
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 much after that, 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 *her*.

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 *her*. 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 she did. After a moment, you recovered your poise and asked "Would you like to join me in the garden?" She said "yes," and the rest was history. It turned out that she was a Pacifican diplomat named Mirage, 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 her more often. When that wasn't often enough, you turned to your uncle. He arranged to have Hermes help you sneak across the Pacifican border. 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 he had to sneak around doing it.

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, Mirage appeared. With a few well placed whispers in the ear of the Prince, she 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 Mirage'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 Mirage. 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 Mirage. You are pretty sure Hermes could perform the wedding.

With the Neptune Ball approaching, Mirage, the prince, and a small entourage of Pacificans have been staying at the palace. Last night, you and Mirage 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, Mirage doesn't believe the official story that your mother was kidnapped and killed by Pacificans. She 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 Mirage last night. You always meet in these caves since you and Mirage 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 daredn'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 Mirage. Surely that is not so impossible?

Goals

- Find a way to be with Mirage.
- Organize a dance event before the banquet.
- 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.

Trivia

- Merengue is the national dance of Atlantica.

Contacts

- Mirage: Your lover, and a Pacifican diplomat.
- King 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

- Open if you see a purple headband

Bluesheets

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

Greensheets

- Picking Locks
- The Ballroom Dance Showcase
- Signing the Treaty
- Roster for the Ballroom Dance Showcase

Abilities

- Merengue

Items

- none

Stats

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

Hermes Aquilino

You are a dirty priest, 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 spread. The news was on everyone's lips. But you paid no heed. You were in the deepest spirals of betrayed depression, 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 for help. 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, agony, and teeth, 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 two 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 crime 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 to 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 foreign 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 trust you with her secrets.

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.

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.
- Obtain the Glow Shell (731)
- Get your hands on as many items marked valuable as possible without getting caught.

Notes

- Ariel's nickname for you used to be "Flounder." You have come to detest this name because of what it represents.
- Your black market contacts can provide you with a child on short notice if you deem the risk worth the reward. Simply send a handwritten note through a page requesting one from your contact. The delivery will be made 20 minutes later - ask a page for the child then.

Trivia

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

Contacts

- Pearl: A powerful magician and family contact, long thought dead. Her real name is Ursula. She could make you useful potions - for a price.
- 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.
- King Triton: King of Atlantica.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you see a purple headband

Bluesheets

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

Greensheets

- Picking Locks
- Securing The Falkland Plain (out-of-game notebook)

Abilities

- Religious Rites
- Forgery

Items

- none

Stats

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

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 who you nicknamed Flounder, a priest of the Church of the Tides and great buddy for adventure. 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 her into the ocean from which she 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?

Your father of course wouldn'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. Was she coming for your next child?

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 going near 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.

You immediately redoubled your search for clues as to how to get out of the contract. Unfortunately, with magic being so rare on land, the going was slow. Eventually you found an obscure, hand written journal about a peculiar brand of magicians that often dealt in souls. These magicians were really witch-doctors – people who had no natural magical talent of their own, but borrowed from spirits *on the other side* for their powers. These magicians, while incredibly powerful, incur huge debts as they cast spells. They are forever trying to repay them. Perhaps this information could help you deal with Ursula? If Ursula is really a witch-doctor, you could be in major trouble. You'll have to be careful to not get ensnared in a worse situation than the one you are already in.

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. This annual celebration of the new year will be made extra special by the presence of a delegation from Pacifica, as Atlantica and Pacifica try to negotiate a peace treaty. 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 renegotiate 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 followed you down to the beach, 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 so big 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 ran back to the castle, ticket in hand.

Compounding your worries about Willow is the fact that she recently ran away from home. In what had to be the most stressful 3 days of your life, you searched tirelessly for your daughter, until finally finding her by the shore. Willow clams up every time you try to find out why she ran away and where she went, so for now, you've simply grounded her for life to teach her a lesson.

The last thing Eric asked of you from his sickbed as you 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 magician who strictly regulates magic in Atlantica now. Sebastian cast a spell over the palace, allowing you and Willow to breath safely while anywhere on the grounds. As the evening began, you ran into your old friend, Flounder. To your mild surprise, he introduced himself as Hermes Aquilino, which you vaguely recognized as his real name. You know it's been a long time, but Flounder sure was cold to you.

As you wandered the halls of the palace this afternoon, enjoying the feeling of weightlessness that swimming gives you, you noticed two things about your old home. One was the continued presence of the palace story teller. You used to love to listen to his stories when you were little. You stopped a moment to listen again This was a new story! He spoke of a powerful magical artifact called Wishing Stone. If it truly exists, it could be a panacea for your troubles. . . (If you want to pursue this plot, find "The Palace Storyteller" in the palace entryway.) The other thing you noticed was more disturbing. In the palace archives, the pedestal where your mother's beautiful, heirloom Music Box (565) used to sit, is now empty. As you stared at the empty clamshell where it used to rest, a sense of dread washed over you like a cold current. You always knew the Music Box (565) was more than mere decoration, but now you were convinced that it's disappearance left Atlantica open to danger. You have to find it.

Goals

- Talk to 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.)
- 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.
- Find a way to end the Pacifican attacks on your people, using the vaccine (Syringe (112)) as necessary.
- Figure out what has changed with Flounder and help him if possible.
- Keep your daughter safe!
- Find the Wishing Stone (204).
- Find the Music Box (565).

Notes

- 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.

Trivia

- The polio vaccine was developed in Oslo.
- The national dance of Atlantica is merengue.

