

Contents

Join Team Kronos as they explore the 17th and 18th centuries!

Letter from Nate	7
-------------------------------	---

Piracy



The Golden Age of Piracy – Feature Article	8
Myths of the Caribbean	16
Team Kronos Librarian.....	18
What Goes Around Comes Around	20
A Pirate’s Life.....	24

Activities



“Blow the Man Down” Singalong.....	25
Crossword Puzzle	26
Kronos: the Time-traveler Board Game	28
How to Make a Treasure Map.....	36

Major Events



Beethoven Live.....	38
An Underwater Rowboat.....	40
Guy Fawkes: The Gunpowder Plot	42
The Great Fire of London.....	44
The Settlement of Jamestown	46

American Revolution



An Interview with King George.....	48
Gettin’ ‘er done with Paul Revere	52
The Great Tea Toss	54
Renewed Hope at Valley Forge.....	56

Credits	58
----------------------	----

Dear Reader:

Grandpa said I could write this part of the magazine. He wants me to tell you how I found the journal.

My name is Nathan Tucker—I go by Nate. My Grandpa Nigel is the one that founded Team Kronos. He used to work for NASA—he's really smart.

It happened in the summer of 2005. I talked my dad into letting me go with him on a scout campout—I wasn't quite old enough to be going, but he let me anyway. We went to a site near Cripple Creek, Colorado.

While everyone else was working on a merit badge, I thought I'd take a look around. Dad told me not to wander off, so I just planned on staying close. I found a cliff just outside our camp. I got my jeans all muddy climbing up it. It was an awesome view, but I thought I could find a better one further up. I'm not sure how long I was up there, but when I headed back, I couldn't find the camp.

The sun was right over my head, so I couldn't even tell which way was north. I started shouting as I walked. I kept wandering and started to get real scared. I thought I was going to have to survive in the wilderness for a week, or a month.

After a while I came upon an old building. It was huge, and just in the middle of nowhere. I thought maybe I'd find food inside. I grabbed a stick about the size of a sword and headed in. The door had a rusty old lock on it. I ended up climbing through a window—careful not to cut myself on the broken glass.

It was pretty dark inside. I had to wait for my eyes to adjust. Dust and cobwebs covered everything—you could smell the dust in the air. The countertops were covered with old scientific bottles and tubes and stuff. There were boxes and crates all over. Everything was a mess.

I smashed a few bottles off the counter with my sword. Then I started opening cupboards and boxes to see what I could find. There was all kinds of cool stuff in there—little bottles of moldy liquid, newspapers from the 1920s, soda cans, even an old knife blade. But I only took one thing with me—an old leather book. It looked like Indiana Jones' diary. I opened it, and it was full of writing and pictures. Grandpa later told me what it was. It belonged to a man named Nikola Tesla, a famous inventor who died in the 1940s—back when Grandpa was a kid. Tucked inside the journal was a blueprint. It unfolded like a huge map, and it just said "Kronos" at the top. When I showed it to Grandpa, he said it was the blueprints for a time machine. But I'd better finish my story.

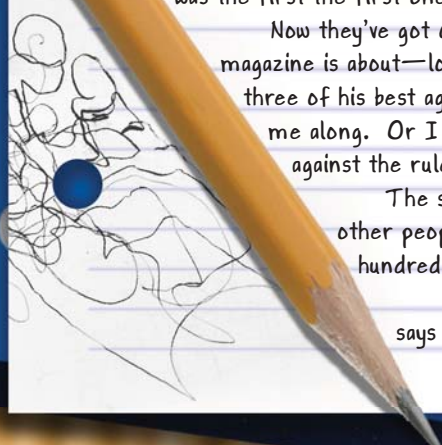
After I rummaged around for a while and didn't find any food, I decided I'd better keep looking for camp. I climbed back outside and found that the sun was setting. I headed north and ended up in a clearing where I had a pretty good view all around me. To the east I saw a column of dark smoke—my dad had made a signal fire by burning green leaves (they make lots of smoke). I got back to the camp a bit after dark. I just ran up and gave my dad a hug.

