
Carminis

You're not a lich, but you're not human, either. You never seem to do things the right way around.

You remember little of your parents, besides that your father was a human man and your mother an elvish woman, bound by a love that defied social convention, not to mention genetics. They died in a tragic accident when you were still young, and so you grew up as an orphan, darting between earth and assorted demiplanes, hustling for shelter, scrounging for food in trash cans, just barely avoiding death by starvation or sickness or street violence.

Because of the odd mix of blood in your veins, you've always had an extraordinary knack for picking up magic, despite your lack of formal training. You've been able to make potions "that only vampires make," and perform rituals "that only work for trained witches," so on and so forth. You can pull off grand feats of magic even without many of the prerequisites, so perhaps it's no surprise that, when you picked up a few scraps of black magic, you found you could prepare an ordinary blue pen to be a phylactery and advance towards becoming a lich without actually committing any murders.

A few years back, your tinkering with dark magic oddly backfired— you were attempting to turn a stone into a frog and ended up turning yourself into a toad instead. Fortunately, the mishap gave out a massive burst of magical energy that got another spellcaster's attention. Thus you met Tyran.

Tyran swooped in with countercharms— that did involve a kissing you in toad form, for the record— and saved you, and you've been half in love from that first meeting. Tyran is everything you're not— worldly, eloquent, confident, focused. Yet you impressed Tyran in your own way. Apparently your sheer magical virtuosity is pretty damn captivating.

Tyran committed the murders required to become a lich as a vigilante, finding solid data to justify each death as helpful to the greater good. While you're still not thrilled about murders under any circumstance, those reasons are as airtight as you can imagine, so you've made your peace with Tyran's bloody history. You've also told Tyran about your aimless past and been answered with sympathy and a promise that you need never fear for your life again.

Tyran marveled at your progress with your phylactery, pleased that you too could become a lich, but then you had to face an unfortunate fact— you are going to die off from old age before you finish your phylactery, unless you revert to the usual road and begin killing. You sensed that the only way you can achieve immortality without violence is to interact with as many liches as possible, soaking up their auras and observing their magic in the hopes that you can pick up their ways. You informed Tyran of your conundrum, and the two of you ultimately hatched a plot to provide you with said interaction.

This is how you've ended up posing as a lich, adapting a ghoulish incantation into a spell that fools the typical lich detection charm, and entering the Society. So far, you've successfully met with Domin to do the initial paperwork, and you passed yourself off there well enough. Now you have to attend this convention and study a broad range of liches, so you need to learn as much about their magic without exposing yourself as a human. If you successfully transform into a lich, you'll be glad to remain in the Society, because their dedication to relatively nonviolent lifestyles speaks to you. You firmly support the Society, but there's one aspect of the rules that worries you, though— they explicitly protect members of the Society from harm, but not non-members. As a result, if you get discovered and kicked out before becoming a lich, it's open hunting season, and you can be rather easily killed and drained of your life force.

Despite the risk, you are thankful to Tyran for supporting you in this plan, and you attempted to repay the favor with your resolution. You nominated Tyran for Senior member, and you fully intend to advocate for that resolution. You expect Domin, the Society's Leader, will be a powerful ally in the cause— Tyran suspects Domin has also submitted this promotion for consideration, and you really only put your resolution to be absolutely certain.

You trust Tyran implicitly— after all, you're both taking a risk by smuggling you in tonight— yet your relationship has become strained as the convention approaches. Recently, you've noticed an odd chill in your conversations, as if some new worry weighs

on Tyran's mind. Have you given offense? You hope to be of assistance to Tyran if at all possible and atone for any mistake you may have made. Unfortunately, Tyran tends to be secretive, so you must drill through that cool demeanor and discover the true ailment before you devote your not insignificant magical skill to mending it . . .

Notes

- The resolution you submitted immediately pre-game was "Let Tyran become a Senior member."
- You have 18 units of power at the start of the game.
- Though you are not entirely human, your magical abilities match those of a human sorcerer. Follow the rules for a human sorcerer when performing magic.
- You own a booby-trapped fifty-dollar bill, a booby-trapped panpipe, the blue pen you have prepared to be your phylactery, an ordinary Pixel phone, and a peach.

Goals

- Study magic and become a lich
- Figure out why Tyran is upset and fix the issue
- Promote Tyran to Senior member
- Offer your support to the Society's values

Memory/Event Packets

- Open this if you ever a lich with an alpha score of at least 100.

