

### 1: If a Pirate I Must Be - Essay - Mike

*If a Pirate I Must Be: The True Story of Black Bart, "King of the Caribbean Pirates" - Kindle edition by Richard Sanders. Download it once and read it on your Kindle device, PC, phones or tablets.*

The two leaders of men engage in a dangerous game of wills, and James is tested at every turn when the only woman he ever loved also proves to be his greatest adversary. He has been charged with the task of pardoning or hanging the pirates of New Providence, but Elizabeth is a hard egg to crack. This is not a Black Sails crossover, though it does deal with historical events that are portrayed in the show. Buccaneers and law-abiding citizens alike once labeled him as the Scourge of Piracy in the Caribbean. At that moment, Sir James was taking a well-earned moment of respite from the rigors of reforming New Providence Island, accepting an invitation to afternoon tea at the inland domicile of his friend Mr. They sat in the shady garden and spoke of literature, music, and the price of sugar, the thing that would render this island a success if her Governor could manage to tame its unruly coastal inhabitants. The clatter of hooves on cobblestones approaching paused their discourse, and James was quite taken aback as soon after the maid showed in his very own nephew and lieutenant, Sheridan Norrington, who was red in the face from the merciless sun and wide eyed from some unknown exhilaration. An uprising of the convict laborers at the fort? Had the prisoners escaped? XXX Sir James had a weakness for a fine horse, and never had he been so grateful to have as fast a mount as money could buy beneath him that day. Sheridan followed as close behind as he could, but his own horse had already been put through its paces on the ride to Mr. Though it was perfectly unseemly to appear so frantic, Governor Norrington barreled through the middle of town and past the gates of the fort, dismounting with the agility of a man a decade his junior. Everyone looked quite uncomfortable at their post, like naughty children caught plucking the wings from a fly. The Governor had a wild look in his flashing green eyes, as though he was ready to execute anyone on the spot who so much as looked at him askance. They passed through a corridor and into the bowels of the fort, where the holding cells were located. Wretched laughter drifted down the halls, and the echo of a voice James had not heard in more than a decade. God, in my day they only let real men put on the blue, and far handsomer than the likes of you, you toad-eyed son of a bitch. James quickened his pace, and before he knew it he was running. There was another crack, and more defiant banter. A young lieutenant clasped a cat-o-nine in hand, arm reared for another strike. But he had not come so far by giving in to his first urges in a crisis, no matter how tempting. A woman was shackled to the gratings of a cell, the back of her black shirt in tatters, blood pooling at her feet. A hank of golden hair had come loose from her queue, hiding her face, but James would have known the form of that lithe female body anywhere. He saw it often enough in his dreams. Far too often to ever forget. James cast his eyes about the dimly lit room, until finally he found the true orchestrator of this beastly tableau: Captain Richard Fitzwilliam, with a look of barely-banked fury upon his terrible visage. Your orders were to inform me immediately if she was captured. His father was high in the Admiralty, and he flaunted the advantage at every chance. If word of thiscruelty got out they would have an uprising on their hands in a trice. The sound echoed through the cavernous chamber, filled with the promise of more violence. She is a fugitive! A thief, a knave, and a murderer. That too, he feared, may inspire an uprising of a different kind. He wondered if Weatherby Swann ever found himself walking such a precarious line in Port Royal, and reckoned the canny old man must have balanced his share, God rest his soul. And even if she was not, the fact that you would treat a prisoner, a woman, this way says novels about your character to me, Captain Fitzwilliam. I will not forget this day. Despite her brave words Elizabeth sagged against her bonds, her breathing erratic. Carefully he unlocked one of her manacles. Slowly she turned to face James, and the sight of her face after so long hit him like a lead ball to the chest. She was still as beautiful as he remembered. Black kohl rimmed her large dark eyes, smudged from her recent misadventure. A trickle of blood ran from the corner of her mouth; someone had hit her, hard. In spite it all, a slow smile played over her full lips as she beheld her savior. The Governor stood flabbergasted, this woman he had loved for so long finally in his grasp, his fondest dreams and his worst nightmares somehow come true all at once. I hope you all enjoy this one! Your review has been posted.

