out of a Spanish port, there can't be pirates, I heard the noise, but it can't be pirates”.

“Please captain do something, they are killing all the crew, now they are coming down here, I can hear them” Osi visibly shaken by what he suspected was about to happen to them.

Destora could hear faint running footsteps, getting so loud, and louder, sounding like a trampling mob.

“Draw your sword Mr Osi, try blocking the door until I can get rid of these retched papers, grabbing secret orders shoving them into burning coals of small metal cabin stove.

The small metal stove used for a captain's personal requirements, was ideal in his cabin.

Destora rushed to crumple some of the ships charts, maps, into as small a ball as he could, before pushing them in on-top of the other orders slowly flaming to life.

Destora urgently stoked about the small stove trying to aid in the burning destruction of the confidential papers, as the door burst in from the force applied from the outside flinging Osi sideways.

Osi had been standing guard of the door expectant of such happening, but in his panic, standing much too close to the door.

Manita Depranse rushed in through the opened door closely followed by Lief Napoire, Despranse plunging his thin rapier type sword into and through Osi's heart.

Captain Destora instinctively turned to see who was behind him.

Napoir seeing the captain's hand reaching to put the papers in the stove swung a blow of his sword down onto the captain's arm severing it at the elbow still holding the papers.

"No you don't captain, I might need them papers".

Napoire swung another quick swipe at Destora trying to remove the captain's head, that did not quite hit the mark properly, cutting Destora's jugular vein a deeply slice across his neck, the captain's blood spurting out haphazardly under pressure, Destora falling down to die clutching at his neck.

Napoire urgently stuck his hand into the flames of the papers, ripping the papers out onto the floor, beaten out by his trampling leather shoes on the papers, rescuing what he could of the papers into his pockets.

Rushing back up on deck to make sure his men had mascaraed all of the Delf Waig's crew, not swearing totally allegiance to him, throwing slaughtered bodies into sea as Gefgaraz burnt to the water line of her old timbers allowing her to yield to the inrush of the waves sinking the Gefgaraz.

As soon as Napoire had gained full command of the Delf Waig he bellowed to his crew; “Get us the fuck out of here quick, full sail, full fucken sail”, Napoire knew to put distance between Delf Waig and Spanish shorelines, there were no other ships in port, but being so close to the port, another ship or ships of the navy might appear sailing to the port at any time.

Napoire didn't want to take risk of naval engagement against another ship, until he had a chance to “break in” his crew to their new ship.

Napoire and Alburde both knew they needed to get out to sea, start training the inexperienced of the crew how to just sail a massive ship as Delf Waig, set the rigging, how to use cannons soon as they could, having many times past discussed with his most trusted men, the varied ways this could be readily achieved.

Napoire knew his crew had some experienced sailors among them, which he and Alburde had handpicked from the start, the majority that he was concerned about, were the dregs and criminals of the port towns they looked to earn a dishonest living from.

Napoire would use these men's wanting to be away from the law out to sea, to his best advantage, Napoire had discussed with Alburde what better way ensuring criminal's or wanted murderer's loyalty than to pay him with women, monies, freedoms needed in town's ports they would visit.

Once the things most worrying him were taken care of, Napoire stood reaching up to his full height taking in the invigorating salt laden breeze starting to blow harder.

He was in his element, master of his own ship, a crew to obey his orders, standing like the god he was in his own mind, upon same piece of decking a captain stands to ever watching the sailing of his ship, to give orders, Napoire's hands suddenly shaking from anxiety, causing his slightly odd holding the tied rope of deck railing, while a dreamy wind caressed his egotistical aspirations.

Enjoyment was a premium of many minutes lasting for Lief Napoire in a daydream of fantasy's making to the oceans wheresoever they may sail him, now he was captain.

Feeling full of life, like the ocean breeze had washed his bad temperament clean, Napoire being fully revitalised, saying to the helmsman, "I'll be returning to the captain's cabin, if anything, I mean anything, sails, sights untoward, send for me immediately if not sooner, is that understood"

"Aye, aye, captain".

Napoire called Alburde to return to a captain's cabin, now his own personal cabin, becoming extremely intent on further close scrutiny of all the information contained in the cabin's documents.

Delf Waig now at full sail, making very good speed, with no word of any sails on the horizon from lookouts high up the masts, allowing Napoire and Alburde necessary time to study papers, charts, logs, orders given Captain Destora.

Alburde reading what was legible from one of saved documents, finding inked reference relating to location of a ship but a couple of week's reasonable sailing away from them.

Napoire, Alburde, both whole-heartedly agreed they should keep to same course Delf Waig had preset to herself, particularly after seeing the name “La Fare” written in the captain’s log, with the words gold, jewels aboard.

Maps, charts, carried the name Jessa Moinee, and the exact position she would be, at or near in the time it would take them to reach her.

“René, this Delf Waig must have had ideas herself about plundering the English, French and Portuguese, as the proof is here in the captain’s cabin in the form of flags from all these countries with charts and maps of their coastlines, and territories, but Spain is France’s ally in this time of war, strange, but anyway, this is wartime.

René, this La fare, she must be heavy laden with such treasure for the captain to go against his orders attacking an ally in time of war”.

Napoire had said more in question, than statement, of fact to Alburde, Alburde replying to Napoire; “Lief, these flags are an unbelievable gift to the success against any ship because we can now hoist any of these country's flags we wish to, in becoming that country flagged ship.

We will be able to get a closeness of contact without the many manoeuvres needed for boarding or the extremely dangerous night raids” René Alburde hardly able to contain his glee at such good luck.

Napoire again looking at, studying Destora’s orders, saying to Alburde; “After we gratefully relieve La Fare of her treasure, we will need to camouflage the Delf Waig.

René, look here at this Spanish book naming of their ships, with their home ports also listed, this book has given me the same idea to change our ship’s name.

Same as that captain Destora was going to do, René you have been my great friend for a long time, so I give you privilege of giving this ship a new name” laughed Napoire slapping Alburde on the back.

Letting his hands slip down to overly feel the cheeks of Alburde’s backside, sliding his hand around to the front of his britches, loosening them to fall for sex, making sure the captain’s wooden chair was locked securely against the broken door to stop it re-opening until they were ready for it to do so.

Alburde rose from his captain’s bunk, again starting to study the book of ship names for a long while, turning to Napoire lounging in the bunk telling him of his choice for new name of Delf Waig.

“Lief I pick “Chuchoter”, do you know what it means in English”.

“I do not, my sweet arse, tell me” Napoire interested in just what name his lover had chosen.

“Well captain stud, it means “Whisper”.

“All right then, whisper it is, now let us get back up on deck, make sure all is well, and then René, we better get the ships carpenter to make new names, changing all the Delf Waig to Chuchoter, after he fixes my door.

He has a little over a week to fashion a name change before we meet this La Fare, you bet your sweet hairy arse that on our first return to pretty well any port, after we take care of the La Fare, crew will leak our true name through drunken orgies, then the spies will get messages away the Delf Waig sails as the Chuchoter.

We’ll change back to Delf Waig when we have to, for there will be posters what the Delf Waig looks like.

It will also give the fear of our ship our victims need, we are after all, not pirates, more shall we say, gentlemen sailors, and opportunistic gentlemen sailors at that.

AND, my dearest René, a Spanish Galleon is a Spanish Galleon, no matter what you call her, and I want no other fucken pirates, taking any of our glory”, Napoire’s inflated ego boasting as he and Alburde left the cabin to go to the top deck.

Up on top deck Napoire yelled angrily out; “Ship’s carpenter where the fuck are you”

“Aye captain, you wanted to see me” answered Geafe Alupeis.

“I want you as quickly as you can to go back down to fix my cabin door first, then, I want you to make an exact copy of all the name boards on the Delf Waig, all of them, do not miss one or your fucken head will be used as fish bait, make every name, our new name, Chuchoter.

If you need more timbers take some off something below decks, I need the name boards ready to be changed, as quick as you can, take as many men as you need.

Make sure you keep the Delf Waig names safe, we’ll put them back on later”, Napoire knowing it was imperative they changed the name of the ship after attacking the La Fare.

“Aye captain have it done as soon as I can” Alupeis hurrying away to get started.

Alupeis had no need of asking why, as the scuttlebutt had already been spread about they would have to change the name of the Delf Waig sooner or later.

Neither Alburde, nor Napoire, or for that matter, did very many of the men now manning the Delf Waig.

Give a moment's thought to reconsider their actions, of the atrocities they perpetrated on more than five hundred bodies they had thrown into the sea.

The scene of the carnage from the aft of Delf Waig at full sail as she made her escape, was of the bodies bobbing, bumping clumsily into each other, pushed and shoved about by the sea's wavy movements.

How a few of the bodies were caught on the in-going undertow, eerily moving towards port, why many corpses, had looked as if they had tried to follow Delf Waig's wake, gruesomely pulled along in her swift leaving draught, while others sickeningly, lifeless, were lifted in the air hit by the ravenous sharks, Conca Destora's body, lifted and shook as if still alive, giant jaws taking half his left side's abdomen in a single frenzied bite.

Inexplicably the hungry shark suddenly left Destora's body alone, moving onto feed on the bloated body of Petri Osi, devouring him completely, leaving Destora to settle macabrely back under the waves.

What history may have had, or not had in store for these unfortunate souls would never be known, time now unable to tell their stories, other than to scavenging small fish, gathering to the smorgasbord of ripped tattered human flesh, ingesting their unwritten pages as food.

CHAPTER 3.

“BODIES ASHORE”

Conca Destora had been a married man with children, regular as night after day each time he had shore leave his wife Emmeceeta Magara Asheer Destora fell pregnant, this last visit home had hardly been a full week, Emmeceeta had again been impregnated unbeknown to either of them.

Emmeceeta's doting mother, Cassimer De Garvenia Mendesta Ebrania Gonezeta Mointeseedo, and her father, Guddior Annaserria Ladoidia Mointeseedo, were extremely wealthy, deeply loving of the children passed the point of spoiling them.

Emmeceeta was their only surviving child, they had lost nine of their own children when the unknown sickness reached plague epidemic killing many thousands, more than twenty years ago.

Cassimer and Guddior had tried successfully, even at their advancing age to have more children, Cassimer falling pregnant yet this child died in the womb when a sadly poor Cassimer contracted the sickness.

Cassimer was so close to dying she was prepared for her death when she made a miraculous recovery but at the price of the child, leaving her with “the woman troubles” of which she suffered for longest time.

Causing infertility among many other woman who suffered “water works” problems.

Emmeceeta and Conca were not rich by any means in their own right, their large house was a wedding gift to her from her father and mother.

Their house had a large holding of surrounding land, looking from the back end of the beautiful sweeping beach of the port’s cove.

Emmeceeta often begged her husband Conca not to go back to “the dangerous sea”; “we have enough money from the land being worked for rent, there was no need for you to work, Conca.

If you needed to work, please, please, get a job in the port’s town, you could see me and the children every day” she often spoke from love to her husband.

Conca Destora told his wife in these tender moments how much he deeply loved her but it would be like a cut across his pride to sponge off his wife’s income.

He would reassure her he was devoted to her and the children, yet if he was to give up being a sea captain, open commanding his own ship then it was akin to him stopping breathing.

Conca always promised Emmeceeta, when he chose to retirement from the sea he would sit with her, just to look at the whales and dolphins in the bay or sit talking to her watching their grandchildren playing in the waves of the sea.

Conca also promised Emmeceeta if he was killed at sea in battle or for whatever reason, he would somehow return to her, so strong was their faith, they both accepted this as perfectly possible.

Each time Conca had talked to Emmeceeta about him being killed she cuddled him to her heart, as if this act of union between them would somehow protect him, so sadly, only the fish and the sea would know his story now, for as in all things, life just continues on for the living.

A week had passed after the Delf Waig had sailed out of port, with Emmeceeta and the children waving to Conca and the crew of the Delf waig.

Emmeceeta with her children were really enjoying swimming, walking along the beach with her parents.

Emmeceeta's parents had come to visit and stay once receiving word the Delf Waig had anchored in port.

Her parents had missed seeing Conca because of his hurried departure from port.

Emmeceeta lovingly holding the hands of her two youngest children, getting splashed from the older children frolicking in the waves of the cool salty water.

They watched as the sea birds plunged headlong from the air into the ocean catching the fish.

The birds fell like fired darts into the water almost on top of each other in a feeding frenzy joined by the sea gulls waiting to steal anything they could get their beaks into.

Emmeceeta let go of the younger children's hands in telling them they could play for a while, as "mummy" just wanted to sit and talk to "grandfather and grandmother."

Children played in the sand squealing occasionally, from being hit with a clump of seaweed thrown by the elder children, telling the younger ones it was a giant sea spider.

Emmeceeta yelled at older children stop tormenting, continued on talking to her parents while watching younger children of hers playing in the sand.

They talked about nothing in particular just of family talk, telling her parents there had been this violent howling wind and rainstorm two nights ago, her mother telling her about their everyday little unimportant things spoken in idle family's conversation at the beach on a lovely summer day, her father gave the impression he was listening to what they were saying, but he was in deepest thought about a business transaction he was interested in.

Their light easy conversations broken occasionally by squawking seagulls jumping with wings in violent flutters of arguments, fighting over some scraps of food, or perhaps something less trivial just for the sake of bird's argument.

Seaweed, washed to rest stranded on the marks of the highest tides of night, earliest mornings were releasing their pungent odour of decay the more the day heated up to warm dry wind dreamily somersaulting along the sand.

Emmeceeta told her parents “the beach a little farther way around, the waves broke nearly at a point which must be the exact back spot of the cove, after each storm she and the children would come checking this area, for anything that might have fallen or been swept overboard from one of the many ships that used the port, it was amazing what you could often find after the storms over there” Emmeceeta pointing out the direction.

“You can see some broken boxes timber slabs in the seaweed, there must be some washed up fish for those noisy seagulls are squabbling as usual.

Would you like to come, mother, father, children, we will go check” Emmeceeta asked her parents grabbing hold of the sandy hands of the two children playing in the sand, their little hands gathering up their grandparents.

Emmeceeta always made these walks into games for the younger children, starting to skip and sing as they made their way to the broken boxes and slabs of timber amongst the seaweed.

Emmeceeta's high pitched screaming, cuddling the children's faces into her, brought her parents to her as quick as their older bodies would allow them to move.

Emmeceeta was on her knees cuddling the children to her with painful uncontrollable sobs racking her, staring at the body lying face up between the broken slabs of boxes.

The body had one arm missing from below the elbow the left side of the abdomen bitten out with the distinctive signs of a shark attack.

The body had a gaping cut across the neck with the right eye missing, yet Emmeceeta couldn't mistake features of her husband Conca.

Her mother and father grabbed the children trying to pull Emmeceeta away from Conca's dead body, Emmeceeta stubbornly resisted their grasp saying; "Please father take the children back to the house, send some men for the body. I want to stay and say prayers for my husband".

Emmeceeta's parents returned back around the beach to their house, doing what Emmeceeta had requested them, inwardly praying their daughter would cope with this ordeal from strength, convictions, her religious beliefs, sending some men back to pick up Conca's sea ravaged body.

Emmeceeta, kneeling in prayer over Conca, softly began speaking to his dead and mutilated body; "Conca I see you have kept your promise, returning to me, to fulfil your promise to me of your undying love, swore would find some way of returning to me, I love you eternally Conca.

Then so shall I keep my given promise to you, from this moment I will have no thought of any man, my body will never be touched upon by another.

Now farewell for a time my love, but not goodbye, never goodbye, for I shall raise the children, then ask our Lord to allow me to join you”.

Emmeceeta placed the dry towel she carried for the children, over the face of her husband, to protect the face from the seagulls and the burning sun.

Emmeceeta stayed with Conca in Prayer to her God, until the men from the town arrived to retrieve Conca’s body for proper burial, discovering more bodies amongst the seaweed washed up on the beach.

There were so many bodies to be taken away it was days before the last one had been removed with the stench of rotting human flesh lingering until another heavy rain and windstorm cleaned the beach to how it used to look and smell, as if by divine intent.

Captain Conca Destora was ceremoniously buried to full military honours, with cannon salutes erupting from the two Spanish warships the “Lejara” and “Naspi”, the navy had been very quick in a time of hostilities, sent to the port to help with the burial of so many unexplained dead men.

Arriving in the town by coach was naval investigator Geeta Ogzara De Coba Megwelin Loustow Amdeon, who normally travelled on the small navy ship the “Arnes” at the complete usage of the naval investigator.

Arnes, was the perfect ship, able to quickly sail out to sea or from port to port handling the deep water as well as the reefs and shallows of any shipwrecks it may have to be of attendance to investigate.

Amdeon had sent the Arnes on ahead from the port of Torrevis Bendoma, he wanted to finish up his investigating the disappearance of the Gefgaraz, now that her captain had been washed up in the port with some of Delf Waig's crew, identified by relatives or people who recognised them.

Amdeon beginning to link the two ships, Delf Waig and Gefgaraz, together because he reasoned some bodies from both ships being found in the two ports of Torrevis Bendoma and Badgolna definitely linked the two ships, but what had happened to them.

Amdeon had stayed in Torrevis Bendoma three extra days after sending his ship, Arnes, onto port of Bagdonla, to wait for him, piecing clues together as some more people living along the inland roadways needed to be interviewed.

Amdeon took over from the port authorities because he suspected disappearance of the Gefgaraz and Delf Waig, made this, the act of Piracy, with the murder of well over five hundred naval personal and civilians.

Amdeon made this a naval investigation, giving the navy the power, without civilian court hearings, the right to kill the pirates when captured by any means necessary.

Thorough investigating back and forwards between both seaports with more clues from burnt beams and planks from the old Gefgaraz tuning up on the tides, none from the Delf Waig, credible eyewitness accounts, sworn testaments giving realistic accounts about behaviour of Lief Napoire and René Alburde, all the vital information gathered giving Amdeon his answers.

Amdeon had posters with extremely good likeness of sketches of Lief Napoire and René Alburde, sent to all ports in Spain with the words of the summons reading.

“Under authority given by King Degward Amedesde Plik Chorgeze of Spain, I Geeta Ogzara De Coba Megwelin Loustow Amdeon, naval investigator, servant to his majesty King Chorgeze of Spain, hereby issue warrants to the Kings expressed orders for the arrest and capture alive or dead of Lief Napoire, his second in command René Alburde, for the acts of piracy of his Majesty’s ship Delf Waig, subsequent murder of naval, civilian personal of the crews of the said Delf Waig and Gefgaraz.

All persons now manning the Spanish warship known as Delf Waig are to be arrested or killed on sight for crimes of piracy and murder.

Signed and dated this day, the twentieth day of April sixteen hundred and ninety-one (20-4-1691) stamped and sealed with authority of Spanish naval intelligence.

The main lines of newspapers of the days following discovery of so many bodies carried the wording: “The Delf Waig had been taken over by pirates, within eye-sight of the coast of Spanish mainland by guile and cunning planning of Lief Napiore and René Alburde and their crew.

Here is a a very good likeness in sketch released by the naval investigator, Amdeon, of Lief Napiore and René Alburde.

hundreds of bodies had been washed up on beaches of the coastline of the port.

There were some bodies still missing from an official Spanish register of crews, these were presumed to be still missing at sea somewhere, not yet discovered, death by the sharks yet to be verified by catch kill method, painstakingly slow process, the navy has issued death warrants for all the pirates”.

Amdeon also issued orders to the captains of the Lejara and the Naspi, “to find and recapture the Delf Waig if possible, if this task was not possible, then they were to engage and sink the Delf Waig to stop her being used for more piracy.

The Lejara and the Naspi sailed triumphantly from the port with much fanfare looking for Delf Waig and her crew as ordered.

Fate playing indefensible game of unfairness, it was these very same thought-out presetting of coordinates to the positions of ships meeting, gave Delf Waig the opportunity to attack unhindered, the Jessa Moinee, and the La Fare.

For now, instead of the Delf Waig with her Spanish captain and crew meeting the three other warships ships as arranged, the Delf Waig sailed by her pirate crew met only the Jessa Moinee, and the small unarmed La Fare, most happy to see her.

