

In the sickbay, your surgeon, Ibrahim, is examining the saber slash across the new guy's shoulder. The lascar brothers, who should be busy loading cargo but are instead in here where they have no business being, slap him on the back.

**BLUE:** It's your first battle wound, Pavão!  
*Pavão blushes and looks down.*

**PAVÃO:** It's hardly anything. Just a scratch.

**NAVIN:** You're a real pirate now. It's a rite of passage, your first wound. Mine was a shard of wood that got blown off the deck, and his was...

**BLUE:** ...Mine was when you hammered a nail into my foot.

**PAVÃO:** Wait, how did...?

**NAVIN:** It's a long story. We'll tell you sometime.  
*Ibrahim takes out his suture kit.*

**IBRAHIM:** A couple of stitches and you'll be right as rain. Now answer me this, Pavão: Two men play three games of chess. They each win the same number of games, and there are no draws. How is this possible?  
*You've heard this one before. You could jump in with an answer.*

They died during the third game.  
They teamed up against a common foe.  
Everyone's a winner as long as they're having fun.

Let Pavão answer.  
You remain quiet.

*Ibrahim gives you a look of annoyance.*  
**IBRAHIM:** Stop interrupting my riddles! Pavão hasn't heard them yet.

**PAVÃO:** I don't know.  
**IBRAHIM:** They weren't playing each other.  
**PAVÃO:** What does that have to do with—ow!  
*Ibrahim finishes the stitch.*

You're doing great, kid.

"Ow?" Is that the best you can do?

**PLAYER:** Ibrahim is the master of distraction. He could have your arm off before you noticed.  
*Pavão's eyes get big.*  
**PAVÃO:** Has...that happened?  
*Belatedly you remember how young this kid is and how little he knows about his new occupation.*

Reassure him.

**PLAYER:** Nah, of course not! Do you see any one-armed sailors walking around here? Nothing's gonna happen to you. I won't let it.

**PLAYER:** You're doing great, kid. Getting patched up is the hardest part.

**PLAYER:** "Ow?" Is that the best you can do?  
**BLUE:** Yeah, you're a sailor now! Sound like it!  
**PAVÃO:** My family is very religious, I don't really know any...

Be honest with him.

**PLAYER:** Look, kid, this is a rough life. I'm not going to lie to you. I've lost good men and women. So many...  
*Your voice catches in your throat at the flood of faces that enter your mind.*

Pull yourself together.

It's all right, you don't have to swear to be a pirate.

**PLAYER:** It's all right, you don't have to swear to be a pirate.  
**BLUE:** Since when?

How about "Devil take you, you whoreson?"

**PLAYER:** How about "Devil take you, you whoreson?"  
*Pavão's eyes widen.*  
**PAVÃO:** I can't say that to my doctor!  
**IBRAHIM:** Son, as long as you don't move, you can call me anything you like. I promise there's nothing you can say about my mother that I haven't already heard.  
**BLUE:** Give it a shot, Pavão! "May donkeys piss on you, you half-drowned sea rat!"

Stop talking.

**PLAYER:** I take care of my own. When someone gets wounded so they can't sail anymore, I set them up with enough for a decent retirement. But I can never give them back what they lost. Not everyone is made for this life. If you decide it's not for you, we can put you off the next time we're in the Azores and you can go home. There's no shame in that. #captain  
**PAVÃO:** No! No. I want to be here.

"Go shit in the sea, you thrice-damned landlubber!"

"I fucked your sister, you filthy plisspot!"

"To Davy Jones' court with you, you unwashed ass!"

**NAVIN:** "May ants crawl up your ass, you fleabitten dog!"  
*Blue puts an affectionate arm around Navin's shoulders.*  
**BLUE:** I'm so proud of you, baby brother. They grow up so fast.  
*By this point Pavão is doubled over weeping with laughter.*  
**IBRAHIM:** Hey, stop making him laugh! He needs to hold still!

Sorry.

I get it, I'll keep Pavão on light duty.

*Ibrahim bites off the thread and gives Pavão a pat on the shoulder.*  
**IBRAHIM:** There you go. Good as new. And now I have a riddle for you, Captain: Who has blue eyes and won't climb the rigging for at least two days?

**PLAYER:** I get it, I'll keep Pavão on light duty for a few days.  
**IBRAHIM:** Good. We don't want him busting those stitches.

I'm the captain. I'll decide what Pavão does.

**PLAYER:** I'm the captain. I'll decide what Pavão does.  
*Ibrahim frowns and shakes his head.*  
**IBRAHIM:** There's only so much I can do to keep these sailors together.

You head back out onto the deck.