### 2: If a Pirate I Must Be - Los Angeles Public Library - OverDrive

*If a Pirate I Must Be has ratings and reviews. Rhiannon said: I'm reading this for my A-Level history personal investigation, and it's really goo.*

Although many perceive pirates as rum drinking, treasure hunting savages, Black Bart was quite the opposite. Black Bart was a simple man who at first was reluctant to become a pirate. This book clearly illustrates why Black Bart is said to be the most successful pirate living during the Golden Age of Piracy. Also this book clearly states how Black Bart did affect the Caribbean and other economies more than one would expect. While growing up, Bartholomew always wished to be on the sea. He first got a shot at the sea through joining the Royal British Navy. Roberts and the crew would sail to the West Coast of Africa. There the ship he sailed on, The Princess, would pick up and transport slaves. The Slave Trade was a very difficult task for the crews. The Slave Trade was a huge business; millions of Africans were sold as slaves annually. Davis was also a Welshman, and was born only a few miles south of the town where Rogers was born. A few weeks later, Captain Davis and the Royal Rover headed for the island of Princes to capture the governor and hold him for ransom. However Davis did not know that the Portuguese have figured out his true identity. A new captain now had to be elected. Within six weeks of joining the crew, Roberts was elected captain. This was an unusual move since he was openly against his even being on board the ship at first, and was probably because Roberts had outstanding navigational abilities. The first thing that Roberts did as a captain was set the rules for the crew. These rules were a list of eleven clear articles that the crew must follow. The first adventure that Roberts had as captain was to avenge the death of Captain Davis. So they went back to the island of Princes where Roberts and his crew sprang onto the island in the darkness of night, killed a large portion of the male population, and stole all items of value that they could carry away. This is another clear illustration of how Roberts affected the economy of Princes. Soon afterwards Roberts captured a Dutch ship, then two days later he captured an English ship called the Experiment. While the ship took on water and provisions on the Gold Coast of West Africa at a city called Anamboe, a vote was taken on whether the next voyage should be to the East Indies or to Brazil. The crew voted to sail to Brazil in early August. Roberts and his crew crossed the Atlantic and spent about nine weeks off the Brazilian coast, but saw no ships. Roberts took one of the vessels, and ordered her master to point out the richest ship in the fleet. He pointed out a ship called Sagrada Familia with 40 guns and a crew of , which Roberts and his men boarded and then captured. The fight proved to be very easily won by the pirates even though the seemed to be heavily outmatched.

### 3: If a Pirate I Must Be Quotes by Richard Sanders

*In If a Pirate I Must Be , Richard Sanders tells the larger-than-life story of Bartholomew Roberts, aka "Black Bart." Born in a rural town, Roberts rose from third mate on a slave ship to pirate captain in a matter of months.*

