

Embracing Adversity

A guide to survival in hostile waters



-by-

Carmen "Snow White Sorrow" Alexandre

-for-

PiratesAhoy.net

WORK IN PROGRESS

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Foreword



"Where there is a sea there are pirates"
- Greek proverb

There are very few words in all the spoken languages that instantly bring to mind as many diverse and divergent meanings as the word [pirates](#). Fear, death, murder, pillaging and looting and many other words with similar fearsome connotations all come to mind. Adventure, swashbuckling, flamboyant, daring and treasure are some of the more pleasant aspects that spring to mind as well. Both meanings are correct, and usually follow each other. For me though, the one meaning that instantly springs to mind when I hear the word, is freedom. The freedom to choose how to live your life as you see fit, and not have it dictated to you by king or country. The freedom to choose the path that you desire and not the path that has been laid out for you to march lockstep in behind the rest of the crowd!

This freedom was the driving force behind what originally motivated us as a community to take on the challenge of changing and fixing a computer game from what the original developer and publisher had forced upon us, to what we knew this game could have become. What it should have been in the first place! Perhaps we expected to much from the game from the outset, and that is where our disappointment came from, maybe we brought it on ourselves.

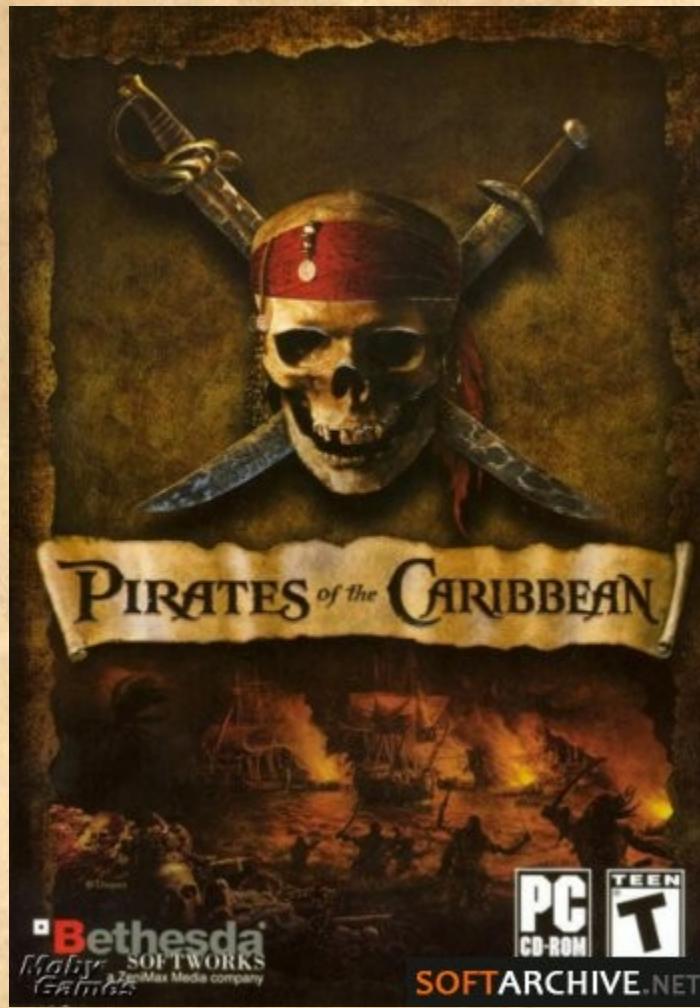
As you can probably tell, this is not your typical game manual, [Pirates Ahoy](#) is not a typical internet game forum! We have grown into a global community of pirate fans, age of sail fans, geeks, historians and modders! Part of the reason PA was started back in 2003 was because we were fed up with the support game companies were providing for pirate games and games in general. Most of the support forums game company's were offering were nothing more than advertising forums. All they seemed concerned with was how to increase sales and who was paying for the advertising space. Some of the moderators of these forums were nothing more than corporate censors, removing posts that didn't tow the company line, or might offend an advertiser. The only allegiance we have at PA is to ourselves!

Most of us had spent years playing the original unappreciated [Sea Dogs](#), developed by [Akella](#) in Russia in 1999, and released by [Bethesda](#) in 2000. Sea Dogs was far from perfect and had its problems, numerous bugs and a mythical archipelago setting that didn't even remotely match the [Caribbean](#), but it did give you the feel of actually sailing in the 17th century. Despite all its flaws and imperfections, it was the best computer pirate game to hit the market since [Sid Meier's original Pirates!](#) In 1987.



Hosehead and the great group of modders over at the LIB (League of Independent Buccaneers) forums did a fantastic job of fixing Sea Dogs and turning it into a very playable and enjoyable game. A lot of those modders joined PA and helped us with our early work on POTC, they were indeed our inspiration for even thinking we could attempt to mod the game in the first place.

POTC was originally supposed to be the sequel, [Sea Dogs II](#). Disney was in post production on the movie Pirates of the Caribbean at the time, and they stepped in and offered Bethesda a deal to re-brand Sea Dogs II so they could have a computer game tied in to their [new blockbuster](#). Akella was forced to speed up their development of the game and get it out to coincide with the movie release. When we heard this news, we had a pretty good idea about what was coming, a half finished game that really didn't tie into the movie all that well. The only real tie in was the [East India-man ship "The Black Pearl"](#), the only character to appear in both the movie and the stock game. The stock game also has a clunky, console type feel to the interface because it was also being developed as a [PlayStation](#) game, but that release was later canceled.



The stock version of POTC was playable and the graphics were an improvement over Sea Dogs, but the game had lost its 17th century feel. It felt more like a console game than a PC game. Again this game was not set in the Caribbean, but in a mythical archipelago. It also had numerous bugs, some of them were just annoying, but others were game stopping.

There were many historical inaccuracy's, from ship type and cannon to soldiers uniforms and equipment. The settings just seemed wrong, the economy still had bugs that were present in Sea Dogs, and the character dialog had numerous errors. We waited months for an official game patch to fix these bugs, but there was never any news about whether Akella or Bethesda were even working on one.

So we took it upon ourselves to fix what we could. From the beginning people were posting small mods that fixed an error here or fixed a bug there. Mods that fixed sailing inaccuracies or dialog that was switched around or just plain wrong. By the time Bethesda actually released Akella's patch for the game, a lot of the things that we had already fixed were in that patch without even a single acknowledgment for where they had come from. Some of the code was byte for byte what our modders had written. Needless to say, that fueled us even more!

We weren't after fame or fortune for our work, we just wanted to fix what was broken, but a simple acknowledgment would have been nice. We started releasing various mods combined in pack form, with a brief description of what they did and how to install them, these mod packs became collectively known as Build Mods.

Choose your own path!

While a lot of this game and the Build Mod itself is focused on playing as a pirate or privateer, there are other playable options as well. You are free to choose your own path! Talk to town folk, merchants and bankers, priests, tavern owners and governors. All will generate random quests for you to fulfill and collect the reward. Play as a merchant and build your wealth and reputation by trading. Sail your fat trade convoy through pirate infested waters, escort other merchants and protect them from the onslaught of pirate and privateer! Play as a smuggler, smuggling contraband goods is a great way to build up cash fast, if you can elude the naval and land patrols! Or you can choose to play as a naval officer in service to one of the major powers of the Caribbean. Move up in rank as you serve! Advance far enough and you will receive a title and become a land owner!

Our mods have added a lot of new depth to this game! The Caribbean is more of a living, breathing environment than what was in the stock game. It's also a more dangerous place, exploring jungles or towns at night is filled with peril as groups of armed thugs now roam the back alleys ready to separate you from your gold and your head from your shoulders!



Terror on the High Seas

Piracy: A Brief History



Piracy, in one form or another, has existed since humans first developed transportation of goods across open expanses of water. The time period most associated with pirates though is the period between the 1650's-1790's AD, most commonly referred to as [The Golden Age of Piracy!](#)

When some of the most notorious pirates plied their trade, [Blackbeard](#), [Captain Kidd](#), [Henry Morgan](#) and [Black Bart](#) to name a few. [Pirates](#), [Buccaneers](#), [Corsairs](#), [Privateers](#), Marooners, all have similar meanings. History has painted a picture of these men, and a few women, as outright evil. Adhering to no moral code whatsoever and simply murdering and stealing with no thought but how they could line there own pockets with gold. The truth however is far different. There were some that were just plain evil and sadistic, raping, killing and stealing for no other reason than that they could.

However, most held moral values and beliefs similar to ordinary sailors of their time. Some forms of piracy were openly endorsed by governments of the time issuing [Letters of Marque](#) and sanctioning raids on ships and ports held by their enemy's. Some were pressed into service after the vessels they had been serving on were captured by pirates. Some were kidnapped while in port and forced to serve on pirate vessels. Most navies of the time also used these "recruitment" tactics to fulfill their needs for crew.

A lot of what we associate with pirates today comes from books like "[Captain Blood](#)" by Rafael Sabatini and other similar books, as well as Hollywood movies such as "[The Crimson Pirate](#)" and "[The Black Swan](#)". Like a lot of you though, my first real introduction to pirates was "[Treasure Island](#)" by Robert Louis Stevenson. A boy setting out on an adventure with pirates seems rather far fetched to be plausible. Sometimes however, truth is even stranger than fiction. Recently, while excavating the only confirmed pirate ship to ever be found; the [Whydah](#), [Barry Clifford](#) discovered a small boys shoe and leg bone among the artifacts. Records dating from



the time name the boy as 11 old year John King. The ship the young King and his mother were sailing on was attacked by the sloop Marianne, Black Sam Bellamy's ship, in 1716.

The records say that the boy was so determined that he wanted to be a pirate that he threatened to kill himself and his mother if Black Sam didn't let him join his crew. Bellamy was so impressed by the young man's determination that he took him on board and granted the young lad's request. Bellamy sailed through the Leeward Islands, passed Venezuela, and crossed back toward America, plundering ships along the way. Between Cuba and Haiti, they attacked the Whydah, a 100-foot heavily armed slave galley, and Bellamy took the boat for his own. They then sailed up the Carolinas to Cape Cod, where a fierce storm sank the Whydah, killing roughly 140 men aboard, including Bellamy and King. 9 of Bellamy's crew survived the shipwreck, 6 were hung as pirates, 2 were cleared of all charges, and one was sold into slavery.

Contrary to popular belief, pirate captains did not choose their crews, it was quite the opposite in fact. Pirates exercised one of the first real forms of Democracy. Both the captain and the quartermaster were elected by the crew; they, in turn, appointed the other ship's officers. The captain was mainly installed to give orders during battles and boarding operations. If the captain performed poorly, or made decisions that were considered foolhardy, he was usually removed from the post rather unpleasantly. When not in battle, the quartermaster usually had the real authority. Most pirates had had previous military experience and they were smart enough to realize that the best way to run a ship was by delegation of authority. So they based that delegation on what they knew best, the naval command structure that they were most familiar with.

Pirate crews were a very diverse lot, and came from all different types of backgrounds. Black, white, yellow or red, if you were good with a cutlass or could fire a cannon, it made no difference what color your skin was. Pirates also practiced one of the earliest forms of "workers compensation". Any loot or treasure that was captured during their raids was divided among the crew according to their code. The pirate code is a code of conduct invented for governing pirates. Generally each pirate crew had its own code or articles, which provided rules for discipline, division of stolen goods, and compensation for injured pirates.

