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## Iris

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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 (Chris Weil): Your former husband.
- General Gladius (Jesse Wertheimer): Your current lover. This could get awkward if you are discovered.
- Ariel (Nancy M): Your elder daughter.
- Adriana (Aslanta Chen): Your younger daughter.
- Sebastian (Sean Shirato Almon): Triton's advisor. You never had much contact with him.
- Osiris (Andy PC): Osiris is Triton's sibling. they was always kind to you in between bouts of paranoia.
- Mirage (Xavid): 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**

- Pronouns:	She/Her	- $\beta$ :	0
- Combat Rating:	3	- $\alpha$ :	0
- $\gamma$ :	0	- Tarot:	The Devil