“Captain, two ships sails” yelled down from a crow’s nest of Delf Waig, the call from the crow’s nest should have been “five sets of sail” if only count Fredaz plan had gone according to his arrangements of a peace plan.

“Ready the cannons, crews to be in position, do not let your cannons smoke be seen, wait until I give the word” ordered Napiore.

“Crow’s nest can you make out who they are”, asked Napiore.

“Can’t make out names captain, one heavily rigged of sail and cannon, the other is of very light build, both ships flying the French colours”.

Captain Napiore ordered a Spanish flag to be hoisted on the Delf Waig, flagging back to the Jessa Moinee.

The French had also seen Delf Waig's sails against the horizon's background, readying themselves for their sanctioned meetings, as the Jessa Moinee flagged back to the Delf Waig.

Napoire banking on the French ships, once satisfied the Delf Waig was who she flagged herself to be, would so lower their guard, not being as warily observant or having their cannons at ready, as they normally would have been.

Napoire reasoned correctly, the French were looking up his ship's name and registration, in their book of Spanish registered and numbered ships, the very same book he had in his cabin of this captured ship, this fact giving Napoire all the gall he needed to bring his ship's course closer in, to keeping La Fare between his ship, and Jessa Moinee, until the French ships were satisfied the ship was the Delf Waig as arranged, then the slightest course change to spring the trap.

Napoire luckily remembered from his naval academy training, translations of flagged messages between vessels, were sometimes a little hard to translate from Spanish to French or from any one language to another with an instant exactness, giving his ship a little more time to glide through the water closer to the two ships.

When the French flagged back acceptance of his ship, with a welcomed greeting, his predator's wry smile, pulled across Napoire's face, knowing his ship had now caught the Jessa Moinee, completely off guard by his ruse.

Angle of the course Napoire had chosen, was so the French ships could see his ship reading to drop sail, yet the ship's speed through the water would at least be maintained by her own momentum, ready to spring the surprise attack.

Napoire ordered his crew to begin normally of slowly loosening the rigging as if to be dropping mainsails, quickly drawing his ship towards the La fare at a very sharp angle, allowing for the ropes of the sails rigging on the Delf Waig to be suddenly re-tightened, to re-catch the wind, enabling the Delf Waig, with the slightest of tact, to again be at full sail.

The Delf Waig streamed angel-wise across the bow of the La Fare, so close the Delf Waig nearly collided with the La Fare as it continued towards the Jessa Moinee, sitting forward of the off side of the La Fare, completely prone to the pirate's surprise attack.

The Delf Waig's first salvo of cannon balls upon the Jessa Moinee had been perfect shots, smashing to splinters the areas around gun turrets exploding the powders blowing the gun crews to pieces, becoming part of beams, throwing some into the water.

The Delf Waig quickly delivered more killing blows along her preys near side and decks, without being hit, by the Jessa Moinee's inability to return fire from this side of the ship.

The Jessa Moinee was holed to the waves by more cannon shot with the fires from the gunpowder explosions causing the flames to burn with unbearable intensive heat, feeding on the timbers of all below decks.

Napoire had amazing luck to be almost charmed in his attack on the Jessa Moinee, for the flames now spread from the lower decks to be running along the fallen rigging, burning the Jessa Moinee, making her unable to move even if the crew tried, Jessa Moinee was well alight top to lower decks, as Delf Waig pulverised her with more cannon fire.

Water pouring in through her waterline being holed in such violence, the inrush of ocean eerily turned her onto her side in strange, almost screaming of the breaking, tearing of her timbers, as she gurgled out trapped air, sinking beneath water, disappearing in decreasing pockets of escaping air, giving Napoire's sudden attention back to the La Fare.

Napoire's attacking plan all along had been to smash, sink the Jessa Moinee, knowing the La Fare to be a mostly cannon harmless ship against Delf Waig, La Fare would try to escape while he engaged the Jessa Moinee.

This plan was working perfectly, for as the La Fare tried to sail away from the scene, she had to sail on the Lee side of the Delf Waig's open gun turrets, receiving her own disabling salvo of cannon ball, rendering La Fare unable of further sail, to be at the mercy of the Delf Waig.

Delf Waig quickly manoeuvred to pull back alongside the stricken La Fare, close enough for the grappling hooks, boarding ropes, so the crew could board continue with hand to hand fighting to capture the ship.

Napoire clambered onto La Fare joining fighting with his sword and daggers, dodging some of the musket fire of these sometimes inaccurate guns.

Captain Napoire and his crew were gaining control as an elderly man ran from the cowering passengers huddled on the top deck, trying to escape the heat of hot flames and the swords waving around wildly as the two crews fought.

Drawing his sword, engaging Captain Napoire with the dancing mannerisms of a gentleman's duel, not fighting on the high seas, this elderly man so angrily wanting to kill this pirate back ten generations, yet knowing to keep his anger in check, lest his movements would suffer.

Saying to Napoire, “I am count Bercie Aiple Fredaz, you will feel my sword you idiot low-bred stupid bastards, you have no idea what your attack now costs”, hissed count Fredaz with the venom in his voice of a deadly snake about to strike.

Count Fredaz's body raged with the strength borne of controlled frustration, from his peace plan being taken away by pirates, knowing that so many lives riding upon it would be lost.

“Stupid old man, die damn arrogant pompous fool”, Napoire spat back as he lunged at the count.

The count was too quick for the captain, bringing his sword from blocking Napoire's thrusts, instantly re-aligning his wrist actions readying his sword to be plunged deep into Napoire's heart.

The count would have succeeded with the strike of his sword, stopped only by an explosion below deck, rocking both of them off balance.

Fredaz regained his stance very quickly from many years of fencing experience, striking another accurate swipe at Napoire's throat, missing his throat, Napoire blocking the counts sword.

Napoire countered with his own sword thrust at the count's body, easily blocked by the count.

Fredaz instantly responded again lunging his sword at Napoire's chest, blocked by Napoire, forcing the counts sword towards the wooden deck.

Fredaz flicked his wrist in an upward motion lifting up his sword to cut deeply across Napoire's chest opening up a large wound to begin bleeding buckets of blood down the front of Napoire.

Napoire again blocked the count's sword play, but in doing so, beginning to feel loss of so much bodily blood, in staggering backwards, tripping over in the slipperiness of his own spilt blood on the deck, count Fredaz lunged again trying to stab Napoire in the heart to kill him, missing his heart because of the angle Napoire was falling backwards, allowing his blow to slice through the thick calico trousers of Napoire, severing Napoire's testicles and scrotal sack in the same forceful movement, of the razor sharp steel blade of Fredaz's sword.

Fredaz's sword's movement stopping only when the hilt of the sword hit upon Napoire's pelvis region, such was the awkwardness of the two men's stances, both men, off balanced by the greasy fresh blood they had been fighting in.

Napoire doubled over in unbelievable extreme agony screaming, as count Fredaz moved quickly towards Napoire to kill him, not hearing a momentary sound that whispered through the air, belonging to the sword striking the count with a deathly blow from behind.

Ilda Rarkom had struck the count down the back of his head, splitting open the bone of the count's skull, slicing into the brain killing the count before he fell to the deck.

Ilda Rarkom immediately after killing count Fredaz dead, grabbed Napoire, lifting him up in his arms, carrying him back on board Delf Waig, to get crippled Napoire away from the fighting, get him some urgent medical attention.

Alburde having seen Napoire's wounded body, with Rarkom taking him back aboard the Delf Waig, slung over his broad shoulders, watching to make sure Rarkom made it back on board Delf Waig, safely.

Alburde then assumed command of the proceedings, the mayhem of fighting for lives.

Fighting suddenly stopped, with Allurde and the Delf Waig's crew were victorious, the female passengers and the children were roughly pulled away, separated from the male passengers, the male passengers were all tossed overboard, as were the crew members of La Fare, into the rising chop of the waves after making sure they were bleeding to attract the sharks.

Alburde barked out orders to the crew, to start using the ropes slung between the burning slowly sinking La Fare and the Delf Waig, to unload the "booty" from the La Fare to the Delf Waig.

"Hurry up men, winch the treasure, women, children, anything else of value across to Delf Waig before flames do burn everything and she goes down, we can get very good ransom for the women and children, so keep them safe and well".

All ropes slung between the two ships were severed and dropped into the sea after all that they wanted from the La Fare was aboard the Delf Waig, flames were converging all over the La Fare as the Delf Waig, on Alburde's orders, pulled far enough away to be safe, hitting the La Fare point blank broadside just below the waterline.

As the La Fare sank before the fires of her timbers could give off anymore tell-tale smoke that was rising into the air for everyone to see, Captain Lief Napiore was still getting treatment to his profusely bleeding wounds in his cabin quarters, luckily for him among these mutinous crews there was never real doctors proper medical treatment, the mortally wounded were unceremoniously tossed overboard.

The unfortunate person\’s were normally attended by someone claiming to be a doctor, but more often than not they were quacks, charlatans, hiding from the law probably having killed a patient with their treatment or luckily for the suffering patient it might be someone from a farm used to dealing with animal injuries.

It was only the navy or the best merchant ships that attracted decent doctors on board to be part of the crew, for the life of a pirate was worth nothing, absolutely nothing.

Lief Napiore would have fared none better only he was their Captain and his second in command was his close friend coupled with the fact, the Captain had been rescued by the one man in his crew knew something about stitching and sealing wounds.

Illda Rarkom had been extremely lucky to be able to join Lief Napiore and his crew to escape his death sentence enacted by parchments nailed around ports, towns, stating he was to be killed on sight, with a substantial reward on his head, but it was Napiore knowing whom Rarkom really was, that he could be trusted more than anyone to secretly help their plan, it was this knowledge that allowed Rarkom to so easily join Napiore’s men.

Illda Rarkom’s shadowy past came into play with his knowledge of how to stitch and seal the captain’s wounds.

Rarkom called for some tar, two knives, to be heated quickly from the small cabin stove that was still alight from the morning’s lighting by Napiore.

“Quickly get me some opium to stop his pain or we might kill him, check around the cabin for any, one of you cunts must have some” yelled Rarkom to the men, who had come into the cabin to help with Napiore's injuries.

“We can’t find any, and we have none on us Rarkom, you know that, do you expect us to carry it round with us, you know it’s down below decks”, retorted Tenzy Leedis one of the crew standing near the captains bunk.

“We have no time to talk about this you fucken dumb big oaf, now go and get some, and hurry up we can’t wait, we’ll have to seal and sew without the opium to stun him or we let him die, hurry up Leedis we have to stop bleeding now, and then stitch the wound together where his testicles used to be or he will most certainly die”, Rarkom spoke in a very controlled voice, considering the situation.

“While Leedis gets the opium, you four men hold the captain down by his arms and spread his legs open, so I can get at the wound between his legs, I can’t wait, he’s loosing too much blood I’ll have to do it now no matter how bad his pain”.

Lief Napiore bellowed almost a gladiatorial growl of pain with lowest pitch a man could attain, as Rarkom sealed the scrotal area to stop the bleeding, by searing the wound with a glowing knife, stitching the sides of wounds together with rough sewing of sailor’s threading repairs to canvass, then applying a very hot liquefied tar patch over the rough stitching holding ripped flesh back in place with a massive bleeding sealed off, stopped.

With another stinking sizzle of burning flesh, wound to Napiore’s chest was sealed, stitched with a patch of hot tar applied, Napoire heavily wincing as some extra rough bandages were hurriedly wrapped around his chest and between his legs like a very crude nappy, by the ruggedly gnarled salty sea weathered hands of the men holding him down.

Napiore had passed out a couple of times through the stitching and application of tar, before regaining a drunken sort of consciousness, to the stares of these men as Leedis burst back through the cabin door with the opium, puffing profusely from his running.

“Captain, Captain, can you hear me”, asked Rarkom, Napiore answered in a very low guttural rasp that was so far away from where the voice was coming from; “Yesssss”.

“Captain, here is some opium for your pain we didn’t give you it before as we didn’t have it to give when I started stitching and sealing your wounds, we didn’t have the time to wait, else you would have bled to death.

Captain, focus on my face, that’s it, Captain, there are wealthy dressed captives with children on board, what do you want us do with them, will we keep them unharmed for ransom”, Rarkom asked a dopey Napiore.

Napiore, about to be compromised by the opium with his body reacting to shock, managed an angry sort of gutter growling answer; “KILL them alllllllllllll---“, Napiore’s voice trickled off lower than a whisper as he passed out to cold unknown, Rarkom looking with a sickening grin at the other men in the room.

Rarkom leading men from the room after him making sure Napiore was covered warmly by blankets, could in no way roll out of bed if he tossed and turned, which Rarkom could see was a very distant possibility, in considering how deeply the Captain was “sleeping”.

Rarkom joining rest of the crew on deck, so enjoying fresh ocean air, from the stench of where he just came from, walked straight up to René Alburde; “Captain Napiore said to get rid of the women and children, no ransoms”,

René Alburde almost instantly barked orders at all his crew; “bring the females to the centre of the deck, children overboard”.

The children were ripped away from the clutching of their mothers, were dragged cowering to the side of the ship, still crying out to their mothers as they hit the cold ocean currents, to laughingly drown in the sea.

René Alburde beckoned to the men, saying; “the women were a present from Captain Napoire for them to enjoy however they saw fit”, laughing to giving the elderly Seniora Bleeth Deeger, a much younger countess Mallinea Fredaz and the English woman Blyne Ethra Covener to the crew.

Alburde had hardly finished issuing the orders about the woman to his crew, before the women were grabbed as if a pack of wild dogs had descended on a beast, screams of their being raped, loudly ran up and among the decks of the ship, mingling with the sounds of the crew taking turns to spend themselves on the beaten and naked women.

Alburde warned them, that the stunningly beautiful Camalia Ajuezto was to be his at first, then, after he was spent on her, to the men, whom had been attending to the captain below decks, she was to be their eagerly wanton prize.

Soon as Alburde told the crew of the women Rarkom had lustfully grabbed the very pretty young English woman, Execeta, trying to quickly jump overboard, Rarkom pulled her back, kicking her off balance, punched Execeta at least half a dozen hard times in the face stunning her to stop her screaming wild kicking and fighting, trying to break free from him.

Rarkom was gaining more intensive excitement every time he punched her, becoming so deliriously excited at her bloodied face, he stood over the top of her, ripping her dress and underclothes off, leaving her naked unconscious body, to his drooling view.

Rarkom, overtaken with lust, dropped down onto his knees, parted the woman's legs, lifting them up so he could begin licking and slobbering all of the private areas of this innocent young woman.

Streams of blood freely flowed from out of both her nostrils from the beating given to her by Rarkom, shoving his hard erected penis in her youthful pubic hairs like a clap of thunder, unsparingly bursting her virginity as he expelled himself inside her, to maniacal grunts, groans with some of other weird noises erupting from his body.

Rarkom pleased himself with Execeta, in some very uncommon ways, a couple more times, before giving her to the men still sailing the ship, while continuing abuses of the women took place to his watching amusement slowly inhaling the smoke of his pipe.

After Alburde had finished with her, a group of men had grabbed Camilia Ajuezto as she tried to flee from a hell being inflicted on her, trying to jump to consuming waves, 'anything would be better than what was happening to me at the moment' was screaming in her mind.

Camilia, similar what Execeta tried to unsuccessfully do, except Camilia, was able to jump over the side, so very unfortunately she was hungrily and roughly caught, just as she leapt over the side of the ship, by two of the crewmen, grappling her from mid-air, dragging her back on board, laughing as they fondled her.

Camilia broke free with the strength of a wild animal running to jump over the other side of the ship, her running steps thwarted being tripped over with a strong kick from behind to her feet, by Silgan Mertyasit chasing her.

Camilia fell very heavily to the dirty deck sliding a few feet, rolling over fighting the many hand touching all over her body, feeling herself being tossed down the stairs between decks, Camilia screamed words at them that were out of place for a woman of her breeding to use in public.

Camalia, with the struggle given of being terrified of what was happening to her, tried to hold on to corners of the door that closed over steps to keep water from the biggish waves that washed across deck from filling into the lower decks.

Her hands were ripped away so hard she dislocated her left wrist and index finger, peeling skin off the fingers of her right hand, exciting the men even more.

An old disfigured seaman quietly started having sex with Camalia, while she was held for him, as some sort of reward for something he must have done for the crew.

Camilia, through her pain of these incessant violation of her body, could still smell the disgusting unwashed odour of the old seaman leaving his semen inside her, with all the other men's, some of the other men impatiently shoved the old man out of the way, causing his penis to rip out of her vagina, so they could get at her, time and time again.

Two men at a time were now raping Camilia, while a third, forced her mouth to do things she had never thought of doing.

This sad demonic debauchery above and below decks continued for hours, until René Alburde ordered his men;

“Toss all women in the sea, you have all had enough, their just about dead, make full sail away from here”.

Alburde scratching himself, of the itch his upper leg hairs caused him to feel, stuck to his skin by clots of dried semen and a woman's bodily secretions when she is awful violently abused, watching women gurgling, floundering in the sea with their arm flailing about in a last desperate fight for life, yet some of the women accepted their fate, slipping below the waves happily.

The Delf Waig sailed away from this pitiless hell they had subjected on defenceless females, sailing straight into the infamous annals of piracy.

Whom of the crew that had not taken part in the rapes and murders of the females, murdering children, whatever their reasons, they may have had against such indecency, would never be truthfully known, they were all one bunch.

The events of what had happened would stagger out through ports visited by the Delf Waig's crew's loose talk, just as Alburde knew and wanted it too, to enhance his own reputation as a bloodthirsty ruthless pirate.

Once the English had substantiated the reports of the rapes, wanton slaughter perpetrated by the Delf Waig on the La Fare, the English admiralty drew up their own plans for the Delf Waig and her pirate crew, whether these plans bore fruition, is for more reading to view.

CHAPTER 4.

“THE DEVIL'S IN PORT”

After the news filtered back to the royal court of what happened to the Jessa Moinee and the La Fare, especially on hearing of count Fredaz's death, with a extremely gallant way he tried to defend the dignity of the women, giving up his own life in the process, to the continuation of his peace plan, King Loudam 111 of France decreed it so that Bercie Aiple Fredaz, to receive France's highest medal of honour.

The French warship, “Trossa” was to roam the oceans to bring the Delf Waig's crew, readily to justice, to pay for their abominable actions, anyway as the captain saw fit to do so in serving justice upon them.

King Loudam instantly authorised Pormus Dubray to be promoted from ambassador's aide, to royal ambassador to King Loudam111 of France, King Loudam111, long since realising Dubray would have been privy to, instrumental in, the careful and intelligent drafting of the peace plan, that he not only promoted Dubray, but also took Dubray, into his most personal confidences.

Count Fredaz was looked on very favourably by most of the royal court as well as the king himself, that the king of France ordered; “All of the distractors of Count Fredaz's peace proposal to be thoroughly investigated for collusion with unknown persons against such plan as per to treason”.

Captain Lief Napiore had by sheer luck only survived his accidental castration with being kept totally drugged on opium for three weeks, leaving him a dependent junkie with stupid neurotic thoughts of weird plots against him, by the crew, seeing things through the cracked eyesight of a foggy looking glass, not in their true light.

Napiore always did use the opiates available to them on board, or in any one of many ports visited by the varied assortment of ships sailing the oceans, opium was so easy and readily available to anyone, in just about any port in the world, be it to, the numerous pirates, sailors of the navies, or merchant shipping, or a “landlubber” that indulged in regular usage of opium or one of its other derivatives.

In weeks that Napiore had been kept compromised of his wits on opium, Alburde had taken over command of the Delf Waig until his Captain could recover, ordering a course set for the pirate friendly port of “Jadji-El-Sihai” on the Mediterranean coast.

Alburde knew his crew would so quickly degenerate into a drunken rabble, of not be capable of sailing the ship properly, if allowed to drink themselves unconscious each day on the wine and spirits, captured from the La fare.

Alburde order that only the men, not on watch and not sailing until the next day, with at least a ten hour break, could drink, men on shift were to have no grog until their shift finished, himself, all on board included.

