

What is your memory?

I dreamt I was an Egyptian cultist, or a mad Roman cannibal. Perhaps it was a Carthaginian ghost, memories lost to time. I was an Ush
called to the arena to fight. I think I was a husk, called to guard a fleece, and I was the Persian wraith who abhorred the light. Was I the
Souk killed? Did I guard a false god, or two or more? Did I die worshipping the Aten, as clouds rolled over the sky? Was I a maenad, c
gore, or a shepherd, helping the cyclops guard his flock? You should know: you killed me. And I loved every minute of it.

Woods in darkness. A group of warriors stand, blades turned out against the night. In their midst kneels a dark-robed priestess; she lifts
wrapped bundle from a silver platter in the mud. Drawing back the cloth, she slices her own palm and anoints the small figure within w
own blood; invoking the name of Pazuzu, she then raises it and brings it to her mouth. Tears roll down her cheeks; blood runs down her
frozen tableau of horror for an instant; then the goddess Lamashtu appears, apopleptic with rage.

I came before Athena; all the Hellas Phoenician priests had failed to attend, but reshaped by Jupiter I could stand before her and not pe
tried to convince her to come to Rome. She suggested I was making a bid at courtship; I mentioned that I had just seen the Titan of Lov
"There is no love in Hellas Phoenicia," she told me, and more than ever I pitied the gods.

Months of politics had gone by, the most critical last night, as the bill went in. Septimus's words, but I know they cannot get past this g
Roma's best and brightest. My tribunal colleague is ready and prepared, and understands better than anyone else exactly what I am tryin
achieve. He will only interpose his veto if things start to go seriously wrong, and we have clearly defined parameters for what we consi
'wrong'. The Speaker being too ill to travel here is a gift of the Fates, the chance for me to step in and steer.

I call the group to order.

We enter the arena, and I deliberately step forward, distancing myself from what will come. It is only afterwards that I hear the clamor
have you done?" and "The Ducks have murdered Gaius". I take a deep breath, arrange my features into shock, "What has happened Sep
Of what am I accused?"

He corrects his words, corrects his association with the wider group. It is Tullia and Manius who have committed the crime.

I do not confess the truth, although I think others have guessed.

"May I ask you a question?"

"Of course General"

"Why is it that all the other Romans entering the arena wear red or blue or beige, and I see you in yellows and greens and entirely differ
blues?"

"I think you just answered your own question"

It is late on Saturn's night. Most of the legionaries have already quested. The Gods announce that it is crucial to go to the Teutoburg Fo
legionary, one attendant, and a gaggle of unarmed priests march out.

The legionary shows the attendant how to throw pila at the barbarians, then charges them once they are weakened. They take out wave
wave, but there are too many. The legionary sends most of the priests back to the gate, and then three Romans march into the dark fore
legionary, an attendant, and a priest. None return.

In centuries to come their legend will become garbled, people will say three entire legions were lost in the Teutoburg Forest.

I confessed to my god that I had disobeyed his direct instructions. I am waiting for punishment, for disappointment, but am ready to ren
that he himself told us that we had to make our own decisions and could not use the will of the gods as an excuse. Instead, he shakes of
words, and tells me he is sure I acted for good reasons, and indeed that he is proud of me. He then hugged me.

Sheet1

All nations were invited by Greece to participate in the second Olympiad however, hours before the first event, Rome's invitation was rescinded by Pantokrator Kapaneus for the actions of Roman thieves. This didn't stop young Aula and Formidas. They donned their leather Roman garb and snuck into the archery contest, out-shooting all comers. Aula won gold; Formidas silver. Their subterfuge was spotted however, and their names were struck from the results but all knew who were the true victors that day. And who was it that won the coveted title of Olympic Champion that year? Craigus, of course. A Roman.

The press of Roman champions pushes even him, but they do not realise the damage they are about to do. It is his duty to make sure they succeed in this mistake. Someone holds a knife to his love's throat, "submit or she dies", he uses his power to lash out at them across the throne-room. Another voice, or perhaps the same, shouts again: "You see Eppi, he won't sacrifice himself for you," and is met with the reply "And I wouldn't want him to!" His last thoughts, as many mistakes as he had made in his life, his new Queen would have made a leader.

