
Cleric Alder

Ok, ok, you can do this. You've been to a few weddings before. The nice person who gave you a way out gave you some books you've tried to read. Everything's going to be fine. Just don't think about what they'll do to you when you get caught.

You're totally going to get caught, aren't you.

See, you're Ter Fiero. Fire caste soldier. This wasn't such a bad gig a year or two ago. Tetrana was at peace. Sure, drills and such are work. You have to deal with guard duty, put up with the commanders, sleep in the barracks. But then, when you go to the tavern in the evenings, it's lots of fun. The pay's good, you stay in great shape, you have good stories. It was a good gig.

But then Izar decided it'd be a great idea to mass troops, to make some threats, to try some covert operations. Sure, that great hero Kinito or whatever stopped their invasion, but things are still tense at the border. Fighting could break out any time. And you almost died last battle. Your fort's liable to see heavy fighting if there is a straight-up invasion. And if your generals decide to take the fight to them, you'll likely get assigned to front guard. Not odds you like. Not odds you like at all.

So, maybe you had a lot to drink. And maybe the other soldiers were taunting you a bit, goading you on, telling stories about how horrible and bloody battle is. And at some point, you really just wanted to be anywhere else but a border fort.

So you ran.

Of course, in the morning, your situation hit you. Desertion is not looked on nicely by the military. Your family's all Fire caste; none of them would take you in. You had nowhere to go.

For a while, you just kept to the wilderness. Your military training prepared you to survive on your own for a while. But you couldn't live like that forever. So you headed for the capital. Maybe you could blend in there.

But by the time you got there, you still didn't really have a plan. You needed a place to live. An income other than fighting. But what could you do?

You were standing by one of the fountains when you hear the clank of armor. A cluster of soldiers, moving directly towards you! You panicked and ran into the building nearby, some temple. Seeing a Water cleric there, you called "Sanctuary!" They sat you down and listened to your story.

And then the cleric, Cleric Alder, made a wild proposal: switch places. They'd pull some strings to get around that whole "desertion" thing and go back to the border as you, and you could stay here as a cleric. It sounded wonderful, and you accepted without a second thought.

Of course, you hadn't quite gotten at the time that Alder was actually the Head Cleric for all Tetrana.

They helped you with a disguise, gave you some pointers, left you some books to read, and then left. And you were adrift. You couldn't make heads or tails of the books. And then people found you: clerics, messengers, servants. Asking you questions. Asking why you hadn't led services. Asking if you felt all right. You claimed illness, bumbled through the questions as best you could, tried not to tip anyone off. You avoided people as much as possible, but there was only so much you could put off.

And what you cannot at all put off is the Convergence. You never knew much about it beyond vague stories, before, but apparently it's some sort of once-in-a-lifetime mystical event that can reshape your whole society. There's all this ceremony that you have no idea about. There's something about people making butterflies out of elemental gems to reshape the caste system? That seems like it has all sorts of failure modes. If the Fire caste gets stronger, they'll probably get Tetrana into all sorts of wars. You don't wish the horror of war on anybody. But if the Fire caste falls in the social hierarchy, then life will suck for the ordinary soldiers like you were even more. That doesn't sound good either. It'd probably be safest just to leave things as they are.

Meddling with the caste system isn't enough for these people, though. They also want to change the sacred, codified, en-

shrined traditions of Tetrana. That's maybe not *so* bad, in theory. But one of those traditions is the ban on using fire magic in warfare. War's horrible enough for soldiers when it's just swords and bows. If we start using fire magic, and our enemies start using it back, it'd just be horrendous. No, that's one tradition that needs to stand firm.

You guess you're supposed to be orchestrating both of those ceremonies, but that's not all. Apparently marriages in the first half hour after the Realignment are supposed to be particularly auspicious, so there's going to be a lot of demand for your services officiating. But there are all these rules about weddings, and if you get them wrong everyone's going to know you're a fake.

The big rule for weddings is all about caste: someone can only marry someone else in the same caste or a caste that's adjacent in the social hierarchy. (You think there's even a bit in the ceremony where you're supposed to confirm the parties' identities and castes.) So, with the current caste hierarchy, someone in the Fire caste could marry someone from the Air or Water caste, but not someone from the Earth caste. Except, it's inauspicious to marry right before the Realignment, so these marriages will all be after the Realignment. Thus, who can marry whom will be based on the new ordering of the castes, after everyone's changed the caste system with their magic gem butterflies.

Were the gods drunk when they set all this up? Whatever, it's worlds better than getting shot at. It can't be that hard to bluff your way through officiating the most important religious ceremonies of a century among some of the most important people in all Tetrana. Knowing that if you mess up, everyone'll know you're a fake. And you'll probably get taken back to the fort and court-martialed for desertion.

Just don't let anyone see how scared you are.

Goals

- Do whatever you need to to stay out of the war.
- Keep your position as Head Cleric by keeping the Convergence running smoothly, performing auspicious marriages, and making sure no forbidden marriages take place.
- For the Realignment, maintain the status quo, especially as regards to the position of Fire.
- Maintain the tradition against the use of fire magic in warfare; war's hell enough as it is.

Contacts

- **Ter Fiero:** Actually Cleric Alder, the Water cleric you traded places with.
- **Their Majesty, Ceranest:** The monarch's here, of course. They must work with the Head Cleric all the time. What if they find you out?
- **Mim Kinril:** The Guildmaster of the Water caste, and the leader of Water's delegation to the Convergence.
- **Risdan Gully:** A less prestigious but still successful merchant, here to represent Water as well.
- **Quan Northwind:** An irresistibly attractive delegate. But alas, their status as a noble of Air places them forever out of your reach. . .

Items

- Water gem (×5)
- Alder's Spirit Butterfly

Cilac Anguma

Ah, if your father could see you now. Attending the Convergence on the right hand of the monarch himself. He'd wish he'd treated you better, wouldn't he?

See, your father Burmos Mossen isn't the sort of person to prize family. Or loyalty. Or really anything other than himself. He didn't let the fact that he had a wife keep him away from your mother. Nor did the fact that your mother had you keep him from abandoning her like the rest. Nor has he every shown any love for you. You hear it's different in the other castes, but here in the Air caste, bastards aren't treated kindly. You don't have any of your father's status or stature. You don't have any claim on his wealth or holdings. You're not Irwald Mossen. You're just Irwald Gilway. And you're a mark of shame to your mother.

But you weren't content to accept the position society gave you and meekly waste away. No, you had ambitions. Many in the Air caste turn their idle hands to the finer arts. You turned yours to the art of disguise. The art of manipulation. The art of deceit.

Finally, you were ready. You did some research, found a family with good blood but widely dispersed, with branches all over the kingdom. One where the records were not well-maintained. You modified your appearance to be just what someone in the capital would expect. And then you set yourself up as Cilac Anguma, back to the capitol from the provinces. You'd done your research. You could make smalltalk, tell stories about your family out there, and it all fit together. You never gave anyone a reason to suspect you.

And it worked. You played the politics game, took advantage of the petty rivalries among Air nobles. And your position gradually rose, until you were moving in the highest circles and serving as a respected member of the Legislative Council. And now you're even attending the Convergence with the most influential people in Tetrana. (And some Earth and Water lowlives. But you can't have everything.)

And there's no one you'd rather be spending time with than Kinito Ironsword. The hero of the kingdom for single-handedly stopping the Izarian incursion. Brave beyond all measure. Charming and cultured. And beyond compare in terms of appearance. Yes, you've had your sights on Kinito for a long time. And they've shown some interest as well. You have hope for a proposal.

