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who began that morning keening and wailing Galen's name, went to fetch me at the pier. They said I had to leave them. They said that my continual presence reminded them of their dead son, and that with

This situation went on for some time until the day that my parents,

me around they could never get over him. Why wasn't it me, they asked, who died of pox? Why couldn't God have taken their less handsome, less desirable, less talented son instead of their prize? The



I, on the other hand, was doing fine. I mended my nets, mourned my

At first he didn't even notice the tiny pox - no bigger than the head of a pin! And not so numerous as to mar his handsome face. He

to produce, should be stricken with infirmary.

of a pin! And not so numerous as to mar his handsome face.

seemed in health and good spirits, even when the pox spread, and his face and chest were covered with them. We all thought he would recover, and that it was a matter of weeks before he would be up and

about. But such powers of prescience were not meant for mortal man, and Galen continued his moribund crawl. And I, an envious

lad, rejoiced at first that his countenance been so compromised; that

he should find his lady suitors becoming fewer and fewer. At first l

laughed a great deal at him, back when I thought the pox would eventually go.

brother good and proper - better than many have mourned their kin and went on with my life. It is apparent that I was alone in these

legs so strong when I took a last took at our village and, on foot, and carrying no possessions, as I had aught but the clothes on my back, said goodbye to everything I had ever

But my eyes were not dry that day, nor was my stomach or which was my only home? I should have been elated, I tell you, and as luck would have it, it is the best thing that can happen in this tale. village

Adventure on the High Seas for All to Enjoy.

Dick's Pirate Story," a serial tale of Spirited This number contains part one of "Captain mere fact that I was living in their house was eating them up; a constant reminder of the cruel trick God had played.

Can you imagine how I felt that day, cursed and spat upon What would you have done, reader fair? To be turned upon by your own flesh and blood, by the parents that raised you? by my progenitors, asked to leave - banished from the They wanted me to leave. Now.

"CAPTAIN DICK'S PIRATE STORY"

withered, and confined to his bed. His popularity actually increased. I cannot recall but that Father Michael said any masses other than for But this soon turned to ashes in my mouth as he became weak,

him that year. Visitors to his bedside were legion. If I had been overshadowed by my brother before, I was obliterated by him now.

It was a sigh of relief I expelled that cold March morning when Galen's

out of him, and he looked as old as a man of ninety. I was afraid of soul took flight of his wrinkled shell. The pox had drawn the water breaking him when I lifted his body from the sickbed and took it to be wrapped at the church. joined in, too, for he was my brother, and though he never uttered a kind word to me, he didn't say a word against me either. The ties of

Such hue and cry as you've never heard went up in our village.

completely. They neither ate nor drank much. They could not sleep. They were irritable and confused, such was their depression over the loss of their Jewel. They weren't the only ones, either. A good deal of

our village was afflicted with this malaise. It seemed as though people

didn't want to live now that he was gone.

My parents, withdrawn since the death, began to deteriorate

blood are much stronger than a young man's feelings.

nets whilst Galen smiles on, all proud and young and strong, ready to for Galen alone might those strictures be loosened, and a sampling taken. And you, fair one, expecting the next step, you might hear the But we had just left me, a mere lad, sitting in the boats, tending the take on the world, or at least what women abound - of such virtue that call of the Sea as did I, and expect me to sail right off into the horizon,

Aye, but were it that easy, ever? No, our Lord in Heaven, sure as he has wound the mechanism of the Celestial Clock, had other plans in ready to meet Adventure?

mind. And it was His will, though I'll die a man unable to understand why, that my fair brother Galen, the finest bloom our family tree was

that kind of attention, don't get me wrong, my brothers. But I had learned long ago that old Dick's lot in life was a different one. The peace I felt while in that boat, Oh, I would have paid a king's ransom and more to have dragging up a hundredscore of bream - well, it made it clear to me that my destiny was the Sea.





## Chapter Two: Rotten Luck

I count myself lucky, because as my brother was on display, I was learning a man's lot in life. Galen's shadow proved fertile ground for young Dickie. While my brother feed on peaches and cream to the delight of ladies both

doddering and, with increasing frequency as the downy

hairs began on his chin, nubile - I mended the nets and

cleaned the catch.

Goddess O' Fate hasn't blundered in and made the wrong decisions

for everyone involved. Don't be looking for any "happily ever after"

in the stories Old Cappy Dick has in store for you.

Dame Fortune is not only fickle, my friends, but she may be blind and stupid as well. Never have I heard a man tell a tale, but that the

"We couldn't tell how old he was, or where he'd come from."

geography.

maybe even I don't know. Back to a little fishing village in we need to go back quite a ways, I'd say. How many years, come to be here, in this place, telling you this story. Well, You always wondered about Old Cappy Dick, didn't you? You always guessed what Cappy had done, and how he'd

That's across the pond, if you remember your

Chapter One: I Am Born.

When my mother gave birth, you should have seen this child. Golden locks of hair, a strong, lean jaw, healthy as an ox, and skin so soft... that was my brother, all right. And

Jesus. Least that's what they told me. And told me and told me, because when I was born a year later the whole

never a prettier babe had you laid eyes on, so help me

village was disappointed that my parents hadn't worked a

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THRILLING TALES

IN EACH ISSUE NO. !

## Introduction

if maybe he'd put it there himself just to be like the cartoon sailor. distinguishing marks save the faded tattoo of an anchor on his upper called himself. We couldn't tell how old he was, or where he'd come left arm. The same one Popeye had, he'd cackle, and we wondered from. No trace of foreign accent in that whiny squeak of his, no a tankard, wiping the foam off his lips, old "Cappy" Dick, as he Late nights at Old Pete's you'd see him. Gray old muzzle dunked in

second miracle.

it was a detailed list with descriptions of the prettiest lassies he'd But how he'd talk. Some days it was a rant against the rain, or maybe word about himself, never a personal history until one day. were going to drink there at all. Everyone listened. But never a ever laid peepers on. We all listened - you couldn't help it if you a particular storm, even the concept of rain in general. Other times

He had a funny look in his eye. The one he used, anyway. We used to guess if he even had another in that tightly squeezed socket.

everyone in the village.

all right.

from somewhere else up the coast, looking for Galen, for

spread to other villages, and occasionally he'd get a visitor

exactly get my share of anything from the moment I took

scraps while my brother feasted, but that's what happened in air. No one made a conscious effort to leave me the so fair, and the other so plain - well, let's just say I didn't Bless their hearts, my parents tried. But when one child is discussed when my father wasn't around to take offense.

He was a happy child, loved and doted on by

Word of his arrival had even

Yes, it was noticeable enough. So much so that either my true parentage - or my brother's - was a subject often

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story. And this is how it went. He had a funny look, and this meant he was winding up for a big

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"Always looking for Galen..."

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