

The Ocean Hunter

It is the Victorian era, or sometime thereabouts. The seven seas spread throughout the world, smothered with savage storms. Within them, marine life grows frenzied with a hunger for human flesh and blood. Sharks stalk any diver who sets foot in the water in swarms. Sea snakes lash out like furious noodles of death. Smaller animals like jellyfish and piranhas clump together to smother foes in numbers. Even once-docile marine iguanas can behave like dragons of old. It's as if the ocean itself is enraged with mankind's trespass upon it. Yet despite this, mankind's technology continues to advance and some of the bravest hunters it has to offer have braved the ocean depths with weapons capable of bowing down these beasts.

It is said that there is a monster for each of these seven seas. A furious leviathan of unrivalled might harkening back to the primordial life before mankind's ascent. Ships are being attacked one after another, and an enormous bounty has been set for each and every one of their heads. To this day, no diver has successfully collected it.

The ocean is not only a place of blessing but a place of terror. Will you defeat these beasts and restore peace to the oceans, or become one more reason mankind should fear the depths below?

You have ten years to survive amidst the waves. You may be any human age, and whichever gender you were in a previous jump for free or pay 50 CP to change it. Beasts of the Sea who pay 600 CP or more may be many millennia old, born from chaos and predating mankind's ascendancy. Take 1000 Choice Points to decide whether you dare discover the true source of nature's wrath.

You start on the day two brave souls attempt to save divers from being ripped apart by sharks in the Baroque Sea.

Location

Roll 1d8 to decide which murderously hateful body of water you start in, or pay 50 CP to choose your fate. If you are a human you may choose to start safely in any flying or seafaring vehicle you own to have some time to ready yourself, or be in your divine suit in the water right off the bat if you're feeling bold.

1. Baroque Sea: A predominantly temperate, and relatively shallow ocean-though no safer than any other. Coral reefs ring the shallows, concealing homicidal sea snakes-some of which are rumoured to vaster than any anaconda on the land. Sharks remain the most prevalent predators, with some particularly old and hardy specimens capable of shrugging off sustained barrages from the most powerful weapons of mankind capable of operating underwater. Do not underestimate the barracuda fish. A wrecked ship here has become a home to a many-armed beast.
2. Luna Sea: If sharks were prevalent in the Baroque sea, they are truly predominant in this one. Hammerheads and makos alike travel in vast schools. Only a little deeper than the Baroque Sea, ancient stone ruins under the waves hint at an ancient human civilisation that may have been lost to the rising waves, now the dwelling place of sharks and their gargantuan master. Don't get distracted by the gorgeous frescoes and grand walls though-there's always more sharks than you think. And even stingrays here are deadly killers.
3. Tartarus Deep: ...wait, does this count as a sea? You apparently have to travel quite far down from the upper reaches to find deadly marine life, mostly annoyingly thin yet fierce subspecies of gulper eel. Rumours abound of colour-shifting squid who charge their prey from surprise in the inky darkness, and even oarfish savaging those brave or foolish enough to salvage from the deep sea platform built down there. A platform now abandoned after sustaining the wrath of the great maw hidden below.
4. Texcoco Great Lake: This definitely doesn't count as a sea. This is a lake! A very large one, but still. Beware of the piranhas that hunt in packs in its depths. In a developing trend you may be noticing, the ruins of an ancient

Mesoamerican settlement can be seen further below this lake, some of its arches even forming platforms above water. You'll have to travel further down, where gar pike and arowana lurk, to discover where the lake's prehistoric apex predator lives.

5. North Sea: The cold so near the north pole is as chilling as one of the greatest tragedies for these seas: The sudden death of the whales that once lived here. Lampreys capable of boring through a diver's suit and innards dwell in many of the dead whales' corpses, while from below swarms of jellyfish veil their gargantuan cousins. Even these venomous yet soft creatures are willing to ram you with their bodies in protest to your intrusion. And far below the ice and greenish rock, in the place where most of the dead whales are found, there dwells the great hunter who slew them all.
6. West Ocean: To the naïve, this may seem like one of the safest of the seas. Few predators dwell here after all, though the danger from those who call it home may be why competition is so scarce. This is an old place, defined by massive tunnels bored through the bedrock and mists of sediment. The heavily armoured fishes evoking the Devonian era's savagery, sea scorpions and shark-sized mosasaurs are durable and tenacious even by the standards of most marine predators. Don't get complacent should you slay a mere basilosaurus found in these depths. The dying creature may become a dinner bell for a titanic force far dwarfing even other sea monsters in size.
7. Panthalassa: Leave this cursed place, unless you are truly confident. The sea of evil's azure depths are nearly empty, and the few animals that dwell within it seem more like an honour guard than predators. What sharks you may find here will be tenacious and enduring beyond their average size. A deadly octopus capable of invisibility glides through these waters like a hunting falcon, and the lifelike marine iguana statue may or may not be an actual marine iguana. Most hauntingly, the Greco-Roman temples below the waves aren't just well preserved-they're somehow lit by torches that burn below the waves. If you dare brave the oarfish guarding their pillars like chained hounds, you might just encounter the true source of all the ocean's evils.

