

# **Ard-Ladanna: The Pirate Captain**

## **By Calum M**

### **Chapter One: Slaves**

*After 15,000 years and 15 generations of slavery under the House of Badbaltrilas, why did I, Rhilayeda, find myself in the service of the cruellest, most ignorant Eldar the House had ever seen? Of course, the true members of the House turned a blind eye, as he was Prince of the House, and if even a whisper was spoken against his purity, then the whisperer would simply disappear. So not a word ever left my lips and I continued to go on silently, feeding and watering the most arrogant hog to ever occupy the House of Badbaltrilas.*

"Fetch me water, slave" shouted the Prince, his whore giggling in the background. "My name is Rhilayeda, and here is your water," I said as I walked over with the beautifully sculpted crystal jug, the rage bubbling up inside me. "Who cares? We don't give Mon-Keigh names so why should I give you one." said the Prince. I shot the dirtiest look I could upon the vile creature but forced my mouth shut.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw my brother, Rhinaloch, walk in holding the platter of steamed michanol the Prince had ordered. "You'd better not have touched this food, slave" he said, shuddering. "I'd rather a Mon-Keigh had bathed in the dish than have you getting your dirty mitts in it!" We were both fuming with rage, our blood boiling with anger. The Prince went on, "That must have been what those Orks felt, when they ate your father's rotting corpse due to starvation."

"NO!" my brother and I shouted, and with a flash of crystallized metal, two swords buried themselves into the throats of the couple in front of us. The Prince and his whore gasped in their death throes; but they didn't even have a chance to give us a fight.

"I've been wanting to do that for ages," gasped Rhinaloch. "Same here but we can't just stand here idle, we must leave. Now!" I whispered as though someone was watching us. Jogging along the carved wraithbone corridors we made our way to the rear exit. "Just stay calm, brother. We will get a messenger ship, probably a Serpent, and then we can get off of this god-forsaken rock" I muttered quickly. "How do you expect we get a ship?" Rhinaloch said.

"We'll just have to say we are delivering a message" I answered, "Father spoke of a pirate outpost he passed on his way to the Battle of Lorven V. He said that you could hear the rustic laughter from miles away. That is where we shall go."

As we rounded the corner we came across the quiet shipyard, with just a few Bonesingers and apprentices singing the Song of Speed. Approaching the guardian in charge I spoke of our so-called errand and, after a few basic questions, a newly-serviced eagle, the modified vyper used for minor errands, hovered in front of us. Taking the controls while Rhinaloch jumped into the navigator's seat, I set the speed to 'cruise' and lifted her off the ground and into the stars.....

Setting our sights for Craftworld Saim-Hann we sped our way on our supposed task. For about an hour we flew straight and true until we were sure we were out of the House's tracking range. From there Rhinaloch navigated our way to the pirate ship and within a day we were communicating with a crude AI system.

"Hello. This is the Minaloch. Who goes there?" the AI spoke. "We are outcasts from the path and wish to refuel and find work" I answered back. "Very well, make your way to docking bay eight" As I looked around the ghastly ship, which was obviously not of Eldar design, I realized that this Mon-Keigh-constructed ship would unfortunately have to be our home for the time being. This will definitely take some getting used to; but is better than serving the Prince....