Contacts

- King Triton: Your father. You are still trying to repair your relationship.
- Willow: Your daughter, who is still grounded. 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.
- Pearl: Ursula in disguise. A thoroughly unpleasant individual.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you see a purple headband

Bluesheets

- History and Structure of Atlantican Society
- History and Structure of European Society

Greensheets

- Picking Locks
- Where is the Music Box? (out-of-game notebook)

Abilities

- First Aid
- Swing

Items

- A Beautiful Emerald Bracelet (891)
- Syringe (112)

Stats

- Combat Rating:

1

- α :

0
- γ :

0

- Tarot:

Justice
- β :

0

Damien

Your name is Damien. 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, and sharper, improving your body and mind in ways you had never imagined. 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 brother Valerian certainly did. You hadn't made any friends in the Assassin's Guild, so the companionship of your younger brother 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 him occasionally. You did manage to secretly pull some strings with the Assassin's Guild to get him transferred out of military training into a safer bodyguarding role, however, so at least you won't have to worry about him 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. You can count on support from your superior, Mirage, another assassin presumably sent on a similar mission. Meanwhile, you are to meet in secret with an Atlantan general turned traitor, Gladius. The turncoat claims to have a prototype for a new weapon he'd like to offer to Pacifica. Your job is to inspect and, if all was in order, retrieve this weapon that would give Pacifica the edge in the coming war. After you deem him to be trustworthy, you were told to hand over the Troop Deployment Plan (598), so that he could match what he knew to Pacifica's plans, and help you come up with a way to crush the Atlantan movements. Your third 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. Additional research in Atlantica 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 recently contracted it from somewhere, possibly on one of your missions to the lower quarters - and a case this bad 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 - because a dose of the vaccine has been known to cure early cases of the disease...

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 (320) from Gladius and seal the deal with the Troop Deployment Plan (598) document if it is viable.
- Deliver the herbs to Sebastian; extract information or assistance from him in exchange.
- Take the vaccine to cure your Polio.

Notes

- Your Polio is making you weak and slow. If you manage to consume the vaccine in game, permanently increase your CR by 1.
- 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

- Mirage: The diplomat in charge of the Pacifican delegation. As an assassin, she will help you torpedo the treaty.
- Jared: The Pacifican Prince.
- Valerian: Your brother, who you love and can rely on. He has magical powers.
- Sebastian: Court adviser to King Triton and known magician.
- General Gladius: Your weapons supplier and turncoat general.

Memory/Event Packets

- W packet

Bluesheets

- The Assassin's Guild
- A Brief History of Pacifica

Greensheets

- Picking Locks
- Acquiring Weapons to give Pacifica the upper hand.
- The History of the War (out-of-game notebook)
- (out-of-game notebook)

Abilities

- none

Items

- Lionfish Spine (122)
- Troop Deployment Plan (598)

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|--------------|-----------|
| - Combat Rating: | 3 | - α : | 0 |
| - γ : | 0 | - Tarot: | The Devil |
| - β : | 0 | | |

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, Damien. Get the Troop Deployment Plan (598) in exchange, and watch your back in case he 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: Your wife and the love of your life. You would be devastated if anything were to happen to her.
- Damien: Your Pacifican contact.
- King Triton: The King of Atlantica.
- Sebastian: 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 | - α : | 0 |
| - γ : | 0 | - Tarot: | Temperance |
| - β : | 0 | | |

Iris

Your name is Iris. 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 "Mirage" fondly, but aren't sure who she is. Well, she 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. 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 Iris. 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. You had hoped to use your A Tiny Gold Key (691) to wind the box, but a quick visit to the palace archive sent you into a panic. It was gone! You have no idea where to go about looking for it. 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 swam through the bazaar, you

caught sight of Mirage. Her 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 her again. Until now. You rushed to her, marveling at how young she looked. Mirage didn't recognize you under all of the make up in your disguise, but was soon convinced that you are in fact Athena. She 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. Mirage nearly swam into a pole upon hearing this, and quickly agreed to help you find the assassin. She seemed deeply disturbed that one of the Pacificans with her was untrustworthy.

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

- If it is safe to do so, pass the secret of the Music Box (565) on to Ariel or Adriana, whichever child is more likely to be able to wind the Music Box (565) in the future. Don't forget to pass on the A Tiny Gold Key (691). – Although this is somewhat futile if the box cannot be recovered. Surely someone knows something?
- Foil the assassination attempt against Triton.
- Vet Adriana's suitors and prevent her from marrying anyone unworthy of a princess.
- Avoid revealing yourself as Queen Athena.
- Support Gladius's agenda as representative to the Guardians Guild.
- Safeguard your family, both old and new.

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

- King Triton: Your former husband.
- General 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.
- Mirage: Your old friend.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

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

Greensheets

- Picking Locks

Abilities

- Merengue
- Remove Disguise

Items

- A Tiny Gold Key (691)
- A Beautiful Necklace (433)

Stats

- Combat Rating:	3	- α :	0
- γ :	0	- Tarot:	The Devil
- β :	0		

Jared

You are Jared, crown prince of Pacifica, heir to the throne, and recently bitten were-shark. You rule your subjects with pride and want to protect them from the disease ravaging your land at all costs - except when go shark, and spend your time ravaging them yourself instead.

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 mother's 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. 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. Upon emerging from the palace after being given a clean bill of health, you returned to the lower quarters and fully took in the devastation. What you saw killed a small part of you. 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. Your chance came six months ago in the form of a wayward waif. You happened upon Adriana, princess of Atlantica, crossing the border illegally while you 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.

It was then that disaster struck. On a routine patrol, you and your honor guard, including Valerian, were set upon by a starving pod of sharks, an unprecedented attack. The battle was fierce, and left you with only a handful of guards left. You had just set about bandaging your wounds and trying to figure out why the sharks had attacked when you got your answer. One of your men turned into a shark before your very eyes, and went on a rampage, trying to kill off the rest of you. When Valerian put him down, the next one turned, and the next. One by one, every mer either revealed themselves as a feral shapeshifter or was cut down by their former comrades, until only you and Valerian were left. And then you turned too.