Alburde, gave carrying out overseeing of this task, to Illda Rarkom, whom just relished being in any sort of ship's command, Alburde had given this job to Rarkom, because he himself, like the rest of the crew, came to dislike being in Rarkom's presence.

Rarkom always seemed to exude this hard to explain, eerie creepy overpowering feel of ill-will towards everyone, without ever trying.

Two days by his calculations from land, Alburde told Rarkom to stop the crews from drinking by shutting off the grog all together.

Rarkom informed the crew, in extremely blunt plain words, what his orders were, and why, with not one of them game to say anything to Rarkom's face.

Before reaching the coastline, Alburde along with the crew, worked out how many gold coins from the La Fare, each man would need for a couple of weeks to spend in this port, this amount worked out, each man was given the exact same amount to stop any squabbles or fighting in amongst the crew.

The rest of gold from the La Fare was secreted away, before the Delf Waig sailed into the port of Jadji-El-Sihai.

Pirate crews with gold or silver coins were common at these friendly ports, relying on the plunder of the pirate ships for their lawless livelihood, encouraging the pirates by pandering to their every conceivable need, with never any questions asked.

Captain Napoire had been kept doped up on opium for the time it would take to reach the port, until the last day of sailing before reaching land, then Napoire was allowed to slowly, come out of his coma by the lack of opium fed into his system.

During these weeks of delirium he had received only the basic of hygienic treatment, fed a thickish slop of stewy broth and some water, with soiling of his bed clothes, bunk, getting the barest of routine cleaning.

How Napoire survived was not only to his treatment, it was his luck, or maybe God's will, that kept him going, as he had lost at least half his body mass and was laying in the filth and stink of his bunk, a decrepit junkie.

Napoire stretched semi-coherent, with a real natural automatic reach, to scratch between his legs as most males do on awakening from sleep.

Napoir's hand found not the pair of hairy testicles he wanted to scratch, instead Napoire's hand hit upon the large healed scar, protruding from out under the soil ridden chunk of tar, stuck firmly to the hairs between his legs, where the two pieces of his cut flesh had been pulled together by the stitches to heal the cut, where his testicles and sack used to be.

Napoire's mind tried unsuccessfully to send messages to make his penis react, instead causing Napoire's heart to pound with giant thumps of realization, exploding the myth of his thinking, that his castration was not just an absurdly horrendous dream, it was life real, he could no longer have an erection thanks to one fucken count Fredaz.

Napoire slowly turned over in the slimy filth of his bunk, with his head to the wall, and cried the tears no one could ever comprehend, unless they had his same wound.

Napoire tried unsuccessfully to pull himself together, hearing a noise at the door, struggling in trying to get out of bed, as Alburde came in asking could he help him.

Alburde nearly vomited from the stench, as he helped his friend and captain, to wobbly stand then fall back into his bunk, saying to Napoire; "Steady Lief, try sitting with your legs over the side of the bed for a while, to give your head time to regain your feet".

Alburde stayed with Napoire, sitting sadly there with his filthy legs, his blackened rotten unwashed feet, dangling over the side of his bunk, talking to him about where they were, until he could not stand the putrid stink what Napoire had been sleeping in, any more, telling Napoire he had to get some papers from his cabin to show him, Alburde just needing to get out of the cabin for a breath of air, any air, as long as it wasn't the unbelievable heavy stink emanating from Napoire's bunk.

After Alburde had left the cabin, Napoire struggled to stand up, holding onto the side of the bunk for support as he stood very shakily, trying to take a first step in many weeks, Rarkom knocked and entered the cabin moving over to help the captain.

"Captain, Alburde told me to come and see how you were going, great to see you up, but you stink the worst of rotting shit I have ever smelt, hold on and I will get some help", Rarkom going out of the cabin, returning with two of the crew.

"Captain we are going to take you up on deck, clean you up, ok captain".

"Alright, but very slowly I feel so awful sick, giddy, everything is quickly spinning around and around".

"Then here, have a smoke of your pipe captain, it will help you feel better", Rarkom putting a small dose of opium into the pipe as he had done before, only the other times he had loaded the captain up with much bigger dose in liquid, to knock the captain back into deep coma.

Rarkom, unwilling to get filthiest smell of Napoire on him, had the two crew men, retching at the stink of Napoire as they held him, wisely unwilling to disobey Rarkom.

Carrying the captain up onto top deck to loud cheers of the crew as they saw their captain on deck, knowing that René Alburde, was never going to make a good captain you could follow with confidence.

Rarkom told the two men to place the captain against the mast and tie him to it, standing upright, the men looked at each other, then back to Rarkom who bellowed at them to tie Napoire standing upright.

“For fuck sake you pair of no good shit headed cunts, tie him up as I told you, or I’ll fucken stab the pair of you.

How the fuck in hell do you stupid dimwitted born out of your mothers dirty arse hole, think we can clean the captain up, if he is sitting down you stupid cunts.

Now tie him up and throw some buckets over the side fill them up, bring them here be fucken quick”, Rarkom’s roaring at them, the men obeying his instructions forthwith.

After the two men tied Napoire up securely to one of the masts, Rarkom approached, spoke to Napoire; “Captain we have to clean your shit and piss off you, I have to get rid of your rotting clothes captain, we are going to wash your filth away with sea water, then get clean clothes for you, do you understand”, Rarkom asked Captain Napoire.

“Bring my friend René to me” said Napoire his head nodded down in a daze, giving no indication if he could or could not comprehend, what was happening to him.

“Frabarr, get Mr Alburde, he must be in his cabin, he was heading there before, when he spoke to me, hurry and find him”, Rarkom ordered to Leager Frabarr, one of the crew on deck watching them.

Frabarr after knocking on the door to the cabin, heard Alburde yell out, come in.

Frabarr entered the cabin walking over to the wooden desk where captain Alburde was reading some notes.

“Captain Napoire wants you back up on immediately captain Alburde”.

“What, the captain’s, back on deck is he, how did he get there”, yell back Alburde to Frabarr, with concern in his voice.

“Mr Rarkom had him brought up on deck so he could clean the captain up and get him into some clean clothes”.

“Good, very good idea, tell Mr Rarkom a good idea, I will be up there as soon as I finish, tell Mr Rarkom he is to carry on cleaning the captain until I get there” a very sour Alburde yelled his order to Frabarr.

Alburde, hearing Frabarr close the door, scampering away, mused to himself, ‘Fucken great, I just sit down to read some of the private and personal letters from the La Fare, and some cunt, fucken disturbs me, just fucken great, when I was getting to the intimate parts of the letters, I get disturbed’, Alburde swore to himself roughly scratching his anus, making his way back up on deck to his captain.

When Alburde arrived up on deck, he could see that Rarkom had already throw some bucket of cold sea water on the captain, with the cold sea water reviving the captain to a semblance of sanity he hadn’t know since his accident.

“Lief, Captain, you wanted to see me, it is so good to see you back on deck”.

“René, what sort of great cunt of a fucken friend are you to let these murderous cunts drown me on the mast of my own ship”.

“Lief, I assure you, it is for cleaning of your wounds, and person.

The sea water will help with any part of your wounds not yet healed”, Alburde trying to reason to a disbelieving Napoire.

“Lying cunt, you cunt, you fucken lying cunt, you want me dead as well you cunt, so you can be captain, you dirty low cunt”, alleged Napoire, his accusations was driven from the slop of his swirling neurosis, that was clouding his intelligence, legacy of his drug addiction upon his senses.

“Not so Lief, not so, we are trying to clean you up”, Alburde retorted as he nodded to Rarkom to continue with the water, watching his captain be washed over with many buckets of fresh sea water, until he could see Napoire was cleansed enough by the cold sea water tossed over him.

“Leedis get down to the captain’s cabin, fetch some clean clothes for the captain”, Ordered Alburde.

Leedis brought clothes for the captain back on deck, helping dress the captain after he was untied from the mast.

When captain Napoire was dressed he was taken back down to his cabin, for Alburde and Rarkom to talk to him about their future plans, through his continually shaking in spasmodic fits, yet a lot more sensible now after his clean up being able to talk coherently, saying he would like to visit the doctor in port, discussing what plans had been made or carried out while he was recovering.

Napoire talking with Alburde and Rarkom, asking in a almost order to Rarkom for some opium for his pipe, whilst they further discussed plans while Delf Waig made landfall.

Safely anchored in the port of Jadji-El-Sihai without fuss, Alburde left fifty of the crew to watch over the ship, as the only thing of value on the Delf Waig was the Delf Waig herself, the looted bounty from La Fare had been hidden.

Alburde told the crew staying onboard, they would be relieved tomorrow, the entire crew would take their turns at watch over the Delf Waig in-between their shore time.

Whilst some of his crew urgently visited the brothels, or grog shops, some men just wanted to take in most scenic beauty of this place dispersed in every-which-way, Alburde helped Napoire to see the port's doctor.

Walking into doctor's place of treatment, it certainly didn't look anything like a surgery would come to look like, they were met by a fair-haired, fair-skinned Spaniard whom was forward in introducing himself as Doctor Peiterv Glish.

Alburde explained openly to doctor Glish's listening, how his captain's wounds came about, knowing the doctor would not ask questions, where or why they happened, for Alburde knew this doctor had something to hide from the authorities or he wouldn't be allowed to live long in this port, if it was something personal, he would have been dead by now, Alburde absolutely surest Glish was here in hiding from some authority.

“Bring your captain over here, lie him down on the bed and I'll look at his wounds”.

Alburde helped Napoire onto the bed taking off his britches and shirt to reveal to the doctor, Napoire's wounds.

There had been no shaving clean of the hairs around the wounds, the wounds had been stitched and sealed with the hairs how they had been growing.

The doctor studied how the hairs had folded, become overgrown by skin, pulling tightly against the flesh causing Napoire painful discomfort.

“I see Captain Napoire you have been lucky to have had such a good job stitching, helping the wounds to heal.

I will cut away the ingrowing hairs causing you much pain, you are very lucky you healed so good and as quickly as you did captain”.

Doctor Glish thought to himself as he was tending to the healed wounds, he, ‘never ever heard of anyone, ever, of surviving from castration such as this, accidental or not, his mind instantly recalling Eunuchs’, giving him a possible reason Napoire had survived from such a traumatic event.

Glish kept his thoughts to himself, as he knew from the already circulating reports these pirates had gold coins and were happily spending them.

“Finished now captain, you will be fine, keep areas around the scars washed and cleaned, I will give you some ointment to use, put fresh ointment each couple of days and you will be as good as you ever were” Doctor Glish said to Captain Napoire, not consciously meaning the pun, that had just unwittingly come out.

“Thank you Doctor, but I will never be as I was, here is gold coin for your trouble and your silence of this matter” said Napoire pressing coins into the doctor’s hand as he and Alburde left, walking out onto the street looking forward to somewhere to have decent eats and drink.

Illda Rarkom was at the “Klmeres” brothel, enjoying the pleasures of such an establishment, suddenly feeling the need for nourishment, after another part of his body having been looked after.

Rarkom left Klmeres satisfied, walking to the eating house called “Pasquare’s”, entering with his most imposing stride, giving the place a fairly quick once over to see who was in there, sitting down at the corner table near the large open fireplace, ordering food and drink.

Savouring more of the pleasurable feeling of alcohol, going into his blood stream from the drinks he had before at the brothel.

Rarkom's drink brought to his table before the food, his food would take a little longer to prepare, he knew this fact and was about to pour another drink for himself, from the jug of wine, when for some unknown reason, Rarkom looked at the man sitting eating the cheap plate of stew and bread across the room.

'Was that my old friend, is that him, could it possibly be Osza Preekle' thought Rarkom forgetting about his food being put on his table, instantly reminiscing of the previous time in his life, suddenly glued to his chair as if by a giant set of chains holding him to his thought's ransom.

His mind so immediately had him back where he and Osza Preekle, had been the great friends back in the French village of "Dioje".

Rarkome had been a happy and contented man with a very pretty wife and five children, a large acreage of fertile farm-able land, giving him the needed income to build his family a beautiful home filled with the happiness of always having more than enough to eat, meeting all expenses, with a little over to be saved.

Rarkom smilingly remembered how he and his wife Xeere, had planted deciduous and perennial trees as well as climbing flowering vines, varied assortments of coloured flowers, having their house covered with some pretty sorts of scented bloom all year around, their acres of grape vines were yielding excellent crops for wines.

How he many times kissing Xeere on the sweetness of her neck as they took some late afternoon wine.

Watching their children playing, surmising; 'when is a man in Eden, and does not fully appreciate it more than he does now'.

Preekle had been a confirmed bachelor, dear friends to both Rarkom, his wife Xeere, the children, sharing many happy times and meals at their farmhouse.

Osza Preekle worked as a blacksmith's assistant in his village, being extremely strong for a smallish man with a gentle disposition and a funny habit at times, of twitching his nose like a rabbit, if he was excited or telling someone an untruth.

Rarkom smirked thinking of his own character's trait of not quite being lazy, but that close to it, to be called the laziest damn lucky farmer in his village, because he never had failures of his crops, even with his lack of attending to them properly and regularly.

What stood Rarkom well in his village, knowledge of animals his good attending to his animals, their wounds and illnesses.

Rarkom's wife Xeere happily worked with him in the field bringing their children to play with them as they both worked, their five children were all young, two sets of girl twins and a boy all under ten.

Xeere knew her husband always conniving, trying to get out of never-ending chores to do on a farm, yet Xeere never failed to get round her husband, by saying straight to his face each time he tried his conniving, she was not going to work while he sat resting somewhere, as she pouted off to continue her work, this ruse always did the trick, for she knew her husband would come sniffing around for a given promise for forgiveness.

Xeere was not yet thirty, she was very skinny with large firm breast that tantalized through her cloth showing to the zenith of her sexuality.

Rarkom was a large solidly built man, able to literally pick Xeere up like a baby doll, which he often did to kiss her telling her how much he loved her.

Xeere loved to the teasing of herself by kissing Illda passionately on the lips sticking her tongue into his mouth as her hands stroked his very large penis, working Illda up, until he was about to a point of no return, then Xeere would take his penis into her mouth swallowing after Illda's semen filled her mouth, Xeere enjoyed the taste of Illda's semen.

Days and years working their farm, as on all farms, it can become repetitive sometimes, Illda and Xeere had their mild differences, yet overcome most arguments without too much stress, the simple fact of working together bonded their love with a powerful strength.

Xeere herself, often invited Osza Preekle to take tea, and some after drinks with them, because Illda came to like Preekle, she had made a concerted effort for her husband to like him, finding she actually did like Osza.

Xeere could also tell from the look she caught from Preekle sometimes giving her, kind of look a woman knew exactly what it meant, Osza Preekle more than liked her, yet not once did he act improperly towards her, even after their nights of laughter and drinking.

The last night Preekle had tea with them, enjoying of some drinks, some out of tune singing, before Ozsa, got up saying he had to rise early for heavy day of shoeing horses, kissing Xeere and Illda goodnight, both stood watching in waving as Ozsa disappeared into the night.

Illda looked over at Xeere as they made readied for bed, knowing to himself, without hesitation that he would surrender his living for her and the children.

“Paradise beholding to none of its occupants, evicting tenants with the same care sickness chooses its recipients”, so wrote the Welsh poet Tezlar Luanskle, being never more truer, than when sickness struck dead Xeere Rarkom and her five children, dying like so many others in their village, when it was decimated but an unknown sickness.

The sickness started out as a simple cold, then killing rapidly all infected, Illda Rarkom never came to terms with his wife and children’s deaths, as did many other villagers, to say everyone was devastated, heart-broken, well words for the village’s suffering, seemed to have no relevance to the loss being endured by all, some with weirdly differential outcomes of some nearly surviving, until their deaths came knocking, other were more fortunate dying immediately.

Illda Rarkom at the church service for his lost family, questioned, cursing under his breath, to the God of his faith, ‘why had you taken Xeere and the children, why leave me in such pain, only death would ease, to leave me not even a sniffle to the sickness’s end, how cruel can you be’.

Illda Rarkom’s increasing waywardness against God, himself, stemmed from not having the courage to commit suicide.

Over and over, his mind kept reminding him, he once thought to himself he would die for his wife and family, yet when the time came he found himself lacking to the point now of despising his self’s own cowardice and all his life.

First the drinking all day warping his senses, crying out for his family in his drunken stupor.

Falling over spewing up what little food was in his stomach, sleeping it off in the filth of his farmhouse floor.

Rarkom's mind soon broke in two, cultivating to the urges and thoughts where a normal person's mind would not go, cursing loudly in the open fields swinging his fist crazily at the Lord of his faith, he often prayed, demanding he be struck dead.

Rarkom started having sex with the farm animals and then unfortunately for village life with surrounding farms, already suffering so much, he also acquired the panache for murdering and sometime eating of people, adults, children, it made not the slightest difference to Rarkom whom he had killed, he was insane.

Some of Rarkom's victims would probably been glad to be killed, because of the way the sickness ate away the flesh of their bodys, but not with the cruelty Rarkom did to them before watching them in their final death scenes.

Osza Preekle had visited every day after Xeere and the children's deaths, comforting Illda the best he could.

The last time Preekle had visited Rarkom he found Rarkom having sex with the "Nanny" goat Xeere used to milk for her cheese making.

"Illda, what in the name of Jesus Christ are you doing fucking a goat, what sort of madness is this Illda, are you so completely fucken crazy, what if Xeere and the children are looking down at you, Illda come with me to town and take a whore" Preekle yelled first at Rarkom, punching Rarkom as hard as his muscled arm could hit, trying to get him to stop.

Rarkom staggered sideways almost unconscious with blood starting to trickle down his face from the heavy blow of Preekle's hard fist, laughing.

Laughing a laugh best described as satanically very very sick, continuing to blaspheme against his Lord, Christ, cursing Mary for birthing a bastard son, defying God to just strike him dead.

Preekle moved away from Rarkom, tears streaming down from his eyes, too upset to want to continue speaking to him anymore, instead starting to walk towards his own home, unbelieving and sickeningly disillusioned, his friend could be doing such insane things.

As he walked home, Preekle was thinking whom he could get to help his friend, ‘Would their village priest, be of any help after what I saw, heard, Ilda Rarkom doing, to swearing and saying at our God’.

Rarkom became so openly rampant in his terrible exploits, yet with so many deaths and disappearances from the sickness, no one had come to suspect Rarkom of any wrong doing, as most likely missing persons had wandered off to die somewhere, even the children were not adverse in their delirium to wander off away from parental help, not to be seen again, as their flesh gave way to the ravages of the insects, animals, devouring a carcass, even a human corpse.

Rarkom only came under some forms of suspicions, because of the way he never tried to cover his tracks as the sickness began to abate and the village started the long slow haul to recovery.

More people regaining their resistance to the deadly sickness, found their health, well-being returning, yet the mutilated bodies were still being found.

Osza Preekle again visiting Rarkom, finding him in his black mood with his unintelligent jabbering, so Preekle left, riding his horse to the village inn.

Preekle enjoyed a couple of drinks, got up walked out the back door to relieve himself in the open gutter used as the inn's urinal.

Osza finished peeing, returning back to take hold of the door's latch, stopped turning it to open, on hearing two men talking behind the door in mentioning a Illda Rarkom, Osza listened as one of the men told the other, everything had been arranged for parents to go and get Illda Rarkom.

Osza walked back to the gutter, then he walked back towards the door, coughing loudly, opening the large door, causing the men to stop talking, letting him walk through as if he heard nothing.

Preekle ran to the police station recounting what the men had said, asking police to come with him to Rarkom's house to warn him.

The officer in charge of the gendarmes, Harve Briek Dubray, told two of his men on duty, to accompany Preekle to Rarkom's farm to make sure Rarkom was all right.

Harve Dubray suspected Rarkom was the man they were looking for over children and adult's disappearances and deaths, but until he had concrete proof he would give Rarkom the benefit of the law, even in this earliest time.

By the time Preekle and the gendarmes had arrived at Illda Rarkom's farm, the parents had caught Rarkom, taken him out side, hanging him from the beam of the verandah above the couple of stairs to the front door.