Except for Mim Kinril. They're some high-up merchant leech, and they've been courting Kinito as well. You know they're just trying to cash in on the reputation of a hero for business advantage, but you've so far held off on badmouthing them too much in front of your love to not appear too jealous. But now is the auspicious time for a wedding, and thus also the time to act. You need to show your confidence and superiority, take Mim down in public, and show Kinito that you're willing to fight for your love.

But you're not above a little manipulation to cover all the bases. The Realignment is imminent, and if you ensured that Air and Fire got swapped, then there'd be no way for Mim to steal your love away from you. Plus, that'd be boosting the status of you love; it's win-win.

And there's one other thing. The Fire caste is trying to remove the traditional prohibition in using fire magic in warfare. You see no reason why you should be keeping the weapons your love needs away from them. You're sure you can use your influence to help the cause.

This is a momentous event. You've worked hard to get here. You're going to take full advantage of it.

Goals

- Enjoy hob-nobbing with the rich and famous and snubbing those below you.
- Use the Realignment to swap Air and Fire to keep Kinito from marrying that Water creep, Mim.
- Confront Mim, challenge them to a duel, do anything you can to get them to give up their pursuit of Kinito.
- Convince Kinito to marry you on this auspicious occasion.

- Ensure that the tradition against using fire magic in combat is rescinded. Your love deserves the best weapons the kingdom can provide.

Contacts

- **Kinito Ironsword:** The hero of the kingdom and your true love.
- **Mim Kinril:** That no-good Water scumbag who's trying to steal your love away from you.
- **Their Majesty, Ceranest:** The ruler of Tetrana and the leader of the Air delegation. You don't *think* they'll recognize you, but. . .
- **Quan Northwind:** A fellow noble of the Air caste—and nearly as attractive as your love, Kinito. They might be a useful ally if you wish to maintain your ruse.

Items

- Air gem (×5)
- Cilac's Spirit Butterfly

Their Majesty, Ceranest

They say it's good to be on top. You were known to hold such views, once. But times change, and people change. Even in a country as full of tradition as Tetrana, much can change.

You are the ruler of Tetrana. You have your palace in the capital. Your summer villa on the inland sea. Your winter castle in the rolling hills. You have servants to attend your every whim. You have riches beyond compare. Your chefs serve the finest delicacies. You have all the wealth a person could ask for. And for a time you were content with such holdings.

But even a monarch has time for thought and contemplation. You often hear others of the Air caste joke, in their witty way, of the plights of the lower castes. The hopeful earnestness of the young Fire soldiers that go to their deaths. The worried lines of the Water merchant that can't seem to quite keep enough up with her expenses. And most of all the Earth peasants, scraping at the dirt and living in hovels, freezing in the snows and knowing scarce comfort.

You hear this prattle, and it makes you wonder. Why are you the monarch, and others farmers? Why should the lowest Air bastard be worth more than the noblest members of the other castes? Is it the gods that assign us to our castes? Is it, as some Air philosophers propose, the inexorable wheel of karma, assigning caste based on some measure of sin or virtue in a past life? Or is it mere random chance of fortune?

In essence, why do you deserve the life of luxury you were born into, never doing a thing to earn it? Why do the Earth caste, who bear great burdens and make great labor all their lives, never have any chance to better their lot? Is such a system even just?

Some say the Convergence and the Realignment prove the justice of Tetrana's ways, as each caste has equal ability to set the course for the next century. And yet, Air has remained on top for centuries, and if Earth has ever been anywhere other than the bottom, no record of such a time can be found in the royal archives. The Earth caste does great work for the country, putting in great labor for a system that serves them ill.

You have thought much, and researched much, and have determined that there is another way. The traditions of Tetrana consider only small changes at the Realignment, cautioning against the dangers of drastic change. But it doesn't have to be that way. Justice demands differently. No, you've found in ancient scrolls a way to put this right quickly. To move Earth right to the top of the heap. They've put in their centuries of work. They deserve time in the sun.

Of course, such a proposal will be controversial. It goes against your traditions, and puts the other castes at a disadvantage. But you are the monarch, here, now. That will count for something.

And meanwhile, as long as you still rule Tetrana, it would not be fit for you to neglect it. One manner, in particular, is key to your country's future: the alliance with Osken. For too long have you remained aloof and separate, spurning foreign powers that seek only friendship. This folly has been to your detriment: would Izar have been so quick to start hostilities if you were not alone, with no allies to call upon? Would Anscaria make their oblique threats and demands if you did not seem such an easy target? No, abandoning this tradition of isolation is long overdue. You must see to it that Tetrana chooses the right path.

That's not the only important matter being decided today, either. The Water caste is proposing starting the export of elemental gems. Tetrana's elemental magic is what's kept it strong all these centuries; it's what makes the whole country function, from your laws and traditions to the many necessary uses of magic in everyday life. You can't risk diluting or losing your magic by spreading its source through lands far away. There's no knowing what would happen. Fortunately, you expect that Mim Kinril, the Guildmaster of the Water caste, will support you on this issue. Mim is not personally involved in the gem trade, and is too self-interested to support a measure that would only benefit other traders.

And, meanwhile, all the people here look to you as their ruler. Serve as a good example of propriety and good dealings, and ensure that order is kept and nothing unpleasant disrupts this most holy of days. For it is the Convergence, and there is no day

more pivotal for Tetrana.

Goals

- Find the right opportunity to announce your new path, and convince enough others to move the Realignment in this new and just direction.
- Make sure the alliance with Osken goes through.
- Preserve Tetrana's magic by maintaining the ban on elemental gems.
- Keep order and make sure nothing unduly disrupts the Convergence.
- Ensure that all dealings are carried out in a right and proper manner.
- See to it that everyone collects enough gems to summon their spirit butterflies. It is a rare event when all the castes mingle like this, and you want everyone to have a voice.

Notes

- Should Air be displaced by another caste, it will fall to you to select your successor. The final decision is yours, although you may turn to your subjects for advice. The new ruler should exemplify the best qualities of their element, and in particular they should actually *be* a member of the new ruling caste. (Not that anyone would ever show up to the Convergence in disguise.)

Contacts

- **Cilac Anguma:** A dignified and respected Air noble from a powerful family. Has made a big impact despite coming from a minor branch of the Anguma family.
- **Quan Northwind:** A charming and gracious young noble in the Air delegation.
- **Kinito Ironsword:** The hero of the recent skirmishes with Izar. Detected an infiltration party and tracked them for hours through the wilderness until help could arrive. You made them a General for their bravery and services to Tetrana.
- **Cleric Alder:** The Head Cleric at the temple in the capital. They have expressed their willingness to marry any betrothed in the auspicious period immediately after the Realignment.
- **Mim Kinril:** The Guildmaster of the Water caste, and accordingly the leader of their delegation. A shrewd, greedy businessperson, but perhaps a valuable ally as well.

Items

- Air gem (×5)
- Ceranest's Spirit Butterfly

Essap Durr

Oh, to be a star-crossed lover is a terrible fate! You're Darrad Anguma, a young noble of the Air caste. The way your mother tells it, you should be courting some other high-bred noble befitting your position as the future leader of the Central Anguma clan. Only the best would do, of course, none of the forgotten youngest children and filthy bastards that make up the lower ranks of the Air caste. You must marry well to ensure that the power and influence of the Anguma family lasts for generations to come. Your parents would be overjoyed beyond words if you found someone you could love among those they introduce you to at balls and banquets, or at least were willing to pretend.

