



LANZARDO

Nostalgia: SMELL

You've always felt the Island to be too small a world to live in. The Sea is no limit to you: It's a road to travel. A fickle and dangerous road, for sure, but where would the fun be otherwise?

Although your father was certainly not an exceptional man, neither in kindness nor ambition, he knew how to bend a ship to his will and he managed to teach you as well. You were still a boy when you left the Island for the first time, and you never truly came back. The smell of sea salt, the aroma of spices, the scent of women: The needle of your compass will always point there. It guides you further and further away.

So you ventured to the Inner Islands, where the people of the Mainland rule with an iron fist. You envy nothing about them, not the machines, not their grey-faced ladies, but you can't deny their wealth. Those people have too much: They took many islands despite fearing the Sea, so you feel no regret when you empty their purses. To fill your own, or those of your friends.

It took little time for their gendarmes to learn to know you. In a few years, they learnt to fear you. The more the Mainlanders pursued their dreams of conquest, stealing piece after piece of the Archipelago, the more you repaid them in their own coin. They never had any hope to catch you. Not on the Sea. Not in your home.

In a few occasions they came scarily close, however. You will never forget the time you had to jump off a cliff, and only your scoundrel's luck was

able to save you. Good fortune is always with you, as are your accomplices, scattered throughout the Archipelago: On each island is a shack willing to shelter you. Your people never had the courage to raise an army to stand against the Mainland, yet the allure of your legend is stronger than any fear.

For all the tales your compatriots love to spin about you, your truest friend on the Island you were born on is a foreigner: The Sun could kiss his skin for a hundred years and Smeriglio would still be a pale Mainlander. For this reason and for his bizarre mannerisms, he is far from popular with the people of the Island, but you can't deny his guts, nor his gift for crafting ships.

And how could you forget Remora, the feared Crone of the Witchwood? You spent a whole winter together, as stormy and magnificent as everything else about her. But the flame of passion soon flickered out, when you began to notice that she truly wanted a piece of you. Not that she demanded eternal love or anything as foolish as that: You felt as if she was trying to mould you, to point you towards who knows what course, as if you were a ship ready to be steered. But you are a free man, and everyone on the Archipelago should know that.

Yet the horizons of your endless flight have shrunk and shrunk with time. The Mainland is advancing, island after island, and the noose tightens around your neck: The only thing you can do is laugh and yell as loud as you can to try and forget about it. They will never have you, you keep saying that. They will never have you.

LANZARDO THE SMUGGLER

War: RAGE

In the end, the biplanes got to the Island and fate made it so that you were there to see them. You can't even be certain they didn't follow you: They appeared above the horizon just as you came ashore in a small cove among the rocks. Your ship was the first victim of the bombardment.

It was your fury that kept you from panic, the realisation that the Archipelago should never have settled for waiting for the inevitable like lambs to the slaughter. You ran to Smeriglio's shack right away, but on the way there you came upon a blood-covered man dragging himself ashore. A Confessor, his guts already spilled on the sand. He only managed to stammer two words: «Take. Aguglia». As soon as you saw his boat floating at sea, you gladly complied: You'd never seen a finer vessel.

To begin you went for Smeriglio, more terrified than ever, then you saved Remora, and she was quick to fill your sails with enchanted wind. At your friend's insistence you took on board a passed-out woman you found on the beach, and even a hideous monster. At least the cripple looks strong, but the girl is a servant of the Confessors. Useless on a ship. Although you can't count on the best crew, you will come out of this mess somehow: You will live to exact your revenge on the Mainland.

LANZARDO THE SMUGGLER

Costume: WOODEN FLUTE

Taboo words: HERO
 SELFISH
 RESISTANCE
 COWARDICE
 UNITE

