



Captain Bane

and the Compass of Destiny

By Barnaby Baker



Chapter I: Destiny Adrift

It was the year of the Great Squall, 1728, or thereabouts — when Captain Bane first laid hands on the thing that would twist the fate of every soul aboard the Devil's Dagger. A trinket, aye, but no ordinary one. A compass of gold and shadow, older than the stars and steeped in the blood of lost men, said to point not north but to what the heart aches for most - be it gold, vengeance, or damnation itself.

They didn't set out to find it. Perhaps it found them.

That night, the Devil's Dagger rode high and proud west of the Java seas, sails billowed like the chests of kings, every line taut, every timber humming with promise. The salt wind carried dreams of rich plunder and unclaimed horizons, and the crew moved about the deck with a hungry gleam in their eyes, as if destiny itself waited just beyond the next swell. Bane stood at the helm, hands firm on the wheel, grinning into the starlit dark as though the ocean were his to command.

Then the fog came. Not the mist a sailor knows, but a living thing — black and heavy, curling low over the waves, swallowing the stars and muffling every sound but the slow lap of water against the hull.

From that void drifted a shape. At first, the men thought it a phantom, some poor soul doomed to wander forever. But as it drew near, they saw the truth: a dinghy, half-sunk, weathered silver-gray by endless years adrift. A single skeleton slumped across its thwart, hands locked fast around a strange golden compass.

"No oars... no sails," Pablo Mar whispered, crossing himself with a shudder. *"So how does it move?"*



Bane's voice cut through the silence like a blade. ***"Hook it."***

Tinker Tom threw a rope, twice, thrice, and let fly. The line caught the dinghy's bowsprit with a hollow thunk, and the men hauled it in, boots braced, muscles straining, until the haunted craft thudded against the Dagger's hull. The stench of old death clung to it like rot in a closed hold.

Crimson Jack dropped down first, knife flashing in the lantern-light as he pried the bony fingers apart. They clung stubborn as barnacles, but Jack freed the trinket at last and held it aloft. Gold gleamed through the fog, casting eerie shadows across their faces. The needle spun wild, frantic, as though it had lost its reason for existing. The moment Jack's palm closed around it, the fog deepened, swallowing the horizon whole, and a cold wind rattled the rigging though no storm followed.

Bane took the compass, and the weight of it seeped into his bones like a chill tide. This was no mariner's tool. This was a promise, or a curse, forged in darkness and bound in gold.

From that night forward, the Devil's Dagger sailed under a different sky. The sea's rhythm changed, whispering secrets no man wished to hear. Pablo Mar swore he saw shapes sliding beneath the waves, keeping pace in silence. Tinker Tom muttered of voices from the bilge where no voices should be. And Sweeps began scrubbing the planks backward, as if trying to wipe away time itself.

Crimson Jack stared at the compass as though it held the very marrow of his soul. *"It'll lead us back,"* he whispered to no one and everyone. *"Back to what was stolen from us all. Back to our destiny..."*

Bane remained silent, his eyes fixed on the dark horizon, knowing the sea had given them something no man should hold — and that none aboard the Devil's Dagger would ever sail free of it again.



Chapter II: The Thief of Fate

The Devil's Dagger cut through moonlit swells for days uncounted, every sunrise casting long shadows across faces gaunt from hunger and unease. The ocean, once their willing mistress, had turned fickle — offering wind enough to keep them moving but no bounty to fill their bellies. Salt pork dwindled, barrels of water ran low, and the men's laughter — once loud as cannon fire — grew thin and brittle. Even the compass seemed to hum in the Captain's coat pocket, like a caged beast yearning for escape.

At last, they made port — a nameless spit of land where fishing boats clung to weathered docks, and a crooked tavern promised warmth, ale, and a full belly for any sailor with coin to spare. The crew stumbled ashore, boots kicking up dust, the tang of roasted fish and rum enough to make their heads spin with longing. Bane kept one hand close to his coat where the golden trinket rested. He swore the damned thing pulsed against his chest like a heartbeat not his own.

Needing food, water, and—most precious of all—powder for the Dagger's hungry cannons, Bane led his men to a grizzled quartermaster hunched behind a weathered stall. A purse of 6 gold doubloons bought them barrels of powder and crates of hard tack and dried meat. The goods were ferried to the ship, stowed under watchful eyes, and Bane left strict orders for guards to keep blades sharp and strangers away from their cargo while his small company stayed ashore.