But no, you have fallen madly in love with a young Water merchant named Burl Estrad, who has of late been delivering shipments of elemental gems to your family's estate.¹ Your courtship has been a thing of sly glances and whispered conversations—and the occasional stolen kiss—for of course your parents would never approve. And not just your parents, but the law itself! For, alas, the Air and Water castes are separated by so wide a gulf that to marry Burl would be categorically illegal!

But hope springs eternal, for you and your love are fortunate enough to be alive during the time of the Convergence, when the laws of nature and society may rewrite themselves anew! If Water were to change places with Fire in the great cosmic order, then you and Burl could be together at last! Your parents would still disapprove, of course, but that is a trouble for another time.

And so you and Burl made a pact, that you would somehow find a way to attend the Convergence, and thus reshape the very fabric of society to allow your union. You have succeeded, for your part. You see, it is traditional for a servant from the ruler's household to attend the Convergence as part of the lowest caste's delegation—but as it turns out, none of these servants relishes the prospect of members of all the other castes looking down on them for hours on end, and few of them entertain hopes of actually managing to improve Earth's station in the cosmic order. So it was a simple enough matter to pose as one of Ceranest's servants and thereby gain admittance to this auspicious event!

It is certainly... strange, posing as a member of the Earth caste. You have spent your whole life being catered to, and now your station has been suddenly and utterly reversed! Deferring to others, tending to their needs, obeying their orders—there is almost an illicit thrill to it all! You are certain that it would grow tedious ere long, but for now you are finding a wholly unexpected amusement in playing the part of the humble servant.

There is no sign of Burl, unfortunately. It seems they did not share in your good fortune. Still, you must not lose heart! You, at least, are here to cast your vote, and that is better than nothing!

And it seems you have another chance to help Burl, while you're here. The delegates to the Convergence will be voting on whether to end the traditional ban on exporting elemental gems out of Tetrana—and as Burl has explained to you, those Water merchants who engage in international trade are afforded the most prestige. And given that Burl is involved in the gem trade, allowing their export would be a great boon to them indeed!

There's one other thing. It's not why you're here, but your family's political rivals, the Mossen family, have been pushing this treaty with Osken for ages. They paint this utopian picture of world peace and cooperation. You've watched your countrymen, ignorant of the realities of international politics, get pulled in. But it's a load of nonsense. That's not how the world really works. If you ally with Osken, they'll pull you in to all their petty rivalries, their conflict with Anscaria, their trade disputes. Is this worth selling your pride and independence for? Tetrana has long stood alone for good reasons; now is not the time to abandon your traditions for no real gain.

Regardless, you had best be on your toes. The leader of the Water delegation is their Guildmaster, Mim Kinril. You have never met them before, but according to Burl they are a very unsavory sort, watchful and suspicious. You're sure that if you could embarrass or inconvenience them somehow, Burl would thank you for it when you are reunited.

¹Your mother uses them to adorn the sculptures she creates. You don't really get it, but then your artistic inclinations run more toward the musical.

But you must take care not to lose sight of your first and most important motive—true love!

Goals

- Realign the very essence of the cosmos itself so that you can be united with your true love!
- Ensure your lover's financial prosperity by legalizing the export of elemental gems.
- Prevent the alliance with Osken. Getting embroiled in international rivalries is just a bad idea.
- Do what you can to get under Mim's skin. It's what Burl would want!

Contacts

- **Burl Estrad:** The love of your life! It doesn't look like they managed to sneak into the Convergence, though. Alas!
- **Their Majesty, Ceranest:** The ruler of Tetrana. You are posing as their servant.
- **Clod Lessor:** An elder of the Earth caste, and the leader of the Earth delegation to the Convergence.
- **Rute Oakbranch:** A farmer, and Earth's other representative today.
- **Mim Kinril:** The Guildmaster of the Water caste. Burl doesn't care for them at all.
- **Quan Northwind:** An absurdly attractive Air noble. Definitely the sort of person your parents would want you to marry. And, well, if you weren't so devoted to Burl, you'd certainly be tempted. . .
- **Cilac Anguma:** Another Anguma's here as part of the Air delegation. You've heard of them, but they're from one of the provincial branches, so you've never met them.

Items

- Earth gem (×5)
- Essap's Spirit Butterfly

Ter Fiero

You've been around for a while. You've seen a lot. But this is going to be more excitement than you've seen in a long time.

You're Cleric Alder. You were born into the Water caste, to a well-off merchant family. Your parents wanted you to go into trade in one way or another, as most Water children do. But you never saw the appeal of balances and good flows. The regular drudgery and repetitive pattern of it all.

So you took one of the more unusual career options available to the Water caste: the path of the cleric. You went to temple school and learned about the gods, the elemental spirits, and Tetrana's unique elemental magic. You learned the traditions and the rituals and the festivals. You learned the history of the founding of the temples and the Saints and the royal lines. And you learned of the Convergences, every century, that have the power to dramatically reshape your society.

This was certainly more interesting than ledgers and caravans, and you soaked it up like a sponge. You worked your way up the temple hierarchy, impressing many with your eloquence and your learning. Eventually, after many years, you were the Head Cleric at the temple in the capitol, a position of great respect and influence, especially for one of the Water caste. You served in this capacity for many years, guiding ceremonies and religious life for people of all castes.

After a decade or so, however, you'd become set in your ways. The festival calendar was a constant pressure, and you had many essential functions to carry out. There was no more excitement or wonder in it. You were no longer learning new things about the world or about the past. You were some sort of clockwork figure, fulfilling a role mechanically day after day and year after year. You were just a different kind of facilitator for a different kind of commerce.

But then, one day recently, an opportunity came before you. You were in the hall, preparing for a festival service, when a thin and haggard person burst in in a panic. They called "Sanctuary!" and said they feared for their life. You took them aside, calmed them down, and eventually got the story, one a bit less sympathetic than you originally thought.

See, this person, Ter Fiero, was of the Fire caste and had been a soldier for years. When the borders had been at peace, that had been fine. Do some drills, stay in shape, then in the evening visit the taverns and have a good time. But recently, it appears, there'd been troop movements in Izar. Talk of invasion. And the fort where Ter was stationed was likely to take the brunt of any invasion, or be the first sent out on a preemptive strike. Suddenly the idea of being a soldier was less appealing. So they'd deserted, but they knew their superiors would not think too kindly of this when they got caught.

You saw the fear in Ter's eyes. But to you, this talk of war and conflict just seemed like a wonderful adventure. It was like a veil had been lifted from your eyes. Your path was clear. You made a few arrangements (you both needed cover for Ter's time away from the fort and to ensure that they'd get invited to the Convergence), and then you put your plan into action. You put together some disguises and swapped places.

Of course, without your years of learning, Ter's going to be a disaster as Alder, but that's their problem. They were certainly happy enough to go along with your proposal. Meanwhile, you've always kept in good shape, so while it'll be a bit of a leap to pass yourself off as a soldier you're sure you can manage it.

Now, it is the time of the Convergence, and there was no way you were going to miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, even as you were leaving your old life behind. Which is why you made those arrangements. You're not sure what the others in the Fire delegation think of you, but that's no matter. You're going to be present at the most powerful mystical event in Tetrana! And you won't have to spend the whole time officiating! Or performing any of those so-called "auspicious" marriages! (Not that that "tradition" has any real basis in anything but hype.)