After he scolded me, my dad said I ought to show the journal to Grandpa Nigel. I've never seen Grandpa so excited. He asked if he could borrow the journal and blueprint. Then he started gathering scientists. He named the group Team Kronos. They figured out the plans and built the machine. Grandpa was the first the first one to test it (he went back to the Civil War).

Now they've got organized expeditions into the past. Their first expedition—the one this magazine is about—looks at American and British history from 1600-1800 A.D. Grandpa took three of his best agents and time traveled to the Golden Age of Piracy. I wish he'd have brought me along. Or I wish he'd at least have brought a camera, but he says bringing technology is against the rules.

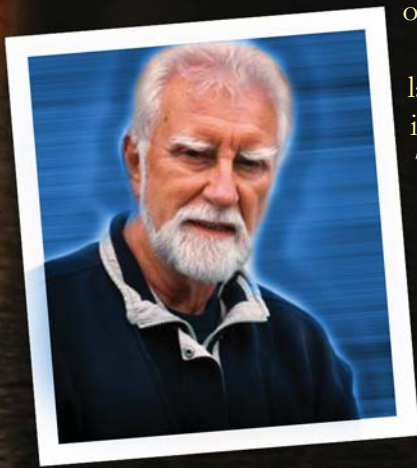
The stories he's told me are awesome. Grandpa sent other time travelers back to see other people and places—but for this first expedition, he kept them all within that two-hundred-year period. One of them met George Washington—it's in this magazine too.

I hope you like reading these time-traveler stories as much as I do. Grandpa says when I get a little older, I can start time traveling too. I can't wait.



The Golden Age of Piracy

When you're at the Kronos lab, you step into a large machine—inside, it's like a cylindrical phone booth. The walls press in around you. You input the *when*—year, month, day hour, minute—plus the *where*—GPS coordinates of where you want to land in 3D space. The light grows bright till you can't see a thing. You squint your eyes and—whoosh—you're looking at the blue Caribbean of three centuries ago.



Of course, when you land, the Kronos machine is still sitting back in 2007. That's where the pocket watches come in. They've got all kinds of clever gadgets hidden under the false face. But the main thing they do is bring you back to 2007. With the click of a button, the whole process is reversed. You blink your eyes and you're inside the Kronos machine again.



There's one such experience I'd like to tell you about. Three of our top specialists and I planned an expedition to the late 1600s and early 1700s in the Caribbean—the Golden Age of Piracy. My goal was to take a look at what caused this rampant piracy.

Though my clothes were dry, they were still crusty

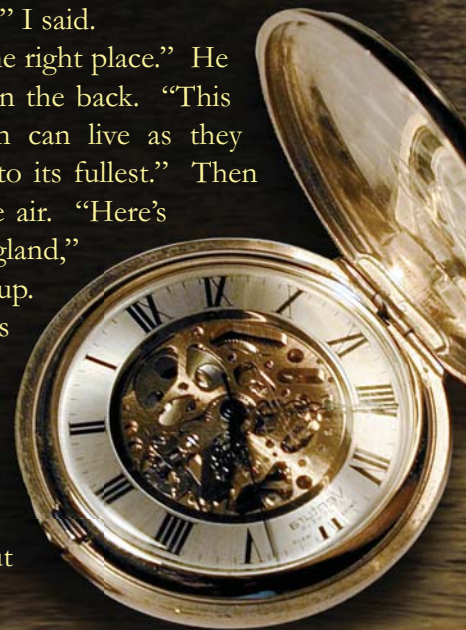
with salt-residue from my recent dip in the Caribbean—I slightly miscalculated the *where*. You know, time traveling isn't easy.

I had traveled to the island of Jamaica, city of Port Royale. I chose this location because of its reputation as a place of too much piracy and too little law enforcement. The date was June 7, 1691—exactly one year before the city was destroyed. Some called it an act of God. Others said it was a voodoo curse. But one year after I was there, the entire city sunk into the ocean.

I sat in a small, darkly-lit pub. A band played loudly in one corner. Shouts and laughter filled the room—too much rum. I leaned toward the man sitting next to me. “So, I know a certain ‘gentleman of fortune’ who is looking for employment,” I said.