You don't remember anything else of that night, but you woke up in the morning to the tired, but sharp stare of your faithful bodyguard. He had wrestled you back to the palace and kept you safe during your transformation. You had been permanently cursed by the feral pod of shapeshifters - and you had no one to turn to for help.

Though the trauma and fear of your new condition was intense, you couldn't let this opportunity go to waste - saving your country at the Neptune Ball is more important than saving yourself. 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? You haven't really thought about what they might want, but you're sure with all of the resources of Pacifica behind you, you can make a good offer.

Second, you must find a shapeshifter, as discreetly as possible, and find out from them anything they know about control-

ling the transformation. Something about your new feral nature tells you that there is at least one other shapeshifter here - a shapeshifter that Valerian and her magical abilities can find. According to Valerian, any magician can reveal a shapeshifter with one of the easiest spells they know - which, while convenient for you, could also spell your doom if cast on you.. Be discreet, and pay any price you need to find the answer - your life, and that of your subjects, easily hangs in the balance.

An additional benefit you could get by signing the treaty, if you are 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 point out in drafting. But beyond that and the possibility of the vaccine, you aren't terribly convinced that the treaty is worth being signed. Atlantica is far from trustworthy, and Pacifica has the upper hand. You are less interested in seeing this treaty signed than you let on.

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. See if you can learn a new form of dance or two to bring back to your people.

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.
- Keep anyone from finding out about your shapeshifting.
- Work with Valerian to find a shapeshifter and get them to tell you how to keep your shifting under control.
- If you don't find a way to keep your shifting under control, you much slake your thirst for fresh blood. Refer to Bloodthirsty for details.
- Keep the members of your delegation safe from harm.
- Marry Adriana if at all possible - and, ideally try to get her to fall for you.
- Learn as many forms of dance as you can, and show your stuff at the dance.

Notes

- Pick up a shark headband before game in case you shape shift.

Contacts

- Valerian: your loyal bodyguard of 3 years, who harbors paranoid delusions about an impending invasion from India. He is your only hope of finding a way to keep your shifting under control.
- Mirage: The head diplomat sent to help you get the treaty signed.
- Damien: 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.
- King 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

- A Brief History of Pacifica

Greensheets

- Picking Locks
- Signing the Treaty

Abilities

- Psychlim: Shape shifting Disrupted
- Cross Step Waltz

Items

- A Pacifican Signet Ring (879)
- Treaty (in-game document)

Stats

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

Mirage

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 Mirage, 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. It seems that the guild really did want Athena dead. They even arranged for a powerful ally, embedded in Atlantan politics, to assist you.

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. The Assassin's Guild had made it clear to you that they did **not** want the treaty to go through, but you are beyond their power now. Love rules your life. 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. The Glow Shell would make a fitting wedding gift. 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 (731), 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.
- Deliver the official document (322) to Sebastian and secure his help in return.
- See that the treaty is signed. Make sure it is as favorable to Pacifica as possible.
- Avoid attracting the wrong kind of attention from your fellow Assassin, Damien, for trying to get the treaty signed.
- Find a way to convince Triton to let you marry Adriana, otherwise elope with Adriana.
- Acquire the Glow Shell (731) as a wedding gift for Adriana.

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.

Trivia

- The Glow Shell is rumored to bring marital bliss to the lucky couple who possesses it.

Contacts

- Adriana: The love of your life.
- Iris: Actually Athena. She is here in disguise with some story about an assassin plot against King Triton.

- Jared: The prince of Pacifica and your political rival for Adriana's hand in marriage.
- Damien: The other diplomat assigned to see the treaty through, a fellow assassin who will likely expect you to help torpedo the treaty. Damien is Valerian's brother.
- Valerian: Jared's bodyguard and a capable magician in his own right. He seems suspicious of you. But then he is suspicious of everyone except his brother, Damien.
- 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

- A Brief History of Pacifica
- The Assassin's Guild

Greensheets

- Signing the Treaty
- Picking Locks

Abilities

- Cross Step Waltz

Items

- An official looking document (322)
- Knife (351)

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|--------------|-----------|
| - Combat Rating: | 4 | - α : | 0 |
| - γ : | 0 | - Tarot: | The Devil |
| - β : | 0 | | |

Osiris

You are Osiris, prince of Atlantica and conspiracy theorist extraordinaire. Due to unfortunate circumstances beyond your control **you are actually an NPC, scheduled to die of poisoning about 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 - a tragedy that modern Atlantican medicine has so far failed to correct. Your place as leader of the Explorer's Guild is sufficiently prestigious for a prince, so you are satisfied (though secretly, you are sure that it was a post given to you to get you out of the palace). Should tragedy befall your family again, you are perfectly ready and willing to support princess Adriana as the heir apparent, or even take on your brother's throne should the need arise.

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 Mirage. 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 have been a driving force in getting those two to see each other ever since you found out, and you don't plan to stop now.

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 continue to 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. The one thing you are most sure about is the fact that one of the Pacificans in the delegation is a spy sent to kill the Triton. The question is, which one?

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

- Pacifica has sent a spy to kill Triton.
- The polio vaccine from Europa is actually toxic to merfolk.
- The Magician's Guild has joined with the Assassin's guild in secret, and is operating outside of the law.
- The mafia is growing incredibly powerful and needs to be dealt with.
- India is gathering it's 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, in the palace, tonight!
- Shape shifters are actually really common. The Church of the Tides is actively trying to keep this a secret.
- **Feel free to make additional things up. You are a little unstable after all.**

Trivia

- You are 47 years old. Who wants to know?