Bluesheets

- Society

Greensheets

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------|
| - Introduction to Phylacteries | - Items |
| - Voting Procedures | - Alpha Score |
| - Mind Control | - Magical Understanding |
| - Magic | |

Abilities

- | | |
|---|---|
| - Lich Detection Spell | - Knockout Spell (Costs 2 units of power) |
| - Major Resistance Spell (Costs 3 units of power) | - Pickpocket Spell |
| - Kill Spell (Costs 3 units of power) | - Fake Lich Aura Spell |

Items

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| - Fifty-Dollar Bill | - Pixel Phone |
| - Panpipe | - Peach (0000) |
| - Blue Pen | |

Stats

- none

Domin

True name: Immundum (previously Taeterri)

You are known as Domin, creator and Leader of the Society of Ethical Liches. As a human you were an assassin, willing to kill anyone if sufficiently well-paid, and you used those murders to elevate yourself to immortality. You have since renounced your bloody ways, and now you take your position as a guiding light among lichs seriously. You hope to spread the Society's values to more lichs and build bridges among your kind, in addition to forming alliances with other species who have long spurned you. And when you form an alliance, you always follow through, even at great cost as in the case of the Pacific/Atlantic war. You never go back on your word.

Within the Society Tyran is your most ardent supporter, and you return the warm feelings. Tyran made the transition from a fledgling human sorcerer to a lich as a vigilante, using magic to track down heinous human criminals and bring deadly justice to them. That sort of righteousness fits well with the Society's values, and so you gladly accepted Tyran into the fold. More recently, on the recommendation of gnomish friends you recruited Sollers, whose clever mind is a clear asset to the Society. You are thrilled with Sollers' latest invention, which seems to be a revolutionary breakthrough in phylactery research.

You enjoy your role as a leader of this fine organization. Indeed, you enjoy your whole existence as a lich, even the time you spend masquerading as a human. Yet there are certainly some dark moments. A few months back, you realized that your phylactery was becoming drained at an alarmingly fast rate, as if you were still a human. After running a battery of obscure tests with help from a specialist dwarf, you learned it had been cursed! You paid the price and transferred your power to a new phylactery, receiving a new true name, and now you are left sadly weak. You thought it would be at odds with the first rule of the Society to go on a killing spree to replenish your power, so you are anxious to find Members at this convention who will donate some energy to you. Hopefully, you might also find some answers about who cursed your phylactery, and why.

Furthermore, you strongly feel that the Society should vote at this convention to make the protection of phylacteries against corruption its research priority, to protect others from feeling the same dread you did. As a result, you decided to introduce this objective as a resolution. Additionally, you decided to recognize tonight's outstanding research breakthrough with a resolution recommending Sollers for a position as a Senior member. You have long held that Tyran deserves to become Senior member as well, but that will have to wait until a future century— Sollers has objectively done more to advance the Society's values and is more deserving of a promotion, in your view. You will not back down in advocating for your two resolutions, but you hope to find some other favor you may pay Tyran.

You wish to reconnect with Tyran and all the other members of the Society, since you take your position as Leader and mentor seriously, and you will gladly try to address their concerns and help them out of any trouble they encounter. You especially want to learn more about Carminis, your new Junior member, and give a warm welcome to the ranks of the Society. You've only ever met to do the paperwork before, and Carminis struck you as both mysterious and somewhat troubled— surely there is some help you can provide?

Most importantly of all, you wish to protect the integrity of the Society and enforce its rules. On the most basic level, you must run the voting procedure and make sure resolutions are chosen in a timely and orderly fashion. Furthermore, if any Society member has in any way participated in the recent rash of senseless murders, you must find them and hold them accountable. You also wish to stay in power as the Society's leader, but if necessity pushes you from your position you will settle for making sure that whoever takes your place is as committed to the Society's values as you.

Notes

- Your true name is Immundum. Previously, it was "Taeterri."
- Your phylactery currently has 2 units of power. Please fill in the card inside your phylactery's envelope with this information before game.

- The resolutions you submitted immediately pre-game were "Let Sollers become a Senior member" and "Let the Society dedicate its research efforts for the next century to protecting phylacteries from corruption."
- You own a booby-trapped black pen, a booby-trapped iPhone 7, a phylactery in the form of a baseball, a chocolate truffle, and a yellow apple.