8. Dry Land: You start on any landmass in the world. How merciful.

Origins

Ocean Hunter: You are another brave soul who dares adventure under the waves. Whether you fight to reclaim the seas for the rest of humanity or simply chase the massive bounties in the hopes of winning enough riches for an early retirement, you can expect much aid and support from any other divers you encounter. It's all mankind versus the rest of nature down there, and your capacity to breathe air unites you all.

Should you wish, you may replace Chris or Torel with the other as your hunting partner. You have all their, likely considerable, hunting skills and history in this world. If your partner survives until the end of the jump, you may take them with you as a companion for free should you wish.

Beast of the Sea (0-600 CP): Mankind fears you, and for good reason. You are a particularly vicious and monstrous form of marine life, standing out even from the murderously homicidal specimens below the sea as a great danger to all but the most skilled of hunters. As the strong rule the weak below the waves you'll find you are hunted or avoided as merely another predator instead of having to endure the constant dogpile of frenzied teeth and fins that all humans must suffer. Your brute strength and ferocity may even win you some support from smaller fish and other ocean dwellers following you around as opportunists.

For free you may simply be a beast on the scale of an unusually large shark such as the White Death, a marine iguana with an unnaturally durable hide such as the Sea Dragon, or an oversized yet aesthetically unique version of an existing marine lifeform as the Sea Serpent is to common sea snakes. A large airbreathing predator such as the basilosaurus of this world is also viable for this tier. Your durability and vitality is exceptional as well, shrugging off many more rounds than the mere bursts it takes to fell smaller versions of you such that only sustained fire and careful tracking could put you down.

However by paying more CP, you can be a more formidable being. You may pay anywhere between 0 and 600 CP to define your nature. The examples listed below represent minimums for emulating the. Within reason you may pay more or less CP to represent marine lifeforms with greater or lesser capabilities, or upgrade a given example to be on par with a more costly example.

For 100 CP you may be a more exotic sort of predator with exaggerated versions of hunting strategies found in nature and exceptional physical traits. You are at least as durable as those above, and may well be even more depending on your proportions and nature. At a bare minimum, you are likely capable of living in an environment more exotic than the upper ocean, such as the deep sea or freshwater. Examples include the Scylla: A giant squid capable of sudden bursts of speed and partial invisibility mitigated by its green blood and rapidly shifting coloration as well as sight keen enough to track humans in the dark of the deep sea, or the Umi-Bozu: A menacing octopus capable of true invisibility. You could also be the Medusa: A massive lion's head jellyfish-like creature that seems to attract protective swarms of smaller jellyfish.

For 200 CP, you may be one of the least among the Seven Great Monsters. The many-armed Kraken, for example, is an octopus vast and strong enough to pull down 4 wooden ships and claim 185 lives with its mighty arms, yet dexterous enough to live inside its latest victim. Or the Charybdis, a gigantic anglerfish that lures prey in with its radiant light only to suck in seawater mightily to cinch it's kills. A dreaded raider of submarines, it has already sunk 2 and threatened many other ships out at sea. Neither should be estimated, with the immense durability and vitality in their veins letting them shrug off stupendous amounts of ballistic damage to all parts of the body except sensitive regions such as the eyes, throat or suckers.

For 300 CP, you are the equal of the Leviathan. Nominally, you are simply a superlative example of a regular marine lifeform. Little wonder this brute even among monsters has sunk 11 ships and claimed 365 lives. Like that mighty shark, your hide is tough enough to be the envy of dreadnoughts. You're powerful enough to sink ships simply by ramming them too. You're also strong enough to rip through stone roofs or walls with little effort, and surprisingly agile and stealthy such that with an entourage of

lesser predators you could evade human hunters with a flick or two of your tail. Just be careful of exposing your eyes or throat to sustained bursts of firepower for too long.

For 400 CP you are a truly mighty monster with unique adaptations relative to most marine life and heightened lethality. Such as Karkinos: The massive Japanese Spider Crab responsible for the near extinction of the North Whale species alone. Like it you could have a tough carapace that deflects much damage even compared to your kin mentioned earlier. Hunters would have to think strategically, shooting into your opened claws or unbalancing you by targeting joints on your legs, and shooting a small sensory organ. Alternatively you could be an oversized plesiosaur such as Ahuixotl. While that creature has vicious jaws, a surprisingly strong and flexible neck proportionate to its body and some alarming turns of speed perhaps it's greatest advantage is its ability to breathe land while having all the power of a Great Monster, perhaps the reason why it has successfully invaded 2 whole towns.

For 500 CP, you are another god of the sea like mighty Rahab. Born from time immemorial amidst the roiling chaos, you are a gigantic blue humanoid with flesh tough as the oceanic bedrock. Don't get cocky though; mighty as you may be even by the standard set by sea monsters, you are still flesh and blood-and the weapons of mankind can still slay you-difficult as that may prove. Keep your vital organs and joints safe. For now, humanity understands you poorly, alternatively positing you are some sort of aquatic Gigantopithecus and deeming you the ruler of all evil while coming no closer to the truth. In size men would be as rodents compared to you. Perhaps in turn attempting to comprehend the land dwelling invaders, you have also developed three transformations. When you have sustained grievous damage in the heat of battle but your body is still mostly intact, you may undergo one of these transformations within a few seconds to mostly recover with new abilities unique to it-though take enough damage, and you too can be slain. Outside of battle, you may of course freely transform between the three.

