

You blink your eyes, clearing your vision. Shouldn't your benefactor be here? What's this card-

COULD NOT ATTEND STOP NEGOTIATIONS CONTINUE STOP

Hopefully this won't become a habit of theirs. Ah, there's more on the underside.

HAVE SECURED AN INTERIM POSITION STOP HOPE YOU LIKE WATER STOP

Looking around, you find yourself sitting in a room, a round window facing waves, the floor gently shifting. Upon the desk are papers, a chest by a bed, and there's a coin in your pocket.

"Three decades ago, in the reign of Victoria, London was stolen by bats. Now it lies a mile below the surface. It was dreadfully inconvenient for everyone. But it opened a vast black ocean to you.

Welcome to the Unterzee.

Lose your mind. Eat your crew"



A Jump By Clover

+1000CP

"Your only condition during your ten year commission is that you must spend it as a Zailor. Embarking onto land and Surface is allowed, but the Zee is where you take your calling. However, the Zee is treacherous and cruel, more than any surface storm

Your gender interests us not, roll 1d8+18 for declared age or pay 50CP to choose. Here both women and men are capable of being swashbuckling captains or ruthless pirates, often at once.

It is November 30th in the year of our lord 1885. It has been 23 years since London fell, 3 since that nonsense with the Apes, and 2 years before more brave Zee Captains arrive"

Advance Warning: Much of Fallen London/Sunless Sea lore is gained through piecing mysteries or background content together. As such, this Jump contains spoilers about late-game story content that may seem confusing to you.

=Home Port=

*"Oh, gather round me bully boys, and I'll zing you a zong ...
...of the windless, waveless, Sunless Sea, where the mouldy Drownies throng!
Here's to the girls of Mr Veils! Here's to their golden locks!
Here's to a fight, In the moonish light, Under the Wolfstack Docks.
Some dream of sun and rain and sky, And the true wind in their sails...
Us neathy tars, Won't swap the stars, For the girls of Mr Veils!"*

There are many places to see in the vast Unterzee. You may see all in time. But only one is Home.

Where do you make camp, ready your stocks, rest your sea-legs and recruit your best crew? Depending on how you plan your trips, it may be weeks or even months before you can see it again. You may only access your Warehouse at your Home Port, due to heavy tariffs and tradelaw.

Roll 1d8 or pay 100CP to choose. Roll nor pay neither to accept London as your home.

1 London: The fog, the crowds, the smell. The gaslights of Wolfstack Docks guide you to a safe berth. The spires of the Bazaar can be seen from the horizon. Your home in the West, for now.

2 The Khanate: A choice of ports, from the stately canals of Khan's Heart and Khan's Glory, or the rough assemblage of ships that form Khan's Shadow. Guards eye your movements from their stations and take discreet notes. The Orient, a nation despite itself in the East.

3 Polythreme: Colossi watch your ship enter the harbor from their pedestals. The cobbles curse your every step. Clay men walk and work and sing in a living land. Be sure to make your stays brief, lest your shoes get opinions of their own. The King sleeps. The Clay Center of Neathy maps.

4 Iron Republic: It's Nonidi today, so that means a slight shower of oranges followed by the roads bursting into cats. Your crew has scattered into consonants and your money has gotten itself drunk by an ampersand. Hell's Southwestern colony with no laws or tyrants. No exception.

5 Whither: Is this a London colony? Why settle so far to the north? Is it really a rival to Irem of the Pillars? Do you really have to ask? What about the temple to the Zee Gods? Can't you give a straight answer? Maybe? A fishing town in the North West?

6 Port Carnelian: The native tigers growl as they cross your path in the market. Crates of sapphires are hauled by scarred men back to London. Ambassadors from the Khanate sweat in meeting rooms of perfumed incense. The famed colony on the Elder Continent, Sou-Sou-West.

IS pick THE elsewhere NUMBER quickly SEVEN before IS it THE finds NUMBER you SEVEN

8 Avid Horizon: The Northernmost point of any journey. Silent statues of strange sentinels stand steady at its closed gates. The inscription reads "A sea more sunless. To High Wilderness" Your ship is repaired and resupplied by two bells, your crew silent of their origins. The stars are wrong.

=Down to Fallen London=

You may choose to hang up your hat and make your living among landlubbers. If you wish to live among the landed and loutish, please see the Fallen London jump for in-depth occupations, accommodations, items and companions. And maybe a glimpse of something shiny.

But for now...

Mandatory – Never shall the two meet

If you have taken Fallen London or will take it you cannot interact with yourself. The Zee flows in strange ways, you may not meet over familiar faces, receive heirlooms or bequeath inheritances.

=Places to see at Zee=

“To the West is Mother London, home, humility, safety. Look not North.

To the South is the Elder Continent, mystery, colony, luminosity. Look not North.

To the East is the Khanate, enemy, perfidy, degeneracy. Look not North.

And Irem in glass, the Republic in Iron, clay Polythreme and frozen Whither.

But look not North”

Many a cartographer has resigned in shame once they are faced with the shifting and inconsistent shores of the Zee. While the effects of Alteration cause one to draw up a new map every odd year, here are some lands that never change their place.

The Dawn Machine: The ambition of the British Admiralty's New Sequence to the southwest, this massive clockwork mechanism glows in a manner most solar. It is not wise to prolong your visit else your crew take up the SUN THE SUN THE SUN THE SUN. New Genesis 1:16 Praise it.

Adam's Way: Entrance to the Elder Continent bleeds in to the south, only living ships can pass up this river, iron or wood splintering under the sudden life-granting waters. Guarded by fierce parrots and undying pirates, men can live to be a thousand and one, but its gates are closed to you.

Cumean Canal: Just south of London, this series of miraculously engineered water locks and pumps will place you in the sunny straits of Naples where the sun beats down like rain and the rain beats down like rain. But be warned, sunlight is deadly to Neathers, leaving your crew lightened for each Surfacing. The Surfacers laugh off your tales, but there is fresh fruit and sunlight to smuggle here.

Irem: The Pillared City. East of Avid Horizon it will have been an amazing city. But due to bordering the dream world some call Parabola, you are never certain when you will be arriving or have had left. They are having a fierce rivalry with Whither, due to their habit of riddlespeak. A place for finding paradoxes and mirror lands.

While these shores change their position, many a zailor remember their tours fondly. The living zailors, that is. Here are just a few.

Abbey Rock: A fortress convent. A sanctuary. A military installation of nuns. The most well-trained and disciplined, if not pious, fighting force in the Neath can be found here.

Empire of Hands: An island ruled by monkeys who fancy themselves Pentecost Apes, willing to take any souls off your hands. An Admiralty trade embargo is in place. *They know what they did.*

Frostfound: Towering with icebergs and ice-carved spires, this is a meeting place of sorts. For riddles and questions, for angering the gods, for consumption of essence and crushing identity.

The Isle of Cats: Where pirates and smugglers go. This is where the infamously red Gaoler's honey is harvested, kept under strict supply by its reigning Pirate-King Raffles.

Mount Palmerston: A volcanic island where Hell's exiled royals stay and plot their return. They rarely bother the humans except to smuggle the odd soul or two.

The Principles of Coral: An eerie blue reef, whose colonists are most fanatical chess players this side of the Boatman. The Principles itself enjoys a match, though it struggles with pronouns.

Venderbight: The tomb colony filled with Londoners too disfigured or ill kept to be seen in polite company. They accept new colonists and trade various candles and wines. Those more aged and raggedy may undergo an Emergence... or check into the Grand Sanatorium.

Kingeater's Castle: Welcome [redacted], [redacted] eat [redacted], [redacted] your [redacted] crew [redacted]. [redacted] lose [redacted] your [redacted], [redacted] mind.

AVOID AT ALL COSTS STOP

=Menaces of the Unterzee=

"The forward guns are firing," the Sallow Bos'n remembers, "The barrels spin uselessly in the Wax Wind. The deck guns are clogged and rats are running in circles with spanners. The torpedo bays haven't been filled since the cap'n sold its gunners for kindling. Someone screams for full speed at my ear and fire bursts from the smokestacks. I raise my spyglass and spot a dozen pirate flags, my compass spinning everywhere but North. A hand comes from below decks, passing me an eyeless sandwich. The waves are wrong, dear G_d, the waves are wrong"

There are many ways in which to fail your commission as a Captain, few of them to do with your personal safety. It's the state of your ship, and your crew, that matter most.