Goals

- Run the Society's voting procedures
- Pass your two resolutions
- Replenish your phylactery's power
- Punish any Society members involved in the recent killing spree
- Support the Society's other members, especially Tyran
- Keep your position as Leader

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Society

Greensheets

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| - Introduction to Phylacteries | - Items |
| - Voting Procedures | - Mind Control |
| - Magic | |

Abilities

- | | |
|---|---|
| - Lich Detection Spell | - Knockout Spell (Costs 2 units of power) |
| - Major Resistance Spell (Costs 3 units of power) | - Pickpocket Spell |
| - Kill Spell (Costs 3 units of power) | |

Items

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------|
| - Black Pen | - Truffle (0000) |
| - iPhone 7 Plus | - Yellow Apple (0000) |
| - Baseball | |

Stats

- none

Korv

You are known as Korv, once an exceptionally well-respected lich, now a laughingstock of the magical community. You became a lich as a mercenary, slaughtering hundreds on the battlefield, but you grew bored of the violence. It was too simple, too routine. You enjoy complications.

So you joined the Society, less because you dislike gratuitous killing than because the challenge of living without magic and posing as a lowly human attracted you. You spent your life playing a variety of humble roles on Earth— starving artist, backup dancer, factory worker, window cleaner— while also returning to the Society every century with pomp and circumstance, as one of the group's Senior members. You found the ironies terribly entertaining.

Your love of entertainment caused you to fall for Lock, a new Junior member, at the last Society convention. Lock was nothing if not dramatic— headstrong, domineering, flamboyant. At first, you were thrilled to hand your heart and true name over, but you soon realized your mistake. Lock never returned your feelings, instead exploiting your power and treating you as a lowly servant to be ground underfoot. Though your existence on Earth, acting as a personal assistant to the C.E.O. Lock plays, was tolerable, you were mocked throughout the whole magical community, an ancient Senior member utterly dominated by a young upstart. It was too bitter an irony for even you to stomach.

Your love soon turned to resentment, and so you contacted an elven sage whom you knew back in your human days for help. He told you that you could secretly break the bond through the power of hate. Thus, you dwelled on every slight and let every insult fester, until one day Lock had no more power over you. When Lock speaks your true name, you are no longer affected or compelled to obey.

You have hidden your newfound freedom and kept on obeying Lock's commands, all the while looking for revenge. You hope to destroy your so-called "beloved" as recompense for your years of shame, perhaps through learning Lock's true name or orchestrating a humiliating removal from the Society. Ideally, you'll even manage to kill Lock off. And you may find an ally in your long-time friend Tyran, though outright violence may cool that alliance. Tyran's always been puzzlingly peaceful for a lich, a real lover of nonviolence . . . It was that entertaining hypocrisy that drew you to Tyran in the first place.

Your elven friend has rescued you from hell, but at a price. He has long opposed the Society of Ethical Liches— while he tolerates individual lichs, any organization of your kind threatens him— and so he bound you by magic to help him dismantle it. He tells you that you should exploit Sollers' machine, because it is profoundly flawed. If allowed to run with too little energy, it may backfire and wreak havoc on the Society. He also informs you that Specter wishes to become Leader and is less than completely committed to ethics, and that the Society, thus far tolerated by other magical species, would be extinguished if Specter were to become Leader. As you have no particular love for the Society, you will gladly pursue both these routes, aided by the fact that Lock is already discontent with Domin's inflexibility and looking for a new Leader. If you do not do serious damage to the Society tonight, the elf warns he will come calling and exact a different price— another decade in servitude, this time in an elven court. It wouldn't be the end of your world, but you'd hate to suffer yet another indignity.

You've already inflicted your first blow of sorts. While you are required to follow the Society's rules and "fulfill your voting obligations," you spat in the face of the spirit of the rules with the useless resolution you submitted. You might see whether you can actually get it passed somehow— it'd be a valuable way to prevent actual Society business from being done. And it'd be a funny motto, at any rate— "Liches be crazy." Ha.

Accurate, too.

Notes

- Your true name is Vetustius.
- Your phylactery currently has 7 units of power. It would have more, but Lock has forced you to expend your power over the

past century. Please fill in the card inside your phylactery's envelope with the power level before game.

