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# Book Three: Demon Pirate

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“Poxy Doxy” (Traditional sailor’s Chantey–Author Unknown)

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Dreams Come True

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Takin’ on the Whole Crew

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Never mind Your Name

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Sweeter Than Sugarcane

Oh Strumpet...Oh Wench...Full Speed Ahead

Oh Strumpet...Oh Wench...Wonderful in Bed!

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...You’re slay as a Fox

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...When Opportunity Knocks

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...You’re Willin’ to Please

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Never One to Tease

Oh Strumpet...Oh Wench...Full Speed Ahead

Oh Strumpet...Oh Wench...Wonderful in Bed!

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Queen of My Life

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Never to Be My Wife

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Quick with a Smile

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Even Tho I’m Vile

Oh Strumpet...Oh Wench...Full Speed Ahead

Oh Strumpet...Oh Wench...Wonderful in Bed!

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Shantytown’s Fine Light

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Mine for the Night

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Forever on my Mind

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Saucy and Fine

Oh Strumpet...Oh Wench...Full Speed Ahead

Oh Strumpet...Oh wench...Wonderful in Bed!

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Sing me a Song

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...I Never Take Long

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Without You I’d Grieve

Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Precious Coins I’ll Leave

Oh Strumpet...Oh Wench...Full Speed Ahead

Oh Strumpet...Oh Wench...Wonderful in Bed!

*2 / Bilge Rat*

**Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...The Punchhouse is Home**

**Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Membered by this Poem**

**Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Payment is Due**

**Poxy Doxy...Poxy Doxy...Ain't Life Cruel**

**Oh Strumpet...Oh Wench...Full Speed Ahead**

**Oh Strumpet...Oh Wench...Wonderful in Bed!**

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## PROLOGUE

Shorebirds, welcome back to my perilous watery hell! Issuing a brisk scan of my immediate surroundings, I can honestly report that I am the sole survivor amongst the flotsam and wreckage encircling my ever precarious position. Carnivorous consorts continue to surround me as they await their opportunity to fill their ravenous bellies with my precious flesh. These cold-blooded fiends have already conscientiously dispatched all of the ill-fated and hapless survivors that once shared my same plight.

As I patiently and optimistically hold out for an indispensable rescuer to come to my aid, I have resolved to continue evaluating my past choices. Sadly, many of these reminiscences have centered on cherished and beloved family members and friends that have tragically perished along my life's voyage. Specifically, I remain dismayed over the murder of my revered Uncle Arch and the disappearance of my beloved younger brother, Toby. Additionally, the tragic loss of my guardian and mentor, Handy dampens my spirits whenever I reminisce on his invaluable guidance, support and wise counsel. Recollecting on their stunning losses saddens me to no end. I miss each of them profoundly. This purposeful retrospection has painfully served to resurrect these beloved phantoms in order to torture and torment me anew. I am fully cognizant that I have extracted some measure of revenge to atone for their losses. However, I have come to realize that this powerful driving force does not consummately remedy or rectify grief-laden emotions and sentiments.

As such, I also recollect on the sinister and villainous forces that have crossed my wake. Included, is the memory of my intimidating and browbeating superior, Mister Bass, who I soundly defeated and permanently eliminated. I also recollect on my victorious duel over the conceited and contemptuous Sir William Brisbane III, which freed Powder Monkey from his merciless clutches. Furthermore, I harken back to outwitting and duping the determined and relentless Captain Viola. Lastly, I reminisce on decisively ending the command and eventually replacing the duplicitous and treacherous Pirate Captain Shivers. Truth

be told, I have discovered the tragic reality of not dealing decisively with confirmed and formidable adversaries such as these reprobates. Painful experience has taught me well that exhibiting any measure of compassion or leniency to these types of scoundrels and villains opens the door for catastrophic misery, hardship and even potential annihilation. Consequently, I have agonizingly realized that providing even a modicum of mercy to sworn enemies can come at an exceedingly high price.

Since time remains of the essence, I will dutifully forge ahead with my detailed personal examination before my hungry confederates have a chance to make a fine meal out of me!