The tavern beyond the docks was thick with pipe smoke and the stench of men who'd slept in their boots for weeks. Tankards clattered, dice rattled, and old songs croaked over the din. Bane had barely raised a swallow of



rum to his lips when he felt it—a brush, light as a whisper, near his waistcoat.

By the time he turned, a slip of a man with quick fingers was vanishing through the door, a gleam of gold flashing in his grasp.

“The compass!” Bane roared, slamming his tankard down so hard the wood splintered.

Pablo Mar moved like a gull on the wind, unfurling his weighted bolero in one smooth flick. The rope whistled through the smoky air and coiled round the thief’s ankles with a snap. The man pitched forward with a startled cry, sprawling in the dirt outside as the crowd erupted with cheers.

Bane strode over, boots pounding like cannon fire, his face a storm barely held in check, eyes like dark tides ready to swallow a soul whole. Without a word, he tore the compass from the thief’s grasp. The man sagged where he knelt, hands twitching as if burned, eyes wide and bloodless with terror.

“It made me do it,” he babbled, words spilling like seawater through broken planks. *“Whispers in the dark... promises sweeter than gold... it won’t stop...”*

Bane gave no answer, only slipped the cursed trinket back into his coat where it seemed to thrum against his ribs. He turned his back on the trembling wretch and stalked for the docks, his men following in grim silence.

They were just hauling up the gangplank when a voice, cracked and desperate, rang out over the water.

“Wait! I... I have to give you this—the voices won’t let me rest ‘til I do!”

It was the thief again, pale as moonlight, his hands shaking as he drew a weathered scroll from his coat. Its edges were brittle with age, marked with strange runes that seemed to writhe in the torchlight, and beneath them letters half-familiar to a sailor’s eye.

“I stole it... long ago... from a pirate crew that never made it home,” the man whispered, eyes wild. *“But it belongs to you now... the compass says so...”*



Bane took the scroll slowly, its parchment rough as old sailcloth, the weight of unseen chains settling on his shoulders as the compass in his pocket gave a single, deliberate pulse — a heartbeat that was not his own. Wordless and grim, he turned on his heel, stowing the strange prize in his cabin as though locking away a curse.

Moments later, the gangplank was drawn up and the Devil's Dagger slipped from the dock, the tide pulling her free. A sudden breath of wind cracked the canvas sharp as a whip, and the ship lurched forward as if an invisible hand had seized her keel and dragged her into the black.

Not a man aboard spoke. Every soul on deck felt it in his bones — this was no course of their making. The compass was at the helm now, and whatever waited ahead in the dark had already chosen them.





Chapter III: Fury on the Wind

The Devil's Dagger rode the waves like a hungry beast, sails full and snapping, driven not by wind alone but by the strange pull of the golden compass. Captain Bane kept it close to his chest, a weight heavier than gold ever should be. He could feel it humming faintly through his coat, a heartbeat that wasn't his own.

Crimson Jack watched from near the mainmast, eyes sharp and covetous. *"She speaks to me, Captain,"* he muttered, licking salt-cracked lips. *"Let me hold it, just once. She'll tell me where she wants us to go."*

Bane's stare cut like a blade. *"This compass is a devil's bargain, Jack. It guides the ship but surely will alter your future."*

Pablo Mar spat over the rail, muttering a prayer as he twirled his weighted bolero. *"Best thing for that cursed trinket is the bottom of the sea. It don't bring fortune, only shadows."*

Before Bane could answer, the crow's nest rang out:

"Ship to starboard! British colors flying!"

A frigate cut the horizon, sails bright in the sun, hull bristling with guns. As she closed the gap, a voice boomed through a brass horn:

"Ahoy! Heave to and prepare for inspection under order of His Majesty's Navy!"

Bane's jaw hardened. An "inspection" was but a fine word for chains and hangman's rope. The King's men had hounded them before, and nothing good ever came of letting them aboard. The crew looked to their captain,



hands hovering over pistols and cutlasses, tension thick as the fog on a graveyard night.

The Dagger was nimble, built for speed, but the frigate bore enough men and guns to make it a bloody fight. The crew's hands went to cutlasses and pistols, knuckles white with the promise of violence. Every man's gaze flicked to Bane — waiting, trusting. The only sound was the creak of rope and the distant, ominous beat of the British drum.