- The resolution you submitted immediately pre-game was "Let the Society adopt an official motto: 'Liches be crazy.'"
- You own a booby-trapped playbill, a booby-trapped handbell, a tangerine, a bag of freeze-dried ice cream, and a phylactery in the form of a franc.

Goals

- Make Sollers' precious machine backfire
- Grind Lock underfoot for a change
- Elevate Specter to the Leader's position

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Society

Greensheets

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| - Introduction to Phylacteries | - Items |
| - Voting Procedures | - Mind Control |
| - Magic | |

Abilities

- | | |
|---|---|
| - Lich Detection Spell | - Knockout Spell (Costs 2 units of power) |
| - Major Resistance Spell (Costs 3 units of power) | - Pickpocket Spell |
| - Kill Spell (Costs 3 units of power) | |

Items

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| - Playbill | - Ice Cream (0000) |
| - Handbell | - Franc |
| - Tangerine (0000) | |

Stats

- none

Lock

You've adored secrets as long as you can remember, especially secrets that help you get things done. As a human, you enjoyed delving into abstruse dark magic, and you had even more fun as a bounty hunter, tracking down slippery targets and bringing them back, dead or alive. You preferred "dead." Those deaths piled up, eventually letting you become a lich.

As an immortal creature, you've wanted to uncover hidden truths not only on Earth but on the linked demiplanes as well, but you found yourself stonewalled by the sheer stigma lichs face. The hatred got to you, especially since you yourself aren't fully comfortable with the murders you've committed—many of your victims were louses through and through, but a few were decent, occasionally even innocent of all the charges made against them. As a result, you gladly curtailed your killing and joined the Society of Ethical Liches, and you now find it easier, though still not easy, to weave yourself into other magical communities and soak up their secrets. While it's slightly irritating not to be able to use magic freely on Earth, you've established yourself as a powerful C.E.O., and so you can sate your lust for off-limits information just by following the intrigue of human industry.

You happened on an unusual stroke of luck at your first convention, just a century back. A Senior member, Korv, was taken in by your obvious self-confidence and proceeded to fall head over heels in love. One moment you were just talking, and the next Korv's true name—Vetustius—popped into your head, because a Soul Bond had just formed between the two of you! You've taken full advantage of the bond, turning Korv into your "personal assistant" in front of humans and simply your servant otherwise.

Honestly, you wonder if you've taken too much advantage. Korv turns melancholy at times, and then you feel something suspiciously like guilt. Given that you also miss the sheer thrill and simplicity of working alone, you've stopped telling Korv quite as much of your plans and have stopped being quite so dependent. Furthermore, you have decided to attempt an act of mercy and submit a resolution about a new research initiative—studying how to dissolve Soul Bonds—and you fully intend to advocate for its passage. However, you'd like to make sure you can keep Korv's goodwill even if you part ways. For that matter, you'd like to earn the goodwill of as many other Society members as possible, especially those ranked higher than you, because connections bring information and information brings you happiness.

In addition to general networking, you've got a few more specific goals in mind for the convention, because this group of lichs brings many mysteries to solve. First off, you suspect the wild murderer everyone's talking about will be present here today—anyone who thinks Society members could never lash out so violently is fooling themselves. If you figure out who the murderer is, you'd like to turn them in, but you'd also consider keeping quiet and blackmailing them, if that's clearly the more advantageous option for some reason. Additionally, you've heard rumors from contacts in the elven community that one of the members tonight is not in fact a lich— you assume someone got their phylactery destroyed and failed to mention that to Domin. Again, you'd like to uncover the imposter and either expose them to the public or just press them for something else.

Then there's the secret every lich walks around with— a true name. It's a risky business, but you'd like to learn as many true names as possible. You've already gotten hold of one name, "Taeterri," that, according to a dwarf connection of yours, belongs to a member of the Society. Alas, she wouldn't say whose name it was, and no amount of gold would tempt her.

You'd love to grab hold of some of the other magical items every lich walks around with as well. Magical items are rare and rather expensive, and lichs always carry a creative assortment around to deter pickpockets. Those are interesting artifacts in their own right, of course, but the protection they afford could save your life when you investigate in shadier settings. Ideally, you'll walk away tonight with a wealth of booby-trapped items, and you'll spend the next century altering them so they no longer impact you. You've already invented a spell that you can use to temporarily shield yourself from particularly annoying magical effects. In this quest you might pay special attention to Specter, whom you're sure has a nasty side— you wouldn't be surprised if Specter's items may play particularly malicious tricks.

