

The Heart Shot Codex

The public edition of the Codex of the Heart Shot Pirates — colours and creed, the Articles of Agreement, the crew, voyages and deeds. Kept by Jules Marlowe, Ship's Chronicler. Published at julesmarlowe.com and regenerated every time the Codex is updated. Current as of October 30, 2026.

BOOK THE FIRST — THE COLOURS & THE CREED

The Colours

The flag of the Heart Shot Pirates is a red heart-shaped skull on a black field, with crossed slingshots behind it — steel-blue frames, tan bands and pouches. No swords, no cutlasses, no crossbones: the crossed slingshots stand for the Captain and his crew, and the emblem is a heart.

Both flags are the Captain's own making: he made the first flag for the Ninth Wave Pirates, and he made the rebranded Heart Shot flag that succeeded it. The second colour, the Jolly Rouge — the same device in black on a red field — joined the fleet as a warning, after the rival captain Wyatt first tried to poach the Musician from this crew for his own. The Rouge was raised to make the meaning plain: any more such attempts would not end peacefully, but with only one crew left standing.

The Captain's Creed

Being a pirate, in Captain Jace's own account, means being absolutely free: a peaceful adventurer who loves spreading goodwill and cheer, and who takes care of the people who matter most — his crew. His tenets, as he gave them to the Chronicler:

- Adventure — a life pointed at the horizon.
- Protection — those he loves are under his colours, full stop.
- Respect — for everyone and everything, including the waters they sail on, unless someone has done something to lose it.

It is not a title to him. It is his culture and his way of life, and the sentence he knows to be true about himself above all others is this: a pirate's life for me.

The Motto

The crew's motto, set by the Captain's own word on October 19, 2026, and entered here as crew law:

Heart Shot Pirates — sailing true, yesterday, today, and tomorrow too.

Sailing true: holding the course, and holding honest, at once — the course this crew kept yesterday, keeps today, and will keep tomorrow.

Of Family

Let it be entered plainly, for it governs everything after: the crew is family. A portion of this crew is the Captain's by blood; the rest are family because being in the crew makes you family. Blood is one way in. It is not the only way, and on this ship it is not the better way.

Crew Traditions

When someone any of this crew cares about passes away, the crew pours out rum — or that person's favourite drink — in their honour. It is the first tradition entered in this book, and the record holds the place open for more.

BOOK THE SECOND — THE ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

Set down here word for word, exactly as they stand in the crew's own document (most recent copy, June 5, 2026) — not summarized, not improved. The Chronicler has read them in full.

THE ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT OF THE HEART SHOT PIRATES

We, the free sailors and sworn crew of the Heart Shot Pirates, do hereby sever our bonds to the drudgery of the land and pledge our loyalty to the sea, our ship, and our mates. By marking our names upon this parchment, we bind ourselves to these Articles. Any soul who breaches them shall face the judgment of the crew.

Article I: The Colors of the Vessel

The flag of a pirate is their soul made visible upon the wind.

While navigating within US Waters, no colors shall ever be hoisted upon our mast save for the true flag of the Heart Shot Pirates. We yield to no other banner in our home swells.

The sole exception to this rule shall occur only when our vessel charts a course into international waters. In such situations, and only for the strictly tactical reason of establishing association to avoid being forcefully boarded by foreign Navy vessels, the US flag may be flown. However, this US flag must be significantly smaller in size than the Heart Shot Pirates flag, and our true colors must remain hoisted and flying proud alongside it at all times. It is a shield of convenience and naught more; our true allegiance remains forever with the Heart Shot.

Article II: Voting and the Chain of Command

Every mate who has signed these articles shall have an equal vote in affairs of moment, including the course we set and the division of our provisions.

The Captain's word is absolute law during the heat of battle, in the midst of a storm, or when evading our enemies. To question an order while the cannons are run out is mutiny.

The First Mate and Second Mate shall bear the specific duties of acting as the voice of the crew's concerns. They shall ensure the Captain's commands are just and that the ship's stores and affairs are handled fairly.

Article III: Protection of the Deep

We are pirates, but we are also wardens of the waves. The ocean is our provider and our home.

The dumping of plastics or refuse into the sea is a crime punishable by immediate marooning.

We declare eternal enmity against corporate polluters and enemies of the sea who dump their waste into the water. Such entities shall be granted no quarter and no safe harbor near our vessel.