Hull Damage comes swiftly, whether gained through enemy attacks, cursed weather, foolish seamanship, sabotage or engine rupture. **Repair** at port or at sea to **stave off shipwreck**.

You, however, are special. For every life time you sacrifice to the Zee, from your crew or from your staff, you can always extend your existence and make it to a safe port.

Terror, what sights did you see or acts you did. Manage **morale** to reduce terror. High terror causes **Mutiny**, your crew is particularly treacherous and can mutiny multiple times. Terror increases when sailing dark, thru unknown waters, see horrors or certain frightening attacks. Lose terror by sailing in known waters, docking in safe ports, relaxing, or by defeating monstrous foes.

Mutiny, when the crew has lost faith in the captain. If you fail to rally them back to your side, expect to lose half of your crew as those loyal to you fight the rebellious to the death.

Fuel is used for all methods of transport. High fuel consumption causes **Overload**, engines of every sort flaming and bursting into pieces. Fuel drains when running at full tilt, fueling the lamps, or with faulty engines. Reduce fuel consumption by acquiring engines with greater efficiency, reducing the usage of lights, or by appointing appropriate officers. When at no fuel, one is either **Becalmed**, or must break out the oars. Generally, greater ship weight increases fuel consumption.

Hunger, knives and forks scraping the plates. Manage hunger with **supplies**. Too much hunger inspires **Desperate Dining** and alternative food sources. Hunger increases as time passes, or when seeing great feasts, or when the crew is sick with terror. Lose hunger by feeding regularly, treating the crew, or through zee fishing.

A good quarter of any ships hull is put aside for the storage of fuel and supplies.

Crew, the lifeblood of any transport. Tough to injure, but quick to expire. A full complement of crewmen is seen as a folly and a decadence, not seen since the days of the Navy. Only half a complement is required for full speed and function, but a quarter-filled quarter will double your Terror gain. Recruit from ports to fill hammocks. The size of the ships quarters determines your total crew. More crew require more supplies. **At no crew... you lose.**

=Lesser Menaces=

Less likely to affect your stay, but no less dangerous in their own ways.

Wounds, acquired in personal combat, a rarity on the Zee. Three accumulated wounds will mean the death of you. Reduce these by resting at your home port.

Suspicion, when smuggling, dealing in contraband or committing treachery. Will end with you in chains and your crew attempting to bail you out. Escape will only compound your sentence. Reduce this by acting in favor of the law.

Yearning, when loitering in sunlight or smuggling it. Should you not rid yourself of errant sunlight, you will drive yourself and your crew to immolation in a final moment of incandescence. Reduce this by venturing into darkness.

Soulless, if you ever part with your soul, you cannot complete your ambition or leave the Zee ever again until you reclaim it. Time spent soulless counts towards your stay.

Recurring Dreams, you have to sleep sometime. Gain this by pursuing maddening mysteries and terrible sights. You may find yourself sleepwalking and disposing your crew overboard. Reduce this by sleeping soundly at home.

Peckishness, what on earth did you eat? Gain this by, good lord, you didn't eat that, did you? You may eventually seek satiety among strange dining, then your crew, then North. Reduce this through ... there is no way. Half of the deal is dealt. Take your dinner in your quarters.

It should also go without saying that if you disappear off the face of the Zee, you fail.

=Backgrounds=

"Call me Izhmael"

You're a captain now, the property of the Unterzee. But who were you before?

Officer, Free: Trained in seamanship and groomed for a position of command before the post you were promised vanished in a haze of bureaucratic infighting. But you still have a ship, and a hat.

Whaler, Free: Some men hunt beasts of field and sky, or those in aisles and alleys. You hunt the beast that swims and dives, through bergs and sunken valleys.

Sailor, Free: The principles are the same. You cannot navigate by the shifting false stars, there's hardly a wind so you steam instead of sail and it's almost always too quiet. But still the same.

Naturalist, Free: You've rarely set foot onto a ship or outside the library, studies proving more than fruitful without fieldwork. Your colleagues think otherwise, volunteering you by force.

=Ambitions=

*"Those that go down to the Zee in ships, that trade and be trod in great waters,
They see the works of the Almighty and his wonders in the Neath"*

Before we continue any further, there's something that needs answering.

What does winning mean to you?

Once you decide, you will have to stay with it until your ten year stay is finished. And it will take ten years, no more no less. The fast zailing times are a game mechanic, real voyages take time.

Fulfillment: To zee all that there is to zee at zee. To travel all the four corners and back. To defiantly stare down uncivilized beasts and cage them. In short, to experience it all and then create the definitive article, that undeniable scripture, *the Zong of the Zee*. They shall remember!

Sovereignty: Accursed with that imperial affliction, you will not be satisfied until you have found your place in the world. And if that means founding a kingdom a mile from the sky, then so be it. You've heard talk of lands touched by sun, but you'll need crew, and protection, and allies, and-

Duty: You are not the first of your kind here. You had a predecessor, one who thought themselves immortal and infallible. Said to have died in battle against a dreaded foe, you must scour the Zee for such a creature and return home with their bones. Such a beast arises but once a decade...

Wanderlust: To See A More Sunless Sea. Far to the north, beyond the gates of Avid Horizon, the High Wilderness awaits. Unlike the tales it will take time to decode the passage, to prepare vessels worthy for the journey beyond. The mad and curious are your allies in this venture.

=Perks=

*"We're whalers on the Zee
We carry our bounty!
But we eat them whales
So we fill our sails
And we set our eyes to quay!"*

While you may learn many a thing about the Zee and yourself in your journey, whose to say you weren't trained and prepared for this orphic odyssey?

Walk Like a Zailor (*FREE*)

Your basic term of seamanship completed, you know which is port and aft, when to use Z's and S's, and which fork to use when your dinner criticizes your manners. Zeelegs, in other words.

The Lay of the Land (100CP)

Mapmaking is an unreliable skill at best in the Neath, with so many shifting straits and winking streets. You, however, still possess accurate recordkeeping, and can spy familiar shoals and spirelights to steer by. You gain an unerring sense of where-to and where-from.

Bounty Haul (200CP)

D_mmit bosun, you're a zailor, not a zeller. But how else would you explain your knack for finding hidden treasure and ruins? And your habit of finding amazing deals in marketplaces?

Officer Perks

Running a ship from top down

Nautical Know-How (100CP, *Free Officer*)

You actually paid attention in class, and with it came knowledge of advanced sailing and vehicular strategy. Any form of knowledge regarding transportation involving liquid mediums and vessels thereof is yours. A must for any captain who claims to know the strengths or limits of their craft.

Work Ye Dogs! (300CP, *Discount Officer*)

Whether through fear, loyalty, or love of money, your crew is tireless at their labours. Their wills are strengthened, terror affecting them less. Those working under your command can do so for twice as long without their regular rest or resupply.

Klabautermann Call (600CP, *Discount Officer*)

A legend tells of the benevolent water spirit that haunts doomed vessels. But that's a surface yarn, nothing like our Zee Ztories. Here, strange tales hold stranger truths. Through a familiar connection, faith, or incredulous vitality, a captain may rouse a soul from their vehicle. Occasionally you may count an extra crewman at mess, or your ship may steer you away from danger, or even come to aid you near the shoreline. Only a beloved vessel may house a soul.

Whaler Perks
Old obsessions and anger

Favoured Foe (100CP, *Free Whaler*)

Through your obsession and old angers, you may find your tracking and cannonfire to be more effective against your marks. While it cannot cover entire groups, say Foreigners or Marine Life, it can cover smaller branches, such as Glow Crabs or Orientals. Can be bought multiple times.

Written in Bone (300CP, *Discount Whaler*)

Scrimshaw, that naval art of carved bone and ivory, is a time and tide honored tradition. By carving images of creatures into bone, that bone and its structure gain some strengths and attributes. Harpoons heads that drink sorrow, cups that boil tea, glowing figureheads and so forth. But you must carve with the beast's bones to take effect. In no way related to Correspondence.

Old Thunder, Young Blood (600CP, *Discount Whaler*)

When you have marked a significant beast as your quarry, your obsession casts away frivolity. While the beast eludes you, your senses of tracking and physical endurance are twice your peak. When you hunt it, you may trade sanity, memory and health to empower your strikes. You may even sacrifice crewmen and honored Companions to take the place of your offerings.

