

"...the sea is chaos, the air filled with lies, land erodes, and fire is constant.
Trust is golden--the only real treasure--and lies on no map."

- Jacob Fishghill

Chapter One

the little fishy
that got away



the year 1728
PORT ELISABETH
Jamaica



We venture out today for a special gift I had to order through questionable contacts.



I want you to stay close to Mr. Six. He knows how to deal with these people. They're uncivilized and very dangerous. A ruthless class of ignorant ruffians.



You mean like pirates?



Yes, pirates. You never know when their kind of trash will wash upon my beach.

The idea itself makes me feel ill.















