
Adriana

You are an Atlantican princess who loves her father, her country, and her forbidden inamorato across the border in Pacifica. You love to dance, love to explore, and tolerate diplomacy only for how it serves your other loves in life.

Born an Atlantican princess, your life should have been a dream. But you had to endure the pain of growing up without a mother for all these 23 years. You are told she left when you were two. It doesn't really matter though, because you don't remember her at all. Growing up, you often dreamed that your mother was still alive, and would just turn up one day, and everything would be perfect. If only life were so sweet.

Growing up without a mother has been challenging, but you spent a lot of time with your uncle Osiris, head of the Explorer's Guild. You may even be more fond of your uncle than of your own father, since Osiris always made time for you. You don't care that everyone thinks he's crazy. His wild conspiracy theories are kind of endearing. And who knows, maybe he's even right about some of them.

You might have been able to cope with your mother leaving you, if not for your sister following in her footsteps when you were 10. Ariel left for the human world via the darkest of magic (according to your father anyway). He never really spoke of her again, but you noticed he was taking higher doses of his medication after that.

Of course your father doesn't know that you know about them, but you've known for as long as you can remember that your father has been struggling with depression. You've made an effort to help him, by covering for him whenever possible, and trying to show him that you at least care. You are very subtle about it though (for the sake of his pride), and have so far avoided tipping him off that you know anything about it.

But enough about your family, most of whom don't care about you. You spent your teenage years learning to dance. Whenever your father would forbid you to leave on an Explorer's Guild trip, you would counter him with history lessons with dance lessons. You love to move, you love the freedom – the escape really – that is dance. You are always looking for new dance forms. Meringue, the national dance of Atlantica is fun, but there must be other forms of dance.

As you grew up, you spent more and more time out with the Explorer's Guild and your uncle. You needed to get away from the palace that seemed so empty without your mother and sister. Although time away from the castle was nice, you really didn't have anyone you could trust – at least until you met *him*.

You had gotten back late from an Explorer's Guild trip, and were making your way down to the kitchens for a late night snack when you literally ran into *him*. Time stopped. You stared into each other's eyes for a heartbeat – then two. You looked down shyly. You were grimy from a day of exploring, your bag still slung over one shoulder, and your jacket covered in mud. You tried to stammer out an apology at the same time as he did. After a moment, you recovered your poise and asked "Would you like to join me in the garden?" He said "yes," and the rest was history. It turned out that he was a Pacifican diplomat named Caspian, and the two of you can't see enough of each other.

You started taking an interest in politics as an excuse to try to see him more often. When that wasn't often enough, you started sneaking across the Pacifican border with your friend Hermes from the Explorer's Guild. It didn't hurt that you were assisting in a noble cause. Hermes has been working for years to find homes in Pacifica for Atlantican orphans. You never could understand why it was illegal.

You always knew sneaking across the border was risky, but it all seemed so abstract until it finally happened. Your routine visit got you caught by the border patrol, led by the crown Prince himself. You and Hermes were escorted back to the Pacifican capital, and into the castle itself. There you were interrogated, albeit politely, for what seemed like days by the prince. It was quite the dance for you to avoid revealing anything important. Just when things seemed darkest, Caspian appeared. With a few well placed whispers in the ear of the Prince, he set in motion your release and safe return to Atlantica.

Your father, King Triton grounded you for several natural lifespans upon your return. Apparently getting caught in enemy territory is not something a princess is supposed to do. Your father would prefer you stayed grounded, and out of the public spotlight, for a very long time, but the Pacificans repeatedly requested to work with you. That was almost certainly Caspian's doing.

With the fiasco that resulted from getting caught, it is clear that you won't be able to sneak over the border any more. Your father will be watching you like a shark. You have to find some legitimate means to see Caspian. The treaty would actually simplify things a lot because if Pacifica and Atlantica could be brought closer together, free movement across the border would be possible. On the other fin however, King Triton has been contemplating marrying you off to the prince of Pacifica. That would be a problem. If you can't get out of that, as a last resort, you could try to elope with Caspian. You are pretty sure Hermes could perform the wedding.

With the Neptune Ball approaching, Caspian, the prince, and a small entourage of Pacificans have been staying at the palace. Last night, you and Caspian stayed up late talking. It's nice to talk to him, he always listens to you. Especially when you need to rant about your mother. Unlike your father and most of Atlantica, Caspian doesn't believe the official story that your mother was kidnapped and killed by Pacificans. He has found no proof in the extensive records of Pacifica. Instead, he agrees with your theory that Queen Athena simply abandoned you in your early years and went off to who knows where, to do who knows what. Since a bunch of guests from far flung parts of Atlantica will be at the Ball, you have some hope of gathering clues. It is a long shot, but maybe somebody has heard something. Your sister Ariel is probably your best bet. Also you haven't talked to Ariel in a very long time, and she deserves a piece of your mind for leaving you.

You took a circuitous route back toward the palace from the secluded caves where you met Caspian last night. You always meet in these caves since you and Caspian need to keep anyone from finding about your forbidden romance. As you flitted from shadow to shadow, you came near to the entrance to one of the other caves. Raised voices inside caused you to stop. They were hushed a moment later, and you couldn't help but drift closer, straining to hear more. The voice had mentioned something about the treaty. What you heard next made your blood run cold. The two voices were discussing sabotage, and the consequential destruction of Atlantica. You couldn't recognize the voices, and you daren't get any closer to try to see the speakers, but you are pretty sure one voice, male, was Atlantan since it knew a disturbing amount about Atlantan politics. The other voice was probably female, and the owner seemed to be unaware of much of Atlantica's recent history, and you therefore deduce to be a Pacifican.

Tonight is going to be wonderful. You just have to stop two unknown sabatours, and find a way to be with Caspian. Surely that is not so impossible?

Goals

- Find a way to be with Caspian.
- Figure out who the two voices in the cave were, and stop them from sabotaging the treaty.
- Collect clues about what happened to your mother, Queen Athena.
- Learn as many new dance forms as possible.
- Cover for your father whenever necessary.

Contacts

- Caspian: Your lover, and a Pacifican diplomat.
- Triton: Your father, and ruler of Atlantica.
- Ariel: Your sister, who left you when you were ten years old.
- Osiris: Your uncle, leader of the Explorer's Guild. Most people think they is crazy.
- Sebastian: Your father's most trusted advisor.
- Hermes Aquilino: Your friend and current representative from the Explorer's Guild for the treaty.
- Jared: The Pacifican prince.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating:	2	- β :	0
- γ :	0	- Tarot:	The Lovers

Hermes Aquilino

You are a driven criminal, son of a mafia don, scorned by a Princess, and out for revenge.

From birth, you were raised to be a cold, calculating criminal. As your family's heir, expectations of you were high, and you excelled at what you did. You always tried to make your parents happy, working hard at your studies and trying to internalize their ethics - but your conscience constantly cast a shadow on your heart. Deep within yourself, you knew that this was wrong - did it really have to be like this? And yet, you saw no other way to make your parents happy. Torn between your parents and your conscience, your only outlet was the Explorer's Guild, a guild of adventurers who sought out and documented new places under the sea. Your far-ranging explorations were the only thing keeping you from succumbing to the dissonance, and running away from this life forever.

That all changed when a young Princess named Ariel joined the Explorer's Guild. she was just as restless and adventurous as you, and, more importantly, stunningly beautiful. The two of you became fast friends, exploring new places and learning new things, and getting into a lot of trouble along the way. You sought her out at every chance you got, and soon, you were inseparable. As you grew closer, Ariel began asking increasingly uncomfortable questions about your home life. Because you knew she'd never approve of what your family really did, you quietly packed your bags, left your home, and joined the priesthood of the Church of the Tides. Your piety was questionable, but your heart was in the right place - with Ariel, always and forever.

Or so you thought. Because soon enough, Ariel asked you the question that would ruin your life.

One day, Ariel came back from a solo adventure with the strangest look on her face. A little too casually, she asked you if you knew any way to become human. In fact, you did know a magician with more than enough power to do it, a fact that your face couldn't fully hide - but when she pressed, you insisted that the magician was bad news. When you could not dissuade her, you at least made her swear that you two would go together. she agreed - you told her the name Ursula - and just like that, she was gone.

It didn't take long before the news of Ariel's disappearance to spread. The news was on everyone's lips. But you paid no heed. You were in the deepest spirals of full on depression and betrayal, and nothing could snap you out of it.

Years passed. If time healed all wounds, it had skipped over you - all that had filled the void left in your life was rage and pain, and you had no one to share it with because *she* had betrayed you and left.

But finally, your family reached out to you once again. Your 10 year old little sister, Julie had been taken by an incurable madness, and they hoped that you could cure her with your religious rites. Seeing your family again after all of those years wasn't nearly the shock that you received on seeing your little sister - madness was only half of it. She had received the bite of a shape shifter, one of your religion's most hated foes. Though she was once beautiful, her body was now a half transformed mess of flesh and agony, tragically too far gone to have any hope of saving. Wordlessly, you struck out into the night, lethal needle at the ready, and over the next week, tracked down and killed your sister's murderer. When you returned, Julie was gone, leaving in her place only grief, and a lifelong hatred of shape shifters.

Now that you had returned to them, your family wasted no time in leveraging your connections to the priesthood. You found that you were in a unique position to expand the supply of black market children, and soon, you acquired the legal right to confiscate children "at risk" of contracting the shapeshifting disease from the cursed full moon. Your steady supply of children and revived connections to the Explorer's Guild also made you uniquely able to make clandestine, semi-legal trips across the border to Pacifica. The going was slow, however, slow enough that when the head of the Explorer's Guild, Prince Osiris himself approached you about taking one of your Explorer's Guild colleagues, his niece, Princess Adriana regularly across the border, you couldn't refuse. It was great cover for your business of "helping Atlantican orphans find a home", and it renewed your Royal connections, a resource your family had not taken kindly to losing. You never did get around to asking why she wanted to cross

the border, but that hardly mattered in the long run.

Business was good, for a time - before THIS princess messed up just like her sister. Through her stupidity, the both of you were caught by a border patrol led by the crown Prince of Pacifica himself. You were swiftly taken back to the palace and interrogated. Fortunately, you managed to dispose of the evidence of your crimes along the way - but in the long run, it might not have mattered, since the prince seemed much more interested in the princess anyway. You're not sure how you escaped, but the both of you were returned none the worse for wear to Atlantica, with only your pride and profits damaged - though you may never be able to make that run again because of *her*.

Unexpectedly a few weeks later, you were given a great opportunity. In your capacity as a high ranking member of the Explorer's Guild, you were to attend the Neptune Ball in represent the Explorer's Guild, and to make sure that the treaty being drafted between Pacifica and Atlantica favors Atlantica. You had heard rumors of peace talks, but never paid much mind to them. You had grown up with the war. Your parent's had grown up with the war. The concept of ending the war was foriegn to you.

The Neptune Ball, where the treaty would be signed, would be attended by a great number of nobles - *including a now human Ariel* - as well as a delegation of Pacificans. This immediately brought many avenues of profit to mind - as well as revenge.

First, and most importantly, you need to approach Ariel with the guise of friendship. She ruined your life thoroughly and completely, and now, you mean to ruin her, no matter the cost. But first you have to figure out how best to ruin it, and that will require persuading Ariel to share her secrets with you

Second, part of the treaty is to decide who controls the Falkland Plain. Your family has just discovered a vast bed of pearl bearing clams in the trench, and if you can wrest this piece of land from Pacifican control, you'll be able to harvest them safely and quietly. The Pacificans have a shaky claim to the land anyway, so your father has given you some ideas about some research you might conduct in the palace library. Perhaps you can convince everyone present that Atlantica deserves that land after all.

Third, one of the Pacifican delegates is desperate for a child. At great risk to yourself, you've brought along a child to pass to her for an already arranged deal. You need to find a subtle time and place to make that exchange though, as child trafficking is highly illegal.

And finally, you want to find the fabled Glow Shell. You know that you can sell it for an immense price if you can get your hands on it. You also know that its in this palace, but as to exactly where, well... who can say?