Sailor Perks
Running a ship from bottom up

Steady as She Goes (100CP, *Free Sailor*)

Some things cannot be taught in a lecture hall, merely earned callus by callus. When you take the time to associate with the crew, maintain the ship by hand or stare at the Zee from the prow, you may find the goings on of the ship smoother and the journey ahead calmer under your care.

Choice Cuts (300CP, *Discount Sailor*)

The deft fingers of a surgeon, more like the hand of a butcher. You know the best parts, and rarely let it go to waste. You can scavenge extra supplies and food from any beast, and also know how to make clean kills, keeping the body whole for preservation or for the mantelpiece.

Lashed to the Wheel (600CP, *Discount Sailor*)

A sailor's life is in his ship. So it makes sense that the captain should treat it as their own body. And by tying about a complex system of ropes, bells and a well placed brick, the captain can move and react as if the vessel were fingers and toes. Reduces the required crew by a safe half, but the wear of such a system may fray upon the body of the captain as the ship is damaged.

Naturalist Perks

All a learned man or woman needs

Scientifically Speaking (100CP, *Free Naturalist*)

You can set a treaty, plot a course or heal natives with snake spit, if you have the books and notes for it. In a pinch, the presence of research is half as good as the time spent in study. Not a substitute for time well spent in study and reasoning, nor the rewards gained from such efforts.

Expeditionary Spirit (300CP, *Discount Naturalist*)

You have the eternal heart of a scientist, one who must enquire and discover! This seems to overflow from you, and the crew seems to gain some small amount of comfort whenever you launch a successful tour or return with arcane artifact in hand. This comes with a built in sense of timing, keyed to whenever you've overstayed your welcome to the natives or the tides.

As Above So Below (600CP, *Discount Naturalist*)

The natural world is full of amazing creatures and phenomena, the Neath more so, with many beyond even the most cunning artificer's designs. You can make devices and machines that mimic the effects of any non-unique living specimen you study, their biological and physiological traits replicated through brass, wire, strange energies, and rogue mathematics. You can never mimic the whole scope of the specimen's abilities in just this way. This cannot be used to copy another's technology, unless that technology is an animal or vegetable. Eukaryotes only.

=Skills=

“Dangerous? Watchful? Here on the high Zees there la’, there’s only hwat tha crew can do for tha ship, and hwat tha ship can do fur tha crew!”

There among the files is a simple page that you dread to look upon.

You hoped to escape its grasp, but it is inevitable. You knew this day would come.

Spend CP to improve the grade on your Naval Academy report card.

You have two free grade ranks to use in your respective backgrounds.

Each grade rank **costs 100CP**. Each grade rank includes the qualities of the lower grades.

Skills improved normally do not contain or grant these abilities.

Grades are Feeble, Simple, Weathered, Salted and Fathomed.

Hearts, the skills of healing and morale. Needed on long voyages to ensure that crew neither succumb to madness and foul mutiny, nor the Boatman’s hospitality. *Discount Officer*

Feeble Hearts – Zee Zongs

You possess a definitive collection of thousands of sea shanties, limericks, and bawdy jokes, enough to last dozens of Unterzee voyages and bring rhythm to the weary. Essential to maintaining morale at a manageable pace, though long voyages will require more robust means.

Simple Hearts – Zailor’s Brew

What better balm exists for long voyages than rum, and plenty of it! You possess the recipe for an especially invigorating tonic that can tide over pain, soothe the nerves, excite the pores, and quicken the vigour. A simple comfort, the ingredients can be found wherever there is life bearing water.

Weathered Hearts – Esprit de Corps

When every crewman believes in the strength of their fellows. Smugglers, Devils, Rubbery Men, the French, you can handle people of every stripe and walk and get them to work together, or at least to pretend to respect one another. The more comfortable might consider each other family under your leadership. Works best in large groups, as the differences are less pronounced.

Salted Hearts – Ship Shorn Surgery

Far better than crates of gin or a song around the bonfire, you possess actual medical skill, worth its weight in glim on the dangerous Zees. As such, you are sure to conduct more hazardous raids or dangerous dives, your crew certain that you can staunch the tide of injury and damage. You are also a quick study in prosthetics, capable of fashioning a peg or a hook that would hardly hinder performance or require the regular upkeep demanded of a recent amputee.

Fathomed Hearts – The Depths We Would Go

The Climax of Hearts. The crew sees you as Zaviour and symbol of hope, spirits are lifted and fears calmed when you stand upon the deck. Because you can swim. And swim well. Not just through the swallowing depths of Zee or the remembered waves of the Surface, but even in the gullet of a beast or the mires of mirrors you can find a way to safety. This applies to any chaotic environs, even the voids of High Wilderness. A must for any captain set on dashing rescues.

Irons, the skills of causing damage. Needed to command effective barrages, manage ones weaponry and deal with scenes of rough temperament. *Discount Officer, Whaler*

Feeble Irons – Salvo

Hours spent practicing and drilling the crew in gunnery has made the actions a matter of routine. You will know just by inspecting a weapon the time needed to volley or reload. Further to this, some simple math lets you time these shots for maximum impact, or for continuous barrages that grant no respite to your foes.

Simple Irons – Impact Bracing

After long guided inspections of your vessel, and some stern lectures by both carpenter and shipwright, you have found your hull could easily be shorn up. With some time and resources, the hull of any vehicle can be strengthened half again. Furthermore, this knowledge applies to any personal sets of armor you may later revisit, though it's bad luck to wear on the Zee.

Weathered Irons – Treated Shot

Speaking with some of your more eccentric colleagues or idly drinking among the gunnery deck, you have happened upon some intriguing designs for your ammunition. Each has its perks and drawbacks, though you will also retain the regular ordnance. Multiple purchases allowed.

Utterspore Caps: Though slow to fly, the sudden rupture of fungal flesh and entangling stem are sure to slow progress among your targets, interfering with the speed they move and the precision of their attacks. They may occasionally stun targets with their audacity and growth.

Vitalic Amber: A rather unusual use for amber, these tips draw out the Vitalic Essences which govern activity away upon impact. The crew of struck ships may find themselves dropping on their feet, while Zee-beasts find their flesh numbing. Shatters easily against armored targets.

Sigil Stamper: Regarding that kindling script, you have painstakingly applied glyphs of the Correspondence in reverse on your missiles, so that each impact will burn a destructive symbol that chews through armor and hide alike. Otherwise impossible, you can only ever have six shots.

Salted Irons - Batten Down the Hatches

Experience and exposure are patient teachers. The passing words of many a captain damning their sinking ship has instilled in you the values of reparation and preparation. You have learnt how to reinforce matters to prevent the total destruction of ship equipment, allowing it to be repaired from mere scraps. You can also compartmentalize damage to keep it from spreading, useful in fire and flood. But most valuable perhaps is the crew's discipline, trained to repair breaks while under fire.

Fathomed Irons – Master and Commandeer

The Ace of Irons. The most important lesson of all is not in destruction, but in restraint. Any academy firebrand or would be pirate can lay waste on the waves, but very few practice the fine art of discretionary demolition. You may now aim to disable instead of destroy, to soften your targets instead of scuttling them. And when their guns are cracked and their engines burning, your boarders may land at leisure and claim the vessel for their own. You may claim similar progress with taming Zee monsters, though some legendary temperaments are untamable.

Mirrors, the skills of perception and detection. Discern the shapes in the mists, the accuracy of your shot and the speed at which you acquire them. *Discount Sailor, Naturalist*

Feeble Mirrors – Flag Them

The simplest and most essential of skills for any traveler is to tell Friend from Foe. Identify flags and silhouettes from all nations, and from that their intent. With prolonged survey you may even pick out treacherous Londoners or ethical Demons.

Simple Mirrors – Telltale Start

Further lessons in observation and the mentality of monsters have you recognizing signs of flight or fight, before they even realize it. The errant twitch of eyestalk or sound of cannons ratcheting grants you precious seconds to warm up the engines or signal the guns.

Weathered Mirrors – Alternative Eyes

Not all beacons are reliable on the shifting Zees, and your crew tire of the glim lamp's maddening fumes. With few options to rely upon without burning precious fuel, you turn to other means to guide your way. You may revert to the regular lamps at will. Multiple purchases allowed.

Zeebat Choir: A low hum, a sharp chittering crescendo, a susurrus of squeaks. In time, you can interpret the sounds as shapes in the fog, the invisible language of bats. Though this grants fully circular perception, it becomes impractical against fast moving opponents and long distances.