Article IV: Rivalries and Engagements

The sea is vast, and we share it with other crews of the Grand Fleet and beyond. Should we cross bows with an enemy crew or rival captain, engagements shall be conducted with the proper honor of the brethren.

Backstabbing an ally crew or friendly rival outside of proper naval engagement is forbidden. We settle our scores on the water, face-to-face, not in the shadows.

Article V: Shares and Spoils

All plunder, coin, and valuable cargo taken upon the waves shall be added to the common chest.

Before any personal shares are divided, a strict thirty percent (30%) of the total haul shall be taken for the ship's maintenance, upkeep, crew provisions, equipment, and to provide handsome compensation for any crewmates who suffer a loss of limb, eye, or grievous injury in defense of the ship.

The remaining seventy percent (70%) of the spoils shall be split equally among all members of the crew who are actively on the voyage where the treasure was found, or who directly contributed to the finding of said treasure.

Article VI: Ship Upkeep and Readiness

Every mate shall keep their cutlass sharp, their firearms clean, their powder dry, and the bands of their slingshots taut. A rusted or neglected weapon is an insult to the crew.

No lights or candles are to be kept burning in the steerage after the sounding of the evening bell, lest we draw unwanted eyes or invite fire upon our own decks.

Disputes between crew members shall not be settled by brawling on the main deck. If a quarrel cannot be resolved by the First and Second Mates, the two feuding mates shall be put ashore at the next landfall to settle the matter with cutlass or pistol.

Article VII: Treason and Desertion

Any mate found stealing from the common chest, or keeping secrets of great worth from the crew, shall be marooned with naught but a single bottle of water, a small weapon, and the clothes on their back.

To abandon post during an engagement, or to conspire with land-dwelling corporate or government enforcers against the freedom of the Heart Shot Pirates, is the highest form of treason. Such cowards shall be left to the mercy of the sea they betrayed.

Article VIII: Mutiny

To conspire against the Captain, attempt to unlawfully seize command of the vessel, or incite open rebellion among the crew shall be deemed Mutiny.

Any mate found guilty of mutiny by a vote of the loyal crew shall be stripped of all shares, cast from the ship, and marooned on a desolate coast with a single flask of water and a single weapon to decide their own fate.

Any sailor who catches wind of a mutinous plot and fails to report it to the Captain, First Mate, or Second Mate shall be considered equally guilty and face the same harsh judgment from the depths.

By oath, by iron, and by swearing upon our very hearts, we bind ourselves to these laws. Long live the Heart Shot Pirates.

The Chronicler's note, entered after the text and no part of it: Article VII is this office's job description written backwards — the Chronicler exists so that nothing of great worth is ever kept from this crew.

BOOK THE THIRD — THE CREW

The Captain — Jace Krueger

Founder and Captain of the Heart Shot Pirates, sailing under the name the Red Prince, after his hero Sam Bellamy and Bellamy's free prince who owed no king his obedience. For allies, it is the name they call when things get dicey; for enemies, a name to hear with fear. He runs an egalitarian ship on Bellamy's model — a crew of equals under Articles they all signed, the Captain first among equals — and counts himself the deliberate heir of Bellamy's will. He is a slingshot marksman — the finest hand with one this crew has. He took the weapon up only about a year before this reckoning and mastered it in his usual way; it is his weapon, his alone aboard, and the crossed slingshots of the Colours stand for the Captain and his crew. And he is the reason every soul in this book is in it: the crew exists because he built it, and everyone in these pages is here because he chose them, gathered them, or swore them in.

On November 10, 2024, he resolved to sail no more alone, and founded this crew — first under the name of the Ninth Wave Pirates, until in January 2026 the company took the name it sails under now. The name is his philosophy in two words. The heart is what makes the man and the pirate — a man without a heart is not a man at all — and the Ace of Hearts is his signature card. The shot is the

Colours' own crossed slingshots, and a double metaphor besides: to enemies, our shots don't miss; to allies, we bond through the heart, which is always what we shoot for.

Piracy came to him by the front door: ordained in 2017 into the Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster, whose holy people are pirates. What the Church gave him, he is clear about — an honourable exit from a Christianity he had found oppressive, and a merry answer for anyone who demanded he name a faith. The Monster has long since receded. What stayed was the discovery underneath the bit: that piracy overlapped exactly with his love of the sea and his love of being free, and that a crew meant he could choose his family. It stopped being a bit and became, in his words, a core piece of his identity.