Goals

- Find a way to thoroughly ruin Ariel's life.
- Research the history of the Falkland Plain and use that knowledge to get it into Atlantican hands.
- See to the Explorer's Guild interests in the treaty.
- Make the exchange of the child.
- Obtain the Glow Shell (999)

Notes

- The Church of the Tides patron animal is the Sperm Whale.

Contacts

- Madame Pearl: A powerful magician and family contact, long thought dead. Her real name is Ursula. She could make you useful potions in exchange for providing her with ingredients.
- Ariel: Your former best friend and the target of your revenge.
- Adriana: A royal brat who thinks only of herself and her childish wants. You have no interest in doing her any favors after she got you caught at the border.
- Triton: King of Atlantica.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating:	2	- β :	0
- γ :	0	- Tarot:	The Hermit

Ariel

You are Ariel, former Princess of Atlantica, and current Queen of Europa. You traded your old life away for a chance at love, and now seek to save your family and earn the respect of Europa.

Born as the mermaid princess of Atlantica to your father, King Triton and your mother, Queen Athena, your early childhood was a happy one. Your family doted on you, and you were a princess - loved by all, and without a care in the world. You loved your little sister Adriana from the moment she was born - and for a short time, you were one big, happy family.

That changed abruptly, however, when your mother disappeared when you were only 9 years old. The realization that one of your parents was well and truly gone left an unmistakeable hole in your life. Had she really loved you? Had she left *because* of you? At some level, you knew that these thoughts were ridiculous. At another level, you couldn't get them out of your head.

You started to pull away from your family, from your duties, and distance yourself from them. You couldn't be fully invested here anymore - something had changed. It didn't take long for you to express your restlessness by joining the Explorer's Guild, led by your Uncle Osiris. Here, at least, there was a bit of escape. Here, they didn't treat you like a princess. Here, you could explore, carefree, and find yourself even as you found treasures in the ruins. It was the perfect escape. You even met your first commoner friend - Hermes Aquilino, whom you came to call Flounder, a priest of the Church of the Tides. Together, you had many adventures under the sea, and the hole in your heart filled, just a little.

Years passed in relative stability. The memories of your mother's abandonment had all but faded from your mind. It was just a routine exploration - one like any other - when your life changed once again. Alone on an adventure for once, you noticed a ship passing by far above, and against your better judgment, you rose to the surface to see. Upon that ship, high above the waves, you saw a human so blindingly handsome that you nearly choked yourself staring at him in the open air. It was at that moment that you knew what was missing in your life up until then. You had been born a mermaid when your destiny all along had been to be a human.

The next few days were a blur. You were in a haze of memory so deep and impenetrable that you weren't quite sure *how* you came to be standing in front of Ursula, one of the most dangerous and powerful magicians beneath the sea. But the sight of her in all of her splendor soon broke you from your reverie.

At first it looked like what you were asking was too illegal even for Ursula, but just when you despaired, she agreed to help you. Ursula offered you a ten page contract, which you glanced through. The terms were acceptable, albeit stiff. If you succeeded in finding love within a month, you would retain your legs. If you failed to find true love though, your soul would be forfeit to Ursula. You signed the contract without hesitation. You had no doubt that you and Eric were soul mates and he would fall in love with you in a heartbeat once Eric met you.

Unfortunately for you, there was some fine print in the contract that you missed on your initial reading. Once you had succeeded in wooing Eric. Ursula slipped into Eric's castle and revealed your folly. Your success in finding true love saved your own soul, but at the price of your first born son's soul. You were devastated, but before you could even start to try to negotiate, Eric panicked and called the guards to haul Ursula off to the dungeons. You watched helplessly as Ursula decimated Eric's personal guard and killed Eric's brother Aldric by knocking him into the ocean from which he never surfaced. Ursula then dove off the balcony into the ocean. While around you the humans cheered their victory, you were sick at heart. A magician as powerful as Ursula, despite being heavily wounded, was back in her element - it was unlikely that the sharks could finish her.

Life on land went on though, and you and Eric were married. You struggled somewhat to be accepted by Europa. You had hoped that the birth of your daughter, Willow, would melt human hearts. Although they eagerly embraced Willow, you still felt as though you were on the fringe of acceptance. What could you do to earn the love of your adopted country?

On land you learned that a vaccine exists for Polio. This crippling disease had begun to affect your merkin in the years

before you left. The disease was not yet an epidemic when you left, but there was always that chance, since merfolk had no way to combat it.

Your father of course won't speak to you any more. He forced you to cut ties with your entire family when you left the sea by disowning you. You miss them, but the happy family you remember from your childhood years was gone long before you left, lost along with your mother when you were 9. At least with Eric you have a family with a father that didn't sink into endless depression. Eric is there for Willow in a way that Triton was **never** there for you.

Despite being human, you retained your ability to communicate with ocean creatures. A few years ago, a seagull turned up outside your window with a fish in its mouth. The fish relayed an urgent message from your contacts in Atlantica. (Despite your father's best attempts to isolate you for the "sake of Atlantica", you had non-merfolk friends who still kept in touch) Word in the underground was that Ursula had surfaced again, in disguise of course. Suddenly the old unease over Ursula's survival bloomed anew. To complicate matters, Ursula's cover seemed to involve a merchant whose description closely matched Aldric. Is it possible that he survived too?

You immediately went to Eric and discussed what to do. The two of you agreed that you would have to revive your contacts in Atlantica, to try to confirm these rumors. You'd figure some way out of your contract if it turned out to be true that Ursula was still alive. You reached out to your father, apologized a thousand times to him, and begged his forgiveness. After only some cajoling, your father relented. He seems to regret the way he reacted when you left. The two of you talk occasionally at the seashore at the base of your castle. In the mean time, you banned Willow from playing in the ocean. If Ursula was still alive, there was no telling what she might try to do to get revenge. You had to keep your daughter away from Ursula.

It was a few years before King Triton agreed to let you return to the ocean temporarily. This year is the year. You have two tickets to the Neptune Ball. Originally, you and Eric were going to attend, but a convergence of things changed that. Eric suddenly came down with an unknown disease. Within 12 hours, Eric was having seizures and trouble breathing. You would have called off the excursion, but the situation was now dire. You were pregnant again. This time with a son. If you cannot find Ursula and get her to rewrite the terms of the contract, you will lose your son Nathan.

When you sent word to your father that Eric was sick and would be unable to attend, Triton came to console you. You had been too harsh on him all those years ago. Now grown up, you realize that Triton really did care about you. Unfortunately, Willow had snuck down to the beach to play in the ocean despite the fact that it was forbidden. She saw you talking to Triton and confronted you. Like the troublesome teenager she was turning into, Willow demanded an explanation, and then threw a tantrum that you had hidden something as romantic as the existence of mermaids from her. As an attempt to calm Willow, your father offered her Eric's ticket to the ball if she would act with decorum.

If only you could tell your father that bringing Willow was incredibly dangerous! Instead, you could only stand helplessly by as Willow asked an endless stream of questions about Atlantica.

The last thing Eric asked of you from his sickbed as he left was to find a way to stop the Pacifican attacks on your ships. After a brief moment of thought, you grabbed a sample of the Polio vaccine from the infirmary to bring down with you. If Polio was as big a problem in Pacifica as in Atlantica, the Polio vaccine could be a powerful bargaining chip in getting them to stop killing your people.

You and Willow were escorted to Atlantica a few hours ago by Sebastian, your father's oldest advisor, and the only magician still allowed to practice in Atlantica. Sebastian cast a spell over the palace, allowing you and Willow to breath safely while anywhere on the grounds. As you approached Atlantica, you noticed something peculiar. The air was full of sounds from the market – the hustle and bustle of moving carts, voices rising above the current – but something was missing. You couldn't put your finger on what it was, until Willow asked you "Where is the music mother? I thought you said merfolk liked to dance?"

Goals

- Find Ursula and figure out how to get out of your contract. (Killing Ursula won't solve your problem as to do so will not

void the contract.)

- Find out if by some miracle Aldric is still alive. Bring him home if you can.
- As long as you are here, see if you can dig up any new clues about what happened to your mother. Your sister should be helpful in this matter.
- Repair your relationship with King Triton, and with your sister Adriana.
- Restore music to Atlantica.
- Find a way to end the Pacifican attacks on your people, using the Polio vaccine as necessary.
- Keep your daughter safe!

Notes

- Europa has a long tradition of swing dancing. If you do not know how to swing dance, please let a GM know as soon as possible.
- You are no longer a member of the Explorer's Guild. Despite knowing it's inner workings, you no longer have access to their supplies.

Contacts

- Triton: Your father. You are still trying to repair your relationship.
- Willow: Your daughter. She is quite a handful.
- Adriana: Your little sister, princess of Atlantica.
- Hermes Aquilino: An old friend of yours, now among the highest ranking Explorer's Guild members. Maybe he can help you?
- Osiris: Your uncle and leader of the Explorer's Guild.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- First Aid

Items

- none

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|---------|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - β: | 0 |
| - γ: | 0 | - Tarot: | Justice |

Caspian

She left you. She left you to rot. You turn the thought over in your mind, worrying it like a sore tooth. You shouldn't poke and prod at it, but it feels so good. The fire inside you burns hot.

You are Caspian, a graduate of The Assassins Guild currently masquerading as a gifted diplomat. You and Athena were close friends who tried to run away together in your last year. Unfortunately, clever as the two of you were, the Guild was cleverer. The two of you were caught, and put on "trial". Being older than Athena, you were held almost entirely responsible for corrupting her. Ha! As if there was anything left to corrupt after 10 years in that miserable place. As punishment, you were put in suspended animation and held as collateral against Athena, while she went on her first mission. When Athena abandoned her mission however, the Guild did not kill you as threatened. Instead they bided their time, and left you suspended for many more years. Although suspended animation stops the aging process, it does not suspend the mind. Most people go crazy after even a few weeks of not being able to do anything but think. You were made of stronger stuff however, and you came through mostly unscathed.

The Assassins Guild finally brought you out of suspension, just 3 years ago. They fed your desperate hunger for news, revealing that Athena had abandoned her mission, and her dear friend, in order to go marry some fool of a General in the North Sea. You knew many years had passed, but surely you had not meant so little to Athena that she had forgotten about you. And yet, here was the proof.

In the midst of your seething, the Guild offered you a chance for revenge. Atlantica and Pacifica had recently begun peace talks. While peace is not an environment that The Assassins Guild normally approves of, Queen Venus is very much interested, and The Assassins Guild knows better than to upset her. They were therefore offering you a chance to become a diplomat, slip into Atlantica and kill Athena. To make the deal irresistible, the Guild offered to nullify your obligation to them if you succeed at killing her undetected. You could be free to go start your own life, your own way, without The Assassins Guild or treacherous friends to ruin it.

So you became a Diplomat, after a few months of rehabilitation and updating your worldly knowledge. The Assassins Guild placed you on the fast track, and you were soon the head diplomat on the project.

Then fate stepped in. Cruel, sweet fate. You were in Atlantica, dancing the tiring dance of politics, pretending to care, pretending to be outraged on behalf of your country, etc, etc. You were so tired. So bored. So restless. You just wanted to get your hands on Athena and be done with this horrid, extended chapter in your life. But then, one late night, you were wandering the halls of the palace when you collided with an angel. She was gorgeous. No, she was perfect. You stared into her eyes for a heartbeat, then two. You ran your fingers self consciously through your uncombed hair. You must look a mess, with bags under your eyes from too many late nights up pouring over documents. You finally found your voice, and tried to stammer out an apology for the collision. Ever the graceful princess, she asked if you would join her in a stroll about the gardens. Somehow you managed to push the word "yes" out past your uncooperative lips. And the rest was, as they say, history.

Your angel was none other than Adriana, princess of Atlantica. In that instant the pain and boredom of politics evaporated. You threw yourself into the proceedings with vigor. After all, without good faith between the countries, how could you ever hope to see Adriana on a regular basis? To your great frustration, politics move slowly. You couldn't see enough of Adriana to satisfy either of you. Then she came up with a reckless, dangerous idea that you couldn't resist. She managed to sneak across the border into Pacifica to see you! It was the most glorious afternoon. No formal proceedings, no pretending to be nothing more than acquaintances. No trying to sneak off and snatch a few moments alone. She started to sneak across the border regularly to see you. It was wonderful. But it was also dangerous. So dangerous. If she were caught... and then she was.