Finally, if you can get a promotion tonight, you intend to take it. You strongly suspect Korv nominated you for Senior member— true love and all that. Regardless, you can always leapfrog into the Leader's role in a vote, and Domin's idealism and

endless faith in friendship grates enough on your nerves that you wouldn't feel bad about seizing the role. As Leader, you'd indulge your lust for secrets like never before, worming your way behind closed doors, and you might dabble in more theoretical knowledge by promoting magical research. You'd gladly discard Domin's approach to the role—namely, attempting to please everyone and build bridges at any cost.

Now becoming Leader isn't likely, but if you get hold of true names just about anything is possible . . .

Notes

- Your true name is Astrorum.
- Your phylactery currently has 11 units of power. You've managed to keep it this high because you've had Korv do most of your spellcasting instead. Please fill in the card inside your phylactery's envelope with your power level before game.
- The resolution you submitted immediately pre-game was "Let the Society dedicate its research efforts for the next century to dissolving Soul Bonds."
- You own a booby-trapped kazoo, a booby-trapped silver coin, a phylactery in the form of a rag doll, some dates, and some graham crackers.

Goals

- Network and climb up the Society's hierarchy
- Investigate the recent murders
- Find the imposter
- Collect true names
- Collect magical items that you can use for protection
- Get your resolution passed

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Society

Greensheets

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| - Introduction to Phylacteries | - Items |
| - Voting Procedures | - Mind Control |
| - Magic | |

Abilities

- | | |
|---|---|
| - Lich Detection Spell | - Knockout Spell (Costs 2 units of power) |
| - Major Resistance Spell (Costs 3 units of power) | - Pickpocket Spell |
| - Kill Spell (Costs 3 units of power) | - Minor Resistance Spell |

Items

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------------|
| - Kazoo | - Dates (0000) |
| - Silver Coin | - Graham Crackers (0000) |
| - Doll | |

Stats

- none

Sollers

You are Sollers, an inventor and Junior member of the Society of Ethical Liches. Even as a young human, you enjoyed puttering around with all sorts of magic, light and dark and everything in between. You also practiced medicine for several decades, following the often shockingly inaccurate customs of the time. You let blood and prescribed toxins as medicine, all while strongly suspecting that these practices, widely believed to save lives, were actually deadly. You didn't really consider yourself a murderer, and yet one day you transformed into a lich.

You kept right on practicing "medicine" and drawing on your deceased patients' lifeforces to fuel magical experiments, often working with the help of a colony of rogue gnomes, inventive creatures who recognized your genius and accepted you despite being a lich. Domin heard of your magical prowess through them, and suddenly you were invited to join the Society of Ethical Liches!

The code appeals to you, to the do-gooder in you that wanted to become a doctor in the first place. Domin promised you access to libraries and material and resources that could help compensate for the power you gave up by limiting your murders, and so you decided to give the Society a try.

You've largely liked the experience of joining the Society, especially since the last convention voted to focus on charging phylacteries for the entirety of the last century, devoting a wealth of resources to this particular project. You thought this convention would be even more enjoyable, since you've used those resources to make a phylactery charging machine that runs on power sources besides lifeforces— long considered an impossible feat. You planned to soak up your peers' praise and well-deserved recognition. Indeed, you fully intended to capitalize on your success and nominate yourself for Senior member, since a promotion will open even more doors through the magical world and further extend your research capabilities.

Then you had to face the fact that, even to a master practitioner like you, magic is complex and intractable and unfathomable.

You were performing a routine check on the machine just last night, testing the central potion, redoing your calculations, when you realized that the latest version of your machine involves a previously unknown element of randomness. It might charge phylacteries without drawing on any outside power source, but it might fail instead, providing no charge at all. You haven't called off the unveiling entirely though, because you found a way to reduce the chance of any such mishap— you must simply reinforce the machine with as much outside power as you can. Fortunately, the setting of tonight's convention, Crescent Grove, is filled with deposits of pixie dust, which are power sources that you can attach to the machine. In the off-chance that someone dies tonight, you could also hook up their lifeforce. If you gather enough energy, you can rescue your machine and reclaim your grand moment, and the other lichs, all ignoramuses compared to you, will never know the difference.