Bartholomew Robert's articles

One of the best known sets of pirate articles was set down by the famous Welsh pirate Bartholomew Roberts in 1720.

I. 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 (not an uncommon thing among them) makes it necessary, for the good of all, to vote a retrenchment.

II. 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: but if they defrauded the company to the value of a dollar in plate, jewels, or money, marooning was their punishment. 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.

III. No person to game at cards or dice for money.

IV. The lights and candles to be put out at eight o'clock at night: if any of the crew, after that hour still remained inclined for drinking, they were to do it on the open deck.

V. To keep their piece, pistols, and cutlass clean and fit for service.

VI. 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; (so that when any fell into their hands, as it chanced in the Onslow, they put a sentinel immediately over her to prevent ill consequences from so dangerous an instrument of division and quarrel; but then here lies the roguery; they contend who shall be sentinel, which happens generally to one of the greatest bullies, who, to secure the lady's virtue, will let none lie with her but himself.)





VII. To desert the ship or their quarters in battle, was punished with death or marooning.

VIII. No striking one another on board, but every man's quarrels to be ended on shore, at sword and pistol. (The quarter-master of the ship, when the parties will not come to any reconciliation, accompanies them on shore with what assistance he thinks proper, and turns the disputant back to back, at so many paces distance; at the word of command, they turn and fire immediately, (or else the piece is knocked out of their hands). If both miss, they come to their cutlasses, and then he is declared the victor who draws the first blood.)

IX. 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.

X. The captain and quartermaster to receive two shares of a prize: the master, boatswain, and gunner, one share and a half, and other officers one and quarter.

XI. The musicians to have rest on the Sabbath Day, but the other six days and nights, none without special favour.

Pirate Ships

Pirates preferred small, fast vessels with light armaments and as small of a crew as possible. The reason for this was of course purely economic, the less crew there was to divide the booty among, the bigger each pirates share became. Fast ships were more likely to outrun pursuit, why risk a fight when there was little hope of a reward. Pirates also preferred to hunt alone or in very small groups of 2 or 3. There are of course exceptions to this, [Henry Morgan](#) organized a massive pirate fleet to terrorize [The Spanish Main!](#)

The 19th Century

Although technically not within the time period, one of the last true pirates of the Golden age was Jean Lafitte! [Jean Lafitte](#) was a pirate and privateer in the Gulf of Mexico in the early 19th century. Lafitte was famous for setting up the pirate haven known as [Barataria](#) on an island off the southern Louisiana coast in the early 1800's. And also for helping [Andrew Jackson](#) defend New Orleans in one of the last battles of the war of 1812.



Build and They Shall Come!



NEW HORIZONS is a community modding effort from the modders and members of the best forum on the internet, [PiratesAhoy.Net!](#) This independent, non profit effort is built on the original PC game [Pirates of the Caribbean](#), developed by [Akella](#) and published by [Bethesda Softworks](#) in 2003. In this chapter you shall find the most updated **feature list**, and of course, a history of the Build Mod.

Today, New Horizons has become one of the most ambitious fan-created expansion packs for legacy games, of which there is no peer in the Age of Sail genre.

No effort has been spared in making the Virtual Caribbean appeal to as wide a prospective audience as possible; this game is being developed with an eye to historical realism but you may also revert to Arcade game mode (from the Options menu) for your dose of simplified swashbuckling fun!

From the Ends of the Earth

New Horizons is and always will be a fan-created expansion. The best and greatest enhancements to this open source project has always been you, the player. All of New Horizon's configuration files can be opened and modified with Notepad, and those control every facet of the game from the gossip you hear on the street to the handling of a man 'o war. We don't just want you to try our work; we want YOU to tell us how to make it better. Consider yourself invited! Have your say at www.piratesahoy.net



Technical Matters

For Build 14 to install properly, you must first of course have installed the stock version of Pirates of the Caribbean.

Original System Requirements

Windows 95/98/98SE/Millenium Edition/XP/2000

Pentium III 800Mhz

128MB RAM

Eight-speed CD-ROM drive

DIRECTX 8.1 3D compliant Video Card with 32MB Video RAM

Sound Card (100% DirectX 8.1 Compatible)

Mouse

Desktop Resolution of 800X600 @ 16-bit color depth minimum

1.5GB hard-drive space for installation.

Recommended Specifications for Build 14 / New Horizons

Windows XP / Vista

2.4Ghz Dual Core Processor or better

2GB of RAM

At least 4GB of hard-drive space

Recent video card, Radeon X1550, nVidia equivalent or better, with at least 128mb video memory

You **MAY OR MAY NOT** have success with integrated hardware (I.e. laptops and netbooks), however, recent systems with **Radeon HD**, **nForce**, or even the Intel **GN40**, may have enough 3D power, or raw CPU horsepower to handle the stock game.

If you are a netbook owner (Asus EEE PC series, Dell Mini etc), please note that Intel Atom processors are rated half as much as full-featured (desktop or otherwise) processors. Reason being, it was built as a power-saving processor and relies on Hyper-Threading and fast DDR 2/3 RAM for performance. Hyper-Threading meaning, your one processor has two execution units and is treated like a multi-processor system in the OS. Problem is, most games don't use Hyper-Threading and you're thus running them with half your horsepower. (on one logical CPU) You can, with a netbook, run Mechwarrior 4 or such classic games brilliantly but graphically intense games with high polygon counts suffer accordingly.

So don't be cruel to the little guy!

Build 14 / New Horizons requires a far beefier system for smooth running because:

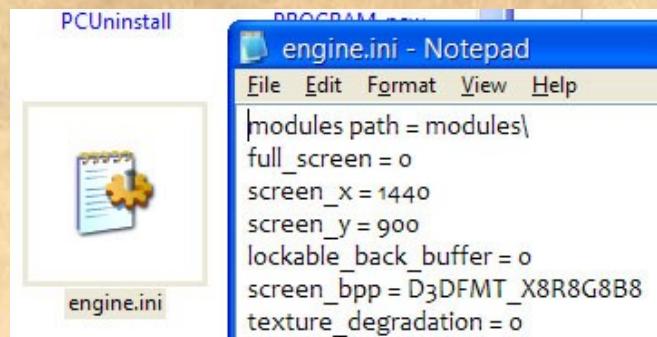
- A lot of new content has been added, including real-time random event generation
- Direct Sail (I.e., manual navigation) may run at up to 30x time compression. This places a heavy strain on the processor
- There are a number of beautiful ship models like the *EITC Wicked Wench* from Jack Sparrow fame, or worse, the *USS Constitution* - these custom models are very heavily detailed and thus demands higher-spec video hardware, especially in a multi-vessel engagement

Graphical Settings



Located in your Pirates of the Caribbean installation directory, the purpose of config.exe shown above should be self explanatory.

As a tool designed in yesteryear, it obviously doesn't allow you to run a 1440x900 window. Back in 2003, this resolution probably didn't exist in mainstream monitors. But right next to **config.exe** you can find an engine.ini file that you can use to override the stock game's resolution settings. Open it in notepad and make the necessary changes.



And that should likewise be self explanatory. You should be aware that Pirates of the Caribbean does not play along well with Alt Tab if you set it to full screen, so don't! Running the game at your desktop resolution, whilst windowed, is the way to go.

There are several debug options in **engine.ini** but unless you know what they do, don't touch them... it's for your own good.



Misc Issues

- Defrag your hard drive before installation
- If you have Windows Vista and Windows 7, DON'T install the game to Program Files; security measures tend to prevent the modpack from installing correctly. Install to, for example, C:\Games\Pirates of the Caribbean instead
Check out the controls in buildinfo\Default Key Assignments.txt
- **!!!SAVE OFTEN!!!**

Writer's Note:

The ALPHA in Build 14 is not for show! Save **EVERY TIME** your character, or ship passes a transition point in the game world (I.e., moving from island to island). Build 14 is **MORE STABLE** than some earlier Builds, but currently has some issues with area transitions, that's all!

Make use of the F4 (Quickload) and F5 (Quicksave) keys to save without returning to the Main Menu.

*The game tends **not** to work if:*

- You have an Intel Onboard Graphics Card [workaround with [Swiftshader Software Rendering - more info](#)]
- Sometimes if you have Nero Burning ROM installed (get a "debugger" error message)
- You use ffdshow and don't have the game added to your "exception list"
- Other video and audio codecs may cause issues as well. If the game starts to load and displays all the DirectX initialization but crashes before the first intro video starts to play, it may very well be a codec issue. Try disabling codecs one by one, an easy way to do this is with the freeware program [InstalledCodec by NirSoft](#).

Once again...

If in doubt, post in our forums!



“Battle for Liberty” - A Tutorial

a. Forsaken

What can you expect from an obsolete game?

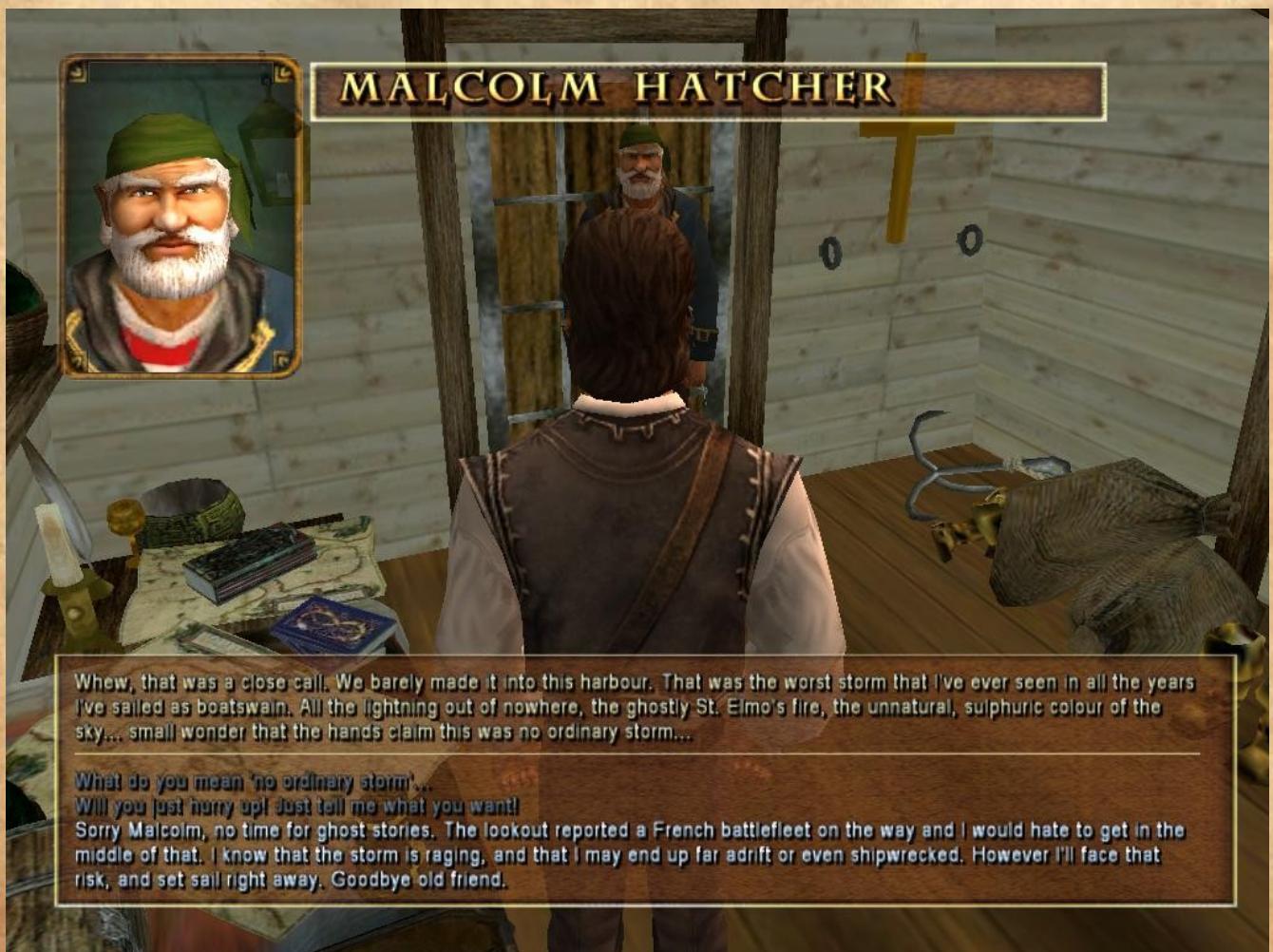
No more than 48 hours of gameplay, tops. Most of it spent in frustration. Because you're sure that if you were a real pirate of the Caribbean, you didn't have to mash certain keys in a certain way to appease a bloody shame of a game so that you could unlock the next level.