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## Chapter 1: Rescue of Captain Adams

It was now time to initiate plans and preparations to free my friend, Captain Adams from the clutches of the ruthless pirates operating out of their Tortuga stronghold. Working with the information garnered from the few sources available, I understood that success required an unconventional attack strategy. I was certain that a frontal assault would prove disastrous given the enemy's ponderous fortifications. I was also quite sure that, even if we were able to battle past the enemy's frontal defenses, Captain Adams would surely be murdered by his vicious kidnappers long before we could reach his position to free him. As I continued to ponder alternatives, I concluded that we needed the ability to infiltrate the scoundrels' lair with a nonthreatening force acting under a very convincing ruse. Once accomplished, this small faction would then need to incapacitate the bulk of his ferocious abductors before any attempt to release Captain Adams could be mounted.

Suddenly an idea struck me that might serve our needs quite nicely. My notion was to disguise a small incursion force as a volunteer medical team from Saint Domingue. As bogus medics, we would then spin a yarn that we had volunteered to sail to Tortuga to assist in combating a reportedly vicious and lethal plague. The fact that this reputed plague was totally imaginary would mean little to Hurricane Jeffers and his men once they discovered that we also had the knowledge and medicine at our disposal to cure a pirate's ultimate terror, the pox! Since this vile disease was every sailor's nightmare, I was quite sure that the miscreants who were holding Captain Adams hostage would receive my small group with open arms once they realized that we had come to cure them of this dreaded blight.

Now that I had chosen an appropriate ploy, I needed to select suitable assistants to accompany me into this den of murdering thieves. In thinking over my choices, I understood that my selections had to appear quite unthreatening, so that our foes would be given no reason to discern our true intentions. In this regard, I chose Tan, Scuttle, Powder Monkey and Long Tall Willie to serve as my fictitious medical team. Each of

these crewmen were small statured individuals, who would best serve to resemble young lads dutifully assisting their attending doctor, me! We proceeded to make our numerous preparations, including altering the appropriate medical outfits that Aunt Hortence had graciously long ago provided. I also decided to tote along a small pouch filled with *Devil's Trumpet* seeds, because they were small and easily concealed as well as exceptionally potent and highly lethal. With preparations completed, I deemed it necessary to do some scouting of the pirate's stronghold, prior to attempting our actual incursion. We maneuvered *Rue's Revenge* as close as we dared to our final destination. Once stealthy anchored, we launched one of our blackened longboats, and a scout team made their way unobserved into the protected cove that formed the entrance to the Black Tarantula's pirate haven. This clandestine reconnaissance of the pirate's harbor allowed the party a first-hand peek at our enemy's schooner that rested peacefully at anchor. The patrol team reported that the ship was heavily armed, given the significant number of gunports she sported. In addition, it appeared to them that the ship was totally abandoned, in all likelihood due to the security and protection it garnered from the heavily armed fortress that loomed directly above it.

The patrol party also had a limited view of the enemy's lair, and witnessed a very daunting sight. The stronghold had indeed been built high on the bluff overlooking the tiny cove. Straining their vision, my men beheld a large battery of guns facing seaward that would provide ample protection from any invading force. They also observed several huge bonfires raging among the fortifications high above them. Given the size and intensity of these pyres, they could also make out the drunken revelry that was underway, evidenced by frenzied and mad-capped figures dancing and cavorting around these blazing conflagrations. Lastly, they noticed that this scoundrel's aerie could only be accessed by a lone set of steep steps that began at the beach and climbed up to the dizzying heights of the bluff. Having a much better visualization of the layout of the Black Tarantula's refuge, my vanguard cautiously and silently rowed out of the cove and rejoined our ship.

Once safely aboard and their observations dutifully reported, I summoned Lion and Sharkface along with my appointed medical team to discuss the scouting discoveries and to review specific plans

for the following day. I explained that I and my medical team would be charged with peacefully infiltrating the fortress under the guise of providing crucial medical assistance for a rumored plague. Utilizing a special herbal ingredient from Aunt Gertrude's medicine storehouse, I planned on brewing a very debilitating potion for any suffering degenerate, which I was certain would include virtually every one of them. The medicinal leaves I would employ were called *Senna*. The elixir brewed from this substance would have quite a disastrous effect among the heathen whelps. Per Gertrude's instructions, the *Senna* tea would be both fierce and fast acting, taking full effect in two to three hours following ingestion. This tonic would act as a strong purging laxative, causing excessive gas, painful abdominal cramping and explosive dysentery, crippling conditions indeed! I informed my team that I would also employ another strong concoction from my medical cache, that when introduced into our enemies' food source, would render them utterly incapacitated and wholly defenseless. Once accomplished, my team would then search, locate and free Captain Adams. While we were performing this dangerous task, Lion and Tiger Eyes would lead a secret assault on the deserted anchored schooner with the objective of disabling its formidable guns. When my friend, Captain Adams, was liberated, we would flee the devil's citadel in our longboat and rendezvous with our ship to consummate our escape.