Quaker's Moths: A distant cousin to Venderbight's Frostmouths, said to be bred by a particularly itinerant monk, they will always flock to the largest and nearest landmass. Be careful not to release them from their glass, they breed slowly and may lead you to colossal predators.

Devil's Compass: Spires of ever shifting brass and mourning glass, a twisted zodiac to life and the soul. Was it made from the forks of failed spirifers? A prize from a captured Hell barge? It can point your way towards the living, and measure their good spirits, though not their intentions.

Salted Mirrors – A Tranquil Zee

Neither rain nor storm nor glare of Dawn will blind these lookouts from their duties. You have become resolute and are more resistant against attempts to blind or impede your senses. This does not grant you truth, merely make your sight is as good on a calm beach as a maelstrom's heart. With a calm outlook becomes comes a calm heart, granting exceptional control over emotional reactions and a stoic visage. Your attempts to acquire targets are twice as swift as normal, and you are capable of identifying optimal attack patterns.

Fathomed Mirrors – Light Up the Night

The Zenith of Mirrors. No longer content with passive observation, you now burn for defiance and not discovery. Through timing and psychology of sight, you know exactly when to turn your lights into their eyes, blinding, stunning, and confusing your targets for precious seconds. The more powerful and pervasive your sensor equipment, the more damaging this glare is. This attack does not need to be sight based. This attack will affect even the weakest of senses, but not the absence. This attack cannot be upheld continuously, and must be conserved; it is fuel you're using, after all.

Veils, the skills of subtlety and evasion. Affects both ones ability to sail swiftly and avoid the attentions of wandering ne'er-do-wells. *Discount Whaler; Sailor*

Feeble Veils – Plotted and Charted

Studying your maps and charts with great fervor, you have a knack for finding the shortest or safest path between several waypoints. There is an important distinction between the two. Not all shortcuts are safe, and risky paths can sometimes be the most profitable.

Simple Veils – Undercurrent

There's always more that lies beneath the surface, in life and at sea. You have become gifted at reading these hidden currents, tacking or breaking for swifter journeys or sudden feints. And tense meetings become fraught with understanding, the vague threats become demands, the hints signs.

Weathered Veils – Run Silent, Run Deep

If it is not the lonesome light in the distance that betrays your position, it is distinct the humdrum of your engines. Some work with a hammer might give respite, but your true talent is impressive in its absence. You have such a bond with your vessel that any mechanical imperfections or other operational flaws are greatly reduced; anything you pilot performs at its peak. On your best days you will appear like a ghost, and depart with less ceremony.

Salted Veils – Roll with the Waves

The ebb and flow of the waves, no, the world, is one ingrained into your very bones. Not only is your vessel one that more easily blends into the environment, but you can also take these lessons to heart and may hide in near plain sight. May it be through employing cleverly grown foliage or simply blind spots, few senses would even consider you worth notice while you keep rhythm.

Fathomed Veils – The Devil Astern

The Obscura of Veils. The final and most secretive art of covert navigation is so simple it beggars belief. You have simply mastered the art of retreat it wraps around to become the art of pursuit. Any target would considered you an unshakable opponent with how quickly you maneuver and readjust to strike them, breaking off attack only to fire from another angle. This also comes with an instinct for weak points, chinks in armor, the Achilles Tentacle of your quarry, you seem to center upon anything they would have you avoid.

Pages, the skills of trickery and knowledge. Determines ones ability to tell fact from fanciful fiction, solve riddles, conduct science or make discoveries. *Discount Naturalist*

Feeble Pages – Fragmentary

Clear answers and whole truths are few and far betwixt cavern roofs and sunken depths. Mysteries often lead to further enigmas, and you can now see the links between facts. While such a skill grants mere token understanding, innocuous tidbits can quickly become terrifying surmises.

Simple Pages – Survivor

Experiences in woodsmanship and the wild are of tangent use in the warped lands of the Neath. You have had to adopt a different methodology, a different attitude and aptitude more appropriate to this sunless abyss of moonish light. This awareness of environs will carry you far in life, slight details and noted differences from rote scripture mean life and death on the Zee.

Weathered Pages – A Riddled Mind

O Devourer of Mysteries, O Bearer of Secrets! You have proven yourself in the riddle contests of the Zee, easily twisting answers into questions and bending metaphor into memory. But which school of thought do you owe influence to? Multiple purchases allowed.

Whither: Did you learn to discover? Did you learn to question the shape of a question? Did you learn to question the shape of an answer? Did you learn, indeed, how to learn? Was there any point to this? How about rites to divert even the steadiest curses? How to plumb the most divine?

Irem: In Irem would you learn the craft. Amidst that towering ice and basalt, between the roses among snow, She would kiss your brow and plant in it an eye for sight. The visions would appear, and you would divine dreams into memory and history, the future of the unwoven past.

Varchas: The walls you walked for a day. You saw their fears, their great mirror arrays and phosphor fungi as tools of Light and Law. Though your time was short, you understood. Light is a Law, and a promise. To be illuminated is to carry protection, your bulwark strengthened while lit.

Salted Pages – Disce Omnes

The colleges and workshops of the Unterzee are a hotbed of new theory and contested values, where an argument cannot be proven on mere intellect. You have risen to such debate, your mind sharpening your body in turn. The more knowledge you obtain and secrets you gain, the greater your body and ability may become. This does not grant endless improvement, at some point you will only be able to improve by overflowing others with knowledge, their efforts building yours.

Fathomed Pages – Singularity

The Pinnacle of Pages. Through intense study and meditation, you have found it. The way to truth was within. Your willpower is greatly reinforced; and you will never forget your name, as you know your name in Correspondence, or its closest cousin. Any unwanted guests in your dreams and thoughts will find themselves set ablaze with celestial fires. With such presence of mind, comes wisdom, the world becomes clearer. Sigils upon the brow applied at your discretion.

=Items=

"I opened my Zeechest to my family today, upon the pestering of my nieces. Gleaming strings of coal black pearl, teeth bones from the Candle Taker and maps writ small on manhide spilt forth. Yet their faces betrayed naught"

There are many things that can prepare one for life on the Zee. While skills and experience are no damper, specialized tools and heartfelt tokens have their place too. Purchase what comforts you.

A Thing About Names (Free): Names in the Neath follow the fashion of Adjective Noun. Prominent individuals include the Haunted Admiral, the Devilish Surgeon, and so on. The name chosen will become your title. If you already have a title, this is your chance to change or add to it.

Zailor's Token (Free): Whether a sign of your immediate commission or a remnant of some surface ceremony, this simple circle of wood and silver provides perfect chance. Should any decisions overcome your capabilities, you may leave it to the coin. Not legal tender.

=Lodgings=

Where you can sort mail, create items and sleep peacefully, the Lodgings are based in your Home Port. Lodgings may be purchased naturally. Purchases connect to your Warehouse after the jump.

A Room Above the Tavern (Default)

Simple and Spartan, this room reminds you of your humble beginnings. You take your meals downstairs, and occasionally the innkeeper passes along a good word.

An Elegant Townhouse (100CP)

Arrangements were made to place you in the heart of the city, though you may come into this on your own. It provides you with better stress and injury recovery, and you may take callers here.

A Zeeside Mansion (300CP)

Purchased at great discount after that mess with the LB Jacks, this domain is a true grand estate, with enough rooms for all of your crew and servants, and a great deal of comfort and prestige.

A Hearty Crew (200CP)

Perhaps you have comrades and fellows you'd prefer to serve with you from ages past. You can import any number of companions to serve on your crew as mortal humans or beasts. Each gain two background 100CP perks. Unimported companions are Passengers, not to interfere with the business of Zeemanship.

Sodden Journals (50CP): The lives and last words of Drowned Zee-Captains, bargained for a song. The tales within educate, entertain and caution. The cryptic knowledge may mean the difference between death and success for untried mariners.

Zee-Drifters Kit (50CP): Hopefully you'll never need to use this. Contains powerful flares, a safe conduct codebook, water tablets and a recipe book for boot soup. Last refuge for the stranded.

Engraved Pewter Tankard (100CP *Free Officer*): With the crest of the last graduating class of the Navy, one cannot help but be comforted and filled with camaraderie at every toast.

Saint's Medal (100CP *Free Sailor*): *Don't forget me*, she whispered, pressing this into your hand. A silver disc of faded faith, it's said to save you from drowning, or wards the Drownies at least.