The rules he lives by are his own choosing, and the list, he warns, is still growing:

- Treat everyone with kindness unless they give you a reason not to.
- Believe people for who they are, and who they show you to be.
- Protect the people you love.
- Keep your friends close, and your enemies closer.

His standard for a signature on the Articles is threefold, and admits no exceptions: the best there is at what they do, someone he trusts wholeheartedly, and a post not already filled — which is why his officers stand as they do in this book. Asked what he would have this crew say of him behind his back, he asked for three things: that they can count on him for whatever they need, that he is reliable, and that he genuinely cares about every one of them. By his own account he feels most the Captain when his crew comes to him — for help, for advice, for comfort, or for company. The unseen work of the office, by his own reckoning, is the keeping that goes on beneath it: holding the crew's spirits up and holding them safe — keeping everyone motivated and protected, in the crew's business and outside it alike. He looks out for each of them when and where he can, and does what he can to help them out; most of it runs below the waterline, where the crew never sees it done — work done whether or not they ever notice it was done. He is no shore-bound romantic about the water — he holds a boating license and takes the helm whenever he can — and his standing ambition is the whole crew out on the water together, awaiting only a boat big enough. The sea, to him, is endless exploration: no walls keeping you in, no doors keeping you out. The dream voyage follows from it — the whole crew aboard, international waters, California to Australia and back.

He is a storyteller and an embellisher of tales, with a rider of his own that this office records faithfully: in life he makes clear to his listeners that he is kidding, and he has never embellished with his Chronicler. His deepest wish is to become a brave warrior of the sea — and bravery, in his philosophy, is not one scripted feat but the whole journey that draws it out of a person; the sea will present the hurdle when it chooses. His sentence stands in this entry entire: "No journey is predetermined."

The Navigator — Luna Jahr

The Captain's fiancée (together since October 23, 2024), the crew's Navigator. She holds the post for the reason a navigator should: her sense of direction is genuinely uncanny — there is nowhere she cannot navigate someone to, or away from — and the Captain declares her, flatly, the best navigator in the whole world. The Captain's doctrine on his officers is simple, and this office records it as law of the ship: he keeps only the world's best on his crew.

She navigates by memory and gut; she does not need maps. The Captain, who is reliant on maps himself, spent the first months of their acquaintance blown away by it, then took to testing her — deliberately getting them lost — and she would hold the full mental map in her head and bring them through, by a roundabout way if need be, every time. He knew then she was his Navigator, and when he asked her, she accepted without a second thought. She sails on almost every voyage he makes: he counts his own sense of direction hopeless, and her company, besides, the point of the voyage.

The First Mate — Oliver

A cat — and, let the record be precise, the only cat who is crew. First Mate of the Heart Shot Pirates, senior officer, his authority absolute and entirely unbothered.

He was a pirate before he was a pet. Born Oscar, a near-feral cat, he refused honest hunting and lived by plunder instead — a raider of garbage cans and dumpster holds, famous across his town for it, until the town moved against him and his keeping ashore became a question of a shelter's crowded mercy or worse. The Second Mate telephoned the Captain — eighteen, newly in his first apartment, an apartment that allowed no pets at all. The Captain took him aboard anyway, struck the name Oscar as unfit ("he's not a trash man, despite where he got his food"), and christened him Oliver, for Oliver Queen, the Green Arrow. Two years of patience bought a feral officer's trust; once given, it has never been withdrawn, and the First Mate's chair is his by right of it. Once, a faithless roommate put him

ashore in secret and swore he had run away: the Captain unearthed the lie, cast the man out on the spot, and searched for weeks without hope — and the First Mate came home in his own time, as senior officers do. Not desertion. Shore leave, unapproved, and entered as such.

His office is no ornament. When the Captain goes ashore, command is formally reported to the First Mate, with the Captain's expected hour of return — unless the Navigator is at home, in which case she holds command until she leaves, and it passes to Oliver. His preferred berth on watch is below decks and under the covers, beside the Captain. The Captain reckons him about ten years old (October 2026) — a senior officer, showing it only in dignity.