While you don't have any second thoughts, there are still some things you care about from your old life. Chief among them is this insane proposal to start exporting elemental gems. Of all the foolish ideas! The elemental gems are the source of Tetrana's magic and soul, its unique relationship with spirits and gods! Ship them elsewhere and you'll just be standing on the corpse of a

country. And what good will your piles of gold be when this drained husk of a kingdom has fallen into ruin? No, you must keep the elemental gems in Tetrana, whatever the cost.

Of course, the Realignment is the most important part of the Convergence. Full of possibility. And as you start on your new life, you can't help but see the possibilities of greater excitement in your future. If the Fire caste ruled Tetrana, we'd surely stop limiting ourselves to defensive wars, and start our own campaign, seize some foreign provinces. Now that'd give you the excitement you're looking for. It might be a little fiddly to get the gems you need for a Water butterfly when your delegation only gave you Fire gems, but you're sure you can manage.

You may need to be persuasive when it comes to the other delegates, though. Inertia is a powerful thing, and those with the most influence also have the most interest in maintaining the status quo. According to some historical texts you once pored over, Air has held the highest status for centuries, and there is no written record of Earth ever being anywhere but on the bottom. At the most recent Convergence, one hundred years ago, the delegates voted not to realign the elements at all!

But you must not lose hope. There's so much you have to look forward to, you can hardly wait. And it all starts now.

Notes

- You know the right way to do all the ceremonies in game. The person you swapped with is going to do them all wrong. Feel free to make up what they're doing wrong; no one else is in a position to know better than you.

Goals

- Enjoy and fully experience the Convergence without having to run everything.
- Ensure that the tradition against exporting elemental gems is maintained.
- Try to steer the Realignment to move Fire to the top, to ensure excitement in your new life.

Contacts

- **Cleric Alder:** The foolish Fire soldier, actually named Ter Fiero, who you switched places with.
- **Their Majesty, Ceranest:** The ruler of Tetrana, who you sometimes had ceremonial interactions with. They don't seem to have recognized you as the real Head Cleric.
- **Kinito Ironsword:** A hero of Tetrana, who was instrumental in repelling the recent Izarian invasion. They are the leader of the Fire delegation to the Convergence.
- **Nalen Incen:** The other Fire delegate, and a distinguished soldier in their own right.
- **Quan Northwind:** An extremely attractive Air noble who has caught your eye. Could romance be in the air tonight?

Items

- Fire gem (×5)
- Ter's Spirit Butterfly

Risdan Gully

Oooh, a party! This is going to be such *fun*!

You're an Earth spirit! So that's pretty neat. All the spirits of Water and Fire and especially Air have all these boring *responsibilities*, but since Earth is at the bottom of the heap, you're off the hook for any sort of work! You basically get to do what you want, when you want!¹

The other spirits don't always like you, though. They say you're always causing trouble. Which you are! But you don't see what's so bad about that! One time some other spirits got so mad at you that you went to go take a nap in a tree just so they'd stop yelling. But then! You'd barely been asleep for a couple of decades when this absolutely *filthy* mortal showed up under your tree, crying and wailing and making the *worst* sort of racket. "Oh boo hoo, I'm a dirty peasant and my stepfamily hates me!" But still! The mortal was obviously an Earth mortal, and you're an Earth spirit, so, y'know, you kind of had to take pity. So you conjured up a beautiful silken robe and sent it wafting down from the tree, and you even did that thing where the air hummed with eldritch energy, and that shut the mortal *right* up. They donned the robe and ran off. Peace at last!

Except you were feeling a bit restless, so you decided to wander for a bit. And then! While eavesdropping on some mortals, you found out that you had woken up just in time for the Convergence! The *last* time the Convergence happened, nothing changed and all the elements stayed in the same place. It was so *boring*! You were *very* disappointed.²

And so! You decided that *this* century, you'd stop by to stir things up a bit! You managed to track down a Water mortal on their way to the Convergence, and while they were bathing in a river you assumed their form and stole their clothes!³ A perfect disguise! (You can conjure clothes on the spot, of course, but this way just seemed more *fun*!)

So now you're here! Hurrah! And better yet, everyone here smells like *lies*! It's absolutely delicious! You're not *quite* sure yet what they're all hiding, but all those secrets are going to come to light if you get your way!

But wait! There's more! That one mortal, the crying one from the tree? Is here! I know! Crazy! And everyone is, like, *really* interested in them. Hm, maybe you put way more juice into those magic robes than you realized. Oh well! Mortals don't really do it for you *that* way, but at least everyone else here has something nice to look at!

Goals

- See to it that everyone's secrets come to light in the most hilarious way possible.
- Cast your votes at the Convergence in whatever way will cause maximum chaos!
- Make sure that the whiny mortal in the magic robe gets a happy ending. You're not gonna have the other spirits saying that your gifts suck!
- Also try to help the other Earth mortals, because that's kind of your job or something (when you feel like it). Of course, first you have to figure out which of these mortals are *actually* members of the Earth caste...

Notes

- You're not a mortal, but it appears that as long as you're in this form you can summon a magical sparkly voting butterfly the way the rest of them do. Yay! You're an Earth spirit, so you'll need two Earth gems and one of each other color.
- You've got magic, of course, but using it so close to the site of the Convergence seems awfully risky—even for you. Better not chance it. There have got to be safer, more fun ways to cause trouble.

Contacts

- **Quan Northwind:** An Earth mortal that you gave a magic robe to, and now they're wicked hot! (To other mortals, anyway.)

¹On the other hand, you're also magically bound to the mortals of the Earth caste, and you *guess* it would be nice for them to not be at the bottom, for once...

²Though you guess that at least you're grateful that Earth stayed at the bottom, so you could get away with another century of slacking off!

³You also stole their name, or just borrowed it, really. Risdan Gully? That's a silly name. Spirits don't have names, though, so maybe you're a bit biased.

Scents

- **Essap Durr:** *Sniff!* “Aww, lying for the sake of love! How sweet!”
- **Nalen Incen:** *Sniff!* “Hmm, no, the scent of jealousy doesn’t suit you at *all*.”
- **Mim Kinril:** *Sniff!* “Careful—those are some mighty big shoes you’re trying to fill!”
- **Cleric Alder:** *Sniff!* “Huh, your lie smells an awful lot like...”
- **Ter Fiero:** *Sniff!* “...*your* lie. Weird.”
- **Rute Oakbranch:** *Sniff!* “Oho, the thing you want most is right under your nose, and you don’t even know it? Hi-larious!”
- **Cilac Anguma:** *Sniff!* “My goodness, you were *born* surrounded by lies!”
- **Kinito Ironsword:** *Sniff!* “Yup, *definitely* an Earth mortal. I can always tell one of my own!”
- **Their Majesty, Ceranest:** *Sniff!* “Wait, you’re who you say you are? That’s boring. But you *do* know a secret that could shake things up...”
- **Clod Lessor:** *Sniff!* “Ooh, you’re not from around here at *all*, are you? Naughty, naughty!”

Items

- Water gem (×5)
- Risdan’s Spirit Butterfly

Nalen Incen

Glory. Glory rightfully earned. Glory against a worthy adversary. That's what you've been working towards your whole adult life. That's what you've sought. And now, when you finally deserve it, to get passed over? That's the ultimate insult.

