It is the last days of the Trojan War. For ten years Odysseus, king of Ithaca and favoured champion of the goddess of wisdom Athena, has kept six hundred men under his command alive through wit, daring and loyalty. There is nothing he would not do for his brothers in arms, and after keeping them alive through so much strife he yearns to return to his wife Penelope and son Telemachus.

Alas, the gods have other plans.

Forced to choose between an unthinkable sacrifice and a cycle of violence that will destroy all he cares for, Odysseus commits a deed that will shatter his faith in himself, his goddess and ultimately the world at large. And haunted by it, will find himself pitted against monsters, sorceresses and the very gods themselves.

To return to his family, there is nothing he would not sacrifice. Whether you follow in the trail of bodies left broken in his wake or try to see the goodness in this cold, cruel world, you too will find yourself entangled in the events of



THE MUSICAL

Take 1000 choice points, and pray they’re enough.

Backgrounds

Warrior of the Mind: It seems you've always been a quick study, a paragon of arete, one well-versed in the ways of both leading and slaying men. From a young age you've looked upon all problems of the world and aspired to fight smarter, not harder. Nevertheless, whether or not you've fought in the Trojan War you've had your share of struggles. Whether they burden or elate you, you've accomplished mythical things with the means of a mortal man.

Not all heroes heed wisdom even as it guides them to greatness. With this background, you too could be a veteran from either side of the Trojan War-and even if you are but a musician or sculptor, you are one whose skill risks catching the attention of the gods themselves.

Warrior of the Waves: The world is dark. You've learned to close your heart, grit your teeth and do your best to look out for number one in it. You might not be a hero or prophet, but you've held the line long enough to earn their regard. Among all the warriors of ancient Greece you might not be the most skilled or brave, but their armies would be chaff without your will to survive. You are a brother, a comrade and a friend to many others in your exact same position.

Whether you fought under Odysseus' command, another commander on Troy's battlegrounds or a faraway war recently ended you are a mortal soldier in some way, shape or form.

Player or Puppeteer: That shine in your eye. The innocence in your bearing and stride. You're someone untouched by the horrors of war, who can still see beauty in those places where the whims of the gods and the carnal appetites of man have left untarnished. But is that all there is to you? Perhaps there's more steel to your silk, a calculating schemer beneath your agreeable visage. Then again, perhaps you really are that naïve.

You could be a painter, a potter, a queen or even an ascetic or philosopher. Your life has been one of peace and, perhaps, solitude. You may be accomplished and skilled in your field, but you're fated to live in peace. With this alone, at least.

God (100/200/400 CP): The immortals, those who reign from on high or beneath the waves-both personification and embodiment of the most unrelenting and uncontrollable forces of the world. You are one of them: An undying divinity feted with prayer and sacrifice by mortals-and replying with whatever truth you deem fit for them to live with. Petty wars and travels are far beneath

your notice-unless, of course, you decide that your amusement outweighs the inconvenience of others.

For 100 CP you are a peer to the likes of Circe and Calypso. As stated before you are undying, eternally youthful, tireless and near the peak of both mortal fitness and beauty. That aside though, you are little else. A blade can still pierce undying flesh, and while gods heal comprehensively even they cannot do so quickly enough to matter in a swordfight. You have great mystical power left untapped, enough perhaps to enchant an entire island with obscuring fog or curse men to illness, but you are also young enough among the gods that you've relatively little opportunity to test the limits of your abilities.

For 200 CP your might matches that of Athena, Ares, Hermes and Aphrodite-the second generation of Olympians, or lesser deities such as Aeolus. At this level of power, manifesting right next to mortals from afar yet selectively going invisibly among them or casually looking through their past is a trivial exercise of your power. So is seeing through select events in their past and present.

In the domain you control-as Athena personifies wisdom in war, or Hephaestus crafts the arms of the gods-you can easily perform mythical feats like racing from Olympus to Aeaea in seconds, Aeolus neutering a storm by stuffing it into a bag or Athena's Quick Thought power to speed up the minds of herself or others so much they can act and move as if time itself has slowed enough for a teen to fight veteran warrior into a stalemate. In prowess and physical might, you easily match if not surpass any the heroes of the Trojan War-though not so much so that unless war in some sense falls under your domain, you are truly beyond pain from a blade if not lasting harm. Perhaps not even that if, like Apollo, your domain encompasses healing-allowing you to mend faster than even other gods.