Bane stepped to the quarterdeck, voice low but fierce as a storm. *“Men,”* he called, eyes blazing, *“we fly no king’s colors today. Run up the Jolly Roger!”*

A ragged, wild cheer erupted as the black flag snapped free in the wind, the skull and bones grinning defiance at the rising sun. The British hesitated, just a heartbeat, before readying their boarding lines. That heartbeat was all the Dagger needed.

“Unleash our fury!” Bane roared.

The Devil's Dagger came alive. Her cannons thundered like gods of war awakened, the first broadside smashing through the destroyer's rudder with a splintering crack. The second volley ripped clean through her foremast, sending it toppling into the sea in a tangle of rigging and shredded canvas. Smoke rolled across the water, fire flickered in the dawn, and the once-proud warship drifted helplessly, her crew shouting in chaos.

“Hard to port!” Bane commanded, steady as bedrock. The Dagger swung wide, gliding past like a phantom while the crippled frigate floundered, rudderless and broken.

As cheers rose from the crew, Pablo Mar cast a wary glance at Bane's pocket where the compass lay hidden, a curse of gold and shadow that seemed to take them into peril as much as toward promise.

“This ain't freedom,” he muttered darkly under his breath. *“This is a devil's path we're sailin'.”*

Crimson Jack only grinned, eyes fixed on the captain's coat as if the battle had been fought not for survival, but for the glittering prize that throbbed just out of his reach.



The battle smoke still clung to the sea, a ghostly haze curling about the Devil's Dagger as she drifted on a listless tide. Above the wheel, the golden compass spun in slow, lazy circles, as if it too were waiting, pondering which horizon to claim next. Bane stood silent at the helm, one hand gripping the worn wood, the other reaching into his coat.

From his pocket, he drew the tattered scroll, the same cursed thing the quivering thief had pressed into his hand back in port. The parchment felt brittle as sun-bleached driftwood, threatening to crumble with every breath of wind. Faded ink clung stubbornly to its surface like barnacle scars, jagged runes clawing their way across the page in a script unknown.

A sketch of a solitary Isle lingered above a compass rose, its markings smeared and warped as though some unseen force had dragged shadowed fingers through its lines, stealing away all certainty of direction. At the top, a single phrase:

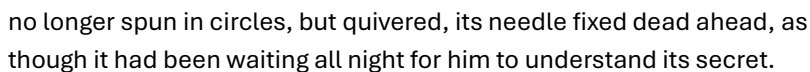
Destiny will unfold before you. The direction you seek is hidden in the runes. Speak not aloud the heading, or your path shall turn false.

Bane's brow furrowed, a weight settling on his shoulders heavier than any chain. He spread the map on a barrel under the dim glow of the binnacle lamp. "Tinker Tom," he called, voice low as the tide. "Bring your clever eyes. There's sorcery in this script, and I'll not face it alone."

All through the long night, the two worked side by side, muttering over cryptic markings, scratching symbols into salt-stained wood, piecing fragments of a forgotten tongue. Hours dragged like anchors, the crew silent around them save for the occasional creak of timbers and distant roll of waves.

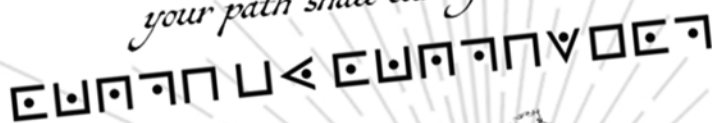
At last, just before the first kiss of dawn lit the horizon, Bane's fist struck the chart table with a crack of triumph. "By the devil's teeth—I've got it!" he bellowed, leaping to the wheel. With a sudden lurch, he spun the wheel to the course only he knew.

The sails bellied full as if some unseen force had breathed life into them, the rigging singing with the rush of wind. Bane glanced down. The compass



A grim smile touched the captain's lips. *"Destiny has chosen its course, lads,"* he said under his breath. *"And we'll not turn from it now."*

*"Destiny will unfold before you.
The direction you seek is hidden in the
runes. Speak not aloud the heading, or
your path shall turn false."*





Chapter IV: The Dragon's Rest

For near a fortnight, the Devil's Dagger cut a steady course, the endless sweep of mainland ever to port. Rolling headlands and rugged cliffs marched along the horizon, close enough to smell the pine and dust on the wind, yet Bane never turned inshore. The compass in his coat seemed to thrum with a will of its own, dragging their course further out to sea whenever he eyed the coves and rivers promising respite.