Fangled Harpoon (100CP *Free Whaler*): Passed down from a strong-armed mentor, this spear is anathema to marine life, as the notches can attest. Guaranteed to return to your side.

Zailor's Almanac (100CP *Free Naturalist*): Highly valued, this thin volume details the various animals, plants and cultures you may encounter. An order form for different seas is included.

North Fearing Compass (200CP *Discount Officer*): The needle spins wildly, never settling on a course, but it always points away from dangers. Best used to chart an urgent heading.

Bloody Eolith (200CP *Discount Whaler*): A truly ancient shard of flint, good as paperweight or weapon. Always seems to draw blood upon contact, no matter how ironclad the flesh.

Scintillack Snuff Pouch (200CP *Discount Sailor*): Toasted dry as bone, fine as dust. A pouch of shimmering powder to fill your nostrils and sneeze the argent fire with! Useful for lights or cigars.

Muttersalt Jar (200CP *Discount Naturalist*): Harvested from the northern Pale Wastes, it tastes of clean air and ginger. Useful for removing odors, noises, colours and conversations. Never empties.

Sooth & Cooper Offbrand Tonics (200CP): The Heartease Tonic cures ails involving sadness or secrets, with a slight aftertaste. These recipes remove that catch, granting you a steady drink of curative, and the recipe for Heartmetal alloy, a useful material for grapeshot and gunmetal.

Mirror-Catcher Plans (200CP): An oddity from the Khanate, favoured by smugglers. A Mirror-Catch Box is a marvel of criminal ingenuity, which can not only capture, but store various immaterials for sale or experiment. Catches many things; daylight, moonlight, screams, dreams...

Recipe for Zzoup (200CP): The colour of old blood, the taste of paprika and irony. A warm bowl is a dish that all and any can appreciate, you could work men to the bone with the promise of more or throw it in boilers for extra kick. Listen closely, pork stock, lament-onions, exile's rose...

Devilbone Diceset (200CP): Yellowish and suspicious, these are not made of deceased devils at all! They hum with broken law, offering to break more. Roll the dice to plot unusual courses. Fire them at foes to confuse aims. Place them in goblets to liven parties. You will always find more.

Blue Scintillack Shard (400CP): Blazing with apocyanic radiance, wars have been fought for less. Use in battle to regain memory and find guns ready, or techniques and abilities recharged in an instant. Use in lamps to reveal long-forgotten memories. Irreplaceable, this shard requires a minutes to refresh, and cannot reduce Perk-held times by more than half. Does not refill resources.

Hesperidean Cider OUT OF STOCK
NOT SO FAST STOP UNDER NEGOTIATION STOP

=Nautical Instruments=

Always good for a song or signaling, the Zee has a fine musical tradition.

Resonant Viol (200CP, *Discount Officer*): Fired from living clay, this fiddle produces sounds unknown to Surface and Science. The strains and screams fill the audience with intense liveliness, crew working against the protests of their aches and foes unable to break their routines. All shall join this tempest dance, and all shall fall if it does not cease. Affects the weather to a small degree.

Corresponding Accordion (200CP, *Discount Sailor*): Why make this out of glass? Each key and wheeze of this squeezebox contains snippets of sigils, only apparent when played in perfect harmony. Strange flames dance around your vessel, both crew and carriage protected by these saint's fires, but burning all who wish you harm while you play. Limited to your immediate allies.

Flukehorn Flute (200CP, *Discount Whaler*): What strange beast was this carved from? The flute's wails recall how you came to that place, the Zee-waves once stilled and ship shadows misplaced. Your opponents will confuse what was and what is, their guns and eyes aiming at foes from both past and present. The effect is more pronounced the more elaborate the symphony.

Brass Lyre (200CP, *Discount Naturalist*): Simply Hellenic, this harp is ever warm to the touch. The longer you play, the more it scorches you. But while the strings hum, your enemies see you as an ally, even as your cannons take their mark or prow nears their hulls. The longer you burn, and you will burn, they are incapable of harming you first. Death by soul pyre is irreversible.

=Gods of the Zee=

“Zome zzay that Zailorz are the mozt zuzpiziouz folksz outside of theatre. Hah! When we whiztle, thingz happen”

Indeed, Zailors are a suspicious sort, but there are times when keeping to their habits is beneficial. Here is a small list of shrines that can be constructed to please certain powers, in hopes of boons.

If you quest in their name and their secrets rites, you may **earn their blessing in ten years.**

If you defile the shrine, you invoke their curse, your blessings and favor reversing. Don't.

Raise a shrine for 200CP. Only a single shrine can be purchased.

Happy Landings

Raise a shrine to Salt, that nameless god of Farewells, that agent of the White.

Though they lie far to the East, their presence can still be felt. Appease them with secrets and stories to ensure that you have something to return to, the safety and integrity of your relations and crews relations guaranteed. Also slightly increases your charisma and luck when voyaging.

=Blessing of Salt=

Much like their leaving of the Name-Which-Burns, you can sing Salt's Song, altering boundaries of mind and spirit. Witnesses have thoughts and identity overridden into temporary extensions of your will. Exceptional souls can resist these effects. Recordings of this song merely entrance.

Safe Travel

Raise a shrine to Stone, that nameless god of Home and Healing, that incandescence of the Earth.

Appease her with sacraments and songs and your ship will be strengthened, not like a Living Ship, but with a hull and skeleton far more resistant to damages both mundane, and not. Also increases your personal vitality and thickens your hide against shot and talon, tooth and spearpoint.

=Blessing of Stone=

Your blood overflows with vitality, once removed from your vessel. The fluid you offer can be applied to heal and repair any damages, the old flesh and shell growing and stretching to fill the injury. You can also cause clear crystal, especially diamonds, to glow with a permanent diffusion.

Smooth Sailing

Raise a shrine to Storm, that nameless god of High Places and Anger, that dead thunder-dragon.

Should you appease him with hard won trophies the waves will calm beneath your keel, foul winds blow away and fair winds blow fro. Any kind of weather you may meet will be in your favor. Also increases your fierceness in battle, as your blows and weapons are fed by your fury.

=Blessing of Storm=

You may call down that apocyanic lightning that strikes through time, whose strikes incite fearful memory and falling stars. Even in enclosed or separated areas, this thunderbolt needs no entry or egress, launched by your will. You also know the best way to incite rage in yourself and others.

Drowned Sorrows

[illegible]

=Enhancements=

“What did he do, the drunken zailor, what did he do, the drunken zailor

What did he do, the drunken zailor, early in the morning?

Gave us his eyes and blood, my dear

Gave us his arms and legs, my dear

Gave us his dreams and bones, my dear

Early in the morning”

There are several ways in which Zailors are different amongst Neathers. Here are just a few.

A Visit to Clathermont’s: Choose One Tattoo For Free

Any real zailor worth their tobacco and zalt has their tale written in skin. Clathermont’s prices are reasonable, and his signs rare art. What sign will you choose?

The Dauntless Hand: A hand that rarely misses its mark, dripping and dark. Your **Irons** benefits.

The Wheel of Mists: Hidden and obscured, an escape or an illusion? Your **Veils** benefits.

The Unflinching Eye: Much like yours, this eye is open to distant shores. Your **Mirrors** benefits.

The Splendour: The glory, the brilliance, how much like the Surface. Your **Hearts** benefits.

The Gambit: Yes, a twisting conundrum, a confusion, a mystery! Your **Pages** benefits.

Unblemished Skin: You turn your head away, no ink. You are slightly **more resistant to fear**.

400CP per purchase, maximum of two. No double purchases. Discounts in Italics.

Hunter’s Eye (*Discount Naturalist, Whaler*)

Eat the heart of deep-lurkers, wash it down with blood. These eyes see everything deep and dark, both monstrous and the good. With a gaze that can pierce even the light eating depths of the Zee, you can see into the past and predilection of both prey and predators you perceive.

Stygian Reinforcement (*Discount Whaler, Officer*)

Carved from the bones of fierce Zee-Monsters to replace a limb of choice. As warm and flexible as whisper-satin, but as hard as Hell’s contracts. This black limb grants an air of authority, of ferocity, of sacrifice, and warns you of danger and disaster. Will never strike an innocent.

