

---

## General 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 Iris. 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.

You believe that this vendetta by the Church of the Tides to be driven by something darker than fear – greed. As a member of the Guardian's Guild, even part of military branch, you are privy to many police reports, and have noticed an alarming increase in the strength of the mafia in Atlantica. The world of doubt and distrust that you see threatening to destroy Atlantica would be just a little too convenient for the mafia for this to be entirely coincidence... You threw a considerable amount of resources at tracking down the mafia, and trying to find a way to bring them down. You now head the investigation, in addition to being a military general.

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 real battle, but stand up to any amount of testing and training. 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 eventually discover the flaw in testing, though, you intend to extract a heavy price in information beforehand - the Troop Deployment Plan (598), which you are supposed to use to betray Atlantica even more thoroughly. 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 onto land, at least until the war dies down. King Triton claims that a peace treaty will be signed tonight, but the Guardian's Guild knows better than to allow that. And you know better than to hope for the impossible. Your son is a shape shifter, and just learned how to turn human, but your beloved wife Athena can't leave the ocean without help. While magic is strictly regulated in Atlantica, you suspect that there are still practitioners who could provide you with a potion that would turn Athena into a human, and not rat you out for it.

Tonight is the Neptune Ball. You are going, along with Athena. Originally you did not plan to attend, hoping instead to trade the prototype weapon 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. You could not understand why Athena was so upset and concerned, until she revealed to you a huge secret. Athena had been trained as an assassin at the Assassin's Guild in Pacifica. You were floored. Then you were wary. Then you realized that Athena had no reason to lie to you. Since she would not be dissuaded, you insisted on going with her to try to help. You will have to be careful to call her Iris, lest anyone recognize her as the Queen. You should probably also help keep it quiet that they is a former Pacifican assassin. That is unlikely to go over well at the palace.

But back national concerns. 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.

Just this morning, you intercepted a very interesting letter. To anyone else, it seemed an innocent little letter to someone in the palace. To your trained, tactical mind though, it was obviously a cipher. You spent all afternoon deciphering it. The message was a warning – about you! The letter warned the intended recipient that the Guardian's Guild member in attendance tonight (that would be you) is hot on their trail. Unfortunately for you, you aren't *actually* hot on anyone's trail. You don't know *who* this letter was intended for. You'll have to dig carefully through people's histories to figure out who is the mafia contact here. Finding proof of their involvement will be crucial to your investigation, their subsequent arrest, and hopefully the eventual capture of the entire group.

### Goals

- Pass the schematics to your Pacifican contact, Desara. Get the Troop Deployment Plan (598) in exchange, and watch your back in case she discovers 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.
- Find the mafia contact and collect proof of their involvement.
- 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.

### Trivia

- While you have never had to use it, your father controls his feral shapeshifter transformation with the the rare and secret SeaGreen herb found in the North Sea.
- Kratos is the head of the Guardian's Guild and he is 50 years old.
- Some alarmist junior members of your guild think that India is amassing troops on a plateau somewhere. You don't have time to deal with such foolishness.

**Contacts**

- Iris (Laurel Newman): Your wife and the love of your life. You would be devastated if anything were to happen to her.
- Desara (Adina): Your Pacifican contact.
- King Triton (Chris Weil): The King of Atlantica.
- Sebastian (Sean Shirato Almon): The King's closest advisor, and the only magician you know.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- Open if you see a purple headband
- Background Checks

**Bluesheets**

- History and Structure of Atlantican Society
- The Guardian's Guild
- History and Structure of European Society

**Greensheets**

- Picking Locks
- How to Perform a Background Check
- Signing the Treaty
- Persuing the Mafia (out-of-game notebook)

**Abilities**

- Psychlim: Shape shifting Disrupted

**Items**

- Prototype Weapon (320)

**Stats**

- |                  |   |              |            |
|------------------|---|--------------|------------|
| - Combat Rating: | 3 | - $\alpha$ : | 0          |
| - $\gamma$ :     | 0 | - Tarot:     | Temperance |
| - $\beta$ :      | 0 |              |            |