Finally for 400 CP you are on par with the lords (and queen) of Olympus, or a god on par with them-perhaps a Titan, or else an *extremely* accomplished ex-demigod. The greatest in stature and might among the gods-though that is the least of your powers. Your domain is as encompassing as Poseidon's rule over the waves and storms of the sea, as inevitable as Hades' governance over the underworld itself. When roused to fury you can drown islands in tidal waves or maintain a storm capable of hunting a single man across the ocean-at least, provided the divine intervention of another god isn't interfering with his own. When roused to curiosity there is nowhere in all that your domain touches-be it

the sea, or perhaps the land or all that the sun or moon's light touches-that you cannot quickly find your foes. There is little in this world that truly threatens you-other than, potentially, your own hubris should a foe somehow circumnavigate the aspect of the world your command to face you man to god. That, and the wrath of Olympus' king who reigns unrivalled even among his own kin.

Monster (Free/100/200/400 CP): There have always been dread forces in myth and legend. Misbegotten offspring of the gods too crude to join their parents on Olympus, victims of terrible curses. Or simply creatures of no clear origin that hunger for the flesh of men. Whatever you are, your existence is defined by a single truth: You must do what you need to survive, and the world is nothing but meat to a beast like you. It matters not if your prey is mortal or divine. Both the greatest hero and the most enchanting divinity is nothing but the meal of the day.

But not all monsters are made equal. For free you can be akin to the Lotus Eaters or the lesser living winds of Aeolus: Harmless enough you are little threat to armed men.

For 100 CP you can a predator on par with the Sirens. Capable of killing men with your sharp teeth and claws, though still lesser of stature and might enough to be slain by the disciplined with blades and numbers. You have some means to weaken your prey though-if not a hypnotic song, then venom, a baleful gaze not *quite* as lethal as Medusa's or something similar.

For 200 CP, you are a monster that can slay armies of mortal men-but not without risk to yourself. You could be like a Cyclops or Laestrygonian giant, massive enough that even your collapse could block the cave you live in for men to escape from and strong enough to sink ships with hurled boulders from your island home.

Finally for 400 CP you are the kind of monster that even the greatest gods themselves dread to approach in person. You may not command the waves or hold sway over war itself. You may even have needs such as hunger, and a visage so grotesque it shames you. But so terrible is your power that even if fifty men could blind a cyclops with a good commander, that six hundred raising their swords to you would be a death sentence-to them. Whether because like Charybdis, you can continuously drain a maelstrom straight to the bottom of the sea where you live. Or whether simply like Scylla herself, your many

heads and deformed body are simply too terrifying to withstand even for the immortal.

Perks

All perks are 50% off for the relevant background they're listed under. Discounted 100 CP perks become free.

General

A Fan of Catchy Songs (Free/100/200): What's a desperate struggle for survival without some soulful tunes and a melody? Like everyone else in this world, you've got the ability to improvise and belt out evocative musical numbers to express important moments in your life. This can happen even in the middle of combat or while undertaking risky projects; somehow this won't endanger you, but neither will it make the task more challenging despite the logistical problems of singing in the middle of a storm or while fighting a god. Some characters may even join in as a duet or as your chorus to make a point here and there.

Gods, as usual, have it better than everyone else. Upon opening their musical number, you may have a literal Greek chorus cry out your name in awe-or simply incorporate their domain into declaring their presence. Such beings enjoy more and better musical effects than lesser beings-echoing reverbs, backup singers echoing or hyping up their lyrics, and all-round better quality music.

For 100 CP, the god Apollo blesses you so that you keep this narrative convention in other worlds-ensuring that both yourself and others WILL hear your theme music. For an additional 200 CP, even if you were *not* a god in this world you get to enjoy a divine-level musical accompaniment either based off any forms of divinity you acquire in the future-or your personality and accomplishments if you don't.