Parents, Reux and Beune Hoffleur, had their only son Trep, missing two weeks aged 7.

Brai and Pernay Cam-Bel-Cude, their two daughters Cresse 8, Angoule 6, found dead thrown down a vine hedge covered disused well.

Pelv and Noitere Jolais's, son Ausson aged 5, found half eaten by scavenging dogs, dragged among leafy litter, unable to tell cause of death.

Briex and Fala Ardiemsne, were found in a cave in the rocky brush above the local stream, Briex appeared to have been sexually assaulted, by her nakedness and body position.

Epnee and Lorea Targis-Ce-Cusot, found butchered in their own house alongside their five disease riddled dead children, two naked in prone position for some type of sick sexual gratification.

Many more were yet to be discovered, as no modern techniques determining whether a body had been sexually interfered with, other than a witness, a confession, a proper autopsy yet to come into law, but in this village, and of this sickness causing so many deaths all over the country, it was more innuendo and surmising of what actually occurred.

There were 27 people in total, cursing as they happily watched Rarkom, kicking the dance of a dead man on the end of the taught rope, till his moving ceased to the cheers of the people, Rarkom hanging lifeless.

Rarkom had been hanging still there for a couple of minutes, when Preekle ran from the darkness around to the side of the crowd, quickly cutting his friend down from the verandah.

Rarkom's heavy body slipping from Preekle's grasp, allowing Rarkom's heart area, to hit on the pointed top of the rail's decorative peacock's head with a rush of exhaled air.

The gendarmes slowly, courteously dispersed parents, in no particular hurry to antagonise the gathered people.

Preekle yelling at the gendarmes to arrest the killers of his friend Illda Rarkom, yet no move towards any arrests took place.

Inwardly Gendarmes themselves suspecting Rarkom, was guilty of all the crimes, but with no exact evidence to directly link him to the murders, never charged any single parents, instead sending them away with the softest silk of a warning.

Preekle laid out flat Rarkom, chastising him, hitting him on the chest and shaking him, trying to wake him up as he rocked back forth on his knees over the top of Rarkom, “Illda why, Illda why, Illda why, why, why, why”, Preekle was yelling at Rarkom.

Preekle bent down close to say goodbye to Rarkom, suddenly feeling a very harsh push on the back of his neck forcing his lips to push on Rarkom’s lips.

“Kiss the child, people, murdering friend of yours, go on, you two would make a good pair of kissing murderous cunts, Preekle your probably guilty as your lunatic friend”, Gendarme Wald Brubaix kicking Preekle hard in the chest, his breath was forced into Rarkom.

Preekle tried to get up on his feet as the second nasty Gendarme, Mailleood Ancon, held roughly Preekle's lips on Rarkoms together, pushing his head hard down on Rarkom again, as Brubaix kicked him again, again, in the chest ribs.

Each time Brubaix kicked Preekle hard in the ribs, it caused Preekle to force his breath into Rarkom, Rarkom so suddenly revived, much to the gendarme’s dismay, as they knew him guilty but could not prove it, having no idea they had just performed a most brutal (C-P-R), cardiopulmonary resuscitation, centuries before it was invented.

Rarkom started to breathe in fighting gasps, lying flat out on the floor watched by Preekle, struggling himself to breathe properly, from the vicious kicks to his stomach and ribs by the gendarmes.

The two gendarmes again delivered a hard couple of kicks to both Preekle and Rarkom, leaving them with a big warning curse.

The gendarmes walking back along the dirt road to the police quarters, reassuring each other they could have killed Rarkom with no consequence, but Preekle was not wanted or suspected of any crime, as well the villagers had seen them and Preekle, their superior officer, Harve Dubray would have none of killing either man, unless by a lawful warrant.

They men plotted as they walked away from Preekle, they would yet get the returned from dead, Rarkom legally, if not, they made a pact to kill him themselves, dispose of the body for scavenging starving dogs of the town's edged wooded areas to eat.

Rarkom's breathing returned to normal remarkably swift, snapping his mind back for now to sound almost to be sane, speaking to Preekle, saying he now knew he was being watched, the angry parents would come to killing him again somehow, escape was the only answer.

Preekle and Rarkom kept each other company so they would be safe from any further attacks, until they thought it was safe to leave the house.

Preekle was safe enough he had nothing to answer to the parents, Rarkom in moments of waiting for safety, told Preekle he was guilty, not sorry in any way, just guilty of all the crimes levelled against him.

Preekle started to ask Rarkom why, Rarkom just said, “Don’t Osaz, Osza, I loved Xeere and the children so much, I burn now with an uncontrollable hate against everything including my dammed self”, that was end of the talk of the murders and rapes, between them, instead, Rarkom steered the conversation to a plan to get away, to what town first.

“If I take a horse or dray, tracks would be left to give my whereabouts away, I must go on foot, Osza.

Osza I know you cared for my Xeere and children, I heard it in your talk many times over our drinks with food, you took at our house, saving my life, I owe you so much.

I will go now, you need to go be most careful my true friend, Osza Preekle.

I tell you not to where I go, that way you cannot be tortured to tell something you know not”, Illda Rarkom said to Osza Preekle, parting with a huge warm hug lasting some moments showing their deep friendship's hearty handshake.

Darkness of a night allowed Rarkom to flee from his increasing insanity bound to his farmhouse, to the port town of “Eigord”, signing on as one of the crew, to escape off to sea with merchant ship “Cherg Bollee”, looking for a crew in the port, experienced if they could find enough of them, inexperienced hands would do, to be trained at sea.

Osza Preekle also had to flee from the area, for once Rarkom’s departure had been detected, the gendarmes had come to Preekle’s home in the village, arresting him with accusations of him, being involved with Illda Rarkom.

Preekle taken to the gendarme’s headquarters in town witnessed by some of the gossip mongers of the town, very bluntly and painfully questioned, to reveal what he knew of Illda Rarkom's whereabouts

Preekle unable to tell, because he did not know where Illda Rarkom was, could not help the gendarmes with their enquiries, the police having to release him.

Osza Preekle staggered from the police station most unsteady on his feet from the beatings he had to endure by the gendarmes trying to get information out of him, Preekle realizing he would now be forever seen as guilty, by all the village, surrounding districts, making him decide instantly to leave the village as quick as Rarkom had done.

Preekle alone with no living family, he owned very little, rented his house, was always going to be on his own, so the decision was an easy one to him, yet where to go to escape this to hide himself, he was a humble black-smith's assistant, that's all he knew or had ever done all his life.

Preekle immediately began his wandering to escape from one rural town to another, trying to immerse himself in a land's isolation, hearing from fellow country workers, freely discussing the deeds of one, Illad Rarkom, that, just about any port in France held available positions in a ship's crew just waiting to be filled.

Osza Preekle ended up in the shabby harbour town of "Poiste-Sa-d'Oldu", over on other side of France, slotting easily into the squalid life of a no name vagabond, looking to escape from his background, and out to sea seeming the best option for him now, self-convinced he was a wanted man, the same as Illda Rarkom.

After some years at sea Illda Rarkom had returned to French soil thinking he was safe, but the death warrants for him posted all over, unfurled him a very different outcome to what he was expecting, having been in "Tarme" brothel, when accosted and captured by two men.

These men who knew who he was, planning to claim the reward, were about to kill Rarkom, when the only friend Rarkom was to ever have, Osza Preekle, suddenly helped Rarkom, once again to escape.

Osza Preekle had also been at the brothel, finished, having love, lavished all over his body, walking down the long flight of stairs from the upper rooms.

Preekle saw two men grab Rarkom, tying his hands behind his back, quickly taking him from the building.

Preekle knew the men wouldn't be game to cause any trouble inside the brothel, or they would have to face the men payed to guard the brothel and her patron's.

Once outside, the men deciding to kill Rarkom, his warrants stated dead or living, dead he would be easier than having to watch him alive to collect their reward.

One man held Rarkom, as the other man was about to stab him, Preekle hit the man with the raised dagger across the back of the head with the face of his sword, knocking him unconscious, plunging his knife into the back of the other man, sticking the blade into his spinal-chord.

Preekle cut the rope from Rarkom's hands, looking as Rarkom jabbed his sword into both men's hearts.

Rarkom thanked Preekle in the hugs of a lost friend suddenly found, saying to Preekle; "Osza how do I thank you for saving my life once again old friend, other than to try to save yours.

If people know I am back here in France, they will so chase after me after these years away, then anyone with me would also be hunted and possibly harmed or killed.

Osza, for this reason my friend, let us say goodbye, go make a life for yourself away from me.

As of now the wanted, reward papers are only for me, so let us say adieu and both go in different direction, Osza you must go, disowning any knowledge of me or any of our friendship, I will flee quickly through this night to another port, find another ship, again goodbye, friend Osza Preekle” said Rarkom as he ran into the night.

Rakom’s thoughts returned from reminiscing, as his hunger pangs grew worse, by the smell of the food on his table filling his smell, ‘Was it his old friend, what was Osza doing in Jadji-El-Sihai.

WAS, it my old friend, could it possibly be the Osza Preekle I know’, thought Rarkom, hungrily eating his plate of food as fast as he could, washing the food down with a large gulp of wine,

Getting up from his seat, to start walking over to the man, still thinking, and sort of hoping it was Preekle, ‘Was it his old friend, could it possibly be Osza Preekle’.

“Is that you Osza Preekle”, asked Rarkom of a quiet stranger.

“Lief Rarkom, yes my friend, it is I, I heard you had jumped ship, were dead”, answered the man as they warmly embraced each other.

Both men sat down toasting each other as they told of what had happened to each, since they had seen one another last, Preekle telling Rarkom he studied, gaining certificates of seamanship, awarded position as second in command of merchant trading ship the “Winsaol”.

“Illda, slimy cunts found me guilty of carelessness to my duty, because we ran aground on hidden submerged reef while I was on watch, Winsaol was destroyed with all hands drowning, except seven of the total crew.

French merchant board of inquiry wanted to blame someone, so fuck Preekle, we'll lay all the blame on him.

At the court hearing I was blamed for everything and found guilty, taking away my sea certificates, now for me to be able to sail, I have to hunt ports for a shorthanded ship to take me on", lamented Preekle.

"Fuck off Osza, you lying little cunt, your nose is twitching, don't try that shit on me, I know you too well, what was the real reason, I bet you were pissed", Rarkom laughing as he reached for some more of his drink.

Rarkom swallowing a mouthful of his high alcohol content drink, caused himself to cough and splutter, by his inward laughing, remembering how Osza Preekle, had this peculiar trait of every so often he would twitch his nose like a rabbit does when it sits looking around its burrow.

This twitching had always caused Rarkom to burst out in laughter, at this telltale, give-away unintentional sort of movements and contortions of Osza's face, when Preekle told lies, his twitching was incessant to the point of being comical, Rarkom always knew when his friend Osza Preekle was telling lies.

Rarkom recalled that if Preekle became nervous and lying at the same time, the twitching was accompanied by the shrugging of his shoulders, these actions had at times caused Rarkom to collapse on the ground laughing loudly at Preekle's actions.

"Illda you---" Preekle was about to say more about his story, when he started smiling at his friend's laughter.

"Yes Illda, I'd been drinking, when we hit that reef, think if I wasn't pissed, I would have surely been drowned as well, because I know it was the grog floated me ashore".

Both men continued in hearty laughing, proposing a toast “to good drunken seamanship”.

Preekle and Rarkom were about 3\4 drunk, happily in talking to boastful tones, when Rarkom, drunkenly noticed, Alburde and Captain Napoire, sitting there quietly enjoying their food and drink, Rarkom leaned closer to Preekle, with an ever so slight slurr to his speech; “Osza my friend, I owe you so much, let me begin to repay you by helping you get aboard a ship, would you like to join the crew of my ship the Delf Waig”

“IIIad, I would indeed like that”

“Then come and meet the Captain, and his second in command”.

Napoire and Alburde, enjoying their drinks, when the swaying Rarkom, weaving slightly from the drink’s affects, rudely introduced Preekle to his captain, “Captain Napoire, this is my friend Osza Preekle, he wishes to join our crew and I will vouch for him with my life.

He is a trained second in command, he could be very helpful to us captain”, Rarkom burping, farting, at the same time.

Captain Napoire sneered at the drunken pair, pulling out his pipe, starting to smoke some opium; “It WILL be your fucken life Rarkom, you drunken, ill mannered cunt, if this little cunt turns out to be no fucking good, it so will be your life Rarkom, Preekle, be on deck tomorrow, now fuck off and leave me alone”.

That was it, how easy Osza Preekle, became part of the Delf Waig’s crew, for there was no long interviews, it was simply if someone trusted you enough to speak for you, besides, a pirate crew could be very short lived.

Tomorrow came and went a few more times, with the Delf Waig fully stocked more than ready to put to sail with her crew rested up.

Six days of sailing from the port of Jadji-El-Sihai in excellent weather, the Delf Waig was caught in a common squall, there were no major dramas with this types common weather, sailors were used to this sort of wind and rain, as long as the gun ports were closed, sealed against the sea the Delf Waig would easily ride out the storm.

René Alburde sent Rarkom and Preekle to make sure the men had closed the gun ports, everything was squared away and shipshape below decks.

The Delf Waig rode out the storm, raining so heavy it was difficult to get breath thought the rain falling so thickly from clouds bursting, as if caught on the top of the masts, to rip their linings over the decks of the Delf Waig.

These ocean squalls usually continued throughout the night, to have dawn break to beautiful clear skies of calmest easy swelling seas, just as this storm had done.

Mid-morning Captain Napoire strode on deck almost incoherent from his opium intake, starting irrational cursing and ranting at everyone including René Alburde.

Alburde rushed to grab a tight restraining hold of the Captain, with the intent to take him below decks to sleep it off in his cabin, Napoire breaking free from Alburde's grip, quickly drawing his sword, charging at Preekle talking to Rarkom.

Rarkom saw the Captain's lunge, pushing Preekle out of the way of captain Napoire's waving sword, of allowing Alburde running back across deck, to settle down his drug fuelled captain, Napoire seemed to lunge around at thin air.

René Alburde ran straight into the captain's wildest thrust, impaling himself through intestines of his stomach.

Captain Napoire pulling his sword out of Alburde's belly, Alburde falling backwards writhing on the deck, like a fish pulled out of the water, kicks, flips, itself about.

Captain Napoire madly waved his sword around even more wildly, cursing about plots against him, giving Illda Rarkom no hesitation, driving his own sword deeply into Napoire, pushing the captain backward with the force of the deathly blow.

Rarkom kept pushing the captain backward onto the edge of the gunnels, kicking the captain off his sword into the sea.

Rakom went back over to where Alburde wriggling like a fish with his hands clutched over his wound, picking Alburde up, carrying Alburde over to the side of the ship, tossing Alburde into the waves to join Napoire, then turning around, Rarkom, standing with a defiant stance, challenged the crew.

"I now be Captain of this ship, any of you motherless arse shits don't agree, say now cunts, or it be done, and me be captain, any of you scurvy cunts not agree, any, any of you arse fuckers not agree".

"We agree captain Rarkom, we agree, we be your crew now captain" called some men, their voices spreading until all the men on deck shouted allegiance to Captain Illda Rarkom.

"Good, then Osza Preekle be second in command and Leager Frabarr be third in command, now keep full sail to the same course" bellowed Rarkom to the crew, yet Rarkom wasn't taken in by the crew yelling allegiances to him.

Rarkom knew nearly all the men could hardly write their own names, let alone read maps, plot courses, read the stars to know where they were, Rarkom knew the men were happy to be led, as long as they WERE led.

The men he thought might be able to rise to challenge his command, he would dispatch of them later, now was the time to familiarise himself with what papers Napoire and Alburde had in their cabins.

“Preekle, you come with me to the captain’s cabin, be quick you useless little nose twitchin cunt, Frabarr, you’re in charge while we were gone, make sure things keep running as planned, or you’ll go over the fucken side into the waves as well”, Rarkom glaring murderously at Frabarr, suddenly grabbed Preekle, pushing him towards the steps to go below deck.

Rarkom’s actions against both men, was a show of his authority, more than anything else, neither man was to know this, it was assumed by the men on deck, that it was just in Rarkom’s nature to do such things, even to his close friends, their fear of this man, imagined, what he could do if he classed a man as his enemy.

Back in the captain’s cabin, Rarkom said to Preekle, in a completely different calm voice from the voice he had used on the deck, “Osza my friend, Napoire, in particular Alburde, were meticulous planners, that’s how we first took over this ship, so it seems to me they would also plan and map out their next ship’s last known position, where they hoped to meet them at.

I think the information will be in Alburde’s cabin, because Napoire had become nothing more than a fucking opium addict, good for fucking nothing.

It was Alburde running the ship, when we find their plans, we'll set course and follow their calculations".

"Ok I'll go look in Alburde's cabin, Ilda, or should I say captain cunt", laughed Preekle, shutting the small wood cabin door behind him.

Preekle found the maps and plans in Alburde's cabin, now his own, as second in command, seeing Napoire and Alburde, next intended to plunder the Portuguese traders.

Preekle took the maps and plans back to Rarkom in the captain's cabin, to further discuss their plans, these two men studying plans and maps for a short while, a lot less than Preekle liked, because Rarkom had a most strongish of urging to go back up on deck make sure things were all ok.

"Come on Osza, join me back on deck, I want to easy walk the deck of my ship for a while, then we'll come back down and further study the maps and plans in every detail, we've seen enough for now".

Rarkom strutted back up on deck, very loudly calling to Frabarr; "Mr Frabarr, any of these scabby cunts given you any trouble".

"No Captain, all's fine, no troubles".

"Good Mr Frabarr, damn good, carry on, continue on set course".

CHAPTER 5.

“A PORTUGUESE SETTING”

The Portuguese warship, “Gachav” was in her home port of, “Veea-lei-Ezez” being repaired, replenished, from her chasing, encountering the pirate ship, Delf Waig.

Captain Porgueett handed his orders to find, kill the pirates, sink their demon ship Delf Waig, to the bottom of the seas, immediately the Portuguese found out what had happened to their ambassador and his wife, with the women men and children on the French ship La Fare.

All of Gachav’s crew, needed time ashore, as well as her captain, so happy to be home to his wife, after so long at sea, chasing the Delf Waig.

Porgueett received word at his house, heavy merchant traders the “Elspich” and the “Golmo” were at the wharves unloading vast quantities of goods and materials, giving Captain Porgueett the opportunity to call in on the captain of the Golmo, Gura Stimor Orz Rheleor.

“Ah Captain Porgueett, how good to see you again, will you take some tea, this tea we bring back is a premium exceptional quality to taste, will you join me captain” asked Rheleor.

“Thank you I welcome the taste of good tea” replied Porgueett, Rheleor made a tea, pouring out his guest’s first, then his own.

Saying to Porgueett; “Captain, have you come to talk about guarding my ship from the reports of pirate activities, increasing yet again in our shipping lanes.

We no quicker get rid of one of these damn pirates and another one or two takes their place.

We both know it’s the lawless ports on the Barbary Coast, taking the pirates gold or the merchant’s cargoes that keeps the pirates alive, is that not correct captain”.

“Yes, we know the ports are there for the pirates, but captain Rheleor, catching a pirate alone in port, is to have good luck indeed, for one lone rodent, always seems to be surrounded by many more rodents.

This war makes it even harder as we chase the pirates over the Mediterranean, we are also endangered by the very real risk running smack bang into one of our enemy’s own fleets”, explained Porgueett, perhaps a little in the navy’s self-defence.

“Captain, how long, before I can sail my ship under your protection”, Rheleor asked in a sterner voice than ever Porgueett liked Rheleor using back to him.

Captain Porgueett maintained his cordially manners, even though he wanted to berate this merchant Captain for questioning him at all, in such a manner.

“This is what I have come to talk to you about, my ship’s repairs will not be finished for at least another three to four weeks.

We found the Delf Waig by chance, she was attacking another unfortunate victim, one of our traders, the “Lupr”, we fired on the Delf Waig hitting her deck, she fired back on the Gachav causing damage to the beams of my ship, the Delf Waig is so damn lucky.

