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The Crew of the Queen Anne’s Revenge

It would seem a day could not pass in this life that I shall not be tormented by the damned English for me Catholic religion. I needn’t state me religion for it is blatant; hair like a flame and dusty freckles, the mark of an Irishman—a Catholic man, the two twined’ in our world1. From me time as a babe playing football in the dirty school yard, to being a sturdy man commanding the ropes upon a great ship of pirates, I’ve yet to escape the terror me lineage brings about-- words that dig like cutlass, and sneers as far as the horizon’s edge. Me hearty Thomas Miller, our quartermaster, assuredly knows my plight-- his Irish legacy burns as bright as mine; I never pass on the chance to work and commune with him as he is of the few whom don’t cast their judgment upon me. God is not yet done with me however, not only do I serve to suffer in the stead of his name, but also was brought before the mast as a slave, not a man. I wonder if I be addled in the brain, that I be nothing more than a pirate’s loot yet consider meself to be an equal man amongst them. I’ve come round’ to more than accept this life as me own, embracing the thievery which hast always complemented me, and accepting the feigned veil of loyalty that accompanies it. Concerning this I find trust in few, amongst us men lie monsters and loyalty is only worth its weight in gold—both equally and easily sold. I find safe harbor in the company of Miller, Salter and John Martin, our doctor, all having equally faced trials by our own kin and kind, they seem to have left the feigned frills and powdered wigs behind in search of solace in the sea.

Solace it had seemed to be, but I foresee a red mornin’ in our future. In the eve our captain calls upon us to splice the mainbrace, and rum runs through the crew potent and strong, leaving most loaded to the gunwall, while making me hardly squiffy. Dead men tell no tales, but drunk men surely do. Oft of these nights I join in the raucous conversation and card games, enjoying the ramble of that carouser Salter, able to lift the spirits even in the worst of storms. As the night grows old I’ll run a rig, ask of the men questions which, had they not been drunk, would warrant holding one’s tongue. This be where the true monsters arise; our crew stands to easily split, there are those who would follow the Captain to Davey Jones’s Locker, and those who’ve grown weary of the man’s command. I needn’t say I find myself amongst those reconsidering our dear Captain, having been plucked from my new life free of ridicule by the scallywag. Had it not been for him I stood to have a life of luxury in the new world, me days in the trade of stealing served me well and I’ve the wealth of a notable colonial man, yet I find meself aboard the Queen Anne’s Revenge praying for life and limb. Dare I say it, but I predict a mutiny to be soon at hand, the gunpowder is already within the cannon, all we need now is the cannonball to lead and I’ll provide the flame. I haven’t much left to live for but a life a’ ridicule and resentment, every word upon this page only serves to weave my hepen halter further, and to this day lady luck has blessed my hands—so onward into the fog I shall sail to either appear the other side unscathed, or wreck amongst the middle.

I’ve fear that I shall sooner fall to the hands of the English Navy than me fellow mates, they’ve a recent interest in the affairs of pirates, especially the particularly successful ones. I’ve no doubt that I could outpace those tans2, but no doubt that my Irish heritage shall make me prey to them once more. They grow bolder with time and while I do not believe they possess the capability to capture us, they pose to do much damage to crew and ship alike. I know not how the Captain plans to address this, maybe by slipping off to Port Royal or Tortuga for some time, but the renowned name of our crew come with cost—we are easily tracked and identified from land to land. If the wheel be mine, I’d swing by Gallows Point and enlist the hands and hearts of our fellow pirates, lure the English out under the guise of being low on crew and on by our lonesome, beg parley, and signal in the rest to collectively introduce the rotten English to their makers. Yet, the wheel remains in the hands of our Captain and I remain a lowly Irish-Catholic rigger with swift hands and a fool’s dreams.