



HERMES

Herald of the Gods Marketing intern

Parchment, pen and inkwell, the wings of a bird, wind blowing on skin. Once upon a time, your domain extended to communication, travel and commerce; today, you spend your days hoping to learn a few tricks with new technologies.

You found an internship in a digital marketing agency, in between catching the latest comic book issue and the new episode of a TV series.

Apollo was the only one who understood your obsessions. He got your electronic music, just like he got the lyre and the harmonica. What would you give to share a new passion with someone?

And then there's that other thing...

Enigmas

▀ Why would your Silence be the lamest superpower ever?

▀ Do you think political correctness would be enough to hide the depths of your Hatred?

Hatred

POSEIDON

God of the Waters Plumber

The foaming waves, the smell of brine, the lament of the earth. Once upon a time, your domain extended to sea and storm and earthquake; today, you only feel at home with your head between the pipes of a plumbing system.

Under the sink you hear the echo of the waves, you remember how proud you were of the seas.

You shared with Apollo a rebellion against your brother Zeus, and the punishment for it. He was the one you went to with your problems, he kept your rage at bay, he found your hidden heart of gold. Who could ever placate you now?

And then there's that other thing...

Enigmas

▀ Why have you never been able to change, to rebel against your Silence?

▀ How do you repress the wrathful spite you feel for your Hatred?

Hatred