After she fires on us, she does not stay to fight us as a warship, no the low cowards, they would rather fight vastly outgunned merchant ships.

This devilish Delf Waig runs from my ship, knowing I will stay to save the men of Lupr from drowning, or help the damaged ship into port.

If this Delf Waig, as I suspect, her damage to be only to the top of her decking, she would have made her port and be completely repaired by now, she might be back on open seas, I certainly hope to meet her again to finish what we started” Porgueett said sipping his tea, soothing to his rising anger every time mention of the Delf Waig was brought up.

“Captain I need to sail when my ship is unloaded and restocked, both the Golmo and the Elspich will be carrying some gold to pay for our next cargo’s, it would be nice to have your protection but its not imperative, both ships have heavy cannons” said Rheleor.

Porgueett thought this attitude of Rheleor to be really reckless folly, totally silly stupid in the extreme sense of the words, thinking his ship with a few heavy cannons, would be safe from attack by a pirate ship bristling with the finest of Spanish cannons.

“Captain Rheleor, I must strenuously warn you again to be alert and cautious if you sail, there is no new word of pirates this close, but this Delf Waig is a devil ship”.

Porgueett sipping more of the delicious tea, realising Reheler was going to sail, no matter how logically he tried to persuade him not to sail without navy escort.

‘What am I to do with such a man, take my sword out and stab him, for that is the only way this fool is not going to sail’.

Porgueett mused as he sipped his cup of delicious tea, before bidding Captain Rheleor safe sailing.

Porgueett, walked along the huge dock to where the Elspich was moored, hoping to receive a better response from her Captain, Vadda Lupahga.

Angry and sad collided in Porgueett's mind, getting the same disregard from his dire warnings to Lupahga, as did Rheleor, Porgueett extended his hand to wish Lupahga, safe sailing, as he had done to Captain Rheleor.

Fish laden waves rolled in on the high tide for Golmo and Elspich, to sail to the beauty of early morning, running obstinately against dangerous warnings of Diss Porgueett.

Sadly, Porgueett understood, both Rheleor, Lupahga, had to answer to the owners of their ships, why they were not at sea for another cargo as soon as possible, but this was sailing stupidity, this sailing alone was complete madness.

Rheleor set an alternate course for the Golmo, to the one Captain Vadda Lupahga was setting for Elspich, even though the two ships were sailing to the same port to take on huge cargoes, "no pirate ship could be in two places at the same time", were both Captain's logical thinking.

Both ships sat high on the waves, no heavy cargo to weigh them low in waves, making excellent times reaching their next port of call.

Large Merchant ships sitting high in the waves were dead give-aways of their most likely intentions, loaded with coin to pay for their next cargo.

The endless colour of the deep open water stretching far over a horizon contained ultimate surprise of gullibility to Lupahga, for ever thinking he could take care of himself and his ship against a very heavily armed Spanish Galleon.

Learning, to late, of his ego's delusional folly when the Delf Waig came from out of the sun's glare like a huge hungry patrolling shark, attacking the Elspich as soon as she made over skyline.

The Delf Waig fatally damaged the Elspich without sustaining damage to herself, so quick was the attack, as to take the Elspich as a sea bird takes a swimming fish.

Half her crew were either killed or injured in initial attack, rest of the crew had a lot of fight in them knowing a successful attack by these pirates, would leave no survivors, but the fighting was one sided, merchant sailors were no match against experienced pirates, with many successful campaigns under their bloodied belts by now.

Rarkom and his crew looted the Elspich, giving her and her crew to the water's hunger before chasing after the other set of sails her lookouts had spotted when both the "Elspich" and the "Golmo" were in sight of each other after first leaving port.

Gura Rheleor skipper of the Golmo had awoken in his cabin, opening his port window enjoying another day's fresh sea breeze let in, filling his lungs with the expanding exuberance of salty fresh air being exchanged for the stale cabin's air, he'd been breathing through the night.

Dressing after washing his face in the smallish round metal water basin, wiping his face, instantly dropping the towel to the floor when the lookouts yelled down warning, they were coming under attack.

Rheleor ran out of his cabin onto the deck starting to bellow orders, only to be cut in half by a cannon ball hitting directly under his rib cage, lifting him off the ship as if he'd been caught by an eagle's talon.

Cannon balls from the Delf Waig were hitting the Golmo like raindrops, crippling her seaward movements.

Golmo's cannon thundered back at the attacking ship, hitting the Delf Waig, smashing the figurehead of her bow, smashing a small hole, high above her water line.

The Golmo fired again at the Delf Waig, hitting her foresail mast, splintering some second decking timbers.

Captain Rheleor wishing he had taken Porgueett's warning more seriously than he had, and the cannons of a Portuguese warship were firing at these pirates, instead of the cannons of a merchant trader, realising to his dismay he was out-gunned by far.

Delf Waig's next salvo tore into Golmo's near side, to broken and splintered shreads of timber, rendering her guns facing the Delf Waig useless, same tactics used on a number of other victim ships.

The Delf Waig came closer, for her boarding parties to get aboard to fight the crew of the Golmo for control.

Delf Waig's crew had become experts at this sort of boarding a ship and fighting her crew, with the hand to hand fighting over very quickly, loading the gold from the Golmo onto the Delf Waig, before broadsiding the Golmo, sinking her with all hands.

In seven days the Delf Waig in had attacked both the Elspich and the Golmo, sinking both ships after pirating all their stores of gold, before sailing back to the Barbary coast once again for repairs and to spend some of the gold.

Captain Diss Porgueett was at the back of his home idling lazily on the long cushioned wood settee\single bed type piece of old furniture, with his left hand tucked behind his head, smoking from the pipe in his right hand.

Diss had not been with his wife for months, but last night he made up for it with Estra, they had sex many times through the starry summer night.

Estra Chique Edor Porgueett was feeling so satisfied from their night's making love, humming her favourite tune embellished in the sun's rays peeping down on her nipples through the opening of her dress doing her gardening.

Estra's nipples were coming alive to be the on switch that was pushing her as she sang towards her husband lying on the old makeshift bed overlooking their neat well-kept garden.

"Diss put your pipe down, I need you" Estra said as she dropped her dress on the ground almost moaning, as she hopped on top of Diss, making the wooden slats of the old bed-frame creak under more pressure of an extra body weight.

"Ess, I love you" Diss said as he kissed Estra taking his penis out of his trousers finding the place Estra needed it to be.

"I love you Diss, I can't wait."

Diss cuddled Estra kissing her lovingly, pushing his penis as far inside of her as the length of it would allow.

Estra could feel onrushing fire of explosion hurrying along to give her the rushing trip around the stars she was again looking for.

Estra exhausted by her consummate enjoyment, lay, sweating, panting, in her husbands contented arms, talking and kissing in the after sweetness of when deep love exists between a man and a woman in their lovemaking, so rudely interrupted by the noise of a voice calling, "Are you home Captain Porgueett", slightly startling their contentment.

“Are you home Captain Porgueett, it is I, Vora Cov, naval Attaché here in Veea-Lei-Ezez. I need to speak to you urgently” Cov yelled.

“Around the back Mr Cov, we are around the back, come around in five minutes and I will see you”, Porgueett giving Estra and himself time needed to ready themselves.

Cov waited the five minutes impatiently tapping his cane on the cobble stone path, counting each moment he was kept at bay, until he hobbled around to the back of the large house to be greeted by Porgueett; “I am Captain Diss Porgueett, this is my wife Estra, how may I be of assistance to you Mr Cov?”

“Good day and pleased to meet you Mrs Porgueett, good day and pleased to meet you captain Porgueett. I have new orders for you”.

“No, no, you cannot have my Diss so soon”, Estra holding tightly onto her husband.

“I truly am so sorry to take him away from you but we have an emergency, we need a very capable captain, for our warship “Vinhoze”, to replace a very recently deceased captain Tiago Ijón.

The Vinhoze had been raising anchor in “Salla-Del”, Captain Ijón had been standing on deck giving orders to sail from port, suddenly clutching at his heart dropping to the deck in much pain.

The crew did what they could, but so sadly, captain Ijón died in moments, officers of Vinhoze dropped anchor, contacting the port authorities then the navy.

Captain Porgueett, you are the only ably experienced captain in Portugal, at the moment not in command of a fit sailing ship.

I say fit to sail ship, because I know about your ship the Gachav is weeks away from being ready to sail.

Captain your orders are sealed, this is why I openly talk of you new command in front of your most trustworthy loving wife.

Captain, your orders are to sail as captain of Vinhoze, this much I can tell you, your course, destination, are sealed in the captain's cabin of the Vinhoze.

Captain you are to leave immediate for the port of Salla-Del, the quickest I can get you there is by fast coach. There will be a coach within the hour to race you to the Vinhoze, Captain, and to you Mrs Porgueett, I am sorry for the secrecy and haste of the new command.

Captain you will understand, once at sea in opening your orders" Cov leaving with the same hobbling speed with which he arrived.

"No Diss, no, we have not had enough time together" Estra hugging Diss sobbing as she lavished kisses over his face.

"Estra, I love you so much I have not the intelligence of words to explain how deep I do love you", Diss in telling Estra through their tears intermingling on their faces tasting on each parting lip's words.

"Diss I promise, I, will take my own life if you do not return alive unharmed to me, promise me, promise me, for I have a feeling I will not see you again, you have to promise me, Diss, promise me, I love you, Diss, I love you, Diss".

Diss Porgueett closed his lips on his wife's sweet lips, silencing her with his promise to return to her, telling again his love for her, Diss and Estra made haste packing clothes and other things the captain would need back out at sea.

They had been unable to quickly partake of any more urgent lovemaking, before they heard the noisy orders from the coach driver to his horses, pulling them up outside their house, waiting for the captain to open his front door.

Diss and Estra walked out to the waiting coachman, “Mr Diss Porgueett” called down the coachman to Diss.

“Yes, I am Captain Diss Porgueett”, Diss answered the driver, quickly turning around to face his lovely crying wife.

“Estra, I love you so much I will be back before your roses bloom again, I promise”, Diss spoke gently to Estra as the coachman took his baggage, tying it down on the coach as Diss again hugged and kissed his wife, waving goodbye from inside the cabin of the coach, looking back at Estra, as Estra stood transfixed to the spot watching the coach rattle out of sight to the horse’s whipped full gallop.

The coach raced into the town of Salla-Del, to having changing horses three times because of their galloping over the long distance, pulling up alongside a warship Vinhoze, anchored awaiting Captain Porgueett’s arrival.

The officers of the Vinhoze, introducing themselves in salutes, welcomed their captain aboard.

“Gentlemen, make haste to sea away from port, I will give course setting shortly, but for now make straight from port, I see tide and wind are our ally at the moment”, were Captain Porgueett first orders of his new command.

Captain Porgueett watched the crew of the Vinhoze, make way to sail from anchor in very reasonable time, Diss feeling so alive, hearing hypnotic creaking of rigging, begin straining as the Vinhoze made out of port towards the open vastness of the ocean.

Porgueett was sad to be away from his wife so soon, but happy his ship was nicely out to sea, urgently making his way to the captain's cabin to locate his sealed orders, awaiting him with the new log for the Vinhoze.

Porgueett opened waxed seal of the Portuguese navy, reading his orders, safe to revel to all his officers and crew, now they were far enough away from port to stop anyone's word to be sent back.

Porgueett had his officers called to his cabin knowing the crews scuttlebutt would find out sooner than later.

“Gentlemen, we sail to attack our enemies, French, and the Spanish, are amassing great fleets, some in ports, some under waiting sails ready at sea.

The English have made plans with Portugal of attacks against French and Spanish in their own ports at same time.

The English will attack the harbours and towns with their newly machined long range cannon, the Portuguese will be the protectors of the British warships destroying the ports, from attack by the French or Spanish galleons.

English and Portuguese warships are to sail in fleet formation until we reach French and Spanish waters, then, gentlemen, while the main battle fleets go on to attack the French and Spanish fleet the pre-arranged ships, split off, one English warship and one Portuguese will attack five ports.

Both coastlines of France, Spain, are to be vigorously attacked at the same time according to plan within hours of each other not days apart.

Gentlemen this undertaking is unheard of, yet I praise the battle plan if it is to bring this war to an abrupt end with a Portugese and English victory.

My orders gentlemen are to sail to meet the English warship “Brantton”, having been refitted with the newest cannons of the English fleet, gentlemen, my orders state she is massively armed, she was also sent after the Delf Waig, same as we were on the Gachav before we were damaged by Delf Waig.

Gentlemen, the English and the Portugese fleets, are at sail, all our, and English warships, are recalled from their previous orders to join the assault on our enemies.

We are to join the Brantton under co-operative orders of myself and the English Captain Humas, in case of enemy engagement until we reach the main battle fleets.

Gentlemen, a toast to our King, the English King, to victory, to Portugal, to England, salute gentlemen”.

Porgueett offered with his raised glass to his officers, toasting in return.

“Now Gentlemen, make sail to meet the Brantton, let us hope her guns are as fearsome as my orders suggests, to victory gentlemen once again”.

CHAPTER 6.

“A COURSE REGRETTED FOR TWO SISTERS”

The “Lejara” and the “Naspi” were sister ships to the Delf Waig, same displacement, same sails configuration, all had same number of cannons, all built to the same Spanish design.

Captain, Cia Elloso of the Lejara, and Captain Pcion Euss, of the Naspi, been given orders to destroy Delf Waig, wherever they found her, no mercy to be accorded.

The orders stated to pursue her to any waters friendly or foe, thence to destroy her and her pirate crew, with most extreme prejudice possible.

Neither captain was aware what the Delf Waig had caused by her sinking of the “La Fare” and her escort the “Jessa Moinee”.

Time of their orders being issued, sinking of the two ships, La Fare and Jessa Moinee, still remained somewhat unknown, other, than to the evil men sailing the Delf Waig herself.

The captains orders had been issued for the piracy of the Delf Waig, the murders of her crew, the murders of the Gefgaraz’s crew, along with her sinking.

Captain Pcion Euss to be in charge, with Captain Cia Elloso, being his first command, to assist Euss under direct orders; stated orders of Spanish naval commanders.

The Lejara and Naspi had been chasing the Delf Waig on any course, of not knowing where she was, or what port she may be in or have been in, only knowing from ship's scuttlebutt, that the pirates had renamed her Chuchoter.

Lejara, Naspi, continued calling into ports of Spain, and France, hoping some knowledge from some sailor or officer might proffer information helpful to the Delf Waig's whereabouts.

Crews from both ships learned only the stories, told and retold, gaining more with each retelling, yet these tales could not be relied on to be anywhere near accurate, giving nothing substantial to set a course upon.

Re-supplying in the French port "Seile Du Adg", the captains received positive information about Delf Waig's attack and sinking of a Spanish merchant the "Magalena" in Spanish waters under guise of being French ship Chuchoter, from some of the very lucky survivors, in fact, the first, and only survivors from a Delf Waig attack.

When pieced put together, their first hand accounts of events told a story of thus; "The Chouchoter had flagged to the Magalena she was named "Chuchoter", her home port was Gerstele, on the French mainland.

The Chouchoter flagged that her orders were to patrol the French Territorial waters to protect, and help escort any French ship to port or safe anchorage, there were reports of pirates attacking in this area".

Captain Tonya Birette of the Magalena, had said to his officers; "The Admiralty must have been so worried, we would be attacked by reported pirates to send us a warship to guard against pirate attack, we will be most cautious, but logical reason suggests she must have been sent as flagged.

Send this message to the Chuchoter; “Captain Tonya Birette to the captain of the Chuchoter, qualify your design and build, you are not of French origin”.

Delf Waig, disguised as the Chuchoter, flagged back; “Chuchoter to Magalena, we are Spanish design and build, yet we are owned, named, registered as we have flagged”, getting Delf Waig close enough to strike at the Magalena, which she did with dreadful results for Magalena and crew.

Both captains realized this information was of terrible consequence, yet it was most important new news to date of the Delf Waig’s position, no matter what name she chose to sail under, she would always remain the cursed Delf Waig.

The Naspi and Lejara sailed for the reported area of Delf Waig, arriving in five and a half-days, then spending another week in search for the Delf Waig, before once again having to leave the area, clueless as to where she was.

The ship’s captains, officers, crews, were becoming increasingly despondent over never finding any signs of the Delf Waig.

Many, many, times the two captains discussed to just what course to set, each time they came up with the same answers, just what course could they set other than the ones they now sailed to.

They had no good solid positions of the Delf Waig, the course they did chase the Delf Waig on gathered from the most unreliable people and places.

Another day’s fruitless sailing, the lookouts told there was some wreckage off to starboard.

“Captain Euss, it looks like bow timbers of a ship”.

The Naspi slowed by dropping her mainsails, as did the Lejara.

Euss stood Naspi well off the wreckage, in case there were some submerged snags waiting to hole unwary ship.

Captain Euss ordered a boat be launched with eight men to carefully approach the wreckage to find out exactly what the debris was.

The sailors from the Naspi in their small boat, slowly rowed towards the wreckage, with one of the crew leaning over the bow of the rowboat watching for anything hiding under the water.

Reaching the wreckage, they could see it was about seven feet of splintered and burnt timbers under the waves with her name hidden by the water, except for the sailor at the front of the rowboat to make out her name, telling the wreckage belonged to the “Heloin”.

The other sailors in the small row-boat viewed the large submerged sign as they drifted by, finished checking the immediate area for any other wreckage or signs, before returning to the Naspi with the wooden name.

“Captain, here is the wreckage of an English ship the “Heloin” I could tell she is English by letters of her name”.

Captain Euss called his officers together, addressing the issue; “Gentlemen what in heavens name is a smashed piece of bow wreckage, of an English ship doing this close to Spanish and French waters.

I want you to check our position, note on our vast sea maps where we found the wreckage, and her name.

Gentlemen, three reasons come to my mind why this piece of wrecked English ship is in these waters; One, she was a pirate ship herself, sunk attacking one of our ships, Two, a British warship, sunk fighting this war, and ocean currents have carried her away from where originally sunk.

Three, this one has my taste buds drooling gentlemen, if she was victim to the Delf Waig, that could put the Delf Waig in international waters.

If it was the Delf Waig attacking the merchant traders of the English and Portuguese, they will attack her on sight, seeing she is of Spanish design and build with our distinct sail configuration, thus gentlemen, she could be loaded with her plundered booty needing a safe port to re-supply for her next escapade, and the closest friendly pirate port we know about is “Wynimi” on the Barbary Coast.

We set sail for the Mediterranean Sea, plot our fastest course to Wynimi, Mr Esilis, flag the captain on the Lejara, our course change, now gentlemen lets see if we can at last catch this devil’s beast and her murderous crew.

Also gentlemen before we leave here we will destroy the bow wreckage, not out of some fantasy it is an English ship, no gentlemen, I was going to leave the wreckage float to hopefully hit and damage one of our enemies ships.

Then the thought occurred to me, it might be one of our own ships it hits and damages, so I decided to destroy the piece of bow wreckage”, captain Euss really pleased with his deductions.

Naspi and Lejara hoisted full sail to Esilis’s course, captain Euss ordering gun crew one, to fire upon the bow wreckage from 250 yards away, he had thrown back into the sea, smashing the large piece of bow timber to harmless pieces of flotsam to wash up on some beach to be burnt in someone’s fire, it was also a little bit of target practice for when they catch up with the Delf Waig.

Two weeks hard sail, had the lookouts sighting land with both ships bearing down on the port of Wynimi.

Both ships were making ready knots when lookouts reported there were no ships at anchor, there was no sign of sails any where, in desperateness they had missed to catch the Delf Waig at anchor.

Captain Euss ordered Naspi and Lejara to drop their main canvas, proceed very carefully into port, very mindful, these pirate ports welcomed with open arms, any ship, be it French, English, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Italian, Greek Chinese, any country's ship capable of making the port, as long as there was gold coin involved, all were welcome.

The gods themselves would only know, whom of the ancient mariners had at one time or another also paid visits to these Barbary ports, thought captain Euss, as the Naspi and Lejara dropped anchor.

