

Blacktooth Island

Obsidian

As all good pirates who are given their names by either friend or foe, Obsidian was given hers by both.

She was the 3rd child born to Richard and Mary Guntsworth. Richard owned the livery near Port Main in Tortuga. Her oldest brother, Phillip had been a boy when they crossed the sea from England to start a new life in the Caribbean. And it was a good life as far as she recalled. Right up until her 17th birthday.

The sky was beautifully clear, and the breeze was warm. October was kind this year, and it was looking to be a great birthday! Her father had given her a beautiful necklace with a small pearl hooked at the end. Her sister and brother had woken up early and had surprised her by finishing all her chores for the day. Her mom had done one better, and had bought a cup of raw cane sugar and had made her a white cake. Later that day she heard a knock on the door. Her heart skipped a beat, thinking it might have been Billy Jessup. He was boy that she fancied, and he had taken notice of her at the mercantile last week. He had asked her father if he could call on her this week, and what better day than on her birthday!

It was not Billy however. The knock turned to banging, and her father picked up his step as he rounded the table and flung open the door. A group of men she recognized were standing there. They were the local militia. They grabbed her father, thrust a rifle into his hands and hurried him down the road. She ran out to see them as they sprinted toward the town, and as she looked ahead of them, she saw plumes of smoke from near the square. She took off after her father. Not sure how she would be of any help however. He was already out of sight, but as she got close to the square, smoke was stinging her eyes. She heard an explosion and stone debris fell from overhead as a cannonball took out half the wall of the bakery near her. A piece of stone struck her in the head and everything went black.

When she awoke, she couldn't remember how she'd gotten in a tent, or why she had a bandage over her head. But it came back to her while her caretakers were informing her that the town was destroyed by pirates. She inquired about her father, and her family. Apparently her family had followed her to town and shared the same fate as her father and the rest of the townsfolk. She was one of the fourteen survivors.

She vowed revenge on the pirates who had taken her family from her. She sold the necklace her father had given her and bought a cheap dagger and used the rest to hire a ruffian from the local pub to accompany her as she started out with robbery, extortion, burglary, and eventually assassin for hire. She was like a shadow. Her skills in the dark with her blades earned her the nickname Obsidian. After a barely two years she had amassed quite a fortune from her exploits and converted it into a ship and crew. After learning which flag her prey sailed under, she followed them discreetly till they made landfall on an island. Her and a few men crept on board the ship as it was anchored out a ways. The men were almost all asleep, and the ones that weren't were none too alert, and it was fast work. But the captain and the first mate were not there. She took to shore, and found them walking on a trail back

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towards the longboat. They seemed to be in high spirits. As she got close enough to reach the captain with her dagger, she happened a glance at the first mate. She froze for a moment, as it took her a moment to realize what she was seeing. It was Billy. These pirates had raided her town and killed her whole family, and Billy was the first mate!? Was he with them all along? Did he join them when the raid started? Or after? She never found out. Before such questions were formed properly in her mind, she was already looking down on them as they bled out on the dirt trail. She didn't even realize she had stabbed them. She didn't even remember moving.

Her mind was reeling as she staggered back to the dingy. She didn't know what to feel, except confused. Very confused. And where the devil is that ringing bell coming from...?

Rumors about Obsidian:

- Before his mysterious disappearance, a previous crew member of hers claimed that her parents were from the Far East, and not from England.
- No one knows how many payments she has made, and she refuses to tell anyone, but this is the first time anyone has seen her on Blacktooth Island.
- Death seems to follow Obsidian wherever she goes. From a crew member accidentally falling from the crow's nest, a business partner choking to death in his sleep, to her former lover found with his own knife in his heart.

What She Looks Like:

As the name implies, she works in the shadows. She is usually not seen at all while working. But when she is about, she is usually in her usual dark clothing, and low brim hat, as if she doesn't want you to know she's watching you. And blades. The wench always has her blades.