In your first you shamble like an ape and hop around the ocean floor like a great frog, shaking it with every step. Yet you're somehow able to cling to sheer surfaces and far faster than your

clumsy gait suggests, able to blindside divers by eerily hanging from a cavernous ceiling with no apparent means.

In your second transformation you gain an upright gait, and can blow powerful energy bubbles capable of slaying divers. More importantly, you can wield tools and weapons as easily as any man of your size.

Your third transformation, perhaps the body you were born with, reopens the great, crimson third eye in your forehead. You gain more animalistic fangs and a feral demeanor, while your legs merge into a great tail allowing you to swim through your domain. You also gain a rapid, extendable and flexible tongue able to snap out and ensnare prey.

However, your true power is that of creation and governance. Your powers over the storms and waves of the ocean are such that it is Rahab alone created the worldwide natural marine disasters that have badly humbled humanity's progress. It appears these powers are too imprecise or slow-acting to defend yourself with in personal combat, however. You share a deep mystical bond with the ocean, able to sense intrusion upon it like mankind's efforts at naval exploration and exploitation, and your anger and breath may rouse great waterspouts or hurricanes far below the surface. You may also direct the behaviour of marine life the world over in vague but broad fashion, such as directing it to attack humanity. With time and effort, you can create monsters on par with those listed before, and likely shape much greater amounts of regular marine life-all of which are subservient to their creator, and can be roused against his enemies as the creatures of the sea are set on humanity's demise. How exactly you do these things is...mysterious, to say the least. Perhaps you empower existing lifeforms, making them immortal and resilient enough to survive the extinction of their own kind? Perhaps you sculpt them like clay with the very substance of chaos from which you sprang? It is a secret only you can say for sure.

What, you ask, could be mightier than a god born of the primordial chaos? For 600 CP, the answer is simple: Raw strength and vastness. Only one of the Great Monsters was not created by Rahab: Midgardsorm, a gargantuan earthworm residing in the West Ocean. Vast enough to crush any other monster with a single bite, it has consumed over 1000 marine vessels to date. It's

unlikely any weapon of mankind developed thus far could penetrate it's mighty hide, even if it could follow into the deep burrows that Midgardsorm's coils have dug deep into the bones of the earth. This creature has only one weakness: If brave divers were to survive being gulped by it, a sustained barrage of weaponry directly trained on its mighty heart could slay the beast. Even that is a feat akin to fighting the Great Monsters: Though Midgardsorm's digestive tract is curiously survivable, there dwell countless symbiote or parasites that greedily feast upon it's meals while harmlessly congregating around a heart so powerful that it would take an effort as Herculean as slaying any regular monster to finish detonating it with a hunter's standard ordinance. Of course, you don't need to have a defensive ecosystem inside you if you'd rather not have such a thing. Simply chew before you swallow, and you will be a threat to mankind that even the god of the seas cannot surpass in brute force, largely unaffected by the raging fury of the ocean itself.

Perks

All perks are discounted under the relevant background header. Discounted perks are 50% off, and discounted 100 CP perks are free.

Ocean Hunter

What's Decompression? (100 CP): You dive deep to do battle with marine horrors, collect your treasure and surface again. Whether that means diving into the dark of the deep sea or braving the choppy waves of the surface, it's a good idea to get in and out as quickly as possible before more predators arrive and you're out of bullets. What does a decompression tank have to do with the price of fish? Like seemingly all the hunters of this world you seemingly don't need to worry about that pesky carbon monoxide nonsense when getting in and out of significant depths. Don't think about it too hard, just get out of shark biting range and count your treasure.

Neither Rain, Nor Snow, Nor The Wrath of an Angry God (200

CP): None of that, NONE OF THAT will stop your quest for bounties. Or possibly the freedom of mankind to sail the seas, it's not actually very clear and nobody's going to judge you as long as you keep killing sea monsters. The point is despite the cataclysmic weather conditions on the ocean surface any means you have to travel across the ocean-whether upon it, above it or below it-is now significantly safer. The worst squalls and maelstroms seem to avoid you, and you've got good odds of crossing relatively calm waters. Of course absolutely none of that makes you any safer from a gar pike gnawing off your leg or a stingray bent on stabbing your spine, which is the real risk down where it's wetter.

[Muffled "Thank you!" in the distance] (400 CP): Many hunters don't seem to be interested in hunting sea monsters at all. Rather, they're just hauling around treasure! Where does it come from? Probably all the ships being sunk. It's rather unfortunate that a lot of these salvagers seem to be caught unaware when large marine predators take them on while they have both hands on a treasure chest and none on their gun. Which is probably why they're so appreciative of someone like you saving them when 12 sharks start snapping at their heels or 6 lampreys try to bore into their sides.