I am a loyal child of the Temple of Sekhmet. I do what I am commanded, killing in the name of Sekhmet, hunting heretics, performing sacrifice.

Then the other priests tell me sacrifice is heresy. I am a heretic. I am what I despise. Egypt tears itself apart, threatens to kill my whole warband. And so I offer myself to die, to go before the Gods so they can judge my actions.

I die. I meet Bes. Bes tells me that all killing is wrong, depriving people of their free will, and free will is all-important. Bes returns me to life. Now I have no purpose. My life as a killer is gone. My life of blind obedience is gone. What should I do?

Everything felt more real since I drank from the cup, I felt flooded with wonder and longing for everything new and forbidden, the thrill of Dionysus's stroke on my face, the sweet taste of the champion's flesh as it slaked a hunger like I'd never known, the sweet smell of his blood flooding my nostrils, the music of his screams as we ate feasted on his still living flesh...

"Oh, when you said Alexander, I didn't realise you meant ALEXANDER." He responds "of course" as he walks past Alexander the Great and speak with, someone.

"What's this sword you need?"

"The wedding sword of Alexander, the sword he got before he got married."

"If I get it, can I get married? To you?"

"Um... Yes. Get the sword. Retake Corinth. Defend Athens. Then we will marry."

I go on the quest, my only quest since I swore never to kill. We get the sword.

I join the Lakodaemons, to fight to retake Corinth. We succeed.

I fight in the Battle for Athens, skirmishing behind the line. We win.

We are united, briefly, in joy as she rushes into the Arena and my arms after Athens stands. Then she needs to go back to Corinth. She will return, she promises.

But the World Forge breaks, Corinth vanishes, and so does she.

"I did not fucking kidnap her. Six pomegranate seeds? SIX POMEGRANATE SEEDS? Who says I'm feeling hungry, I know, I'll have some pomegranate seeds? She wanted out of her Mother's house. Do not paint me as evil because my marriage has fallen apart."

I lay sleepless on my bed that evening, the booming voice of Melqart still echoing in my thoughts.

I must have dozed for I awoke to darkness outside and a despairing wail in the middle distance.

"Don't go with them Tribune!" a wavering Roman voice called from a small distance off.

A faint snatch of music, high voices singing a haunting, alluring, receding harmony.

"Don't listen Tribune! Block your ears!"

The eerie singing slowly faded to nothing.

"Tribune!"

Sobbing.

Silence.

One warleader and four champions enter the arena, and see that there are A Lot of Carthaginians lining up. The warleader walks forward and suggest we fight five, then five, etc... They are not willing to deal. We spread out, and as they charge, we strike our shields in defiance.

The cold and damp wooden slats of the arena pressed hard against my back as a God who I didn't believe in or care about - other than that they had decided to eat one of my Gods - stared me down and laughed as I begged for my life. The guilt that came from being the only one to come back from that with out a curse or time limit.

Sheet1

Sikander stops speaking, and before the minoans move on, I step forwards, almost as in a dream. Knife. Palm. A sudden blossoming of The words come tumbling forth, in one great release of the boy I was, dreaming of wizardry, and a birth of the man I must become.

"I AM LYSANDROS OF SIKANDERGUL, CHIEF PHILOSOPHER TO PLATO'S REPUBLIC OF HUMANITY, WHO SHEARED GOLDEN RAM. I CLAIM NOW MY ONE WISH. I WISH FOR THE PIVOT OF THE WORLD RESTORED, WHOLE AND NEW, WAS IN THE START OF ALL THINGS!"

...and like that it is done. Why am I not weeping?

My touch brings pain to the flesh of others, their flinch from me a reminder of what I am now. Ifreet. Fire-borne. I am no longer mortal and blood. Yet as I let my hand trail in the flames of the camp fire, I feel the echo of a touch that does not flinch from me. Passion ignites flames dance along my fingers. In a beautiful irony I shiver in anticipation of feeling Her touch again, my wife, Queen of the Ifreet. Ad

But I also remember why I have done this. I remember for whom. I remember every person who has reached for me regardless of the price. I remember my husband and love, Asim.