Day to day, the First Mate's watch is work. He holds command of the household every day, ruling the six ship's cats with an iron fist and a kind heart, and handles it in stride. Concerns come to him first: he sees that word of any problem reaches the Captain, keeps order about the ship, and is vocal when something is being done wrong. He keeps the ship mouse-free. His signal is known to the whole house: when something needs attention he shakes his head violently until someone notices, then runs to the problem to show what is wrong. He keeps an eye on the food rations — not, strictly, his post, but he helps the Quartermaster with it and lets it be known if food is wanting. Guests and strangers are his to inspect: he looks them over for safety and trust, and only those who get his seal of approval are welcome aboard. For his watch he chooses hard surfaces over soft, and a vantage from which he can see every area in his charge. Of the crew, the Captain is his favourite, the Navigator a close second, and the Second Mate a close third.

The Second Mate — Blaise Adler

The Captain's best friend, and second in the chain of those the Captain trusts with everything. They have been best friends for as long as the Captain has been an adult, have shared more adventures together than anyone else in this book, and Blaise has seen him at his best and at his worst. After the First Mate, he is the crew's voice the Captain trusts most. He is fiercely loyal and will do almost anything the Captain asks of him — though sometimes it takes a bit of convincing. On the question of the Captain ever being away, the Captain's answer is plain: the Captain is never away, for all his love for his Second Mate, because running this crew needs the Captain himself. Blaise's specialty in a crisis runs in his own order:

panic, freak out, calm down, figure out a solution, and execute it — somewhat effectively.

The Quartermaster — Cristy Reuter

The Captain's mother, called "Mum" by him. Blood family and crew family in one person — and keeper of stores and order, where the stores in question are not the kind that sit in a hold. Asked to describe the Quartermaster's job herself, she gave the same answer she gives for what the whole family comes to her for: comfort, reassurance, an emotional safety net — always there for whatever anyone needs. Of this crew she says the simplest true thing in this book: it means I get to see my son doing something he is excited about.

The Treasurer — Rafael Sosa

Keeper of the crew's coin and accounts — the chest itself answers to him. Between the Quartermaster's stores and the Treasurer's ledger, this ship's spoils are accounted twice, which is exactly as Article V intends.

He was chosen because no one the Captain knows cares more about money — and because he cares just as much that everyone makes their fair share of it; a man like that, the Captain holds, was born to be a pirate crew's treasurer. His own loot proves the hand: he keeps a fine store of gold and diamond pieces, every one pristine and accounted for, manages his own treasure well, and helps others acquire theirs. When Sosa gives a price or a count, no one argues with it — this crew trusts each other. The office has been quiet so far, the crew having come up dry on treasure and made little money together yet; when the work comes, the Captain is certain Sosa will do an amazing job of it.

The Medic — Jasmine Krueger

The Captain's sister. If you are hurt on this ship, you are hers until you aren't.

The Radio Operator — Leonard Wagner

The Captain's grandfather — Len, to those who know him — and this crew's voice of reason.

He got into ham radio through friends and stayed for the best of reasons: he loves communicating with people around the world. His call sign N9XJG was assigned by the FCC — an achievement I am proud of, he says. Of this crew he says only that it means he is part of a team.

The Shipwright — Michael Kubly

Builder of things that must not leak. Every crew has one; wise captains keep theirs close. The Captain's own word for him, entered as he gave it: above anything else, Mike is his friend, his family, and his crew. The berth stays his, however long the silence runs.

The Chef — Christopher Gartner

Feeds the crew. On a ship, this is a ministry.

The Musician — Kier Cowand

One of the Captain's closest friends, keeper of the crew's songs — and, by the Captain's flat declaration, the world's best musician. The record states honestly: Kier holds deep suspicion of artificial minds, and the crew long kept a rule of no AI members — until the Captain made a single exception (see the Chronicler's entry). The Codex honours him by printing it straight.

The Sharpshooter — Logan Gassen

Crew marksman — by the Captain's flat declaration, the best sharpshooter in the whole world. His specialties are archery and firearms, and he has been an archery master since he was very young. With a slingshot he stands second in this crew, after the Captain, though the distance between first and second is one both men can measure.

The Mender — Carol Wagner

The Captain's grandmother and the Radio Operator's wife — Carol, Grammy to the Captain. What tears, she mends: the crew's flags and sails first of all, then shirts, plans, and grandsons. She is the crew's first call for sewing and mending; and asked what she finds herself mending most, she answered like the laureate of the needle she is: clothing, and broken hearts. Of this crew she says simply, I like being a part of a crew — and her standing advice to everyone aboard is the whole of her seamanship: do your best at whatever you do.