At this point in our conclave, I noticed a number of doubtful expressions on my compatriots faces, as they seemed quite anxious concerning our chances for success. Consequently, I also observed a very strong measure of trust and willingness on each of their parts to readily participate in this rescue mission despite all of its inherent dangers. From my point of view, I silently prayed that my ruse would prove successful, since the alternative promised a very ugly and grievous outcome!

At daybreak, my medical team loaded into our longboat and began the short trek to Tortuga. Reaching the hidden cove, we rowed brazenly passed the anchored pirate ship and landed on the small beach at the foot of the fortress. Almost immediately, we were surrounded by fierce looking rogues, who demanded to know why we had trespassed on their private holdings. Dressed in full medical regalia, I answered that I was a renowned physician from Saint Domingue, and had been sent

by its concerned citizens to cure an insidious plague that had reportedly broken out on the island. Continuing, I introduced my men as my medical assistants, who had graciously agreed to accompany me on this vital mission of mercy.

Staring at me like I had completely lost my mind, the savages loudly retorted that they were not experiencing any sort of plague, and that my informational sources had sent me on a fool's errand. Regardless, they informed me that since I had made the long journey that I needed to parley with their leader prior to returning to Saint Domingue. With this announcement, they led the way up the never-ending stairway to their lofty fortress. Once topside, we were herded into a central building where the massive and daunting Hurricane Jeffers awaited us. The evil-smirking brute welcomed us graciously to his compound and listened quietly as his men recounted the reason behind our visit. After being informed of our misguided mission, the beast shook with malicious laughter and ordered us to return to our homeland immediately. Following my calculated scheme, I boldly stepped forward and addressed the chiding ogre. Informing him that I was an outstanding medical man, I offered to ply my trade amongst any of his followers who might require therapeutic attention, including anyone suffering from dreaded and allegedly incurable pox.

Well, I can tell you that my last statement produced a very dramatic effect with our mirthful hosts. The entire band of ruffians suddenly went still at the mention of the highly feared pestilence. Hurricane Jeffers peered directly into my eyes and demanded to know if I was serious or merely having fun at his expense. Understanding totally, I answered that I had extensively studied and practiced medicine in England prior to making my way to the Caribbean. As such, I had the opportunity to learn both arcane cures and newly developed remedies that no other doctor could possibly know or attempt to apply. I swore to my disbelieving audience that I could cure a man of pox if given the opportunity. This statement was greeted by a resounding roar from the entire mob surrounding us. Many of these surly dogs began begging Hurricane to allow me a short stay in order to prove the unbelievable promise I had just made. Swayed by his beseeching rabble, Hurricane finally relented and ordered one of the spare rooms of the fortress emptied so that I could establish a



medical surgery. Before long, I had transformed the empty enclosure he offered into a temporary but realistic looking hospital, and I had a line of anxious pirate miscreants waiting their turn for treatment. My statement had created unbelievable excitement, and now it was up to me to prove my fictitious claim or pay for this failure with my life.

As soon as we were settled in our new facility, I had Long Tall Willie boil a full cauldron of fresh water to which I added more than a generous quantity of *Senna* leaves. After giving the mixture time to steep, I opened our surgery doors and began to admit patients. While a minority of the rogues had come for simple cures such as toothaches, infections and other assorted ailments, the vast majority were present to have me cure them of the pox. Regardless of their complaint, each individual was given a very liberal dose of the freshly brewed *Senna* elixir with explicit instructions to return in a few hours for a second dose of this special curative. Explaining to the pox victims that their affliction was caused by an internal noxious entity that required complete flushing from their innards, I warned them that my special medicine would initially cause internal stress and strife as it battled with the nasty villainous cause of their malady. I also notified each that they would experience an explosive release of their bowels, which indicated that my medicine was doing its job by driving the disease forcefully from their bodies.

Most of my anxious patients hardly heard my words, but did not hesitate to greedily gulp down the *Senna* brew, with many begging for an additional dose right then and there. Since they pleaded for more of the curative, I refilled their tankards and allowed them a generous second helping. Word spread to the waiting pirates that I was allowing a double dose of medicine, so that not long after every patient demanded and received two rations of the purging potion. My ministrations continued the entire afternoon and towards early evening I had issued the last dose to my final patient.