As soon as Naspi and Lejara were docked securely, moored to the docks, Euss sent word over to the Lejara with his complements, asking could captain Elloso join him on the deck of the Naspi at his earliest convenience.

Captain Elloso learning very fast about unsaid things in complementary requests, returned with the messenger to the Naspi.

Captain Elloso standing on deck with captain Euss, listened while Euss addressed the crew; "Some of you men are rostered to stay on board, guard the ship whilst we take on fresh foods and supplies, you will also have your turn ashore, so I will speak to you all so I do not have to repeat myself.

Gentlemen, first I want to say, have a good time on shore, secondly, I want you all, in the places you visit to be very open that we chase the Delf Waig, now men go and enjoy yourselves".

No sooner had Euss finished addressing men, then he dismissing his crew, whence in a mad scramble of effective hollering to shore's enjoyment, they extraordinarily fast, did disembarked.

Euss called to Mestor Esilis, second in command, to come over to him, recording in his mind that Esilis, still had the look of disbelief on his face over the captain telling the men to openly tell, Naspi and Lejara were pursuing the Delf Waig.

"I see by the expression on your face Mr Esilis, you wonder why I said what I did to the men."

"Captain, I never question your orders" replied Esilis.

"Your words may not Mr Esilis, but your expressions on your face gives you away.

Mr Esilis I am not in habit of explaining my orders to my officers, I expect my orders never to be questioned, yet I feel in this particular instant some sort of explanation is warranted.

I want the men in their visits to whores, grog houses, opium dens, let it be known we openly chase the Delf Waig, as through this loose talk the Delf Waig would undoubtedly receive word from the spies who infest these ports, that two Spanish warships have been taken out of the war fleet.

To specifically chase her, then, her captain might just sail to plunder our enemies ships, and this Mr Esilis would not only make our enemy chase them, it could pull more ships from their war fleets, helping us greatly" captain Euss explained to Esilis.

"Captain, my most humble apologies for expressions of doubts on my face, I see as usual you think far ahead of myself, apologies, captain" said very chasten Mestor Esilis.

Cia Elloso thought to himself that he had just been given another lesson from Euss, because he had the same querying look on his face, as did Esilis.

Elloso bade Euss a parting salute returning to Lejara, repeating to his men what Euss had said to the crew of the Naspi.

A week of nervousness in port with the fresh food and supplies loaded, had captain Euss, and Captain Elloso wanting to sail, especially after signalman on the Naspi, Stebeh Lvah, cutting his shore leave short, reported back to Euss that he had obtained some useful information from a prostitute, about the Delf Waig.

“Captain, this whore was badly mistreated by one of the sailors\officers, captain what do we call the pirates who command, give orders on their stolen ships” asked Lvah.

“Your information please, Mr Lvah, you may call them captain, officers, just as onboard, so I can understand the information perfectly” replied Euss.

“Captain, this whore had been badly beaten the last time the Delf Waig was in this port, many months ago, she remembered easily, because the second in command of the Delf Waig, when had finished with her, then all but killed her, by beating her till she passed out and could not work for weeks, nothing had been done as he paid her pimp gold coins making him happy to leave the matter alone.

She remembers the captain of the Delf Waig liked to abuse the young children prostitutes as he was having sex with them, but Captain, here is the really important bit of her information, yesterday a couple of prospectors visited her brothel, they had heard on the road, of a pirate ship in the port of “Narsoom” splashing around gold coin.

Laughingly boasting it was from English, Portuguese donations from their kindness.

The slut said the prospectors payed to have her all the morning, didn't seem to be able to get enough of her cuntie, and between the bouts of their fucking her for hours, they told her, they wished for some of the gold them sailors from the Delf Waig in Narsoom had.

She said the grog innkeeper visiting his favourite girl told of sailors on other ships very drunkenly talking among themselves at his inn, had also told of the Delf Waig's crew boasting about the gold.

Captain she told me of this only because I had payed well for this information having fucked her, I was getting dressed told her as you said to do, we chase the Delf Waig.

We have been lucky the second in command of the Delf Waig like to beat up women, have we not captain" said an excited Stebeh Lvah to his captain.

Captain Euss, immediately ordered all shore leave to be cancelled as of this moment, all crewmen and officers to return to their ships, no matter what condition they are in, and get word to Captain Elloso that we sail for the port of Narsoom, immediately the crews are back on board and the tides allow.

Once under full sail in deeper water, on board Naspi, captains Euss, Elloso, their second officers were discussing tactics, the best way to attack the Delf Waig in the port of Narsoom.

This meeting was deemed to be informal, with the men sharing a drink, pipe smoking, respectfully of never straying from cautiously speaking in the pecking order of their turn.

Each giving their thoughts, of best way to attack the Delf Waig, knowing Delf Waig was as heavily gunned as themselves, their meeting suddenly broken up by lookouts warning a bad storm was fast approaching.

Captain Elloso, his first officer, Kaj Mssac, n quickly climbed down the rope ladder hanging down the side of the Naspi, boarding the small boat tied to the ropes, hurriedly rowing back to the Lejara.

The violence of the storm, speed with which it struck, had taken all the seasoned sailors by surprise, as no sign of any storm had been sighted, when Captain Euss had called the meeting, the lookouts had reported clear cloudless skies.

Lejara was the first ship to feel the brunt of the storm, quickly followed by the Naspi, buffeted by the sea around both ships, chopped and whipped with the waves increasing dangerously in size every minute, by ferocity of the angriest wind either ship had encountered.

The crews of the ships were scrambling and running up along the masts and cross masts, dropping sails, securing the riggings of the massive main masts of the ship herself, with the cross masts having twenty or more men on them, all working to secure the ship as the ship rocked from side to side and bow to stern.

Even these two huge wooden battle ships were tossed as a plaything to waves crashing all over the decks, trying to break the timbers, holding fast against the lashing waves anxious to get below to flood the decks.

Fortunately the captains sailing experience, told them they had to run with the wind or they would be swamped or overturned, it would be a losing battle to argue with this magnitude of a storm.

Naspi and the Lejara running with wind were being blown many miles off course, riding the storm for nearly a full day until it abated to disappear as all storms had done since time immemorial.

The winds and waves as a parting gesture, gave one last almighty blow, settling down to a manageable fresh breeze of white topping the easing waves, for the Naspi and Lejara to check, repair, any damage, resuming their course to Narsoom.

Lookouts reported port of Narsoom, yet again there was no report of sails or a ship docked fitting Delf Waig's description in port.

The both ships anchored in port, once again the crews were told to openly tell they chase the Delf Waig, with new information coming back to captain Euss, thanks to a small bag of gold, they had missed the Delf Waig by less than a day, she had sailed as soon as the storm let up.

Delf Waig had made most of higher tides from the storm, sailed quickly from port, her sails were gone from any direction of the skyline, as if she just vanished.

Captain Euss could not control his frustration at so closely missing the Delf Waig, kicking his chair against the wall of his cabin, "This Delf Waig with her captain must so truly be charmed as the legend of the devil's beast speaks, maybe so, maybe so, but as things go, yet I'll wager a large bag of gold coin, that the Delf Waig must have had warning we were closing on her.

Have I been to smart for our own good, letting it be known we chase her, allowing Delf Waig to put a horizon's distance between us, to where does she head, to where does she head, Mr Elloso, to where, to where, does she head".

Pondered Euss, talking to captain Elloso, after Elloso gave Euss the news of the Delf Waig, that one of his crew had given him, leaving Euss in his pensive mood.

Euss tossing and turning, in his now remorselessly uncomfortable bunk, bitterly restless in his thoughts, to this lowest of low moods, 'has it been over two years chasing the Delf Waig.

Two years away from family and friends, living and chasing the places of old news, more than two years gone in chasing a pirate ship, its captain and crew, what now has a command, my command, come to, have I become another embarrassment to the navy, to send me on a most fruitless chase, we might as well chase the endless wind itself.

Euss was impelled by his brain, wanting respite from the burning of such hot pondering, to get up, pour himself a sailor's proportioned drink, lighting up some opium in his old stained ivory pipe, to stop him wallowing in his dreams.

Captain Euss awoke to a burning hot sun of this truly beautiful tropical port, recovered from his self-wallow as he cleaned himself up, emerging on deck, saluting Esilis as he took command.

"Mr Esilis, get word to Captain Elloso, we sail on the tide, I will give our course, once out of port, what course do we set Mr Esilis, for all we know the Delf Waig might be a sailing in the opposite direction to our course", Euss saying with the sound of despair back in his voice.

The Lejara and the Naspi sailed from Narsoom, with Euss's idealistic hope of catching the Delf Waig, waning as the setting sun, captain Euss had no more idea than any one else did on his ship, where Delf Waig might be, walking to his cabin, strangely in asking, Stebeh Lvah to join him.

In his cabin with Lyah, “Mr Lvah, I admit to you, that I have no clue, only guesses to what port, do we need head, to chasing, meeting the Delf Waig.

I have spread the map out studying where she hides, I still I find no comfort of no knowledge of her whereabouts that comes to me.

Mr Lvah, here take my compass point, I want you to close your eyes, wave your hands around as if to be sending your flag messages, and stick the point of it in any ports of the Barbary Coasts and we sail to it” said Euss.

“But captain, may I speak openly and please forgive my words if they sound contrary to your orders, but as my captain, you could do this just as easy as I, it is a really big gamble to just stick the point of a compass into a name on a map, I have no divine knowledge”, Lvah not arguing, more in a pleading of questioning the captain’s motives, that were borne out of seemingly conceding defeat, to their mission, not of his captain's character.

“Mr Lvah, to my orders, I have sailed you, the other officers and crew, under my command to places we would as Spanish sailors never in two lifetimes visit.

I start to doubt my self being a good captain, in that I have in these last years given commands that have led us no closer to the Delf Waig than when we started out.

Yes Mr Lvah, you are absolutely so correct, it is a big gamble to pick your next course by blindly jabbing a sharp point of a compass into a name on a map, but what have we left to tell us where the Delf Waig is”, Euss said with utter despondency in his voice, and on the expression of his face.

Lvah took the compass, closing his eyes, jammed the point of the compass into the name “Jadji-El-Sihai”.

“Mr Lvah, please tell Mr Esilis to plot us a course to Jadji-El-Sihai, flag Lejara the same course, once Mr Esilis has it worked out”, Euss told Lvah.

Both captains, Euss and Elloso, had often talked and agreed, because the Delf Waig was the same ship design as theirs, with the same sail power they would never catch her under sail, they would have to trap the Delf Waig at anchor, or take her by the quickest cunning surprise plan possible, if only they could get her between both ships within cannons range.

Captain Euss returned from his cabin meeting with Stebeh Lvah, standing on deck, gazing hypnotically out into the swells of greenish blue ocean perfectly buoyed against the constant gentle rolling of his ship.

Euss had his hands clasped together behind his back thinking he was back in Spain, he could feel his wife’s long luscious hair drag across his naked body tantalising him in the most gorgeous way he could imagine.

He was lovingly caressing the nipples of her ample breasts as he moved his body between her willingly parted legs for the red helmet of his hard penis, to be swallowed by her vulva oozing moisture, ready for use.

Euss was enjoying his erection to his daydreaming, as the bellowing of the lookout warning there was sail to the east on the skyline, smashed his loving thoughts of his wife like a dropped and breaking mirror.

Euss shock his head to perfectly clear it, saying to Esilis, standing with the helmsman after giving him the new course to set to, “At last the Delf Waig, after two years, the Delf Waig, has made a tactical blunder, she tries to round behind us to attack.

Flag the Lejara, we go to attack positions with course set at the sails” ordered Euss all-but jumping with joy.

The Naspi and the Lejara were at full attacking sail, cannon crews ready, cannons loaded, aimed, primed only to awaiting the touch of flame to let them off,—“French flag Captain, she flies the French Flag, she is not our design”, yelled the Crow’s nest lookout.

As the Naspi and the Lejara drew closer they could see she was not the Delf Waig she was a French warship design.

The French ship identified herself, Naspi and Lejara flagged who they were, then sending greeting to the French ship, receiving a warm greeting back.

“We are the French ship Ronais, we have splintered main mast, with broken foresail mast, may we come aboard for meeting”

“Signal back, permission granted.” said Euss.

Captain Euss welcomed the French captain of the Ronais, Arritz Scogne, and his first officer Gium Artilitsor on board offering his hospitality.

Formalities, salutes taken and given, captain Scogne told Euss he was chasing the pirate ship Delf Waig.

“Captain Scogne, we also seek the bastard Delf Waig, we have visited the ports of “Wynimi” “Narsoom” “Hama-Nuel-Ebir” “Kwus-Bn-Qor” all to no avail finding the Delf Waig.

It is indeed a very small world, would you and your officers honour my ship of meal and wine later, but for now, more of your search for Delf Waig.

Scogne told the major details taking the time up, until Euss offered the meal he spoke of earlier.

Over a very hospitable meal and drinks between the three ship's captains and officers, captain Scogne continued telling Euss about his search for the delf waig.

“Captain Euss, I am under orders to catch and sink the pirate ship Delf Waig showing no mercy.

The Ronias has been chasing the Delf Waig for nearly three years, we had been to the ports of “Sedi-Bel-Ouz” and “Hama-Nuel-Ebir” “Bhael-Vi-Kya”, after having received sketchy information Delf Waig was pirating the merchants trading the Mediterranean, and then returning to the pirate friendly ports of the Barbary coast.

We found no trace of the Delf Waig, only unreliable information, I think was planted by Delf Waig's captain.

I had been forced to head back to France as my ship needs major renovations to her main timbers, France would be the only safe place to dock her for such costly and time consuming repairs.

It would also give myself, officers, and crew some overdue time with families, to stand back on French home soil again, to imbue France into our lungs.

Some days ago a monstrous storm had struck, we had tried to out run the storm but had been caught by the storm, Ronias had sustained damage to her masts.

She was still able to sail but we need to make port as soon as we can”, told Scogne to Euss and the officers.

“Captain Scogne, can we help with any repairs before we again resume our search for Delf Waig on the morrows first light”, offered Euss.

“Thank you Captain Euss, we have repaired what can be repaired, I need safe port to complete temporary repairs, before back to France, we make for “Kwus-Bn-Qor”.

Captain Euss, we have chased this damn devil's beast pirate ship and her crew, all through French, Mediterranean, Spanish waters, but this "Delf Waig" has just vanished, how are we to catch a ship we can not find.

It is the Twelfth Day of August sixteen hundred and ninety four (12-8-1694) and we have not ever come close to the Delf Waig in three years of search" said Scogne with a shrug of his shoulders, taking large gulps of wine to helping fortify himself against his disappointment.

Euss knew exactly how this fine French captain was indeed feeling, because he himself, was also having many self-doubts, increasing in intensity the longer this chase of the Delf Waig continued.

The Lejara and the Naspi had been chasing the Delf Waig for over three years, seeming like a decade of sailing, since their orders were issued on the 20-4-1691, back in the Spanish port of Badgonla.

Euss was using the opium more and more to blot out his frustration of not finding the pirates, his moods of night in his drugged voyages, had him imagining he with the lone Devil's beast pirate captain, were swapping swordplay over the deck, up the rigging, like in the plays of his boyhood.

Captain Euss saluted captain Scogne, captain Sconge saluting back, standing on his deck, watching the Naspi and the Lejara respond to a light cool breeze, filling their canvas with sounds of the rigging serenading in a mariner's lullaby, sailing them slowly away, getting smaller to his sight on the swallowing ocean.

The main bow timbers of Lejara and Naspi pushed on through the waving waters, breaking swells with splash's of ocean, given wings to fly in droplets.

Thick cool seawater licked hungrily along barnacles clinging to the seasoned wooden timber, of the two ships in resuming their quest, mingling with the sounds of lookouts on Lejara, first to make out outline of port Jadgi-El-Sihai.

Sailing closer they yelled down there are two ships sitting on the harbour seabed with the port in ruin.

The Naspi and Lejara stood off the port's entrance of sending some sailors of both ships to look around the port and town.

Sailors landed rowboats on the rocky beach, adjacent to pulverized loading\unloading wharf, one sailor catching glimpse of movement in one of the damaged buildings.

Leader of this scouting group, fourth junior officer on the Lejara, Sik Ainsp, split the crews, Naspi crew to where the movement was coming from, he and Lejara's crew to go check the town for any survivors, gaining any details of the Delf Waig they could.

Under the tropical sun's uncompromising solar stare, human flesh violated by cannon-balls choicest shots, were starting to go rancid smelling highly to any nose it could assail.

The sailors were met at one of the damaged buildings by the survivors of the bombardment, pulling bodies from the rubble for burial, the more bodies they retrieved, more they cursed at the French in their native tongue.

“Fucken French, fucken stinking French, firing their cannon at innocent people.

Fucking cowards to blow up women and children, we were friendly to all, fuck the French for firing their cannons on us”, Ainsp had his answer of who had blown up the port, but why.

“Why had the French attacked the ships and town”, asked Ainsp of the men and women pulling out the bodies.

“We don’t know why, they just started firing without warning to anyone, we know it was a French ship by flag it flew, it was a French flag.

The ship was not like your ship, but the flag, it was French, french ships have been here before with no trouble, they just fired without warning”.

Ainsp took the Naspi crew to scout through the town joining the crew from the Lejara.

Ainsp, his man, asked any survivor they came across, could they further anymore information as to why, why had the French fired on them.

‘No one seemed to know, or certainly was not saying if they knew’, thought Rik Ainsp, walking through the door of the building, where the injured people were being brought to the makeshift hospital.

Doctor Gish was dressing his right hand the best he could, having to use his left hand, turning around when he heard movement behind him.

“My name is Rik Ainsp from the Lajara, I only seek answers, why did the French destroy the ships and port, and you are”, demanded Ainsp of the doctor.

“Doctor Petrie Osl Amsetpra Gish, a countryman of yours Mr Ainsp”, said Gish taking Ainsp’s right hand in his left hand in a sort of greeting handshake.

“Thank god your Spanish, doctor, I might get some real answers now”, Ainsp said to Gish.

Gish firmly gripped Ainsp’s arm telling him he really needed privacy of his office, if he was heard to be giving of secrets of the port to the Spanish he just might not wake up.

Closing the door of his office after taking a last look outside, he told Ainsp to ask what ever he wanted, he would try to answer.

“Doctor I have simple questions, how do you know it was a French ship, why did she destroy the port, what were they looking for”, asked Ainsp of Gish.

“Mr Ainsp, how do I know it was the French, here”, said Gish holding his bandaged right hand up in Ainsp’s face.

“Here, Mr Ainsp is my proof, fucken bastard French, look what they have done to my hand, the hand of a doctor.

The French thought that one of the ships in port was the Delf Waig, they for some reason must be chasing her.

They fired without warning, sinking the ships, then destroyed the port, killing many innocent people.

French sailors came into town so very unhappy, when they found out neither of the ships was the Delf Waig, they killed more people by torturing them without finding what they wanted to, because they had cannon balled the town and its innocent people.

The French sailors came to me, demanding where is the Delf Waig, how long was it since she had been in port.

They accused me, as I was the port’s doctor, I must have heard from one of my patients about the Delf Waig.

Mr Ainsp I also hate the French for killing so many innocent people of the town, I told them I knew nothing of the Delf Waig or her whereabouts.

At first I resisted their threats, until they finally stuck my right hand in burning coals, my hand, a doctor’s hand, I hate them French cunts”, Gish crying holding his right hand up again for Ainsp to see how crippled it was now.

“Doctor I am sorry for your injury, please compose yourself and continue” said Ainsp to the sobbing Gish, Gish taking some deep breaths to settle himself, continued telling Ainsp about the French.

“They put my hand on the burning coals, I screamed out in pain, I am a doctor please no more to my hand, I will tell all I know of the Delf Waig, but please no more pain I screamed out.

I told them the Delf Waig had been in port, but she had left to attack an English trader full of gold returning to England”, told Gish.

“The Delf Waig, are you sure Doctor, about the Delf Waig sailing to English waters”, Ainsp excited, at last some latest news of the Delf waig.

