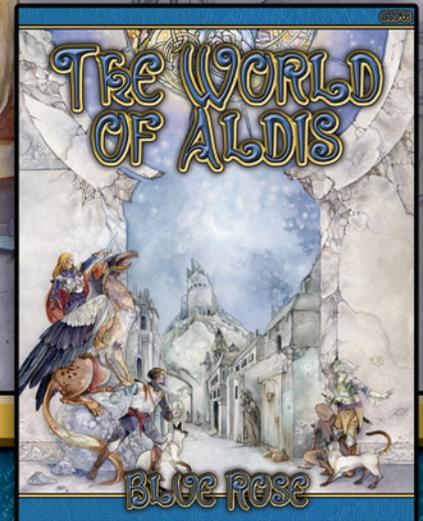
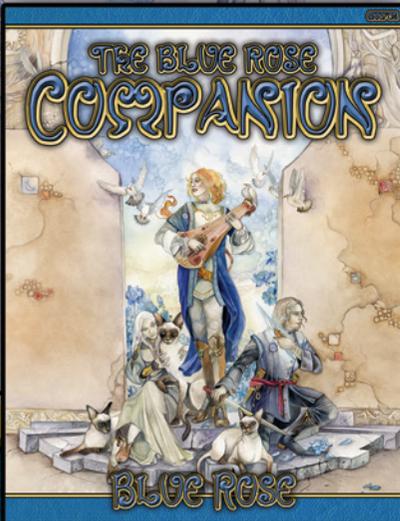


# BLUE ROSE

A ROLEPLAYING GAME OF ROMANTIC FANTASY



THE STORY BEGINS AUTUMN 2009

# BLUE ROSE

"Marra!" The voice of an exasperated mother rose over the sound of the waves and the ever-present hiss of the sea wind. "Marra, you come home now! It's dinner time. Marra!"

Alyn walked up the sandbar, boots crunching on gravel and worn sea shells. Her attention was entirely on the small figure crouched next to a deep tide pool; she paid no mind to the child's mother up the beach. The child didn't stir, arm sunk elbow-deep into the water. She didn't move until Alyn's shadow fell across the pool, and its resident shrimp and crabs fled under rocks and into crevices. The dark-haired girl looked up with a frown: "You scared the fish."

"They'll manage well enough, child," Alyn smiled, gold pilot's ring glinting in her nose and green eyes bright in her weathered, tanned face. She crouched down beside the girl, worn oilskins rustling against the sand. "What have you found?"

"She's tickling me," the child giggled. Alyn peered past the reflections dancing across the pool's surface. The waves beyond whispered to her, speaking of the great whales traveling south for the winter and the storm rising in the west. The whispers had drawn her here, to this small village on the edge of the kingdom, filling her dreams with images of tangled black hair and—Alyn saw the iridescent gleam of an abalone shell in the water—blue shell. She'd had this dream for years, as she'd searched for her heir.

The girl had her hand under the abalone. No doubt the mollusk was scraping harmlessly at her skin, tasting her. Alyn reached into the pool as well, tickling an anemone. Because of Alyn's skills as an Adept, the creature neither stung her nor withdrew but allowed her to stroke it lightly, fronds waving in the gentle current.

"They always curl up when I touch them," the girl said, watching avidly. "I don't mean to scare them."

"There's a trick to it, Marra. It is Marra, is it not?" Alyn smiled again as the girl nodded, clearly impatient to learn the trick of tickling anemones. Behind Alyn, her small sailboat bobbed on the water. A flag with a quartered circle on it flapped from the top, marking her as an Adept offering her services to those in need. "Can you feel the stir

of the water?" she asked. "Breathe it in. Let your hand drift like kelp in the current. Then the anemone will not fear you, and neither will the shrimp or the little fishes." She paused, studying the girl's expression.

"Can you understand the water, Marra?" Alyn asked gently, hope ill hidden in her voice. "Does the wind speak to you?"

Marra lifted her gray eyes to meet Alyn's and nodded solemnly. "The wind told me you would come today. I've been waiting for you."

Alyn stood and smiled, her old knees creaking. She held out her hand, and without hesitation, Marra took it, as if grasping the hand of her mother. "And I have been waiting for you, child," Alyn said. "For a long time."

This fall, **Green Ronin Publishing** brings you *Blue Rose*, a roleplaying game of romantic fantasy. Inspired by the work of authors such as Mercedes Lackey, Diane Duane, and Tamora Pierce, *Blue Rose* focuses on heroic and good-hearted characters working together to defend the enlightened kingdom of Aldis from the dark forces lurking at its borders. Most characters have minor psychic powers and many have intelligent magical animals as their devoted allies.

*Blue Rose* has everything players need to get started, including complete rules for character creation, social interactions, reputations, psychic powers and even uses the innovative damage mechanic from **Green Ronin Publishing's** hit *Mutants & Masterminds* RPG. Perfect

for gamers both new and old, *Blue Rose* uses **Wizards of the Coast's Open Game License**. Check out [www.blueroserpg.com](http://www.blueroserpg.com) this summer for more information!

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