You were working in the palace when you heard the news. Prince Jared had apprehended a pair of merfolk crossing the

border. One of them was princess Adriana. Nearly everyone was salivating at the thought of holding her hostage to gain the upper hand against Atlantica. You scrambled to find Jared. He was the only level head that might listen to reason. To your dismay, he was already questioning Adriana. You contemplated the problem for a moment, then marched confidently into the interrogation chamber. You whispered a few things in Jared's ear, regarded Adriana with an icy, disapproving look, and left. You hoped it was enough to get her released, without giving away anything. Luckily, Jared saw the wisdom in releasing the princess of Atlantica unharmed. Adriana was escorted back to the border, and that was that.

Over the next few months, you worked tirelessly to bring the treaty to fruition. If diplomacy had started as merely a cover, it was certainly closer to an obsession by now. If the treaty fell through, you would never see your Adriana again. Ah Adriana, she brought light to your life that you hadn't known since before you were put in suspended animation. In your search for a way to prove how precious Adriana is to you, you started on a quest for the fabled Glow Shell (999). This shell is the stuff of legend, and it was to your immense surprise, that the cryptic chain of clues pointed to the Atlantica palace. Well, perhaps it was not so unusual. Perhaps some Explorer's Guild member had encountered one and brought it back to the palace without any idea as to the shell's true value. It would doubtlessly be locked up in the palace vault, thrown carelessly in some corner, instead of adorning the neck of the most beautiful mermaid in the seven seas. You will of course have to keep this quest a secret. Should the other Pacificans learn about the Glow Shell (999), they will most likely want to bring it back for the Queen of Pacifica.

Just this morning, one more wonderful piece fell into place. As you were walking through the market, you were accosted by a mermaid you didn't recognize at first. After only a few minutes discussion however, you realized who it was – Athena in disguise. She yammered at you as if nothing were wrong, as if she had never betrayed you. Athena wanted your help finding a Pacifican assassin. For a moment you thought she knew everything, and was about to attack you, but the moment of tension passed and she went on outlining her plan to trap the assassin. Just as well that she has no idea what you have planned for her tonight. But she seems to be well prepared. Finding a more subtle way of dealing with her might be a better idea than just taking the direct approach. Though you are prepared to do what is necessary if it comes to that...

Goals

- Kill Athena subtly, both for revenge and to clear your obligation to the Assassin's Guild.
- See that the treaty is signed. Make sure it is as favorable to Pacifica as possible.
- Find a way to convince Triton to let you marry Adriana, otherwise elope with Adriana.
- Acquire a Glow Shell (999) as a sign of your devotion to Adriana.
- Find a regal gift to bring back for Venus.

Notes

- You have a tattoo on your left bicep that marks you as an assassin from The Assassins Guild. All students of the school have the same tattoo, in the same place. See a GM to acquire a temporary tattoo before game.

Contacts

- Adriana: The love of your life.
- Minerva: Actually Athena. She is here in disguise with some story about an assassin here for King Triton.
- Jared: The prince of Pacifica and your political rival for Adriana's hand in marriage.
- Desara: The other diplomat assigned to see the treaty through. Desara is Valerie's sister.
- Valerie: Jared's bodyguard. She seems suspicious of you. But then she is suspicious of everyone except her sister, Desara.
- Sebastian: The Atlantican contact that the Assassin's Guild has arranged to have assist you. His reasons are his own, but he will help you. You should approach him as soon as discreetly possible this evening.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- An official looking document (999)

- Knife (999)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2

- β : 0

- γ : 0

- Tarot: The Devil

Desara

Your name is Desara. You are a spy sent by the Assassin's Guild on a mission to collect intelligence, protect Pacifica's interests, and prevent the signing of the treaty by any means necessary.

Your early childhood was a fairly normal and happy one. Your family was atypical only in the fact that your parents managed to have two healthy children when so many families had none, and the two of you got along well. That normalcy was quickly shattered, however, when you were kidnapped on your eighth birthday, and whisked far away to the icy waters of the Bering Strait to begin your new life as an assassin.

Like all displaced children, you fought your new life at first. The Assassin's Guild was austere and unforgiving - mistakes were punished swiftly and harshly. But slowly, over time, you began to appreciate the sense of power that your new life brought to you. You were stronger, faster, sharper, and improving your body and mind had always appealed to you. By your fourth year, you had fully embraced your new lifestyle, and were well on your way to becoming a deadly, invisible force. You graduated with full marks as an infiltrator with an unflinching dedication to your guild.

Reintegrating into society and your family was easier than you had expected. Your cover story was that you had been kidnapped by the Pacifican child black market and had trekked across the country after your foster family revealed your lineage to you. You were never quite sure if your parents fully believed your story, but your sister Valerie certainly did. You hadn't made any friends in the Assassin's Guild, so the companionship of your younger sister was a welcome change. Sadly, your duties called, and too soon, you had to move away to take up a diplomatic post at the Pacifican Royal Palace, where you could only visit her occasionally. You did manage to secretly pull some strings with the Assassin's Guild to get her transferred out of military training into a safer bodyguarding role, however, so at least you won't have to worry about her dying in a border skirmish.

Two weeks ago, you were contacted by your Assassin's Guild superiors with a job. The Assassin's Guild has a different view of the future of Pacifica from the royal family, and it doesn't involve a treaty with Atlantica. Therefore, you are to attend the treaty negotiations soon to occur in Atlantica and in your role as diplomat, prevent and obstruct the treaty from being signed. Meanwhile, you are to meet in secret with an Atlantan general, Gladius. It seems he is a turncoat who claims to have a prototype for a new weapon he'd like to sell. Your job is to inspect and, if all was in order, arrange the sale of this new type of weapon that would give Pacifica the edge in the coming war. Your second contact is Atlantan Court Advisor Sebastian, who has requested some rare and dangerous herbs, which the Assassin's Guild went through some trouble to obtain. He will provide information and support for you in exchange.

Receiving this assignment immediately gave you an idea. As a dabbler in military history, you are intimately familiar with the Pacifican view of the origins of this war, and though much of it has been lost to time, you have the distinct feeling that Pacifica wasn't the aggressor as Atlantica has always claimed. A meeting with Sebastian last night about your future plans gave you the first beginnings of the story, and what he told you was quite interesting. Additional research in the Atlantan royal library is definitely in order - and maybe what you uncover can help you more easily sabotage the treaty.

Last week, amidst your preparations for your departure, you collapsed on the sidewalk as you were returning to your home. A trip to the doctor quickly revealed the worst - Polio. You had been living with it all of your life, and you never knew - and at this point, it could kill you within months. This left you with a problem - sabotaging the treaty would prevent Pacifica from receiving a cure in the short term. Conquering Atlantica would serve the same purpose, but at this advanced stage of your disease, you might not live to see that come to pass! You know that humans are the source of the cure, and this is the only time you're likely to interact with humans on friendly terms in the near future. Maybe the human delegation can be of some use to you...

Goals

- Prevent the treaty from being signed.
- Find the hidden history of the war, which may help spark tensions between the two parties.

- Avoid being outed as a member of the Assassin's Guild, and avoid capture at all costs.
- Find any military intelligence you can about Atlantica to report to your superiors for the eventual war.
- Investigate the Prototype Weapon (999) and seal the deal if it is viable.
- Deliver the herbs to Sebastian; extract information or assistance from him in exchange.
- Find a cure for your Polio.

Contacts

- Caspian: The diplomat in charge of the Pacifican delegation.
- Jared: The Pacifican Prince.
- Valerie: Your sister, who you love and can rely on.
- Sebastian: Court adviser to King Triton and known magician.
- Gladius: Your weapons supplier.

Memory/Event Packets

- W packet

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- none

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|-----------|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - β: | 0 |
| - γ: | 0 | - Tarot: | The Devil |

Gladius

You are a shape-shifting general out to protect your family and your adopted homeland.

You were born on land to a single mother. You never knew your father growing up. You took one of the few paths open to you - the military. You joined up with the European army at the age of 15 to support your mother. Your strength and wit served you well, and you rose through the ranks. By the age of 25, you made drill sergeant. It was your job to train all of the new recruits. You did so well at that job that you were also named captain of the royal guard. This brought you in fairly close contact with the royal family. You struck up somewhat of a friendship with the king, and even beat him at chess occasionally.

When the royal twins were old enough, the unenviable job of training them in swordsmanship fell to you. The boys were a pair of royal brats – at least at first. Eric outgrew this quickly enough, but Aldric never did take kindly to being ordered around. You are sure that you would have eventually turned both of them into stellar soldiers and leaders if the shipwreck hadn't cut your plans short.

It was on an expedition to the Labrador Sea with the King that an icy storm sprung up. Despite the best efforts of the seasoned crew, the ship was smashed to pieces on the coast of Greenland. You were thrown into the numbingly cold water, and lost consciousness when a wave smashed you against a rock. Your last thought was "This is it".

And then you woke up. At the bottom of an underwater canyon. You were bewildered for few minutes as you tried to remember what happened. Were you dead? You didn't feel dead – everything hurt. But you were under water. You could breathe under water and for some reason you had a tail. A tail instead of legs. You were a merman! Eventually you got over the shock and went looking for your friends and the King.

It took you 2 days to find the shipwreck, and when you did, you were heartbroken. The ship had been battered to pieces, and there were clearly no survivors. You weighed your options and realized that you couldn't go back to Europa with gills and a tail. You were half fish now, and didn't know if you could change back. If you did return, you would probably be treated as a traitor. Merfolk occasionally attacked ships, and it was too convenient that you, a merman, were the only survivor.

You reluctantly looted the ship for a few valuable items and set off in search of civilization. You found a military outpost of Atlantica in the Norwegian Sea, and traded the trinkets from the ship for a chance to earn the merfolk's trust. The constant border skirmishes with Pacifica gave you plenty of opportunity to master the use of a trident. Your military training from Europa served you well, and you were soon a trusted member of the outpost. After about a year, they allowed you to officially join the Guardian's Guild, Atlantica's military.

You enjoyed the company of your new brethren, and often went out to bars with them, despite the fact that you were almost twice the age of some of the new recruits. Every time you would go though, in just about every bar you went to, some drunk, or the bartender himself would tell you that you looked exactly like some old drunk who used to frequent the place. Eventually, you stopped dismissing the stories, and began to wonder if there might not be something to it. In particular, you wondered if this mysterious drunk might be your father.

You took a sabbatical from the Guardian's Guild to follow the trail of drunken stories. It was a convoluted trail, and nothing was ever concrete, at least until you reached the gates of a palatial estate. You marched onto the grounds and demanded to see the Lord. The servants put up a token resistance, saying that the lord was unavailable – clearly he was drunk. As usual apparently. Once you gained an audience with the Lord, it was clear that he was your father. There was no mistaking the resemblance. It was like looking into the future, and seeing yourself aged 20 years. Once you sobered your father up, he revealed to you the family secret. Shape-shifting. Your transformation into a merman was totally normal. Better still, you could change back! You could be human again! – Your elation faded a moment later, as you realized you had been gone for almost 3 years. There was no way you'd be accepted back at the palace.

Instead, you decided to build a real life here, in the North Sea. You took over the reigns of the estate, and soon restored credibility and respect to the family name. You worked prominently as a member of the Guardian's Guild, and rose through the political ranks as well, to become very well respected. You even visited the Atlantican capital a few times. With all of the social pressures of your new life you sometimes needed a break. Once a week or so, you would swim to some abandoned beach somewhere, shape-shift into a human and sit on the beach and meditate. It felt good to cross your legs occasionally.

It was on one of these trips that you met Athena. You noticed the bouys holding up your fishing net just off shore to be moving in a very peculiar pattern. You thought a dolphin or something was caught in the net. When you went out to investigate, you found a mermaid caught in the net. You cut her free, and then dove after her when she took off. After you got Athena to calm down, you realized that she were indeed the Queen of Atlantica. To your confusion, she introduced herself as Minerva. Eventually you got the whole story out of her – or at least enough of it. Athena was running from her past as an assassin. Athena was in need of a place to hide and being the upstanding citizen you were, you offered to let her stay on your estate for a while. Three years later, you realized that neither one of you wanted her to leave. You had fallen in love. Despite the complications should anyone discover who Athena really was, you decided to take the chance and marry her.