You were born and raised Water caste. You learned to count beans and balance accounts, organize caravans and negotiate prices. Useful enough skills. Practical. Boring. Stifling.

There's a reason the Fire caste is above Water. What does Water risk? A few disks of metal? The ability to buy furnishings for your sitting room? What value is there in that? In the trappings of finery bought with numbers?

Fire soldiers risk their bone and blood, their very lives, to earn glory fighting for their home and country. What could be more worthy than that? And yet, you were born to merchants, doomed to the quiet suffocation of the Water caste.

You weren't willing to accept that.

You took some gold from your mother's desk, bought some things, and stole off. You heard there was unrest at the border with Izar, so you went to a fort there. You presented yourself as Nalen, the youngest child of a provincial Fire family sent to aid in the war. They were happy to put you through training.

Training wasn't easy work, far from it. You were used to sitting at a desk with a quill and ink. You weren't decadent the way those Air weaklings get, but you'd never been through a Fire training regimen. The other soldiers laughed at your weakness and panting. But you didn't let it get to you. You practiced extra hours, late into the evening when the other soldiers were resting, lifting stones, climbing stairs, and doing drills to get your strength up.

One evening, you noticed you weren't the only one doing extra training. Kinito Ironsword seemed to be in a similar situation to the one you were in. Seeing your attention, they asked you if you wanted to spar. Soon, you were training together every evening. You could help them out, give them tips on how to improve. And it was good to have someone you could talk to who didn't make you feel like a weakling.

You wondered about Kinito's story, but they never seemed inclined to talk much about their past. Until one evening, they slipped. They'd mentioned being from a branch of the Ironsword family in the capital, so when they told a story about being out in the fields with one of their siblings, it stood out. When you asked about it, Kinito stared at you like a kid in the larder. But after a moment, they came clean. They told you that they were actually Earth caste, in disguise to join the army. You were impressed; they'd done a good job with the disguise. And then you decided to take a calculated risk, and told them your story. The mutual confidence brought you even closer together, and you became staunch allies.

Then one night, after the Izarians got bold enough to test some of the border forts, your division was out scouting near an enemy encampment. You were on night guard duty. Kinito said they heard movement. The other guards wouldn't listen, but you went with Kinito to investigate. And you found a whole troupe of Izarians, dressed to blend in in the dark, sneaking past the border. You knew at once that this was important. If they weren't stopped, they could wreak untold havoc, terrorizing the countryside or assassinating leaders. This was your chance. You told Kinito to track them and leave a trail while you went for help. You wasted no time in rousing the captain back at camp. You told him in no uncertain terms the urgency of the situation, and he listened. Of course, rousing the camp was not an instant manner, but it happened, you led them down the trail, and the battle was joined. Your decisive action lead to a solid victory. The Izarians were totally blindsided. It was your first taste of real glory.

Or it should've been. Your haste and decisiveness was key to the successful action, and that victory lead to the discovery of further, similar infiltration parties elsewhere on the border. You helped turn what could have been immense destruction and a long, bloody war into a strong and decisive campaign for Tetrana. So, why did Kinito get all the credit? All anyone seemed to remember was their bloody sword and their walk through the woods, none of your sprint or ability to discern the almost-invisible

trail they left on an overcast night. And you accounted for yourself well in the brief battle, too. But Kinito's the one who gets proclaimed a hero, who gets a feast in their honor back at the fort, who gets a personal visit from the monarch and proclaimed a General of the Armies. You, you're just a footnote, a sidekick, an assistant. A lieutenant.

You trusted Kinito as an ally, and now they're basking in all the honor and you're just following along as an afterthought. You wouldn't have put it past them to even neglect to bother putting you on the Fire delegation to the Convergence. There are so many important people here. There must be some way to show that you're the real hero, or at least that Kinito doesn't deserve all this outrageous treatment. You'd love to take them down a peg or two. Of course, if you let their secret out, yours might come out too, and that would just be adding more humiliation. So you have to be clever. But clever has always been your strong suit.

Meanwhile, this is the Convergence, and it's a prime opportunity to keep those frail little aristocratic Air artists and the greedy worthless Water brokers from selling out Tetrana in the name of "peace" and "prosperity". You know that for Tetrana to get the respect and position it deserves, you need to be known for your strong military. And that's why it's important to overturn this absurd prohibition against the use of fire magic in warfare. War's for real, not some sort of spectator event. Only a fool goes to a fight without the best weapons available.

And, of course, the Realignment brings the opportunity to move the Fire caste, and thus the military, to the top of the heap. Military leadership means more resources for the army, a stronger country, and a position for expansion. More wars means more opportunity for glory. You know that Tetrana could show the world, if those weak nancy pansy artists weren't holding it back. But with Fire in charge, they wouldn't be able to.

(Of course, not *actually* being Fire clan, you'll need to get two Water gems and make a Water butterfly without letting your secret out. But that shouldn't be too hard if you keep your wits about you.)

Every battle hinges on a key point of decision. This Convergence may not be a true battle of blood and glory, but it's a point of decision nevertheless. Make sure Tetrana chooses the right path, and one way or another, you'll get the glory you deserve.

Goals

- Find a way to show up Kinito and get the recognition you deserve.
- Ensure that Tetrana allows the use of fire magic in to enhance your combat superiority.
- Move Fire to the top in the Realignment to turn Tetrana's focus away from silly frivolities and towards showing the rest of the world our superiority through war.
- If Fire does switch places with Air, then you should convince Ceranest to select you and not Kinito as the new ruler of Tetrana.

Contacts

- **Kinito Ironsword:** Your best friend among the Fire soldiers. Secretly Earth caste. They got lauded as a hero after the two of you stopped the Izarians and their subterfuge, and didn't seem to mind your contributions getting ignored.
- **Ter Fiero:** The third member of the Fire delegation. Supposedly an excellent soldier.
- **Quan Northwind:** An exceedingly attractive noble of the Air caste. Even with all that's going on today, perhaps you could find some time to get to know them better...
- **Mim Kinril:** The leader of the Water caste. Awfully pompous and self-important for someone who is quite content with the safe life of a merchant.

Items

- Fire gem (×5)
- Nalen's Spirit Butterfly

Kinito Ironsword

They told you you were worthless. That a little Earth dirtgrubber would never amount to anything. But you proved them wrong. Oh, if they could see you now.

You were born to the Earth caste. A poor family of peasant farmers. Air nobles owned the land; they got the lion's share of the harvest. You were near the Izar border, so you owed the Fire fort nearby another portion. And some piece of paper from your great grandfather's day obligated you to supply some more to the post station nearby, used by caravans and messengers. What little was left afterward was hardly enough to go around. Still, your parents were hard folk. They knew how to scrape by.

The kids from the fort used to come by when their training for the day was done and watch you, still hard at work in the fields with your sisters and brothers. They'd jeer at you. Sometimes they'd throw rocks, particularly if you were carrying a big bundle they could make you drop. They called you names, said you'd die in the dirt like the animal you were. Your siblings told you to ignore them. You were never good at taking advice. One time it got too much for you. You yelled back that you were tougher than they'd ever be, that they were weak stupid cowards, that you could take any of them. Of course, they weren't in the mood for a fair fight. At least all they had were wooden training swords. And as they left you lying there, bloody and bruised, one of them said, "You're just a pathetic little earthworm. You'd not worth a hundredth of one of us. I'd like to see you in a battle. You'd die in seconds like a squealing pig."