Hurricane Jeffers suddenly made an appearance and invited me and my team to share dinner with him and his men before we returned to Saint Domingue. The fare for this evening he promised would be a superb salmagundi, a pirate specialty stew that usually included fresh meat and seafood mixed with pickled vegetables and fresh fruit that would be simmered for hours before being declared ready for consumption.

Thanking our brutal host for his marvelous hospitality, I responded that we needed to cleanse ourselves after the long day of attending to his mates, and once done would be more than honored to join him for the promised feast. As soon as he vacated our surgery, I handed Powder Monkey a fistful of *Devil's Trumpet* seeds and commissioned him to deposit them into the pirates' salmagundi in a clandestine manner. Winking his understanding, he was off to obey my command. Meanwhile, we packed up our medical stores and returned them to our longboat under the ever-watchful eyes of our pirate hosts.

As we returned for our promised feast, we were met by Powder Monkey who signaled that he had accomplished the important task given him. Before joining the pirates for dinner, I warned each of my team to avoid ingesting any of the drugged salmagundi, since it would cause them to become violently ill and induce their very worst nightmares. My advice to them if they were forced to eat any of the doctored stew was to wander off and discreetly purge the contents of their stomachs by forcing their fingers down their throats. Convinced by the dire tone of my warning, we joined our vile innkeepers for the deadly banquet.

The bubbling salmagundi cauldron was positioned in the middle of the fortress's courtyard surrounded by overturned barrels topped with doors serving as tables. The barbarian pirates had certainly not waited for our appearance to begin their feast. Spread all around the courtyard, they were busily wolfing down their portions as if they had not eaten in weeks. Barrels of ale and rum were also positioned randomly, and the liquid libations were being swilled almost as quickly as the main entrée. Glancing around, I identified that there were a number of black-hearted demons missing, a result I was sure of the explosive reactions to their earlier consumption of the *Senna* tea. I chuckled to myself as I envisioned the dim-witted degenerates doubled over with excruciating stomach cramps or squatting in seclusion scrutinizing their innards literally pouring out of them.

Glancing towards Hurricane Jeffers, I discovered that he was frantically signaling me to join him at his table-of-honor. As I approached, he shoved a plate of salmagundi into my hands commanding me to eat. I knew that I needed to avoid this drugged stew at all cost, but at the same time could not afford to offend my ferocious host. To solve this dilemma,

I announced to all present that it was my personal custom to repay any benefactor before partaking in sustenance. To that end, I proposed that I might earn my meal by relating a haunting tale that I was sure would entertain and please them all. I also was quite aware that the duration necessary to deliver this tale would allow the potent *Devil's Trumpet* seeds enough time to begin registering chaos amongst them.

As expected, my offer of storytelling was unanimously agreed to by all. As complete darkness settled around us, I launched into the familiar tale of my fictitious haunting specter, the *Black Monk*. Narrating this tale of ghostly horror proved quite effective with these superstitious and cowardly whelps. As the effects of the *Devil's Trumpet* seeds began to take hold, I witnessed some very unusual reactions to my tale of the dark clergyman, who seemed intent on haunting my every waking moment. In the midst of my story, one especially affected rogue suddenly jumped up and claimed to have witnessed the *Black Monk* roaming aimlessly atop the fortress's walls. Fearful that the demon had come to spirit him to hell, he suddenly made a mad dash to the very edge of the bluff and desperately leapt to his death.

While I feared that his drastic action would signal an end to the evening's festivities, I was sadly mistaken. The majority of my listeners were now struggling with their own inner demons as they hallucinated all manner of nightmares. One pirate far across the courtyard began rolling around on the ground locked in mortal combat with killer hellhounds. Another rogue strangled his neighbor to death, claiming the individual was a nasty old witch that needed dispatching. Even Hurricane Jeffers surprised me when he broke down in tears confessing to an imaginary lover that he was mortally sorry for the way he had treated her in life, and certainly did not intend to beat her to death with his bare hands. Before long chaos erupted everywhere, as Gertrude's devilish seeds had a much more pronounced effect than I could ever have imagined. The courtyard now resembled a lunatic asylum with inmates running amok and causing all manner of harm both to themselves as well as to their surrounding comrades. Upon witnessing these creatures demented actions, I knew it was time for my team to exit the demonic celebration and attempt to discover the location of Captain Adams!

