



## ALOSA

### Nostalgia: SIGHT

Twin sisters, a portent the Island hadn't seen in more than a century. Yet, the Confessors must have known of it somehow, because three of them came to your parents' doorstep on the day of your birth. They took you both away: One to learn, the other to serve.

You do not know why, but after your infancy you were chosen for the latter role. Since then you have spent all your days, all your weeks, all your months and your years at the Landing, the sole haven of the Confessors in this corner of the Archipelago. Serving on the Island meant you could keep living among its people: You always considered this a blessing, especially after you learnt to know the Confessors. They are quiet, lone men, their long beards encrusted with salt. Wise and saintly, this you'd never doubt, but they are enraptured by their duty, and it blinds them to everything else.

Through all those years, you were an anchor to your sister. Although you were born mere seconds apart, you know you are the eldest, and you have always acted the part. You remember the nights spent cradling her, when she was allowed back on land; you remember whispering into her ear to quell her dreams of storms, and the Sea rising to swallow her. She so loved listening to you as you described the wonders of the seasons, as they changed the Island day by day. Poor, little Aguglia, called to such a daunting task.

More than just a protector, you were also an accomplice to her only transgression: She taught you to read and write. You never fully understood why she tarnished herself with such blasphemy - perhaps to share her burden, perhaps to thank you with a gift.

It certainly was the greatest gift you ever received, an infinite source of wonders that roused your spirit from a life of service. You never asked her to show you the Confessions of the islanders, nor did you ever dabble with real power: It was enough for you to make flowers bloom on the hill behind the Landing, to be the hand painting infinite colours in the sky, or even just to shape the sands with the wind, only to let the Sea wash away the proof of your vanity.

And yet, the very power that makes your life complete has stricken fear into your sister's heart. One night she climbed into your bed, shaking with terror, and told you how the Confessors sent her to a tiny, remote island where none of them dared set their foot. They wanted her to find and read a scroll left there a century ago, by a woman that they claimed was her, in a past life. Aguglia had been eager to obey, as always, but those words proved too great and terrible to behold: For the first and only time, she had dared revive them with her mind, but not with her lips.

Naturally, she didn't share them with you. But that night you heard her rave in her sleep about a colossal storm, and a wave to top all waves. Great enough to cross the far shores of the Mainland, and bury it below the depths of the Sea. Poor, little Aguglia, crushed by such a daunting task.

## ALOSA THE ACOLYTE

### War: COMPASSION

The Confessors foretold the War, screaming to the four winds that the blasphemous armies of the Mainland would come to the Island. But nobody listened. After all, what could your people have done? Fishermen and shepherds, against such burning hatred... For you, the pain was immediate: They struck right at the heart, right at the Landing. By the will of the Sea you were on the hill at the tragic moment of the bombardment. But the will of the Sea also buried your sister in the debris, along with another Confessor. You tried to drag her body away, struggling not to avert your eyes from the marred visage that once resembled your own, but then came Notacanto, the monstrous cripple that lived on the cliffs by the Landing.

You gave in to terror and ran from the beach, and that was when the airstrike resumed. Just as you began thinking you would never hear a human voice again, someone called your name, and through your tears you saw a Confessor's boat. You climbed on board without hesitation. You lost consciousness. When you came to your senses, you found no holy men to welcome you. What you saw were a crone, an infamous brigand, a foreign shipwright - and the hideous monster. Although you wanted to scream, you forced yourself to remember the humility of service. You thanked them for saving you, and since then you have been struggling to mend their wounds and forget your own. But you feel like a broken jug, trying to empty the whole Sea.

## ALOSA THE ACOLYTE

### Costume: ACOLYTE'S BELT

Taboo words: TWIN

FORSAKE

SWITCH

DUTY

SACRILEGE