You have unerring accuracy underwater, almost never hitting someone by accident while shooting off frenzied sea predators trying to gobble them up. Your luck also extends to the help they offer you as thanks for their lives, whether by giving you an extra life-up item or sharing some of their treasure once you both make it back to lack. Keep up the good work and in both here and future worlds with risky oceanic conditions, you could build quite a reputation as everyone's unofficial seafaring guardian angel.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM (600 CP): Oh god, they're EVERYWHERE! Sharks at six o'clock, skates coming at you starboard, moray eels around your heels! Don't look now, there's a whole school of jellyfish about to swallow you up! Now a tentacle's got you, and flinging you around! And...and...huh, you seem to be handling all of that pretty well. How about that! You have a nigh-infallible gut feeling for bullet trajectories, water resistance and the movement around you that makes you terrifyingly skilled at killing everything underwater despite the challenging conditions.

Your body would make Olympic marathon swimmers jealous, your hand-eye coordination is that of a professional sniper and even in extreme conditions like freezing water or crushing pressure you adapt near-instantly while your nerves of steel brace you against sudden ambushes by marine predators. Even your pain tolerance and will to just MURDER things ten times your size or outnumbering you by a hundred to one is through the roof, letting you fight on and on while your blood spills into the greedy sea. You could fight for hours and hours under the water without tiring, slaying numerous gigantic beasts and still be fit as a fiddle swimming back to safe shelter without stopping to catch your breath. It's frankly ridiculous that the ship-wrecking monsters that dominate the seven seas could be felled by two insanely determined hunters but one look at you reveals the stark truth: You're just. That. GOOD.

Beast of the Sea

Listen to my roar! (100 CP): Sometimes you just have to scream at a swimmer to tell him how much you hate him. It's science. Yes, even if you're a fish or stingray or something with no business making noises under the water you can let out an audible cry to hunters. Smaller animals might be capable of little more than a rasping choke while larger ones could shake the water around them with their roaring. Somehow, this even galvanises other members of your species or similar animals near you like a barbarian rallying cry. Science can't explain this in many cases, but science can't explain why seemingly all sea animals except possibly whales and fish that can't do anything more than bump into people menacingly have a hate-on for humanity either.

And while if you yourself happen to be human, while the hunters of this world have long mastered the ability to shout at each other while muffled underwater this somehow enhances the acoustics and volume of your voice such that you can have much more coherent conversations with your fellow divers at further distances.

Just Swim It Off (200 CP): Many of the biggest predators of this world wear a great many battle scars, testament to their unkillable endurance. You may or may not be one of them, but you're similarly tough. Even an ordinary shark that could have been downed with a burst of shots would now take three or four sustained barrages to slay, and this only scales up for how tough your baseline in this world is. You'll find your immune system and physiological recovery are also greatly improved. With this even a man could just put an ice pack on a deep wound to the gut and survive given rest, fully recovering within a week, while a large shark could do the same just by avoiding being riddled with projectiles or fierce fights for a few days.

Optionally you may either start with a pristine hide just daring someone to have a go, or already have quite a menacing collection of scars from battles in the past. If you're a human, you look pretty grizzled by human standards without losing any of your handsomeness or beauty.

Sea Monster Stealth Mission (400 CP): It's quite amazing how easy it is to lose track of a gigantic swimming predator. One minute you're fighting a shark bigger than building, then with just a few seconds gunning the smaller ones chomping at your face the thing's gone. Or you could be searching for a giant octopus and find no trace of it in the ship-just to have it surge up through the floorboards. In one very specific circumstance you have a rather excellent font of a luck: Establishing and re-establishing surprise. Your hunting instincts also guide you towards know when to disengage and when to strike best to exploit this. Do make the best of this; it won't hide you forever or from sophisticated scanning techniques, just blindside some already distracted deep sea divers.

Law of the Wild (600 CP): The time of mankind's position at the top of the food chain has come to an end. Yes, this must be nature's plan. In this world, being tracked by a starving beast looking for its daily feast isn't something the top predators have to worry about. Here and henceforth, even surrounded by predators on the verge of death so long as you are greatly physically superior to the marine life around you it will instinctively avoid you. Moreover so long as it is a similar or somehow symbiotic species to you, the sea creatures will go to their last breath to defend you from any attackers-perhaps in time behaving like trained hounds if you have

some way to indicate your wishes to them. Mankind's hubris must be punished, by reminding them of the immutable rules of nature.

Items

Ocean Hunter

Hot Air Bathysphere (100 CP): Travel by boat? Are you insane?! That's practically a death sentence these days. No, like any sensible human being willing to brave the seas these days you travel in a modified bathysphere suspended beneath a blue balloon with cheery white and gold patterns. This somewhat ridiculous marvel of engineering includes a crow's nest with a steering wheel mounted atop the sphere with a guard rail, some speaking tubes to remind those below of how absolutely deadly the ocean is today, circular fins to propel your vehicle through the water, a great pole with a small platform at the bottom that can extend into the deeper depths of the sea. It's big enough to house two comfortably.

