Frink comes from the most distinguished house of the southern merchant aristocracy, but he tries not to think about it. His grandfather is Frenk Ka-Busanti Skhi Twsiij, head of the House Twsiij. The House of Twsiij is far wealthier and more powerful than the actual royal family, but they don't have to deal with that tiresome business of throwing one of their daughters into the volcano every ten years. Frenk Twsiij himself is not so much of a merchant prince, as he is a merchant pharaoh. In his youth, he expanded the trade enterprises he inherited, and with the traditional combination of courage, cunning and luck, grew the family fortune into the archipelago's largest collection of wealth. His only son, was Frynk Ka-Tsuva Mesh Twsiij, and is Frink's father. From early adolescence, it was clear that Frynk Twsiij was some kind of prodigy. Frenk did not want to spoil his heir, so he chose to furnish Frynk with an education instead of cash. At 12, Frynk was given an accounting exercise and tasked with managing a fruit juice stand that supplied nobles with refreshment as they awaited a Royal Audience. Before the year was out, Frynk had opened an ale house in every district of the capital, bought all the fresh water springs and wells in the eastern district, and cornered the market on all the archipelago's citrus.

Over the next four years, it became clear that the southern archipelago was too small for Frynk Twsiij. Both the assassins hired by former fruit farmers and the bevy of female suiters were becoming unmanageably aggressive. Frenk gathered the largest armada of marine mercenaries to accompany his son on a merchant voyage north to trade spices and gems for grain and gold. Alas, the armada was not enough.

Some decades before Frynk 's fateful voyage, Frink's mother, Agony, was born in a brothel. No one knows for certain who her parents were, and no one has ever really cared. Assuming that life itself is a blessing, Agony was lucky to survive her childhood. If one does not make that assumption, then Agony, and practically everyone she met before the age of ten would have been better off stillborn. It would be pointless and disgusting to relate the atrocities she suffered before she reached her 12th year of life, but as unlikely as it seemed, she did reach it. An even less likely, she managed to start twisting her fate back to some semblance of justice, by exacting revenge upon the world that had been so unfairly cruel to her. Because like Frink's father, Agony was also a prodigy: She had a spectacular genius for bloodshed. Agony's rise is not the stuff of legend, because she never left witnesses. The only thing that was widely known is that for a while, it was impossible to run a whorehouse or slave pit in the southern city's port, because all the management and customers ended up dead. Actually, people mostly concluded they were dead because it seemed impossible to live without the pieces that were left decorating the soon-to-be former establishments. But eventually it became possible for pimps and slavers to creep back into the open, because Agony became a sailor.

The exploits of the Pirate Queen Agony IS the stuff of legend. Well, legend and a truly astonishing volume of insurance claims. The firm of Lefete, Cable & Rifnor figured that there must be some sort of scam going on in the Southern Ocean, where merchant captains were selling their cargo on the back market, heading to port and claiming that Queen Agony had stolen their goods. LC&F sent insurance investigators with some shipments to keep a trustworthy eye on the situation. Agony sent them back to their employer with an itemized receipt branded on their chests.

Twenty five years ago, while she was the Pirate Queen, anyone who said that Agony's ship, *The Flying Merkin*, had an uncanny ability to take a prize unscathed, had better never have said it anywhere where Agony would hear about it. She used to say that she was only proud of two things in all creation, her skills at killi'n, and her skills at sail'n, and she wern't never brook no libel 'bout no unnatral cheat'n at neither. She was also intolerant of anyone correcting her grammar. It was these fearsome skills that she brought to bear on *The Sunrise Delusion,* the flagship of Frenk Twsiij's merchant fleet, and the vessel carrying what Frenk would learn was the thing he valued most in the world.

Anyone would be justified in figuring that the attack on *Sunrise Delusion* was suicidal, and that *The Flying Merkin* did not stand a chance. But the truth was that Agony was a veteran of fifty seven battles at sea, and had never suffered a single loss. Her crew believed that they were under the protection of a sea god, and were invincible. They were elated to be on her ship, and at this point they were serving just for the thrill of certain victory, as spending their share of the ship's spoils could not be as good as the rush of winning it. And sure enough, through ~~a set of bizarre circumstances~~ the captains peerless skill, *Flying Merkin* made her way through the marine mercenaries, and boarded *Sunrise Delusion*.

Frink's parents have different accounts of their meeting. Frynk says he was on deck with the captain of *Sunrise Delusion* and his bodyguard Drisk Mertck. Both the captain and Merck ordered the crew to stand down and surrender so that Frynk could safely be handed over as a hostage, and ransom be arranged without any undo complication. Agony says that while they were inventorying their loot after a glorious victory, she found Frynk hiding in a barrel of spices. She also says that despite the probable 10 year age difference, it was lust at first sight, and within minutes of getting back to *The Flying Merkin* they started working on the conception of Frink's eldest sister.

So, no matter who you believe, the issue of ransom did become extremely complicated. Agony figured she already had more loot then she knew what to do with, so she'd rather just keep Frynk . Frynk was a 16 year old boy, and was getting an education even the best intentions of his father could not have supplied, as it was decided at a ship's meeting that as he was not a hostage, he was therefore loot, and as long as it was consensual, anyone on the largely female crew was entitled to the occasional share.

Through long complicated channels, Frenk Ka-Busanti Skhi Twsiij offered increasingly large ransoms for the return of is sun, but Agony turned them all down. Eventually Frenk realized his son had been truly stolen, and stopped offering ransoms, and instead offered a bounty for the return of his son, and of course, the head of Pirate Queen Agony.

So, for reasons known only to the gods (Frynk says he sure as hell can't explain it), Agony and Frynk found they were in love, and to be out of reach of his Frenk , they headed north to Frynk 's original destination to settle down. They left practically all of the loot Agony had accumulated as Pirate Queen, and of course Frynk 's spectacular inheritance. On this continent, Frynk decided that while he loves business, the money is they worth the risk of a High Profile. He runs a very successful upscale inn, catering to the merchant class. In spite of himself, his inn has become famous for his side business of antiquities dealing, and the restaurant at the inn is renowned for the quality of its spiced dishes, and of course its exotic beverages.

Agony goes by the name of Ann, and now says that she is proudest of two things in all creation, her skills at lovi'n, and mother'n. And ain't non-one come farther to be as good at 'em. Frynk constantly corrects her grammar, and she tolerates it. She manages a "land-sea security company", and no-one calls it a mercenary outfit to her face. Not twice anyway.

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Frink has eight sisters. He is the only boy, and he is the youngest. It seems that all of his sisters are superbly competent in the application of violence, either brutally or subtlety. Not that Fink was the target of their violence. Quite the contrary, Frink's sisters fought over their baby brother, not with him. Growing up, Frink was probably the least bullied kid in town, perhaps that's what allowed him to develop his ... eccentricities. Some folks figure that between his sisters, and the, ahem, intense nature of his mother, Frink tends to do what women ask him to, and he tests to trust women, even when they appear dangerous.