

It is hard to know where everything started, but the countless tales at sea have told me that my birth was anything but normal. My mother, a Turami slave to a group of poachers in search of Avalisks, gave birth to me in the polluted river of Ankh. The cursed waters of the river took my mother's life, but spared my own; a sacrifice that haunts me to this day. The current of the river carried me to a shallow delta housing the once-great Kingdom of Ilithad. It is told that here, lying on the ruins in the delta, is where I was found by Jhin, the

captain of a prosperous smugglers ship. Jhin took me aboard his ship and under his wing. I was given all of the comforts that a newborn baby requires.

But, that was about all the comforts that I would be given for the rest of my life.

Life on Jhin's smuggler ship, named Beothen, was fast and unforgiving. From the time that I can remember, I was already working on the deck and serving my adopted father in his chambers. My older step-sister, Shayli, abused her power of being the captain's daughter and made most of my life aboard the

Beethoven very miserable. Frequently, she would order me to do tasks meant for the powder monkeys of the ship. And if I refused, her ^{wrath} ~~wrath~~ is what I feared over my fathers.

Serving my adopted father in his chambers taught me the ways of the smugglers life at sea. From planning a smuggling, to reading maps and histories, and even weapons training, my time with my adopted father was the only brightness in a dark and gruesome childhood. Unfortunately,

my relationship with Jhin was never strong enough to trump the words and

actions of my sister. Shayli was the apple of Jhin's eye, and no matter what she did to me or others, this never changed.

It must be their bond strengthened by blood that made ^{this} ~~it~~ so.

Eventually, as I became bigger and stronger, I started joining Jhin, Shayli, and the crew on smuggling ventures. Because of my size and proficiency with weapons handling, I frequently found myself on the front lines of any confrontation, quickly gaining a name for myself across the

Bay of Zaedaaan. My battle axe, called Avak, tasted blood early on and has

never truly quenched its thirst. Protecting my family and our ship became my primary purpose in life, and that did not go unnoticed by the crew.

On what turned out to be my last job with Jhin and Shayli, I discovered something about myself that had only been rumours up until this point. The tales told of me around the Bay of Zaedaan spoke of my magical powers. I had always felt something more inside of me, but I never have been one to believe in what I cannot see. People spoke of the cursed waters of the river Ankh, and how being birthed in these waters instilled more inside of me than just the will to survive and avenge my mother.

On ^{this} ~~the~~ last job with my step-father and step-sister, we found ourselves in an unprecedented ~~unprecedented~~ situation attempting to smuggle raw crafting materials originating from the burning continent of Bibirondar to a rich client in Shai Leer. We recieved the shipment with no problems, but it was out at sea where we ran into issues. One of the orange-skinned goblins from Bibirondar snuck onto our ship to try and stop the transport of their stolen materials. All I remember is being inside my father's chambers, when, from the shadows, a quick, sharp blade appeared and ended my father's life before I could even react. In a fit of rage and shock, a force exploded from my body, sending the goblin flying against the wall. Before the goblin could open his eyes,

Avak had done its job. The crew, startled by the commotion, had to pull me off of the goblin, or what was left of him. The look on Shayli's face when she entered my father's chambers was one of blame. I knew from that moment that my time on board the Beethoven was coming to an end.

The next day, Shayli rallied the crew and convinced them that I was responsible for my father's death. She quickly named herself the new captain of the Beethoven, and ordered my removal from the ship. Our next stop was Shai Leer, and this is where I would be going my separate way. Even though ^{I knew} my father had intended for me to take over as captain of the Beethoven, I could not help but feel that any

confidence the crew had in my abilities had gone as soon as I let my father down.

Before exiting my father's chambers with all of my belongings, I decided to collect some mapping materials from the cartography table. Underneath a map plotting the route along the shores of Telos, was some parchment wrapped around an object. When I opened the parchment wrapper, ~~the~~ five adamantite claws stringed together sat on the table. These claws, originating from the Avalisks near the river Ankh, were a symbol of hope. My quest for answers and revenge was not over. I would use these claws to pave the way of my new journey towards Ilithad and my mother