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Opening extract from

Pirates ‘n’ Pistols

Written by

Chris Mould

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PIRATES 'N' PISTOLS
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Pirates 'n' Pistols

CHRIS MOULD

Ten
Swashbuckling
Pirate Tales



Ahoy there, landlubber!

What brings you aboard? Beggin' your pardon, but these murky waters ain't for the faint-hearted and if I were you I'd turn around and keep my boots on dry land.

Not convinced, eh? Well, sit yerself down on that there apple barrel and pin back those ears. When we reach the open sea I'll tell you all the pirate tales I know: walking the plank and digging for gold; seafaring crooks and clashing blades.

And if that don't frighten yer back ashore, you're welcome anytime! Hang onto yer hat my friend and watch ye don't go overboard...

Here's a thought. What chills the cold hearts of hardy cut-throats and buccaneers? Surely there is something! When night pulls its cloak across the ocean, what do men at sea talk about? What fills their heads with fear as they sail through the long dark hours?

Let me tell you. When the world was younger and the ports of England brimmed with mariners and traders, a small crooked tavern crouched in the harbour at Bristol dock. The Blind Eye was awash with villains. Every nook and cranny, every table, every spot that held a glass or tankard, was home to some double-deal of one kind or another.

Money changed hands over tabletops, and stolen goods beneath. Handfuls of doubloons were swapped for whispered secrets. Hardened, weatherworn faces shone in the candlelight, as blackguards and scoundrels roared with laughter, and now and then with rage, as they crossed swords and some man's blood ran red across the stone floor.

For the most part, it felt as if the whole of the pirate world was held in the arms of that little old tavern. You could go so far as to say that if you weren't a drinker at The Blind Eye, you were no one!

