

Aquarius

I was named Aquarius by my forefathers because of my long line of ancestors who inhabited the forests surrounding Slinsil and whose star sign fell in the fifth full moon of Aquarius. For centuries, my family has been fortunate enough to possess the ability to communicate with the marine world; we have a heightened sense of hearing and have been able to understand and enjoy the beauty and power of the whale song. I can fluently speak the language of Kraznir, Krazniash, because I am also a distant cousin of the evil King Krill. Sadly, our family and its legacy disowned Krill when he recklessly harpooned a bottlenose whale on the beautiful tranquil waters on the coast of Slinsil. I am honoured and proud to lead a team of spies, to take down Krill and to reclaim Kraznir to seek my revenge for my deceased friend, Dory the whale.

I stand at six foot four inches tall and tower over my fellow spies, some say I can sprint with the speed as a gazelle, this may be due to my elongated limbs. Often I wear khaki clothes to blend in with the deep dark forests of Slinsil. I spend most of my time here, crafting my bows, climbing trees, foraging for the herbs and fresh fruit I need for my potion making. Visitors to my forest treetop house often comment on my piercing ocean eyes and radiant, glowing, dark skin. My thick black hair falls in spirals so I often need to tie it back to focus on practical things like battle, combat and revenge. My one connection to my family is my tattoos, it has been a secret for many years, and some believe it is the words of witchcraft inwritten on my skin. My one favourite tattoo is of a coral pink majestic sea horse, this is my favourite as it reminds me of how I can be graceful yet strong and determined.

For eight and a half years, I have been crafting the most significant bow and arrow of this generation, skilfully made from the wood of an ancient, unusual elder tree. The whales have told me about the strength, power and resilience of this particular tree; I will use it to penetrate Krill's heart. Fellow Slinsilians sometimes fear my short and violent temper, but they should be confident that I will only use my anger when my comrades or homeland is under threat. Tucked deep inside my pocket and sacred in my heart, is a dagger – as sharp as ice. It is carved from the largest conch shell ever found in the history of Slinsil. This has proven to be a key to every lock that I have ever faced - in Slinsil and Kraznir.

After careful consideration, I admit that I do have fears. I have been scared of fire from a very young age as my hair was singed badly on Krill's birthday candles. This is why I have a scar which covers the width of my shoulders. Secretly, I am pleased that Littlejohn is so small because I can order him to deal with claustrophobic spaces such as dungeon tunnels. My most frightening fear is that I will be unable to lead my fellow spies successfully on this quest to save my beautiful and sacred home, Slinsil.

