

# *Blacktooth Island*

## *Mordecai Danwork*

Few men rose as quickly through the ranks as did Mordecai Danwork. He became the youngest lieutenant in the Royal Navy at the age of 22. Not being one to rest on his laurels, he continued to be youngest to ever reach Admiral at the age of 35. That was some years ago however.

Mordecai was an aspiring man. The idea of climbing the ladder of success was a welcomed challenge, and a task to his liking. But he was getting older now and it is hard to move up from Admiral. And after being stationed in the Caribbean to maintain peace and order along the trade routes, he had grown terribly bored. His hard work it seems had paid off. He had reached the ceiling. He had the title, the respect, and complete unfettered dominion over the entirety of the Caribbean. This depressed him however. He felt as though a light was dying inside him. And if he had no fuel or drive for his ambition to go it may smother that little light.

This led him to dark places in his mind. He began to hunger for more than his life awarded. Though he had no direction to go to rectify it. Alone in his cabin one evening he awoke in a cold sweat. Not remembering what dream he had dreamt, but he was unable to shake the desperate need he felt to...to...what? He did not know. But he knew there was more to life than work. That week he was the very image of misery. When they had gone to check the governor's logs a few days after at one of his stops, he was in an utterly foul disposition. So when the governor began complaining of the frequency of his visits, his discontentment of current affairs, and why this was his fault, Mordecai snapped. He flung the fat little man across the room, and pulled his musket, and before he even knew what he was doing, fired it at the tiny man sprawled on the floor. He had missed. In his blind rage he had not even taken aim. Mordecai knew that the man lived but for his own bad aim, because murder had been in his mind. In a fluster of emotions, he hurried back to the ship and secluded himself in his quarters to calm himself down. He was shaking. But as he took inventory of his emotions, he was shocked to find that he had actually enjoyed it. The look that the pompous little governor gave him was intoxicating! It was a pleasant little combination of fear and reverence. He knew what it was that he needed now. It was power!

Mordecai was a man of position in the British Navy. But in the Caribbean, he was the authority. On the shore, he would charge a fee from plantation owners and governments alike for "extra protection" from pirates and raiders. If they did not pay, then they would find themselves the exclusive victims of robberies, muggings, vandalism, kidnappings and ransoms. These were performed by the fruits of his deals he conducted on the sea. His privateering subjects. He maintained his job as admiral, to a degree. He had replaced many of his men who did not see eye to eye with his new lifestyle. They became "lost at sea" according to the letters he sent home with his condolences. To continue to move about with his title and his position, he had to have results however. So he had a very similar deal going with many of

the pirates in his sea. Pay his tax, do his bidding, and you can continue your life of crime. If he said “don’t touch”, they knew better. If he said to make an example of a certain business, they never disappointed in that regard.

One particular evening, he received an anonymous letter. It was left under a paper weight on his desk in the Captain’s cabin. He had interrogated his men and no one saw anyone deliver it. Which was strange because since his change in career paths, he kept his door locked, and the doorway guarded. Inside the letter was a short note written in bad penmanship, reading simply “Meet me alone. Bring gold, or else”. At the bottom of the letter was a wax seal. He recognized it at once. It was the King’s seal. Which was preposterous, no one would have the king’s seal. Except for himself. He had spent a small fortune to have one forged, and it was flawless as far as he could tell with his eye. Seeing it now was cause for alarm. He leaped from his chair where he was reading and crossed the room in two long strides, pulled the tapestry down from the wall to reveal a small gap where he had a loose piece of wood in place. The hollow space behind it where he kept the seal was empty...He had been burgled. When he returned to the note, he found a small hand drawn map with directions to an island. He went alone on a small pirogue with his ship’s cook. His most trusted crew member. When they arrived at the time and date written on the map, no one was there. They stayed the night, and the next morning when they woke, there was still no sign of anyone arriving. But he had a tremendous headache, and a ringing in his ears...

#### **Rumors about Mordecai:**

- Mordecai has been cursed by the Bloodbell a long time, but many times is absent from the meeting on Blacktooth Island.
- Many pirates that have worked with Mordecai in the past have claimed he asked them about a haunted island several years before he claims to have been cursed.
- During a looting on a small transport ship, some letters were intercepted by a pirate crew who found a letter that was addressed to Mordecai. It had asked how the task of gaining control of the pirates through means of superstition was going.

#### **What He Looks Like:**

Still maintaining his status as the most prestigious and highest senior officer in the royal navy, Mordecai still dons his uniform for all occasions. Even when getting his hands soiled by dirt or wet with blood, Mordecai still wears the uniform. Perhaps it is the very anchor to which his mind maintains its small hold of morality. Or maybe it’s because it is tailored silk and fits like a dream.