Yes, I am lost to Fire, but they are worth it.

3am knife fight in the arena, between a tribune of Rome and the Lioness of Carthage. Both of them too drunk to stay upright on their feet. As hatred turned to laughter, so began a friendship and the growth of two nations.

Once there was a man named Hephaestion. He was brave, and clever, and bright as the sun.

I loved him. He was too good for me. I was a thug with a spear. He was a scholar and a poet who dreamed of a better world.

I was betrayed. I ran mad. I did terrible things. I died.

He sacrificed everything to restore me.

He believed that humanity could be better. That we could rise above our fate and forge a new destiny.

He believed in freedom. He died for it.

Now he is gone. I must finish his work.

Jamsheed always stood out. Archers do that in the arena; always the last to be dropped, or the first as people realised the devastation your arrows caused.

I never stood out. How would you know the difference between me and your other adoring followers? Perhaps there wasn't one.

Except I'd seen you when you didn't stand out. You became the shadow with a knife. You became the justice from the rooftops. Always and without mercy. You tried to tell me that - but I already knew. I knew what you were and it did not make me love you less.

I used to believe that the world was held in an unstable balance of light and dark. Ghulam Razul told us that we should take a side to keep the balance, and the Blades were the only ones to be seen to choose the dark path. I look around now, and I am afraid. It is illegal to call the gods of light and dark, but I fear the balance has tipped. Nergal has walked on Atlantis. We have used Asto Vidatu's knife not once, but twice. We gave Lamashtu too much. The light that used to shine so bright in Persia is dimmed. We who followed the dark path used to be dismissed as shadows against the light, but now the darkness has consumed the Thousand Nations.

She looked down at the body, the goddess laying beside her, blood mixed with quint. She hadn't expected her to die, the huntress who had struck the killing blow to her Father, Anu, now she was as weak and scared as any human. Adrinna had took her dagger as she told her she didn't want to be wasted and they devoured her body, the heart ripped out and the blood bottled. Every piece of her in use, as she walked. She felt numb as she walked out of the map room and in a daze walked to the Blades tent, dripping in her goddess' blood and then she fell on her knees and yelled a cry so primal and guttural and held onto the the quint that was her goddess.

My memory is off seeing my play about the Carthaginian creation myth put on in the Arena, being a part of it and having the joy of watching the stands come alive as the play unfolded.

I walk into the Roman square, and someone asks me what is wrong. I start to rant about how everything I have tried to do has failed and that Rome would have been better served by me never coming to Atlantis. I am aware of people circling me, but the outburst is sufficiently character that no-one quite knows what to do.

My reward for helping free the Mineon's, the thing I cared most about in the world, was to receive the deed to Atlantis. Minas said that he would leave it to me in his will, that he was going to die. He asked me to be near the front when the moment came. He asked me to be there but did not specify. I expect some notation. All of Atlantis to hear my name.

When the moment came he said "I have to die. You have a knife". I have never harmed anyone.

He helped me plunge the dagger into him. The first and only blood on my hands is the King of the people I respected so much. All of the people in the middle see got to watch

I was his only Heir. I am Queen of Atlantis.

Sheet1

I asked the oracle "What's the worst that could happen?" It was a joke; I didn't expect a real answer. I certainly didn't expect the prophecy to come true, but I was laughing at it, and I was laughing hilariously, hopelessly better than what eventually did.

Taking the difficult decision to give up my immortality and N'Hru abilities, because I wanted to pass onto the fields of Reeds with my wife when I died and because Egypt's Gods didn't approve of my transformation. But we still had need of the power of an N'Hru in the arena. Thankfully a certain fish containing Osiris' phallus appeared on a quest with the ability to restore life among other things.

Speak Malpomene, of Queen Thalestris most beloved,
Of the meddling of mortal ambition,
On Atlantis where the vision of Alexander of Macedon is lost,
The age of Celestial Hierarchy is cast for eternity,
Wailing Thalestris beside her most dear Phoebe,
Blood staining the sand of the arena one final time,
All that was fought for is lost,
All that was promised is gone,
Once more mortal pride seals the fate of the Amazon,
No happy ending here.