The absurd little thing also comes with everything you need to be a successful Ocean Hunter. Such as diving suits that are apparently somehow capable of keeping you combat capable in freezing arctic water, the deep depths of the sea and a sunny inland lake alike. You also have a stock of Shock Guns: Weapons resembling a fusion of a turret and a diver propulsion vehicle with a surprisingly massive reserve of energy and ballistic ammunition. Enough that well-trained hunters could gun their way through 3-4 massive marine animals and many more lesser specimens, then fell a truly mighty sea monster yet still have enough power to steer the things back to the surface. A supplier that can deliver on very short notice can replace anything damaged within the week for a small fee.

If this seems overly generous, remember that *literally everything in the sea with a reasonable chance of doing so, is trying to kill you.* It is no exaggeration to say that all this is the bare minimum a hunter needs to stand a chance beneath the waves.

Expect general confusion should you somehow own this vehicle as a marine animal. Yes, the go-between for your supplier can

somehow understand your watery roaring. No, being big enough to roll over him does not deter him from charging the fee unless you really make an issue of it.

A Honking Big Pile of Treasure (200 CP): Golden bullion!

Diamonds! Pearls, necklaces and jewels of all kinds! These and more are held within the massive pile of treasure chests that can alternatively be stored in a vehicle or property of your choice, or your Warehouse. Suffice to say you have enough treasure to slide down on a hill from-enough that you could retire to live like a king, and more importantly not get distracted by dangling treasure chests when you should really be more concerned about the sharks trying to bite off your legs. With this, you can now rest easy that your one and only genuine reason to don that wetsuit is for the honest duty to murder every marine animal in sight. Except maybe whales.

An Overflowing Stack of Health Units (400 CP): You have a massive sack full of vaguely oval class things with a glowing shaft in the middle. It's...frankly extremely vague how they work but apparently in the crushing darkness of the sea, in the middle of being mobbed by piranhas or even while battling an actual god these can somehow quickly heal significant damage to your person and presumably even repair your diving suit in a jiffy. It's just very unclear how. You have an outstanding bargain with a supplier to have your sack replaced by aerial delivery should it be depleted.

Yes, you can order the sack as a marine animal too. Mankind may or may not make much of an issue with some opportunist doing business with a giant enemy crab or whatever you are, but it's highly unlikely they'll be able to track them down and put a stop to them either way. They somehow drop it down near where you live with some rocks or anchors tied to it. Yes, the health units do somehow work for you assuming you can actually pick one up with your mouth, or otherwise.

Companions

Down Where It's Wetter (50-400 CP): It's pretty tough out here, in the open ocean. But perhaps you know some people who've always wanted to just straight up kill the sea, and have a deep passion for absolutely murdering all marine animals in their way. You may import up to 8 companions into a background of their choice for 50 CP apiece, though they must still pay to be the higher tiers of sea monster. Each gains 300 CP to spend on perks and items, enjoying the relevant discounts for their background. You may also create new companions in this manner.

You may also attempt to use each purchase of this to convince a single human or marine lifeform to come along with you, as unlikely as it is an animal is capable of understanding the concept of your journey. Rahab will probably derisively ignore you at best.

"Hey, wait up guys!" (50 CP, free for Ocean Hunter): Someone's making a dash for the open ocean! It's a pink-haired gal with a small mouse-like pet, babbling about their friends who went off without them. Get to know her better and you'll find out her name's Morfa, she used to hunt alongside Chris and Torel, she's just as experienced as they are and they were apparently so excited to go off killing sea monsters that they forgot about her. So in a huff, she's tagging along with you now.

Expect your meeting to occur underwater and likely in a somewhat more awkward situation should you have the Beast of the Sea background.

Bottom Feeder Gang (100 CP, free for Beast of the Sea): Many marine predators attract some sort of symbiotic relationship from smaller sea animals. Particularly large specimens often leave behind a great many remains for scavengers to eat, like the gulper eels that follow around Charybdis or the piranhas and gar milling around Ahuixotl. You too have a large school of marine animals that follow you around in the hopes of finding a good meal, though their numbers ensure they can hunt to feed themselves well enough-perhaps a couple hundred. They're not particularly large critters, being anything between the scale of piranhas or gar pikes, but they can have venom, toxins, adaptations for the deep sea or similar evolutionary traits. Just think of them as excitable aquatic

kittens that maul anything which gives you trouble, and that nibble at any stray flesh left in your wake. These critters are considered followers, and breed quickly amongst themselves though if entirely lost will restock in the next jump.

This item **may be repurchased** to either double the size of the initial population with each purchase, gain a different population of tagalongs or double another population instead.

In future jumps, at your discretion you may choose for this shoal to either start in a reasonably safe body of water. You also gain a large, expansive Warehouse extension comprising a luxurious aquarium perfectly emulating the critters' natural environment for them to live in-which also provides an ecosystem giving them enough food and stimulation to thrive in. If you'd rather keep your pals out of trouble, you may also choose for them to live here instead.