Your parents sat you down that night. They said the same things they always said, that there was honor in being Earth caste, that being at the bottom of it all you could support all Tetrana. That it was best for everyone if you knew your place and didn't try to upset the balance. Needless to say, you weren't in a mood to hear it. You weren't in that sort of mood at all.

You'd always been an clever kid. You paid attention to the news that'd come through the post station. You'd heard about the concern about relations with Izar, the call for troops. It wasn't hard to sneak out at night, steal what you needed, and put together a disguise. In the morning, you showed up as Kinito Ironsword, a young Fire soldier from an obscure branch of the Ironsword family, reporting for duty. If the sergeants noticed your unfamiliarity with the drills or the poor fit of your armor, they chalked it up to growing up in the capital, far away from the glory that was the proper Fire inheritance. They praised your decision to come to the border and be what you should be.

It was hard, of course. Drills weren't as grueling as working in the fields, but they used different muscles and took more precision. And in sparring, you had to go against people with years of experience on you, and they weren't inclined to take it easy on this soft capital newcomer. But you were determined. You knew you could be good enough. You practiced extra in the evenings, when the other soldiers were off drinking or flirting. And you got better.

There was another soldier there, about your age, that caught your attention. They weren't like the other ones, who treated training like a game and worked as little as they could get away with. No, Nalen Incen took practice seriously, like you did. You noticed them training alone in the evening, once, and asked if they'd like to spar. Soon, you were regular partners for extra practice. You could point out things for each other to work on and encourage each other to keep pushing when weariness set in. But more importantly than that, there was someone else here who didn't seem like an enemy. Someone that it felt like you could trust.

It was late some evening when you slipped. You and Nalen were joking and chatting, catching your breath after some intense sparring, when you told a story about something one of your siblings had done out in the fields. "The fields? I thought you grew up in the capital." Nalen asked. You froze for a moment, thinking of a story. But then you hesitated. You really wanted to be able to trust someone, to not hide from everyone. You *thought* you could trust Nalen. And you decided to go for it. And guess what! Nalen was an outsider too! A Water merchant who thought trade was weak and fighting was glorious! After that, you two were tighter than tight. You were fast friends, and did everything together.

But then the simmering tensions with the Izarians went hot. There'd been attacks elsewhere on the border, and your division was sent out to scout their movements. You found an army camped on the other side of the pass. You set up camp in a defensible position and waited for orders to come from the fort. Orders were not fast in coming.

That night, while you were on guard duty, you heard signs of movement. You wanted to go investigate, but the other guards told you it was just an animal and wouldn't come. Nalen, though, was with you. And what did you find? A division of Izarians, dressed in dark clothes, obviously trying to sneak into Tetrana to sabotage the supply lines or assassinate the leaders! You sent Nalen to rouse your troops while you tracked them from the shadows, leaving a trail for them to follow. You kept at it for an hour, constantly terrified of being seen. And then the troops arrived, and you all attacked. The Izarians never knew what hit them. Soon you stood there, with your sword bloody and corpses at your feet, with your captain looking at you with admiration.

The war has settled down, at least for now. Now that they knew what to look for, other forts caught several other detachments of saboteurs, and the Izarians soon backed down. Overnight, you became the hero of the fort, of the whole army. When Ceranest himself came to the fort and made you a general, crediting you with saving Tetrana from destruction, you thought it was a bit overdramatic, but you weren't going to say no. You couldn't help but chuckle inwardly. Worthless little earthworm, eh?

And it's also, you guess, why you got picked as the leader of the Fire delegation for the Convergence. It's a great honor, you could hardly refuse. You made sure Nalen got included as well, so you'd have someone to talk to. You don't really know the third delegate, Ter Fiero, but you're told they have accounted themselves well.

Becoming a hero overnight has brought you other kinds of attention, too. It's not exactly *unwelcome* (you were never considered a "catch", before), but it is a bit bizarre, especially pursuit from people such as this. Your two most persistent suitors are Mim Kinril, Water Guildmaster and known for their shrewd business dealings, and Cilac Anguma, a well-off Air aristocrat from a powerful family, and they've both been hinting that marriage is on their minds. You don't know quite what you think of that, but it's nice to be pursued. Currently, your leaning is towards Mim: a successful merchant seems a more honorable career than an idle aristocrat, and you don't know what the aristocracy would do if you were caught in an illegal marriage into a powerful family. But you're sure both of them will make great efforts to be your choice at the Convergence.

As for the Convergence itself, there are three matters of importance. First, the alliance with Osken. You've seen the harshness of war firsthand. A strong defensive alliance would help protect Tetrana and hopefully avoid the need for further fighting. Second, the use of magic in warfare. Even though your caste proposed the question, you have your reservations. You've seen how hard war is on the common people when fields and towns turn into battlefields. Fire magic is amazingly destructive; adding it to the mix would destroy the land you fight over more thoroughly and invite similarly harsh tactics from your foes in response. No, adding the destruction of elemental flame to your arsenal is a slope you don't want to go down.

And last, of course, there is the Realignment. You know how hard things were growing up, how hard they must still be for your family. How hard the Earth caste works and how little they get for it, while Water merchants rake in gold without actually producing anything of value. Moving Earth above Water would move those who feed and clothe the country a little closer to the place they deserve.

Of course, to make your contribution to the Realignment you're going to need to trade for some different gems, particularly the two Earth gems you need. At first you were worried about someone noticing that you're not actually Fire caste, what with the gems and all, but then you thought about it some more. You've proven yourself, that much is clear. But it doesn't mean as much if no one knows who you really are, that the hero who saved a country is actually Earth caste. After the Realignment is over, if you can find a suitably dramatic opportunity, maybe it's time to reveal the truth, to everyone. It's terrifying, to be honest. You could lose your position, be forced back into your old life, or worse. And who knows what your suitors would do if they found out the truth. But, you're not really in this just for yourself any more. You want to make Tetrana a better place, to keep future Earth children from having to go through what you did. And that's not going to happen if you just play it safe.

Hopefully the gods of Earth are still smiling on you. You're going to need all the help you can get.

Goals

- Use the Realignment to move Earth above Water, to make life a little less harsh for your family and caste.
- Ensure that the alliance with Osken goes through, for greater protection.
- Ensure that the prohibition on fire magic in combat is maintained.
- Find a suitably dramatic opportunity, ideally post-Realignment, to reveal that the “hero who saved Tetrana” is actually Earth caste.
- Figure out what to do about your romantic situation. If you *do* choose to marry, there is no more auspicious time than immediately after the Realignment. . .

Contacts

- **Nalen Incen:** Your friend among the Fire soldiers, the only one who knows your secret. Secretly Water caste.
- **Ter Fiero:** The third member of the Fire delegation, a soldier of distinction.
- **Their Majesty, Ceranest:** The ruler of Tetrana. If you’d been told a year ago that you’d be honored by the likes of them. . .
- **Mim Kinril:** One of your suitors, the Guildmaster of the Water caste.
- **Cilac Anguma:** Your other suitor, a well-bred noble of the Air caste. You do have some feelings for them—but if you were to reveal your true identity, a romance with Cilac could never be.
- **Quan Northwind:** An extraordinarily attractive Air noble who has recently caught your eye. Perhaps it would be hasty to limit your options to just Mim and Cilac. . .

