



Tales from the
Sea of Thieves

TO THE SEA...

My name is not important, for I shall be leaving it behind at first light along with the rest of my possessions.

This is my voice, these are my words.

I have lived a very charmed life. No boy could have wished for a happier childhood, nor enjoyed a finer education, upon which I have built a very good life. For as far as I can remember, my father was there for me, guiding me, and... guarding me.

Now my father is no longer alive, I would love to become the man that he was. This is not possible, however. We are not family, for one thing I was rescued soon after I was born, although from what is a secret that papa took to his grave.

"You do not need to know."

I feel, now that he is gone, I am no longer chained by my upbringing. Society expects me never to do anything beyond studying and safe, studious work. But I must do something with my life, to live up to his memory. To live up to my own ambitions. I cannot resist the call any longer.

Father was a pirate, and his tales told of nights atop the endless oceans, days spent on golden sands with a sword in one hand and a tankard in the other, and scores of legends bearing his name. Upon his return, he would sit me upon his knee and regale me with his adventures, igniting a burning desire within my chest to see these places for myself. Having travelled full circle in every possible direction, Father eventually settled down on this magnificent estate, in which a small candlelit corner of the most private room I now write.

Tomorrow I will not be here.

I have arranged to vanish over the horizon to retrieve myself.



LOST AND FOUND

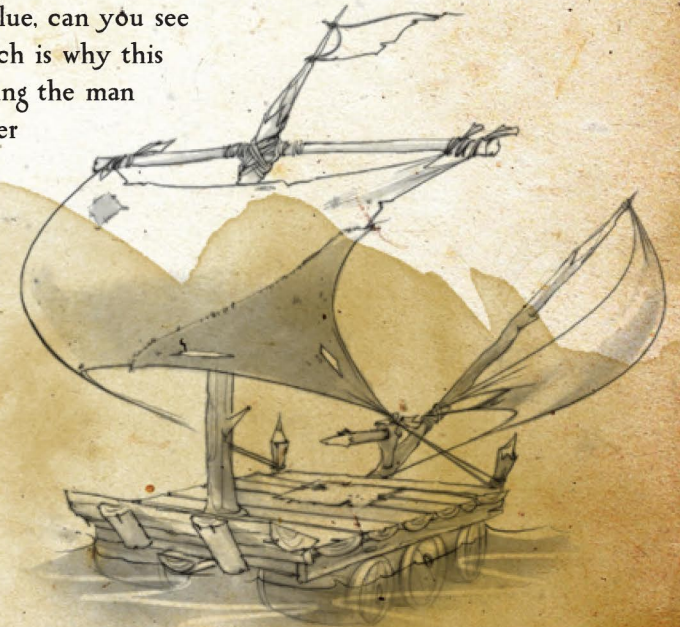
As a scholar, I can hold conversations better than I can hold my drink, but it has become my ambition to leave that life behind me; to rid myself of paper shackles and embrace the life of a pirate on the Sea of Thieves.

The promise of that azure horizon contains everything my life does not; the thrill of adventure, the challenge of self-sufficiency and the purest thrill that freedom, true freedom, sparks in the soul. Still, those who know me would assume that I had lost my mind, and may just as well consider plans to visit the moon. This isn't madness. I can assure you that to me it feels precisely the opposite; by far the most grounded decision I have ever made.

After all, between the study of literature, multiple languages, fine art, mathematics and philosophy, Father insisted that I became a strong swimmer and an adept swordsman. Navigation too. I can follow any old map, guided by a compass and mariner's spyglass. Although my off-shore experience has been limited to a small keel boat, I have confidence that so much theoretical knowledge shouldn't take long to adapt to something practical.

My father's stories have become my obsession, which is how anyone might look at it from the outside. But you should know that there is more to this than proving myself. Only when the whole world lies before you, across the glittering blue, can you see what you are truly made of. Which is why this voyage, my mission, is about finding the man that exists on the inside. My inner pirate.

Ah, the life of a pirate! Who would want anything else?



THE PIRATE IN ME

Whenever I have witnessed pirates coming and going down at the harbour, young or old, male or female, there's something about how they are with each other that stirs my soul. There is something hidden behind their eyes, and resounds through their fearless voices.

They carry themselves so naturally, unashamed... defiant you could say, with social standing based purely on reputation. "What will my legend be?" I once asked myself as a teenager, setting down a heavy stack of books by the quayside to rest halfway home from the library. Bookworm extraordinaire? A medal for politeness at dinner? The Professor of small-talk?

My heart flew instantly to these people; I felt I had little choice but to follow. And I feel now exactly as I did then, surprised by the swell in my eyes and the smouldering inside my chest.

My father's name was feared across the waves and as his son, it is a mantle I have chosen to inherit to complete my transformation. Thus, I will instruct the crew to call me... Captain Flameheart! Perhaps, once word of my deeds have spread, some will think my father has returned from the grave!

Hah! There is no way his crew called him THAT. Faintheart, maybe.

Depends how much he was paying them.

