

A JumpChain-Compliant Document

Do you recall how we got here? London's tale did not end when it was stolen away by bats into the false-star-studded night of the Neath, nor was its tale allowed to end as the fifth city of seven. Her Renewed Majesty concluded grieving for Her Prince Consort and ordered the city to be hung in the Heavens themselves, to establish an Empire greater than any ever dreamed of on Earth. Her loyal subjects gladly complied, crashing the very gates to the High Wilderness and building a new Albion for Her in the domain of a slain sun. Now, the Queen reigns from the Throne of Hours, Time itself at Her command, and She sets Her eyes on a future greater yet.

This isn't the Queen's story, however. There are a great many stories that can be told. One could speak of the Promised Days, when volunteers were given 30 years' worth of time if they would pledge to spend it rebuilding London from nothing in an instant. One could talk about the workworlds, industrial complexes writ staggeringly large, where the waste-time of hour refining allows a lifetime of debt-labor to be extracted in a year. One could converse over the wild and verdant Reach, where trees taller than mountains make up a forest bigger than continents, and a war is being fought over the mother of all mountains. One could whisper of dark Elutheria and the Blue Kingdom of the Dead. Perhaps the best tales to tell would be of the brave Locomotive Captains, who helm their steam-powered ships through the windy mists and freezing fogs between the stars and the dangers that block their paths.

Successionists wish to lay down stakes in the High Wilderness without the interference of distant royalty. Revolutionaries plot to cast down tyrants or light or both. Powers and principalities and monsters older than man and greater than his understanding take notice of the upstarts born of dust who would stand in the Heavens. Stars wink out one by one and terrible things move into the dark gaps left behind. More and more it seems that all a person can put their faith in is a steady headlamp and a sturdy Locomotive.

But now, you've arrived.

+ 1000 Celestial Points

❖Circumstances❖

You are what you were at the end of your last Jump. The human denizens of the High Wilderness have grown accustomed to taking tea with company that has flesh of clay, or the faces of squid, or who hail from Hell and stranger places. And worse places. That being said, if you fancy invitations to the better salons you may have a free shift to human of any age or gender for free. (Or Rubbery Man, or Clay Man, or Devil, or a somewhat runty Curator if you don't fancy such.) You have been cast into the role of a Locomotive Captain, but there is more to your story's prologue to consider. You may begin as a Drop-In aboard your Engine, floating amidst a tangle of rocks in the Reach, your amnesiac but skilled crew ready to guide your vessel to a proper port, but there are more interesting ways to start a story. You may roll 1d8 to get a start from the table below, or pay **50 CP** to select one. You may remain a Drop-In, or accept a history in this world which led to the circumstances you find yourself in, along with appropriate memories.

- **(1) New Winchester** – The beating heart of the Reach, New Winchester is strategically placed to service the huge amount of Locomotive traffic that crosses the skies of the region. Its industries and engine-sheds sprawl across the archipelago it clings to, goods and sovereigns change hands with regularity, and the two warring factions of the Reach warily eye each other across the streets. The independence-minded Tacketies and the Stovepipes of the Windward Company both see the port too important strategically, politically, and economically to leave to the other. Indeed, while the fighting grinds on elsewhere in a stalemate, both parties use the city as their base of operations. If the fortunes of war were to swing in either direction, though, the weaker would retreat to safer climes. Perhaps you could instigate such a change?

- **(2) Port Avon** – A small colony built upon the overgrown, cyclopean ruins of that which came before. Port Avon pays little attention to the conflicts in the surrounding skies, intent on cultivating the vegetative bounty of the Reach in passable imitation of rural communities of Old Earth. You are sitting at the bar at the only drinking establishment of the community, the Nowhere Inn, when a Grizzled Captain bursts through the door. He loudly announces his retirement from the skies, and sells you his Engine for a single sovereign, an agreement you had no opportunity to refuse. (How did he work that coin from your pocket so swiftly?) The Captain exchanges his profits for a mug of cider from the bar and limps up the stairs to where the New Somerset Hunting Club keeps its meeting rooms, presumably to spend the remainder of his lifespan reminiscing about his glory days. His suddenly-unemployed crew file sheepishly in through the door. You've recently come into the possession of a Locomotive, and they don't seem like they're quite willing to retire themselves, not just yet. Perhaps another bargain can be struck?