“Well, ya’ve come to the right place.” He laughed and slapped me on the back. “This here’s a place where men can live as they please—free to enjoy life to its fullest.” Then he raised his glass into the air. “Here’s to King William of England,” he shouted as he stood up. “May we never see the likes of him again!” He let out a loud laugh and took a deep draught from his pint mug.

I realized I had asked the wrong person about





how to get aboard a pirate ship, so I stood up and started for a corner of the room. Then the drunken sailor raised his glass again and shouted, “And here’s to all buccaneers, scalawags, and gentlemen of fortune.” As he said it, the room fell silent. The drunk obviously wasn’t expecting this reaction, and he turned and looked around.

In the doorway of the pub, stood a man who looked quite out of place. He wore a three-cornered hat and a red and white jacket. On his shoulders hung golden tassels—the color of his shiny buttons. He frowned. Behind him stood a man in similar clothes—though not quite as fancy.

The drunk looked at the gentleman, and shouted, “Down with the bloody king!” Then he drew his cutlass and charged. In one fluid motion, the gentleman drew his pistol, cocked it, aimed, and fired. The sound of the exploding black powder made my ears ring. The drunkard

made a loud thud as he hit the floor at the feet of his killer. The smoke from the pistol filled the room.

I began to get out of my seat—looking for some kind of escape. The men around me began to mumble. In an instant, men from every part of the room rushed at the two gentlemen, cutlasses drawn, shouting like hellions.

It wasn’t going to be a fair fight, and I didn’t wait to see what happened. In the commotion, I crawled through an open window and retreated down an alley. Once again, the law in Port Royal had failed.



I would love to tell you more, but I’m anxious to have you read my fellow-adventurers’ stories. They were able to meet three of the most famous pirates of the era: Henry Morgan, Anne Bonny, and Black Bart. So read on. You’re in for a lot more swashbuckling adventure.

—Grandpa Nigel



**NOW PROMISE YOU'LL PAY
FOR THAT MUSIC, OR YOU'LL
BE LISTENIN' TO THAT AYE-POD
WITH DAVEY JONES!**



THIS NON-PROFIT PUBLIC-AWARENESS CAMPAIGN IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE
PIRATES AGAINST PIRACY
VISIT US ONLINE AT WWW.PIRATESAGAINSTPIRACY.COM

Credits



Creators:

Travis Washburn, *Editor-in-Chief*; Adam Clark, *Assistant Editor*; Jessica Embley, *Assistant Editor*; Lars Wight, *Assistant Editor*;

Articles:

“Letter from Nate,” Travis Washburn; “Intro. to The Golden Age of Piracy,” Travis Washburn; “Escaping Maracaibo,” Lars Wight; “A Woman Aboard,” Jessica Embley; “Pistol Proof,” Adam Clark; “How to Make a Treasure Map,” Kip Nichols; “Team Kronos Librarian,” Dianne Ensign; “A Pirate’s Life,” Stacey Wadsworth; “Myths of the Caribbean,” Kristen Canady; “What Goes Around Comes Around,” Holly Cordner; “Getting ‘er Done with Paul Revere,” Collette Wilcom; “An Interview with King George,” Alexis Rodriguez; “Guido Fawkes,” J. T. Call; “Kronos Board Game,” J. T. Call; “Crossword,” Blythe Maggart;

Photo Credits:

Cover, Evanspaler.com; “The Golden Age of Piracy,” Bay-guesthouse.com, Google, Getty Images; “Escaping Maracaibo,” Gutenberg.org, Jerry Bruckheimer Films, Getty Images; “A Woman Aboard,” *Piratology* of Candlewick Press, Trikinggames.com; “Pistol Proof,” Runeberg.org, Wikimedia.org; “Team Kronos Librarian,” Amazon.com; “A Pirate’s Life,” Thetorgugamutineers.net; “Myths of the Caribbean,” Jerry Bruckheimer Films; “What Goes Around Comes Around,” Lucasarts.com, Reliks.com, Worldofmi.com, Imageshack.us; “Credits,” Worldofmi.com;

Sources:

A General History of Pyrates, J. M. Dent & Sons; *Piratology*, Candlewick Press; Wikipedia.org;