Goals

- Convince as many people of as many conspiracy theories as possible.
- Support Adriana, your favorite niece.
- Help Triton get the treaty signed - and make sure that it doesn't include peace!
- Prevent illegal magic use through your full authority as Atlantican Royalty. Magic is the root of all evil.
- Get your Tarot read. Somehow, you have a bad feeling about today... Even moreso than yesterday, the day before that, and the day before that...
- Give Adriana or Mirage the old book of Pacifican law you found. You have a hunch it'll be useful to them. **This book is crucial to the player's plots. Give it to them within the first 10 minutes of game.**
- Prevent the Pacifican assassin from killing the King.
- Make liberal use of your will packets to warn your allies and confuse your enemies in the case of your death. **Make sure not to use OOC information for these.** There are more in your room if you run out.
- (Out of game) Have an awesome and dramatic death in the middle of the banquet!

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 3/4 of your time or more perfectly lucid, if paranoid.

Contacts

- Adriana: Your favorite niece
- King 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.
- Iris: A reclusive mermaid who usually keeps to herself. Is clearly up to something.
- Pearl: A very nice mermaid who you often see at various functions. Is clearly up to something.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you see a purple headband

Bluesheets

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

Greensheets

- Picking Locks

Abilities

- none

Items

- Knife (351)
- An old book of Pacifican Law (909)
- My Will (632)
- My Will (632)

Stats

- Combat Rating:	4	- α :	0
- γ :	0	- Tarot:	The World
- β :	0		

Pandora

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

Your early life was a happy one, being pampered as a princess 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 kid. The loss of your father when you were 11, affected you deeply for a time. But after a while, you went back to your carefree lifestyle, moving past your loss. You took full advantage of your position, wiling away your time, going through your lessons and flirting with the courtiers. All in all, it was 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, 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 your 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 over her's face. Ursula ORDERED you to submit, and 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 Atlantean 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 a number of 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, until you can convince her of your identity.

The other thing was also 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.

The last was the most unexpected of all. An old man shouting about the Wishing Stone. From your studies in Ursula's books, you found that the Wishing Stone is all too real, and has magical power that can break your curse. This may be an alternate, much quicker means to freeing yourself from servitude - *if* you can get your hands on it in the space of the ball. (If you wish to pursue this plot, find the "The Palace Storyteller" in the palace entryway.)

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 understand 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 for 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 (204) - that could be an easy shortcut to removing the spell, or a powerful bargaining chip otherwise.
- 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 painfully.
- Read the Tarot for as many people as possible.

Note

- You have long been working away at the spell that Ursula uses to control you. There are standing orders that you cannot break until the spells are gone, such as not being able to directly harm her, or do anything to reveal her (check your magical effects for a full summary). However, new orders are now less potent. **No single order issued during the ball can compel you beyond 1 minute.** It may be useful to pretend otherwise, however - you suspect Ursula doesn't realize how close you are to freedom.
- Seers are not considered magicians.

Contacts

- Pearl: Your enslaver. She is posing as your sister, and as a legal magician.

- Ariel: Your brother's wife and Queen of Europa.
- General Gladius: Your old arms teacher and the merman who knows what actually happened to your father.
- King Triton: Your King, and a reasonable merman.

Memory/Event Packets

- Casting the Tarot

Bluesheets

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

Greensheets

- Picking Locks
- Casting the Tarot
- Breaking the Spell
- Breaking the Spell (out-of-game notebook)
- The Truth about your Father's Death (out-of-game notebook)

Abilities

- No.
- Swing

Items

- Enslavement (748)
- Identity Protection (438)

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|--------------|----------|
| - Combat Rating: | 1 | - α : | 0 |
| - γ : | 0 | - Tarot: | The Moon |
| - β : | 0 | | |

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 tarot reader 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 sunk shakily into a chair. Then the old merman cast your cards – The High Priestess, The Hanged Man, and Judgment – 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, telling you that the amulet was a portal to *the other side*, where powerful spirits lived that could grant any wish. You immediately grabbed the amulet, donned it, and demanded eternal youth and beauty - then cursed your competition for the pageant, just for good measure. Then you swam away from the quarent's tent, 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. You were working to get *out* of their debt. so you always had to get a good deal.

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 proved your magical ability, you fell deeper into debt. It is expensive to be thought of as a powerful magician. And yet, the thrill of being feared, worshiped, looked up to and consulted 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 17 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, willingly given, 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.

However, 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, sister. You could tell at a glance that she 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 girl over the edge, into the water below. You dove after her, vanishing from sight under the waves, and dragging your quarry with you.

You cast a spell to keep the girl, 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 princess 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. Owing your life to Sebastian was bad enough, but Hermes came from a very powerful, very old mafia family. Fortunately, you had in the past helped them out by providing magical solutions to a few trickier problems - 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, and regained your access to magic. Then you began to slowly siphon Aldric's soul to pay off the interest on your remaining debt.

You kept a tight lid on your magic for the next 15 years, relying on Hermes and his mafia connections to raise Aldric up through the ranks of the Merchant's Guild. You had Aldric take on the name Pandora, 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 “Pearl”, Aldric’s elegant, attractive, and powerfully magical sister. A useful benefit of this was your eventual discovery that Aldric possessed the ability to read the tarot. Her talent bloomed rapidly under the sea, and she was soon a full fledged reader. This is the main reason you haven’t simply extracted her soul for the spirits after regaining your place in society – she is simply too useful, despite the crushing debt you’ve accrued.

Speaking of magic, the Magician’s Guild, is another place you have been consolidating power. Little by little, you have started to collect followers – magicians who think that the most powerful magician (you) should be in charge of the Guild. You and Sebastian are almost perfectly matched in the number of followers, so at this point, every magician counts. Control of the Magicians Guild would give you a lot of options. . . You salivate at the thought of a whole host of magicians to do magic for you, adore you, and help you capture souls for the spirits.