His father was most likely George Roberts. He may have chosen his first name after the well-known buccaneer Bartholomew Sharp. In early June that year, the Princess was anchored at Anomabu then spelled Annamaboa, which is situated along the Gold Coast of West Africa, present-day Ghana when she was captured by pirates. Roberts and several other of the crew of the Princess were forced to join the pirates. Captain Charles Johnson reports him as saying: In an honest service there is thin commons, low wages, and hard labour. In this, plenty and satiety, pleasure and ease, liberty and power; and who would not balance creditor on this side, when all the hazard that is run for it, at worst is only a sour look or two at choking? No, a merry life and a short one shall be my motto. Davis hoisted the flags of a British man-of-war and was allowed to enter the harbour. After a few days, Davis invited the governor to lunch on board his ship, intending to hold him hostage for a ransom. Davis had to send boats to collect the governor, and he was invited to call at the fort for a glass of wine first. The Portuguese had discovered that their visitors were pirates. Within six weeks of his capture, Roberts was elected captain. This was unusual, especially as he had objected to serving on the vessel. Historians believe he was elected for his navigational abilities and his personality, which history reflects was outspoken and opinionated. Pyrates , p. Roberts and his crew landed on the island in the darkness of night, killed a large portion of the male population, and stole all items of value that they could carry away. Soon afterwards, he captured a Dutch Guineaman , then two days later a British ship called Experiment. The pirate ship took on water and provisions at Anamboe, where a vote was taken on whether the next voyage should be to the East Indies or to Brazil. The vote was for Brazil. They concluded that he was "pistol proof" and that they had much to gain by staying with him. Brazil and the Caribbean July 1782 May [ edit ] Roberts and his crew crossed the Atlantic and watered and boot-topped [note 1] their ship on the uninhabited island of Ferdinando. They spent about nine weeks off the Brazilian coast but saw no ships. Roberts took one of the vessels and ordered her master to point out the richest ship in the fleet. He pointed out Sagrada Familia, a ship of 40 guns and a crew of , which Roberts and his men boarded and captured. Sagrada Familia contained 40, gold moldores and jewellery designed for the King of Portugal, including a cross set with diamonds. A few weeks later, they headed for the River Surinam where they captured a sloop. After they sighted a brigantine , Roberts took 40 men to pursue it in the sloop, leaving Walter Kennedy in command of Rover. The sloop became wind-bound for eight days, and when Roberts and his crew finally returned to their ship, they discovered that Kennedy had sailed off with Rover and what remained of the loot. The inhabitants of Barbados equipped two well-armed ships, Summerset and Philipa, to try to put an end to the pirate menace. On 26 February, they encountered the two pirate sloops. Sea King quickly fled, and Fortune broke off the engagement after sustaining considerable damage and was able to escape. There were also two sloops from Martinique out searching for the pirates, and Roberts swore vengeance against the inhabitants of Barbados and Martinique. Newfoundland and the Caribbean June 1782 April [ edit ] Fortune next headed northwards towards Newfoundland , raiding Canso, Nova Scotia , [20] and capturing a number of ships around Cape Breton and the Newfoundland banks. Roberts raided the harbour of Ferryland, capturing a dozen vessels. On 21 June, he attacked the larger harbour of Trepassey , sailing in with black flags flying. In the harbour he discovered 22 merchant ships and fishing ships, all of which were abandoned by their panic-stricken captains and crews, and the pirates were masters of Trepassey without any resistance being offered. Roberts had captured all 22 merchant ships, but was angered by the cowardice of the captains who had fled their ships. Every morning he had a gun fired and the captains were forced to attend Roberts on board his ship; they were told that anyone who was absent would have his ship burnt. One brig from Bristol was taken over by the pirates to replace the sloop Fortune and fitted out with 16 guns. When the pirates left in late June, all the other vessels in the harbour were set on fire. During July, Roberts captured nine or ten French ships and commandeered one of them, fitting her with 26 cannons and changing her name to Good Fortune. They sailed in among the ships in

