

COMPETITION: IROS: ESCALATION PHASE III FICTION - SPACE SHANTIES AND PIRATE SONGS

THE PIRATE KINGS OF THE TENIXIR REVENANTS

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Pin #264

Deep Space

Near Planet Dandoran

The Revenants moved in on the unsuspecting supply ships. The pirate Dreadnaught heavy cruisers circled the three supply ships, like hungry Firaxan sharks about to strike. The lead supply ship came to a halt and ordered the two remaining ships to do the same.

“This is Commander Volkner, of this Warhost merchant convoy. We are enroute to deliver supplies to the Dandoran government. We are unarmed and pose no threat to you or your ships. I humbly ask to speak with your Commander-in-Chief.”

There was a long pause before the Ensign manning the communications station spoke, “Sir I do not believe they are responding.”

“Are our systems operational? Are they jamming our transmission?” asked the Commander.

“Sir, all communication systems are fully operational. Scanners indicate no transmissions are being jammed at this present time.”

The Commander watched through the main viewport from the bridge of the DH-Omni Support Vessel. The Dreadnaughts continued to circle the support ships until they each came to rest parallel to the supply ships.

“Open hailing frequencies again Ensign.”

The Ensign worked quickly flipping toggle switches and dials, “Copy that sir, all communications are open.”

Dreadnought class ships, this is Commander Volkner, we are on a humanitarian mission to deliver supplies to the populous of Dandoran. We mean you or your ships any harm. What say you?”

The silence was deafening, no response was returned from any of the Dreadnaught ships. “Ensign, send a secure message back to Dandoran and the Warhost fleet. Inform them of our situation and get an ETAC on possible reinforcements. I do not feel these Dreadnaughts want to provide us safe passage.”

“On it sir. Beginning secure transmission now.”

“Warhost, Wahost. This is supply ship convoy *Provide Hope*, we have three, I repeat three Revenant Dreadnaughts impeding our passage. They are moving into breach. We are requesting immediate assistance. How copy?”

Commander Volkner rubbed his goatee as he awaited the response from the Warhost. A few tense moments later the comlink began to squawk. *Provide Hope*, this is Warhost, we copy loud and clear. We can have reinforcements at your location within the hour.”

“Damn it!” Volkner said, pounding his fist on his command table. “Don’t they know we will be dead in probably ten minutes. “Ensign, open secure channels to the other supply ships, and sound the alarm, we are about to be breached.”

The color left the Ensign’s face as he initiated the Commander’s order. Seconds later the alarm system of the supply ships began to emanate a loud waiver sound.

“*Provide Hope* convoy, this is Commander Volner. Ready all battle stations, we are about to be boarded! Prepare your ships. Warhost reinforcements inbound, although we will have to hold our ground until their arrival.”

Two replies from the remaining supply ship’s flight leads came over the communications system. “Copy that Commander.”

Volkner was startled when loud thuds echoed throughout the bridge of the supply ships. “Sir, they have connected their breaching tubes to our port side level five.”

“Understood ,” Volkner snapped.

“Get our welcoming party down there to give these pirates a fitting welcome aboard...”

The Ensign followed the orders of his commander and relayed those orders as instructed.

The Ensign, pressed his earpiece deeper into his ear before covering his headset with his hands. “Sir, I have incoming comms, its faint but I can only make out bits and pieces. It is really faint.”

“What are they saying Ensign?” asked Volkner.

“They are not asking for anything sir, they are singing.”

“What in the blazes are you listening to Ensign?”

The Ensign depressed a couple of buttons and redirected the sound to the main PA system of the bridge. Bridge personnel were in awe when they heard the following song....

The Pirate Kings of the Tenixir Revenants

Sung in the chorus of

[Pirate King - Pirates of Penzance \(1983\) - YouTube](#)

*We scurvy dawgs live and die
Beneath the Tenixir Revenant flag we fly,
Rather than play a canting role,
We live to pillage, amassing riches to achieve our goal.
Our hearts pump blood to our pirate heads
Stand in our way you find yourself dead
Off to the cheating plundering world we go,
Where pirates scheme to gain a need to know;
We the Revenants will not stumble in the song we sing,
We will live and die as Pirate Kings!
Being a pirate is a handsome thing
Especially when we are the Pirate Kings!
Hurrah for our Pirate King!
And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King.
Hurrah for our Pirate King!
We choose and hunt to seek our prey
We loot and plunder feeding our royal way.*

*We will bereave any ship, this is true,
Better than any Sovereign Pricipate can do;
But many a king have fallen from their thrones,
A king must spill the blood of the innocent to call that crown his own,
We the pirates thrive on the plunder to get us through
The best unscrupulous work a pirate will ever do,
We are the Pirate Kings!
And it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King!*