While your home life has vastly improved in the last couple of years, the fighting with Pacifica has gotten much worse. Border skirmishes are common, and orders often come from the capital to make strikes into Pacifican territory. By now, you had been promoted to general, and so found yourself in charge of the very outpost you had encountered all those years ago when you first became a merman. Due to the increased tension with Pacifica, the outpost was expanded into a full fort. You find yourself leading nearly a hundred soldiers and trying to protect the town that has sprung up around the outpost. To complicate matters, a year after you were named general, Athena had a son. To your dismay however, he shares your family's ability to shape shift. The Church of the Tides doesn't look kindly on shape shifters, and your son is in imminent danger in Atlantica.

Three years ago, while fulfilling orders to strike into Pacifican territory, you found yourself outmanned and outmatched. You were taken prisoner, and dragged off to the gulag-like prisons in the Bering Sea. After a few hard weeks, you were dragged out of your bed in the middle of the night, and hauled off to what you assumed to be another round of interrogations. Instead, you were brought before a man who claimed to be from the Assassin's Guild, whatever that was. Regardless, he claimed to have the power to have you released, if you agreed to become a spy, and pass information to Pacifica. You thought fast. This might be your only chance to get out of here – back to your wife and son. You agreed.

Once you were back in Atlantica however, you immediately informed your superiors of the situation, and together you soon cooked up a plan. You began feeding carefully measured bits of information to the Pacificans to maintain your cover, while extracting every bit of information you could from the tidbits your contacts dropped. Once Pacifica came to believe that you had actually turned to their side, the Guardian's Guild put its master plan into action. You offered Pacifica a prototype weapon, claiming it came from humans. Supposedly this weapon would give Pacifica a huge advantage over Atlantica. They of course jumped at it. All you had to do was provide the schematics. The weapon is actually designed to explode upon use in a battle. It *should* be subtle enough that the Pacificans will outfit most of their army with the weapon before they start to malfunction. Even if they do discover the flaw in testing though, you intend to extract a heavy price in information in return. Either way Atlantica should come out ahead on this deal.

Despite your commitment to Atlantica, things are getting awfully dangerous around here. You really wish you could move your family on land, at least until the war dies down. Rumor has it that a treaty is in order, but you would much rather not risk it. Your son is a shape shifter, and can just turn human, but your beloved wife Athena can't leave the ocean without help. While magic is technically banned in Atlantica, you suspect that there are still practitioners who could provide you with a potion that would turn Athena into a human.

Tonight is the Neptune Ball. You are going, along with Athena. Originally you did not plan to attend, hoping instead to trade the schematic quietly, away from the prying eyes of court. Unfortunately, Athena received an anonymous letter that spooked her and she is determined to return to the Atlantican capital to find out if the information in the letter is true. Since she would not be

dissuaded, you insisted on going with her to try to help. You will just have to be careful to call her Minerva, lest anyone recognize her as Queen.

To be honest, your life would be so much simpler if you could somehow get Athena's previous marriage annulled. Technically everyone thinks she's dead, but if you can have the marriage annulment on the books, then even if Athena is discovered, no one will be able to take her away from you, or have you executed for stealing the King's wife.

You wrote to your Pacifican contact and arranged to deliver the schematics at the ball instead. You'll have to be careful though, if anyone should trace the schematics back to you, things could get dicey. And Athena certainly wouldn't approve.

Oh well, at least in the capital you have a chance of interacting with Sebastian, who might know someone capable of making a potion to turn Athena human.

Goals

- Pass the schematics to your Pacifican contact, Desara. Make sure she doesn't discover that the weapon is booby trapped.
- Find a transformation spell or potion and use it to turn Athena into a human.
- Represent the Guardian's Guild's interest in the treaty.
- Get Athena's marriage to Triton annulled, just in case.
- Assist Athena in her search for the assassin.
- Prevent anyone from finding out who Athena is.
- Keep your shape shifting and human past a secret.

Notes

- Pick up a purple headband before game in case you shape shift.
- Any transformation potion you acquire will lose potency at the end of the game, so you will have to administer the potion before then.

Contacts

- Minerva: Your wife and the love of your life. You would be devastated if anything were to happen to her.
- Desara: Your Pacifican contact.
- Triton: The King of Atlantica.
- Sebastian: The King's closest advisor, and the only merman still allowed to practice magic in Atlantica.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- none

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|-------------|------------|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - β : | 0 |
| - γ : | 0 | - Tarot: | Temperance |

Jared

You are Jared, crown Prince of Pacifica and heir to the throne. You rule your subjects with pride and want to protect them at all costs, which means getting this treaty signed above all else.

Born into opulence, you have enjoyed easy prosperity from an early age. Your mother, Queen Venus doted on you, but to you, that attention seemed smothering. Lessons in the art of diplomacy were difficult and taxing, but you relished the challenge so you didn't take kindly to your mothers worried attentions after every single lesson. Without a strict guiding hand, you became rebellious, and spent the majority of your free time sneaking out into the surrounding town to mingle with your common friends, and to take part in the commoners practice of dancing. Your mother didn't approve, worrying that you would pick up a disease or worse, be kidnapped but you paid her no mind. What was the worst that could happen to a royal Prince, beloved by the people?

In retrospect, perhaps you should have listened to your Mother. It wasn't long before the plague hit your circle of friends. While polio was rocking the lower quarters of the capital, you were rocked along with it, contracting a severe case. Your Mother immediately sequestered you and began treatment, but not before the disease took a heavy toll on your health. Upon emerging from the palace after being given a clean bill of health, you returned to the lower quarters. You fully took in the devastation, and a little part of you died that day. Friends you had known and danced with all of your life had died in the streets as you had been being fanned and pampered in your royal bedroom, oblivious that anyone other than yourself had been suffering. You resolved that day to do everything in your power to bring the vaccine to Pacifica, and to champion the cause of the marginalized from then on.

It didn't take you long to find a way to make good on your vow, though you knew the way would be challenging. Your chance came six months ago in the form of a wayward waif. You apprehended Adriana, princess of Atlantica, crossing the border while you were on a routine patrol. You brought her back to the palace and interrogated her – gently, though. After all, she was a Princess – fragile and beautiful. You couldn't get much out of her – she didn't seem to know much – until talk turned to polio. You learned that Atlantica had a vaccine for polio, thanks to their friendly association with humans. Here was your answer! You had to secure the vaccine for your people. You sent Adriana back unharmed as a gesture of good faith, and immediately began drafting the treaty that you would propose. Things moved quickly after that, and sooner than even you expected, the trip to Atlantica was scheduled. You would leave within the month as head of the delegation.

You couldn't let this opportunity go to waste, and as such, your objectives were clear. First and foremost, you must secure the polio vaccine.- The easiest way to do this would be to sign the treaty, but apparently humans will be attending the ball as well. Perhaps you could bridge the gap between your nations and they could help you directly? An additional benefit to signing the treaty, if you were lucky, would be to secure the Princess's hand in marriage - after all, a political marriage could strengthen the treaty, as you made sure to include in your draft. Her beauty was just a side benefit, of course.

On a more personal note, your studies of Atlantica have engendered a certain curiosity in you about their native dance forms. You had grown up dancing the waltz, but have read that Atlantica practices a different form of dance altogether. The provision in the treaty about open borders was your doing. While it isn't quite as important as an end to the war or the vaccine, you'd really like to see your countries come together culturally by sharing your borders - - starting with a dance lesson for the diplomats at the ball! If only you had a partner to help you teach!

Goals

- Arrange an agreement to receive the polio vaccine for your nation by any means necessary.
- Ensure that any treaty that is signed is favorable to Pacifica.
- Marry Adriana if at all possible, using the treaty if necessary.
- Promote your program of cultural exchange by teaching as many people to waltz as possible, and learning as many dance forms as you can

- Protect all members of your delegation.

Contacts

- Valerie: your loyal bodyguard of 3 years, who harbors paranoid delusions about an impending invasion from India.
- Caspian: The head diplomat sent to help you get the treaty signed.
- Desara: A second diplomat sent to aid in the signing of the treaty.
- Ariel: Former Princess of Atlantica who may be able to help you secure the vaccine you're looking for, possibly circumventing the treaty.
- Triton: King of Atlantica and a worthy political adversary.
- Adriana: a beautiful princess who you hope to marry for her beauty and political power.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- A Pacifican Signet Ring (999)
- Treaty (in-game document)

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|-------------|------------|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - β : | 0 |
| - γ : | 0 | - Tarot: | The Hermit |

Athena

Your name is Minerva. Well, actually it is Queen Athena, but everyone who knew you by that name thinks you are dead.

You are from Atlantica. You think. You are not sure, but you look much more like an Atlantan than a Pacifican merwoman. Unfortunately your earliest memories are of the barren rooms and harsh teachers of The Assassins Guild, hidden deep in the icy waters of the Bering Strait. You have no idea where you were born, or how you ended up in that dreadful place.

Wait, no. Your earliest memories are of growing up with a loving family on a coral plantation in the Caribbean. – Aren't they?

You shake your head, as if to dislodge the false memories. It's been like this for years, getting worse all the time. False memories, implanted in your mind to make you a sleeper agent, bleeding into memories of your real life. It doesn't help that you often wish that the false memories were true. You had a much gentler pretend life. If only you could have lived that one instead of the one you did.

For ten years you trained at The Assassins Guild, until you were ready. Ready to kill King Triton. You learned a hundred ways to kill a merman with weapons, and a hundred more ways to do it bare handed. But you were more than just an assassin. You were trained in the arts as well. Raised to impersonate a merwoman of the highest station. It was your job to infiltrate Atlantica, and the heart of the King, and to strike him down when Atlantica least suspected. You were to be the final nail in the coffin of this treacherous nation.

Your memories get really fuzzy right around graduation time. You remember a "Caspian" fondly, but aren't sure who he is. Well, he was important to you. You tried to run away together, but apparently that didn't work. Try as you might, you can't remember what happened next. It's a totally disconnected time line from your life in Atlantica.

To ensure a seamless integration into Atlantan society, your memories were locked away, and a false childhood implanted in your mind. You were left on a destroyed coral plantation, within the ransacked realm of a minor noble, for an Atlantan patrol to find. You were whisked off to the capital since everyone, including you, was fooled into believing you were the only living heir to the Baron's lands due to a necklace bearing his seal found on your person. Your training served you well via the subconscious, and you quickly rose to prominence at court, and became a favorite of young King Triton. You would often accompany him on the long swim to the royal cemetery, where he went almost daily. You listened with sympathy to the ails of his heart, and it was with much joy and hope that you accepted King Triton's marriage proposal at the end of his year of mourning.

King Triton was almost always distant and melancholy. Even the birth of your second child could not stir him to joy, almost 10 years after the tragedy that put him on the throne. Only music ever brought a smile to his face. The lively music and dance of the merengue reached a part of him that not even the pain he had endured could destroy. He smiled, and laughed - He lived - when he was on the dance floor.

About a year later, a nixie came to you in a dream, begging you to journey to her home. She warned you of impending threats to Atlantica and offered you a Music Box to protect your country. Some people wouldn't have understood why this was such a big deal, but you did. Music is magic, or the preservation of it anyway. Music has the power to remember spells, and to extend their duration far beyond what would ordinarily be possible. A spell of protection might only last a few days, unless laced into a melody, in which case a well cast spell could endure for years. Too bad you have never demonstrated a proclivity for magic yourself.

What else could you do? Triton had given so much for Atlantica, surely you could sacrifice a few weeks away from home to protect your beloved homeland. You journeyed far to the north, to the fjords of Norway, where you met a nixie of great power, Titania, in the brackish water where her stream joined the sea. Titania gave you a magical music box. Wound once every decade, it played a song that would protect Atlantica from a number of dangers that Titania had seen portents for. She showed you how

to wind it with a special key on a gold chain that she also bestowed upon you. You vowed never to take the key from around your neck, except to give it to whichever daughter you would pass the secret on to. You returned to Atlantica, flush with triumph.

All your hopes and dreams were shattered about a week later however, when you woke up in the middle of the night, the truth about your past pouring through your head. You knew suddenly that you were not a gentle merwoman of Atlantica, but a spy and an assassin sent to kill King Triton.