Don't be surprised – that's how games are built these days. Flashy, and useless. Before long you'd be wooed to a bigger and better looking failure, and another \$50 down the gutter.

What can you expect from New Horizons?

Firstly, you could be a real man (or lady of good stature) and skip the Disney style hand-holding. [Captain Jack Sparrow](#) never once needed a tutorial, neither do you now.

Do yourself, and your honourable heritage a favour and pick that option below:



“Stormy Start” option in Nathaniel Hawk’s revamped campaign, New Horizons

And what do you get?



"Sail forth! They said; Take the women and the children to safety, our best goods to our sister colonies, and bring news to the Navy, that justice may be swift, the French will not pursue you in this weather!"

I had been brought up as English long enough not to question my seniors' instructions, and that had cost me dearly, as a typhoon tore through what was left of the evacuation convoy that had, beyond all logic, sailed directly into a lion's mouth. Of course the French would not pursue. They were not as stupid.

They simply waited until the storm had passed, and landed on Barbados unopposed, the weather having laid ruin to most of the English defenses.

Like cruel reminders to our obedient folly, raging winds and rolling seas presented to us the full might of nature's wrath, carrying past our fearful eyes broken remnants of what had been minutes ago our sister ships."

Oh my!

Don't be surprised. For the record we are very cruel game developers and won't allow you the luxury of death and subsequent resurrection. No my dear, this is just a mere whiff of a whole new world of pain and sorrow built specially for you to live in.

Your mistress wouldn't be this generous...



You are now stranded on an unknown, possibly hostile island, with your ship (almost) in pieces with naught but the clothes on your back.

You have about two choices.

One, put that bullet in your pistol to good use.

Two, get that brain of yours working. You WERE an indentured servant of the mighty [British Empire](#), getting mere pennies for much sweat, blood and tears and now you have tasted liberty! Do what you're supposed to do!

What, you don't know what to do?

Aww poor thing, don't cry, hit F2 and see what you've been awarded in compensation...



Uhhhh... weapons! Well there is hope yet isn't it! Of course you're the captain of that poor coastal vessel, references to indentured labour aside. And that means in all your god-given "emergency powers", you had pretty much exclusive access to your crew's personal armaments.

Now pick your tools well – take a good look at those [highwaymen](#) leering at you and your shipwrecked assets. You have good intentions of asking the denizens of Unknown Island for help, but as you know from the real world, good intentions are the first to die.

But that's not an excuse to quit – find save haven for your crew and passengers, or they shall receive a very, very large dosage of pain and sorrow, indeed. Get your ass in gear.



Outnumbered: No Fun

Actually, I lied. The only women and children to save are those in your dreams and they don't actually exist in game. After all, we are very evil, and lazy game developers. Still, it is refreshing to think out of the box, is it not?

You probably got a can of whoopass in a bad way from the very seasoned banditos who were your next door neighbours for a few moments.

But, not being entirely heartless in our reign, we sent an angel to save you:



Made a wrong turn? Don't fret, you (sometimes) have a chance to avenge your untimely defeat. Worry not, you can define for yourself the chance of rescue in the Advanced Options menu.

Well at least you got a hint of where you are. And slept through the worst of the storm. You have to locate your ship, somehow. And of course, murder those blasted highwaymen.

It's your choice if you wish to venture forth alone, or seek help from the (in this case) French. Yes, the locale, equipment and well, one could say tactical situation, is entirely random in a Stormy Start (exclusive only to the esteemed Monsieur Hawk).

b. Asset Recovery



So where is Pointe a Pitre? Don't know? I'll slap you...

To find out, hit F2 for the Colonies directory to first of all, identify the island you are on. Note that you should have Realistic Island Names enabled in Advanced Options. Believe me, it's worth getting used to.

Then, from a roadside merchant, or various ahem... convenience stores that you will have to find yourself, try to locate an island map. If they are selfish, boycott them and move on to the next one. Someone out there has to be civilised enough to deserve the kind affections and gold of a foreign gentleman like yourself...



Colony List. Note the trade directory. You could create a mercantile empire from here. Literally.



Maps are inexpensive yet valuable assets. Don't leave home without them.

Thus armed with a map of Guadeloupe, the issue of locating my wrecked vessel was solved. According to the tavern lady, I was found near Anse Casse-Bois.



Now the problem was getting there. Tough bastard though you may be, a chance encounter with fate, and mayhaps a few highwaymen, and your days may be permanently over. This time an angel may not be available, for there are many other lost souls to save in this world...

Divine intervention isn't free, you know?



Anyways, I walked around the droll French town and found little in the way of sympathy, because not speaking French in French territory meant instant rejection. And asking strange questions in a strange accent did well to cause suspicion.. but not if you do it in a [tavern](#).

So I found this young and brave and perhaps a bit foolish French mademoiselle to lead me across country and we set off without delay. (Foolish because who would trust a gangly “merchant captain” from a foreign, enemy power?) Still, it was obvious at that point of time my expression said explicitly, “I want my bloody ship back. Now,” and the lady was kind enough to oblige.

Being a whore for attention, I don't like being lonely, so it works out fine.

And along the way...



We passed a pretty building



And a plantation that bore uncanny resemblance to... a real plantation. Where did that come from?



Revenge!



Crime does not pay. Loot and thou shalt be looted in turn.

We trod for what seemed to be hours through dangerous terrain - at least for me, for Lily bore an uncanny love for the wilderness that kept us out of trouble (she wields a menacing scalpel for a "physician", indeed) and on course to our destination, which was none other than my now-deserted ship.

In the week I had been recovering from a bandit's spade to the head and subsequent "adventures", all but 8 of my crew had deserted, gotten themselves killed or went native with the French girls. No matter, 8 was plenty - I have no patience to entertain problem children.

We set sail and tacked out of the Anse Casse-Bois, whatever it meant in the Universal Language.

Before you go anywhere however, it is good to invest some time in international affairs. I am an English captain in French waters. Being patriotic is a sure fire way to end one's existence in such compromising positions.



You can fly any flag you wish. Subsequent actions shall influence your international standing. But be warned - your disguise is only partway convincing!

So...Vive la France!

But being French also brought a fair share of bad luck.

Or was that from having a woman aboard ship?

Carmen Alexandre Gained 70 XP
Carmen Alexandre has gained a new level! (Now level 2)
Carmen Alexandre Gained 70 XP
Lillianne Mandy Gained 70 XP
Time x1



What's that in the water?



A mine! EVASIVE ACTION!

The mine passed us by mere inches, appearing to hover in our wake for a threatening second before resuming its deadly course drifting along the ocean currents like a Portuguese Man o War.

Speaking of Portuguese...





Speak of the Devil..

A commerce raiding large frigate decided to have a little French ship for lunch. Because I had only 8 men.. and a mademoiselle, we had a total of 1 workable cannon. Yes, one. Still, ONE cannon was better than NO cannon! FIRE!



French gunnery school - aim for the rigging

Most mercifully, we had the weather gage and with a bit of desperate housewivery, managed to gain a little bit of extra speed by dumping “unnecessary equipment” over the side. Our lighter ship could also sail a few extra degrees upwind from the square-sailed heavy frigate and that was how we got away.

Another tip: Don't waste all your character feats and skill points – use them as a reserve, like I did, to get away from such sticky situations. That way, your character develops according to the situations you face in game. And that makes gameplay much more memorable.





It's up to you to make sense of these!

To make matters even worse, a nearby French ship decided to join the fray and took potshots at us for some reason or another. We retaliated with withering salvos of harsh language which dissuaded them from pursuing.



And finally, we were safe in the harbour of Pointe a Pitre.

Now we faced a different form of war, having to sell half our guns, and what little trade goods that were left on board, just to outfit the ship for her next voyage. I intended to sail far from the developing [colonial war](#) between England and France, and take refuge in Portuguese territory, masquerading as a free trader.

And just how would I accomplish that?

With nothing but my wits, of course!



Lily says, "Stop daydreaming, my dear..."

What with loyalty, patriotism and the like demanding my return to English waters?

Well let's just say I'm not entirely English (hence, Carmen, got it?) and I do not enjoy being a governor's pet. This is the 17th Century and we can dispense with oppressive ideals. (How's that U.S.A. expansion for Build 14 coming by the way?)

And so instead of partaking in a bland replay of Nathaniel Hawk's quest to reclaim his lost girlfriend (ala stock game), we have here the harsh realities of a 17th Century seafaring entrepreneur! No pain, go gain, si senor?

Of course, you can begin Monsieur Hawk's noble quest for fame by returning, as you should, to the island of Barbados, but as aforesaid, I have quite different ideas for my virtual Caribbean.



c. I Don't Play 'Fetch', Uncouth Lout!

Most fantasy [RPGs](#) try to make themselves look good on paper (advertising as having more gameplay hours than the competition) by forcing the player to indulge in repetitious, pointless delivery boy quests that involve moving from location A to B repeatedly. Logic dictates that in the real world, we'd build a cache of requests from prospects and courier them all in one shot.

For this reason, I don't trust a bespectacled oaf somewhere in a far corner of the globe to direct my virtual actions, when a lowly secretary like myself, turned international privateer, has far better organisational ability.

As in the previous chapter, we are not going to activate Nathaniel Hawk's New Horizon campaign. I do not care if I am forced to raid and pillage high seas merchantmen in a bathtub toy to make a living because well, give me liberty or give me death!

Fortunately, with the way Build 14 is structured, you do not have to be so desperate. Progression in an open game environment is not merely measured in character levels or if you prefer, number of cannon, it is also affected by how **YOU** perceive the game.