A slave comes to Atlantis, resolves to sacrifice herself to her chosen God, is set free by her master's death, is taken by the God she most loves and sent back for one night with nothing to hold her back. All within the space of 30 hours.

Story of Christos Zane, first hero of Hyperborea, and gentle archer.

Part one,

Christos started as a bullied orphan of Thrace not knowing his family but brought up by an old lady who told him stories of the sun-god. He grew up worshiping Apollo and joined the Thracen army armed with a hand-made bow representing Apollo's. As a young boy he grew up in the area of Atlantis year by year battling with his bow until one annual Apollo saw this young archer and blessed him naming him the archer of Apollo. But this didn't last long as during a quest Christos was betrayed and sealed in Tartarus.

Part 2 - who could stop the sadness

Kronos, Titan of time grabbed poor Christos saying you're not worthy and throw him out, back to the middle sea with a curse. Christos could now not remember any greatness, he forgot all victories, forgot being archer or Apollo even forgot how to fire a bow, this lasted two long years until Christos met three nymphs who helped cure him but that was not all he instantly fell in love with the summer nymph named Honey. Years went by it was all the thought about her smile her giggle and her beauty he vowed to see her again, but he heard reported of her death.

Part 3 - a summer wedding

Alas on the last annual Ice Flower the winter nymph told Christos that she was alive and attending a party with her sisters and Apollo, Leto, and Leto. Christos attended but the party was not a happy one as it was a farewell party. Christos and the gods were leaving to Hyperborea but the nymph could not come.... Well there was one way, Christos would take them inside him, but if he did when they got there he would die. Christos knew what he had to do, but before he went to make the ultimate sacrifice he wanted to take Honey as his bride, she said yes to his proposal and it was now a wedding party. Apollo was Christos' best man and Leto gave away Honey.

Final part - the great sacrifice, sugar is sweet but Honey's sweeter.

One night of marriage before his end, but this was not the end of the story as Apollo intertwined their lives so he would not die, Apollo loved them with happiness and many children. Now Christos's head was whole knowing the Leto's were safe and his heart was whole as he had his one true love, Honey the nymph of summer.

Christos Zane, first hero of Hyperborea, brother to the sun and moon and gentle archer.

First Annual, facing off alone against the (10 ?) Romans of House Praxis in the Arena for a Territory battle. Convincing the Roman Commander to face me in 1-1 combat. When defeated he refused to let his men beat the crap out of me and took the defeat with good grace (course as a Carthaginian I cheated and had an artifact weapon). Without which, as he was the far better swordsman and I would have been killed.

Betraying Alexander and the Sacred Band and returning to Carthage on the Saturday morning of the last Annual with 4 Territories, 3 of which were pinched from the Republic.

I had gone to arrange an arena battle against a minotaur. The Champion said such a fight would be fair for four warriors, or very tough for one. I was on the verge of agreeing when the Orange Seller teased me by saying "but of course, if there were two of you, you would always win if it was your friend who had done all the work." So I agreed to face it alone if she would come to dinner with our tribe.

Sheet1

They all sat in the tent snuggled together draped over the furniture. It was close to midnight soon it would be time for Rashad's long life over. He would be leaving behind his loving wife Nara and their children Bashir ibn Rashad and Shahana Shyan. Marduk had finally chosen his marker and he and his immortal brother Asim would sacrifice their lives to restore Marduk to his rightful place as Skyfather. The long slow walk from the tent to the gates, Nara gripped Rashad's hand tightly, beside him walked Ziba and Asim. Rashad's hand slipped from Nara's and he passed to the underworld.... or so he thought.

Romans pack out the Minoan senate room, some bent over the huge table, faces expectant in the low candle light. Alexa's skin is charged with power, one way or another, this is the moment. The climax of everything she has worked towards for years.

She seeks out the faces of her allies, her family, her friends.

Senator Priscus reads the senate proclamation. The results of the motion that she and Ticus put to the senate hours earlier. The gamble.

