
Triton

Ah Atlantica. Your beautiful kingdom. What tragedy it has seen. First the massacre of your family, then the assassination of Queen Athena, and finally the loss of Princess Brandi. Sometimes you wonder how it is still a functioning kingdom. Sometimes you wonder how you are still a functioning King.

Your father was a good King. He brought Atlantica out of chaos with the help of the Triton which he acquired on a dangerous quest many years ago. It was bestowed upon him by a freshwater spirit. The journey had nearly killed him – but it was worth it. The Triton brought Posiden the power to bring peace to Atlantica, and secure the borders against the militaristic Pacifica.

You grew up the 3rd son, and so never envisioned yourself as King. Instead of studying the ins and outs of politics, you spent much of your youth in the company of the court cartographer. The thrill of the unknown tugged at your heart, and you were never so happy as when you were exploring some uncharted canyon, or previously unknown reef.

Thirty years ago, your carefree life all changed dramatically when Pacifica struck unexpectedly, and slaughtered your family. The only reason you survived was that you had lost track of time while exploring a supposedly bottomless crack in the ocean floor, and so arrived home well after dark. As you swam toward the castle, a sense of uneasiness grew inside you, and a metal taste started to build in your mouth. Sharks circled the palace, making approach nigh impossible for you. When the body of a merperson was thrown unceremoniously out of one of the upper story windows, only to be torn to shreds in an instant, you knew what was happening. No matter how fast the sharks converged, you had seen the flaming red hair of your own mother.

Anger welled up in you and you darted from your hiding place, without a thought in your mind but revenge. It was not until a bolt of electricity shattered the roof of the throne room and your father's Triton came sailing out of it toward you that the magnitude of what was happening hit you. As your hand closed around the Triton, you knew you were your father's eldest living heir. The palace was awash in blood, both Pacifican and Atlantican that night.

A growing dread, your own adrenaline, and the lurking nightmares that threatened to swallow you kept you from your rest that night. In the deepest hour of the night, a Pacifican army attacked, expecting to find Atlantica in disarray. Instead, they met the tip of your Triton, and that of your soldier's weapons as well. You drove the army out, showing no mercy, and pursued them deep into Pacifica. In your rage and shortsightedness, you ordered fields and homes destroyed, families killed and livelihood's decimated. You wanted Pacifica to truly feel the pain that tore at your own heart.

Upon returning to Atlantica, you felt empty. There was no sense of satisfaction—no closure. You tried to rebuild what Pacifica had so callously destroyed. After a year of mourning, you took a wife, Queen Athena in an attempt to raise the spirit of your people. She was beautiful, kind, and tried to help you to put the past aside gently and live again. Despite the life you built with Athena, and your 7 beautiful children, your past haunts you. You deeply regret the revenge you extracted against Pacifica.

Then Athena was killed. You missed her at breakfast one morning, and when you went to her chambers to awaken her, for surely she had just overslept after the long sea-horse ride the two of you had taken the day before. When you opened the door to her chambers however, you were met with a horrific site. The entire room was in shambles, with many of her greatest treasures shattered. Since there was no body, you maintained hope that she might still be alive, only kidnapped for ransom. You squandered a large part of the royal treasury on unsuccessful searches for her kidnappers. After almost a year, you had to concede defeat. Your beloved Athena was dead. You looked around you at Atlantica, and felt like you had failed her. Your beautiful country, which you were never meant to run. The gloom of worthlessness washed over you.

It was almost the last straw when Princess Brandi abandoned Atlantica for the human world. That was 11 years ago. It wrenched your heart to lose her. Worse than just losing her, if word got out that contact was possible with the human world, who knew what changes might come to Atlantica. The destruction that humans were capable of wreaking on your world was incalculable. King Posiden had never trusted them, and neither do you. You bent all your power on hushing up what you could,

(you dissolved the Magician's Guild, suspecting that one of their members had been involved) but there was no way to cover the gaping hole in your heart, and that of Atlantica. Your bitter last words to Princess Brandi still poison the taste of food in your mouth. If only you could make it up to her. If only you could apologize, then things could be the way they were. But she had no idea what destruction she might have brought down on Atlantica.

In your darkest hour, the spark of hope wormed its way into your mind: peace. That is what you could offer Atlantica. That is how you would have your reign remembered. Not in tragedy, and blood, but in peace and hope and renewal. It was as if you were a new person, looking out on the world. Peace with Pacifica - that was your guiding light. You sent emissaries, and opened communication channels. Hope swelled in your chest, and life was worth living again. Then talks stalled. Pacifica claimed that had apprehended spies from Atlantica at its borders. Unfortunately for you, your youngest daughter Oshyn was caught among them. She showed herself to be an unexpectedly brilliant diplomat however, smoothing the whole issue over with a dramatic tale of love and longing for the unknown world of Pacifica. Talks proceeded with new vigor, and optimism.

To complete the absolute reversal of fortune, after ten years apart, you sort of reconciled with your estranged daughter. You learned that Brandi had a an 8 year old child. Now, only a year after that, Brandi, her husband, and her daughter have agreed to attend this year's Triton's Ball.

The treaty with Pacifica was drafted, and will be signed at a special ceremony during the Ball tonight. The treaty has been five years in the making and will be your crowning achievement. Nothing must be allowed to sabotage this treaty.

Goals

- Get the peace treaty signed.
- Reconcile with Brandi.
- Ensure your guests have a good time.

Contacts

- Brandi: Your estranged daughter
- Eric: Brandi's husband, and Prince of the humans.
- Morvyn Nakamura: Your trusted advisor. He has been with you since the raid on Pacifica.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- History and Structure of Atlantian Society

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- Triton (999)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2 - β: 0
- Ω: 12