Some will cut me off at this point saying, freeform is boring, and I don't know where to go, or what to do. Well, that's because roleplaying games these days are piss poor excuses of hack and slash arcade stuff! Roleplay, as in the good 'ol days, involves thinking out of the box, and specifically, what kind of character you'd like to play. Don't blame yourself – it is the fault of game developers themselves that they do not think beyond lining their own pockets and leaving the hard work to unpaid independent modders.

So after a score of years... and most unlike commercial products, there is **PLENTY** of dynamic content in Build 14 (that's why it's so huge, see?) and plenty of strategic options to keep one's mind busy without the need for a linear campaign, and if you don't, there are always the other campaigns to choose from. Once again, you can not only pick your cake, but eat it as well.

At this point of daydreaming, Lily reminded me that the poor 'ol bathtub was leaking badly and in need of repairs. The problem is, I have no money to repair her, save from what little I looted from the looters in the previous chapter.

In such a situation one mantra in your head should glow brighter than the rest of them good ideas – the one that says having a 70% solution is better than perfection because well hun, it'll never be perfect.

So focus on critical repairs, and get creative. How? Pretty simple, don't think like a gamer that needs to be spoonfed by your mom and everyone else, think like El Capitan. You will then, at the end of this tutorial, become much more assertive and are able to better lead society into the future. Well, perhaps, in your dreams.

Here's my shopping list in Pointe a Pitre:

1. Sell loot (visit any 7-11 merchant on the street or the city's store)
2. Sell cannons (despite earlier statements to the contrary, sailing a [lugger](#) offensively this early in the game can be suicidal – I will not need forward chasers and will convert them into emergency [capital](#))
3. Get crew. (or you'd be completely dysfunctional)
4. Critical repairs
5. Be an opportunist



d. Delusions of Hope

Swashbuckling thoughts aside, the reality of my just-started career as a [privateer](#) is pretty bleak. A lugger isn't very useful at all. Oh wait, it's your only ship, and just like cannon, one ship is better than NO ship. So hit the F2 screen and take a look at the SHIP tab, and you'll see she's not that bad after all. Good manoeuvrability, decent sailing speed and a good sized cargo hold. If you don't believe me, head to the shipyard office (where? Walk around and find it! And ask the locals for directions! No spoonfeeding!) and take a look at the Class 7 coastal vessels.

You'll realise one fact – you're too poor to buy a new ship. Yet. But then you don't really have to. The lugger is very easy to sail (even with a skeleton crew) and is a perfect smuggler's ship, if you wish to go that path.

But leave the dreaming aside, we need to repair the storm-wrecked hull. I won't touch on how to sell loot, that's supposed to be second nature to seasoned pirates like yourself, but I will cover a bit of Build 14's unique shipyard features:



This is where you can modify your cannon loadout. Reduce the cannons and do a “negative purchase” to reclaim funds. I got rid of the front chasers and one each of the broadside guns as I intended to use the lugger as a fast trader.

Strange as an “ass towards enemy” doctrine sounds, it makes perfect tactical sense as it presents a minimal profile to the enemy in a defensive action whilst continually opening the range. This was standard practise for Allied merchant vessels in World War 2. Far in the “future”, of course.



And pay a visit to the Upgrading screen – some upgrades are inexpensive and are well worth the investment. Consider them “field modifications” based on the Captain’s recommendation.

Use what funds you have, at this point, to repair the hull of your vessel. Why the hull? Pointe a Pitre exports sailcloth – so DIY repairs will cost less than professional services.



You will just need time to execute the requisite repairs. An officer skilled in carpentry will be useful for this, saving you skill points to invest in more offensive options. Just be sure to setup your officers correctly (talk to

them, and make sure their assigned roles on the ship correspond to their skills; Gunners will not pretend to be ship's carpenters!).

You can, as in the stock game, hire sailors and officers from the tavern, though at this point you will not need more than one officer (more would be wasteful on salary). It is preferable to hire officers when you are at level 1 such that you may have a companion to develop according to your entrepreneurial needs, and low level officers command less salary.



[Build 14's officer system](#) has been drastically improved from stock and offers many options for customisation. Simply talk to an officer to find out more, the menus are simple enough.

Alright, now that the ship's been refitted we are now ready for some action. The French aren't very kindly to persons with an English accent at this point of time and frankly, I get along with neither of them. I much prefer Hispanic charm...

But getting anywhere is better than going nowhere – scan though the Colonies directory; specifically, the export list. Find a suitable nearby port (purchase a map of the archipelago from the street merchants, and don't just visit one of them – their inventories differ individually) advertising imports of your exports and you will be guaranteed to make a profit.

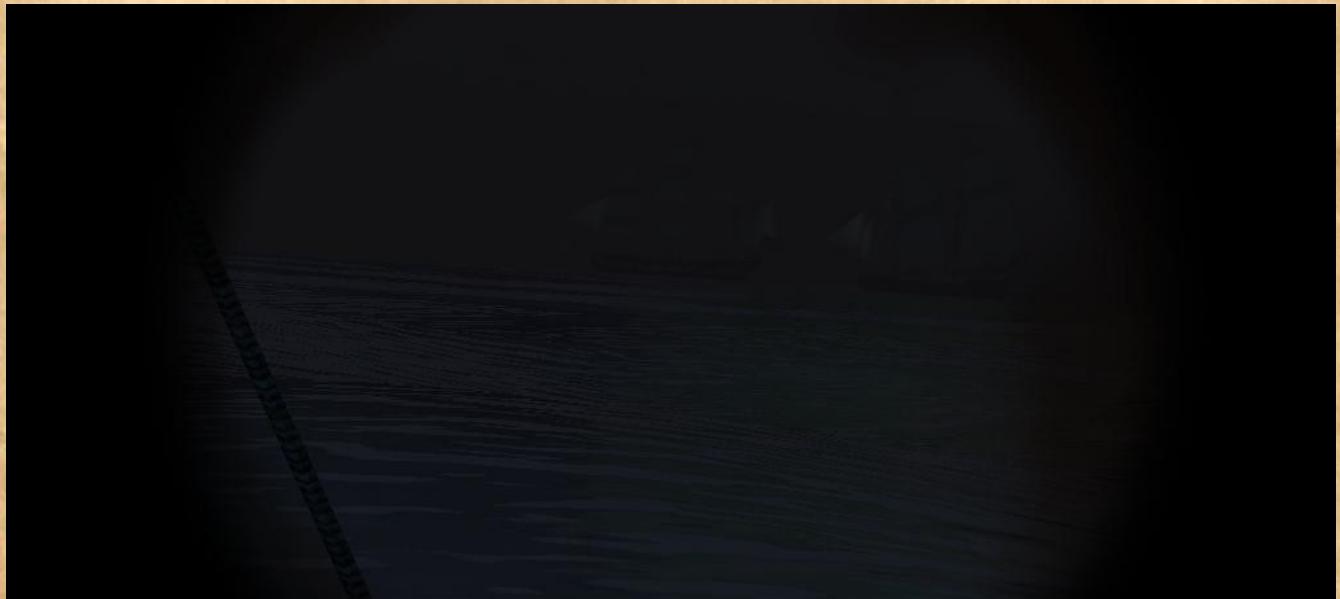
In this case, I'm going to purchase a consignment of silk and the Portuguese colony of [La Grenade](#) (translates to Granada in the Universal Language) is a convenient enough destination. Convenient meaning, this is my first time using Build 14's unique Direct Sail feature and it is easy to navigate from Guadeloupe to Granada via [Curacao](#) as the plot below shows:





Departing Pointe a Pitre bay, I intend to execute a 90 degree turn to starboard and steady as she goes until landfall at Curacao and change course 70 degrees to port upon sighting that head of land at the southeastern fringe of the island. I would not take the easy Martinique-Barbados route as that is a warzone (this is Nathaniel Hawk's campaign and I don't wish to activate the main quest).

Why all the detail to plan the route? Simple. You're not going to use the map view to sail from A to B in 5 seconds. You'll be a real man (or lady of good stature) and navigate manually. You'll have no compass (they're expensive), no "GPS" (you need advanced equipment to enable the battle interface) and will be sailing on inertial and celestial guidance, the procedures (and fun) of it shall be explained when we actually do make it out of port. That's a problem because...



The bloody English had blockaded the harbour



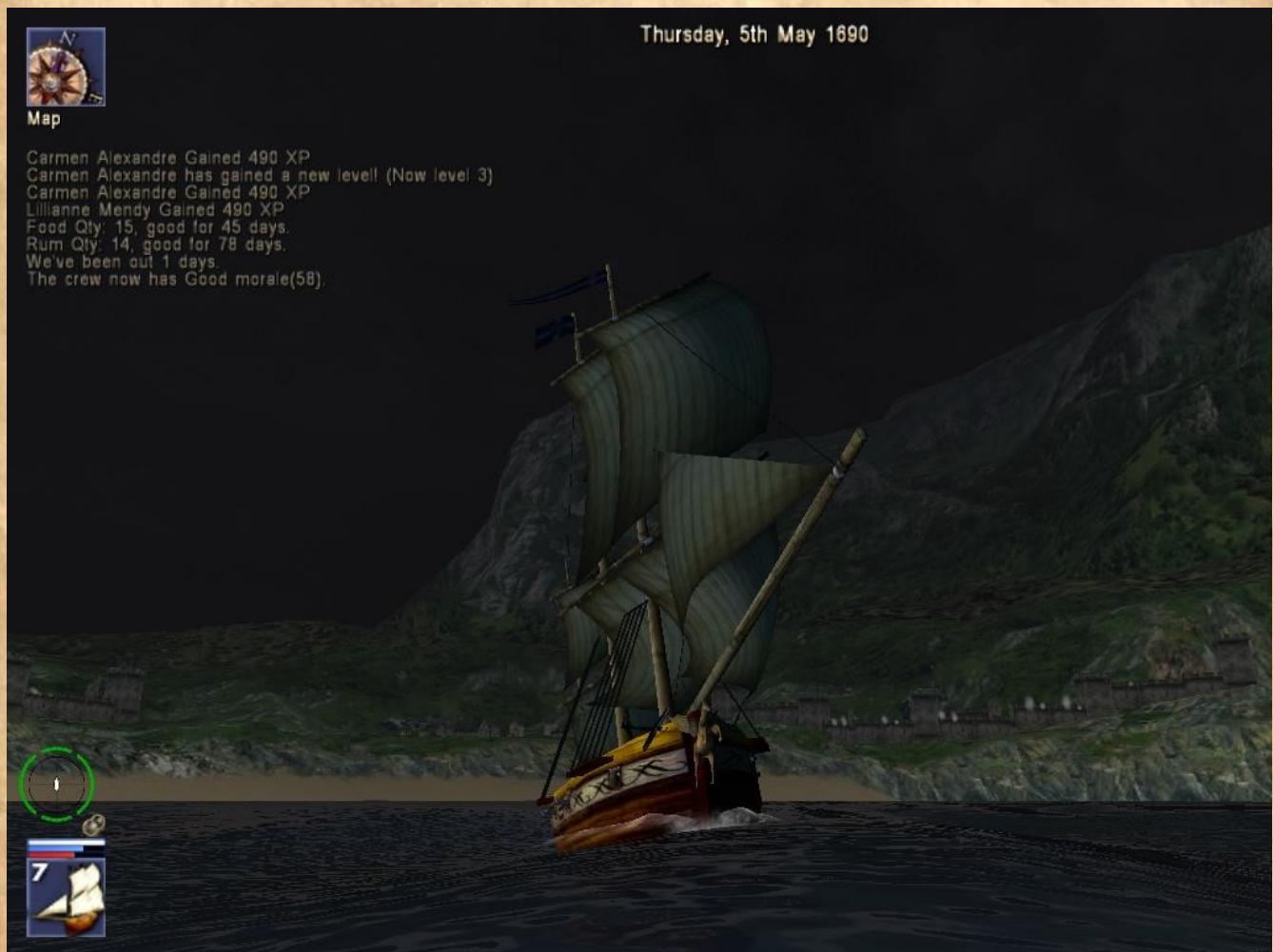
e. A Dance with Death

The thunder of French cannon echoed through the night as we pushed off; I at first thought it was a salute, but observed they were firing at maximum elevation at a pair of English ships blocking the entrance to the bay. I had two choices here:

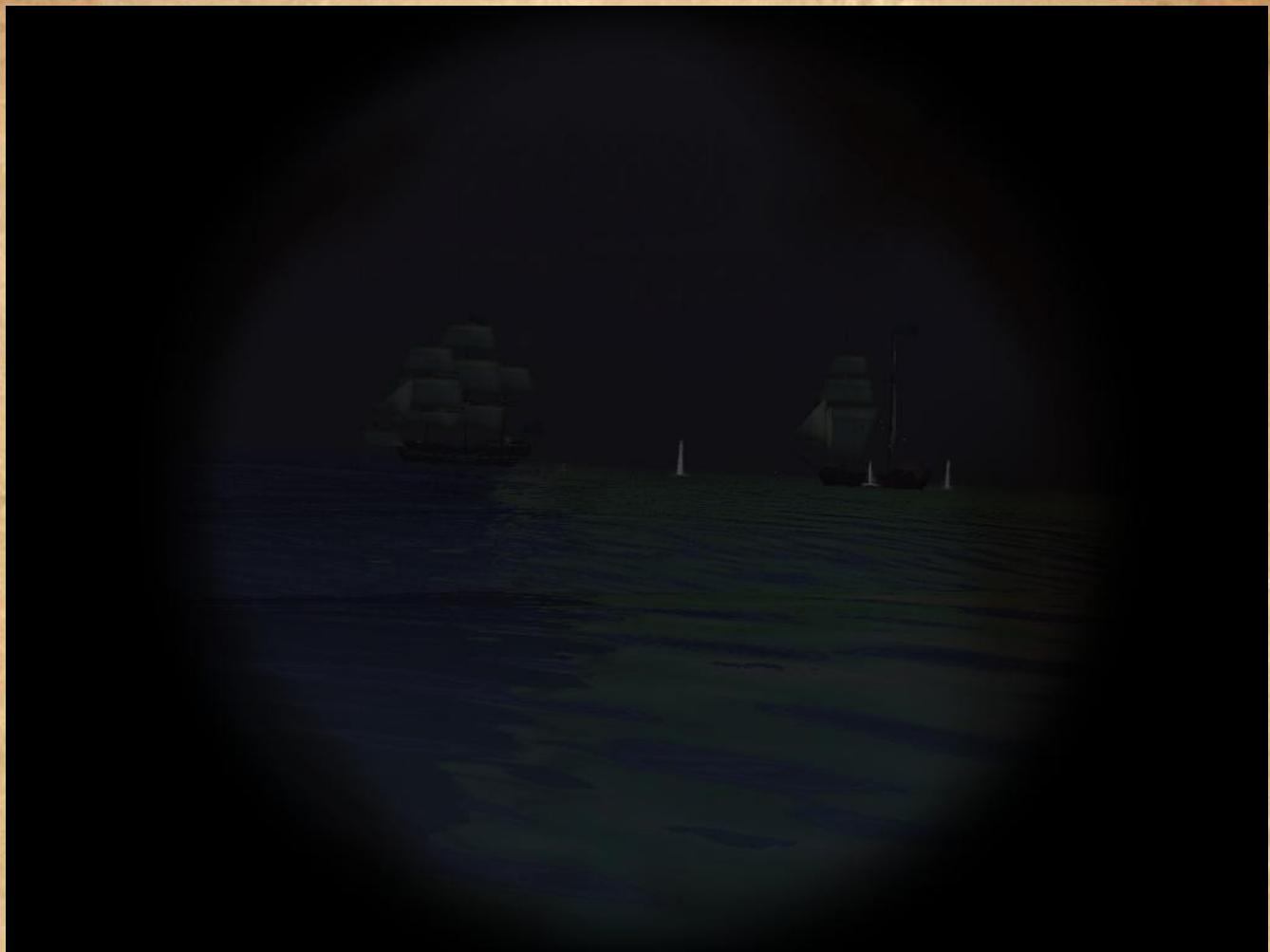
1. Abort the voyage or wait for the fort to take care of the intruders
2. Run the blockade

I chose 2, as the tactical situation was not as bad as it looked. There was a steady 12 knot wind from the south, meaning I could tack with it to the mouth of the bay, past the cliffs to starboard, and escape downwind towards my first destination, Curacao. Second, I had over 50 French cannon firing overhead.

By luring the English squadron in close I would hasten their destruction. A profitable, but dangerous venture.



Saluting salvo, or enemy contact?



Contact: 6000 yards, bearing 355, pair of English raiders, closing...



*Set my course 270; skirt the cliffs to starboard. Looks like the smaller ship's on fire.
Stand by chain shot defensive fire, port side.*





All hands to the port side guns, rapid fire on my command.



Target: Range 2500, bearing 300, closing fast. The fort's got them ranged...



We've been spotted, enemy turning to engage.



Contact: Range 500, bearing 270 overlap, set your range 2000 (targeting rigging), Open fire!





Target foremast, steady on range 2000, commence rapid fire.



Target destroyed! Shift fire, range 300 (hull).





Target returning fire; brace for impact!



We're taking damage!



Corvette's in trouble now. They've gone too close to the fort.



What's that grinding noise! Oh gods we're scraping the cliff!



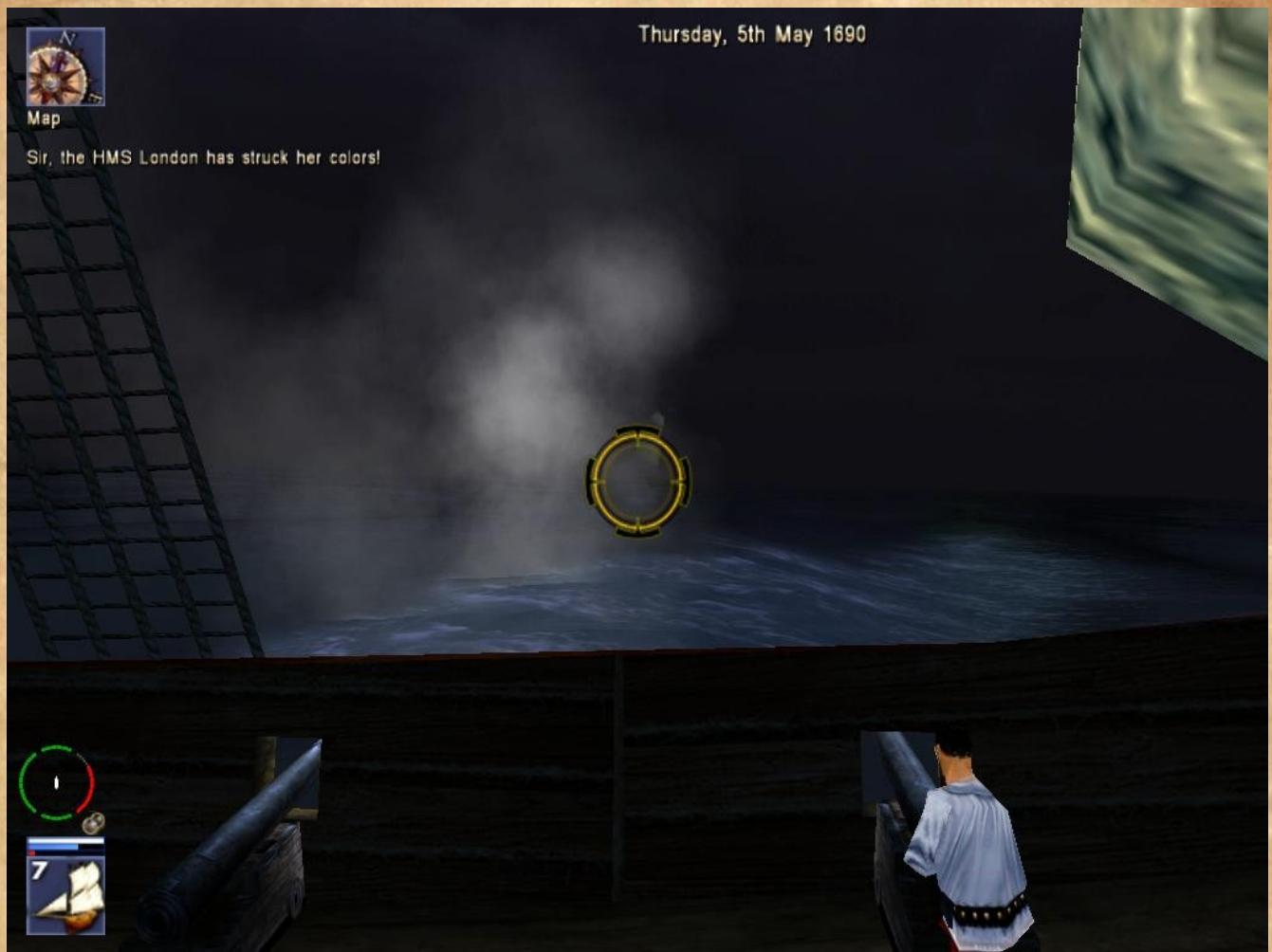


Schooner is disengaging; left full rudder, break us free! All hands to emergency damage control stations (Light repairs character skill).



Standard shot, range 800, FIRE! (I WANT THAT SHIP!)



A few minutes later...*Now for the hard part...*

After the ferocious battle we ended up marooned against the cliff, having been driven against it by strong crosswind and accurate British gunnery that left us in no condition resembling seaworthiness. We had to break free with all haste, and claim the prize as our own, before the French got to the crippled schooner. We need that hull... Now.

It was a grueling hour of waiting, our hull grinding itself to destruction against the rock face behind us, before the wind changed direction enough to get us free.

We rapidly overtook the drifting English schooner and with hellish determination (mostly from our tub threatening to sink without warning), forced her surrender.



But the English captain, perhaps seeing the poor state of my crew and ship, had no intention to give up. Unfortunately, his defiance was not unexpected and I resorted to irresistible powers of suggestion... a blunderbuss.

Once the hostile ship's crew were rounded up, we set to work transferring cargo from the sinking hulk, leaving nothing but the cannonballs behind. The schooner was larger than I expected and will take some getting used to - taking her meant our voyage would be aborted: we'd have to return to Pointe a Pitre for repairs. The funds from the captured vessel should be adequate to finance a refit.

There were more than a few good surprises on board, too.



You can't sail a larger vessel as easily as a small one, not without experience. Not that I have a choice right now. Besides, I'm a masochist. I love the challenge.