By the twelfth dawn, the mainland abruptly faded astern and a solitary island rose from the mist ahead. Long and lean it stretched across the horizon, ridges coiling like the spine of a sleeping dragon, its jagged head resting in the north where sheer rock bit into the waves. The men fell quiet, every eye fixed on the strange shape. Even Crimson Jack, quick with a quip, only muttered, *"Looks like the beast'll wake if we breathe too loud."*

The compass pulled them toward a northern harbor, the coastline curving inward like a dragon's folded claw. The waters there were calm, unbroken by swell or tide, as if the ocean itself held its breath.

On the port side, a huge dome of rock jutted from the water, stained chalk-white by the roosting birds that circled it in shrieking clouds. To starboard, a dark jagged fang thrust skyward from the sea, black as old iron. Pablo Mar spat over the rail and muttered, "This be surely a Shipwreck Rock. Miss that brute on a moonless night and she'll gut your hull clean through. Plenty of bones rest down there."

The Dagger glided on, sails luffing softly as Bane brought her into the bay. The water lay flat as glass, their reflection drifting beneath like a phantom



twin. No waves broke, no breeze stirred—only the rattle of chain as the anchor took hold and silence settled heavy upon them.

Bane's hand rested on the compass beneath his coat, feeling its strange pull ease, as though whatever force had guided them had finally reached home.

"Launch the longboat," he ordered at last. "Let's see what this dragon's hiding."

They rowed ashore in grim silence, the sand crunching beneath their boots as they stepped onto the barren strand. The island smelled of salt and dust and a faint, dry musk. A lonely shack stood back from the shore, little more than driftwood walls leaning around a sun-bleached sign promising *supplies* and *grog*. A single bar, a lone general store—and no soul in sight but a gray-bearded man dozing by the door. He raised a hand in lazy greeting, then went back to his dreams as if pirates wandering from the sea were nothing new.

Beyond the beach rose steep, rocky hills stripped near bare of trees, grass like straw underfoot. Strange wooly beasts grazed along the slopes—great hulking creatures, more massive than any ox, their shaggy hides rippling in the breeze. Crimson Jack gawked openly. *"By the saints... what manner of devil-cattle are those?"*

"Don't get close," Pablo Mar muttered, watching one toss its head to show horns wide as a yardarm. *"Looks tame, till it don't."*

Bane climbed, boots crunching stone, until he reached the crest of a narrow cliff. From there, the view widened, and he drew a sharp breath. Just beyond the spit of land—a strip no wider than a musket shot—lay a second harbor, a mirror to the first. The two bays sat back-to-back, divided by less than a mile of rock and earth, both quiet as a chapel at midnight. The compass stirred faintly in his coat, not pointing seaward nor inland, but spinning slow as though uncertain which bay held the thing it craved.

By dusk they had built a rough camp on the flat of sand near the tavern. A few fires flickered in the gathering dark, their smoke curling up into the starlit hush. The men ate sparingly, hardtack and salted fish, their laughter



brittle from weariness. Every so often, they glanced toward the Dagger riding at anchor, her lanterns swaying on the still water, and to the strange island around them—a quiet place with too few locals, too many mysteries, and a pull in the air as strong as the compass itself.

Later that night, the fire burned low, casting long shadows across the sand as the tide whispered secrets to the shore. A grumble rose from the circle of pirates, *“One bottle left, and the night’s still young.”* Tinker Tom’s grin flashed in the firelight as he dug into his pack and hauled out a clutch of small pouches, filling each with sand and tying them tight with string. With a theatrical bow, he dragged an old, weather-beaten dinghy’s rudder that had washed ashore, wedged it upright in the sand, and scrawled rough rings upon its splintered surface with a smear of ash.

“Three throws, mates,” he declared, mischief dripping from every word. *“Strike the bullseye, and the prize is yers—a swig of the finest rum left aboard, or a gold coin from my own purse if ye fancy treasure over drink. Miss, and ye’ll get naught but the sound of seagulls laughing at ye.”*

The beach erupted with cheers, jeers, and reckless boasts as each pirate lined up, sandbags in hand, hearts set on victory. Bag after bag flew through the smoky torchlight, some skidding wide, others thudding close, until the night was filled with laughter, wagers, and the desperate hope of claiming that last, glorious gulp of rum.

The game continued until the bottle ran dry, and one by one the crew toppled where they sat, drifting into a heavy, rum-soaked slumber beneath the watchful stars.