"Let it be known that the people and the Senate of Rome support the appointment of Craigus Tempus Bavarious to the position of Dictator."

Finally, it is done.

Sutekh demanded that Egypt should obtain The Black Sarcophagus. It was held by a nation three times our size and many felt the request was impossible. Morale was low and we were on the verge of giving up, or pleading with Sutekh for a reprieve. Then we suddenly snapped and decided to make the effort, no matter how impossible it seemed. It was a defining moment for our small nation that we would always fight to win and to obey our gods, never mind the odds.

A small cult gathered in the dark outside the Roman camp, a newly formed cult of Mithras. We were never a secret cult (too unsubtle) but we were a mystery cult. That image of passing the knife around, drawing blood (on the arm, not the hand, idiot...) and introducing ourselves by remembering our dead. Inducting new members, making them part of the family - brothers and sisters who could rely on one another. Very much like the cult of Mithras did (and it did its fair share), I shall think of those gatherings and a family joined together in the dark.

Event 1. The centurion had just insulted the gods and the priest of Cebele who had just gone past. The blasphemy on his lips shocked us but we did not move. Only one person acted - a priest of Neptune. He took his knife, just a small dagger, and struck at the man. He was taken down quickly enough but the point had been made, Rome was pious and this Would Not Stand. At the time I did not know his name, merely his nickname of the 'butterknife priest' but later I found out he was called Ovidius - he would become one of my characters dear friends and the most knowledgeable of us all within the priesthood.

I remember the execution of Manius. The rain was starting to fall and the storm was coming in (it had already claimed the Roman barracks). Half the crowd hated him, the other half loved him as a brother and would not abandon him but nor could we spare him his fate. It was a powerful moment, the looks on people's faces as it happened, the high tension of feelings, the funeral afterwards that only a few attendees could understand in disbelief of how fast things could change in just a couple of hours. It was shattering in its own way and amazing to witness.

It is midnight and I have been challenged to pass a test to rise up the ranks within the cult of Mithras. I'm wearing armour and carrying a sword that I can only lift due to philosophy. My friends are not allowed to watch me, they are not high enough within the cult. I'm armed only with a dagger. It is a Minotaur of course, it strikes me down again and again but, eventually, I beat it. Only a handful of Minoans and the high priest Mater saw it. I can't think of another game where I'd have the chance to feel like such a big damn hero.

It was actually a really interesting curse - to 'know no love'. Not to love anything, not to know what it's like to be loved or to gain any comfort from knowing someone loves you. What holds you together when you lose that? She had her oaths and was fuelled mostly by anger and duty though - driven by duty, resentment and a sense of responsibility with only the reminders from her family as to what her path was and what she had been before and hopefully who she would be again. It made moments of respite so much more meaningful.

We form up, those few heroes hurriedly gathered facing off against the legions of the accursed Iksander. I stand there, Lionheart, having taken on myself the previous day, Romans and Persians stand by my side united by a common cause. King Minos announces our names and our oaths before the overflowing stands and we are loved by those of faith from all across the middle sea. It does not matter if we lose we were there when no one else would stand against the heretics!

Sheet1

What was your character's name at the time? How would you describe them?

None, or other

Khatereh Dark-robed, with blood-red tears daubed on her face; a priestess of the dark paths and the necessary evils.

Amafinius Roman priest and patriot, with wisdom born of bitter experience and terrible error.

Q. Servilia Poppaea Roman Senator, depths of personality hidden behind layers of makeup and jewellery, wearing different colours to everyone else.

Q. Servilia Poppaea Roman senator, champion, tribune, politician

Q. Servilia Poppaea Roman, champion, warleader, tribune, senator, clothes hourse

Pater Mithridates Born the heir to Ardestan, abandoned his role as Shah and turned his back on the concept of kingship after watching the petty infighting between Shahs as Alexander invaded. Fled to Rome, the Great Republic. Devoted to Mithras, originally as a priest but now serving as a legionary to remind him not to get ideas above his station, not to seek command and kingship.