You balked at the horror of your task - to kill your beloved. Rather than complete your mission, you staged your own kidnapping that very night and fled Atlantica. You weren't able to tell anyone what had happened, you didn't even get to kiss your younger daughter, Adriana goodbye in her crib. But it was for their own safety that you did it. You had to leave as soon as possible. If The Assassins Guild could lock your memories away, maybe they could also mind control you. You couldn't risk that. So you swam.

Your heart was heavy with sadness and loneliness, and your mind was clouded with conflicting pasts. In your distracted state, you blundered into a fishing net set in the shallows and nearly drowned. It was only by happenstance that you survived. Gladius, a human General, was meditating on the beach nearby. Intrigued by the strange movements of the fishing net floats, he dove into the water and came to your rescue.

You were terribly frightened of him, despite the rescue. There is precious little that your real memories and your fake ones agree on, but one of the things they do agree on is that humans are at best dangerous. The only known interactions with merpeople are short, brutal, and never end well for merfolk. You wiggled free of his arms and dove into the water. It wasn't until you were almost 20 meters down that you realized that Gladius was keeping pace with you. He wasn't human! He was a merman! But you could have sworn you had seen legs when he freed you from the net and lifted you out of the water. What was going on?

It turned out that Gladius was a shape-shifter. He could change freely between being a human and a merman. Gladius didn't ask many questions about your past, but treated you with civility regardless. He didn't even blink when you scrambled to come up with a name. It hadn't occurred to you until he asked that you would have to leave the name Athena behind. You settled on Minerva. Over the next few months, you returned regularly to his beach, and when he agreed to abandon the shore and live with you under the waves, your heart sang. Gladius has a family estate in the North Sea. Safely away from Atlantica, you began to relax, eventually fell in love, and had a son with him. You and Gladius celebrated your son's fifth birthday last month.

Just when you thought you had put your past behind you, both the good and the bad, a letter arrived on the Fair Isle Current. It was anonymous, but casually dropped detailed, personal information about your past life in Atlantica. The letter went on to reveal a new assassination plot against Triton, entreat you to return to Atlantica, and imply that no one else would be able to save Triton. An assassination attempt on the night of the Neptune Ball, at the height of negotiations with Pacifica? Sounds like The Assassins Guild to you. You simply *must* return. It is not like you stopped loving Triton really, just that circumstances had forced you apart and you had made the best of things with Gladius. Gladius insisted that the letter was little more than bait, but you had to go and see for yourself. In the end, Gladius conceded to let you go, as long as he came with you. It was a simple matter to acquire a couple of tickets to tonight's gala; Gladius is after all a representative of the Guardian's Guild and it is not surprising that he might want to be present for the treaty talks.

It will be incredibly dangerous to return to Atlantica. Triton, and in fact all of Atlantica, thinks you are dead. Should you be found out, you might be lucky, and be welcomed back in all your glory – or more likely, imprisoned and executed as an impostor, or a deserter! There is also the matter of the Music Box. It has been so long since you had a chance to wind the Music Box. Tonight may be your only chance to wind it for many years. If it is safe to do so, you should pass the secret of the Music Box on to one of your daughters. To top it all off, rumors are circulating that your younger daughter, Adriana may be married off to a Pacifican prince. You intend to find out everything you can about him and make sure he, and anyone else angling to marry your daughter is worthy. You haven't been able to be there for Adriana growing up, but you can at least give her this much.

Luckily, it appears that fate is not entirely against you tonight. This afternoon, while you strolled through the bazaar, you

caught sight of Caspian. His face seemed to unlock a rush of memories. You were the best of friends during your time at the Guild. That was what they didn't like. You weren't supposed to *have* friends as an assassin. When you were caught after trying to run away, they separated the two of you. You never saw him again. Until now. You rushed to him, marveling at how young he looked. Caspian didn't recognize you under all of the make up in your disguise, but was soon convinced that you are in fact Athena. He was as overjoyed as you by the unexpected reunion. Feeling happy and safe, you found yourself talking overmuch, and the story of why you were here - to find an assassin- slipped out. Caspian nearly swam into a pole upon hearing this, and quickly agreed to help you find the assassin. He seemed deeply disturbed that one of the Pacificans with him was untrustworthy.

Upon arriving at the castle for the ball this evening, you slipped away from the festivities to wander the old familiar halls for a while. It felt good to be home. You went to the royal treasury to see the Music Box, only to discover that it was missing! Atlantica seems to be beset with dangers. Tonight is going to be a stressful and precarious dance with unknown and dangerous partners (and a few well known ones), with the fate of Atlantica hanging in the balance.

Goals

- Find the Music Box (999), wind it up with A Tiny Gold Key (999) and put it back on display.
- If it is safe to do so, pass the secret of the Music Box (999) on to Ariel or Adriana, whichever child is more likely to be able to wind the Music Box (999) in the future.
- Foil the assassination attempt against Triton.
- Vet Adriana's suitors and prevent her from marrying anyone unworthy of a princess.
- Avoid being discovered as Queen Athena.

Notes

- You have a tattoo on your left bicep that marks you as an assassin from The Assassins Guild. All students of the school have the same tattoo, in the same place. See a GM to acquire a temporary tattoo before game.

Trivia

- The Assassin's Guild is located in the Bering Strait.

Contacts

- Triton: Your former husband.
- Gladius: Your current lover. This could get awkward if you are discovered.
- Ariel: Your elder daughter.
- Adriana: Your younger daughter.
- Sebastian: Triton's advisor. You never had much contact with him.
- Osiris: Osiris is Triton's brother. He was always kind to you in between bouts of paranoia.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating:	2	- β:	0
- γ:	0	- Tarot:	N/A

Morvyn

You are a human Prince enslaved by an evil witch and disguised as a merman against your will.

Your early life was a happy one, being pampered as a Prince should in your castle in Europa. Your relations with your older brother were good, and your father doted on you twice as much, since your mother was lost at sea during a family outing when you were just a boy. The loss of your father when you were 11, while tragic, did little to change your day to day life. You took full advantage of your position by wiling away your time, going through your lessons and flirting with the courtiers. You had a good life...

...a fact that changed abruptly on your 18th birthday when a monster attacked the palace.

It had been just a normal day for you. Your lessons in diplomacy were winding down and one of your favorite courtiers wanted to share dinner with you. The stage had just been set for a pleasant evening when shouts started ringing through the castle, followed swiftly thereafter by the sounds of battle. Quickly you ran to your room and donned your sword and chainmail vest before dashing out into the hallways to take command of the first band of palace guard that you saw. The battle had progressed to the balcony, and so you led your troops there, ready to fight to defend your home. When you got there, you saw a strange octopus-like creature. Unfortunately, it also saw you.

With inhuman speed, it grabbed you and threw you head over heels over the side of the balcony. You flipped end over end, rushing faster and faster towards the waves - and then, you knew no more.

You don't remember much of the next few days, only fading in and out of consciousness, and some dark THING forcing you to drink something. But when you came to, you were in a strange place. The floor was sand, the walls were stone, but strangest of all, the air was saltwater. You were beneath the sea - and yet somehow, still alive?

Your new surroundings surprised you, but no more than the sight of the beautiful creature that approached you soon after - a mermaid so perfectly formed that it drove all other thoughts out of your mind, including why you looked like her. She introduces herself as Ursula as she brought you food and asked you a few questions. And when you were done, she kissed you on the cheek, which left you surprisingly lightheaded for hours after.

Living with her became your new routine, which in retrospect, you questioned surprisingly little. The questions about your life soon faded to her teaching you about strange new abilities that you didn't know you had - the reading of the Tarot - and truly bizarre questions that you nevertheless did you best to answer. And always at the end, she would kiss your cheek, and the lightheadedness would last a little longer each time.

It took you half a year to work up the courage to say no to the kiss, but when you did, you wished you hadn't. At first, she just seemed surprised. Then a terrible expression came upon Ursula's face, and she ORDERED you to submit. To your shock, you did. And with a cruel smile, she left you, drained and alone.

From that day forward, Ursula dropped all pretenses. You were her slave, and she wasn't going to let you forget it. Your training continued, and she turned to ripping energy straight from your chest. though you tried to resist her at every turn, you continued to obediently follow orders. Unable to escape, and unable to disobey, you lived your days in misery, continuing to struggle against your magical bonds. You were forced to join the Merchant's Guild, and through your hard work and unwilling sacrifice, moved quickly through the ranks. You were Ursula's cover to rejoining the undersea country of Atlantica, and another tool in her corruption.

Though she assured you that the spell was perfectly inescapable, you found that continued resistance actually did weaken the hold that she had on you, though this was made much harder by being drained of life force daily. Though you had been forbidden long ago to touch anything in the room around you, you found that by exerting yourself mentally and taking advantage

of a loophole in an offhand command you had carefully elicited from her, you could look at the books on the shelves of the room around you. After much careful research while you were sure Ursula was asleep, you found the spell - and found how to most effectively go about removing it. You needed a place with a high concentration of magic, and preferably a magician, to deal with the spell. Unfortunately, that didn't fit any place where you could influence Ursula to go normally. But keeping your ears open, you managed to hear about the Neptune Ball at the Atlantican Palace, a place teeming with magic. You subtly made sure Ursula knew about it, and began to lay plans ever so painstakingly, to make your escape while there. And so, you bided your time until the day arrived.

Upon reaching the ball, you noticed two interesting things. Though Ariel had known you for a year before your disappearance, she didn't recognize you at all! You looked in a mirror, and suddenly understood why - your soul-draining at the hands of Ursula had aged you at least 30 years. You looked nothing like your old self anymore. That meant you couldn't count on her help, at least initially.

The other thing was even more unexpected. General Gladius, your former arms instructor was in attendance! But not only was he a human at the time, he had been lost at sea in the same storm that killed your father all those years ago! You need to confirm that your old memories are true, and find out more. Then you must confront him about it, and see what really happened all of those years ago!

As the possibility of escape became more real, your thoughts turned to what you would do after you had broken your bonds. Leaving the undersea world forever was not actually as appealing as you had thought it would be; you had grown to love your life under the sea. Officially, though to Ursula it was just a cover story, you're here as the representative to the Merchant's Guild, so fulfilling that role as well as possible made sense. You understood the Merchant's Guild's objectives, but given your hatred of Pacifica from the viewpoint of two different countries, you think you can do better. While you ultimately want the treaty signed as much as the next person, you know that King Triton is going to be far too lenient with the Pacificans. You should do your best to squeeze them all they're worth, extracting as many concessions as possible. Someone needs to look out for Atlantica, so it might as well be you!

Goals

- Break the spell binding you to Ursula!
- Acquire the wishing stone - that could be an easy shortcut to removing the spell.
- Safeguard the agenda of the Merchant's guild and squeeze Pacifica for all it's worth - but get the treaty signed!
- Find out how Gladius survived the shipwreck and confront him about it.
- Make sure Ursula dies as painfully as possible.

Notes

- You have long been working away at the spell that Ursula uses to control you. No standing order issued during the ball can compel you beyond 5 minutes.

Contacts

- Madame Pearl: Your enslaver. She is posing as your wife.
- Ariel: Your brother's wife and Queen of Europa.
- Gladius: Your old arms teacher and the merman who knows what actually happened to your father.

Memory/Event Packets

- Casting the Tarot

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- Enslavement (999) - Identity Protection (999)

Stats

- Combat Rating:	2	- β :	0
- γ :	0	- Tarot:	The Moon

Osiris

You are actually an NPC. You are scheduled to die of poisoning 2 hours into game, in the middle of the banquet. See a GM before game for details about this.

You are the only surviving brother of Triton. Your family was slaughtered when you were just a boy, and there was nothing you could do to stop it. This trauma has left you paranoid, and somewhat schizophrenic. The court physicians long ago certified you insane, which means you aren't eligible to inherit the crown, should anything happen to your brother. You are however the leader of the Explorer's Guild. It is a sufficiently prestigious position for a prince, but far enough from any real politics to keep you from messing things up. Or so you understand from your brother's explanation.

