



DIONYSUS

God of Inebriation Tourist entertainer

The thrumming beat of drums, the sheen of sweat on sprawling bodies. Once upon a time, your domain extended to temples and bacchanals; today, it merely includes tourist resorts.

Your job as an entertainer has left you empty, one group dance at a time. In your long nights on a cruise ship, your mind's eye goes back to Olympus and you wonder how you could've fallen so low.

Once, you told Apollo you'd only pass out at the end of the world, with the last drop from your last wineskin. How do you see your end now? Will it come in the middle of a bingo game?

And then there's that other thing...

Enigmas

▀ How can your Silence make you into a laughingstock?

▀ Why is your Hatred so serious you can't bring yourself to joke about it?

Hatred

HADES

God of the Underworld Subway conductor

The abyss of the Underworld, the endless parade of souls. Once upon a time, your domain extended to the farthest reaches of the Beyond; today, it is restricted to the local subway network.

Shift after shift, you have carried millions of passengers on your convoy. Invisible to all of them, you've almost forgot your name. You only remember it when a poor unfortunate soul jumps under your train. You never slow down for them.

Once, Apollo begged you to save a soul that he held dear. You refused to help him. What would you give today, to go back and change it all?

And then there's that other thing...

Enigmas

▀ What retribution would you face in the Underworld, in punishment for your Silence?

▀ Why is your Hatred the only thing capable of rekindling the sleeping inferno inside you?

Hatred