Items

- Fire gem (×5)
- Kinito’s Spirit Butterfly

Mim Kinril

Oh, to be a star-crossed lover is a terrible fate! You're a young Water merchant named Burl Estrad, and you have fallen madly in love with a young Air noble named Darrad Anguma, who you first met when you began delivering shipments of elemental gems to their family's estate. Your courtship has been a thing of sly glances and whispered conversations—and the occasional stolen kiss—for of course their parents would never approve. And not just their parents, but the law itself! For, alas, the Air and Water castes are separated by so wide a gulf that to marry Darrad would be categorically illegal!

But hope springs eternal, for you and your love are fortunate enough to be alive during the time of the Convergence, when the laws of nature and society may rewrite themselves anew! If Water were to change places with Fire in the great cosmic order, then you and Darrad could be together at last! Their parents would still disapprove, of course, but that is a trouble for another time.

And so you and Darrad made a pact, that you would somehow find a way to attend the Convergence, and thus reshape the very fabric of society to allow your union. You have succeeded, for your part. Last night, you found yourself drinking at the same tavern as the Guildmaster of the Water caste, Mim Kinril. Mim is a vile and selfish individual, but you knew that as Guildmaster they would be attending the Convergence. And so you paid the tavernkeep a considerable sum to spend the entire night serving Mim the tavern's strongest ales, such that they would be indisposed for days. And then you endeavored to create a cunning disguise that would allow you pose as Mim and thereby gain admittance to the Convergence—and you were quite cunning indeed, it seems! So far, neither of the other Water delegates in attendance has seen through your ruse. You only recognize one of them, actually: Risdan Gully, a fairly successful trader you have met on a handful of occasions. They seem to be behaving a bit... erratically today, for some reason. But you suppose that anything that might distract them from seeing through your disguise is a blessing.

There is no sign of Darrad, unfortunately. It seems they did not share in your good fortune. Still, you must not lose heart! You, at least, are here to cast your vote, and that is better than nothing!

And while you're here, it seems that you have a chance to help your own financial prospects. The delegates to the Convergence will be voting on whether to end the traditional ban on exporting elemental gems out of Tetrana—and as you well know, those Water merchants who engage in international trade are afforded the most prestige. Given that you yourself are involved in the gem trade, allowing their export would open up many opportunities for you. (Of course, the *real* Mim Kinril is not involved in the gem trade, so their sudden support for such a measure might come as a surprise to the other delegates.) Forming an alliance with Osken, too, would also open up new trade opportunities, though that'd only help you directly if exporting gems is also allowed.

But you must take care not to lose sight of your first and most important motive—true love!

Goals

- Realign the very essence of the cosmos itself so that you can be united with your true love!
- Ensure your financial prosperity by legalizing the export of elemental gems.
- If the export of elemental gems seems like it'll be approved, also try to make the alliance with Osken go through so you have expanded trading opportunities.

Contacts

- **Darrad Anguma:** The love of your life! It doesn't look like they managed to sneak into the Convergence, though. Alas!
- **Risdan Gully:** A Water merchant you know, albeit not well. They appear to be acting a bit strangely.
- **Cleric Alder:** The other member of the Water delegation. One of the relatively rare members of the Water caste who is a priest rather than a merchant. (If only Darrad were here, Alder could marry the two of you tonight!)
- **Quan Northwind:** An absurdly attractive Air noble. If you weren't so devoted to Darrad, you might be tempted... but there's only one person you'd rearrange the very fabric of reality for.

Items

- Water gem (×5)

- Mim's Spirit Butterfly

Clod Lessor

Ugh. Your first real spy mission outside Anscaria's borders, and the powers that be have decided to send you to *Tetrana*, of all places. The food is terrible, for one thing. And their rigid caste system (based on mystical elemental superstitions, naturally) is quaintly absurd. But unfortunately, Tetrana is also a considerable military power, so *somebody* has to keep an eye on things. You just wish it didn't have to be you.

You've done an impressive job so far, truth be told! You've managed to infiltrate a once-a-century... council... *thing* that appears to be incredibly meaningful to these people. You're posing as the leader of the lowly Earth caste's delegation to the meeting, which turned out to be surprisingly easy. You were expecting to have to bribe the other Earth delegates not to rat you out (and Anscaria certainly provided you with more than enough money to satisfy a couple of impoverished farmers), but they didn't seem to notice that you weren't actually the local Earth elder. Maybe the peasant community just isn't as tight-knit as you expected. Or maybe your disguise is just that good. Yeah, that's probably it.

The issues being discussed at this meeting are of great interest to you and your nation. First of all, Tetrana's military is evidently developing some sort of devastating magical weapon. Obviously these people need to be convinced that such a thing would be an unspeakable atrocity. There is also talk of a mutual defense treaty with Osken, and the last thing Anscaria wants is for Tetrana to gain powerful allies. And then there's the issue of trade—should the Water merchants be allowed to export Tetrana's oh-so-precious glowing gems beyond the nation's borders? This would be an distressingly profitable endeavor for Tetrana, but you've also heard an intriguing suggestion that transporting the gems might somehow drain Tetrana of its unique magical power. . . You'll need to learn more before you can make up your mind.

And on top of all that, there's the ceremonial "realignment of the heavens," which sounds like a load of nonsense to you but of course these people take it very seriously. It involves some sort of vote... with magical butterflies(?)... that will reshape the nation's social hierarchy for the next century. Because *that* makes sense. However, even this could be turned to your advantage. As you understand it, if Fire—the element of the warrior caste—becomes less powerful in the next cycle, then Tetrana would be at a military disadvantage. Which your superiors back home would be *very* happy to hear.

Of course, this mission is not *entirely* without its perks. A member of the Air nobility—one Quan Northwind—has caught your eye. Normally you feel no attraction to these strange foreigners, but Quan has an inexplicable allure that transcends cultural boundaries. Perhaps you could arrange an opportunity to speak with them more privately...

Goals

- Learn as much as you can about Tetrana, to put in your report when you return to Anscaria.
- Make sure the council votes against research into powerful magical weaponry.
- Make sure the council votes against the treaty with Osken.
- Make sure the council realigns the heavens to make Fire less powerful.
- See if you can manage to spend some time with the enchanting Quan. No reason you can't enjoy yourself a little, as long as you're here!

Notes

- Although you are posing as an Earth elder, it seems that your inner elemental attunement or whatever is actually closer to Fire. You'll need to collect two Fire gems and one of each other element to activate your... mystical voting butterfly. Yes, the sooner you can get out of this place, the better.

Contacts

- **Their Majesty, Ceranest:** The ruler of Tetrana. Hopefully you will be able to learn more about them.
- **Kinito Ironsword:** The leader of Tetrana's military. It would be useful to learn what plans they have in store.
- **Mim Kinril:** As the Guildmaster of the Water caste, they probably know a lot of valuable information about the state of

Tetrana's finances.

- **Essap Durr:** A servant in Ceranest's household, who also happens to be a member of your Earth delegation.
- **Rute Oakbranch:** The other member of the Earth delegation.
- **Quan Northwind:** A stunningly attractive individual, and a member of the powerful Air caste. Unfortunately, your disguise as a lowly Earth peasant might make it difficult to get to know them more intimately...

Items

- Earth gem (×5)
- Clod's Spirit Butterfly

Quan Northwind

The Convergence! Oh, what a marvelous occurrence! At long last, your opportunity to find the one thing you want more than anything else—true love!

And to think, just a week ago you were ready to give up on love altogether! How could you expect to find the love of your life when you were spending every waking moment performing backbreaking manual labor? Even at home you could find no respite, for your awful stepmother and your two horrible stepsisters were determined to torment you at every opportunity. At least while your father was still alive, they had to pretend to treat you with civility. . .