Ridea Gobby priest of Mercury, suffering from massive over-promotion

Sheet1

Oenos

Aeneas Contemplative, reserved, putting great stock in responsibility and with a love life worthy of an epic poem.

Senef Senef was a fanatical killer, who lost his fanaticism and his job after meeting a god. Later that same event he used his free will, left Egypt and became Blood of Hellas Phoenicia. <https://www.facebook.com/CharlotteMossPhotography/photos/t.202908830/740074482711832/?type=3&theater> is the perfect photo of Senef at this moment: bloodstained robes from his previous life, the flowers of Bes in his hair, an emotional wreck as he realises his original life is crumbling around him and looks desperately for new meaning.

Theokratos An up to this point reserved and aloof priest of Poseidon

Vitruvius Unpleasant god-vivisectioning wannabe.

Blood Blood of Hellas Phoenicia, born Senef of Egypt. Desperately seeking a place in the world, something to fill the void of emptiness after his resurrection. Found it in the companionship of Hellas Phoenicia, and wanted to secure that with a marriage. But it all went wrong...

Hades Drunken Men's Rights Activist charmer.

Adonibaal of Tyre A Phoenician exile, survivor of Alexander's sack of Tyre, Priest of Melqart

Ridea Gobby priest of Mercury (champion at the time of this incident)

Laleh,
Daughter Of
Artaxes A girl who runs head first into danger without a thought for those she might leave behind until its too late.

Sheet1

Lysandros the Student	An orphan of Sikandergul, become Philosopher to Sikander himself
Ziba Nasrin	A simple Persian Vizier, Physician to Shah Cyrus, he who is Shah-en-Shah, Physician to the Immortals of the Thousand Nations, a courtier of the Sons of Marduk, devoted of Marduk. Wife of Asim. Wife of Adara. Mother to four children. Fire Walker.
Taranis	Career auxiliary who only got as far as he did because he's too handy in a fight to get rid of.
Alexander of Macedon	
Zuleyka	A Persian physician, who wears purple.
Zuleyka	Persian physician, one time priest. She met the gods and was afraid.
Adrinna of The Blades	Always covered in the blood of the hunt, hair let loose with bouncy red curls that matched the blood of the hunt. Green and Purple, Green showing her loyalty to her Warband and Purple showing her Loyalty to her Goddess Kiu.
Baalhanno	He was just a former street punk from Marrakesh, with a big mouth and only one eye.
Q. Servilia Poppaea	Roman senator, initiate of Diana, striving to Stoicism
Ikari	An Egyptian in blue who never believe anything important would land on her lap.

Sheet1

Naveed An Immortal, dressed in red, and wielding a bow. Insight masked with a facade of sarcasm.

Nassor An Egyptian Champion, with heavily bandaged legs and arms, wearing red and black eyeliner to honour Sutekh. He was the Great Lighthouse Keeper and Great Extinguisher of Rhacotis.

Hermione of
the Thousand
Arrows Amazon warrior

Sha'ur, or
Cushions A loyal slave who knew her place and duty

Christos Zane Short brown flowing hair always seen with his bow

Christos Zane At this point he was sad and could not remember

Christos Zane Once again archer of Apollo carrying Apollo's bow

Christos Zane A very happy man with a beautiful wife

Marathak
Du`rane "Small Brave Man" :-)

Marazan
Du`rane. Not so much how I looked etc, but the look on Leto`s face when he realised his epic work late on the Friday evening had been in vain. Alexander took it much better.

Ramses,
Keeper of the
Goats A simple tribesman from the desert of Aswan, but recently returned from the dead with a mission from Anubis.

Sheet1

Rashad ibn Fahalad "The Old Man of Persia" Rashad was a goat farmer from Assyria back in the day, then the war came and he dug out his old armour and sword and went to fight in the war against Alexander. He was captured at the battle at the gates of Babylon, tortured and sold into slavery. Eventually winding up in Rome fighting as a gladiator. One small victory at a time he fought to win his freedom. Eventually returning home he had a vision from Marduk telling him to travel to Atlantis and serve as the Right Hand of Asim Champion of Marduk,

Marcella Alexa Praxis High Priest of Mars, Triumvir of Rome

Ramses, Keeper of the Goats Returned from the dead by Anubis to act as his champion and deeply confused about the implications of this.