HMS London appears to be a successful [commerce raider](#), with Spanish gold and other valued commodities in her holds. And I was craving for chocolate too.



We bade our old ship a fond farewell - she had performed far beyond expectations. I am reminded of a similar tale - a small ship surviving against overwhelming odds, from the historical [Russian 20-gun brig, "Mercury"](#).



The colony directory tells me the French will pay very well for the captured gold. And repairs to the sails would be very cheap. Might as well take another load of silk for the Portuguese. The London is a significantly larger, and more capable vessel.



However, we were attacked on sight by some disgruntled and unappreciative locals.

I gave orders to hasten our repairs – we would leave the next day for safer waters. The locals are starting to annoy me.

Destination: Granada, as previously plotted. The next chapter shall outline the challenge, and joys of manual navigation.

f. And the Stars to Sail Her By

*"I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
 And the wheel's kick, and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
 And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.
 I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
 Is a wild call and a clear call which may not be denied."* - from Sea Fever
 by John Masefield [1878-1967]



As luck would have it, I secured a capable and well armed vessel thanks to English misfortune. After an additional day of repairs, our scarlet schooner departed Point a Pitre *en echelon* with two local patrol ships. We rapidly outdistanced our companions in the dusky fog however; our combination of gaff and square rig allowed us to tack and run with the wind just as well. *HMS London*, or should I say, former *HMS London*, was a much heavier ship from my now-deceased coastal lugger, evidently built for service as a naval auxiliary with reinforced hull and heavy 18 pounder cannon.

All that mass made her very hard to manoeuvre but the huge sail area provided us with uncanny speed in favourable conditions. The French were evidently impressed with both the ship and my exploits. Impressed enough to paint their patrol frigate in a similar shade of scarlet passion and offer me a commission in service of the French, but you know... I prefer to choose my employers.





We exited the bay without incident but was unable to set a direct course for Curacao as indicated below, due to a strong breeze from the north west.



We were forced to [run downwind](#), to the south, having sighted an English frigate appearing from the fog not far from us.



Our naval escort shortly thereafter detached to engage the frigate, charging close to pick away at the warship's stern quarter.



We elected not to join the battle, the silk run to Granada taking precedence over acts of foolish bravery. Our southerly evasive course was to no avail, for as the sun set the battle with the frigate was carried with us towards



the south, the English vessel obviously attempting to disengage, perhaps low on provisions. We crossed the "T" ahead of the deadly warship way out of range of her chasers, the French continuing to screen with accurate close range rapid fire. Numerous hits were scored yet the tough British warship lumbered on without incident as she traded blows with the nimble continental adversary. Lighted by the rising full moon, clouds of gunpowder smoke wafted across the dark seas towards us; a surreal sight if not for our all too recent exposure to the sheer terror of battle...



We were still running diagonally across the frigate's bow at range; the French patrol ship had retired and the warship appeared to gain speed towards us, her square sails highly efficient in running.



The decision was made to alter course west, close hauled to the wind in order to clear the datum. Just then, our lookout spotted a bale of abandoned cargo floating off the starboard bow. Should I risk recovering it?



We snatched the cargo without losing steerageway as we assumed a westerly heading, then tacking north past the mouth of Pointe a Pitre bay once again. We were finally on course for Curacao, albeit struggling upwind at a slow rate of speed as the English frigate disappeared into the southern night.

But the former HMS London and her crew had not yet escaped danger.





As we watched a small barque leave port we noticed a brig sailing right for us.



Without confirming our identity, they opened fire without hesitation. Gun crews raced to their stations as cannonballs sailed past, the chaser fire ineffectual.

Maintaining course, we furled all sails and prepared for broadside rapid fire to starboard.



The thunder of 18 pounder fire soon echoed across the cliffs of Guadeloupe. Giving orders to aim "way over", we exchanged fire at maximum range.





Few hits were scored on both sides; our fire being far more effective as large cannonballs tore through the enemy's rigging. Theirs fell short, having aimed for our hull. The duel was over as suddenly as it began, leaving us in a cloud of our own cannon smoke as the brig made her way downwind.



A familiar schooner followed at high speed, it was the French patrol ship attempting to intercept yet another English (?) raider.



Not that we cared about their identity; what matters is that we were finally clear from 'foreign harassment'.



The direction of wind, as well as the tactical situation created large delays in our navigational plan, as is common and expected in the Age of Sail.



"Escape from Guadeloupe" - HMS London departs Pointe a Pitre bay southbound, subsequently tacking upwind towards Curacao.

Needless to say, if you engaged the “arcade” long range sailing interface you would not experience such detailed tactical events, nor the challenge, and satisfaction of sailing against Nature. Wind blowing the wrong way is a major hassle, yes, but it is not an insurmountable obstacle. Nor do I need to exploit every game bug and unintended “feature” to acquire a [first rate](#) Man o’ War because believe me on this one, a small knife can do as much damage as a big one. As you will also observe in subsequent chapters, the random event generation of Direct Sailing is a source of major entertainment in Build 14 / New Horizons.

Not having an autopilot take you to the destination port of call in 5 seconds takes some getting used to, but is extremely rewarding. It helps as well to read up on the historical [Age of Sail](#) – you will learn a lot. Being able to reference reality to gameplay makes for a very educational experience should you wish to enjoy your time as such. If not, I’m sure there are a ton of first person shooters out in the market to sate one’s lust for instant, violent gratification.

I fail to see the long term benefits of that...

In the meantime, with Guadeloupe behind her, HMS London made good progress upwind, her vigilant lookouts sweeping the moonlit sea for maritime activity. While several contacts were made, none appeared hostile, and the one suspicious-looking pinnace we observed attempting to intercept our course was easily outrun by virtue of our huge sail area. It was then that my mind wandered to the young French woman who I



had most brusquely accosted from her hometown, who now inhabited my cabin safe and sound like some forbidden treasure. Others might think more... “masculine” thoughts in such scenarios, but I felt naught but pity, and a fair amount of grudging respect for this individual.

As I stared at the full moon and the stars throughout the night, my thoughts were fixed on her. A part of me wanted to know more about her motivations, giving up a comfortable life on land to serve as an “independent” officer aboard ship. About the way she handled herself in swordplay. But I knew better to be a busybody siphoning gossip from everyone I knew. For now, loyalty was adequate... and it was flattering to some degree. God knows, I would treat her better than any other captain.

And I would keep it that way.



Departure from Guadeloupe

We had no compass, [sextant](#) nor chronometer (these are high-level navigational tools which will unlock the standard game's battle compass interface). We sighted our heading into open waters by aligning our ship with the outermost bluffs of the French island. So long as we kept that heading, we will reach Curacao within 3 days at most.

To keep our heading on the high seas, we would take visual sightings from the stars. Which star mattered not to us, for it was but a short voyage.

We picked this pair of stars as navigation markers.



Rudimentary [celestial navigation](#) - HMS London following two stars to maintain a northerly course



By day, the Sun was our compass.



Sailing North at dawn, the Sun to starboard.

Where we had sailed off-track dead North due to unfavourable winds as we departed Guadeloupe, our fortunes were reversed as we reached open waters and steady trade currents. We steered west-north-west to intersect the straight-line plot from Guadeloupe to Curacao, hoping we did not overcompensate for the ship's northward progress (this forms the basis of, in our time, [inertial navigation](#)).



Straight-Line (Red) vs Actual (White) Navigation Track

Our lookouts sighted land on 23 May 1690, 3 days following our departure from Pointe a Pitre. Right on time according to my predictions!

And at this time I will tell the truth - I have absolutely no maritime experience and this is the first time in any game that I have attempted to navigate using the environment itself.

The sky map in this game isn't detailed enough for proper celestial navigation, infact it's not detailed **at all** by today's standard of computer graphics. But so long as the sky texture remains static relative to the 3D world... who says I can't navigate with it?

The rest is just common sense logic - it's refreshing for once to touch on such subjects while gaming. If I can do this, so can you. Believe me, Direct Sailing is that addictive!





Landfall off the SE coast of Curacao.



Sailing along the length of the potato-shaped island, we vectored southwest when we passed the Bocht Van Hato. We arrived at Granada within a day.





We sighted several large ships plying Dutch and Portuguese waters peacefully.



And arrived at Sao Jorge without incident.

For once in my short sailing career, we faced no danger from storm, blade, or hostile weapons fire. We set to work preparing our cargo of silk, chocolate and other odds and ends for sale.

Before long, I had started making a good living, with the powerful English-built raider sailing in defense of commerce between Portugal and her allies.

I felt I could settle down, grow old and retire on this sunny little island.. but as we all know, good intentions die first.



g. Littoral Warfare



Our prize cargo fetched us tremendous profit but I had to get rid of that mahogany I picked up off Guadeloupe by less legal means.

To say we were welcomed by the Portuguese was an understatement. Our cargo of silk, chocolate and Spanish gold fetched excellent prices but it was our tales of escape, battle and evasion that ultimately made us heroes.

My concern however was making a living. It was not cheap to run a high performance sailing vessel for any length of time, and the Caribbean in this day and age is a dangerous place to live in. Merchantmen sailed in convoy for fear of marauders, while here in São Jorge it is rumored that pirate collaborators infest the taverns, listening for snippets of information that would be of use to their seaborne comrades.

These rumors were surprisingly useful to me, for as an unknown foreigner I was privy to certain types of information hidden from the locals. Such as... independent businessmen who circumvent the law, trading in controlled substances. For some reason or another, certain types of precious woods are deemed contraband here. While not a fan of smuggling or anything done "under the table", there was no better solution to getting rid of that useless ballast in my cargo hold (which isn't very large at all).

More importantly, they would pay well, and that's all that mattered to me at that point.

So at midnight, taking refuge in driving winds and the merciless torrent of tropical rain, we headed north to a secluded beach to await our mysterious agent...



