

Teach

Chapter 1 – A twist ending

The smell of blood and gunpowder never really leaves; once you've had a taste, it's engraved into you. This, however, was something entirely different. In my short months of pirating, I had never seen such violence and destruction. The screams of cannon fire had blended with gunfire to create a deafening melody of random death. Swords clattered against each other as many of my crewmates, who had nary a clue about sword fighting, flailed about with cutlasses, swinging randomly in the hopes of landing a hit. I had been knocked over by a person or an explosion, I couldn't tell, and blood stained my shirt, I manically checked myself, it wasn't my blood. I regained my senses and shot to my feet, only to look over and see Captain Teach looking much worse for wear than I.

I numbered among the many pirates who had jumped ship from Stede Bonnet, the 'gentleman pirate' to the infamous Blackbeard. Captain Bonnet had made increasingly bad decisions during our time serving under him. We looked out for ourselves when we landed back on Nassau from the many unprofitable ventures we did, as all pirates do. Edward Teach was the most attractive option for us, and the decision to follow him was unanimous.

Our time with Blackbeard had been very profitable, even when we were still with Bonnet. Blackbeard had briefly taken over his ship as a temporary captain whilst Bonnet was injured, and we were shown a taste of good pirating. When we decided to make it a permanent fixture, we partook in more plundering than we had ever before.

Unfortunately, this wasn't without notice, as infamous as our crew had become we attracted the attention of one Governor Alexander Spotswood, who sent Lieutenant Robert Maynard after us to put an end to our profits. We were finally cornered on Ocracoke Island, facing off against Maynard's forces in a full bloody battle.

This was the first time many of us had experienced genuine fear. While we lived a dangerous life the art of actually plundering a ship relied on terror and theatrics, merchant ships often carried the most treasure with little to no resistance, and any resistance was swiftly ended with random acts of brutality, disembowel a prisoner and no one will question how good of a swordfighter you are, Blackbeard even sometimes liked to set his beard on fire inspire even more fear. Theatrics wouldn't work here, as here we stood, facing a trained army.

'Damnation, seize my soul if I give you quarters or take any from you!' I heard the captain scream as he clashed swords with Maynard. He was bleeding profusely, he had taken nearly five shots from muskets and still fought like a demon, suffering 18,19,20 lacerations from the swords of those who surrounded him. I could merely watch as I had my hands full with a soldier who had given up on sword fighting and was now reaching for his flintlock pistol.

I quickly ducked under and used my boot knife to open the stomach of the soldier, as his shot fired into nothing it rang in my ears. I turned to see what I thought would be impossible, Blackbeard leapt away from the soldiers, throwing what looked to be a small pouch from his coat to the ground.

The floor between him and the soldiers erupted in an explosion, throwing them to the ground, and impaling two on large pieces of wood that had splintered from the ship. Blackbeard, seemingly unburdened by his many injuries, rushed forward, and using his cutlass, speared Maynard through the bottom of his throat, up through his head until the man's skull looked like the handguard to Blackbeard's blade.

The other soldiers turned, seeing their leader and most skilled fighter killed in such a way caused them to falter, only for a second, but a second of weakness is all we as pirates needed to exploit. We drew our blades with renewed confidence. The battle would be ours.

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