Hester Vidius Utterly devoted roman priest of mithras

Hester Vidius Utterly devoted priest of Rome

Hester Vidius Utterly Devoted Priest of Rome.

Hester Vidius Utterly devoted priest of rome

Hester Vidius Utterly devoted priest of Rome (and wife to long suffering Craigus)
He stands confident, secure but seemingly open and happy with his lot. He wear's the lion symbol of his people instead of the usual Persian headdress. He is there to serve his queen and his Warband few in number though they be. Always armoured and always armed his thought are only of service to the gods and his queen

Kaveh

Sheet1

What nation was your character part of at the time?	Can you link your memory to a particular event?
	Event 4 - Crown of the Sphinx, Event 5 - Queen of the Blood Moon, Event 10 - River of Night's Dreaming, Event 11 - Mirror of the Sea, Event 12 - Golden Ram, Event 13 - Great Wheel of the Fates
Carthage, Egypt, Greece, Hellas, Phoenicia, Persia, Rome	
Persia	Event 9 - Dweller of the Deeps
Rome	Event 12 - Golden Ram
Rome	Event 10 - River of Night's Dreaming
Rome	Event 9 - Dweller of the Deeps
Rome	No, I can't remember...
Rome	Event 3 - Claws of the Tide King Event 5 - Queen of the Blood Moon

Sheet1

Greece Event 8 -
Arrow of Fire

Rome Event 8 -
Arrow of Fire

Egypt Event 8 -
Arrow of Fire

Greece Event 5 -
Queen of the
Blood Moon

Rome Event 12 -
Golden Ram

Hellas Event 9 -
Dweller of the
Phoenicia Deeps

Greece Event 12 -
Golden Ram

Carthage Event 2 - Two
Faces of Earth
and Sky

Rome Event 1 - Steer
of Heaven

Persia Event 11 -
Mirror of the
Sea

Platonic Republic of Humanity	Event 12 - Golden Ram
	Event 9 - Dweller of the Deeps, Event 10 - River of Night's Dreaming, Event 11 - Mirror of the Sea, Event 12 -
Persia	Golden Ram
	Event 3 - Claws of the
Rome	Tide King

Carthage, Egypt, Greece, Hellas Phoenicia, Persia, Rome	Event 12 - Golden Ram
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Persia	Event 9 - Dweller of the Deeps
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Persia	Event 9 - Dweller of the Deeps
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Persia	Event 11 - Mirror of the Sea
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Carthage	Event 7 - Touch of Death
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Rome	Event 13 - Great Wheel of the Fates
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Egypt	Event 13 - Great Wheel of the Fates
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Sheet1

Persia	Event 5 - Queen of the Blood Moon
Egypt	Event 8 - Arrow of Fire
Greece	Event 13 - Great Wheel of the Fates
Carthage	Event 9 - Dweller of the Deeps
Greece	Event 8 - Arrow of Fire
Greece	Event 10 - River of Night's Dreaming
Greece	Event 13 - Great Wheel of the Fates
Greece	Event 13 - Great Wheel of the Fates
Carthage	Event 1 - Steer of Heaven
Carthage	Event 13 - Great Wheel of the Fates
Egypt	Event 2 - Two Faces of Earth and Sky

Sheet1

Persia Event 13 -
Great Wheel of
the Fates

Rome Event 13 -
Great Wheel of
the Fates

Egypt Event 3 -
Claws of the
Tide King

Rome No, I can't
remember...

Rome Event 1 - Steer
of Heaven

Rome Event 9 -
Dweller of the
Deeps

Rome Event 9 -
Dweller of the
Deeps

Rome Event 9 -
Dweller of the
Deeps, Event
10 - River of
Night's
Dreaming

Persia No, I can't
remember...

Sheet1

Why did you choose that memory?

It's all my memories as quest crew. I've loved monsterring, and wanted to tell a little story of it.

Both because it's the character's defining moment, and because the scene is the immediate precursor to the death of Lamashtu, the ripples of which are still being felt.