You can call a minnow a shark but that doesn't give it teeth.

Papa, if somewhere you can still hear my thoughts I pray that you understand. Your wealth branded me a scholar, but your legacy birthed the pirate in me.





THE PIRATE LORD

Of all the colourful characters my father described to me, none fired up my young imagination more than the avuncular Pirate Lord. His is a figure that dominates many tall tales and flights of fancy, particularly those told to children, and together they paint a romantic picture of pirate life. He visits colourful islands and stumbles upon magnificent treasure, miraculously emerging unscathed from all of his adventures.

Truth be told, it was the Pirate Lord who first put me in mind of running away with the pirates one day. He was one of the first seafaring rogues to discover the Sea of Thieves – that much the tales can agree on – and if not the most successful, then at least the most renowned. In a region where your reputation is everything, that might well be more important than wealth.

His skill with blades of all kinds was exemplary, his cunning unparalleled and his knowledge of the workings of the world could not be matched by anyone who dared to cross him. Even in those formative years, the Sea of Thieves was rife with secrets – any visitor to the Ancient Isles can attest to the existence of an ancient civilisation whose echoes can still be heard in cursed caves and submerged temples.

His voyages are so intertwined with almost every facet of life on the Sea of Thieves – from curses to merfolk to the ancient coins themselves – that it seems impossible that they could all be true. Death itself could not quell his lust for adventure and excitement, and many of the stories I remember most vividly describe him as an emerald phantom, a spirit whose insubstantial nature did nothing to prevent him from enjoying himself.

I am not so vain as to believe that I will ever meet the Pirate Lord. To one day hold in my hand concrete proof of his existence would validate the dreams of my childhood, and that would be enough for me.







DAY SEVEN

Shipwrecks we have plundered!

Going down to the Silver Blade like that made me remember some of the times weve had. Diving I mean... I know that for all of us the whole business of sniffing around sunken ships is a thing that we all just ynow do. Im pretty sure we are among the only ones doing it for fun though. And to stay rich of course. Yeh and just to prove I'm really something blah blah!

Also my disgusting and terrible beautiful and intelligent wife has found my book so the jig is up. Haha. I feel bad about keeping secrets about curses and treasure. I do. But hey look wow look at all these times we had where you werent so sore at me! Nura do you remember the first shipwreck we snuck into? Our 8th summer. 9th? No 8th! You were still really tall and skinny. You used to call me bear, which I didn't like.

*Have to say I'm seriously considering bringing this back.
But bears are never this stupid.*

So that first wreck wasn't really a wreck after all. I mean it was certainly a big mess but we found out that it belonged to Captain Truewalker – after she found us going through her things and blowing the dust off it all putting her things on and working to clean the spots off useless pieces of paper with stones by the shore. They were her treasure maps or some big secrets eh! We did get them clean though.

Probably the first time my Dad ended up dropping by the Sea of the Damned. Yeh he didnt even pretend to like it that time. Him and your dad... no wait your mum right? Your dad said no. So they had to go down and explain everything to Truewalker. Like Oh yes it was all a mistake you see... .. sorry Im just laughing here. It was all a mistake Captain our daughters thought your ship was a wreck you see. Our daughters did. And... oops dead!

Oh Nura! It was definitely your idea. You said it was far too messy not to be a wreck.

Although I despise taking the blame for all your misadventures, in this case I think you're probably right. But I do despise always taking the blame. Just so you know.

Yep. Fine.



DAY 13

Shores of Plenty

You wouldn't want to settle down anywhere on this sea but if you did it might well be here. This old place has only recently broke free of the Devil's Shroud but its now a beautiful spot attracting the friendly kinds of people we like. Maybe we can pick up something useful from a traders little shack and try things on for size under the perfect blue sky. It could all be trash but dont blame me. I dont think it will be trash though and we should push for a good price because you know people here tend to be in a good mood. At least until they realise there are still things around that want to eat you.

Very shrewd. I'm almost impressed.
I thought so.



DAY 17

Thieves' Haven

This island is really useful if you need to hide and its out in the Ancient Isles so its actually quite peaceful at times. You can fit an entire ship between the huge rocks and hide! You can also drop supplies or treasure or if your feeling brave even yourself down through the holes in the roof if you need to get back on board quickly. If only all islands were this nice to us pirates!

Sailor's Bounty

At first glance this just looks like another patch of sand somewhere youd stop to get some fruit maybe or take a break but nothing else to it. That was until our tenth summer Nura and I decided to go explore the sinkhole in the middle of the island and oh the caves we found. Stretching on what felt like forever. So lucky we didnt get lost but when youre kids you never stop to think about that stuff.

Shipwreck Bay

Its not unusual to see wrecks in The Wilds because those rocks can be nasty and the storms will really ruin your day. But the wreck here is HUGE! If you are feeling brave you can climb the mast to reach the upper part of the island but every time I go back the mast feels more slimy and more rotten to the touch. Maybe I can use a cannon to get up there...





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book come from

Tales from the
Sea of Thieves

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