As leader of the Explorer's Guild, you have spent a lot of time with many of Atlantica's youth. Your favorite is of course your niece, princess Adriana. She is a free spirit, and completely in love. While she thinks that she can hide it from everyone, it is as plain as day to you that Adriana is in love with Caspian. You would like very much to see these two love birds married, and hang the political fall out if Adriana doesn't marry the prince of Pacifica.

You cannot in good conscience support your brother's endeavor to make peace with Pacifica. You don't trust the people of Pacifica any farther than you can throw them – any people who would harbor the monsters in the Assassin's Guild don't deserve any kind of consideration. While you are not involved in the treaty in any official capacity, you do what you can to correct your brother's doomed course as an unofficial mediator. Unfortunately, your bouts of mania make it somewhat difficult to maintain good rapport with everyone involved.

Despite everyone's belief that you are incompetent, you are incredibly perceptive, and can see that many ails trouble Atlantica. You try to warn people about them, but they seldom listen.

Here are a short list of the things you have been trying to warn people of:

- Pacifica has sent a spy to kill Triton.
- Pacifica has sent a spy to kill you!
- The Polio vaccine from Europa is actually toxic to merfolk.
- The Magician's Guild has reformed in secret, and is operating outside of the law.
- The mafia is growing incredibly powerful and needs to be dealt with.
- India is gathering its resources to attack Atlantica.
- The black market trade of children that goes on in Pacifica is starting to corrupt the Church of the Tides in Atlantica.
- The Merchant's Guild is looking to overthrow the monarchy and establish a democracy.
- The Wishing Stone has reappeared. It appears once every few hundred years, at times of great need.
- Shape shifters are actually much more common than the Church of the Tides wants people to believe. They are everywhere! Everyone is in grave danger.
- **feel free to make additional things up. You are a little unstable after all. Ask the GMs if you need some ideas.**

Goals

- Convince as many people of as many outlandish things as possible.

- Actually support Adriana, your favorite niece.
- Help Triton get the treaty signed.
- Prevent illegal magic use through your full authority as Atlantican Royalty.
- Get your Tarot read. Somehow, you have a bad feeling about today...

Notes

- Your catchphrase should be something along the lines of "I'll tell you after the banquet." Feel free to invent increasingly ridiculous reasons for why.
- You are only somewhat crazy. You should spend about 1/2 of your time perfectly lucid. However, everyone is supposed to believe you are paranoid and your conspiracy theories should not be taken seriously.

Contacts

- Adriana: Your favorite niece
- Triton: Your older brother and King of Atlantica.
- Hermes Aquilino: The representative you appointed from the Explorer's Guild whose job it is to see to the Explorer's Guild's interest in the treaty.
- Ariel: Your least favorite niece. A mermaid who turned traitor by becoming human, and has returned for unclear reasons. Is clearly up to something.
- Sebastian: Advisor to the King. Is clearly up to something.
- (:Minerva) A reclusive mermaid who usually keeps to herself. Is clearly up to something.
- Madame Pearl: A very nice mermaid who you often see at various functions. Is clearly up to something.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- Knife (999)

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|-----------|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - β: | 0 |
| - γ: | 0 | - Tarot: | The World |

Madame Pearl

“Pearls before Swine”

Beauty and Power. Those wonderful, tempting, wretched things. Beauty and Power have defined your entire life. They are liberation and confinement, the bait and trap, a gilded cage you couldn't resist.

You are the paragon of beauty, and have been for almost 60 years. As a young mermaid, you were the belle of your town. From the time you began to flower into womanhood, until your 18th birthday, you were elevated as the most beautiful mermaid anyone had ever seen. Every year at the midsummer festival, you were crowned as Queen of the festival. You loved the attention and the flattery, and your ego grew uncontrollably.

On your 18th birthday, the day of the midsummer festival, everything started to go wrong. You decided to get a reading from a quarent tucked away in a corner of the fair. You'd seen him in previous years, but had never worked up the courage to approach him. Your curiosity finally mastered your fear though, and you darted into the tent. Scents in the water, contained by the fabric of the tent and a fair bit of magic, assailed you. You felt light headed, and almost backed out, but you couldn't figure out where the door was. Actually, you couldn't remember why you were there at all until the old man asked you if you wanted a reading.

You nodded and settled shakily into a chair. Then the old merman cast the cards and spoke the words you feared the most.

You were devastated. The future predicted for you was terrible. Fade into anonymity? You think not! When the old man slyly mentioned a way to avoid this fate, you jumped at the chance. Perhaps the fumes in the tent were really getting to you, because you would later regret this decision bitterly. The old merman offered you a large, wooden amulet. The amulet is a portal to *the other side*. There are powerful spirits there, that can grant any wish. You immediately grabbed the amulet and demanded eternal youth and beauty. You then cursed your competition for the beauty pageant, just for good measure. You swam away from the quarent's tent, the amulet around your neck, flushed with victory. It wasn't until a few weeks later that the dreams started.

Terrible *things* invaded your dreams. The spirits from the other side whispered in your ear, screamed in your face, and tormented your every sleeping moment. You slept for days, trapped in the dark, horrid twilight, where the fabric between this side and the spirit world is thinnest. The spirits demand payment for the favors they had granted you. After impressing upon you the terrible fate awaiting you, should you fail to repay your debt, the spirits released you back to the living world. Your task – to acquire as many souls as possible for the spirits – would be aided by your ability to call upon the spirits' power, but you had to be careful that you worked your way *out* of their debt. You always have to get a good deal for any spell you provide someone, else you will find yourself deeper in debt.

You quickly abandoned your home town, traveling Atlantica as a gypsy. It was your only real chance to trick people into giving up their souls for as little as possible. You learned to read people quickly, and to be a high stakes gambler. It usually paid off handsomely. Despite this, it was slow going. The anti-age wish you had made had an upkeep cost, and there was no un-doing it. For 50 years, you struggled to repay your debt to the spirits. In the process, you gained a reputation as a powerful sorceress, and rose through the ranks of the Magician's Guild. Unfortunately you aren't a *real* magician. All of your power comes from the spirits on the other side, and any time you are asked to prove your magical ability just drags you deeper into debt. It is expensive to be thought of as a powerful magician. And yet, the thrill of being feared and worshiped and looked up to and consulted about things was addictive. You could never find the right time to step down from your position in the Guild.

To your great surprise and pleasure, about 15 years ago the seemingly perfect solution swam into your cave. Princess Ariel came to you, asking to be turned into a human. Contact with the human world was forbidden, even at that time, so Ariel was understandably nervous. You took your time consulting with the spirits and finally came to a decision. For such a dangerous and powerful spell, you would accept only the eternal soul of someone of royal blood. The spirits promised you that the soul of a royal child would be enough to erase your debts completely. Despite the risks to yourself – the spell would cost you dearly – you took it. The chance to be free forever was too tempting to pass up. You offered Ariel this deal: If she found true love within a

month (a laughably short window) her soul would be safe, but if Ariel failed to find true love, her soul would be forfeit to you. Just for security, you slipped in one other clause: should Ariel manage to find true love, the soul of her first born son would be forfeit instead. Ariel, out of her mind with desire to experience the human world, signed the contract with barely any hesitation. You were confident you would be free and clean of the spirits in a month.

This time, your luck betrayed you. Your high stakes gamble was quickly put in jeopardy as Eric fell in love with Ariel, and within a few short weeks, began planning their wedding. You had to consult the spirits to be sure, but it was in fact true love. Ariel had upheld her end of the bargain and the prospect of waiting for her to have a son, which might take years, or even never happen, infuriated you. This was not supposed to be a gamble. A month to find true love? It was nearly impossible. This was supposed to be easy. Why could things never be easy?

You had a bad feeling about this now, and went to the surface to remind Ariel about the fine print. You disguised yourself as a servant and slipped into the castle. You worked your way into Eric's private chambers, and revealed to Ariel and Eric that in order to become human, Ariel had signed a magical, binding contract that bound their first born son's soul to you. Eric reacted as one might expect an unhappy monarch to react. He summoned his guards to drag you off to the dungeons. Well, you weren't having any of that. You attacked the first guards to arrive on the scene. The delay was unfortunate however, and you ended up having to fight dozens of guards to escape. In the process, you expended a tremendous amount of magical power. You could feel the spirits lurking – lending you power and laughing as they did. As you fought to escape the castle, your mind scrambled for an escape from this crushing, new debt. A solution appeared in the princeling's, brother. He was a font of magical power, even on land, where magic is rare. You lunged across the battle, which had extended out onto the balcony, and knocked the boy over the edge, into the water below. You dove after him, vanishing from sight under the waves, and dragging your quarry with you.

You cast a spell to keep the boy, Aldric, alive underwater, and then reached for the power to heal your wounds. To your consternation, when you reached into the aether, there was nothing there. The spirits had cut you off. You begged and pleaded with them, but they claimed that they would not extend you any more credit on the magic until you started to make payments on your existing debt. The spirits threw you off the astral plane, back into your gravely wounded body. Through the haze of pain, you realized you had to reach Sebastian. Sebastian was a powerful advisor in Triton's court, but he wouldn't ask too many questions. He had his own secrets to protect.

You don't entirely remember how you managed to stave the sharks off long enough to reach the Magician's Guild Hall, but you did. Sebastian was indeed of great help. He brewed potions to close your wounds, although he could do little to reverse the blood loss. Under your direction, which you gave in between bouts of fainting, Sebastian also brewed a potion that would allow you to control the human prince you had just stolen. While it hurt your pride tremendously to reveal how to brew such a powerful potion, you simply had to do so. While busy over the cauldron, Sebastian offered you some sage, if unsolicited advice: "Play the long game." He didn't know exactly what you were up to, but the wounds you sustained certainly didn't come from any merperson weapon. As a last service before Sebastian had to return to the castle– he couldn't afford to be missed– Sebastian sent a sealed missive to Hermes.

This whole wretched plan was cursed. You were calling in so many favors just to stay alive. Hermes comes from a very powerful, very old mafia family. You had in the past helped them out by providing magical solutions to a few trickier problems and they owed you one. With his help, you disappeared from Atlantica, with a few victims who wouldn't be missed much. You extracted their souls to begin paying back the spirits, regaining you access to magic should you need it, and soul-tapped Aldric to help pay the interest on your remaining debt. A royal soul was worth so much more than the commoners, but the spirits would take nothing less than a new-born soul from Ariel's blood line to cancel the debt you incurred to cast her spell. This rules out every adult in Ariel's bloodline.

You kept a tight lid on your magic for the next 15 years, relying on Hermes and his mafia connection to raise Aldric up through the ranks of the Merchant's Guild. You had Aldric take on the name Morvyn, just in case word should somehow get back to Ariel and Eric. Aside from giving you the legitimacy you needed to re-enter polite Atlantican society, under the guise

of Madame Pearl, Aldric did indeed have magic. It bloomed rapidly under the sea, and he was soon a full fledged quarent. (It was for this reason that you didn't simply extract his soul for the spirits – he is too useful) You used him gift to learn all kinds of things about people, including Sebastian. Sebastian's history was particularly interesting. According to the cards, which seldom ever lie, Sebastian is a wayward branch of Triton's family tree. With that knowledge, a few other things started to fall into place, and you understood why Sebastian put up with all of the bullshit at court. He is trying to maneuver himself into the throne. You don't particularly object – he would probably make a better King than Triton does – but you won't be happy if he disposes of Triton before you have a chance to put your plans into action.

While you don't appreciate people lecturing you, about anything, Sebastian did have a valid point while he was treating your wounds. It was time to enter the long game. These "get rich quick" or to be more accurate "get out of debt quick" plans seem to be nothing but trouble. Your latest plan involved King Triton. The spells you cast on Aldric worked out so well, it was high time you put them to grander use. If you could slip Triton a love potion, Triton would become enamored of you, and you would be able to extract his soul willingly. Souls removed unwillingly are often damaged, and therefore of much less use to the spirits. Triton's soul would be a huge payment for the spirits, and would go a long way toward clearing your debts, except for the one concerning Ariel. You therefore began to leverage your connections through Aldric's role in the Merchant's Guild. Eventually you managed to secure tickets to tonight's gala at the palace. It is time to try to ensnare Triton.