While you don’t appreciate people lecturing you, about anything, Sebastian did make 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 involves 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. Triton’s willing soul would be a huge payment for the spirits, and would go a long way toward clearing your debts. You therefore began to leverage your connections through Aldric’s role in the Merchant’s Guild and managed to secure tickets to tonight’s gala.

To your surprise, once you secured the tickets you realized that Queen Ariel would be in attendance tonight. What. . . luck. Rather than wait forever for the chance at a Ariel’s son, you could have the mother’s soul now. You began to build a new amulet, this one from a shell. It needs only a few finishing touches tonight and tricking her into accepting it would be an ideal solution. If that doesn’t work, you could instead get her to help you with a Soul Sacrifice Ritual instead.

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. A tempting proposition indeed. . .

Goals

- Ensoresell King Triton via a love potion. If that doesn’t work, find a different way to expand your influence as much as possible
- Finish the second amulet and then trick Ariel into using it to wish to spare her son.
- If you can’t manage that, at least make Ariel assist you in a Soul Sacrifice ritual to repay her debt.
- Siphon motes of soul from as many people as possible to make payments on your debt. This is a convenient way to make people pay for potions.
- Keep an eye on Aldric and make use of her abilities.
- Find the Wishing Stonr and use it either to wish for magic of your own or wish away your debt (either use consumes the stone - destroy the item card).
- Avoid anyone, especially Triton, discovering that you are actually Ursula.

Notes

- You must be wearing your “A large, wooden amulet (440)” in order to do magic. If you lose the amulet, you may not use any of your abilities, or brew any potions until you regain it.
- You are *Level 7*, one of the most powerful magicians under the sea.

Contacts

- King 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, and your chief rival for control of the Magicians Guild. A powerful potential ally, but a more likely obstacle in your bid for power.
- Pandora: Secretly princess Aldric, your slave masquerading as your sister, 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 he has earned your respect.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you see a purple headband
- Open at 3:00
- M Envelope

Bluesheets

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

Greensheets

- Picking Locks
- Love Potion
- Spells and Potions
- Soul Sacrifice
- Ariel's Amulet

Abilities

- Sense Magic
- Lesser Dispel
- Greater Dispel
- Monster Transformation
- Siphon Soul

Items

- Black Pearl (288)
- A large, wooden amulet (440)
- An amulet carved from shell (640)

Stats

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

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. You were the legitimate heir to the Atlantan throne. You were born two months before Posieden. That made you the rightful heir. Jade 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 it was done. You lived with your mother at the Assassins Guild, a place of utmost secrecy. The only thing that grew faster and stronger than you was your hatred of Neptune and what had done to your mother. Neptune had to pay. When he died in battle when you were 5, you were dismayed, but not deterred. His descendants carried the same sin in their veins. How dare they sit on your throne? Their blood would quench your thirst for revenge.

Although you didn't inherit your mother's gift of foresight, 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. When you were 14, Jade had a vision that the fate of both Pacifica and Atlantica were intimately tied to The Trident. Despite your youth, you relished the chance to strike back at your father, and so set out on a decades long quest to find it. The search kept you away from home for months at a time. Your mother died, alone in the Guild, while you risked life and fin in the icy waters of the Ross sea, chasing what turned out to be another dead end.

Years of painstaking research eventually 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 to infiltrate Atlantica as you blended in with a group of Atlantan refugees. Soon, you established yourself in court, and made your extensive magical powers available to the then current King, Posieden. You rose through the political ranks quickly, as well as the ranks of 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 position to continue your search for The Trident, which you wasted no time in exploiting.

It took you more than a decade, but you eventually traced the trail of The Trident to the fjords of Norway, and a nixie by the name of Titania. Unfortunately, in your excitement, you weren't subtle enough in your search, and ended up exposing the wrong people to the wrong ideas. As a result, Posieden got there first, and persuaded Titania to give him the The Trident as you looked on from a secret cave. You fantasized about blasting him out of the water with a particularly vicious spell, but with the power of The Trident, he would certainly have bested you in the fight. You beat down your frustration, and hastened to return to the palace before the King. It was not yet time to show your hand.

You studied the problem from every angle, but there didn't seem to be a simple way to claim the The Trident. Your best hope was to somehow be named the legitimate heir to the throne, a feat made harder by the King's numerous children. What you wanted was control of Atlantica Unfortunately, proof of your lineage was frustratingly hard to come by, with your mother and father both dead. You had to make a move to keep the situation under control - but at the same time, you couldn't risk the kingship passing too far from the Neptune lineage, for fear of losing your claim to the throne. What you needed was a young,

foolish King on the throne - and a way to eliminate him cleanly when the need arose. So you arranged to have a baby Atlantican girl kidnapped and taken to the Assassins Guild to be raised as the perfect, deadly match for Triton - Posieden's third child. Then you waited, and watched - and 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 at the time, allowing him to escape the carnage.

Meanwhile, the girl had been successfully converted to a sleeper agent. When Athena was delivered to you, you quickly and seamlessly integrated her into the Atlantican court. Within a year, Triton was married to Athena, and the pieces were in place. The perfection of your plans faltered when they managed to have a healthy daughter named Ariel, undoing much of your work. Maybe you should have killed Triton when you had the chance.

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, though you did your best to keep up appearances.

For a couple of years, things in Atlantica 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 gotten away with it - infuriating. Your best efforts weren't enough to track the former assassin. She had disappeared.

In the mean time, there were other matters to deal with. That fool Ariel managed to persuade some magician to turn her into a human, and ran away from home. This set Triton off into a rage that involved him disbanding the Magician's Guild. The guild was scattered, magic was harshly restricted, and your position in court was suddenly very tenuous indeed. Around this time, Ursula disappeared as well. You figured that she was involved in some way when she came to you a few weeks later, gravely wounded and in need of secret aid. She had with her a human princess. Ursula was so weakened that she needed your help concocting a powerful enough love potion to suppress her will and make her her slave. If only you'd managed to steal the recipe! Alas, a missed opportunity.