Warrior of the Mind

"This is the home of the X god" (100 CP): Whether from divine guidance or a study of the world around you, you've learned a great deal about the mythical Greek world. You're an old hand at preserving food, recognising the domains of the gods as well as how to greet and appease them, sailing-or any other dozen skillsets useful for both surviving and thriving in a world like this. It goes without saying you're good at applying this knowledge to all manner of

schemes and ploys too-and that you have the control over your emotions to apply it expertly unless seriously taken off guard.

In other words, you'll find yourself as a talented polymath able to learn such things much quicker than men of common stock. Your competence and discipline will, of course, serve you just as well as always.

Silver Sharp Tongue (200 CP): You love to talk, and even gods and monsters love to hear you talk. Your way with words could let you talk a cyclops out of eating you on the spot, rebellious men into uncharted waters or a carefree god into a favour or two. Just don't push this too far or get caught in your lies, lest you talk yourself into a situation no amount of sweet little lies will get you out of.

Different Beast (400 CP): Picture this: You're trapped out of sea, surrounded by sharks. *Pity the sharks.* When you close your heart, when you choose the ruthless and utilitarian path, luck swings your way *just* long enough to make your immediate goals much easier to accomplish. Monsters leave themselves wide open, men that have you surrounded are slain by unexpected allies and the gods themselves can be momentarily blindsided. On top of that you're an exceptional commander of men, with the kind of charisma that forged strong bonds and both the discipline and tactical expertise to shout out commands that can turn a tide even against foes beyond mortal reckoning. Just don't expect this to overcome someone you can't easily threaten or trick. Those who live by the sword, die by the sword too.

Six Hundred Strike (600 CP): Man? Mythical? It doesn't matter when you're the one facing a seemingly unsurmountable foe or impassable obstacle in your way. Such impossible things will have weaknesses or solutions when you face them. Sneaking through the one unguarded passage of a fortress and hiding weapons to pick off a much greater armed force. Locating the herb or god who can make you immune to a sorceress' spells. Blinding monsters to leave them off-guard enough to slay. It won't always be easy to find what you need to overcome adversity much greater than you and you might have to sacrifice much, but the longer you have to scheme and prepare and the more determined you are, the more certain victory will be. With a little divine help, you could even bring a god to his knees.

Warrior of the Waves

The Brother I Never Had (100 CP): Even at war, you know when to open your heart to those at your side. You've got a good gut feeling for who you can open your heart to with the expectation they'll repay your trust, as well as a strong sense for when others are deceiving you. It's nothing supernatural, just life experience, but the kind that could keep your friends close-and your enemies closer.

Full Speed Ahead (200 CP): Your heart is set, your destination certain. You have resolve, tenacity and control over your emotions to match the reigning king of Ithaca himself. It would take 12 years (or so) of monsters, stormy seas and divine intervention to push you to the brink of giving up on whatever you set yourself to accomplishing-and even then, a lucky break could get you right back on your fleet.

Greet The World With Open Arms (400 CP): Isn't life amazing? You certainly think so, and it seems the world repays your generosity. Doing others a good turn repays you well later down the line. A fickle goddess moved by a sincere plea could offer you just the advice you need to get home. A boy you save from death in battle could grow up to become the friend you never knew you needed. Strangers you spare could offer you food and drink. Just remember that not everyone in the world responds to kindness quickly or in good faith. Keep offering an open hand to monsters, and sooner or later you'll get bitten.

I'm Just A Man (600 CP): Trust is not given, it's forged. When you break that link, sometimes that bond can't be remade-unless, of course, you have this. Whenever you incur a grudge, there'll always be a way you can make amends-whether to appease a wrathful god, or just get things back to the way they used to be with your comrade. It won't always be easy or obvious, and for more severe wrongs it'll always hurt at least as much as the original betrayal, but at least you're guaranteed to be able to make the world a better place in a small way as well as win back your friend's trust.