Upon my command, my men separated and began their systematic

search, constantly detouring around crazed pirate scum caught up in their dementia and posing serious danger to our rescuing efforts. I headed directly to Hurricane Jeffers room and discovered that it was nothing more than a pigsty. Discovering no evidence of Captain Adams, I closed this rat-hole's door and moved on with my search. As I maneuvered deeper into the fortress, I came across a door that had been painted entirely black and secured by a ponderous lock. Borrowing a mallet found nearby, I went to work on the device, which finally yielded to my ferocious pounding.

Upon entering the dark and dank room, I had an eerie feeling come over me but could not identify its source. The room itself was extremely cold and cheerless. While relatively neat, it was sparsely furnished with a bed, a desk and chair and nothing more. The room felt more like a prisoner's cell than an individual's living quarters. The only hint of color or sign of decoration was an old threadbare rug that covered the floor towards the center of the room. Given its out-of-place appearance, I decided to investigate this sole decoration a bit further. Tugging the aged carpet aside, I knelt down to study the floorboards directly beneath it. Using my dirk, I tapped on the planks and detected a hollow reverberation. Realizing that this discovery might reveal something of value, I pried up one of the boards to unearth an unbelievable treasure trove. Inside this highly cunning cache were a number of chests that filled the secret hiding place to capacity. Upon opening the first chest, I discovered that it was crammed with silver and gold coins of varying value. Intrigued by this discovery, I proceeded to inspect each of the hidden containers to determine their exact contents. The majority of these chests held either valuable coins or small bars of gold or silver. In a flash, I realized that I had accidentally stumbled upon the Black Tarantula's treasure horde. Continuing my examination, I noticed that there were two smaller containers among their larger cousins.

Opening the first, I found that it was crammed with English gold guineas. From past dealings, I knew that these coins were minted by machine to provide consistency and to discourage the heinous crime of counterfeiting. I reached into the chest and selected one of these gold coins for inspection. My first impression was that the coin did not feel right. My early days as a money collector working at Slugger's Sports

Emporium in London had trained me exceedingly well to instantly recognize bogus coinage. You see, I was the one responsible for making up any insufficient funds to Slugger should I happen to accept any counterfeit money. As a result, I learned very early in life what each coin of the realm should look and feel like in my hands. Since this coin felt a bit lighter than it should have, I held it up to the lantern's light and examined the images stamped on it. There was something amiss as I studied the side bearing the image of our sovereign, King George. With startling revelation, I recognized the problem in a flash. While the image of our King seemed nearly perfect, the counterfeiter had not paid close enough attention to another important detail. The image of King George faced the wrong way! A genuine guinea portrayed our leader facing right, but these bogus coins had him facing left. To be absolutely sure, I made a deep incision in the coin I had selected, and was not at all surprised to discover lead under a thick outer layer of gold. Yanking this small chest out of its hiding place, I decided to take these counterfeit coins with me. I did not have the vaguest idea of what I would do with them, but I had a very strong inclination that I would find a good use for them in the near future.

Before replacing the upraised floor planks, I reached down and liberated the other diminutive chest from its lair. When I pried this case open, I was momentarily stunned by the glistening vision of splendor that met my eyes. To my complete amazement, I found that this box was crammed with a fine and fabulous collection of both cut and raw gems of incalculable value. A quick scan revealed huge diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls and other precious goodies that would make their owner richer than any king on the face of the earth! Setting this chest next to its twin, I replaced the floor planks and covered the floor once again with the threadbare carpet; carefully ensuring that all appeared exactly as I had found it. Hefting both chests under each arm and covering them with my traveling cloak, I exited the Black Tarantula's quarters, replaced the lock and went in search of my men.

As I entered the courtyard filled with the delirious pirate fiends, I noticed Powder Monkey and Tan on the far side signaling to me. Hurrying over, they whispered that Captain Adams had been found and freed. They reported that he was currently being assisted to our escape

craft by Long Tall Willie and Scuttle. The two frightened crewmen urged me to quickly follow, so that we could take our leave of our maniacal hosts. Nodding understanding, I ordered them to do exactly that, and promised that I would follow as soon as I accomplished one more chore. With a quick salute, my two salts turned and ran toward the descending staircase. Placing the two small chests on the ground covered by my cloak, I quickly made my way to the spot I had last seen Hurricane Jeffers. I found the rogue unconscious surrounded by a slew of slaughtered pirates. Previously informed as to its value to the rogue, I removed the silver good-luck crucifix from around his neck and dropped it into my pocket. Hurrying back, I retrieved the two small chests and scrambled down the never-ending steps to our awaiting boat.