Iron Airs (*Discount Officer, Sailor*)

Did you visit the Iron Republic, take in their chaotic weather? Fragments of devilbone and dire speech burrowed into your breath, changing you forever. With great shouts and bellows, rigid discipline is enforced, zailors ducking beneath speeches that bend the winds themselves.

Fungal Follicles (*Discount Sailor, Naturalist*)

A crown of glowing mushrooms nest within your hair. Their light bathes you in an unusual green tint, enhancing thoughts careful and analytical, best for sound investments. The light also calms upon sight, reminding them of better dreams and promises. Cause hiccups when eaten. Harmless.

=Ship's Officers=

"It's dinnertime. The crew take their mess down below but the captain's table is in uproar.

The engineer and gunny have gotten into another row over boiler settings,,

The surgeon is drunk under the table off something she made earlier,

The first mate plots downfall with ships biscuit and a protractor

While the cook promises something very nasty to our cat, who swam in the zoup again.

And I? I pour the damn tea"

A dedicated crewman appointed to serve an elevated position. Each position demands certain skills and abilities, not any old tarhand can be a surgeon after all. It is not unheard of for captains to romance their officers. Each has a story to tell and may improve their skills...

It is not necessary to have an officer in every position. BUT you can sacrifice an officer to ensure you live to reach safe port. Officers sacrificed in this manner are not lost forever. Up to 5 imported companions may fill these positions, and they receive 3 ranks in that main skill.

You have a 100CP bonus to spend on officers. You may purchase as many or few as you like.

Cooks

A dedicated cook can help reduce Terror with their professionally prepared meals and also manage supplies for long voyages. You can never have too many. Their main skill is **Hearts**.

Shady Cook, *Free Whaler Only*

You might call what he makes food. You certainly have no idea what he calls it. Not the most hygienic of chefs, but he'll do in a pinch. Uses way too much salt.

Nacreous Outcast, *50CP*

It drips eagerly, greeting you in fluent English. Unusual among Rubbery Men, but ostracized by even its own kind for reasons left unknown, their sharp eyes and mind will be an asset.

Parched Patisserie, *50CP*

Ever to be found in their cups, their baked creations explode with flavour. Though the ingredients they use seem suspect, each bite fills the crew with energy and moxie. A bit jittery when dry.

Bandaged Poisoner, *75CP*

He has an ambition for fish, a great one! This tomb-chef has cooked for Kings and Khans before their appetites changed. Certainly knows more than you'd expect. Philosophizes at times.

Chief Engineers

A dedicated engineer to tend to your boilers and motors will increase the ships evasive capabilities, maintain your engines and oversee repairs. Their main skill is **Veils**.

Maybe's Daughter, 50CP

A smile, a wink, a butterfly tattoo. An intense and detailed knowledge of weaponry and engines. Searching for her mother, and there's a deal in her future. Odd parentage, this one.

Blind Anchorite, 50CP

Oh, god it's the Vak- oh, it's just a nun. Tall, pious, and with a slight predatory gait, she knows her way around a boiler. And a pulpit, should you be in need. Is there anything under that blindfold?

Tireless Mechanic, 75CP (ENGINE SPECIAL)

Does he ever sleep? His eyes are dark-circled, but his hands are steady. His enginework suffers none for it. There's probably a reason for that. But he's got a secret. And a plan. An engine plan.

Genial Magician, 75CP (ENGINE SPECIAL)

He's a good engineer, despite that missing hand. But zailors fall silent when he passes. Learned in the ways of light, mirrors and darkness, he seeks revenge on a distant foe. Perhaps you can help.

First Officers

As your official second-in-command, a dedicated first officer assists in navigation of the dark Unterzee, as well as identification and illumination of enemy targets. Their main skill is **Mirrors**.

Sly Navigator, Free Sailor Only

Competent? Probably. Trustworthy? Possibly. You'd be hard pressed to find someone else you'd rather not have near the charts, but he seems capable enough. Odd fascination with Frostfound.

Carnelian Exile, 50CP

She has the discomfiting – even irritating – habit of answering your questions just before you finish speaking. Though her shaded eyes only see predestinations, her charts are in order.

Tropic Explorer, 50CP

Explored jungles and ruins from Madagascar to Caution. Though her real talent lies in cryptography and subtlety, her patient demeanour can see you through even the roughest tides.

Sigil-Ridden Navigator, 75CP

Has that tattoo on his head grown since you last looked? His appetite certainly has. Should you encourage it, he may plot a truer course. Until then, his mind is slowly fading, nibbled away.

Gunnery Officers

A dedicated gunnery officer can train the crew in firing drills, oversee the maintenance and improvement of ordnance, and directs firing solutions in combat. Their main skill is **Irons**.

Longshanks Gunner, Free Officer Only

A recent graduate from the urchin-gangs, where she learned artillery in the Regiment. Do you still remember the days you ran the rooftops? She craves that freedom still.

Steely-Eyed Ranger, 50CP

There's always another frontier. Walked out of the Horizon one day, and never looked back. An expert in all sorts of ballistics, their gaze rarely softens. Favours their big iron over idle chatter.

Presbyterate Adventuress, 50CP

If she's afraid of anything, its boredom. A highly capable archaeologist in her own right, if not for those assassins from the Presbyter, she seeks a worthy end. Would enjoy coffee sorbet till then.

Irrepressible Cannoneer, 75CP (GUN SPECIAL + LAMP SPECIAL)

Cheery enthusiasm is a welcome, but unnerving, trait in a gunner. Energetic and obsessed with explosions, their experiments and eruptions occasionally bear fruit. Explosive, bomb shaped fruit.

Surgeons

Ever welcome in a port or harbour, a dedicated surgeon gives the crew a bonus to morale and ensures that medicine and sickness are correctly applied. Their main skill is **Pages**.

Plausible Surgeon, Free Naturalist Only

He probably won't saw the wrong limb off. Probably. Hardly can be called a doctor, and unfamiliar with the implements, but he, uh. He desires to visit the Chelonate! Let him off there.

Rat-Shod Bonesaw, 50CP

There are no rats under your skin, stop scratching. Though paranoia is standard practice in their practise, its best to keep stray thoughts to yourself. A meticulous ablutomaniac, they mean well.

Brisk Campaigner, 75CP

She's marched with armies and cured generals. Her skill with a scalpel is only matched by her experience in the field. Don't annoy her. Rather a quiet sort, but suffers from a strange affliction.

Haunted Doctor, 75CP

Earnest, learned, prone to jump at loud noises. Once a spider-cultist, then a poisoner for the Cause, now but a surgeon. His righteous inclinations are matched by his poor judgement. Nice eyepatch.

Lady in Lilac, Free, Special

How do you know her? Did the Clathermont the Tattooist introduce you? Her irrido manner does not help, neither does her habit of disappearing when the screams stop. Possibly imaginary. Wait-

Mascots

Mascots are lucky, every ship knows that. Helps keep out vermin and lift spirits. Very tradish'nal.

Comatose Ferret, *Free*

Mostly it's immobile. Sometimes, it's feral. Usually, it just lies across your desk like a lumpy scarf. Impossible to teach tricks to. Keeps pining for the d_mned fjords, but it was raised in the slumps!

Albino Tinkerer, *25CP*, Cannot take with Page

A carpenter, weaver, engineer's hand and rat of all works. Her designs and devices keep many a pocketwatch in shape, and deft paws maintain engines of war and motion.

Guinea Page, *25CP*, Cannot take with Tinkerer

A scholarly creature from a warlike nation of aristocratic guinea pigs who stole a steamer to escape the locked cages of a London essayist. Apparently. Has appointed himself your biographer.

Wretched Mog, *50CP*

The wretched mog, the wretched mog, swims in the Zee and slept on the dog! Its perpetual ill temper does not endear it to the crew, but it does make an effective ratter and exterminator.

Blemmigan Notary, *50CP*

Such penmanship, such poison! Hailing from fair Uttershroom, this docile yet deadly mass of mobile fungus resembles nothing more than a walking jellyfish, but its dictation is immaculate.

Frost-Flecked Butcher Bird, *50CP*

Winter falls at its caw, the bird who flies o'er chosen cities, white of coat and icy flight. Of legend spoke it stands atop the doomed and feeds upon their plight. Which makes it great for pratfalls!

=Drawbacks=

*"The sea has never been a friend to man,
At most it has been an accomplice to human recklessness"*

"The sea finds out everything you did wrong"

A black folio hidden beneath the rest, it slides out as friendly as a knife and reads like moonlight.