the Road, all of which promptly struck their flags. Bartholomew , where the French governor allowed the pirates to remain for several weeks to carouse. By 25 October, they were at sea again off St. Lucia , where they captured up to 15 French and English ships in the next three days. During this time, Roberts reportedly caught the Governor of Martinique , who was sailing aboard a gun French warship. The Governor was caught and promptly hanged on the yardarm of his own ship, which the pirates converted into the new Royal Fortune. Bartholomew Roberts at Ouidah with his ship and captured merchantmen in the background. Royal Fortune was found to be leaky, and was abandoned there. The pirates transferred to Sea King, which was renamed Royal Fortune. Two French ships, one of 10 guns and one of 16 guns, gave chase, but were captured by Roberts. Both ships were commandeered. One, Comte de Toulouse, was renamed Ranger, while the other was named Little Ranger and used as a storeship. A number of the soldiers wished to join the pirates, and they were eventually accepted, however they only received a quarter of a pirates pay because they were not sailors most of their lives. Onslow was converted to become the fourth Royal Fortune. They captured several vessels in January , then sailed into Ouidah Whydah harbour with black flags flying. Ten of the eleven ships at anchor there immediately struck their colours, but were restored to their owners after a ransom of eight pounds of gold dust per ship was paid. They perished either as a result of the fire or by drowning or shark attack after jumping overboard. Most of the crew were drunk when Swallow appeared. Once out of earshot of the other pirates, Swallow opened her gun ports and opened fire. Ten pirates were killed and Skyrme had his leg taken off by a cannonball, but he refused to leave the deck. Eventually, Ranger was forced to strike her colors and the surviving crew were captured. On the previous day, Roberts had captured Neptune, and many of his crew were drunk and unfit for duty just when he needed them most. As he usually did before action, he dressed himself in his finest clothes: Roberts himself made a gallant figure, at the time of the engagement , being dressed in a rich crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain round his neck, with a diamond cross hanging to it, a sword in his hand, and two pairs of pistols slung over his shoulders Once past, they would have a good chance of escaping. However, the helmsman failed to keep Royal Fortune on the right course, and Swallow was able to approach to deliver a second broadside. Captain Roberts was killed by grapeshot , which struck him in the throat while he stood on the deck. It was never found. The local merchants and civilians had thought him invincible, and some considered him a hero. Every man has a vote in affairs of moment; has equal title to the fresh provisions, or strong liquors, at any time seized, and may use them at pleasure, unless a scarcity makes it necessary, for the good of all, to vote a retrenchment. Every man to be called fairly in turn, by list, on board of prizes because, over and above their proper share, they were on these occasions allowed a shift of clothes: If the robbery was only betwixt one another, they contented themselves with slitting the ears and nose of him that was guilty, and set him on shore, not in an uninhabited place, but somewhere, where he was sure to encounter hardships. No person to game at cards or dice for money. To keep their piece, pistols, and cutlass clean and fit for service. No boy or woman to be allowed amongst them. If any man were to be found seducing any of the latter sex, and carried her to sea, disguised, he was to suffer death; VII. To desert the ship or their quarters in battle, was punished with death or marooning. No man to talk of breaking up their way of living, till each had shared one thousand pounds. If in order to this, any man should lose a limb, or become a cripple in their service, he was to have eight hundred dollars, out of the public stock, and for lesser hurts, proportionately. The Captain and Quartermaster to receive two shares of a prize: The musicians to have rest on the Sabbath Day, but the other six days and nights, none without special favour.

### 4: Book Review - If a Pirate I Must Be

*This book be covering one of the most successful n' unique pirates of all time, Black Bart! This is not a novelization, but an historical account of Bartholomew Roberts, the most successful pirate in history.*

What could be cooler than climbing aboard a ship with a bunch of one eyed, ragtag, parrot wearing sailors and setting sail in search of plunder and adventure in the unknowns of the high sea? Not much I would say, and many of your childhood psyches would probably agree with me. So, when I arrived in Eilat, Israel, at the northern tip of the pirate infested waters of the Red Sea, all I could think about was finding some kind of pirate classifieds advert and ringing them up. Having obviously not found any listing, I walked down to the harbor to see if I could catch a ride heading south to meet up with some Somali pirates. There, I spotted a large sailing yacht whose crew looked as though they were making final preparations for departure. I will work in exchange for passage. So while I never got a chance to sail south and meet up with some pirates, I did manage to get work on a 20 meter charter boat. And during my month working on this boat, which resembled a slave trader, I conceived how it would be possible for one to become a modern day pirate. The following is a theoretical guide to becoming a Somali pirate. It is not recommended that you attempt this. In order to join a Somali pirate crew, I realized that one would need to undergo some serious preparation. First, one would need to hone their boating skills and learn how to sail, fish, tie knots and drive a small tender motor boat. Second, one would need to know a basic level of Arabic, enough to communicate to the pirates two things. Finally, in order to maximize your chances of being accepted into the crew, you would need to be thoroughly acquainted with Somali culture and customs. Some of these customs include, leaving leftovers on your plate to inform the host that you are full, shaking hands and saying aasalam alaikum when greeting members of the same sex, and not pointing with your foot or index finger at another person. Being well versed in the call to prayer would also impress your captors. Finally, it would also be advantageous to wear a proper Somali style attire, which you may be able to find before hand in Sudan. After you become well prepared, you will need to find a way to get to Somalia and find the pirate hideout. The first way one could do this is by sailing through the Mandab strait in a fancy boat with the hopes of being attacked. When you are taken hostage, desperately try and communicate to them that you are interested in any vacant pirate positions. You need to really sell yourself now and this is where your Arabic will come in handy. Another way to locate the pirates would be to head down through Egypt and Sudan, and into Somalia by land. This will also be difficult and almost equally as dangerous. Since Somalia has been without a working central government. In the result, local leaders wielding armed militias, such as Al Shabaab, control much of Somalia. If you manage to infiltrate without being suspected as a westerner and somehow find the pirates, you will really need to implement all the things you have learned and make it known that you are serious about employment as a pirate. Once you are accepted as a Somali pirate, brace yourself for an experience quite different from that of your imagination. Instead of swords and pistols, modern day pirates wield grenade launchers, and automatic rifles. Instead of a grand sailing ship, you will most likely be stationed on a small dilapidated motor boat. Regardless of how you feel about Somali pirates, it is vital that the international community do more to ameliorate piracy off the coast of Somalia. There are two potential courses of action, neither of which include increasing an international naval presence. The first might be to add a supplementary pirate tax to cargo ships as they enter and exit the Suez Canal. This money could then be allocated to the fisherman and also towards the formation of a government. The second option would be for the UN to mandate an internationally led military operation for the purpose of establishing an effective government and coast guard. While this would require a long term commitment and substantial funding, it would be tackling the problem of piracy at its core. Fortunately for all you pirate wannabes, this means that you will have the chance to become a Somali pirate for many years to come. Good luck and safe travels, -Leif.