You went to work on Triton. It took years, but you slowly managed to ease the restrictions on magic. Today, registered magicians may practice openly, and the only "dark" magic, including poisons and transformation potions, remains banned.

You quickly got Ursula permission to practice, hoping that she would prove a fruitful ally in return for your previous assistance. Unfortunately, it seems that she is almost as power hungry as you. She quickly began to amass followers and challenge your position in the Magician's Guild. Ursula also rose to prominence in court, partly due to her sister's growing role in the Merchant's Guild. You worry that if Ursula is not kept in check, she may surpass you in influence.

As a pleasant twist in your story, you recently stumbled upon Athena's trail again. Your Guardian's Guild contact didn't know who she was, of course, but the timing of her appearance 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 also wrote to the Assassin's Guild to inform them of her location, prompting them to send an assassin to

do away with Athena. Though bringing her here was a big risk, eliminating Athena will simplify your ascension to the throne, tie off a potentially dangerous loose end, and fulfill your desire for revenge against her. Suffice to say, you intend to help the assassination along in any way you can.

The Ball tonight is also host to peace talks between the nations. As advisor to the King, you can easily tell that peace is in Atlantica's best interest. As such, it needs to be stopped - at least until you can ascend the throne. Triton is not to be allowed to do good by Atlantica. It is your right to be the hero of the country and end the war your father started. In their letter, the Assassin's Guild told you that they are not terribly enamored of the idea of peace between the countries either. They have therefore sent Damien, another one of their agents, to stop the treaty from being signed. Given your own interest in stopping the peace talks, you arranged a meeting with him last night to fill him in on the most recent happenings in the negotiations. After verifying your identity and intentions, Damien promised to bring you Lionfish Spine, a rare ingredient that is key to your shape-shifter potion, and the other reason he came. The Lionfish Spine is only fresh for a short while longer, so you will have to make the exchange tonight, and brew the potion in the palace. Lionfish Spine is highly illegal and known to be dangerous, so you had better be on your toes around other magicians or those in the know. The shape-shifter potion is to be used to facilitate the most ambitious of your plots - ascending to the throne.

A golden opportunity arose earlier this morning when Triton forced Osiris to come ask you for a potion to help suppress paranoia. You brewed a potion, but not the one he asked for - instead, you brewed a deadly, slow acting poison. You don't know when it will trigger, but death will be swift - and one obstacle to the throne will be removed. That only leaves two, possibly three, people standing in your way to the throne - Triton, Adriana, and Athena. If you can prevent Athena from revealing her identity, or help to get her killed, she won't be a threat. That leaves the two current royals. One of them, you can use the shapeshifter potion to discredit - shapeshifters are reviled in Atlantica, and would never be accepted as ruler once you summon the Chief Justice to verify your claim. The other, you may have to get more creative for. Poison is always one option - overwhelming force is another. There may be more. Really, it would be hard to choose just one - you've been thinking about this for a long, long time.

And there there is the matter of the Music Box. This innocuous looking trinket that Athena had produced before her disappearance. You eventually realized that though it looked harmless, it played a song of protection for Neptune's line, and for Atlantica. As long as this box exists, it is a threat to all of your carefully laid plans - and protection for the bloodline you hate so much. It was clearly a powerful magical item, almost equal to The Trident - for when you tried to destroy it, your every attempt was thwarted. It took 11 years before you were even able to chip away at its barrier enough to steal it from its pedestal in the royal treasury. You hid it away in the castle and schemed about how to destroy it. It was clearly losing power, though you didn't know why. Regardless, the rate of decay was clear. The spell will finally be weak enough for you to truly secure the box at the end of the night - though actually destroying it will require some kind of magical artifact of great power.

Tonight will be a careful dance. You need to prevent the treaty from being signed, keep the Music Box (565) safe, and use the shapeshifter potion tonight. You may not have another chance at any 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 to help Triton ensure all his guests have a good time.

Remember, Atlantica is your country. It is your birthright. While the country could burn for all you care if Triton remains in power, more than anything you want to *rule* Atlantica, and lifting Atlantica to its greatest glory under your reign would be the sweetest revenge.

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 Spine (122) and make the shapeshifter potion.
- Sabotage the Treaty. It is Triton's dream and you can't let him take credit for peace.
- Keep the Music Box (565) hidden. You've stashed it in the residential wing for now (Room 004) and need to keep it hidden from prying eyes.

- Investigate rumors of a Glow Shell (731) in the palace. If you can acquire it, it will greatly boost your magical powers post-game.

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.
- The Runic Circle useful for magical rituals is in the -015.
- You are *Level 4* as an accomplished magician whose power has waned in recent years.
- You cast the breathing spell that allows the humans to breathe here, but have no special control over it now that it is cast.

Trivia

- The King when the war started was Neptune.
- A Nixie named Titania gave Posieden The Trident.

Contacts

- King Triton: Your nephew and the merman who is sitting on your throne.
- Pearl: This is Ursula in disguise. She is a powerful magician and may prove a crucial contact. More likely she will prove an unwelcome adversary in your quest for power.
- 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. Don't let him catch onto yours.
- Iris: This is Athena in disguise. You have no intention of revealing that you know her unless strictly necessary.
- Damien: Your Pacifican contact who is bringing you Lionfish Spine (122) and is supposed to help you sabotage the treaty.
- Mirage: The assassin sent by the guild for Athena. Arrange for her mission to succeed.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you see a purple headband
- Open at 3:00

Bluesheets

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

Greensheets

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

Abilities

- Lesser Dispel
- Teleport
- Sense Magic

Items

- Atlantican Line of Succession (in-game document)
- Opening Remarks (in-game document)

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|-------------|
| - Combat Rating: | 1 | - α: | 2 |
| - γ: | 0 | - Tarot: | The Emperor |
| - β: | 0 | | |

King 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 Posieden 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 Posieden the power to bring peace to Atlantica, and secure the borders against the militaristic Pacifica.

