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## Willow

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You are Willow, crown heir 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 of withdrawal, you got a message - though 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 two 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 merman, 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, on the other hand, 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, you can't exactly smoke underwater. Chewing Red Seaweed (632) works for you, but you've discovered the hard way that it does much less for you than smoking – so your stash is no longer enough to get you through your 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 T+45min, T+1.5hrs, T+2.5hrs and T+3hrs15min 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 (Nancy M): Your mother. She is here to protect you and hang out with her family.
- King Triton (Chris Weil): 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**

- Pronouns:	They/Them	- $\beta$ :	1
- Combat Rating:	1	- $\alpha$ :	0
- $\gamma$ :	0	- Tarot:	The Magician