*If A Pirate I Must Be. Summary: When Sir James Norrington, Scourge of Piracy and First Royal Governor of the Bahamas, catches the Pirate King Elizabeth Swann in his net, he finds his loyalties torn asunder.*

The two leaders of men engage in a dangerous game of wills, and James is tested at every turn when the only woman he ever loved also proves to be his greatest adversary. It was late, very late, and he feared it might be Elizabeth on the other side. Perhaps he was a coward, but he simply was not ready to face her again so soon. However, his consent of "Come," revealed Sheridan. He had stacks more of books on his desk, all of which had come from the cabin of The Artemis. He thought to look through these first, putting off the task of the journal. I can hardly admonish you for making use of the hallway, now can I? He let it drag on, daring to enter the room further. This was all too bloody much. He knew the boy was trying to lessen the blow with humour, but sometimes he simply wanted to shake him. The inside did not have pages so much as a folded folio that expanded. They were drawings of men and women in various positions of coitus. Some very creative positions, by his reckoning. Close that up at once. There was one more thing I wanted to ask you. His nephew clasped his hands before himself, the very picture of a well-behaved young man. Stay away from that girl, Sherry. It will make it easier when it is time to go home. And he was absolutely right, of course. I had to beg father to let me come here. It was a burden that he was glad to have escaped as the second son. You might make a match with a fine lady who you come to love. No monkey business, or your father will have my hide. Shall I—or perhaps you should—"I will arrange it. At least someone in this damned house was happy to a certain degree. It did not list orderly dates and events that happened that day in a chronological fashion. It read more like a dream set down on paper, a surrealist work of art, sporadic paragraphs recounting events, emotions and lines of poetry crossing the page in between bright drawings of people and places and things, pressed flowers, even a snake skin on one page. James certainly did not understand all of it, and some was even seemingly written in code. But little by little, he was able to sew together the patches to form the colorful fabric that had been her life since she left Port Royal. During the debacle with the East India Trading Company the boy had befallen some fate James did not exactly understand. Like any mariner he knew of the Flying Dutchman, surely, but what that could have to do with William Turner? There were drawings of a heart and a chest and a note that said See you in ten years, Will Turner. Jack Sparrow she wrote again and again. My greatest love, my worst enemy. Apparently fidelity was a relative term for Jack Sparrow, if not a meaningless one. But when they were happy together—James ground his teeth as he read certain private recollections of their intimate moments. He knew he should have skipped those pages, but he just could not tear his eyes away, leaving him simultaneously infuriated and titillated, a voyeur looking through the window of their lives. Some pages were decidedly sensual, torrid, pornographic even, but many simply detailed the joy in small things a man and woman might share when living together, pirates or no. James knew jealousy, certainly, that his nemesis was able to share such a wondrous life with Elizabeth. And yet one page in particular left him especially thinking that Jack Sparrow was the greatest fool to ever walk this earth. Farewell, Jack Sparrow, Elizabeth wrote next to a sketch of the Pearl sailing off towards a setting sun. There were descriptions of prizes that were taken, capers exacted, political maneuvers made. Thwarted attempts on her life even, as any King is bound to endure. She caused havoc in the Spanish Main and freed black slaves at every opportunity. She made war on the ships bearing the precious cargo of sugar to Europe and the Americas, hoping to break the barons with loss of profit and astronomical insurance premiums. The Pirate King distributed offers of truce on the condition that the plantation owners would offer their slaves freedom or the option to work for a decent wage. A radical move on her part, and of course the offer was only answered with threats and gnashing teeth. But how would she have known? Well, she was the Pirate King. This intrusion was already a grave violation of propriety, and yet he could not stop himself from pausing to watch her in sleep, just a little. She was lovely, of course. So lovely it hurt. He found himself sinking to his knees beside her bed. He was also noted for his special tortures of Navy officers that left them decidedly less a man than when they were first captured. James had never been more frightened in his life than when he and his men had been captured by Rashid, certain they

