Name: Gashtai

Class: Grim Reaper

Race: Kalashtar

Background: Sailor

My mother was a Kalashtar and was the victim of a band of pirates who sailed on a ship called Cerberus. Three years and nine months later the ship returned to the small town of \_\_\_\_. My ‘father’ found my mother, and after more abuse discovered me and took me away to raise me a pirate. For the first thirteen years came abuse, lots of deck scrubbing, and witnessing the horrors that men could inflict on others. Then I was forced to join in. I tried to refuse but I was threatened with death. When I had worked up the courage to refuse again, my father cut a gash across my right eye and threatened to return to my hometown and kill my mother and my sister, which I didn’t even know I had. So, I learned to be a pirate, and to put on a show of enjoying it, but I hated every minute. I discovered I was slightly telepathic and when I could I would use it to help the victims of the crew of the Cerberus by warning them and telling them where to hide. After a raid on a small town where the crew mutilated and killed half the population I worked up my resolve and snuck off the ship in a dingy, hoping to find my mother and supposed sister before my murderous father did.

The fates had something else in store for me and they brought on a massive storm. I barely managed to keep the dingy afloat and when the storm finally passed I found myself in unfamiliar waters with no land in sight. As the days passed I grew mad with hunger and thirst.

That’s when Hades came to me with an offer that I was too delirious to refuse. I would become a reaper of souls for him in exchange for the power to protect the mother I barely knew and the sister I’d never met. He gifted me a tattered black cloak and a staff and fused me with the powers of life and death.

When I regained my complete cognitive senses I first realized that I had no clue where my hometown was or even if my mother was still there. I didn’t even remember her name. Then I realized that I had just traded piracy for something just as perverse. My job was to kill people and collect their souls for the god of death. And this was a long contract. I was screwed.

It took me the next few weeks to find land, during which time I realized that I no longer needed food or water to sustain myself. I resolved to track down my fathers ship and crew and use my new-found power to bring them to justice and maybe wring the location of my hometown, or mother out of one of them. I knew though that there was a chance they would die before giving me the satisfaction of that information, so I also decided to search far and wide for relics or powers that would aid me in finding my long-lost family.

On my journey, my outward appearance would be a persona of a cut throat pirate, striking fear and sometimes death into those who deserved it, while my telepathic voice would assure the innocents of their safety.