

Blacktooth Island

Pockets the Fence

As long as there have been poor men, there have been men who grew rich to stand above them. As long as there have been rich men, there have been poor men who use violence to shrink the gap between rich and poor. And just as long, there have been those who neither wish to use violence, nor remain poor, so they straddle the fence between both worlds, conducting their business. Pockets is such a woman.

Named for her ability to produce any requested good as if plucking it from her jacket pocket, she was the most widely known fence to walk the streets of London. Until the day she took a job from a band of pirates who hired her to move some crates of rum for them, and it ended up being marked by the excise man to track smugglers. They had not caught her, although she was discovered. She made it to a ship and as luck would have it, had the coin in her pockets for passage to the Caribbean where she had acquaintances in her trade.

When she arrived in Aruba she wasted no time in reestablishing herself as a mover. She was surprised to find how well she was able to in the Caribbean without the strong presence of the crown there to damper business.

Pockets had found her feeding ground. She had expanded so much that she had a small fleet of her own movers that she used for transporting between the colonies and the Caribbean. She had an arrangement with a certain Admiral in the navy that for the occasional bribe and/or favor would turn a blind eye, or even offer guaranteed safe passage, depending on his mood. Business was booming, and with such close access to so many high valued exports on the Caribbean islands, she was making more money than she could spend. She decided to start buying properties and plantations with her wealth and grow her enterprise.

One hot summer day, she was talking with a business man who had a cluster of warehouses that she was negotiating with him to buy. She was haggling with him over the surrounding land when she heard a commotion from a nearby building. Some shouting and yelling. A fight, she assumed must have broken out by the workers. The man didn't seem to mind them, so she ignored it. Until the yelling grew more persistent, and the man finally turned around to go see what the ordeal was about, when the doors to the building burst open, and smoke billowed out of the doors in thick curtains. The business man's eyes grew wide in terror and he began to sprint away from the fire as fast as his short legs allowed. As he tore away, she heard him yell out a single word; "Gunpowder!" Before her feet could even begin moving, the building exploded in a thunderous boom, and a ball of red blinded her vision. Then everything went black.

When she woke, she remembered nothing. She staggered around for the longest time amongst the rubble. She was bleeding from several cuts, but as far as she could tell, nothing serious. How had she gotten here? Where is here? Who was she? She found some people who were scrambling around, trying to move boxes from the path of the fire, but they were speaking in a language she did not understand.

A long time had passed before she started recovering her memory. First it was in little bits. Fragmented snips of memories of things that had happened. Then, with practice and determination, she was able to bring them into focus and backfill her memory of those snips. Eventually, she remembered almost everything leading up to that day. But not the day itself. She had no idea where she was, who she had been with, or what she was doing there. Unfortunately, in the time that it took her to remember what she had been and who she was, her business had suffered a hostile takeover by some of her previous employees. In time, she was able to recall the invitation to purchase warehouses and land on an island.

It proved difficult however without her funding, to locate where the island was. But she had begun rebuilding her practice again as well. She felt that if she could recover this last piece of her memory, then she could finally move on, and recovery her life. As it was, she felt like a stranger in her own skin. But she was so close!

She used the little money she had to hire a sloop to sail her to an island where she received a tip, may have hosted a fence runner's warehouse a couple years before.

When she arrived, she did not recognize anything from the shore. So she walked toward where she could see some dilapidated buildings to see if any of them looked familiar.

She had almost made it around the trail to the beginning of what looked like a very small town center, when her head started swimming. Her vision blurred and she fell down. When she managed to clear her head and stand up again, she wasn't at the entrance to the abandoned town anymore. She was lying on her back in an earthen circle in the middle of the forest. And she heard a bell...

Rumors about Pockets:

- It is said that a ledger was found that was written in the same hand as Pockets, detailing transactions that occurred before, during and after she was supposed to have amnesia.
- While drunk, one of her former employees who took over the business claimed that they ever stole the business. He was hushed before he could say more.
- Pockets' business seems to have drastically improved since she acquired the curse...

What She Looks Like:

Pockets is a business woman, and wants others to know it. She always has a fine hat on her head, and after her escape from London, has made a habit of always carrying a sizable amount of money in her pocket, and can usually be heard jingling before she is seen.