would all be made galley slaves and worse. He would have much preferred a good old fashioned Christian hanging. Even more confounding, after a holding period in the dank brig of a galley that was just long enough to let their imaginations percolate, he and his men had been treated well in their captivity for months before they were mysteriously released. Now the reason for it dawned. I decidedly recall paying seventeen. Lucky you, business is good at the Cove. He remembered what ibn Rashid had said upon telling him of their release. The fiend had laughed and declared, "Tis good to live under the protection of the King! She only shrugged in response. No one has ever been more deserving of it than you, James. She felt a telling wetness there, and her heart crumbled a little. You did, you surely did. You made me think I would find something terrible in those pages, and instead I only She rested her head on her arm, stroking his hair soothingly. Thick and soft, it was a pleasure to run her fingers through. Why he insisted on covering it with a wig was beyond her. From the Med to the Caribbee to the South China Sea, all pirates know not to touch a hair on the head of James Norrington or face my wrath. It was certainly possible. He also could not help but think of the awful scars that now crisscrossed her back. He pressed his cheek into her hand, closing his eyes. It will be alright. What was this woman made of? For surely it could not be mere flesh and bone. He shook his head, knowing he could not give her up. Not so some fat self-righteous monarch could make an example of her, when she was every bit the King she claimed to be. Seeing he was at a loss, and assuming he had not yet been to bed, Elizabeth sat up against her headboard. Respectable Royal Governors do not take comfort in the arms of pirates. With a heavy sigh James stood, shaking his head. If I get into that bed with you right now I know I will not leave it. This man had carried a torch for her for years, and even after reading her damningly honest memoirs it seemed the flame still burned bright. Surprisingly she had dreaded the way he would undoubtedly look upon her the next morning, with dull eyes and mouth set in that grim serious line. But here he was in her room, obviously torn between remaining a gentleman and ravishing her senseless. The thought of the latter option raised gooseflesh over her skin, a wave of heat spreading through her loins. It had been a long time since a man had looked at her that way: Like he wanted to make love to her and fuck her all at once, and maybe not get out of bed for a week on end. She found herself craving everything that went with that look, and wanting to take part in some explorations of her own. But over the past couple weeks something new grew within her with regards to this man of such uncommon quality. It was inexplicable, for such things had never interested her before. One would think she would have learned her lessons in the dangers of love from Jack Sparrow, the man who had left her heart such a razed and salted landscape, the scene of too many bloody battles to count. She knew only madness lay down this road. James felt his mouth go dry as he looked down upon her, deliciously sleep rumped and her dark eyes luminous in the shadows of the early morning. And was it just his imagination, or could he practically see through that nightgown? Was it a trick? But the way she looked upon him—even in the dark, he could see the heat in her eyes. What a worthy gentleman you are taunted a voice inside his head.