Chapter V: The Compass Lost

Dawn crept over the Isle, a pale gray light spilling across the bay. The Devil's Dagger lay quiet at anchor, longboats drawn high on the sand, the camp a sprawl of spent men and fading embers. The night's silence had been heavy, the kind that presses on a man's chest, whispering of things unseen.

Bane stirred from his blanket beneath a twisted palm, the chill in his bones not born of the morning air. Instinct pulled his hand to his coat, where the compass had sat like a second heart since the day he'd claimed it. His fingers met only fabric. Empty.

For a long, breathless moment, he didn't move. The world seemed to still—the lap of water against the longboats, the gulls on Bird Rock crying faint and far. Then he tore through his bedroll, coat, boots, every inch of cloth and sand. Nothing. The compass was gone.

He rose slow, boots crunching on the beach, eyes sweeping the camp with a predator's hunger. The crew lay sprawled about, some sleeping, some pretending, all bristling like dogs that had tasted blood.

"Up," Bane barked, his voice cracking like a cannon shot. *"One of you scurvy souls has crossed me this night."*

Tinker Tom blinked awake, rubbing grit from his face, muttering curses under his breath, his parrot squawking as he stirred. Pablo Mar sat bolt upright, eyes sharp and wary as knives. Crimson Jack stretched slow and easy, a cat with cream on his whiskers, while Sweeps only watched from under the brim of her ragged hat, silent and still as death.



"The compass," Bane growled, pacing before them like a caged beast.

"Vanished in the dark. Not a trinket, not some bauble to line a cutpurse's pocket. This is the very thing that's dragged us across the world, the hand of fate itself, pointing where no map dares mark—and now it's gone."

Grimey Joe spat in the sand, eyes darting. *"Maybe some island rat nicked it,"* he grumbled. *"That shack yonder's got drifters enough."*

Bane's gaze cut to him like a drawn blade. *"A local? They'd have to crawl past ten armed pirates to get at me. No. This was done by someone with a stake in this camp."*

Pablo Mar scowled, hand on his knife. *"I wanted rid of the cursed thing, aye, but I'd have thrown it to the sea and been done. Not skulked like a coward."*

Crimson Jack's grin was faint, more weary than sly. *"Aye, I've looked at it, I won't spin you a yarn. It's a prize that could change all our fortunes. But steal it? Betray the only hands that've ever hauled me from the deep? I want a future for us all, Captain—not a curse to clutch alone."*

At last, all eyes turned to Tinker Tom. Rumors clung to him like barnacles on a hull—born under an unlucky star, touched by ghost winds, knowing things no sailor should. He only tilted his head, voice low as surf on stone. *"Some treasures don't stay where men put them,"* he murmured. *"Maybe it walked."*

Bane knelt, scanning the sand. Footprints crisscrossed the camp, some new, some blurred by the tide. A scrap of cloth snagged on a root, a scuff where a knee had pressed into earth. Clues enough for a dozen stories and none that told the truth. Somewhere on this barren isle lay the compass—and the guilty soul who'd taken it.

He straightened, eyes burning like lanterns in the fog. *"Whoever's done this,"* he said, voice cold as the steel at his hip, *"has bought themselves a reckoning. We'll not sail from this place without that compass in my hand. Search the sands, turn the earth, drag every stone to the tide—I'll have it back before this sun sets, or blood'll wet these shores."*



The crew shifted under his glare, not a man daring to meet his eyes for long. Overhead, gulls wheeled above Bird Rock, white feathers stark against the morning sky. The bay lay calm as glass, yet the weight of betrayal hung heavy as a storm waiting to break.

Pablo Mar sat apart, sharpening his blade slow and deliberate, his gaze fixed on Crimson Jack. Tom muttered over his collection of gears and clockwork bits, swearing he could build a trap to snare whatever treasure lay buried. Grimey Joe rocked on his heels, whispering prayers to ward off spirits he swore were crawling out of the sand to listen. Sweeps stayed silent, eyes down, tracing circles in the dirt as though trying to scrub away the evil that clung to us all.

The first accusation flew like a cutlass across the deck.