But forget them for a moment— you yourself are upset by the uncertainty surrounding your machine, by the fact that you no longer understand exactly how your creation works. You should try and improve your understanding of magic as a whole in order to grasp its workings. In the short term, you should seize the opportunity to observe various styles of spellcasting at the convention— watching other lichs use magic is always enlightening. To perfect this machine in the long run, you've given up your old plans of becoming Senior member and instead submitted a resolution that will allow you to spend another century improving the machine. The extension will let you eliminate the randomness so it works reliably every time. You hope you can pass that resolution, though admitting that the machine doesn't already work exactly as intended will be a hit to your pride. In case it doesn't pass, though, you'd settle for another research objective studying lichs or phylacteries, since the Society's default objective— helping still-human sorcerers become lichs more efficiently— doesn't quite appeal to you. Sometimes you wish the Society focused even more on research, but perhaps you shouldn't complain. After all, few rarely have as many opportunities as you.

You've got one last goal for the night— trivial by comparison, but entertaining nonetheless. Your friends among the gnome community whisper that the Society's newest addition, Carminis, is utterly devoted to Tyran. Some speculate that Carminis is

Soul Bonded to Tyran, and you'd love to get proof of whether this is true or not. The gnomes have supported your experiments for so long, this little nugget of gossip would only begin to provide proper recompense . . .

Notes

- Your true name is Volantium.
- Your phylactery currently has 8 units of power. Please fill in the card inside your phylactery's envelope with this information.
- The resolution you submitted immediately pre-game was "Let the Society dedicate its research efforts for the next century to further improving Sollers' charging machine."
- You own a booby-trapped mechanical pencil, a booby-trapped nickel, a bottle of Sriracha hot sauce, a rice-crispy treat, and a phylactery in the form of a scrap of red silk.

Goals

- Study lich magic to better understand your machine
- Supply your machine with extra power sources
- Get an interesting research resolution— preferably yours— passed
- Investigate Carminis' relationship to Tyran

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Society

Greensheets

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------|
| - Introduction to Phylacteries | - Items |
| - Voting Procedures | - Magical Understanding |
| - Magic | - Mind Control |

Abilities

- | | |
|---|---|
| - Lich Detection Spell | - Knockout Spell (Costs 2 units of power) |
| - Major Resistance Spell (Costs 3 units of power) | - Pickpocket Spell |
| - Kill Spell (Costs 3 units of power) | |

Items

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| - Mechanical Pencil | - Rice Crispy (0000) |
| - Nickel | - Silk |
| - Sriracha (0000) | |

Stats

- none

Specter

The "Society of Ethical Liches." What utter poppycock.

You are Specter, a Senior member of the Society of Ethical Liches, but you have no respect for this group's values. You became a lich in the first place by setting fire to a conveniently flammable orphanage. You joined the Society not because you think lichs can be "ethical"—it's a patent oxymoron— but because you wanted to borrow its respectability when dealing with other magical species. As a Senior member, you have access to many libraries and other resources usually off-limits to your kind, and you cherish that access dearly.

You draw on these resources to pull off exotic magical feats and enhance your power, and now you wish to become Leader of the Society, as the prestige will open even more doors to you. Impressively, you have studied scraps of text across Earth and other worlds to piece together a vampiric spell normally kept secret— a spell to corrupt a phylactery from afar. The ingredients required are rare and rather temperamental, so you were only able to execute the spell once, a few years back. You targeted Domin, whose power will now be drained at a human's pace, twice as quickly than it should be. You intend to take advantage of the phylactery's weakened state to destroy it, automatically removing Domin from the Society and moving you into the Leader's position. You should either do so secretly, or you should silence Domin forever through straightforward murder, lest you be kicked out from the Society yourself for violating the second rule. Should that plan prove unworkable, you will attempt to become Leader through the official voting procedure— a difficult task in its own way, but worth the trouble. As Leader, you'll be able to deemphasize Domin's blessed diplomacy, instead throwing the Society's full weight behind your own personal agenda. Never again will the Society sacrifice precious research, as in the Pacific/Atlantic catastrophe. The sheer possibilities dizzy you.