You grew up the middle child of 5, 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 Atlantan 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 18 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, and the Magician's Guild has begun to rise in power again - though not yet enough to regain their spot on the council. Ursula never resurfaced, but rumors suggest that she continued to practice magic through the ban and outside 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 given you a granddaughter. Hope swelled in your chest, and life was worth living again.

Then talks stalled. Pacifica claimed that had apprehended spies from Atlantica at its borders. Unfortunately for you, your youngest daughter 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.

on a more personal and uplifting note, you recently met your daughter by the seaside and had the chance to invite her and her daughter to the ball. Both will be in attendance tonight, and you look forward to catching up with your daughter while showing Willow the wonders of Atlantica.

Goals

- Get the peace treaty signed.
- Arrange to have Adriana marry Jared as part of the treaty. Pacifica insists on this to have a full peace.
- Keep an eye out for illegal doings in the palace, especially restricted potions.
- 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.
- Protect Atlantean heritage by preserving the artifacts in the treasury.

Trivia

- A nixie named Titania gave your father the The Trident (567).
- 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.
- Mirage: The diplomat in charge of the Pacifican delegation. He is a pleasant man, committed to seeing the treaty go through.
- General Gladius: The representative from the Guardian's Guild.
- Pandora: The representative from the Merchant's Guild.
- Hermes Aquilino: The representative from the Explorer's Guild.

Memory/Event Packets

- Depression Packet
- Open at 1.5 hrs into game

Bluesheets

- History and Structure of Atlantican Society

Greensheets

- Picking Locks
- Battling Depression
- Signing the Treaty

Abilities

- First Aid
- Merengue

Items

- The Trident (567)
- Treaty (in-game document)
- Medicinal Tablets (729)

Stats

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

Valerian

Your name is Valerian. 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 - which makes last month's tragic incident hurt all the more.

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 brother Damien and you got along quite well - at least until he disappeared when you were 5.

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. On your 16th birthday, you got the best birthday surprise ever - your brother turned up on your family's doorstep! He had been kidnapped by the black market trade, ran away from his new family and journeyed along across much of the Pacific ocean to return home. You had never expected to see him again, so you wasted no time in becoming best friends again.

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 brother 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. Where he went, you went - and that was that. It was a good thing, too, or your greatest failure would have turned into a national tragedy instead.

On a routine patrol, you, the prince, and your hand-picked honor guard were set upon by a starving pod of sharks, an unprecedented attack. The battle was fierce, and left you with only a handful of guards left. You had just set about seeing to Jared's wounds when you got your answer. One of your mers turned into a shark before your very eyes, and went on a rampage, trying to kill off the rest of you. Though you quickly struck him down, the next one turned, and the next. One by one, every mer either revealed themselves as a feral shapeshifter or was cut down by their former comrades, until only you and Jared were left. And then he turned too.

It took you over an hour to subdue your employer without hurting him, but subdue you did. You brought him back to the palace, smuggled him in, and kept watch in his room overnight, worrying all the while. When the moon finally stopped shining over the sea, he turned back and opened his eyes - and you breathed again. Jared may be cursed, but at least he isn't dead. You haven't completely failed yet - though if Jared keeps going on rampages, you may fail soon.

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 wife have been unable to conceive. Your wife 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 brother was a victim himself. But the allure of having children is so strong. You are sure you can convince your wife 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 her polio with the Wishing Stone.

Goals

- Re-establish contact with the Magician's Guild of Atlantica as the Pacifican branch's representative.
- Find and induct the budding magician into the Magician's Guild, for their protection, and yours.
- Find the Wishing Stone (204) for your sick mother. It may be her only hope.
- Arrange to receive a black market child from an Atlantican priest.
- Research the rumors of Indian aggression.
- Protect Jared and keep his shapeshifting secret.
- Keep your magic a secret. Atlantica is not as accepting of magic as Pacifica.
- Get a tarot reading. You saw yourself getting your tarot read, but didn't see the result. It could be extremely useful.

Notes

- You are *Level 3*, a magician of moderate power.

Contacts

- Jared: The Pacifican Prince, and your friend. If you come back without him, consider your life forfeit.
- Damien: Your brother, who you trust implicitly.
- Mirage: The diplomat in charge of the Pacifican delegation.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open at 3:00

Bluesheets

- A Brief History of Pacifica
- The Magician's Guild

Greensheets

- Spells and Potions
- Picking Locks
- CR Boost Potion
- Finding Proof of Indian Aggression (out-of-game notebook)

Abilities

- First Aid
- Sense Magic
- Lesser Dispel

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating:	3	- α :	2
- γ :	0	- Tarot:	The Magician
- β :	0		

Willow

You are Willow, crown princess of Europa. You're 16, and practically a grown up - and you're tired of your parents bossing you around. They micromanage every second of your day. How are you supposed to learn to be a competent ruler when you never get to make any decisions yourself?

Six months ago, you decided that you'd had enough. You ran away. To be fair, you didn't get far - your parents sent half the kingdom after you. But you had three glorious days of freedom first. In that time, you rode north along the coast, avoiding towns and people as much as possible. The lack of authority figures trying to ruin your life was wonderful. You steered clear of European citizens as much as possible, but on the second night out, your curiosity got the better of you.

You were sleeping on the beach. Mother would be so upset if she knew, but that just added to the thrill of sleeping in the sand, still warm from the sun. You had been banned from going near the ocean for your whole life, and that big, mysterious expanse of water always intrigued you. Sounds woke you in the middle of the night. You looked around, and noticed a fire farther down the beach, with the sounds of music coming from that direction. You approached the fire to find three people, one of whom was waist deep in the water, singing and laughing and smoking something sweet.