When you arrived at the palace, there was an old man sitting at the base of the stairs, spinning a tale about the wishing stone. At first you were just going to brush past him, but you tasted magic in the water around him. The old man was more than he appeared to be. In fact, he was not at all the crazy old coot he appeared. He was a projection from the Wishing Stone itself. It was here, in the palace! If you could get your hands on the stone, you could wish for magical powers of your own, and forever free yourself from the spirits – you would still owe them though. Alternately, you could wish away your debts to the spirits, and forfeit your access to magical power in exchange for a clean slate.

Goals

- Ensorcell King Triton via a love potion.
- Keep an eye on Aldric and make sure he hasn't found any loopholes in the control spells.
- Avoid anyone discovering that you are actually Ursula.
- Find a way to repay your debt to the spirits as soon as possible, either by striking a new deal with Ariel, or by using the Wishing Stone (999).

Contacts

- Triton: The current King of Atlantica target of your love potion. Once he is in love with you, he will willingly give up him soul.
- Sebastian: A powerful magician in Triton's court. He is the only magician still allowed to practice magic openly in Atlantica.
- Morvyn: Secretly Aldric, your slave and the representative from the Merchant's Guild at the conference.
- Hermes Aquilino: A useful contact in the mafia. You've done business in the past and respect him for his usefulness.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- Black Pearl (999)

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|-------------|---------|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - β : | 0 |
| - γ : | 0 | - Tarot: | Justice |

Sebastian

Where to begin? The beginning is so far in the past, it's hard to trace the convoluted path that has led you to this day. You guess it all began with King Neptune, who was both King Triton's grandfather, and your father. Although can you really call him your father? He never accepted you, never acknowledged you, never did anything for you.

He was jealous of Pacifica in every way. From the bounty of the harvests on the Central Pacific Basin, to the beauty of the kingdom's only princess, your mother Jade. Neptune started a war over it. A war that devastated both Pacifica and Atlantica. In the end, he got what he wanted though. His aggressive military tactics led to a breach in the castle wall, and the successful capture of your mother. Neptune carried her off, back to Atlantica, and by the time a successful counterattack was mounted to retrieve her, you had already been conceived.

Upon discovering the pregnancy, the Royal Family burned for revenge. Your mother's brothers wished to just kill you and storm Atlantica - but your mother was a seer, and even as her rage burned hot, she saw more clearly than her siblings. You were her best chance at revenge. she persuaded her brothers to spare your life, and to put out the word that she had died, so that she might raise you in secret.

And so you were. You lived with your mother at the Assassin's Guild, a place of utmost secrecy. The only thing that grew faster and stronger than you was your hatred of Atlantica and what Neptune had done to your mother. Neptune had to pay. When he died in battle when you were 5, you were not dismayed, but not deterred. His descendants carried the same sin in their veins. Their blood would have to quench your thirst for revenge. Although you never inherited your mother's gift, you were not without your own talents. From a young age, magic flowed in your veins, and you studied hard from the moment you could read.

At the age of 14, you set out on a quest to find The Trident. Jade had a vision that the fate of both Pacifica and Atlantica were intimately tied to it's fate, and despite your youth, you relished the chance to strike back at your father's country. Besides, with an artifact as powerful as The Trident, you could take your rightful place on the throne of Atlantica. After all, Neptune's blood ran in your veins as strongly as it ran in Posiden and you were conceived first. You were the elder son. The throne was yours by right. The search took you 20 years, was dogged by bitter tragedy, and ended in temporary – albeit extended – failure.

Perhaps the bitterest moment was when your mother died, alone, while you were fighting for your life in the freezing waters of the Ross Sea. In the end it turned out to be a bad lead anyway. Your intelligence next led you to Atlantica. With a few words whispered in the right ears, you persuaded Pacifica to attack the Angola plain of Atlantica by sneaking through the neutral kingdom of India. The operation gave you the perfect cover as you blended in with a group of Atlantan refugees. This time, the move almost paid off. You established yourself in court, and made your extensive magical powers available to the then current King, Posiden. You rose through the ranks in court, as well as in the Magician's Guild. You were soon among those elected to the Court of Advisors, with easy access to the King's ear. This put you in the crucial position to continue your search for The Trident.

It took you 14 additional years, but you eventually traced the trail of The Trident to the fjords of Norway, and a nixie by the name of Titania. Unfortunately Posiden got there first. He persuaded Titania to give him the The Trident. You watched from a convenient cave as he swam away. You fantasized about blasting him out of the water with a particularly vicious spell, but with The Trident, he would certainly have bested you in the fight. It was not yet time to show your hand.

You slunk back to Atlantica, and waited. You studied the problem from every angle, but there didn't seem to be a way around the problem of The Trident. Your best hope was to somehow be named the legitimate heir to the throne. The King's brat, Triton didn't help the problem. Most would have despaired at that point, but you were a patient merman. Here was another chance to ruin Neptune's line. You arranged to have a baby Atlantan girl kidnapped and taken to the Assassins Guild for just such an occasion. There she was raised and trained as the perfect match for Triton. When Triton was just old enough to take the throne, you smuggled a dozen Pacifican assassins into Atlantica to kill the royal family. Triton was *conveniently* off on an Explorer's Guild expedition. Again, many might question your logic – why not have the assassins kill Triton too? Your long game wasn't

mature yet though. Proof of your lineage was frustratingly hard to come by with your mother and father both dead. You couldn't risk the kingship passing too far from the Neptune lineage, otherwise you might lose your claim to the throne.

Converted to a sleeper agent with a fairly complex memory suppression spell, you integrated Athena, the kidnapped baby mergirl, in the Atlantican court. At least that part of the plan seemed to go off well, and within a year, Triton was married to Athena. Of course, they then had a daughter. Maybe you should have killed Triton when he was a baby? This was getting complicated.

While you secretly manipulated King Triton's life, you continued to tend your other plans. Among them was the Magician's Guild. You maintained your position as elected representative to the Court of Advisors, and cultivated your standing with other magicians. One particularly powerful contact was Ursula. She gave you an anti-aging spell that if properly maintained meant you could essentially live forever. At the age of 52, you stopped aging.

Things settled down in Atlantica after that. For a couple of years, things were stable. Then that stupid nixie decided to get involved again. You felt the brush of her power, late one night about 20 years ago. You traced the "scent" of it through the palace, like a shark on a blood trail. You found yourself in front of Athena's room. You envisioned of your carefully laid plans unravellings as Titania whispered the truth to Athena in dreams. You burst into the room, fear throwing caution to the currents. But there was no catastrophe waiting for you on the other side of the door. Athena slept soundly and the residue of Titania was already diluting. Still, when Athena slipped off in what she thought was a sneaky manner the next morning, you resolved to put this part of your plan into action.

A few weeks after Athena's return, you unraveled the spell that locked away her memories. You cloaked yourself in darkness, rendering yourself nearly invisible – at the cost of several brutally finicky potions – so you could watch and savor the moment of betrayal that would course through Triton before Athena killed him. But you waited in the King's chambers in vain. Athena never came to fulfill her mission. The next morning you learned that she was gone, and her room destroyed. The minx had staged her own kidnapping and got away with it. You lost track of her for a few years.

In the mean time, there were other matters to deal with, including Princess Ariel, who managed to persuade some magician to turn her into a human. This set Triton off on a tirade that ended with him disbanding the Magician's Guild. The guild was scattered, magic was banned, and your position in court was suddenly very tenuous. Around this time, Ursula disappeared as well. You figured she was involved in some way when she came to you a few weeks later, gravely wounded and need of secret aid. She had with her a human Prince. Ursula was so weakened that she needed your help concocting a powerful enough love potion to suppress his will and make him her slave. If only you'd remembered to write it down! Alas, a missed opportunity.

And there there was the matter of the Music Box. This innocuous looking trinket that Athena had brought back from Titania. It played a song of protection for Triton's line, and for Atlantica. As long as this box existed, it was a threat to all of your carefully laid plans. It was clearly a powerful magical item equal almost to the The Trident, for when you tried to destroy it, your ever attempt was thwarted. It took 11 years before you were even able to steal it from it's pedestal in the royal treasury. You hid it away in the castle and schemed about how to destroy it. It was clearly losing power. It needs to be maintained ever couple of years or it would slowly wind down. You calculated the rate of decay over and over. The spell will finally be weak enough for you to destroy the box tonight.

Ursula turned up again, this time in the guise of Madame Pearl. You and she put feelers out in the underworld, and slowly built the Magician's Guild back up as a secret society. Not all magicians would have kept the secret though, and you had to be careful. Still, it was good to be back among other magicians. It weighed heavily on you that there was no way to contact the Pacifican counterpart to the Magician's guild reliably. You got one message through, telling them that you had revived the Guild in Atlantica and that was it.

In a stroke of luck, one of the magicians had word of Athena. He didn't know it was her of course, but the timing of her appearance, and her visage was enough to convince you. As the pieces for tonight began to fall into place, you wrote an

anonymous letter to Athena, enticing her back to the court with lies about an assassination plot against Triton. You wrote to the Assassin's Guild and they have sent an assassin to do away with Athena. Eliminating Athena will simplify your ascension to the throne. Assisting in her assassination is in your best interest.

Tonight is the Neptune's Ball. At the Ball, King Triton intends to sign a treaty with Pacifica. You would rather that Triton did not achieve peace. Much better if you can reserve that for after you take control. That way, *you* will be hailed as the hero of Atlantica. To prevent Triton from attaining peace, you will have to find a way to torpedo the treaty tonight. As an added bonus, it may also drive him over the brink of insanity. An insane King is not fit to rule, and it is one way to remove people from line of succession without killing them – and bringing sharks down on your head.

The Assassin's Guild is also not terribly enamored of the idea of peace between the countries. They have therefore sent Desara to help you out. You met up with her last night to fill her in on the most recent happenings in the negotiations. If only Desara were not an incompetent idiot. She was also supposed to bring you some Lionfish Spines, a rare ingredient that is key to your hallucination serum. The Lionfish Spines is only fresh for a few days, and Desara left it in her room last night. You will have to make the exchange tonight, and then brew the potion in the palace! There will really be no talking your way out of it if you are caught with either the Lionfish Spines or the resultant potion.

Tonight will be a careful dance. You need to prevent the treaty from happening and destroy the Music Box (999) tonight. You may not have another chance at either of these. The rest of your plans are not so immediate. It would be convenient to complete as many parts as possible, but you *cannot* afford to have your ultimate plans revealed. Better to spend the night under the radar. Just act the loyal advisor, and pretend help Triton ensure all his guests have a good time.

Goals

- If the opportunity arises, find proof of your lineage and attempt to seize the throne by killing or discrediting those ahead of you in line. A good way to do this is to acquire the Lionfish Spines (999) and make the A Gold Liquid in a Bottle (999).
- Sabotage the Treaty. It is Triton's dream and it's failure very well may drive him over the edge into madness.
- Prevent Adriana from marrying anyone. As the King's advisor, she will be obligated to marry you next month when she comes of age if there are no other approved suitors. This would put you first in line for the throne.
- Keep your membership in the Magician's Guild a secret – or get King Triton to lift his ban on magic.
- Keep the Music Box (999) hidden. You've stashed it in <insert location> and need to keep it hidden from prying eyes.
- Investigate rumors of a Glow Shell in the palace. If you can acquire it, it will greatly boost your magical powers.

Notes

- Having been raised at the Assassin's Guild complex, you know that all agents from the guild are suppose to bear a tattoo on their left bicep. You were never officially part of the Guild however, and therefore bear no such brand.

Contacts

- Triton: Your nephew and the man who is sitting on your throne.
- Madame Pearl: This is Ursula in disguise. She is a powerful magician and may prove a crucial contact.
- Adriana: Triton's younger daughter and heir to his throne.
- Osiris: Triton's younger brother. He is more than a little crazy and is always yammering about conspiracy theories.
- Minerva: This is Athena in disguise. You have no intention of revealing that you know her unless strictly necessary.
- Desara: Your Pacifican contact who is bringing you Lionfish Spines (999) and is supposed to help you sabotage the treaty.

Memory/Event Packets

- R Envelope
- Open if you see a purple headband

Bluesheets

- The Magician's Guild
- History and Structure of Atlantican Society

Greensheets

- Picking Locks
- Shapeshifter Potion
- Proving Your Lineage
- Spells and Potions
- To Move the Music Box

Abilities

- Lesser Dispel
- Sense Magic
- Teleport

Items

- Atlantican Line of Succession (in-game document)

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|-------------|-------------|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - β : | 0 |
| - γ : | 0 | - Tarot: | The Emporer |

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 Ariel. Sometimes you wonder how it is still a functioning kingdom. Sometimes you wonder how you are still a functioning King.

