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| Game: | **On her Majesty’s service** |
| Character: | **Jennifer Rennes** *(Basilissa Regina of Benedict)* |

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| Attributes | Score | Rank | Cost |
| **Psyche** | *25* | *Amber* | *25* |
| **Strength** | *0* | *Amber* | *0* |
| **Endurance** | *5* | *Amber* | *5* |
| **Warfare** | *40* | *Amber* | *40* |

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| Powers | Type | Cost | Details |
| **Pattern** | Imprint | - | (free: character creation) |
| **Conjuration** | Basic | 20 |  |
| **Power words** | Schang, Krolak, Askiir, Jask, Marsk | 10 | True Form, Neural Disrupt, Psyche Disrupt, Trump Disrupt, Weaken Structure |
| **Jewel of Rebma** | Initiate | 10 | Burnt into her left hand |

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| *Belongings* |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | Artefact | Quantity | Cost | Description | | Studded Glove | *1* | *6* | *Deadly Damage (4pt) Alternate shapes (2pt)*  *(Glove, Gauntlet, Cestus, Dagger, Rapier, Claymore, Scissors, Pliers, Bolt cutter, Crowbar, Baseball bat, Necklace)* | | Suitable Armor | *1* | *10* | *Impervious to Conventional Weapons (4pt), Limited Shape Shift (4pt), Danger Sense (2pt);This item takes any shape or form its wearer psychically calls for. It shifts into battle armor form automatically when it senses danger.* | | Deck of tricks | *52-ish* | *3* | *1pt Mold Shadow Stuff \*3 (Horde). Whisper the wanted effect and deal the card.* | |

*Description:*

*A person in a city street

Description automatically generated*  
*Born to the name of Basilissa (and hating it, obviously), the flame-haired daughter of Benedict certainly isn’t the son he never had. Jenny isn’t regal, she’s not traditional, she* certainly *won’t apply herself to the tasks women are usually confined to (to her father’s annoyance), she’s not a really big fan of monarchy, and the only reason she even likes Random is because he’s actually quite fun to hang around with, when he’s not kinging around.   
Having been taught Conjuration by Uncle Bleys and Power Words by Uncle Gerard, she makes it a point to get into as much trouble as she can whenever she’s around Amber. Anything to get a rise out of Dad, stoic bugger that he is.*

*The story so far:  
After the last outing with her frenemy Princess Mireille things turned sour fast. There’s a grim irony in the fact Jennifer was only now starting to realize how much her father’s dreadful parenting had done for her; even though she hated the etiquette, the court shenanigans, the ballet lessons and the harpsichord, it made her pretty resilient towards social situations beyond her control. Mireille, despite all her freedom and all the things Jenn had wanted for herself growing up. never seemed to have learned that restraint; all she had learned from Benedict was to how to expect the very worst from the people around her. He had taught her to physically defend herself, but nothing else. No wonder Mireille had snapped; she simply didn’t know any better. Jenn almost felt sorry for her… if not for the fact she stabbed poor Charlie, Lord Cabra (he got better) and tried to kill Astrid, Jenn’s little sister. Oh, and Jenn too, but that was pretty much par for the course. She didn’t really mind that, Jenn could fend for herself.  
In the meantime, a lot of damage had been done.   
Jenn had gotten herself detained, then exiled. Sure, Random probably hadn’t meant it that way, but since she had formally come before him to turn herself in for quote unquote “laying hands on the Princess”, she chose to take his actions as formally as she should. After all, it was serious business. She received a thinly veiled pardon later on, which tried to indicate her exile was in error, but she had chosen to stay away from the Court nonetheless. Instead, she had returned to hated Rebma. Despite Queen Yvain’s orders never to return, she had to try and use her magic to help with rebuilding all that had been lost in the time spent fighting Mireille, instead of saving the city from ruin. After all, someone had to take responsibility for what had happened…*