Guppy Gang (200 CP, discounted Beast of the Sea): Leviathan seems oddly tolerant of the smaller sharks living around him. You'd expect a vicious sea monster created to destroy to be a menace to marine life, but his smaller lookalikes positively leap to defend him in battle. And like him, you've somehow gained a loyal following of between one to two hundred animals belonging to a species resembling a smaller version of yourself-being to you what regular sharks and hammerheads are to Leviathan. As well as jumping to defend you from nearby threats, these creatures seem to view you as kin and may try to bring interesting things to your attention or herd prey towards you or warn you away from things bigger than you.

Humans, perhaps mercifully, do not get stalked by synchronised swimming teams of midgets. For Ocean Hunters, this purchase represents a ship of loyal sailors dedicated to supporting your monster hunting efforts. While they're of limited use being largely bound to their ship, they can provide supplies, repair your bathysphere should it be damaged or do other odd jobs from the surface and are remarkably brave to go this far for you.

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Twin of the Silent Chaos (400 CP, discounted Beast of the Sea):

Rahab's existence seems unique to the depths of the ocean and he may well be older than all the names assigned to him, but how can there be certainty with chaos? What if Rahab wasn't the only marine deity? If you choose this, shortly into your journey here you will discover another ancient marine deity awakening from her own long-forgotten temple. The Nammu to his Dagon, the Tethys to his Poseidon-though she likely has no such titles and may not even know of him, having slumbered through much of history. More ambivalent to humanity by far, it's you she takes an interest in, curious about the first being in a long time to have awakened her from her slumber as Rahab was awoken by mankind's exploration of the ocean. Perhaps you'll be the one to name her?

How exactly you relate to each other depends greatly on your circumstances. For most marine lifeforms she might see you as an amusingly intelligent specimen of your kind, or possibly remember creating you for some experiment. Exceptionally old and powerful creatures may even predate her, recognised as an old friend in passing instead. For humans, you may provoke a curiosity and wonder about the surface world in stark contrast to Rahab's ire. And as another sea deity, she might recognise her beloved sibling. Whatever the truth of your circumstances, they might be the key to repairing the chaos unleashed by Rahab's rage against humanity.

Drawbacks

If it swims, it's a TARGET (100 CP): Wait, don't hit that diver-oh. Well, you've just committed murder at worst and manslaughter at best, which would be a bigger issue if *people weren't constantly being savaged by sea animals*. You see, while you're no less accurate when it comes to defending yourself against homicidal marine life you see overly excited to shoot anything, anything at all in your way. This includes other divers not part of your initial diving team, who often become frequent victims to what can be generously described as friendly fire. You're unlikely to make many friends here, and likely develop quite a bad reputation on land.

- **Everything is a target (200 CP, Ocean Hunters only):** Or you could take after THAT player if you really want, **for an extra 200 CP available only to Ocean Hunters**. You know, the stupid kid or parent who just panics when there's fish coming at you from all directions and just swings the light shooter everywhere. You're not very good at the whole trigger discipline thing at all, and your first instinct to any kind of unexpected attack is to wildly flail your gun in its general direction plus at least 3 others. It's going to take a lot of time and effort to get over this. Expect to be mauled a lot by the sea animals you hilariously missed, and also generally hated by whichever poor bastard has to hunt along with you.

As a Beast of the Sea, you instead must deal with a situational hunger for other marine life that may distract you from the more immediate danger of a man shooting at you.

Brother of a Chumbucket (100 CP): The homicidal focus with which hunters are singled out by sea animals is quite frankly absurd considering these animals should be trying to conserve energy. It probably has something to do with that angry sea god. But you? You take that to a whole new level. You're extremely appetising to any and all marine predators, drawing shoals of them for miles with even a drop of your water spilt in the blood. This might seem to change little at first, but expect to be dogpiled at least twice as much as the average hunter should you become injured enough to bleed on your hunts. Getting back to your transportation quickly may become a priority.

Red Sky At Morning (100 CP): It was always going to be stormy with choppy waves whatever you did, but now you've got a fair bit of bad luck even by current mariner standards. The winds rock your bathysphere frequently, the waves make safely landing a bit haphazard and even under water the current can be quite treacherous when it comes to staying still while riddling a giant beast with projectiles. Don't think you're safe as a sea creature either; you'll just get similarly buffeted by water currents a whole lot more than you'd like in the open ocean.

Sea Dragonslayer (100 CP): Man, what's with all these marine iguana statues popping up everywhere? They're just standing there, looking at nothing. And right when you've turned your back on one, the evil little bugger swims right up to you and tries to maul you from behind. I don't know what you did to piss off apparently the entire marine iguana population of the deep sea, but expect to find a lot of "marine iguana statues" following you around the ocean floor, somehow adapting to freshwater and the deep sea too. And don't get clever trying to gun down every evil little iguana you see, they have a knack for lurking somewhere out of the way forcing you to either make detours to shoot them up, or prepare yourself for an ambush.

Perhaps you simply pointed out that they're not sea dragons whatever their boss titles suggest and are in fact just very big, very durable marine iguanas.