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

You grew up the 3rd of 5 sons, 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 The Trident came sailing out of it toward you that the magnitude of what was happening hit you. As your hand closed around the The Trident, 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 The Trident, and the point of your soldier's weapons. 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 2 beautiful children, your past haunts you. You deeply regret the revenge you extracted against Pacifica.

If the fact that you are now king wasn't enough of a reminder of the loss of your family, cruel fate left you with one surviving brother. Osiris had been hidden at your mother's behest by the servants. While they managed to keep him from seeing anything, they couldn't stop him hearing everything. Osiris never recovered from the trauma. While some days are better than others, Osiris is always going on about conspiracies. He sees assassins everywhere. Not that you are in a much better state. You've been taking anti-depressants for 20 years or so, ever since you lost Athena.

Ten years after the raid on Pacifica, Athena was killed. You missed her at breakfast one morning and 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. Yet, no ransom note ever came. After almost a year of searching in vain, 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, was in ruins. The gloom of worthlessness washed over you.

It was almost the last straw when Princess Ariel abandoned Atlantica for the human world. That was 14 years ago now. It wrenched your heart to lose her. Worse still, 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. Your father had never trusted them, and neither do you. You bent all your power on hushing up what you could, but there was no way to cover the gaping hole in your heart, and that of Atlantica.

You knew who had probably helped Ariel leave you. Ursula, a powerful magician who was always flirting with dangerous spells, and flaunting her magical prowess. She disappeared mere hours after Ariel left. When the Magician's Guild refused to give her up from wherever they were concealing her, you dissolved the Guild. Only Sebastian, your trusted advisor, was allowed to continue practicing magic. In the years since, Sebastian has persuaded you to relax your ban somewhat. Sebastian carefully regulates magic in Atlantica now. Ursula never resurfaced, but rumors suggest that she continued to practice magic through the ban and out side of Sebastian's control. Ursula is a fugitive as far as you are concerned.

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.

It seemed your fate had changed. After ten years apart, you even reconciled with your estranged daughter Ariel. You learned that Ariel had a an 8 year old child. Hope swelled in your chest, and life was worth living again.

Then talks stalled. Pacifica claimed that had apprehended spies from Atlantica at it's borders. Unfortunately for you, your youngest daughter Adriana 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. It was even discussed that young prince Jared might make a fine match for Adriana.

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, as the people of Atlantica cry for peace.

Ariel and her daughter Willow will also be in attendance tonight. You look forward to catching up with Ariel and showing Willow the wonders of Atlantica.

Goals

- Get the peace treaty signed.
- Arrange to have Adriana marry Jared either independently or as part of the treaty as a sign of good will between Atlantica and Pacifica.
- Find and arrest Ursula. If she is still alive, there is no way she could resist attending tonight and trying to ruin everything.
- Make sure no blood is spilled at the Ball. Don't let anyone die!
- Spend at least 5 minutes in private conference with each of your family members to renew ties.
- Manage your depression without anyone finding out – especially your family.

Trivia

- A nixie named Titania gave your father the The Trident (999).
- The Polio vaccine, which virtually eradicated what was once a deadly disease, was provided to Atlantica by humans.

Contacts

- Ariel: Your now-human daughter.
- Adriana: Your younger daughter. She is a budding diplomat.

- Sebastian: Your trusted advisor. He has been with you since the raid on Pacifica.
- Osiris: Your conspiracy obsessed brother.
- Jared: The Pacifican prince, and an ideal match for Adriana.
- Caspian: The diplomat in charge of the Pacifican delegation. He is a pleasant man, committed to seeing the treaty go through.
- Gladius: The representative from the Guardian's Guild.
- Morvyn: The representative from the Merchant's Guild.
- Hermes Aquilino: The representative from the Explorer's Guild.

Memory/Event Packets

- Depression Packet

Bluesheets

- History and Structure of Atlantican Society

Greensheets

- Picking Locks
- Signing the Treaty

Abilities

- First Aid
- Merengue
- Summon Guards

Items

- The Trident (999)
- Treaty (in-game document)

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|-----------|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - β: | 6 |
| - γ: | 0 | - Tarot: | Judgement |

Valerie

Your name is Valerie. You have been Jared's bodyguard for three years. You take pleasure in a job well done, and have foiled half a dozen assassination attempts since you signed on, thanks in no small part to your magical training.

You were born in the mid-pacific mountains to a loving, and very lucky family. You were the younger of two children - a very rare thing in Pacifica. Children are rare in Pacifica, two in a family is almost unheard of. Your older sister Desara and you got along quite well, at least as far as you remember. You were five when she disappeared.

You grew up fairly normal, attending school, playing with the few other neighborhood children - nothing dramatic. You did start taking lessons from the local magician at the age of 13 though, once your powers really started to come into their own. Unfortunately, it was not really soon enough. You had accidentally cursed your mother when your powers spiraled out of control in the middle of a nightmare. So maybe your childhood had not been so normal...

On your 16th birthday, your sister turned up on your family's doorstep with a harrowing tale of having been kidnapped by the black market trade, running away from her new family and journeying along across much of the Pacific ocean to return home. You were so glad she was home. She quickly went off to be a diplomat though, and you rarely see her these days.

Once you graduated from high school, you had no desire for higher education. School was stuffy, boring, and all together too hard. You turned instead to the Pacifican military, where hard work paid off quickly with promotions and bonuses. For some reason, your sister never liked your decision. You enjoyed the military, and were crushed when your superiors transferred you to bodyguard training after a minor scuffle.

Not one to give up though, you made the best of it, and soon found that bodyguard training was not as bad as you had thought. You weren't assigned to any stupid nobles or anything, and in fact were soon in charge of training the new recruits yourself. Some 10 years into your career though, the Queen herself summoned you and assigned you to guard her son Jared.

Jared turned out to be a reasonable guy, who gave you a lot of freedom to do your job your way. This worked out well, because it gave you plenty of free time to pursue your magical talents and develop your own potion that would allow you to better protect and defend him.

When Jared was selected to go to Atlantica in order to try to secure a treaty, you of course began packing your bags. Despite not knowing much about Atlantica, you were happy to go for a number of reasons. In the midst of preparations you were approached by the court magician. He entreated you to carry a message to the Magician's guild of Atlantica. Their guild has been in hiding for about 15 years, ever since the King banned most forms of magic in Atlantica. It is imperative that you re-establish contact with them, and learn what they have been up to. Without this contact, the guild is but half its original size, and the flow of information and new magical research has all but dried up.

On a more personal note, Atlantica may offer your last hope for a child of your own. You've tried everything to get this child. But even with magical assistance, you and your husband have been unable to conceive. Your husband wouldn't like that you are considering a black market child. Even you are a little surprised at how much power the idea has over you. After all, your sister was a victim herself. But the allure of having children is so strong. You are sure you can convince your husband to accept the child once you have it with you. Conveniently enough, the clergy in Atlantica are rumored to be suppliers of Atlantican children. And they often sell the children for much cheaper than you could get in Pacifica because there are more available.

Lastly, and of national importance, there have been rumors for several months of Indian aggression. There is very little said overtly, and whenever it is, Jared quickly stomps it out as idle speculation. You are not convinced it is unimportant however. Your training has given you almost a 6th sense about when not to dismiss seemingly trivial details. You have to find out more about this. The sooner you have proof, the sooner you will be able to convince Jared to begin preparations. Pacifica can't afford to be caught unaware if India attacks. If you complete this tonight, which you hope an infusion of Atlantican intelligence can

help you do, you may even be able to persuade Jared to enlist Atlantica as a military ally.

In preparation for your trip, you sequestered yourself for 48 hours and performed the incredibly draining foresight spell. At first you saw nothing alarming. There appeared to be little for Jared, which suits you just fine. But then, deep in the bowl of water, you watched someone you didn't recognize die. Tangled in this tragic scene were the threads of a emerging magician's power. You aren't sure if they are connected, but you can't take that risk. You need to find the budding magician and take them under your wing as soon as possible. Without proper tutelage, magical powers can soon spiral out of control and become a huge danger to everyone nearby.

As you walked into the ball this evening, there was a crazy merman floating by the door, telling a fairy tale about a Wishing Stone. You dismissed him at first, but the more you think about it, the more you wish it were true. Could it really hurt anything to go looking for it? You might even be able to cure your mother of the curse with the Wishing Stone.

Goals

- Re-establish contact with the Magician's Guild of Atlantica.
- Find and induct the budding magician into the Magician's Guild, for their protection, and yours.
- Find a way to cure your mother.
- Arrange to receive a black market child.
- Research the rumors of Indian aggression.
- Protect Jared.

Contacts

- Jared: The Pacifican Prince, and your friend.
- Desara: Your sister, who you trust implicitly.
- Caspian: The diplomat in charge of the Pacifican delegation.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- none

Items

- none

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|--------------|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - β: | 0 |
| - γ: | 0 | - Tarot: | The Magician |

Willow

You are a princess, which is awesome, and you get to visit a whole new world, which is even awesomer!

Your life so far has been *the greatest thing ever*. You love your mommy, Ariel, and your daddy, Eric, and they love you too! You know because they always give you cool toys and tell you all sorts of interesting things about the world! The coolest part is that your mommy used to be a *mermaid*, and you bet she has all *kinds* of cool stories to tell - if only she'd let you in on the secrets!

Of course, your mommy isn't *that* cool. She tried to keep you from finding out about merfolk, and even banned you from playing in the ocean. Your parents can be so weird some times. They wouldn't even tell you why. But it didn't really matter because it is not like you listened to them anyway. You regularly snuck out of the palace and went down to the ocean to play, imagining you could breath under water, or turn into a fish.

One day, you came across your mommy at the shore, talking with a man half submerged in the water. You thought it was odd, so you hid behind a rock, and watched. You were so surprised when the man turned out not to be a man at all. He lifted himself out of the water somewhat, and you saw that he had the tail of a fish instead of legs! You let out a gasp – he was a merman. Your mommy turned sharply at the noise and you had to come out of hiding. Not cool. not cool at all. Your mommy has been hiding an entire enchanted, magical world of merfolk from you. You started to throw a tantrum, and were really just getting started when the merman admonished you to act like a princess. Apparently this merman is actually your grandfather, and he promised that if you behaved, you could attend a ball in Atlantica!

Obviously there are a *bazillion* things you wanna know about “Atlantica” and everywhere else under the sea, but even you know there are limits to what you can find out in one go. So, like the logical princess and future ruler that you are, you made sure to decide on a few priorities for yourself before the start of the ball.

First, make friends! Any budding princess knows that making friends means power, so you want to make as many friends as possible. They're all going to be in one place and not going anywhere, so now would be a great time! You also wanna meet your granddaddy, who your mommy talks about a lot. He sounds really nice, and maybe he'll give you presents!

Second, your mommy wouldn't tell you many stories about the world under the water, but she did tell you about the dancing. You were immediately enchanted by the idea of dancing *in 3D*, so while you're here, you want to learn as much about that as possible.

Third, as you were walking in here, you heard a crazy old man yelling something about a Wishing Stone. You don't know what that is, but it sounds super neat, so you really want to find it!

This all sounds like quite a lot of stuff to do in just four hours at the ball! Of course, if you could find some way to become a mermaid, then you'd have all of the time in the world, and you'd get to move in 3D *all the time*. Maybe you should work on that first...

Goals

- Find some way to become a mermaid without letting your mother find out!
- Learn as many dance styles as possible.
- Make as many friends as possible, especially with your granddaddy.
- Find the wishing stone
- Find out everything ever. If you learn anything cool, go tell your mother.

Contacts

- Ariel: Your mother. She's here to protect you and hang out with her family.
- Triton: Your grandfather. He is trying to get a treaty or something signed. It sounds vaguely important – but not as important

as spending time with you!

Memory/Event Packets

- α Packet

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- Inspiration
 - Run Away
- Unnoticed

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
 - γ: 0
- β: 1
 - Tarot: The Magician