
Rhaokinvar

"A mere few feet beneath the waves their reign ceases, their evil drowns. Here on the ocean floor is the only independence. Here I am free!"

– 20,000 Leagues Under The Sea

"...and yet there somehow lingered an impression that I had been all the while accompanied by the spirit of the lonely sea."

–H.P. Lovecraft, "The Night Ocean"

You are Rhaokinvar, a proud scion of the race of H'jrlvi'nndthu. All your life, you have served Father Dagon and Mother Hydra, the Eternal Masters of the Undersea Realm, with your mind, body, and soul. Their spirits have been with you, have guided your every action.

At an early age, you began training to be a warrior-priest. Your dearest ambition, all you ever wanted, was to spread the glory of Father and Mother through all the oceans of this world. For the first forty years of your existence in the watery realm, prayer and physical training were all you knew.

Then, out of *nowhere*, the Ssthegh'rrltu'yac, the Darker Ones, reappeared. You had been taught that their race had been thoroughly suppressed long ago - but evidently their evil has lingered on in some hidden corner of the sea. Now, under your very noses, they have gained enough territory and strength to be more than a nuisance – they are now a threat to the continued survival of H'jrlvi'nndthu. Though open war has not yet broken out, the tensions between your two races are growing stronger by the year. Recently, your government peacefully annexed a region known as the Northern Abyssal Plain - a move that came perilously close to precipitating open conflict.

You were taken aside and told that your career would be changed. You began new training, learning the language and ways of the air-dwellers. The treaty between you and the people who dwell above the sea would soon expire, you were told, and you were to be the one to walk among them for the glory of Father and Mother. The humans, unable to pronounce the true speech of the Deep, call you POSEIDON ALPHA. You learned more of the science of your age - of the great undersea power plants that ran on tiny amounts of the rarest of all resources, diridium. Slow plans began to move to negotiate with the humans for an exclusive supply of the resource. You were told that all would be well, that H'jrlvi'nndthu would gain supremacy, like they always have.

Then Ssthegh'rrltu'yac drastically stepped up the schedule by revealing themselves to the airbreathers, demanding a share of the precious diridium. Things began to spin out of control, like a whirlpool forming. In the legends of your people, a whirlpool is a strong symbol of disaster. You must prevent such a disaster at all costs.

With your unique qualifications, combining the energy of youth (at seventy years, you are considered barely post-adolescent) with your advanced training, you were appointed the head of the delegation, leading an older but less experienced H'jrlvi'nndthu.

You were given specific instructions as to what to ask for, and what might come up in the negotiations. For some reason, Ssthegh'rrltu'yac have taken an interest in an area of the seafloor owned by your people, what the humans call the Northern Abyssal Plain. Additionally, the humans have found some sort of artifact that your priests say is called the Pillar of the Depths. It sounds interesting though hardly vital, but your assistant, Rakali, has been badgering you about it, imploring you to obtain it for your people. It seems like a worthwhile endeavour, both because the priests want it and because it would shut Rakali up.

Before you left, you were given a scroll by the priests who once you studied with, detailing the proper Worship Cycle to sanctify the treaty you are to sign. Depending on how the proceedings go, though, you may be wise to tell your assistant to perform the ritual, as it appears to be long and involved. No matter what, make sure it gets done, as there is a high probability your people will reject a treaty that comes of an unsanctified journey.

You've also been given some secret instructions. Apparently, there exists the possibility of a device called the geometric wave-pulse detonator, a terrible underwater weapon capable of mass destruction. If you were to acquire it for your race, you

would gain them a significant advantage over Ssthegh'rrltu'yac - perhaps enough to win a war against them!

Good luck!

Goals

- Negotiate with the air-dwellers and the Ssthegh'rrltu'yac to work out a treaty.
- Complete the Worship Cycle, or have your assistant do it. If you can manage it, both of you doing it could give a significant boost to your cause, both here and back home.
- Acquire the geometric wave-pulse detonator for your race if you can.
- Be extremely wary of Ssthegh'rrltu'yac - don't trust them unless absolutely necessary.
- Make as many friends among the air-dwellers as possible, and gather aid for the cause of H'jrlvi'nndthu.

Contacts

- Rakali (Christina Jaworsky): Your assistant. Rather fervently religious, but does a good job.
- June Whitfield (Bertha Tang): The official of the Laundry who you'll be negotiating with.
- Actassi (Rachel Leuthold): The representative of Ssthegh'rrltu'yac.
- Lamiel (Jonathan Chapman): Their assistant.
- Patrick Clarke (John Ranson): A member of the air-breathers' government who'll be sitting in on negotiations.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- POSEIDON ALPHA

Greensheets

- The Second Treaty of Dunwich

Abilities

- Thick Skinned
- Unbound

Items

- Trident
- The Worship Cycle of Father and Mother for a Journey
- POSEIDON ALPHA water-retention suit (8269)
- Amongst the Air-Dwellers (in-game document)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 3
- Ψ : 5
- Π : 0