London under the rainbow



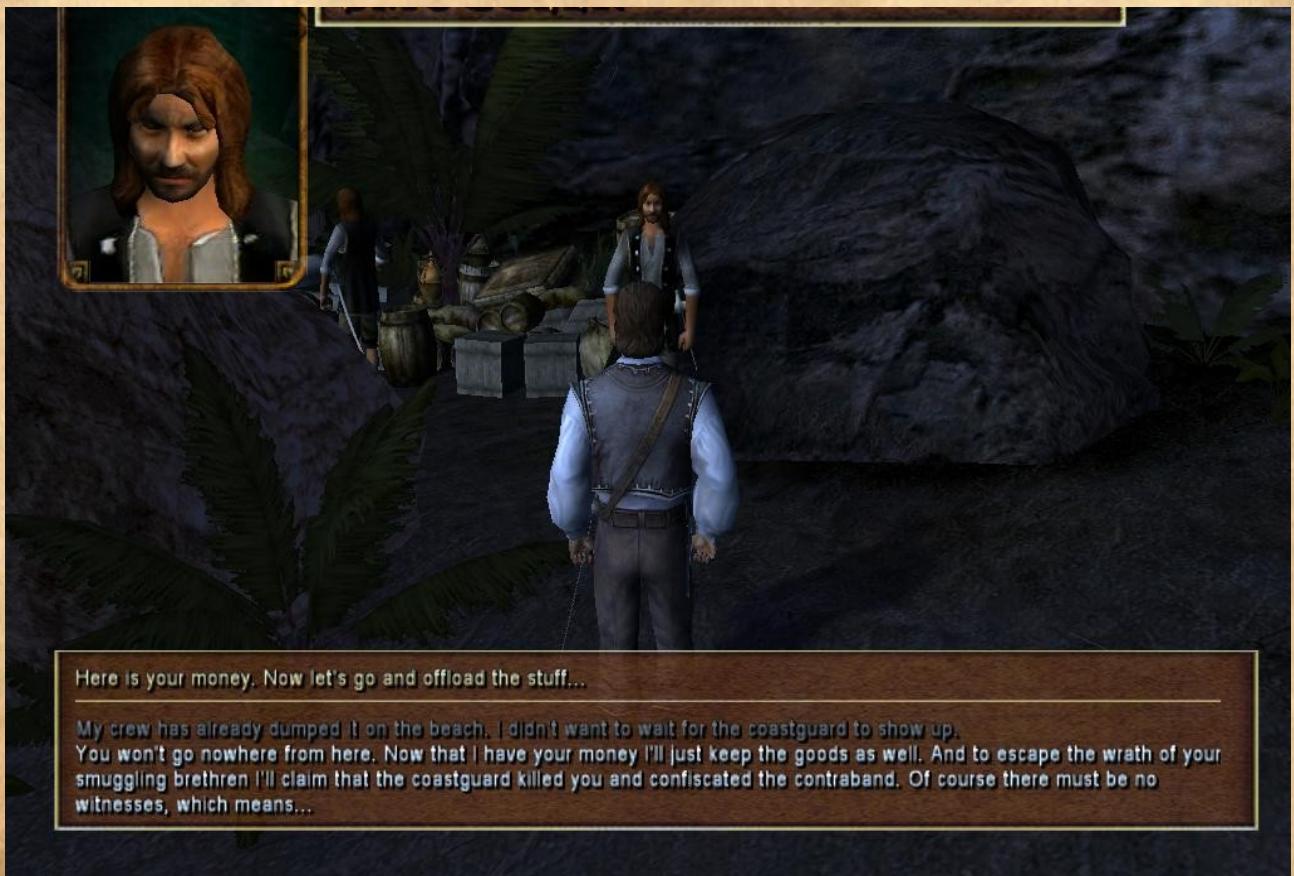
A slender hull afforded us great speed but this and her rigging made her difficult to manoeuvre.





Sunny Haven - The smugglers' hideout

We arrived in the bay without incident, made contact and dumped the goods without fanfare in exchange for a fair sum of reais.



This one didn't cause any trouble, so I didn't blackmail. He might be useful in future...



As we tacked out of the secluded bay I had a feeling we were being watched; the appearance of a small trading vessel that shadowed us for some distance did well to reinforce that thought. Future events would prove I was correct...

Otherwise, we slipped silently into the night. I planned at this time to circumnavigate the island to the west, as rumors in town spoke of a “Smugglers’ Lair” in Grenada. We prepared to land an armed scouting party on Leviathan Rock bay, the most plausible location of such a hideout, when our lookouts spotted a brig flying downwind off our port side.



As she drew closer, her black flagged mast left little doubt as to her identity. “Pirates ahoy!” yelled the chief of the watch, looks of both fear and awe permeating the silence in the moment before I gave the order to intercept. Her hybrid rigging hindering our manoeuvrability considerably, the London nevertheless rapidly closed the range but was unable to overtake the pirate ship outright.

We shadowed the corsairs on the port aft quarter, all hands aggressive but wary, as the lookout yelled “Ship ahoy sir! Port bow.” Training spyglasses towards the new contact, the chief soon bellowed “Contact, bearing 340, ship rigged merchant, long range...”





The tactical situation was clear – the pirate brig ignored us in favour of the fat, slow and underarmed large pinnace, and we were the only ship in range to stop them!

Changing our course 5 degrees to starboard, we attempted to bring our forward chasers to bear but the corsairs' speed was as such we barely could close the range. In the meantime, the merchant vessel had spotted the pirates' approach, pointing her bows downwind and a large battery of stern guns to bear. She might as well be stationary against the brig which must have been doing 12 knots of speed.

Shortly thereafter, the merchant captain appeared to change his mind, for the ship was aggressively steered in beam reach unmasking her broadside weapons. They were completely ineffectual but signaled the start of the battle; bow chasers boomed as the brig and our vessel opened fire at once.



We continued to fly downwind astride the pirate vessel, attempting to disable her rigging with our chasers. At this point we made a tactical prediction – the enemy would be forced to make a turn close to the merchant vessel, between port and starboard the latter was the worse choice for the pinnace's sextuple aft battery which would have been devastating at close range. No, I decided, the pirates would make a hard turn to port, unmasking their starboard battery to rake the cargo vessel across her bows.

In light of this we altered course slightly to port, bringing our bow guns out of track but setting us up to cross the pirate brig's projected track aft, whereupon we would commence raking fire across her stern.

This planning was necessary for their speed was identical if not marginally superior to ours, while our heavily-built and larger hull was an impediment to agility. All they needed to do to lose us was a knuckle manoeuvre at speed.





Shortly thereafter, the pirates swerved hard to port. Aiming high, we stood by to release our broadside of chain shot.



We underestimated the target's speed and overcompensated for windage, as such, most of our chain shot went wide or short. Minor damage inflicted.



Switching to standard (ball) shot for greater range, we commenced rapid fire. The pirates, realising their predicament, attempted to sail out of range upwind from our guns but lost enough momentum that we were able to straddle the target with no less than half a dozen broadsides.



Wood splinters flew as the heavy 18 pound balls found their mark. The pirates continued their turn, appearing to tack upwind without difficulty... then sailed in irons backwards and engaged the pinnace with their stern guns! Perhaps in a state of panic, the merchantman struck her colours, leaving us mano o mano.

Broadsides were exchanged, their high velocity cannon sending balls whizzing past, a great number impacting our hull without difficulty but the light shot did little damage to the battle schooner's overbuilt hull.



Unwilling to face our withering fire, the pirates sought to escape, sailing past us to the south west. We turned to follow, facing our broadside to the enemy as we laid down tracking fire. We could not help but just then notice that the wind direction had changed in their favour, strong gusts hauling from the east aiding the pirates' retreat.

No matter, we thought, it saved the trouble of us tacking as our heavy ship pointed her nose downwind, and this time overhauled the pirate vessel... after an hour long chaser battle.







We closed the range relentlessly, decks cleared to mitigate the effects of enemy raking fire as we launched shot, chain and grape from our chasers, until our bowsprit crashed into the pirates' stern every time our ships bobbed and rolled with the seas.



A pirate lugger arrived to provide assistance as we unmasks our starboard broadside and let loose with



everything we had at point blank range. Resistance is indeed, futile against the storm of 18 pounders.



We let loose our boarders, who literally steamrollered the opposition; defiance didn't bid well for resistance was swiftly eliminated. Thus gaining us entry into service of the Portuguese government as a defender of commerce and free trade.





What of the small enemy ship that came to the pirates' rescue?



When we put the pirate scums' heads on pikes they turned about and ran so fast, my spyglass couldn't even centre on them.

And over the next two months we would earn a small fortune sailing against piracy and French privateers who menaced Portuguese and Dutch shipping, taking the raiders' ships as prizes and their crews prisoner. I decided being a respectable convoy escort captain was far better than sailing the high seas aimlessly, despite the dangers.

We would pay frequent visits to Sao Jorge's drydocks, with our hull and rigging shot to pieces, as the raiders appeared to be aware of our exploits. Large men 'o war flying came flying hostile flags by day, and by night light and nimble vessels continually harassed the lumbering merchant vessels. It was difficult for us to engage those little rats, for they were swift as the wind and packed equal firepower to us on a far smaller and lighter hull. We felt old, slow, obsolete, as those advanced small craft sailed circles around our convoys.

Despite their innovations, we managed to defeat and take two French privateers as prize, the Tonnante and the Marte, both 20-gun schooners. For the first, we encountered her as she hugged the shore out of sight of our forts to pounce on merchantmen as they rounded the cliffs of Granada, then disappearing fast into the night after running us down, missing us by mere inches! They, like us, were armed with heavy, short range cannon and much damage was caused to her victims.





The next night we laid a trap for them, sailing downwind of a very large merchant vessel to mask our visual profile. As the reports of the French heavy cannon, we sailed out of hiding and engaged the Tonnante in a broadside duel. Our larger hull afforded us superior stability and we forced her surrender with ease.





With our latest prize in tow, we headed back to port, instructing Lily to follow me in the Tonnante as best as she can. Our bad luck brought unfavourable winds that dawn as well as very, very large visitors.



Sail ho to the south west; it appeared to be a massive pirate battleship with a pinnace in formation.



As we fled from the horrible sight we caught sight of a second pirate man ' o war behind the merchant vessel!





While off our starboard bow to the east...



“Contact, battleship! Medium range, closing fast... They're opening fire!”

We signaled desperately for our prize ship to make a break for it, while we screened her from the battleship and her frigate consort. They took the bait... and sailed as well as us delivering very accurate plunging fire on our decks.

My plan then was to draw them downwind, gathering what speed we can then swinging our bows hard over, heading upwind where the large ships' momentum would prevent them from repeating our manoeuvre. The short range was no consolation – we'd have to work magic in order to pass the warships' broadsides out of enemy cannon range, that meant creating as much angle as we could on the evasive run (“clearing the datum”).



In their haste to pursue, the battleship ran ahead of the frigate's bows, delaying the smaller, faster vessel, in effect removing half the enemy's chaser firepower. That was again, no consolation for I was nearly decapitated by an errant enemy shot.



We returned fire, albeit ineffectually, wishing the smoke from our guns would be more substantial than the pathetic white puffs we had today, and immediately executed our evasive drill. We could not risk further plunging fire from the deadly French chasers.



The crew cheered as we made it to safety, watching the lumbering giants vainly attempt to arrest their momentum.





But slowly and surely they started to gain on us, to which we executed another starboard 90 degree turn in close haul and again, managed to pass the battle squadron safely. To add insult to French failure we fired a single broadside at “impossible” range as the intensifying wind kicked up a choppy sea. Our short 18 pounders barked as the ship heeled to port, sending cannonballs arcing high through the clear sky to rain upon Goliath's massive hull. Ineffectual, no doubt, but it was important for the crew to think, we are not helpless after all.



We formed up with our prize ship and entered port, safe at last.



We refitted after the battle and a week later, sallied forth to engage another French commerce raider, the Marte, off the northern coast of Grenada, where we discovered of fine wines in her hold. Now, we all know that trading wine in Granada was illegal but it would be a waste to dump it in the sea, wouldn't it?



And just look at the price tag. There would be mucho *reais* before dawn! We made contact with our “secret agent” and proceeded to Sunny Haven like before. The trade was completed without difficulty...

then... Disaster.



h. Heroes Fall First

“From the archives of the Chief of Naval Operations, Sao Jorge, Granada.

...past midnight on this day and age the armed transport Maria de Lourdes with the assistance of freshly-arrived 6th Atlantic Flotilla was involved in an interdiction mission ashore against smuggler bands operating out of Sunny Haven...

...one heavy schooner observed offloading contraband at that time; ground forces took smugglers by surprise capturing a dozen but failed to prevent the vessel setting sail...