Player or Puppeteer

Ways of Persuasion (100 CP): Welcome to the best part of your life! Your disarming manner and classy but easygoing demeanour could let hardened soldiers lower their guard. For a time, at least. It helps that by the standards of whatever you are you're particularly seductive and attractive. It's never easier to stab a man in the back than when he's undone in the throes of passion your body can deliver.

But you’re not just a player, you’re a puppeteer. Your gifted scheming lets you weave a tangled web of promises, half-truths, challenges and other social trappings that can leave the brutish and lustful tripping over themselves trying to impress you and each other rather than take what’s in front of you.

We’ll Be Fine (200 CP): There’s something about you that’s charming to the gods themselves. Those whose values and skills are similar to yours will see you as a protégé, someone worthy of bestowing their guidance and grace upon-even directly intervening on behalf of, if you really hit it off. Those far above you tend to offer you favourable terms even when you cause offence or end up entangled in their schemes. Or whims. And while this won’t mend any divine grudges, it does wonders for winning the friendship of a god you’ve never met and has no stake in your success-until a friendly conversation or two.

Prophet (400 CP): You are the prophet, with all the answers some men spend all their lives seeking. Your perception has unravelled time, perceiving it much as the gods do (and if you are one, you’re even better at scrying minute details). With but a glance you can see the outcome of a man’s fate, even one as wondrous and terrifying as Odysseus’ own journey. Such knowledge can be a burden, but since you paid for this gift in CP rather than hubris at least you get to keep your regular sight.

Puppeteer (600 CP): Ah. Magic. Wouldn’t you like a taste of that power? Wouldn’t you like to use more than words? Well, with this you too can have your outcome preferred. You can turn men into animals that'll end up on your plate (most easily by feeding them some kind of enchanted meal). You can all but make foes fall in love like you're on your hundredth date. You can conjure up a monster that'll grind you to the bones. You can conjure up a monster that’ll grind your foes to bones (or curse others to become such). In short, your magic tricks can take on most mortals alone.

This and more is well within your repertoire. While generally short of the greater gods’ shows of powers, the sheer breadth of magic lets even lesser gods with little more than immortality to their name set in motion schemes that can leave even greater ones cowed.

God

Gaslight Gatekeep Godhood (100 CP): My oh my, aren't you a sly one? You've got that FLAIR, that instinct for the DRAMATIC that lets gods and those touched by them leave mortals starstruck by their sheer force of personality-and easily persuaded against their best interests. Even if you're not a schemer, you could frame something like divine punishment as a gesture of largesse, or hide sinister undertones in your sweetest nothings. Good or bad, you're leaving a strong impression on those in your way.

Divine Mentor (200 CP): Maybe, if you could pass down your better nature, together you and the mortals could make a better tomorrow. Or hey, a worse one. You're an excellent tutor for any fields of study you're competent in, whether you're trying to teach an untested boy how to fight or the ways of the gods. Even if you yourself are mortal, you could pass on things the immortal and divine take for granted with remarkable ease-and those who give their all to their tutelage tend to achieve things worthy of myth.

God Games (400 CP): Fickle and prideful as gods are, there's nothing they detest more than being bested-and nothing they can resist more than a challenge. By the power of Hera, Apollo, and Hermes, you've been given a unique blessing: Anyone you can defeat in a song and dance-off must oblige a single, simple request of yours or suffer the consequences. No Zeus, being made to feel shame is neither, and yes those significantly more powerful than you can simply smite you to end the dance-off.

Keep in mind that winning requires you to make logically points in favour of your request, be tuneful and stylish, or preferably both. And that rather than enforcing the outcome by binding geas, breaking the oath severely weakens the challenge issuer-sealing away a god's greatest power for example, making an immortal monster vulnerable to death by your hand or cursing a mortal with illness. Something those defeated by you will instinctively understand.

Thunder Bringer (600 CP): Like the high-reigning Lightning Wielder himself, yours is a might and/or prowess that far surpasses the norm of your kind. Among mortals, if you lack the divine blood of Achilles and his conditional invincibility you might instead possess the musical gift of Orpheus who can move Hades to tears instead. Among monsters, it's quite likely you can in some sense devour the gods-or else bring them such agony with your venom death would be preferable. And of course, among gods whatever your domain is has

now become as bolstered with such power that you can smite fleets while sparing one man with pinpoint precision or fell a man with a single shock of static.

