

Blue highlights show where the main character's name will appear. Pink highlights show where the secondary character's name will appear.

They picked up all the supplies and headed toward the docks, but they hadn't gone more than a few steps when **Xxxx** saw more Navy sailors coming from that direction. For a moment she froze and looked into the eyes of the officer leading the troop of sailors.

"There they are, grab them!" the officer cried, pointing in their direction.

Xxxx dropped the basket of fruits. "Everyone run. Meet at the Sea Foam Inn when all's clear."

She didn't wait to see if her crew followed orders, she shoved through the crowd toward the closest street heading into town. The throng of sailors, pirates, merchants and vendors yelled as she pushed them aside, but she was in too much of a hurry to care.

Xxxx broke free of the crowd and ran up a cobbled street as fast as her legs would carry her. She had gone just a few steps when a woman opened a second-story window above her and threw a bucket of slop out onto the street. The cobblestones were slick, and when **Xxxx** planted her foot, it slipped out from underneath her. She hit the ground hard.

For a moment, **Xxxx** was dazed and the wind was knocked out of her. She took a deep breath and tried to scramble to her feet, but whatever the woman threw out the window was extremely slippery. She had a hard time getting up, but finally managed to find her feet.

"Halt!" came a stern voice.

Xxxx turned around to see a Navy officer and four sailors. The officer had his sword drawn and the sailors were pointing their muskets at her.

"What's this all about?" **Xxxx** asked. "Why are you chasing me? I've done nothing wrong."

The officer laughed. "You're one of the most notorious pirates in the Caribbean. It's time you were brought to justice."

Xxxx knew this wasn't true. She hadn't been a pirate for nearly as long as most of the pirates sailing the Caribbean. There had to be another reason the Royal Navy was after her. Whatever the reason, she was caught now.

"Put your hands in the air so I can disarm you," the officer ordered.

Xxxx raised her arms. The officer walked over and reached for the pistol in her belt. At the same moment, **Xxxx** saw a familiar face behind the troop of sailors. **Ffff** was running right at them. He slammed into the sailors like a cannonball, sending them crashing to the ground. Somehow, he kept his feet and kept running. One of the sailor's guns fired as he fell to the street, sending the bullet banging into a sign hanging on a nearby inn. **Xxxx** grabbed the surprised officer by the wrist and kicked his legs out from underneath him.

With the sailors sprawled out on the cobblestones, **Xxxx** and **Ffff** ran down the street and turned down a side alley. There was gunfire behind them, and **Xxxx** heard a bullet hit the wall above her head as she rounded the corner. They followed the alleyway and then turned onto another and another. It was like following a maze; they had no idea of where it was going. When they thought they were safe, they stopped to catch their breath.

"Thanks for saving me back there," **Xxxx** said.

"You're welcome," **Ffff** said. "I'm part of the crew now, and as Jim told you, 'We take care of our own.'"

"Very true, maybe one day I can return the favor."

"Hopefully, you'll never have to."