



REMORA

Nostalgia: TASTE

You hold ancient power in your grasp, and you are proud of it. The people of the Island fear you, but they always seek your aid in their time of need: They know that nobody can harness the strength of the woods quite as well as you. Be it root or resin, you know all about its flavour and its properties. But more than anything else, you know the taste of Words. Your art is not the ominous, stern craft of the Confessors: You can't raise a mighty wave or rip years of memories from the mind of a man. Not that you would want any of that. Your Words are fleeting, as free as song, yet their power is more than enough to make or break a life.

Such was the fate of the cripple that lives on a cliff near the Landing. You know he was once the warlock of another island, infamous throughout the Archipelago for the strength of his voice, and you know it was his power that led him to ruin. In truth, although you met the crone that punished him, she never told you what his crime was—but you are certain that none of your kin would bestow a curse on someone for no good reason. So you never attempted to restore the monster to his former self, and focused all your attention on the worrying advance of the Mainland.

Although you did not leave your woods, you exchanged many words with your brothers and sisters on the other islands; you even consulted the Confessors. In vain. No wise man would mix magic with war, the source of all balance with the vile incarnation of arrogance. There was no right

way for you to meddle with the world's affairs. But finally, just as you began to despair, Lanzardo stepped under the shade of your trees.

In spite of your isolation, his name had already reached your ears: The winds of the Mainland called him “brigand”, and the people of the Archipelago answered with “hero”. You wanted to judge his worth for yourself; and so, after tending to his wounds, you spent the whole winter with him. You had never shared so much time with someone since you were a child, but it helped you understand the shroud of legend that surrounds him. He is a fool, as the uninitiated to magic always are; yet his levity, his audacity and impassioned generosity are the true heart of the Archipelago, just as much as disciplined armies and sophisticated machinery are the hallmark of the Mainland.

Thus you tried to guide him, to prod him, to complete his metamorphosis from scoundrel to hero. When you finally deluded yourself into thinking you'd touched his heart, you let him go and followed his deeds from a distance. You shrouded him with good fortune, even saving him when he jumped off a cliff to escape the gendarmes. But your spell shattered in the end, and you didn't even notice. As soon as people started rallying around him, Lanzardo began to fear the loss of his freedom. His cowardice, together with the utter vanity of your efforts, paved the way for the Mainland. It led them straight to your Island.

REMORA THE CRONE

War: CONTEMPT

You hoped your eyes would never see the biplanes soar above the Island, you hoped there would be time to find a different solution to the brutality of the Mainland. You hoped in vain.

Lanzardo came to save you from the bombs, with a boat stolen from a Confessor. You cannot bring yourself to feel thankful, you cannot even look him in the eye, knowing how much of the blame for this disaster lies on both of your shoulders. Three fools accompany you: A shipwright Lanzardo befriended, the cursed monster and a servant of the Confessors. None of them hold even a glimmer of power. The others may think this pitiful escape to be some sort of solution, but the Mainland won't disappear just because you want it to. You couldn't find an answer capable of preserving the balance, and for this you loathe yourself. Years of learning in solitude, years of sacrifice, of loyalty to the laws of magic- and for what? You just want it all to end, one way or the other.

And yet, like a castaway clinging to wreckage, you hang on to the memory of an ancient prophecy, preserved by the Confessors. You have heard them speaking of a scroll on a remote island, of a power that could put an end to the War. Now that the times are desperate, you could maybe convince one of your companions to resort to this desperate measure... If only you knew a thing about the routes taken by those wretched Sea-wanderers.

REMORA THE CRONE

Costume: SEASHELL NECKLACE

Taboo words: LONELINESS

WINTER

TRUST

SALVATION

LOVE