Monster

Suffering (100 CP): To look upon you is to know despair, for every ache and pain to bring you closer to the edge of giving up. Whether you're beautiful or hideous, there's something about your appearance that saps the will to fight like an oasis in the middle of a desert-or a knife at the throat. Courage can overcome your fear or glamour, but for most mortals it's as unintuitive as fighting a tiger barehanded.

A Gift To You, And A Gift To Me (200 CP): No one treats with monsters, except for their life. So to save yourself from pain and spite, you've learned to honour such agreements-and use them to disarm your foes. When you give your word-and you need only abide by the letter, not the spirit-in good faith, all but the most cunning or ruthless are compelled to believe you. Sparing your friends and living space from their wrath.

Lonely Demons From Hell (400 CP): But of course, in the end monsters only have each other. There is something about you that speaks to other monsters, eve as man that unlike Odysseus' crew could genuinely win a Cyclops' friendship or that could buy passage through Scylla's domain with a mere six lives. Grow that relationship, whether by keeping the blood flowing or with your uncanny ability to emphasise with the monstrous, and you can win friendship or even love from those alien to both or cursed to know neither.

DIE IN THE BLOOD WHERE YOU BATHE (600 CP): Look what they made you do. What you've become, just to survive. Every blow you land inflicts agony proportionate to your hatred and damage disproportionate to it, breaking gods or giants alike as if you were carving a hot knife through butter. Every wound you inflict personally is forever without supernatural means of healing, and even the natural regeneration of the divine would struggle against it. And every foe you face feels a shadow of the terror of all you've destroyed come upon them, your stratagems and presence subtly communicating moments of terror and helplessness. For an immortal being, fighting you is a nightmare that never ends-until you've decided you want it to.

Items

All backgrounds gain a floating discount for each price tier of items. Discounted 100 CP perks become free.

Delicious Friends (100 CP): A herd of cows, a flock of sheep. Whatever these animals are, they're plump and nutritious as only those favoured by the gods themselves are-and moreover, they view you as their dear friend and caretaker. So much so they would gladly lay their lives down for you, and there's enough to feed hundreds of starving men comfortably. But can you really bring yourself to bite down on a friend who's done you no wrong?

Raft of Last Resort (100 CP): This flimsy raft and it's oars seems more held together as much by wishful thinking and stubbornness, as twine and driftwood. But whenever you're stranded at sea, somehow and even in defiance of Poseidon's will it shall find a way to wash up nearby. You'll always have a chance, no matter how slim, to get to shore.

Divine Domicile (100 CP): An island in the sky. Or perhaps, a path underground that leads to a palace in the underworld, or something equally luxurious. It's furnished and decorated to levels even gods can't complain about, the larders rich with ambrosia and nectar. Most of all though, it's inaccessible to all but the most tenacious of mortals. A nice place to retreat to from their scurrying and bickering. There's also a standing staff of winions-literal living winds, fast enough to deliver messages to faraway ships and race back before mortals can even register them. They're mischievous, but very loyal to you and prone to backing you up as a chorus. Alternatively they can be some other swift yet intangible set of spirit-like beings.

Six Hundred (200 CP): Six hundred seasoned soldiers, whether those who fought at Troy or from elsewhere in the Mediterranean-but equally tough, disciplined and tenacious all the same. They view you as their commander, perhaps even king with a purchase from further below. They've got ships, enough supplies to comfortably last the way from Ithaca from Troy (at least, barring no unexpected delays) and weapons and armour suited for ancient Greece. With a good commander, they could turn the tide against even gigantic monsters-but don't ask them to face down gods for you.

Paradise (200 CP): At some point, it seems you were imprisoned on a lovely tropical island. Whether you escaped, were forgiven or discovered some sort of

loophole, it's still there if you ever feel homesick. And it's quite comfortable. Delicious feasts, scented paths and just about every other mundane luxury spring up in the living quarters at will. Interestingly the herbs nearby are powerful reagents in the magical workings of this world-with one notable exception that can be turned against other sorcerers being absent. Really, you've got all you could want here, all you could need here. Oh, and there's some nymphs living nearby who consider you family!