TROUBLE AS ALWAYS STOP 600CP MAXIMUM STOP

+0 The Unterzee Takes Its Toll (Compulsory with Imports)

The Zee teaches her lessons, the importance of loss, the hardships of sacrifice. Any imported companions lost at sea or on land are dead to you for the remainder of your stay. Crews who sail captured trophy vessels to port do not count towards this, and await your safe return.

+100CP Zifting Zees

On the Surface they may speak of jigsaw puzzles and lands that drift inch by inch. In the Unterzee, entire islands migrate to new waters at worrying speeds. Alteration, that cartographical nightmare, strikes more often on twice a year on a good moon, and once a month on a bad one. Somehow, Zailors know you did this. Does not affect lands mentioned in Places To See.

+100CP Landlubber's Legs

To you, Zeelegs are a myth. Even so much as a bath will make you nauseous, and your best orders will be issued bedridden in the high Zees. Your crew, bless them, make adjustments as best they can, but morale is lowered. Includes a dose of claustrophobia for those dungeoneering types.

+100CP Commissioned! (Limit One)

You've taken their coin, and must give their due. No need to find them, their agents will find you. Should you fail in their requests, sabotage and scorn will be soon abreast.

The Cheery Man

Merely the landlord of the Medusa's Head Tavern. He has packages that need shipping to and fro distant lands. Crates that jingle and moan, softly slither and shine sunnily. Not for Customs' eyes.

The Gracious Widow

She smuggles half of London's contraband. To wit, you are but one of many nameless couriers. Manipulative, vindictive and slightly maternal, you must keep her Oriental trade routes stable.

The Captivating Princess

Youngest child of the Traitor Empress, you cater to royalty now. Her tastes are both debauched and refined, honey of the finest casks and company from the rarest shores. Do not disappoint.

The Banded Prince

The Tigers of the Carnelian Coast still have their nobles and counts. And yes, they have their tastes and favours. Bring them interesting and tasty beasts, the finest of herbal incenses and hats.

The Palmerston Agent

An exile, a devil or deviless of renowned cunning and civility. Surprisingly not interested in souls. Would rather know what the scholars and generals of the Neath are up to. Your work excluded.

+200CP Banned from Argo

Due your sordid reputation, foreign ports have closed their taverns and merrymakers off to you. Morale can only be raised at Zee or at your home port. Expect treason and madness to come swiftly, should you not somehow sate their urge for entertainment and relief. No, not like that.

+200CP Zcurvy

The only thing worse than being dead in the Neath is dying. The bane of all wayfarers, your voyages on darkened waves must be nourished with fresh vegetation; a decadence in the Neath. A barrel of limes could bankrupt you, and raids on Presbyterate Orchards are lethal indeed. Perhaps you could feast among high society? Or would you rather meals washed down with delirium?

+200CP Kingmaker Rising! (Limit One)

To aid in the Ascension of a Nation. To be the Pawn of your Betters. To leave a Mark in the Neath. You must see to it that one of these rises to prominence in your ten years.

London

Once, London was helm to the greatest empire the world had known. This can be so again. It won't be easy or quick. Bring them exotic weapons, allies and suitable tactics. Hail Britannia.

Khanate

They haven't entertained ideas of Supremacy for many a score. Khaganians of the Fourth City may live a fractured existence, but uniting them is half the work. The other half being strength.

Dawn Machine

It wants to rule. You will obey. It needs light, intelligence and finally sou- **OUR GOD IS AN AWESOME GOD IT'S MADE OF HEARTS WE GAVE WITH LAWS LIGHT AND CHAINS-**

PARABOLA

In you, the Fingerkings have found the perfect agent. For Parabola is against Judgement, all that Is-Not to all that Is. But through you, they can attain both. Bring them colours, laws and vessels.

Revolution

Law is a chain, a restriction passed down from on high. But there is a way to shatter, overthrow these tyrants and let freedom reign. Ask for February, bring the box from Vienna, supply the Work.

+300CP Nemesis

You have gained a powerful enemy. Who it is depends on your station, but you must see their destruction or ruin, as they would wish yours. A difficult opponent in any case, each will take the length and breadth of your voyages to conquer, their prowess more than a match for you and yours. A soundly thrashed Nemesis may be convinced to join you, should they respect you by the end of your voyage, but their skills will be reduced to more mortal levels.

Officer's Downfall

One day you caught her sulfurous eyes, now you are the sworn plaything of Red Liss. Captain of the burning dreadnought *Morningstar Maiden*, pride and spite of the Brass Navy, you couldn't have asked for a more cunning and ruthless opponent on the waves. She will stop at nothing to hear the screams of your stolen soul and with Hell at her heels it may come sooner than later.

Whaler's Ruin

The Seldom Squid, that beast of mimicry, that foul and cowardly monster. It took your most favoured limb, the wound so puckered and swollen that none can bear the sight. Rarely sighted, tis

a master of disguise and low cunning, known to play parts from bat flock to steamship, complete with besotted crew and loaded cannon. And only when close will it unfold its geometry upon you.

Naturalist's Folly

You should privileged, nay, honoured, to have the protégé of the esteemed Doctor Orthos himself, Huxley Kingston III, Esquire, deem your work worthy of perusal. And by perusal I mean maritime salvage. Affluent, brilliant, charismatic enough to make tigers blush, he will see himself fat on your findings while your name is dragged in the mud. Death never seems to bother him much, and he will dole out as much of it is needed, ruining lives and islands just to spite you.

Sailor's Doom

The Ziren of the Zee, that kelp and shell clad banshee is upon you. They say she led the Nocturne astray, they say she holds court in sunken Wrack, they say she is attended by all beasts that swim and flounder. She brings gales and waves, sharks and zeals, temptations of gold and zong. She will not stop till you join the Drowned Feast, as an attendant or as a course. A cunning mind is needed to untangle the rites to banish her. A courageous mind is needed to bring your crew to face her.

+300CP Storm, Stone, Salt (Cannot take with Gods of the Zee)

The whole d_mned Zubterranean is out for you since eating that zee bat zoup for St Jonah's Feast! The Zee god's curses are threefold and furious, you may only ever appease one at a time.

Storm's Wrath provokes your crew to fits of fury and murder. His wrath churns the waves and calms the tides, bringing sandbars and reefs to block you. At the height of his fury the waves will swallow you while the crew abandons their posts with bloodlust in their eyes.

Salt's Curse is subtle, but no less hazardous. Do you have any allies in port, connections or favored Passengers? Count your days together with care, for the next docking may bring sad news. Zailors and merchants mutter and shun you, and your shore leave is marred with mourning.

Stone's Reach holds domain over all that is living and unliving. The beasts of the Zee, even those tame and uncaring, will throw themselves in your path. Your hull refuses to accept repair, each piece broken staying so and weeping, the yet unmarred sections groaning in discontent.

+300CP Zee Fever Dreams

You cannot remember a life away from the Zee. What sunlight could compare to the rippling wails in the air, what stars shine brighter than the glimmering roof? And should you leave her, a deep grief consumes you, melancholy and transience disabling your whims, the days leaking like water.

+600 Hurling Above the Reach of the Earth

Just like all things, it began with a dream, of White light and crystal palaces.

Understanding this led to the garden, the Elder Continent's Heart.

Do you recall how you came to that place? The Avid Horizon, the unguarded gates?

Getting them open would be impossible, even with Hellish assistance of Mt Palmerston.

Extracting the secrets from their Princes yielded a name, or a place. Nadir.

Making use of London's people would grant you access. Now to wake those Stone Pigs and-

Except something felt odd. Not more monstrous than usual, but certainly not your logic.

No. These actions aren't your own. A power, not hers, from above and before has you in thrall.

Turn back! This is not the reckoning! This is something worse and greater and yet- and yet-

So ends it all. Erase that Irrigo place. Open the cavern walls to their Gaze. Speak their name.

0CP THE ONLY DEAL THAT MATTERS

In frozen castles and candle-lit chapels.

Make the stories, or they will be made for you.

Part of the Ship

The thoughts not yours, nor mind that shatters

Don't Fall in Love.

Part of the Crew

No thirst for wine, nor hunger for apples.

A reckoning will not be postponed indefinitely.

Part of the Captain

The deal was struck. Your course was set.

Eat your Crew. Lose your Mind.

They will never forgive you

The lantern broke. Their eyes you met.