“You’ve been whisperin’ lies since we set foot on this cursed spit o’ land,” Tom snarled, jabbing a greasy finger toward Pablo Mar. *“I seen you slinkin’ off near the ridge where the Compass points. You buried it in the dark, didn’t ye? Plannin’ to claim it when the rest of us rot in our sleep!”*

Pablo’s eyes flared like a lantern in a storm, his hand tightening on the hilt of his blade. *“Lies,”* he spat, each word a dagger of its own. *“You’re the one haunted by fever dreams, talkin’ to your clockwork toys like they be men. If anyone’s to blame for this hell-born voyage, it’s you—and that devil Jack who brought the cursed thing aboard in the first place.”*

Crimson Jack’s grin cut through the firelight, sharp as broken glass. *“And yet,”* he drawled, voice smooth as aged rum, *“it was Pablo who vanished before sundown. Care to explain where those wandering boots of yours carried ye, amigo? Perhaps toward a fate you meant to keep for yourself?”*

The crew erupted, fury boiling over like a kettle on the galley fire. Accusations flew like musket balls, curses clashed in the smoke-thick air, and for a heartbeat it seemed blood would stain the sand before dawn. Even the fire crackled uneasy, spitting sparks as if the island itself listened to their rage.

At last, Bane’s voice cut through the chaos, low and lethal as a drawn blade. *“Enough.”* His eyes swept the circle, hard as iron. *“Mark me well—all who*



toy with this compass toy with their own doom. If betrayal breathes among us, I'll learn it from this crew before the next tide rises."

By midnight, they had sworn an uneasy truce, though it tasted of salt and treachery. Each man took his watch with a blade close at hand, glancing sideways at his shipmates, trust fractured like a shattered spyglass.

Yet sleep brought no peace. Dreams rolled in heavy and black, of drowning in cold water that clutched and dragged them down, of unseen hands clawing from the deep, whispering promises they dared not speak aloud. And somewhere in the darkness, beyond the reach of firelight, a faint golden glow flickered... as though the Compass of Destiny had chosen a new master—and was already on the move.



Epilogue – The Compass Beckons You...

The Devil's Dagger and her crew should've slipped beneath the waves of time, lost to legend and the long sleep of the sea. Yet old mariners whisper a different tale, passed from salt-cracked lips over rum-stained tables, carried on the night wind like a ghostly sail. They say the compass did more than vanish—it tore a rift in the very fabric of time, dragging Bane and his steadfast crew through it. Cast adrift, not on open waters but across centuries, they were spat into a world far from their own, bound by a fate no tide could wash away.

Some swear you can see them still on these very docks.

A Dockmaster with the same steady eyes as Bane himself, always watching over his fleet.

A good-hearted rogue with Crimson Jack's easy grin, dreaming of safe harbors for all his mates.

A quiet soul sweeping the docks, as Sweeps once walked the decks in silence, keeping trouble at bay.

A sun-browned hand cursing sea lions with the same fire Pablo Mar once hurled at the King's men.

And a clever tinkerer, forever hatching impossible machines, echoing Tom's restless genius.

Men and women who should be strangers, yet seem bound by an oath older than the harbor itself—a promise to look after their own, no matter what age or ocean they find themselves in.



And now their legend reaches for you...

The compass still calls, its pull as fierce as a rising storm, its promise heavy with gold... and perhaps darker reckonings besides. To claim it, you'll need more than courage. You'll need cunning, steel nerves, and the heart of a true mariner to solve the riddles, follow the map, and face the trials Bane left behind.

Complete the challenges—if you dare—and perhaps you'll uncover where the treasure truly lies. But beware: old salts say a curse clings to the prize, and a captain long lost to time still walks the mists, waiting for the one bold—or foolish—enough to take what was once his.

*The fate of the hunt rests in your hands now.
Step forward, brave the trials, follow the clues.
Should fortune favor you, you may yet find the
compass and the treasure it guards... and feel
a firm, friendly hand on your shoulder, as
though Bane himself was there, urging you on
toward glory, as any true captain would for his
crew.*



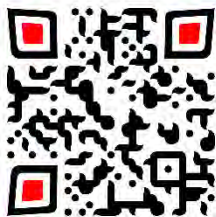
Not every compass points north...

Centuries ago, Captain Bane and his wild-hearted rogues unearthed a golden compass said to guide not desire, but destiny itself. That fateful find hurled them into bloody clashes with the British fleet, nights of betrayal beneath cold stars, and dangers no sane sailor would face twice—until the compass vanished, leaving only legend in its wake.

Now its story lives on, and so do the clues they left behind. Within these pages lie riddles, trials, and secrets meant to test your cunning and courage as you chase the truth of the fabled Compass of Destiny. Only one crew will seize the prize... and earn the title of **Grand Corsair of the Anchorage – 2025**.

The map is in your hands. The clues await.

Will you claim your fate—or join the lost souls claimed by the deep?



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