This item can be combined with **Divine Domicile** which grants you both types of minions, and may or may not determine exactly what type of nymph resides nearby.

A Route to the Underworld (200 CP): It would be a real shame if there were no helpful witches in future worlds. This scrap of vellum provides instructions on guiding you to the underworld here and elsewhere, including warning about potential dangers and helpful resources. If something bars you from going all the way in, it can even advise you about useful people or things to find near the entrance.

Holy Moly! (400 CP): This is it. This is the missing herb. Consuming it grants the user temporarily immunity to magic even from lesser goddesses of this world, as well as the ability to conjure a monster capable of battling them-or perhaps, some other unique gift. You've got several bushels that can be stored behind a door with a distinct moly pattern in your Warehouse, or more inadvisably on any properties you purchase here.

Displaced Divine Arm (400 CP): Many are the symbols of war held by the gods. Athena's gorgon-faced shield, Zeus' famous cyclops-forged thunderbolt, the invisibility-conferring helmet of Hades-and Poseidon's own trident. Instead of being conferred one to slay some monster though, it seems the god in question just up and left theirs lying around for you to pick up. What will you even do with such a tool? Perhaps a god or other supernatural being would be able to harness it as a focus for great magic or feats involving the owner's divine domain. But such is the deadliness of these weapons that even the greatest of gods' flesh will split like that of mortals when stabbed with one.

Island Kingdom (400 CP): A land as prosperous and influential as Ithaca, everyone from the skilled craftsmen to the landed gentry of this kingdom views you as its rightful king. Soldiers raised from here would stand with you through years of foreign war, and your edicts are absolute-not to mention the diplomatic

prestige that kingship offers you. Even in future worlds, your political rights will be recognised. Oh, and of course you're free to set your tax policy as your please. Loving spouse and child optional.

A Land of the Giants (600 CP): The giants of this island view you as family, whether if somehow you're their progenitor or a distant cousin. Though a little slow-witted, they're genuinely concerned for your well-being and keen to avenge any slights. Also like most here they're keen to join in on any song and dance numbers you spontaneously pull off. There's enough to easily change the course of Troy's war, and in future worlds their island can be attached to your Warehouse by a rough stone-hewn door. Alternatively if placed somewhere in a future world, someone will have considerately built them massive boats so they can get to places.

Wind Bag (600 CP): Some time ago, you made a bet with the wind god to keep a bag closed until you sailed home. Your reward was the bag. It currently contains a storm that blocked your way, which can be released in part to greatly speed your journey-or entirely to unleash cutting winds and flashing lightning on your foes. Somehow, despite being able to outspeed crashing waves the magic of the bag protects the wielder from air friction-and some residual magic allows it to recapture another storm once you've let out the first.

Olympus Residence (600 CP): A single lodging from the great mountain that the king of the gods and his household dwells upon-yours, with the possibly inexplicable approval of your neighbours! If you're not a god, one of them will have furnished it with various artifacts and enchantments suited to their domain in the spirit of good neighborship-arms and armour of divine calibre for Hephaestus for example, or a series of shining musical instruments from Apollo that play to his standards. Comes with a primitive but efficient elevator for those who cannot simply fly or appear onto its upper levels, and either shows up somewhere high near where you start in future worlds or through an adamant doorway in your Warehouse.

Companions

Keep Your Friends Close (50+/200 CP): Lest friends turn to foes and rivalries. You can create or import a companion here into the background of their choice, and they each gain 600 CP. For a one-time discount of 200 CP, you can import 8 at once.

And Your Enemies Closer (Free/50 CP): You never really know who you can trust. Such is the struggle between loyalty and ruthlessness in this world that should you actually convince someone to leave with you, you may enjoy their companionship as your reward. For 50 CP however, you're guaranteed one good meeting with someone from here of your choice-and even if they ultimately turn you down, you keep the slot to potentially recruit someone else.

