

Today you and your crew finally made port, returning home after many a moon trading abroad. It was a long and treacherous journey; you braved the stormy seas, fought off two giant squid attacks, and escaped marauding pirates on three separate occasions, it had been the calmest trade voyage you had ever made! It was finally time to deliver your cargo and collect your earnings. While the crew began unloading you made your way to the central offices of the West India Trading Company, your sponsors. It was there that Disaster finally struck!

The entire West India Trading Company has been bought out by your sworn rivals, the East India Trading Company! Worse still, your entire ship's crew had been reassigned to the old Salt Mines!

With your entire world crumbling around you, you sought out another patron Trading Company; cargo doesn't buy itself after all! Unfortunately, it soon became apparent; the East India Trading Company had bought out ALL of the Trading Contracts and had blacklisted the employees of their former competitors!

Jobless, destitute, with no prospects on the horizons, you decide to form your own trading conglomerate! First though, you need a little starting money, and where better to get starting money than a little honest piracy against the corporate monopoly who stole away your last job?

Sadly, on your first mission for glory and wealth, the beloved captain of your ship was consumed during a kracken attack, as well as a majority of the crew. You were clearly the best choice for new captain of the ship, but your deceitful, backstabbing co-first mate declared himself the rightful replacement for the position. After many hours of heated arguments, and after consuming all of the ship's rum, all hell broke loose. The crew split between you and your swine of a co-first mate, and a battle of epic proportions broke out. Unfortunately, in the crew's drunken state, the ship sunk after they decided to fire the ship's cannons at one another.

As the lifeboats floated away in opposite directions, you raise your hooked hand high into the sky, cursing your rival's name and declare a permanent state of war and hatred. It is then that he has the audacity to suggest that it will be he who constructs the greatest trading conglomerate the world has ever seen. Now, it is up to you and your band of wench-loving pirates to gather all the gold you can and prove who is truly worthy of the title of captain!