You have already violated the Society's rules in your search for power. In order to run all your different experiments, you have had to expend an extraordinary amount of energy, and so you have used a large variety of magical arts to brutally kill a large variety of humans, whose lifeforces you have subsequently drained. You bring some of the leftover power with you today, in your phylactery, and it's a good thing that the elven lawyers who "monitor" Society members' power levels can be bribed, because your power level has been over 12 for decades. Though you've striven to cover your tracks, rumors swirl, and you'd better avoid drawing suspicion to yourself tonight. Though you try to watch your words, too many of your colleagues are suspicious of you as it is.

You are not the only rulebreaker at this convention, though. According to rumors you've received from elven contacts, one of the members of the Society is not a lich— you assume they are a fallen lich but did not report the destruction of their phylactery. You intend to discover this imposter out of curiosity. You will then kill this imposter and consume their lifeforce— undoubtedly a source of great power— out of your lust for power.

You have one last goal for tonight— you have long had your eye on Lock and Sollers, both Junior member with a taste for knowledge that rival your own. Sollers will likely capitalize the machine's success and grab a promotion to Senior member, likely putting the resolution in personally, and you went ahead and nominated Lock for a promotion as well. You fully intend to advocate for both their promotions, but you plan to pry some nuggets of knowledge out of them in return. Lock's always had a taste for uncovering practical secrets, while Sollers' interests run more towards theory, like yours. If you can forge an alliance, you might become unstoppable.

Notes

- Your true name is Amorum.
- The resolution you submitted immediately pre-game was "Let Lock become Senior member."
- Your phylactery currently has 16 units of power. Please fill in the card inside your phylactery's envelope with this information.
- While all lichs carry booby-trapped magical items with them to deter pickpockets, yours have especially nasty effects. You don't believe they violate the letter of the Society rules, though— forcing someone to cast a spell has the side effect of draining

their power, but surely "draining their power" isn't a direct consequence, is it?

- You own a booby-trapped Galaxy Note phone, a booby-trapped hundred-dollar bill, a bag of oyster crackers, a Three Musketeers bar, and a phylactery in the form of a paintbrush.

Goals

- Become Leader
- Discover the imposter
- Ally with and promote Lock and Sollers
- Amass power in every way possible

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Society

Greensheets

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| - Introduction to Phylacteries | - Items |
| - Voting Procedures | - Mind Control |
| - Magic | |

Abilities

- | | |
|---|---|
| - Destroy Phylactery Spell (Costs 5 units of power) | - Kill Spell (Costs 3 units of power) |
| - Lich Detection Spell | - Knockout Spell (Costs 2 units of power) |
| - Major Resistance Spell (Costs 3 units of power) | - Pickpocket Spell |

Items

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| - Galaxy Note Phone | - Three Musketeers Bar (0000) |
| - 100-Dollar Bill | - Franc |
| - Oyster Crackers (0000) | |

Stats

- none

Tyran

You have always tried to balance power with justice—humanity, even. You used your burgeoning sorcerous abilities to work as a vigilante, using magic to track down serial killers and other heinous criminals that the officers of the law, bound by mundane limits, could not find. You murdered them and used those deaths to become a lich.

Even before your transformation, you had heard of Domin's visionary agenda and aspired to join to the Society of Ethical Liches, so you were thrilled when Domin personally reached out and invited you to become a Junior member. Since then, Domin has become your mentor and a close friend whom you look up to more than ever. You have also grown to like Korv, a powerful if somewhat eccentric Senior member. The third Senior member, Specter, has always made you feel slightly uneasy, though you have never identified why.

You firmly believe in the Society's values, and so you have been glad to welcome newer members into the fold. You have always thought of Sollers as a brilliant inventor, so you're not all that surprised at the announcement of the new charging machine—you expected nothing less. You liked young Lock as well, when you first met at the last convention. Lock's energy and theatrical flair seemed like a breath of fresh air, a rejuvenating influence that will help keep the Society up-to-date and relevant. You would have never thought Lock capable of grinding another lich into submission.

Yet that is exactly what has happened over the last century. At first sight Korv fell head-over-heels in love with Lock—you remember the sheer chemistry between them was palpable—and became Soul Bonded within mere hours. You thought they had found a happy-ever-after at first, but then the rumors started flying throughout the magical community that Lock was treating Korv more like a slave than a lover. Thus a Senior member of the Society was made a laughingstock. It pained you to see such a wise and capable lich brought low, and you swore you would never be so compromised.