Ocean of Glitches (100 CP): That poor man! He's just been eaten alive by piranhas! Now he's a skeleton and...he's swimming? He's coming right up to you, to give you a thump on the helmet for not saving him in time and making a break for it to the shore? Well. That just happened. Now he's going about his daily life as if he were still alive, much to the shock and terror of those around him. This, and similar glitches have an annoying tendency to happen during your adventures in the ocean. Hope you're prepared for marine iguanas lazily drifting through the sky after your bathysphere, sharks glitching through walls and divers still trying to give you treasure while eels bore through them. It must be all the chaotic divine power stirring up the waves going a little awry.

Don't Pollute The Ocean, Kids (100 CP, Ocean Hunters Only):

There's something of an ecological Aesop at the core of this world's key conflict. The great god was only awakened by mankind's perceived hubris by encroaching on his domain, notwithstanding his merciless and vicious approach without even an attempt at communication. With this drawback, circumstances become...much more obvious and heavy-handed about this moral even if you'd really rather just be killing some sea monsters. Protest groups may form on the shores denouncing your adventures, despite the difficulty of seeking peace with *fucking killer sharks*. Killing smaller predatory animals may attract their ire, larger parents or brothers. Each time you kill one of Rahab's great monsters it will die in an overly dramatic, drawn-out way metaphorically symbolising a beautiful facet of nature forever tarnished by callous humanity. Even Rahab himself will try to choke out one last parable about saving the ocean with his dying breath.

Thalassophobia (200 CP): You've become afflicted with a deep and profound fear of the deep ocean, I'm afraid. It's not wholly insurmountable and you can still function well in the shallows as long as you don't look or think too hard about what's *down there below you*, but it is going to be pretty crippling when most of the big bounties are found deep under the ocean. It gets worse the further down you go, though you swiftly recover in the shallow waters and with a heroic effort might be able to brave the depths. Just...maybe leave Charybdis for someone else to deal with, lest you have a heart attack down there in the dark?

Marine Ecology Mayhem (200 CP): Stingrays in a freshwater lake? Mosasaurs in the deep sea? What's going on?! It seems the already ecologically implausible results of the sea being stirred up in wrath have been exaggerated further. Instead of each sea being its own biome with some unique predators being confined to certain bodies of water, now Rahab's meddling has resulted in a population boom and migration that has caused every sea to have a thriving population of all predators. On the plus side if you survive this, exactly how these conditions are being sustained or what adaptations the animals are enjoying could be a fascinating subject to study in itself for marine biologists the world over.

Revenge of the Whales (200 CP, Ocean Hunters only): On the plus side, the North Whale population seems to have rebounded with a vengeance! They can now be found in every sea, in thriving pods Oh, and for some reason they've become just as homicidal to humanity as every other marine lifeform. While they do prioritise Karkinos as an enemy, their mammalian muscle and greater intelligence drives them to hunt cooperatively in packs. You'll soon yearn for the days of relatively easy to slay sharks when angry whales strong enough to flick a man 80 feet or more into the sky with their fluke near the surface of the sea start pursuing you with a vengeance.

If you're a Beast of the Sea and feeling...whimsical or in need of some extra bodies to throw at the enemy hunters, **you may pay 50 CP** to restore the North Whale population in this manner. The whales are not your personal army, nor are they particularly belligerent towards you as long as you don't resemble their archnemesis.

"Please look at my big mouth and the glowing circle in it, little human" (200 CP, Beast of the Sea only): You now have an odd little quirk common to the larger monsters: The tendency to hesitate and wave around your weakness when fighting hunters, specifically. Sharks may open their mouth and waggle it around vaguely for no particular reason, then swim off to the side instead of pressing their advantage. Giant octopi may hold their victims a bit more still than necessary instead of dashing them against the rocks. Both may drift around in the water aimlessly in between bursts of trying to crush or snap at the hunters. It's never any longer than a couple of seconds, but that can be quite a while in Getting Shot Repeatedly Time. You're no less quick on the draw or cunning when attacking large ships and you're still quite a deadly predator despite these limits. But for whatever reason with a small group of hunters corners you, you just can't seem to resist showing off a little.

- **"Please be patient, I want to swim in circles" (200 CP, Beast of the Sea only):** Or for an extra 200 CP you can imitate one of the daftest lifeforms in the whole damn ocean: The oarfish. While significantly more homicidal than oarfish from a more mundane world, the creatures can't seem to stop swimming in circles in open ocean, or coiling around stalagmites and pillars in enclosed spaces, even while being

riddled with bullets. I don't know what quirk of evolution gave rise to this behaviour but your addiction to aimlessly circling in between bites when fighting hunters, specifically, is a good way to be shot over and over again in very predictable patterns.

Bones in the Ocean (300 CP, Ocean Hunter only): The worst has come to pass, your bathysphere's balloon has popped, and you appear to have crashed in the ocean. You're many miles from the shore, and while you still have access to your guns, diving suits and other supplies your bathysphere can only float. Mercifully you aren't taking on water yet, but with how vicious the marine life is it's a constant threat you'll have to figure out a way to avoid. You do have some flares you could try to use to signal for rescue, but who knows who's out there? Your only realistic, if slim, hope for survival might well be to brave the journey to shore and hope you've saved up enough along the way to buy a near ocean-hunting vehicle and arsenal in it.