...no matter for she sailed into the waiting cannons of the 6th; comprised war galleon Rosario, our militarised pinnace and two littoral fast combat vessels schooner-rigged; Bazan and Alvarez...

...heavy exchange of fire, contact evaded the Rosario at range and temporarily disabled an intercepting schooner; were using some kind of very heavy short ranged howitzer likely English from their quick firing ability...

...were unable to pursue but observed the two schooners engaging the smugglers from both port and starboard inconclusively throughout the night and the following dawn; each time boarding attempts repelled..."



“...fast attack ship Alvarez returned 3 days later to the port of Sao Jorge without her squadron mate reporting they had on light of day managed to engage the crimson-hulled smuggler ship at range, safe from her devious battery of short guns and shot down her masts; throughout Bazan had bravely continued engaging at musket range, was dismasted but managed to board on second day of pursuit within sight of Curacao on the horizon...encroachment of Dutch patrol vessels impeded our participation in the final assault...”



That fateful day, the red schooner formerly known as HMS London, protector of Sao Jorge, was never heard from again. The mysterious Defender of Granada was quickly forgotten; new heroes of the Portuguese Navy took his place.

Such is life, the unpredictable wheel of fortune.

But records are as good as the scribes who saw to them, and the vastness of the sea holds many an unwritten secret. Till this day some doubt those tales of the Unknown Captain's untimely demise, for no wreckage of those two schooners locked in mortal combat was ever found, and that itself leads to a world of possibility.



It may be that I was cast into a world of pain, sorrow and endless hardship, but it is a world that I shall cherish nonetheless...

For that one chance to avenge Father's death.

i. The Story Continues

The [NEW HORIZONS](#) documentation team hopes you find the above walkthrough a bit different from the usual “Go Here, Kill this” nonsense you get from the shelves of computer bookstores. There's just no fun, and no purpose in solving a problem sum by looking at the answers, and surely, playing a video game is never as painful as taking a math exam!

Forsooth this humble attempt at maritime fiction covers but a tiny bit of a “world of possibility” that you shall explore under your own power, but what we wanted here was to emphasise that there is one unexpected result of all those years of endless toil adding feature after feature into Pirates of the Caribbean; in essence transforming your average errand boy “roleplaying game” (containing, as always these days, negligible roleplaying content) into a world you can immerse yourself in and become pretty much whomever you want to dream of being!

From a bloodthirsty pirate to a gentleman privateer, from a Dutch [smuggler](#) to a prim and proper officer of the Royal Navy, all you need to do is hit a few buttons to pick a starting scenario, and let your thoughts and actions do the talking.

But for now, if you're still wondering why we decided to cut blabbering all about the Unknown Captain and his tiny little ship...

The story continues here:



Battle for Liberty – The Movie

[Act I. Treatise of Autumn](#)

[Act II. Mistress of the Seas](#)

[Act III. Shades of Grey](#)

It seems old soldiers never die... and for that matter, neither do old sea dogs.

Arts of the Sea

This section deigns to provide an extended overview of the sailing component in [Pirates of the Caribbean](#) and similar [Storm Engine games](#), which while simplified, do require at least a cursory understanding of real-world [sailing mechanics](#).

While an arcade mode is available, the most satisfaction can be gleaned from NEW HORIZONS by way of manual navigation (“Direct Sail”), fighting random and possibly adverse wind conditions with mastery of ship and sail. The better you are at adapting to the weather in cruise conditions, the better you will be at attaining and keeping the weather gage in combat.

First, the chapter “Maritime Boot Camp” shall detail the operating principles of a real-world sailing vessel, dumbed down to encompass only topics related to actual gameplay. This shall include such as the physics of sailing, [points of sail](#), and rig-specific sailing characteristics such that you may select a hull and sail configuration suitable for your skill level or in-game mission objectives.

Suffice to say, a square-rigged [caravel](#) with deep draft is not exactly a smart choice for combating a highly manoeuvrable fore-and-aft rigged [schooner](#). Much of a ship's virtual handling characteristics can of course be gleaned from the Shipyard interface you're already familiar with, but you can't, unlike sci-fi games, use augmented reality displays to identify a target's capabilities in a tactical situation.

Actually, you can, using the trusted and proven Mark I Eyeball and the right application of historical maritime knowledge that will tell you to try and force a square-rigged opponent to sail against the wind, where she is disadvantaged, and a lateen-rigged one into a running broadside duel where her advantage of manoeuvrability and ability to sail against in the wind, are negated.

The knowledge you will glean will open up new avenues of gameplay; you would want to start off with smaller ships that handle well at all points of sail, leading to a preference of fore and aft and lateen rigged vessels. In combat these are the [PT boats](#) of the historical period covered by NEW HORIZONS, small, fast and highly manoeuvrable requiring relatively few crew to operate; they are popular with real-world pirates and privateers alike.

More advanced players are not limited by choice to smaller ships; a scripted campaign may force you into commanding a vessel type which does not handle as well or it may be that you have come to favour the size and power of a [ship-rigged vessel](#) over the limitations imposed by lesser classes; namely, a single gun deck, low capacity, and a fragile hull that may be ill suited to high seas battle conditions.

Indeed... a caravel can be successfully employed as a commerce raider if you could compensate for her low agility and slow sailing speed. While the ship is provided on an “as is” basis in the unmodified game, NEW HORIZONS does give you the ability to conduct field modifications to you, the Captain's specifications. In concert with the historical interest we hope you gain from such discussions, there are a lot of interesting tactics you can come up with that don't just rely on the game AI's shortcomings for success.

If you ever went the path of Captain Alexandra in her “[Battle of Liberty](#)” series, you will most often be sailing on the defensive against more agile vessels... but are able to destroy them outright by forcing them to engage you in a broadside duel downwind – territory dominated by square-riggers with their excellent running characteristics. In that case, the heavier ship with the largest number of guns, wins.

Enough then, on the technobabble; suffice to say, you shouldn't miss out on this educational opportunity!

Maritime Boot Camp

Welcome to Hell, ladies and gentlemen!

Your dreams of infinite Caribbean wealth is forthwith quashed, all semblance of glory on the high seas irrelevant if you can't get the boat out of the harbour!

But once we get down to business, sailing in NEW HORIZONS (or in any playable game for that matter) is far less difficult than in the real world. After all, in real life, you don't benefit from computer-controlled crew manipulating the manual aspects of helm and rigging, mayhaps not for several more centuries!

In this chapter you will find a brief rundown on real world sailing physics.

What Makes a Bathtub Toy Move?

Simple. You push it along whatever axis of velocity you wish the bathtub toy to move. This is equivalent to the “Arcade Sailing” option, which obviously we do not use. Save that for the bathtub.



What Makes a Sailing Vessel Move?

Two things, the aerodynamic forces acting on the sail, and the water resistance from the hull. Just like in aerodynamics, it is not scientifically correct to say that “blow on sail = boat moves”, but when sailing downwind, this is more or less what exactly happens.

But it is ultimately the water resistance of the hull, and its opposite reaction to forces on the sail, that forces the boat to move the right direction. You can imagine that like torque from a great big wrench, where the static position of the nut is what causes work to be done in the first place. This is what allows a vessel to sail upwind, to a certain degree dictated by her rigging.

So making your ship move is not unlike pushing a bathtub toy, only, you're not doing the pushing. But pun aside, take a closer look at the following picture:





Topsail schooner [Pride of Baltimore II](#)

This picture alone demonstrates the enormous motive force that can be gleaned from the wind alone; the vessel is performing a [tacking](#) manoeuvre against the wind at a significant velocity.

Pride of Baltimore II is a modern day replica of a [Baltimore Clipper](#), a type of fast sailing vessel named for their port of construction. While the exact origin of this design is not known, similar hulls are known to have been popular from the late 1600s onwards on both sides of the Atlantic, before being adopted by American shipyards and further improved.

She is a topsail schooner and is a reproduction of the [Chasseur](#) which, under the command of [Captain Thomas Boyle](#), embarked on a wildly successful commerce raiding campaign against the British Isles in the year of 1814. In this first voyage, Captain Boyle captured or sank 17 merchant vessels by her lonesome.

In response, the [Royal Navy](#) dispatched additional warships from the American seaboard to the defense of Atlantic trading convoys, preventing them from operating directly against the then beleaguered United States in the [War of Independence](#).

Baltimore Clippers were some of the fastest ships of their day, and served admirably as [privateers](#), fast traders and [blockade runners](#). They are favoured as well for superior performance to windward ([fore-and-aft rigs](#) could always sail closer to the wind) and relatively small crew requirements for their size.

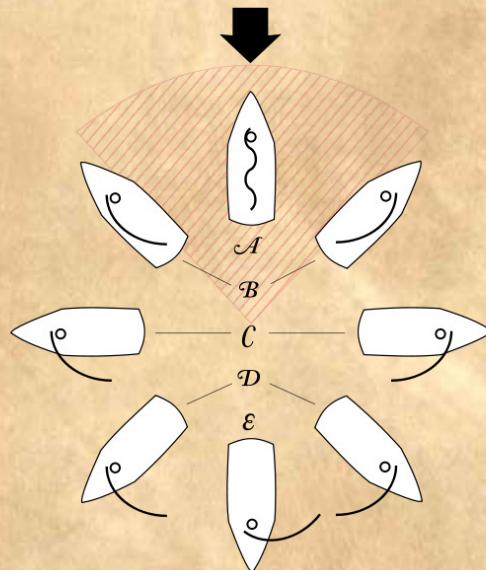
These operational characteristics are an important point of study and highly related to NEW HORIZONS gameplay; [schooners](#) in the virtual Caribbean have similar sailing characteristics to their actual namesake! And for that matter, most vessels ingame will sail only as well as their hull and rigging design, making tactical analysis completely dependent on your historical maritime knowledge.

And your parents still say computer games were never educational!?



Points of Sail

As you may notice from the chapter before (the Tutorial), sailing does not just involve moving the ship against or away from the wind. To really get anywhere within an acceptable period of time, we need to be a bit more precise with the way we steer the ship.



These points of sail play a critical role in handling a real-world vessel, as it may favour specific orientations to or against the wind. For instance, modern racing yachts with their advanced airfoil-like sails can advance very close to the wind, but at the expense of downwind performance. Similarly, in NEW HORIZONS, a fore and aft rigged vessel is usually favoured where there are no stable trade winds, typically, littoral operations. Hence, vessels operating traditionally in closed waters (such as the Mediterranean) preferred such configurations.

Fore and aft, and lateen rigs as on a xebec, also preferred for hit and run tactics; you can easily maintain the weather gage by simply being able to sail further against the wind than the opponent, thereby dictating the terms of engagement.

Conversely, a square-rigged vessel benefits from superior running performance, while more complex designs with both fore and aft and square sails, such as a topsail schooner and a ship-rigged frigate, are an acceptable compromise between the two. Reason being, if you can't sail against the wind, or have limited upwind capability, you're going to waste a lot of time. Suffice to say a smaller, more agile boat can chart a straighter course to her destination.

It is notable that throughout history, there have been very few large vessels sporting fore and aft rigs, due to practicality. One need only take a glance at one such seven-masted mega-schooner, Thomas W. Larson, to see why she handled like "a bathtub".