“I tell a fellow countryman truth about the Delf Waig, I saw her myself, I treated her captain for his wounds.

Her crew got drunk as crews do, they spoke loosely about their next ship they attack would be English. and they boasted the ship would be in English waters, this is all I do know of the Delf Waig”, a very upset Gish looking at his bandaged hand sighing, then starting to sob again.

“Thank you doctor Gish for your most valuable help, we also hunt the Delf Waig, thank you again doctor”, said Ainsp before running out of the hospital leading the sailors back to the ships.

Ainsp reported directly to captain Euss on the Naspi telling him exactly what doctor Gish had told him.

“Mr Ainsp is this information really reliable you tell me about the Delf Waig” Euss bluntly asked Ainsp.

“Yes captain, all the people were cursing the French out aloud for firing their cannons on them.

Doctor Gish is Spanish, he showed me fresh burns on his hand under the bandages, from the French pushing his hand into fire's coals, torturing him for information about the Delf Waig, he has no reason to lie", replied Ainsp.

"Then let us waste not a second's more time, we also sail for English waters.

Captain Scogne of the Ronais, having made no ready mention of attacking Jadji-El Sihai, gives me to a thinking, that maybe, another French ship also chases the Delf Waig.

French, Portuguese, English, and ourselves, surely, one of us will get the Delf Waig, it is but only a matter of us avoiding the English fleets once in their waters till we find and sink the Delf Waig.

Set full canvas and course to English seas, hopefully this time we catch our quarry" Euss said with a renewing of verve in his speech.

Naspi and Lejara sailed far enough apart to be able to see each others sails on the skyline, until they reached into English territory.

The ships then came closer to protect one-and-other in their searching pattern they were sailing to.

It was very frustrating to be in a searching pattern on the open sea, but patience brings its own rewards as an old saying professed, as the Naspi's lookouts saw a set of sails on the skyline.

'Please God, let the sails be those of the Delf Waig', begged Captain Pcion Euss quietly to himself.

The Delf Waig was now infamously feared, but not by Euss, he was itching to catch the Delf Waig, as that of a sting or rash that needs to be scratched to make the pain go away, he was itching.

Captain Euss promised himself he would very much enjoy sinking the Delf Waig, for his chasing after her, had cost him more than he was ever prepared to give, once he was first ordered to chase her.

Euss thought the Naspi and Lejara would catch and sink the Delf Waig within a short time, and he could return to fighting the war, with home visits every so many longest months.

Now this infernal endless quest was into latter parts of the third year, away from everything he held dear, wife he adored, Spanish soil, the smell of the countryside of his birth, his parents, his brother and sisters his friends, it was not as if it was a voyage of discovery requiring the years, it was chasing a damn pirate ship.

Euss promised himself he would take all this built up inner hurting, out on the Delf Waig when he found her.

Euss also found, he was starting to realise how much he was changing, from being so self assured of his orders to his officers and crew, he was now beginning to repeat some orders in his head, going over and over it to see if sounded right, exactly as he was repeating in his head, ‘please let the sails, be those of the Delf Waig’.

CHAPTER 7.

“BY GENETIC LINAGE”

The “Delf Waig” and Captain Rarkom’s exploits were growing each time they were retold in the drunken talk of the whore houses, grog shops, opium dens, with little bits added here and there with each retelling.

Rarkom had become, to be called many unflattering things as all pirates gets to become called, in the nature of his life.

The Delf Waig, herself, was also given a name, and taken on by her crew as their new unofficial name, “Diable Bateau”, very roughly translated from French to English it meant the “Devil’s ship\Devil ship”.

This name came about for the Delf Waig and her evil captain, for his fondness for raping and killing any woman or children, captured on the ships Delf Waig plundered.

If no woman or children were on the attacked ships Rarkom and his crew would pick out the youngest and best looking of the males using them sexually, then tossing them overboard.

Delf Waig had plundered the Portuguese merchant ships, “Elsnich,” “Golmo” and “Lupr” the English spice trader “Heloin,” the French supply ship “Degollet,” the Spanish trader “Magala,” and two Dutch ships the “Kan Wijk” and “Fiejkor Wedd.”

These ships had all been attacked, plundered, in their own territorial waters as if to taunt their respective powers to catch the Delf Waig.

Rarkom had in the nearly three years after sinking the La Fare and Jessa Moinee, attacked any ship he could find including the slave ships.

Rarkom found these slave ships carried no gold or cargo of any ready value to pirates.

Occasionally he would attack, board, the slave ships, check for gold, mainly to take some slaves to enjoy back on the Delf Waig, but normally leaving the slavers to virtually sail immune from his attack, as it was not really worth the time and effort of attacking a slave ship, to then on sell the slaves, when Delf Waig could better off plunder the traders.

Merchant traders carried some cannon for protection, but not the amount of cannons arming the Delf Waig.

The Delf Waig enjoyed her piracy virtually free from attack on herself by any fleet or number of ships due simply to the war requiring all the ship a country could sail at her enemy in self-preservation.

To weaken naval strength, sending anymore than one, maybe two ships to chase pirates, could always be hunted down after the war was won, it was so deemed as taking an unnecessary gamble.

The Delf Waig had attacked and sunk more ships, but these had been in international waters and some were never reported as pirated, they thought lost to bad storms, these pirates tried so hard to never leave survivors to tell tales.

More drunken boasts from the Delf Waig's crew, in some pirate ports, gave light to the pirate's game, tying up a captain of a captured ship high up on his mast.

Trying to hit him with canon ball after plundering his ship, this was not the worst indictment, it was the butchery, the massacre of the Jessa Moinee's, and La fare's crews, it was what had been inflicted upon innocent children, women to a lesser extent the male, passengers of La fare, that had at first given rise to Delf Waig's hated name.

The Delf Waig's treatment of La Fare's passengers, three years before, had insulted all powers sense of decent behaviour, each sending ships after the Delf Waig, because of the loose drunken talk of the crews from the Delf Waig after sinking the La Fare, their blabbing about what actually happened to female passengers, innocent children, quickly reached across the seas.

The King of England, through his emissaries abroad, received secret word from a well placed agent, working in the port of Jadjj-El-Sihai, reporting the same evidence of actually seeing the Delf Waig in port, and being able to get some of the drunken crew easily talking over free drinks, this information giving the King irrefutable evidence what had happened to the passengers of the La fare and the peace deal.

The King thus ordered his admiralty immediately; "to make available from the war's effort, one of our best, finest equipped, heavily armed battle-ships, capable of sinking the Delf Waig, by herself.

The captain, of said command, given open orders to sink, every pirate vessel encountered, destroy any ports, kill as many enemy he saw fit, in pursuit of his royal warrant".

The captain chosen by the king's admiralty was to be one, Captain Humas, the kings trusted confidant, was to let know only the highest ranking admiralty know the secret.

Why it was king's express order, that Humas be given total control of his royal roving engagement.

The king, through his court's advisers meddling and weaving plots, counter plots, schemings, thought just who better to send after to kill a devil, than a man not scared of his own dying, or facing what the devil might throw at him, as the man had very openly raged, after hearing of the fate of the La fare, he wanted to stand at the devil, face to face, kill him most extraordinarily violent.

Captain Issac Belverdere Humas given command of the "Brantton", sailing with his top secret orders, known to but a few of the highest ranking admiralty, with some very, very, trusted palace officials also privy to the information.

On the King's express orders, it had come to be, that, Captain Issac Belverdere Humas had been given command of the Brantton, one of the English finest warships, re-fitted with the recently invented, way of moulding new cannons, giving her cannons, more accurate and much longer range.

There were some better exemplary commanders of a ship in the English navy, none burnt with a same insatiable hungry revenge, as did Captain Issac Belverdere Humas.

Brantton was upon the wildness of high seas, Humas ordered a course change to a pirate's port of Jadji-El-Sihai, arriving in the twilight mist of dusk, Brantton dropping all mains sail and anchored, just out of port Jadji-El-Sihai, for a contingent of a few men to man the oars, for a single man to reach shore.

These ports of call were welcome to any ship as long as coin changed hands, "it mattered not what the cut of your Jib", Humas iterated with the man, the tiny boat was rowed away to shore, for a man's long jump onto the land.

The small boat was rowed back out to join anchored Brantton. this small boat was kept in the water tied to the side of the Brantton, being unoccupied for six hours, when to the three o'clock light of the night, she was again rowed to shore for the lone man to get aboard to be rowed back to the Brantton.

Arriving at the side of Brantton, the small row boat was hauled back aboard, as the men and the man who had gone ashore were climbing up the ladder hanging over the side of the Brantton.

The man whom had gone ashore, rushed straight onto the captain's cabin once safely back on board, he knocking urgently on the captain's door; "Captain, may I come in, it's able seaman Ron Gerf".

"Yes, yes, come in", Captain Humas eager to learn of any news from the man.

"Gerf, tell me, what you learned in Jadgi-El-Sihai, is the Delf Waig here, or where is she", Captain Humas quick to have answers.

"I made contact with our man in Jadgi-El-Sihai, he said the Delf Waig sailed but two days ago, and nothing has been heard of her position since" told Gerf.

"Was our man sure, no crew from the Delf Waig were there, well then, what are the other two ships anchored in port" Captain Humas asking with an almost despondent tone to his voice.

"Captain there is no crew from the Delf Waig in port, the two ships at anchor, are pirate's ships, the "Alldrea" and the "Nortezz".

"Good, on morning's first light we will give them a welcome of our best cannon ball", Humans sounding of joy.

“Goodnight Gerf, will you ask Mr Swanzson, would he come to my cabin” Humas said to Gerf, Humas finished writing in his journal idly remembering why Gerf had come to be on board.

The British had agents undercover in many ports of their enemies in peace or war, Gerf an agent sent aboard as an able seaman to assist in capture of the pirates, knowing who in the ports they visited were the agents, to secretly get their trusted worthy information.

Gerf knew some, from prior meetings, others, he had contacted by words, whatever's been worked out previously.

Neither crew, nor officers of the Brantton, had even a slightest knowledge, that Gerf was a King's agent, he kept his identity cover by volunteering for this mission as an able seaman, if in the ruse of things it called for someone to go on a dangerous scouting mission to shore, he would always wait till someone else volunteered then he would do the same, this kept the crew in belief Gerf was just another sailor, arse kissing his captain.

Captain Humas was deep in thought about Gerf, as Swanzson knocked on his cabin door, asked for permission to enter the captain's cabin.

“Permission granted Mr Swanzson, please come in, and close the door.

Mr Swanzson, I need your solemn word as an officer as to keeping the secrecy of what I tell you”.

Swanzson gave his word, Captain Humas told of Gerf being a British spy, “we two are the only ones on this ship who knows Gerf really is, Mr Swanzson, have just received information from Gerf's mission into port, he reports Delf Waig sailed two days ago, no word of her since.

Gerf said two pirate ships Nortezz and Alldrea are at anchor, with most of their crews scattered about shore.

Mr Swanzson I want you to make ready the cannons for my command as soon as the morning light permits.

Ready for destruction of said ships, then port, of first light's availability.

First sink the two pirate ships, then rake port, totally destroy the port, am I clear Mr Swanzson", captain Humas raising his voice to his second in command.

"Absolutely clear, may I say it will be my pleasure to finally get a shot at the pirates, captain", saluted Swanzson as he left.

Day breaking to the flush of sweet morning dew, giving the sighters of the cannons, enough light to aim in their guns, as all was ready awaiting the captain's orders to fire.

The guns on the Brantton were the best precision of machining the British had achieved in barrels up to this point in time.

These cannons of the Brantton could deliver a shot of ball farther away than had ever been envisaged from any types of cannons, being extremely accurate to their very different design of founding.

In the deadly game of subterfuge Captain Humas had the Brantton hoist the French flag, so the populous on shore would identify her as French, when all this was over.

Swanzson told Gunnery officer Beletery to fire on captain Humas orders.

"Fire when ready Mr Swanzson", ordered Humas.

"Gunners mate's fire", yelled Beletery.

The first shots smashed into the mast of the Nortezz.

Before the mast hit the deck, more shots fell all over the Nortezz as if rain from nowhere.

There was pandemonium on the ships as the cannon balls were coming as fast as light itself, from the French ship, setting sail outside the port's mouth.

The wooden planking of the dock came under very heavy cannon fire, heaving and dislodging the shape of the dock into the air, rippling in waves of destructive power by the constant peppering of cannon fire from the French ship bombarding the area.

The Alldrea was suddenly hit on the anchor ropes as well as her decking, severing her hold on the dock, starting to drift ever so slowly out on the tide.

It was a lucky moment for her as she moved on the current, for where she was moored splashed more cannon balls.

The Nortezz was also helpless to set any sort of sail to help her seaward slide on the outgoing tide, sustaining major damage on the seaside of her bow by the cannon balls smashing a gaping hole for the water to rush in, tilting her stern high in the air to dangle as clearly as the bulls-eye on a dart board.

The British gun sighters high in the crow's nest were beside themselves at the stern of the Nortezz sitting high in the air, called down "half a precision to left" to the gunners.

Stern of the Nortezz was smashed to the water line as the British cannon balls sunk her in the port's fifteen feet of shallow water on low tide.

The Alldrea burning with her top deck nearly blown off, came in for total obliteration as Brantton's guns aimed at her for extermination.

The Alldrea all but disappeared in violent explosions of matchstick splinters, to float on the surface where once had been a ship.

Both ships had wanted to return fire, but had been unable to return fire because of the position of their ships were to their attacker, as more raining cannon ball fell upon both remaining bits of timbers that were once proud ships, rendering both ships, the total destruction, the Brantton's guns were aiming for.

Captain Humas had set the Brantton on a course so he could destroy the ships with the on side of his cannons, and by tacking, once the ships had been destroyed, he could engage the port with his other side gunners.

The Brantton did exactly this, as she entered the mouth of the port, Captain Humas ordered his guns to rake and destroy as much of the port and buildings with as much anger as possible, "spare nothing" Humas ordered.

In the port people were running from the buildings to save their lives for they knew not where the next cannon balls would strike.

The Brantton kept firing on the port until the lookouts reported the ports and docks destroyed and her buildings on fire or ruined.

Captain Humas ordered firing to cease; "Set full sail to new course for Portuguese home waters, if you please Mr Swanzson.

Once we are over the horizon, away from prying eyes Mr Swanzson, we shall take down the French flag and hoist our English colours, I wish not to sail under the French flag for any longer that I must endure it".

CHAPTER 8.

“HARD SAIL TO CANNONS WELCOME”

The Delf Waig returned to port of “Kwus-Bn-Qor”, from another one of her successful attacks on Portuguese merchant ships “Elsnich” and “Golmo”.

Kwus-Bn-Qor had been the closest port to make for, to do the majority of the repairs needed, heavy loaded with her plundered gold.

Delf Waig was carrying only moderate damage to her foresail mast, second decking timbers, and a large gaping hole well above the bow's waterline.

Majority of repairs could be done in Kwus-Bn-Qor, but she would need to go to the port of “Bissamav” to be able to acquire a new foresail mast.

Captain Rarkom's crew bought the Delf Waig into port anchoring for repairs saying to Preekle; “Look at the damage one Portuguese merchant ship did to us.

Thank fuck she wasn't a big fucken warship, or the fucken devil would be poundin both our arses, hey Osza”, Rarkom said comically, eager to visit the town delicacies.

Rarkom had gone ashore to organize and pay some gold down to ensure the repairs not only would be done, but done quickly with the repair crew working until after dark, starting again at first light, Preekle stayed on Delf Waig to oversee the repairs, just as he had done in “Bhael-Vi-Kya”.

When Delf Waig had sustained some light damage to her top decking from the Portuguese warship “Gachav”, as she attacked the merchant ship “Lupr”.

The damage was expertly repaired in weeks leaving only the foresail mast to be acquired in Bissamav.

The Delf Waig sailed to Bissamav, anchoring in the timelessness of the runs and flows of ocean water kissing the pebbles and the sands.

Pelicans floated lazily on currents of dreamy air to settle on fish filled water, clear as melted running streams off the mountains.

All aboard the Delf Waig had all been celebrating for weeks, Rarkom having the Delf Waig restocked as always at ready to sail immediately the tides were in favour.

Rarkom and Preekle had lavished themselves in this idealistic port, but it was time to think about sailing again, for Rarkom had a sense about spending too long in the one port with his crew spending gold, even though these ports were pirate friendly, word still travelled amazingly fast, also weeks in the luxury of lazing with enough gold to buy what ever you wanted, flew by in a blink, as did the gold.

The crew, Rarkom, Preekle, their bodies all wanting to spend more time in Bissamav, forever really, but time to sail, Rarkom calling his crew together readying to sail on the tide.

Once the Delf Waig was out of port and making good sail on the open water, Rarkom called Preekle to his cabin.

“Osza come in, look with me again at these maps and details we paid all that gold for back in Bissamav.

Osza, from the information written on the papers and the crude sketch of her, what do you make of her.

Noting to Preekle, the Bold Castle is typical English merchant trader with the similar design of their warships, extremely sea worthy, and designed to carry very heavy loads of cargo, AND, she is so close to us, just out of sight, just over the waves of the curving earth, my old friend.

We have got to reach the Bold Castle in a great hurry, before she exchanges her many chests of gold coins, cargo of opium, for the spices and other goods.

Osza take these maps, check the course you set for us to the Bold Castle”, Rarkom telling Preekle giving him the maps as he left the cabin, Preekle knew his captain was just making sure.

Preekle back in his own cabin, easily saw by the secretiveness of the information why they had paid so many gold coins for this detailed information back in Bissamav.

Preekle checked again the course to be set, satisfied the course was correct, took the charts to again discuss with captain Rarkom.

Preekle knocked on the captain’s door.

“Captain its Preekle, may I come in?”

“Enter” said captain Rarkom.

Laying the charts, maps, papers, out on the captain’s table, Preekle started explaining to Rarkom.

“Captain these plans of information about the Bold Castle are very detailed, as far as I, we, must assume, they are also accurate.

I have recalculated our position, and if we follow the course set down we are on now, we should get to the Bold Castle in but less than five days full-sail, she is a merchant trader much bigger and heavier than we are, this makes her slower, loaded with her cargo of gold and opium.

For the Portuguese, from the English to help their war effort, by the information on the papers we brought, she makes for the port of “Isslasiss” in Portugal.

I know we need to reach her on the open sea, before she has time to unload her gold coins, opium, and take on another cargo, or all we’ll have is spice and----” Preekle was saying more as Rarkom interrupted him.

“Yes Osza, I know what you are going to say, but let us make sure we get to her before she unloads our coins, now come with me up on deck, and we tell the crew what we are going to do” ordered Rarkom.

Rarkom climbed the few stairs from lower to top deck, walking towards the wheel and onto the higher part of the deck, calling the men to listen to him.

“Men, Mr Preekle here, has set a course for us to catch the English merchant trader, Bold Castle, sailing at normal sail to port Isslasiss on the coast of Portugal.

We need to set full sail for five days to catch up with her, before she exchanges many chests of gold coins, with her cargo of opium.

We know a great deal about her, from the information contained on the maps charts and papers here in my hands.

Mr Arville, keep the course set by Mr Preekle, keep full sail” Ordered Rarkom.

Five days of full sailing had brought the Delf Waig to roughly where the Bold Castle was supposed to be.

During these five day of hard sailing, only once did the Delf Waig have to drop sail because a storm’s raging, as soon as the storm abated and cleared, full sail again rigged.

“Crow’s nest, keep a sharp look out for Bold Castle, you have seen the sketches what she looks like.

Even if she is sailing under a different flag than the English” roared Captain Rarkom to the men in the Crow’s nest.

The Delf Waig kept her course for another two days set with minimum sail as the lookouts could see land but no Bold Castle.

Captain Rarkom and Preekle were becoming worried, talked over what course they would very soon have to set and to where.

Rarkom and Preekle in the Captain’s cabin discussing their options, when one of the lookouts yelled sails far off their stern.

Both men ran up on to the top deck but could not see any sails because the ship was so far astern and the lookouts were up top the masts.

“What ship she be lookout”, yelled Rarkom.