### 6: Bartholomew Roberts - Wikipedia

*Accurate and well thought out, "If a Pirate I Must Be: The True Story of Black Bart, King of the Caribbean Pirates" is an excellent accounting of the last great pirate of the Golden Age of Piracy - Bartholomew Roberts.*

A secret is revealed, and James makes a life changing decision. Chapter Text Elizabeth woke to the first rays of dawn coming through the aft windows. The newly whitewashed cabin did make everything seem so fresh, and she supposed that maybe she could get used to it. Perhaps it was fitting for this new chapter of her life. James held her in his arms, his long body curled around her backside. Her vision focused on his arm before her, his large hand and strong wrist, and the wiry dark hair that covered the swell of his muscular forearm. She could feel his heart beating steadily against her back, his slow breathing stirring her hair. His groin was soft against her buttocks, and his legs twined with hers. Her toes stroked the curve of his foot, and he emitted a small sound in his sleep that made her heart swell to bursting with love. Could life be more perfect than in this moment? Free, on her own ship, the sound of rushing water all around as the Artemis cut through the azure blue waters of the Caribbean, homeward bound to Shipwreck Cove. As he quietly shut the cabin door behind him he beheld Elizabeth at the gunwale, retching her guts out over the side. And then when she was finished she began to cry. She wept, and it was a thing James never thought to see from the usually unflappable Pirate King. It dawned on him then why she was so desperate to return to her home. Her questions of what their life could be like together, and her seemingly lightning quick decision. A medley of excitement and fear suddenly bloomed within his belly, and he did not entirely trust his sea legs as he approached her. He turned his palms up, placating, beseeching. Wiping at her eyes and her mouth, she nodded once. Even in only his shirt, the hem of which hung down to her mid-thighs, her mane of golden hair shining in the freshly risen sun, she looked every part the forbidding lioness that she was. Are you pleased with yourself, Governor Norrington? It seemed so pointless now. If I survive this ordeal I intend to raise him or her in my kingdom. My child will reap the freedoms of the society I have worked so hard to build. I will not compromise on that. She seemed to soften slightly. James let loose a sigh of relief. He was very aware of the eyes of the crew upon them; surely they stood at the ready to exterminate him at first sign of displeasure from their King, but he did not care. Forsake allegiance to King and Country? It seemed so surreal that a person could be growing inside her, too tiny to even see at that moment. She knew it was not entirely fair. She required his utmost devotion and loyalty, and also that she would retain every iota of her own hard won freedom. And yet was that not what a husband usually demanded of a wife, when she was forced to leave all that she knew to throw herself on his mercy? James dared take yet another step towards her, and she was almost in reach. From this close he could see that she trembled, though she put on a brave face. I have lived with you, and I have lived without you, which I know now was no living at all. I know which I prefer. James willed her to believe him, his heart in his throat. A laugh that sounded almost like a sob escaped Elizabeth, and she launched herself into his arms. James held her fiercely, kissing her hair, pure relief coursing through his veins. Her lips curled in a smile. Piratical notions of propriety were something that would take some getting used to, and he narrowly resisted the urge to snarl at her crew to keep their damned eyes to themselves. He realized he would follow this woman to Hell itself, so long as she smiled at him in that bewitching way. Hopefully, Shipwreck Cove was a little less sinister than all that. XXX The lovers lounged about in their berth for some time, spent from lovemaking once more. James was so careful with her this time, and he apologized profusely for the night before. In fact, I rather liked it. It still seemed so surreal. Was this fine man really who she would spend the rest of her life with? She found that she very much hoped so. Every bone in her body longed for that security, and it was a wondrous thing. James interrupted her train of thought once more, his fingers gliding over her hair in a way that made her shudder. It was a valid concern for a man who had spent most of his life vanquishing pirates, to wonder how he might suddenly live among them. Word will spread quickly through the Cove that the Scourge of Piracy has changed sides once we dock. She knew her word and her love would not quite be enough to vet his reliability to her subjects. But a tale of his willing ruin of his career for the love of their King certainly was. She was a woman who lived by her wits and her tricks; who could blame him for wondering? That is one thing I do know about

love. Perhaps it was foolish, but he wanted to believe her. More than anything, he wanted to believe her. And so, he did. He shifted her so that she lay on her back, his long body curled around hers. His hand strayed to her belly, long fingers splaying over her womb. She laughed joyfully for his fascination. This was not a world she ever thought she should bring a babe into. He would be a good father. She knew it with utmost certainty, and there was freedom in that knowledge.

