The seas are the only place for me now. I lived on the land, I lived a warrior’s life. One of pillaging with my brothers and taking my fair share of loot. Even selling out my African brothers and sisters for the extra trinket or two, thinking I and my fellow warriors were too good to get caught. But alas the time came for me to fall to my own greed. Lured on a ship with promises of Luxuries too heavy to carry, my brothers and I were truly celebrated. The slavers put food in our bellies and gave us more gifts than we knew what to do with , it was all too good to be true. And alas it was because as we celebrated, the ship was slowly drifting out to sea, and by the time we had taken notice it was too late. We put up a fight for the ship but ultimately had to stand down, it was a pointless effort. Througout my time on the ship, I had only one friend, he was the only man I would accept my food and water from, the only man I didn’t want to strangle. The ship carried us to the West Indies, but everything changed when a hurricane fell upon us. The hurricane raged on as I sat there waiting for my fate to come upon me,but something quite unexpected happened. My friend, the man whom I took my food and water from, came to me and released me from my chains. This is where this man truly proved himself to me to be more than a puppet of the slavers, but a strong man, a man that I would go on to spend the next few years with. We proceeded to take the captain and the crew hostage and began to gather ammunition and supplies into one of the lifeboats. We launched the boat into the vicious waters and rowed away as the ship kept moving, I never saw nor heard of that ship again, most likely she was lost to the depths and her crew to Davy Jones’ Locker.

I had escaped my captivity and with a new friend and ally. Once we determined that we were safe, I developed a plan for us to gain our wealth and survive. We would act as shipwrecked sailors, ones fallen on hard times, surely that of a merchant ship would come to our aid. The plan worked quite well, we would row out and be allowed onto these merchants vessels, when we got on to the ships we would pull our weapons and threaten to blow the powder reserves on the longboat thus sinking the ship and stranding the crew. The captains handed over whatever we asked for, whether that be goods or people. Everything went well until She came along, she threw everything off. My friend cared for her as did I, we couldn’t put our feelings aside. We couldn’t settle things like we had so many times before, so i had to kill him. A man that had helped me for so many years, dead over a woman we had only just met.

This loss was a mere setback. Over the next few months after his death I began amassing a crew for much bigger attacks. Going from a lifeboat to a proper ship was a big change, but raiding on the open seas was much more profitable and much more dangerous. A much bigger risk for a much bigger reward. There was a few close calls where he had to sink the ship to hide out in shallower waters to avoid capture, but overall everything was going very well. I set up on an Island in the Florida Keys, called it Caesar’s Rock, my rock. From here, I ran the operations that generated me my wealth. A brothel consisting of 100 women kept the cash flowing and the crew happy. A prison camp consisting of the captured sailors that were up for ransom worked. Though many of them died for their lack of work didn’t prove them worthy enough for the food I could provide, so they starved. Though raiding the shipping lanes of the West Indies saw great wealth and power, I still longed to have a true family, men that were my brothers. That is when Mr. Edward Teach approached me with an offer to sail with him on the Queen Anne’s Revenge, I happily accepted his offer.

I am not the only african there by any means, i would say that about 40% of Teach’s crew consists of Africans. Teach did not hold the same view on slavery that the colonies held, though he did take slaves on occasion, this was out of sheer economic need and not racial prejudice. Teach is a firm leader, he is very good at painting his image to the crew and the rest of the West Indies. The image of a Cruel, feared Pirate that attacks all vessel that he comes across. This is a man that I have learned to respect, though I am not too familiar with his crew. They are all fairly new to me and I will have to see how they treat the captain and the crew. I will stand by Teach’s side until he gives me a reason not to. This a true adventure I am about to embark on, one thats course is not chartered. I am sure of one thing. Everyone in the West Indies will come to know the name, Black Caesar.

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