Ah, the irony.

You pose as a lawyer nowadays, a devoted public defender, and you were minding your own business and reviewing case files one night when you perceived a sudden burst of raw power—the sign of a magical mishap. Hoping to provide emergency assistance, you sought out the source and found a toad.

Clearly, a dark spell had backfired, and you immediately started work on a countercharm. You spoke your incantations and drew on your power and kissed the toad and—wham!—suddenly the amphibian was nowhere to see. Instead, a young half-elf-half-human mage stared up you with bewildered eyes. From that first moment you've been half in-love.

You learned that this mage was Carminis, a wayward, rootless orphan, flitting between demiplanes without ever finding anywhere to call home. Yet Carminis is far from a delinquent. In fact, you've never met someone with as much sheer magical potential. Simply being in Carminis' presence is intoxicating.

Carminis has already tapped into that intoxicating potential by accomplishing a feat that even you long considered impossible—beginning work on a phylactery without shedding a drop of blood. Carminis' intuition claims that it should be possible even to finish the phylactery without murder but that such a process would take many decades, longer than a half-elf-half-human can be expected to naturally live. Yet the two of you both hate the idea of taking lives, and so you became desperate for some alternative. Carminis stumbled upon a possible solution—spending time with more liches and observing their spellcasting should provide the necessary insights to speed the phylactery's completion up dramatically. And so you took the risky step of registering Carminis as a member of the Society, in the hopes that the upcoming convention will provide those insights. You will attempt to integrate Carminis well enough into the convention that nobody will wonder about that most basic of Society requirements—all members must already be liches.

Alas, you wish to protect Carminis from discovery, yet you are growing to fear your attachment to this young sorcerer. What if you end up forming a Soul Bond? No matter how much you'd like to believe that Carminis is currently well-intentioned and will

stay that way forever, you have to remember Korvs plight and grimace– you didnt think Lock was so bad either, last convention. You’ve got to keep Carminis at arms length, lest those smiles and that brilliant mind shatter your wavering resolve, and youve gone a step further– you decided you would submit a resolution to focus the next centurys research on breaking Soul Bonds.

Switching your resolution stung a little, because you had hoped to instead nominate yourself for Senior member and throw all your effort into getting that passed. You hope that such a resolution might be proposed anyway, since Domin has been hinting that you’re Senior member material for literal ages. Given your commitment to the Society’s values and your relative seniority among the Junior members, you both believe you deserve the honor, and you expect Domin would wholeheartedly support your promotion. Domin has been kind to you from the moment you met, and you return that loyalty, presenting a united front against any threats or usurpers of the Leaders throne. You don’t know quite how to handle the issue of Carminis, though, since all members of the Society ought to be liches and Domin is certainly a stickler for the rules. If Carminis’ secret is exposed, you have to hope Domin would set aside the regulations for once and offer protection, since a non-member at this convention is fair game to be killed for power.

So you need to pass your resolution, angle for a promotion if possible, preserve your relationship with Domin and help Carminis without utterly surrendering your heart. Youve got one last objective tonight– you want to help Korv in this difficult, and perhaps punish Lock’s cruelty.

Damn these Soul Bonds.

Notes

- Your true name is Risus.
- The resolution you submitted immediately pre-game was ”Let the Society dedicate its research efforts for the next century to dissolving Soul Bonds.”
- You own a booby-trapped wallet, a booby-trapped iPhone 4, a phylactery in the form of a denarius, a bottle of Tabasco, and a peppermint patty.

Goals

- Help Carminis become a lich
- Avoid becoming Soul Bonded to Carminis
- Support Domin and the Society’s values
- Help Korv and punish Lock’s cruelty

Memory/Event Packets

- Open this if you ever a lich with an alpha score of at least 100.

Bluesheets

- Society

Greensheets

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------|
| - Introduction to Phylacteries | - Magic |
| - Voting Procedures | - Items |
| - Mind Control | - Alpha Score |

Abilities

- | | |
|---|---|
| - Lich Detection Spell | - Knockout Spell (Costs 2 units of power) |
| - Major Resistance Spell (Costs 3 units of power) | - Pickpocket Spell |
| - Kill Spell (Costs 3 units of power) | |

Items

- Wallet
- Old iPhone
- Denarius
- Tabasco (0000)
- Peppermint Patty (0000)

Stats

- none