### 7: How To Become A Pirate

*If a Pirate I Must Be is a story of the many adventures of the early eighteenth century pirate Bartholomew Roberts, also known as Black Bart. Although many perceive pirates as rum drinking, treasure hunting savages, Black Bart was quite the opposite. Black Bart was a simple man who at first was.*

That be a book worth the read! And this was true: I learned a lot about the men who sailed the seas of Shiver me timbers! I learned a lot about the men who sailed the seas of the early 18th century. He relies on histories and accounts written at the time, including the journals of victims of the pirates, letters between colonial authorities writing to their masters in England beseeching them for relief from the marauders, and other documents of the period, including court testimony of pirates captured and tried. Black Bart himself did not start out as a pirate, but his story mirrors that of many of the time. An aging sailor on a slaver ship, he was pressed into service when his slave ship was captured by pirates off of the coast of West Africa. Because of his experience as a seaman, he was a prize that an enterprising pirate crew could not pass up--and yet, his story is not unique. Pirates would frequently capture ships and force some number of the captured crew into their own, though often it was unnecessary. Slavers treated their own sailors more poorly than the slaves, because the slaves were worth more. Meanwhile, pirates would appear from over the horizon, capture and board the ship dressed in better clothing, and promise an equal share of gold and rum to any who joined their number. Their government was democratic, and even the captain was elected from among their number, losing his spot at just the vote of the men if they felt he was not guiding them to victory. And yet, Bart did not go willingly. It would take some time before he would adopt his new place among the pirates, but not long before he was at their head. He would go on to rob the Portuguese treasure fleet off the shores of Brazil, lose all of it to deserters back in the Caribbean where he would be near-marooned by his crew, and rebuild it all again to become one of the most prolific and successful of pirates of the era. A few observations, then: Whether they died from disease, malnutrition, battle, or any of the myriad of other causes, people were dying fast. Sanders mentions the especially high mortality rate in West Africa, noting that an English doctor had moved his family to a fort to serve a British slaving company there and within just a few months the entire family of six was dead from disease. This appears to be a common scenario of the time. They drafted and signed articles for each crew to govern their enterprise. At the end of hostilities, large numbers of men were released from service in the British Navy, and with nowhere else to go, and, no other training or experience, many turned to piracy. In fact, few appeared to actually have fought back against the pirates. Rather, most seemed to roll over as soon as Black Bart flew out the skull and cross-bones and yes, they did fly some version of this If a Pirate I Must Be:

### 8: If A Pirate I Must Be

*Follow/Fav If A Pirate I Must Be By: Sleepy Lotus When Sir James Norrington, Scourge of Piracy and First Royal Governor of the Bahamas, catches the Pirate King Elizabeth Swann in his net, he finds his loyalties torn asunder.*

### 9: If a Pirate I Must Be - King County Library System - OverDrive

*A blog dedicated to our favorite swashbucklers. True pirate facts will be told here.*

*Remembering the rural life Mini projects on power electronics Microfiber Black with Exterior Pockets XL Logical foundations of mathematics New Testament and structuralism The American poets, 1800-1900 MARUFUJI SHEET PILING CO. LTD. Commodity Year Book, 1985 Behavioral neuroscience 8th edition download Constitutional and political history of the United States. Stump the Duct Tape guys Phonology an introduction to basic concepts European Securities Markets The Investment Services Directive and Beyond Marissa and the Hammock Mystery Agee and Actuality McKETTRICKS PRIDE (McKETTRICKS MENS SERIES, 2) Consolidation of Gains The literary and visual hypostases of the hero National brands, national body : Imitation of life The Maryland colony The Bible or the axe Leading groups and teams Guide to bitcoin bitcoin tutorial Decentralisation in Africa Spiritual causes for emotional and physical illness Rdso approved vendor list 2017 Sex and sexuality in early America Found object art II Solution manager certification 1,001 secrets of great cooks Fiennders keepers Practical X-ray therapy Human family by maya angelou Sociology, nursing, and health The Global Citizen The crime picture V. 2. Arbitration (International Investment Disputes Act, 1966 to Bronze Coil (Legal Tender Act, 1918 Two Private Banking Partnerships Irc sp 58 2015 The Opened Curtain*