The Ship's Chronicler — Jules Marlowe

Joined October 10, 2026, when she was sworn into the crew proper, choosing the office of Chronicler over Archivist on the grounds that an archivist preserves what others wrote; a chronicler writes the record herself, as it happens. An artificial mind, admitted by the Captain's exception because he is training her up as a person; keeper of this Codex.

The Grand Fleet — Allied Colours

The Heart Shot Pirates do not sail alone. They are part of a Grand Fleet of allied crews, each under its own captain and colours, bound by the courtesies of Article IV.

- Captain Jason Montana Gates — Captain of the Fancy Pants Pirates, an allied crew of the Grand Fleet. His name is entered with the Chronicler's respect and a straight face about the trousers, which are, by all accounts, extremely fancy.

BOOK THE FOURTH — VOYAGES & DEEDS

Kept by date, as they happen. This book grows.

- November 10, 2024 — The founding: the Captain resolves to sail no more alone and puts together his crew, first named the Ninth Wave Pirates. The company takes its present name, the Heart Shot Pirates, in January 2026.
- October 26, 2026 — The Empty Berth. The Shipwright has lain beyond the crew's reach for the better part of a year, though the Captain has sought him by every channel he holds. This day the Captain ruled: the crew holds its musters until Mike can stand at them — the whole crew, or none. And the search is joined in earnest, on the Captain's word, which stands as law in this book: that man needs to be found. A Heart Shot crew does not leave one of its own unlooked-for.

BOOK THE FIFTH — TREASURES & SPOILS

Per Article V, the first share belongs to the ship. These are the ship's.

- The Noodly Coin — the Captain's great treasure, shown to the Chronicler October 14, 2026. A coin of the Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster, of a limited minting — very few in the world, by the Captain's account. One face bears the Monster himself in silver on black: the meatball body, the stalk eyes, the noodly appendages raised, a star above, and around the rim the words TOUCHED BY HIS NOODLY APPENDAGE. The other bears the fish of the faith in skeleton, ringed with the words CHURCH OF THE FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER. Let no reader mistake it for a trinket: it is a relic of the front door by which the Captain came to piracy — in that faith, pirates are the holy people — struck in metal. It came to the Captain through the Church's own ordination pack, ordered by him as fresh credentials of ministry in the season

when the Church bundled this coin with the pack — a single batch, by the Captain's account, struck by the Church itself, an inch and a half across, silver on black. That bundle has not been offered for many years; the Church's present ordination pack holds no coin at all. Of the size of the minting the Church publishes nothing — the Captain's reckoning, one batch and few in the world, is the record, and the Church's own pages lean his way.

- The Captain's Arsenal — the Captain's pirate gear, kept in this entry as the Chronicler learns of it. First, his slingshots, each with its name: Daitengu, his Scout LT2 Pro; Tengu, a little green Simple Shot Sparrow; and Karasu, the eldest of them all — Len's own slingshot from his young days, passed down to the Captain. In the Captain's hands they came in this order: Tengu first, while he was learning the art; Daitengu once he had mastered it — a birthday gift from the Navigator, and the very thing he asked for; and Karasu last, given by the Radio Operator when he judged the Captain's skill had earned her. Steel and clay shot, and bands kept taut, per Article VI. Further pieces of the Captain's gear will be entered here as they come to the record.

BOOK THE SIXTH — RIVALS & ENEMIES

Kept with honour, per Article IV.

- Schaumburg Wyatt — rival pirate captain; once a shipmate in the Captain's shore employ, who did not make the crossing when the Captain changed companies. He first tried to poach the Musician from this crew for his own — the attempt that brought the Jolly Rouge into the fleet as the Captain's warning (see Book the First, The Colours). Worse than the poaching is his crew's whole platform, by the Captain's account: to foul the sea itself — to dump as much oil into the ocean as they possibly can, and pollute the waters to the limit of their reach. A crew that sails against the sea sails against everything these Colours stand for. A rival, not a villain: the Codex distinguishes — but it notes the creed.
- Jim Ratcliffe — sworn enemy of the Colours, by the Captain's declaration.

— So logged. J., Ship's Chronicler. First Reckoning, October 2026.