"Om Nom Nom" (300 CP, Beast of the Sea only): Not a lot of thought going on up there today, huh? While normally you'd keep whatever degree of intellect and sentience you entered the jump with, with this sacrifice you've become as non-sentient as any typical marine animal of your kind. Abstract pattern reasoning is very important for predicting and adapting to gunfire patterns, which can leave you very vulnerable to the deadlier hunters out there. Not that you could communicate with them anyway when you retain only a modicum of low cunning to go with your animalistic instincts.

The Navy Takes A Stand (300 CP): With how demonstrably vulnerable the Great Monsters are to sustained, targeted firepower you'd expect the world's navies to have a more focused approach to exterminating them than offering bounties to bands of wandering ocean hunters to seek their fortune and wringing their hands as their ships fall one by one. Well, WORRY NO MORE MY FRIEND. A great navy has assembled with the express intent of ending the threat of sea monsters. As a Beast of the Sea the oceans are suddenly going to be a lot more dangerous when organised, well equipped groups of hunters backed up by warships with even heavier ordinance, submarines and possibly even flying vehicles work together to enact a great purge of marine life. Rahab's

existence-and the deity's vulnerability to gunfire-has been made known to the great powers, and on land their best minds scramble to build weapons capable of felling him. This is just as bad for Ocean Hunters, not only because you risk being out of a job. In a classic twist of institutional bad faith it seems this particular navy's government has also declared Ocean Hunters persona non grata, waiving any bounties offered by it and putting pressure on other nations to cancel theirs as well to save on funding. Get too annoying or steal too much glory from the navy, and you might even find yourself fighting human opponents as well as the sea monsters you're trained to deal with.

This Isn't Even His Final Form (400/600 CP): Normally the Great Monsters and the ocean life teeming around them are content to dwell and rule in the habitats designated for them by Rahab. Now he has become aware of your presence, and views you as yet another discordance to the ocean's sanctity. As a result not only will all marine life for many hundreds of miles be directed to attack you, specifically, but you'll experience some of the most dangerous weather seen by this world. Think of these experiences as worse version of **Red Sky At Morning** and **Brother of a Chumbucket**, and heaven help you if you took them as well because Rahab's efforts will only become proportionally worse. Even the Great Monsters themselves will leave their usual hunting grounds, and with surprising intelligence and cooperation work together to track you down and slay you wherever you are. By default this does not include the great worm Midgardsorm as he is not one of Rahab's creations but **for an extra 200 CP** that beast can be convinced to join the hunt too.

This can all end if you slay Rahab, marine creatures of all shapes and statures left aimless without his guiding will. But do be warned that the deity has one more trick up his sleeve. Drawing on his connection to the ancient chaos through some forgotten rite, he's managed to unlock one further transformation that will add new mutations to his true form based on his creations. He'll sprout strong tentacles from his back like the Kraken as well as his prehensile tongue. A sharklike mouth will sprout in his chest resembling Leviathan's mighty maw. Like Charybdis, he'll gain the power to suck in great quantities of water to trap you. His neck will be extended like Ahuixotl, and even in his aquatic form he'll gain

serpentine mobility on land. And a massive set of pincers echoing dread Karkinos will sprout from his sides.

It would be prudent to bring heavier ordinance to slay Rahab with than your standard sea hunting gear. For should you manage the titanic feat of felling Rahab even in this transformation, you'll realise that targeting his vitals no longer suffices for a true death. Each time Rahab seemingly falls, his body will mutate and improve, perhaps donning a new divine title as he undergoes similar protean transformations to improve himself. So unless you came prepared to thoroughly behead him, dismember the body and preferably blast apart the remains for good measure or bring supernatural powers of your own to bear you'll learn a harsh lesson: This isn't even his final form.

Fish In The Water (600 CP): I'm sorry. You're a squid now. A non-giant one, the kind people eat. Or a flounder. Or some other marine lifeform smaller than a stingray weak and puny enough that you don't seem affected by the all-pervasive instinct to absolutely savage human beings. The fact that all marine life isn't compelled to maul you to shreds is cold comfort when you're fairly low on the food chain. It goes without saying it's very unlikely any human will believe you're sentient without a lot of creativity.

As a small mercy, if you rolled dry land you may start in someone's aquarium.

Ending Options

Go Home

Stay

Move on

Notes

“Morfa” is the nickname of an unknown hunter created during the development of Ocean Hunter. She and a fourth unknown hunter weren’t included in the final game for unknown reasons.

If you bought both Bottom Feeder Gang and Guppy Gang, you may choose to either merge their attachments or keep them separate after the jump. Each group’s species will greatly influence what kind of interactions they will likely have, although there will at least be enough food and space to keep both happy.

As a sea deity, you and the Twin of the Silent Chaos also have an archaic underwater temple lit with mysterious divine torch technology as well as a trident. Post-jump this temple becomes a submerged Warehouse attachment with a doorway that leads into a safe part of the local deep sea of your choice.

Here is everything else you need to know about this setting’s lore, story and inhabitants: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KOpHP8f5SCQ>