Drawbacks

Mr. Jalapeno (+0 CP): The line between mythology and musical is almost invisible, in this world. Some details such as the powers of other gods and Circe's old feud with Scylla aren't expounded on except in interview by the creator. By taking this drawback, you can choose to interpret which myths or which author details you decide to be true.

Another Odyssey (+0 CP): Can't contain your wanderlust? By taking this, the jump ends immediately once Odysseus gets home-however long or short that takes. Optionally, you can stay a few days afterwards-enough time to say your goodbyes, and celebrate landfall if you have a soft spot for the weary wayfarer. Or just like crashing parties.

Twelve Long Years? Or so? (+100 CP): For someone who can otherwise be cunning, charming and relentless, you have one big weakness: You're bad at keeping track of time. From underestimating how much time you need to set sail to being unsure how long you've been at sea, expect to need someone else to do the bookkeeping if you want to get anywhere on time.

I AM THE INFAMOUS (+100 CP): You and your Greek tragedy-engineering mouth have done it again! You just can't help but brag about it when you get a victory over someone, proudly announcing your victory far and wide. A stylish if highly obnoxious look for a god or monster, and a good way for a mortal to make some very bitter enemies.

Hunger Is So Heavy (+100 CP): Your judgement's particularly easy to addle with the promise of food. Whether giving succour to unwelcome guests or refusing to listen to those who know better, if you don't get your 3 square meals a day you're prone to doing incredibly reckless, selfish things to feel full. Even if you're well-fed, expect bribing you with good food to be comically tempting.

Eurylachus, No! (+200 CP): You don't set out to be a bad man, but somehow or another you keep making bad calls. You're cowardly when there are ways to save your comrades, doubtful when your captain needs your trust and despairing even when home is nearby. Suffice to say that if you have a gut feeling, chances are it's the wrong one-and that you're stubborn enough to hold onto a grudge longer than is good for you and everyone else around you.

Mercy Upon Ourselves (+200 CP): The world (or maybe just Poseidon) wants to beat a simple truth into you: Sometimes, killing is a must. Mutinies spring up

quickly around you, and events will conspire so that you'll be seriously tempted to sacrifice those around you for personal gain. The worst part is that when you go out of your way to help others instead in circumstances where they have something to gain from your downfall, quite often betrayal is the end result.

Rangy Dog (+200 CP): My, oh, my. What's a man to do when a throne sits empty and a queen unadorned? You're a venal, carnal, duplicitous bully. The kind of overconfident scum that certain gods delight in punishing, and others obliviously live up to as an example. Expect to wildly underestimate your enemies, and make a lot of them in your rush to satisfy your immediate whims without knowing.

Suffering (+300 CP): Somehow you've been maimed in a meaningful, permanent and worst of all deeply humiliating way. You could have been blinded, or abandoned on an island all your life that you were mystically bound to. It would take power greater than the gods of this world to mend whatever has been done to you, but that means nothing compared to the real cost: The humiliation, agony or whatever other negative emotion this wrong has done to you clouds your judgement. Confuses you. Drives you eagerly to the destruction of yourself and those around you for a second of succour or progress undoing it.

Screams (+300 CP): Not everyone is cut out to be ruthless. Not everyone can close their heart. Every insult, every rejection will sting for far longer than most to you. Wounding or disappointing another will compel you to make amends-and taking a life will haunt you forever. The screams of the deceased, their final thoughts and regrets will echo in your dreams and waking thoughts as if you walked among their shades in the underworld. The King of Ithaca himself was brought to tears by hundreds of men under his command. Your tolerance for loss is far lesser.

Divine Intervention (+300 CP): You've made a personal enemy of an Olympian god, a vendetta grave enough to turn all their energies and resources towards bringing you to your weakest moment-and pushing you over the edge. It matters not if it is Zeus himself or even the benign-seeming Hermes. A less powerful, less arrogant god will simply take their time bringing about your dreadful demise-or arguably worse, appeal to their greaters and betters for intervention.

Choose wisely between swift but predictable punishment-or a slow vengeance you never see coming.

Our journey is almost done (Go Home)

Love in Paradise (Stay)

Full Speed ahead (Move on)