Exclusive god-audiences are always a bit special.

I consider character defining

It was a massive moment in Rome

Nice to be noticed as dressing differently

It was a fun use of the attendant skill. Also shows how Odyssey can riff on history and myth.

It was so important to Ridea that as other things fell apart, her god still loved her

It was a character defining moment, that led to a complete change in his direction. My relatively simple "do what you're told, kill heretics" character was completely broken, and had to be remade.

It was the night that changed the character utterly and led to his death

The Defence of Athens was one of those truly great fights, one of the finest ever to happen in the arena. For me it had extra meaning, and is a good illustration of how the arena can drive personal stories as well as national ones.

Because it was a pay-off for such a long running bit of plot. We had discussed how to remove the rape from several myths we would be using ahead of event 1 and I had come across some literature arguing that we only hear the Persephone myth from Demeter's viewpoint. Setting up Hades and Persephone as a toxic relationship that had started as a genuine love story was fun, and the pay-off when it was brought up 12 events later was fantastic.

Waking to hear the Sirens drag an unfortunate to his doom was one of the most terrifying moments I never saw at an event. I hid under my blanket

Sense of inevitable doom as we faced the inscrutable hoard

It was one of my favorite moments at Odyssey - I felt genuine fear and heartbreak, a sign of the level of immersion that this campaign has given me and oh my god has it been emotional.

Sheet1

Because it defines my giving up of magic, for the betterment of the world

Because of all the choices the character has made, that one choice to agree to offer to marry the Queen of the Ifreet, and take the place of her Shah in a bargain for the lives of the people of Palmyra has defined everything she did before and after. Even though she didn't know the consequences at the time, she'll bear them gladly out of love for her Shah, if it means sparing him that burden, and sparing Persia the Fire that would come if she turned away from that path.

One of the most vivid memories I have and something completely unplanned.

This was a turning point in Zuleyka's story, when she realised that we had gone too far.

The memory of that event still effects me to this day and it was the first time I had been properly immersed so much so that I cried and couldn't stop myself from feeling that way. I chose that memory as it was a time when I felt that I had added something to the world, even though it wasn't big or a mechanical change it affected a lot of people and it felt good to do.

Iconic of the way she gradually sunk to rock bottom before she came back up

Its the most public memory I have. Its the second most important to me.

Sheet1

It was the first that came to mind when you asked for short and sweet.

It formed the ending of my second character arc and the start of another one. It also forms a neat point from an OC perspective when my confidence and skills as a LRPer markedly improved so I was more interesting in RP than Stats.

It was the culmination of an epic tragedy.

It was the perfect character arc - there was nothing that could have been better, and it was so nicely framed over only two days

Was the perfect end to a perfect game

Not so much the win, but the Roman player having the integrity to take it well.

The look on Oliver (Leto`s) face when he realised that he had been stitched up.

It was a defining moment in both a relationship and realisation that what mattered in the arena was reputation, not victory.

Sheet1

It was the culmination of the a lot of work over a few annuals, and it was both tense and brilliant.

It was a point where Egypt were at our lowest ebb and marks when we started to turn it around.

It really reminds me of the dynamic we had as a group that crossed warband boundaries and that grew naturally over the course of the game.

Even after 7 years and 13 events I still think back on that day and it was a really defining moment for the roman priesthood which shaped how they interacted with each other and with the rest of Rome and established just how pious or not the nation were going to be.

It was so vicious and violent and so utterly utterly moving. It was Rome finally starting to bite at each other and there being huge and real consequences for it. It was after this that everything started falling apart that led to the sacking of the Roman Senate and all that followed after that.

It was the time Odyssey made me feel most like a big kick ass hero. I'd done a lot of non-physical being awesome stuff (because odc made everyone feel awesome) but this was a chance where I was allowed to feel awesome for my physical skills (as limited as they were).

It defined a lot of my characters end game and was a really lovely challenge from an rp perspective. It had an impact on those around her too - spreading the 'fun' as they tried to work out how to help her and how to deal with the way their friend had changed.

It was Character defining