The jovial group invited you to join them in merrymaking. Soon you were taking drags on the joints as they were passed around. You quickly got high on the Red Seaweed and weren't even surprised when the person in the water lifted himself onto a rock and revealed that instead of legs, he had a tail like a fish. "You're, you're a merperson!" you giggled.

The next morning, through your pounding headache, you realized the absurdity of it all. Merpeople didn't exist! Except... there by your bedroll was a pouch of Red Seaweed. You slipped it into your bags and continued to ride north on your horse. Late that day, the royal guard caught up to you. To your dismay, your mother was with them. Ariel grounded you for the rest of your life and hauled you back to the palace.

A week later, you started to develop a craving for something you couldn't quite place. After trying and discarding all of your favorite sweets in the kitchen, you went to your room, grabbed the Red Seaweed, and slipped out of the castle. You rolled a joint, just like your friends had taught you, and lit it up. Almost immediately the craving was sated, and everything was blissful and relaxing. Even the thought of being trapped in the palace for months until your parents relented on your punishment seemed more tolerable.

Everything was wonderful until you ran out of Red Seaweed, a month later. You started to panic. You had no idea how to get more. To your great relief, after almost a week without partaking, you got a message. It was delivered in a most peculiar way. A seagull alighted on your balcony and rapped at the window until you opened it and untied the note from its leg. The note was from the merman, and explained that he wanted to give you more Red Seaweed, but he would need something in return. The question was innocuous. "How many brothers and sisters do you have?" You wrote the answer on the note (none, you are an only child) and sent the gull off. It returned that night with a 2 week supply of Red Seaweed.

Over time, the questions became less innocuous and more pointed, but your need for Red Seaweed became sharper. You kept answering them. Then things got interesting. Really interesting. Three weeks ago, the gull brought a note revealing just how much your parents don't trust you. Your mother Ariel is a mermaid! Or, was - apparently she used a spell to turn herself human. And she had concealed it from you! Worse still, Ariel was planning to return to the ocean for some conference or other with your grandfather, three weeks hence, and had no intention of telling you. Your dealer promised you a month's supply of Red Seaweed if you could manage to go with her.

You puzzled about how to confront your mother. Luckily you noticed her slipping off one afternoon and heading for the shore. You snuck after your mother, only to get the biggest surprise of your life. There, waiting at the shore, was a mer, wearing a crown and carrying a trident! You let them converse for about five minutes, until talk turned to the conference. Then you stepped

out from behind the rocks you were hiding in, and confronted Ariel. After the biggest fight of your life, Triton interjected with just the proposal you were hoping for. He proposed that you be allowed to come and see Atlantica for yourself. Your mother couldn't talk her way out of it.

Some things are awesome about being underwater. The novelty of breathing water doesn't seem to fade. And down here, your mother is too busy with political stuff to boss you around. Some things are not so awesome. Your cravings for Red Seaweed are getting worse – much worse. Your grandfather doesn't have any time to spend with you – not that you *need* the attention of an old merman like him, and something is making you tingle all over – weird things keep happening around you. If only you could find some way to come and go as you pleased. . . Conveniently, your dealer mentioned something about shape shifters - humans who can turn into merfolk at will. Some merman by the name of Sebastian is supposed to be working on a way to turn someone into one. Maybe you can whine, wheedle, or lie your way into getting your hands on the potion!

Your addiction to Red Seaweed (632) is turning into a real problem. It started as a small craving every now and again, but as time wore on, you found yourself craving it more and more. Every couple of hours you had to slip off for a smoke. So far you've managed to conceal this addiction from your parents, and you intend to keep it that way. To that end, you brought a small stash with you from the surface - what should have been enough to stave off the craving. However, chewing Red Seaweed (632) is far less effective than smoking it, and you did not bring enough to get you through the entire trip.

This afternoon, you started to feel the effects of your last dose fade. Driven to distraction, you were forced to break the promised radio silence with your dealer to arrange for more. To your surprise, he didn't seem angry - rather, it seemed almost like he expected you. He quickly prepared a list of questions he'd like you to find the answers to, and promised you doses in repayment.

You arranged to meet the dealer discreetly at 8:45 pm, 9:45 pm, 10:45 pm and 11:45 pm and pass the answers along to him. He will leave after 5 minutes, with or without his answers. *See the “(Memory/Event Packet for Questions)” membook for mechanics of this interaction.*

As you wandered the palace after arranging things with your dealer, you encountered an old merman, yammering on about something called “Wishing Stone”. Despite yourself, you were intrigued. The stone apparently has all kinds of crazy powers. If you find it, you could use it to easily solve one of your current problems, or keep it around for later. (Find the “The Palace Storyteller” in the entryway to begin this plot.)

Goals

- Get the Red Seaweed (632) you need to satisfy your cravings. Refer to “Addicted!” for details.
- Get a potion to make you a shape shifter.
- Figure out why weird things are happening to you, and make them stop.
- Find the Wishing Stone. Use it to do something awesome.

Contacts

- Ariel: Your mother. She's here to protect you and hang out with her family.
- King Triton: Your grandfather. Is trying to get a treaty signed. It sounds kinda important, or something.

Memory/Event Packets

- β Packet
- Questions
- If anyone in your family finds out about your addiction, give them this packet and tell them to open it.

Bluesheets

- History and Structure of European Society

Greensheets

- Picking Locks
- Addicted!

Abilities

- Swing

Items

- none

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|--------------|--------------|
| - Combat Rating: | 1 | - α : | 0 |
| - γ : | 0 | - Tarot: | The Magician |
| - β : | 1 | | |