And then, one starlit night, you were so distraught that you went to tree that had been planted upon your mother's grave, to weep and wail and beg the spirits to improve your lot in life. And somehow—miraculously—your desperate prayers were answered! As the air hummed with an eldritch energy, a beautiful set of ceremonial robes fluttered down from the branches of the tree. You couldn't believe it. The softest silk, the most vibrant dyes—why, it looked precisely like the sort of robes worn by the loftiest nobles of the Air caste! You wrapped yourself in the beautiful garment, heedless of your grubby hands and filthy rags, and yet the enchanted robe seemed impervious to all stains. In fact, when you gazed at your reflection in the nearby pond, you found that your entire appearance had been transformed! You looked so polished, so refined, so *clean*—the radiant, gracious noble you had always secretly dreamed of being!

You left immediately, not even bothering to return to your stepmother's hovel, and found that no door was closed to you. People saw you and your shining robes and fell over themselves to give you everything you desired. It was a mad whirl, and one that somehow ended with you being invited to join this century's Convergence as a representative of the Air caste. What an honor!

And yet. . . Well, it is all so strange! You see the way that many of the other guests at the Convergence are eyeing you, but. . . but would they still look at you that way if they knew the truth? It is most distressing! Love is in the air tonight, but you know you could only be truly happy with someone who would love you whether you were clad in slimy rags or enchanted silk.

And of course there is the unfortunate matter of castes. . . A marriage to a noble of Air would be forbidden after you reveal your true nature, and the possibility of a union to a Fire warrior or a Water merchant hinges on the results of the realignment. If Earth were to switch places with Water, that would give you the most options—and it would also make your life much less impoverished after you abandon your disguise!

The Convergence is a time of rebirth, and that includes the traditional telling of a secret. But you must do so much more than that! When you find someone who loves you for who you really are, you must tell them *all* of your secrets! It's the only way to be sure! And to think, if you could find a love so true, and get married tonight, on this most auspicious of occasions—why, nothing could possibly stop you and your love from living happily ever after!

Goals

- Find and marry your true love—someone who knows all your secrets, and loves you all the same!
- Elevate the status of Earth when the realignment occurs.

Secrets

- You're actually a lowly Earth peasant named Neth Arat.
- You always tell people that your favorite color is turquoise, but actually you prefer more of a sea-foam green.
- Once, you put spiders in your stepsisters' hair while they were sleeping. Okay, maybe it was more than once.
- You are deathly afraid of birds. What if they tried to peck out your eyes?!
- One time you were so hungry that you killed and ate a squirrel. You're not proud of that, but there it is.
- You think Ceranest's hairstyle looks rather foolish.

- Back home, you would place a dried flower under your pillow each night, for good luck. It's a silly superstition, but one that you learned from your mother.
- One time, you wished *very* hard on a shooting star that your stepmother would spontaneously catch fire. It didn't work, which was probably for the best, but you were still a bit disappointed at the time.
- You are extremely self-conscious about the shape of your ears.
- There are some mushrooms that grow near your old hovel that you've discovered have mild hallucinogenic qualities. You would *very* occasionally eat one.
- You derive inordinate pleasure from stepping on dead, crunchy leaves in the autumn.

Contacts

- **Risdan Gully:** A kindly merchant of the Water caste. Almost surprisingly, their interest in you seems friendly rather than romantic.
- **Rute Oakbranch:** An Earth peasant, and the one person here who seems to view you with... disdain? Suspicion? Disgust?
- **Nalen Incen:** A dashing Fire soldier who's been giving you some meaningful glances.
- **Kinito Ironsword:** A famed military hero who you've caught looking your way a time or two.
- **Ter Fiero:** Another Fire soldier who seems interested. Quite well-spoken.
- **Clod Lessor:** An Earth elder who you've noticed watching you a few times. A bit old for you, probably... But at least they'd understand the real you.

Items

- Air gem (×5)
- Quan's Spirit Butterfly

Rute Oakbranch

Tetrana is truly the greatest nation in the world! Graced by the gods with a wellspring of powerful magic, Tetrana produces the fiercest soldiers, the most talented artists, the most cunning merchants. As a warrior of the Fire caste, you believe that there is no greater honor than to fight to defend your people. You fought alongside Kinito Ironsword to repel the Izarian invasion. You are regarded as a hero, and rightly so.

Admittedly, you have found your homeland's caste system to be... inconvenient, of late. For you see, there is a farm near your training camp, and occasionally you catch a glimpse of one particular farmer working the fields. And... you have fallen in love. Sure, they may be caked in sweat and mud, but you know destiny tugging at your heartstrings when you feel it. But the Fire caste is so far above the Earth caste in status that you could never be with this person you love from afar. Indeed, even to talk to them would be to risk scandal and censure. You have managed to learn their name—Neth—but you dare not proceed further.

And yet there is hope, for it is almost the time of the Convergence. And if Earth were to change places with Water in the cosmic hierarchy, then a marriage between a Fire soldier and an Earth peasant would at last be legal (if still a bit taboo). You must see to it that this change takes place!

Unfortunately, despite your considerable prowess in battle, you were not selected to represent the Fire caste in the Convergence. But you found another way. It turns out that few Earth peasants are actually eager to attend the Convergence—perhaps they have given up hope of improving their caste's lot. It was a simple matter to disguise yourself as a humble farmer and gain admittance to the event. You had been hoping against hope that Neth would also be in attendance, but your good luck did not extend quite so far.

Still, there is much to do now that you are here! In addition to the Realignment itself, there are other issues that demand your attention. Some of the Water merchants have had the audacity to suggest that Tetrana should lift its longstanding ban on the export of elemental gems. Why should we enrich our lesser neighbors with something that makes our nation unique? And wouldn't such an amendment only benefit the soft and foolish merchant caste?

And then there is the matter of this proposed alliance with Osken. What could Tetrana possibly stand to gain from that? As you and your fellow warriors have proven, Tetrana is perfectly capable of defending its own borders! Alliance inevitably leads to compromise, and compromise in turn leads to the dissolution of all we hold dear. You must convince your countrymen to see the light!

Assuming, of course, that they're not too distracted to think clearly. Everyone else in attendance seems bewilderingly entranced by one particular Air noble named Quan Northwind. You'll concede that Quan is attractive, but if they're like any other Air noble you've met, they're just a lovely, frail creature who has no depth and has never endured any true hardship. And who could fall in love with someone like that?

... And now you're getting distracted as well. You must focus. So much depends on what happens next.

Goals

- See that Earth takes Water's place in the Realignment.
- Preserve the traditional ban on the export of elemental gems.
- Reject Osken's treaty. Tetrana makes concessions to no one.

Contacts

- **Neth Arat:** The love of your life—although you have never met.
- **Kinito Ironsword:** The leader of the Fire delegation to the Convergence. You have fought alongside them in the past, but fortunately they don't seem to have recognized you.
- **Quan Northwind:** A very attractive Air noble—but you could never forge a true connection with someone who has never

known a day of hard labor in their life.

- **Mim Kinril:** The Guildmaster of the Water caste, who you've heard is also opposed to the export of elemental gems. (Not out of patriotism, though; Mim just wouldn't benefit personally from lifting the ban, due to not being involved in the gem trade.)

Items

- Earth gem (×5)
- Rute's Spirit Butterfly