“Captain she be the same as the sketch I have, she be Bold Castle, and she's flying the English flag”, yelled down the lookout.

“Fuck me Preekle, I thought we missed her, but we must have passed her somewhere, not seeing her.

She must have changed from her original course as a precaution against those bad pirates” laughed Rarkom in a self-mocking that caused Preekle to laugh also.

“Come about, set full sails for the Bold Castle, she’s not heavy gunned, Mr Arville run up the English Flag.

Mr Preekle, have the gun crews ready for my orders.

Mr Arville, ready your signalman, carefully wait for my message to the Bold Castle”.

The Delf Waig starting to tack, as quick as she could, for a ship of her size needed a large area to turn in.

Delf Waig was coming about setting full sail towards the Bold Castle as she neared to easy sight.

Lookouts started screaming a warning as the first of cannon balls ripped into the rigging smashing a direct hit on the crow's nest.

The crow's nest, itself, was smashed off the mast and pelted 100 feet off the ship.

Delf Waig's masts and rigging were blasted to pieces as more cannon balls followed, totally destroying the Delf Waig's ability to move under sail.

Captain Rarkom ordered his men to fire, but the balls from the Delf Waig could not reach a Bold Castle, running parallel to the horizon, her port guns trained on Delf Waig, readying to turn and fire her starboard guns at Delf Waig.

Rarkom's found infamy with his wearing the fanciful bright, sometimes womanly looking shirts, him believing he was indeed charmed, as the port's scuttlebutt was so saying, giving him the fatality of arrogance of invincibility.

Rarkom again ordered his gunners to fire and hit the Bold Castle or he would kill the lot of them.

The Delf Waig fired a full salvo of cannon at the Bold Castle, again no cannon balls reached the decks of the Bold Castle, instead dropping with harmless splashes into ocean waves well short of their mark.

The Bold Castle started signalling to Delf Waig; "His Majestie's warship Brantton, orders Delf Waig to surrender, or HMS Brantton will sink Delf Waig forthwith by order of Captain Isaac Belverdere Humas, offering mercy, to spare all your lives".

The flagging stopped, awaiting a reply, when there was none forthcoming, more flagged messages.

From Brantton; “All aboard who surrender, will be given a fair impartial British trial, governed by the accepted rules of the waves.

I will give you two minutes to decide your fate, then my gunners will destroy your ship” signalled the Brantton.

“Fucken smart cunts, fucken English cunts, they have tricked us” cursed Rarkom.

“But, how, and where”, begged a terrified Preekle of Rarkom.

“Don’t you see Osza, the information, the sketch, the course, it was all a trick, started back in port of Bissamav, maybe even farther back that that, all planned out, and we\I fell for it, stupid cunt that I am.

Oh Osza, how stupid have I been, the English have a spy in port, supposedly selling accurate details of the ship Bold Castle, knowing we would follow such information, about an old heavy merchant trader, loaded with many chests full of silver, gold, and with a large cargo of opium, lumbering along to dock in a Portuguese port, so fucken, so fucken close to us, that we can reach her in under a week.

The English must have worked on this plan for a fair while to get not only the information, into our hands, but to get their warship into position, and all the time we were at full sail to be in Portuguese waters, we sail straight into the guns of an English man-o-war, how fucken stupid could we have become, in my own fucken arrogance” Rarkom sternly remonstrating at himself.

“Men it’s up to you to decide what you will do about surrendering, I will not surrender for I will be hanged a---” captain Rarkom didn’t have a chance to finish as Brantton started firing.

Captain Humas having looked at his timepiece, said to his second in command; “Mr Swanzson the pirates two minutes are up, re-commence firing.

Try not to sink her just yet, I want to see if that really fearsome captain Rarkom, is for ours or the devil’s taking, just cripple her some more, but keep her afloat till we board checking her booty, there could be some gold for use to his Majesty”.

Aidle Belety, Gunnery officer of the Brantton, with orders from Mr Swanzson, yelled to gunner crew leaders.

“Gun crews to keep shots confined to top two decks. as captain’s orders.

Guns aim eighteen precision points of elevation, third of a direction’s points to port.

Deck three aim twenty-one elevation points, half of a point of direction aft.

Ready gun leaders, decks one and two, fire.

Ready third gun deck, fire” Belety ordered.

Captain Rarkom and Preekle were both blown into the water with the second lot of shots, floating wounded, to the swells of the waves with the other dead crewmembers.

Parts of the top decking of the Delf Waig and men standing on it were exploded, into the air spraying them and the timbers into the choppy sea.

“Quick, quick, wave anything white in surrender, or these British cunts will take delight in using us as targets, hurry start waving” bellowed Arville.

Some of the surviving crew including Arville, started waving shirts and bits of the ripped sails to the British.

“Lookouts reports please?” Swanzson yelled to the lookouts of the Brantton.

“Delf Waig is surrendering Mr Swanzson, her crew are waving pieces of the sails and their shirts” reported the lookout of the Brantton.

“Captain, Delf Waig is dead in water, surrendered”, Bryan Watson third in command, reported to his captain.

“Excellent, damn fine gunnery Mr Watson, pass my compliments to Mr Beleter and his gun crews, damn fine gunnery” Captain Humas replied to Watson.

The Brantton came alongside with her cannons ready for a point blank broadside on the Delf Waig.

Captain Humas identified himself, called to the Delf Waig.

“Prepare your self in yield for our boarding.

We will take all surrendered men on board and treat your wounded. Captain Rarkom, come forward with your men.

All who do not wish to surrender will be left on board the Delf Waig.

All surrendered men will be treated fairly, humanely, according to British naval law” Bellowed Captain Humas at the men standing on and below the parts of the splintered decks left remaining of the Delf Waig.

“Captain Humas, our Captain Rarkom and second in command Preeke, are dead in the water with the others”, replied Arville.

“Mr Swanzson, make to water on boat, check through the bodies for any survivors, take the drawing of the pirate Rarkom and find his body, bring it on board to me” ordered Captain Humas to second in command James Swanzson.

Swanzson ordered men launch a rowboat, descending the rope ladder dropped over the side of Brantton for them.

The 119 surrendered men of the pirate crew were told to get aboard Brantton, under the watch of the British Crew.

Swanzson had his men row amongst bodies checking each face against the likeness drawing of Rarkom.

Swanzson found 17 men alive in water, pulling them on the boat finding Rarkom, Preekle, alive as well, making a total of 19 survivors among the hundreds of dead floating in the chilly ocean.

Rarkom and Preekle had been blown overboard and fallen into the sea slightly wounded, knocked unconscious by the force making their crew believe them to be dead.

Swanzson had survivors lifted roughly onto the deck paying particular attention to Rarkom and Preekle, revived by the doctor of the Brantton after they had been chained to the mast.

“Mr Watson, are all survivors and surrendered crew on board and in chains”, Humas asked Bryan Watson.

“Yes Captain all the pirates are in restrains.”

“Mr Swanzson have you positively identified pirate Rarkom, from the sketch, verified him by at least ten of his surrendered crew”, demanded Humas of Swanzson.

“Yes Captain, there is positive identification of pirate Rarkom, also positive identification of his second in charge, Preekle”, answered Swanzson.

“Mr Watson, have the floggers come on deck with their equipment, have also the ships clerk keeper of records, on deck to record every word I say”.

Mr Swanzson, assemble all the crew that will fit on the deck, those left below decks unable to hear, will be told later by my first and second officers what has occurred”, said Humas.

Swanzson issued orders telling the crew of Brantton their captain wished to address them all.

Captain Humas waited impatiently talking to himself, as the deck filled with men, as space could accommodate, without cramping areas where floggings were to take place.

The Brantton fell silent with the waves slapping the Brantton, the only sound as Captain Humas asked the ship's clerk Peter Crofte was he ready, "yes sir" replied Crofte, as Humas addressed his crew.

"Men of the Brantton, we have captured the vilest of scum ever to desecrate the sanctity of Gods laws given unto the bible, these pirates led by their leader Lief Rarkom, did willfully, knowingly, have total disregard, not only against legislated laws governing protection of British personage, British shipping upon seas or land, in times of war or peace, but the morality which makes a decent human being.

These men have surrendered, I intend, as your captain to afford them the same engagement of the English law they metered out to the passengers and crews of the ships they plundered.

I note to you men in particular, the La Fare, and what unhuman things were done to the children and the women on board the La Fare.

Men, even though the La Fare, was an enemy ship in her own territorial waters, she was part of a peace initiative, ruined by the barbaric atrocities of these captured animals we have here in chains.

There are very distinct rules of the sea and warfare, more importantly the morality of a man, that must at all times be adhered to, lest we become nothing more than packs of roving murders, rapists, cannibals.

Crew of the Brantton, I let it now be known to you, that on the French ship La Fare, were British family known as Covener.

The English woman known as Blyne Ethera Covener, was my loved sister, her children, my nieces and nephew, whom I adored.

Abacrombye Markus Covener, her husband, father to the children, was also a legitimate emissary for Britain and a very close, personal friend of the King of England.

I therefore, as is my royal right as the Executor of the King's warrants, do so order the punishments allowable by English law dated this day of our Lord the sixteenth day of January sixteen hundred and ninety five (16-1-1695).

I promised in my surrender offer to the pirates that they would receive the same justice that is entrenched in English naval law.

It becomes right of any British sea captain to decide the fate, according to such English law, upon the capture of enemies of England, or Pirates, that have plundered English shipping or attacked English persons.

I therefore order all the pirate crew, be flogged upon mast of the Brantton, receiving one dozen lashes to open up their skin for bleeding, thence to be tossed overboard with the same chance of survival they bestowed on the crews of the ships they plundered.

Mr Swanzson and Mr Watson, before this flogging of the Delf Waig's crew, make to Keel-haul the pirate known as the devil's beast Lief Rarkom.

He shall receive a total of two dozen hard lashes, be revived between each lashings if needed, and readied for a keelhauling.

This pirate, immediately before keelhauling will be blinded by insertion of hot pokers into his eyes, his ears will then be taken from his head--” Captain Humas was continuing with his determination of sentence, to absolute silence of the men standing on deck, when confronted by both Watson and Swanzson.

“Captain, please, we are British naval officers, not murderous scum like these pirate bastards, please captain, according to all our laws, naval or otherwise, we as British sailors are not given the legal right of torture for any reason.

We both ask you to reconsider the order to blind and cut off his ears before he is keelhauled, please captain” said Watson and Swanzson to their captain.

“Do not ever quote his Majesty's laws to me, ever again, either one of you weak-kneed cunts, born of gutter sluts breeding, you damn poor excuses to call yourselves true English officers.

Know that I am privy to a king's request for revenge against these pirates, and you have the turbidity of such low character to beg mercy for this pirate cunt, this cunt of a worthless cunt and his crew, raped my sister, raped my nieces and nephew, all the other women, killing them all, by throwing them into the sea after finishing with them, and you beg mercy from me for this cunt”, Captain Humas was standing nose to nose bellowing at Swanzson, the spit from the anger in his words were hitting Swanzson, as if a little pieces of a wave swept storm, lashes decks to its violence.

Humas was beside himself with his anger, that was allowing his thoughts of the retribution he wanted to inflict on this pirate, to dictate his words and actions.

Humas knew he needed to take a few steps back from his officer's, before he struck both his subordinate officers.

“You pair of English naval officers are abominations to my senses for begging mercy for this sort of a man, do you not feel revolted to hear of his and his crew’s exploits against defenceless children and women let alone the men.

The English law of the King’s warrants, states I have the right by British Naval law to do all that I so order.

None of it is against English law of the captain’s right on capture and punishment of pirates in times of peace or especially war, let the flogging of the pirates start.

AND what say you, the rest of the crew, are there anymore mutinous cunts among my crew”, bellowing loud, captain Humas tightening his hands into fists at his side shaking in anger.

To a man, the crew looked up to third able seaman Stan Howe, stepping forward saluting his captain,

“Captain Humas, able seaman Stan Howe, may I speak for the crew when I say this crew will follow you across any ocean of the world without hesitation, but to unfairly think we, as your crew would harbour any such thoughts of mutiny against your orders is unjust to the following of the crew to your orders without question, it will be our pleasure to administer any punishment upon these pirates as you see fit, captain we will follow you to be burnt in hell if you ask” Howe glaring directly into eyes of his revered captain.

Captain Humas accepted Howe’s salute, with a less angry tone to his voice: “Crew of Brantton, please accept my apology, this matter is deep within my heart, now start the punishment”, ordered captain Humas.

The officers and crew, standing on deck, had never heard a British sea captain use such profanity at his senior officers.

Swearing was part and parcel of sailors and officers everyday talk, but for a commanding officer to berate his officers in front of the crew, was unheard of, yet this display of anguished feeling for his sister, her children and husband, the other women and men, endeared Humas even more to his crew.

Captain Humas's words of his loving relationship to the Covener family on the La Fare had stung all of them.

Walking back up to Captain Humas, Watson and Swanzson both saluted, waiting for Humas to reply.

"What do you fucken pair want now", roared captain Humas with the venom of tone back in his voice.

Swanzson spoke to his captain.

"Captain we both did not know it was your sister and her children on the La Fare, but it still does not alter our believing it is unacceptable that an English naval officer has the right, would torture a captive, even if captive is a pirate.

We would ask that I myself give the first dozen lashes to Rarkom then Mr Watson will give the next dozen lashes, please captain do not allow us as English naval officers to become torturers against our own laws".

"No, you pair will watch the punishment to the pirate as I ordered, and each one of you will hand me the handle of the hot poker to push into the devil's eyes.

If you speak one more word against my orders then I will have you confined to quarters, tried for treason against the king's orders and you yourselves, will be duly flogged and hung.

NOW, Mr Watson, have floggers give the pirate the first dozen lashes and I will give the second dozen lashes myself”.

Captain Humas wanted to keep Rarkom alive and able to feel pain, for he knew from other floggings that some men could take thirty\fourty lashes and still survive.

Rarkom, still in chains, was thrown hard against the pole used to hold the person to be flogged upright with his shirt being ripped off his body.

Before flogging began captain Humas slowly walked over to Rarkom; “As English law incorporates the teachings of the Christ, I ask Ilda Rarkom, do you wish the blessing of the bible to repent your actions” Humas asked Rarkom.

“All you do Englishman prick, is finally give me peace, your torture will hurt me not as much as your bastard god has done to me already, fuck you all, and fuck your god, I enjoyed fucking that young bitch niece of yours, she bled so easily and screamed, as I jammed my cock in her little cunt, then up he tight arse a couple of times” Rarkom said with a very eerie strangeness in his voice.

Humas leaned over to Rarkom’s ear saying; “So you like, to inflict pain on your helpless captives do you, then let me give you the feeling you gave to them you piece of shit, so hear me clearly to what you feel, your right eye is for my sister, your left eye is for her children, your ears are for presentation to my King, how does pain feel now, you worthless cunt cur of a pox ridden bilge rat” Humas said as he laid the glowing hot poker across Rarkom’s right eye, to stink with the faintest whisper of smoke as it burnt through the eyelid, resting on the pupil of the eye, blinding Rarkom to his extremely loud squealing pain.

Humas smirking at Rarkom as he repeated the same to the left eye, making sure he didn't put pressure on the poker to burn to quickly, letting the weight of the poker do its work.

“Here is something for you to listen to in the water, while you're having a good look under the ship”, Humas said sarcastically, cutting both of Rarkom ears off, putting them into the pockets of Rarkom's britches, with his slight smile, curling his lips into a broad grin, Humas listening to the most wonderful music of Rarkom's screaming.

Humas realized blinding Rarkom and cutting his ears off before he was flogged was taking a chance of Rarkom dying before the keelhauling, Humas so deeply wanted to inflict so much pain on this man, he was more than willing to chance Rarkom dying, if Rarkom did die, then Humas would tell himself, THAT, HE, directly caused Rarkom's death himself, not the keelhauling, this gave Isaac Humas the warmth of an inner glowing peace of retribution so long called for.

Humas ordered the flogging to begin, Rarkom was blubbering incoherently from his blinding, with the blood from his ears and eyes running into his mouth making him splutter occasionally, with no sound emerging from him for the first few lashes, then he started screaming in pain as the welts and his head were washed down with salty burning of seawater.

Rarkom passed out a number of times, being revived with the water, when Humas took over the flogging.

None of the sailors had ever seen an English captain actually doing the flogging, the captain only ordered it to be done, not do it himself.

Captain Humas had taken off his uniform, to reveal a body pinky white, indicative of the English skin, but very well muscled with the hint of a portly belly.

Humas picked up the lash saying loud enough for all to hear, “this is also for my sister and her children”.

Isaac Belverdere Humas reached so far back to make the arc of the lash hit harder, he almost touched the deck with his head as the whip whistled from the speed as it was drawn through the air singing as a bird call.

Every lash Humas gave, he openly repeated either to his sister’s name, her children’s, or one of the other bravely unfortunate women’s names of the La fare.

Vigorously striking upon Rarkom’s limpness of body, Humas ending with the names of the men attached to the peace deal on board the La fare.

Twenty-four lashes on his back, Rarkom’s flesh was like ripped blubber as he was stripped of his britches, stand naked, held up by crewmen, tied to the ropes around, under, the ship readied for his keelhauling.

Rarkom in indescribable pain as he was keelhauled with his own pirate crew pulling the ropes to bring him from under the keel of the Brantton.

Rarkom’s crew pulling the ropes of the keelhauling, were trying to slow the pulling around of the ropes to bring him all way round under the ship knowing what the English did, when the man was brought up on deck.

Captain Humas had Rarkom’s crew watched over and were given lashes when they were not pulling the ropes fast enough.

Captain Humas aware Rarkom’s crew were trying to let Rarkom drown under the keel of the Brantton.

Humas ordered more lashes to Rarkoms crew causing them in their pain from the lash hits to begin hurry up their bringing Rarkom around under the ship.

Rarkom was pulled from under the ship still alive, his body was wet and bloodied, not only from the lashes but also from the cuts of the barnacles that had ripped his body with their shells as sharp as knives from under the keel of the Brantton.

Rarkom was flung on to the deck to have his testicles and penis cut from his body, shoved into his gaping mouth. Humas ordered the limp body to be tied to the mast once again.

Rarkom's body was suspended by the ropes holding his shoulders back allowed his head to fall forward, Captain Humas ordered Rarkom's head should be securely tied back against the mast.

Humas slowly drew his sword with the sound of the blade rubbing on its sheath in a grinding metallic of blood shivers.

Humas, in one very deliberate slow slicing action full of hatred, Humas removed Rarkom's head from his body, saying; "Smythe against my blood, so I shall smythed you more", Humas preached, re-sheathing his navy sword.

Humas then kicked Rarkoms head along the deck as a goal-keeper kicks the ball downfield.

Captain Humas walked over to where Rarkom's head had come to rest against decking, looking at it for shortened moment, thence holding up the bloodied severed head in his two hands, spitting at the worthless head a number of times, before holding the head in his left hand, punching the head with his right hand as hard as he could into the sea.

Humas walked back to the mast, untied Rarkom's headless body, picked it up as a wharf labourer would pick up a heavy sack above his head, and threw the body from the deck of his ship.

Captain Humas stood watching Rarkom's body from the stern of the Brantton, quoting from the bible, which all onboard the Brantton found his words stirring them in their absolute silence broken only by the noise of the waves.

“Take an eye for an eye, sayeth the lord,
Then so sayeth I, Isaac Belvedere Humas
Those whom smythe against my blood or line
I will cut asunder to wroth of my sword,
So rendered apart of body from mind”

Captain Humas's words seemed to linger about the billows of the canvas to be lost to the reality of there was another ship and men to be dealt with.

Captain Humas had kept the Brantton close enough for the men not surrendering to watch what had occurred to their Captain Rarkom with the Delf Waig starting to burn.

There were approximately two hundred and eighty men left on the Delf Waig for the guns of the Brantton on Captain Humas orders, to blow the Delf Waif's existence, from any tangible knowledge.

The remaining members of the pirate crew were flogged two at a time, then thrown from the ship, Brantton then made way for a meeting with the Portuguese warship the “Vinhoze”.

END