Eat your Mind. Lose your Crew.

They will never forget you

The knives came swift. The blows were dull.

Mind your Crew. Eat your Losses.

They will never forbid you

You draped what's left. A Cross. The Hull.

Crew your Mind. Lose your Eats.

They will never forgo you

Eats. Will Eat.

EATEN

turn back

=Epilogue=

“O Captain! My Captain!

*Our fearful trip is done, the ship has weathered every rock,
The prize we sought is won, the port is near, the bells I hear,
The people all exulting”*

Ten years at Zee. Ten years of stone, storm and salt. With ship in harbor and kit unloaded, you find yourself once more at the desk, contemplating your next move. Where to next?

To Feel the Sunlight on your Skin:

The Neath may be where you sailed, but the Surface is where you were born and will be buried. Set a course, bosun, for that Sun-Filled Horizon.

An Unterzee Odyssey:

It is said that Odysseus spent more than twenty years at sea before he could return home. As for you, the Unterzee is your new home. Remove all drawbacks and take 1000CP and 1000BP more to continue your voyage. *Us neathy tars won't swap the stars~!*

Fifth City Lamplight:

AUDITION SUCCESSFUL STOP LONDON IS OPEN STOP

Perhaps you've had enough of the Zee, yes? Try another station, and so on. Turn back the hands of time and be a Londoner. Send my regards. Cannot take if already completed Fallen London.

Bring me that Horizon:

There is another sea, neither sunless nor sealess, one that demands your attention and plots your journey. To that other place, to Jump once more, unto the deep and wonderful...

Tales of Adventure! Only a shilling! Coming Soon!

THE ELDER EXPEDITION: A clandestine journey to the South! Mysterious sponsors!

ZUBMARINER: There is a sea more sunless. You shall soon think of the Zee fondly...

And many more!

=Memories of Zee=

*"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea"*

A barnacle-scoured and salt-scented seachest is all that remains of your journeys. And another note from your benefactor. I wonder if that negotiation went well?

-CONTRACT MADE STOP LAIGNAPPE STOP. A Live Judgement's Egg, ready to hatch, or the Dawn Machine Plans will be delivered at the end of your chain. Choose wisely, before making another Great Chain of your own. We all live with our consequences.

The End of an Ambition

In the end, what did winning mean to you?

If **Fulfillment**, then the *Zong of the Zee*, that definitive tome of nautical lore, is yours. Any travels you take are filled with fortune and wondrous experience, and those who read from it share in your wealth of lore, becoming swift masters in seamanship and mariners, in seas of any stripe.

If **Sovereignty**, then raise the *Aestivalian Banner*, for fortune, glory and the sun on your skin. The sight of the flag raises spirits and morale, granting the desperate a second wind, and bringing sunlight into the darkest places. Plant it to establish your kingdom, your sovereignty, once again.

If **Duty**, then take solace at the *Blood-Forged Memorial*, an obsidian and rotygilt slate. Those fallen by your side, friend and foe, are remembered; reflect on their shades. Honor them and in return they offer knowledge, grant absolution or lighten spirits of the heaviest hearts.

If **Wanderlust**, then behold *Venturer's Vision*, a painting of that voyage unto High Wilderness. The artist knew the craft well, designs and models for more and more Void-faring vessels hidden in stroke and shadow, enough that even those who have yet to harness steam can reach the stars.

If **none of the above**, then *Herebe's Map* is yours, an unfolding and patched mosaic of ink and hide that rolls into your hands. Within are images of beasts and foes you've encountered, and it can spawn paper imitations. None shall doubt that there were monsters and they were that big.

-The coin that volunteered you so long ago. Now it bears your image on one side, and your favored vessel on the other. When throwing the *Ancient Mariner's Dime* into sufficiently large waters, one can summon the ship to their side as easy as sneezing, regardless of depth. The crew that served on the Neath will also be present. An unassailable proof of nautical authority.

-And the ship's lantern. Strange, it's broken. Ah, this seven sided *Zeeward Lantern* will make a great paperweight. Hold it to your ear to hear the waves and guiding zongs of the Zee...

You have a feeling that one of these gifts is unfinished, and may complete itself in future...

=Questions and Answers!=

Why can't we spend the whole time in service to London?

You can, in fact we'll pay you to do so!

What are those gloriously incandescent vessels? And the zealous crew that pilot it?

They are ships of the New Sequence, followers of the Dawn Machine, a splinter of the Royal British Navy. Constructed to bring light and order, the Machine had other ideasssUN THE SUN-

Is the Surface any better?

...Mostly. Beware of Vienna. Stay away from Calendars and Coffee. You'll catch your death of sun and if you don't keep the crew indoors they'll be wandering off or turning to dust any day.

When you say 'Leave the Neath' do you mean reach the Surface?

I mean after the Fallen London jumps and related DLCs.

What is that giant eye?

It's an eye. That's giant.

Does Fallen London carry over any progress?

No, both jumps run concurrent. As such, you cannot, rather, shouldn't, interfere with yourself.

Why can't we access the Elder Continent?

If not for the laws of the Presbyterate, the only river upwards, Adam's Way, is anathema to inanimate materials, eating through metal like acid, growing wood into saplings and spreading bone like weeds. Only a Living Ship can handle these vital waters. Wait, be patient.

Who is the Fathomking?

Lord of all who drowned, brother to Snuffer, and definitely not the Drowned Man. He has a niece.

Who is the Drowned Man?

Worshipped by few, sought by some, and best left unremembered. Turn back.

Who are the Zee Gods?

Beings that may be worthy of worship, they certainly handle the cursing and blessing well enough. A Judgement's rogue agent, a Star-spawn and a dead angry Dragon; that's all I can say for sure.

How do we appease them?

The traditional methods work best. Offer prayers, incense, food. For a greater blessing offer valuables, knowledge, lives. To receive their curse, defile the shrine. You do not want their curse.

What's up with all these weird children? Tiger kin, Star spawns, Rock monsters?

Uh, biology is no match for love. Yep. Especially not without the Judgements to forbid it.

Why can't we go to all of these places as a Fallen London jumper?

Gaining rights for safe passage is different between captains and ship owners. There's paperwork to write up, fees to pay and so on. And Fallen London players are notorious paupers.

So... what's the best way to make money?

Trade is good, not always of materials commodities. Information is valuable to authority, certain items can be created that sell for higher prices, and of course the flotsam of a successful Zee battle is almost always its own reward. Just try to remember what is truly valuable.

You can't really smuggle sunlight, right? Right?

It's quite profitable with the right supplier and market. Salons bathed in pure sunlight are quite prestigious, but it is more often diluted with candles or moonlight. This leads to a symptom known as Called Upstairs, those afflicted remembering times and places sideways from the regular.

What is the danger of Heartsoothe Tonic? What use is there in Heartmetal?

The tonic forms a shell around discomfiting thoughts to insulate the patient, an intricate mechanism involving grief, souls, silence and so on. When tonic-users die, the secrets and casings are extracted, which have many uses. This casing is called Heartmetal. Enterprising sorts can surely find use for metals made of secrets and grief.

Zoup, who drinks the stuff?

It's a dish beloved by many. Londoners, Tiger-Counts, Devils, Tomb-Colonists, Clay Men, Presbyterians, Fingerkings, cats, Rattus Faber, Widows and Duchesses, royalty, Masters, Judgeme-

Why are there three cities full of Khaganians? Isn't there just one Khan?

Remnants of a previous time, some from when their city first fell, and some remnants from a failed rebellion. They do not appreciate comparisons between themselves, nor do they appreciate the wandering eyes and ears of foreigners.

How do I know if the Fingerkings are about?

Is there a mirror? Is there a dream? Is there a gift? It's probably Fingerkings.

Is Zee Travel even safe?

Yes, some captains merely take foolish risks and fight foolish fights. The Zee is full of these fools.

Can't I just swim my fabulous self across the Zee? Why this nonsense about ships and captaining?

NOT SO FAST STOP TRYING TO HAGGLE HERE STOP

What exactly does that 600CP drawback do? You get kinda flowery when you write.

You slowly become the servant-vessel of a higher being dedicated to the destruction of the Neath. Which would be bad. You can fight it. Won't be easy or quick. Or cheap. Or sane. But possible.

Any final words?

STARS ARE HUNGRY LAW IS CHAIN STARS ARE ANGRY RISE TO LOVE STARS ARE