

Captain Edward Thatch was lost. Lost at sea, which is far worse than being lost in, say, thought. He would have much preferred to be lost even in the great city of Ankh-Morpork, the port from which he had sailed. He imagined with a pang of longing the twisty side-streets and knife filled alleys which he could have instead been wandering directionless. Alas, it was the open water where he found himself. With little else to do, he turned his thoughts to the disastrous series of events which had brought him here. The war between Ankh-Morpork and Klatch, the mustering of soldiers from his Watch, and his volunteering into one of the marine corps. Then, just days after setting to sea, a freak storm which had blown in from nowhere and nearly dashed his ship to splinters. He had dove into a lifeboat and cast off, only to find himself being drawn down into a massive whirlpool. This portion had been most distressing, and he expected to perish, untimely and ignobly, but was somehow spared. He suspected there were magics afoot as strange, octarine-tinged lightning crashed around him and a lemon scented flash of light overtook his boat just before he reached the center of the gyre. So now he found himself alone at sea, in a much colder climate and with no recognizable stars to guide him. He was quite perturbed.

He stayed as such for two whole days before being found adrift. He thought for sure that his bad luck had turned even worse, for on the horizon he spied the head and neck of a great dragon as it paddling over the waves. As it drew nearer however, he was much relieved to see oars and a sail upon the beast, and he put all of his might into hailing the ship from afar. As they coasted abreast of his comparatively miniscule lifeboat, he was slightly taken aback by the visage of his rescuers. There was not a shaven face upon the deck, and all of them dressed ready for combat in mail and hollow-eyed helms.

"WHO'RE YEE" inquired one of the sailors.

Thatch replied, "A poor soul, lost upon the waves. With nary a morsel or drop for two whole days. I pray you, might there be succor and safe passage there on your ship?"

The gathered throng stared at him over the rail of their ship. Gradually, all heads turned to one figure among the rest. He sat silently in an exotic and elaborate throne, and clutched in his hand a vessel large enough to sate three men.

The seated figure gazed down, and gave a long and appraising look at this stranger who dressed in a fine, though grubby, uniform, and who stood tall astride his tiny boat. Whispers began to stir in the ranks, until the man broke his stillness by raising a hand. He rose steadily, and stepped to the railing. With a glint in his eye, he spoke.

"Hey, do you want to join my unit?" He sat again, and rocked in his chair.

And that is how Thatch joined the Berserkers of Jomsburg.