- **(3) London** – The city has been moved once more, this time taken from the shadowy Neath and rebuilt in the airy Heavens. The jewel of Her Renewed Majesty's crown and of the Albion region, this smoggy, smoky, sprawling city hosts vehicles of all kinds in its layered streets, not the least being the many Locomotives bound to and from the far-flung reaches of the Empire. The Queen reigns from the Throne of Hours, spoils from Her conquest of this corner of the sky, but Her power, regrettably, is

not yet absolute. She needs canny and capable Captains to carry Her will beyond the borders of Her Empire and fly the Union Jack above new holdings in the Her name. Perhaps you're willing to oblige?

- **(4) The Avid Horizon** – The frosty gateway that once permitted London passage from the Neath and into the High Wilderness is now firmly shut, the vast quantities of Zee-water that poured out of the gate having pooled into a salty ocean in the sky. No further travelers leave the Neath, nor can any turn back. On the foggy Quiet Sea persists an aging Flotilla, populated by those trapped between the Horizon and Albion. Lacking merits or connections to be allowed into the Queen's Empire, the detainees effectively exiled here can only wait and hope for entrance and slowly go mad from boredom. You too, are waiting here. After a week of mists and raving cultists and nothing else, not one but two Engines steam into the port attached to the Home Office. A Grinning Commodore disembarks from one and takes the stone stairway down to where the Flotilla rots, flanked by burly marines and trailed by lesser functionaries. She points to several individuals in sequence, saying "This one" and "That one". Some are skilled engineers, some look to have strong backs, and some have no particular merits whatsoever. Her followers pass out pardons and pamphlets welcoming them to Her Majesty's Empire. Finally, she points to you "And this one will do nicely as Captain.". A bundle of paperwork and books is pressed into your hands, and the lot of you are marched up the stairs and toward the second Locomotive. The Grinning Commodore is gaily chirping a crash course in Captaincy as you make you way, but you notice that she never mentions the purpose of her actions, nor gives you a mission or charter or any direction of the sort. What, you ask, are you meant to *do* as Captain of this vessel? The Commodore only grins a little wider. "Nicely."

- **(5) Pan** – The city of Pan huddles around one of greatest ruins of the regions' sunlit days, the music of the midnight groves giving the place its name. Devils listen to the atonal piping of the Adamant Idol and from it interpret the current Hour, which governs activity in the city. Smugglers and prophets and revolutionaries and poets rub shoulders in the anarchic settlement, which observes few laws besides the proscription against storytelling. Which is convenient for you, so you don't have to explain how you ended up with a fully-provisioned and crewed Locomotive waiting for you at one of the city's many docks. The lawless night of Eleutheria stretches before you, Captain. What might you find where the suns cannot see?

- **(6) The Eagle's Empyrean** – The domain of the Eagle Khan, the Empyrean was once the ally of London, their technologies necessary to open the Avid Horizon. The neon-lit streets of the Empyrean are a testament to their harnessing of electricity, but their truest achievement is the lantern-studded Xanthous Moon, the only major source of light in Eleutheria. The construct shines weakly but bravely against the oppressive gloom of the region, attracting the attention and ire of the Liberation of Night. The strained diplomatic relationship between London and the Empyrean is a constant source of intrigue and polite conflict. A formerly-impounded locomotive was suddenly crewed with a number of surprised Londoners and locals, but none so surprised as its new Captain, you. You were very politely informed by the soldiers that dragged you to your new vessel that the opportunity really couldn't be refused. Your Captaincy is but a form of temporary exile for all involved until the latest round of espionage has been concluded. You've been given a one-time pass to take the nearby Singh-Jenkins Relay to the Reach if Eleutheria doesn't appeal. The Grave Functionary of the Rose-Without-Thorns who saw you to your Engine seemed especially insistent about that point as they gave it to

you.

- **(7) Piranesi** – A prison-manse where prisoners' sentences are not measured by time, but by change. Nobody incarcerated at this grim place ever emerges the same as they entered. One's body, mind, skills, and even history may be warped during one's imprisonment. You emerge into this Jump from Piranesi's only door, even Eleutheria's eternal night somehow seeming brighter than the dismal darkness within. Piranesi has three rules. As a courtesy, the first: *Don't Look Back*. Lounging on the immaculately landscaped lawns around the prison are a number of former prisoners who escaped mere minutes before you emerged. They achieved the requisite degree of change by abandoning their former relationships and trades in favor of a group identity as a tight-knit crew of crack skyfarers. Suddenly, the newly-minted old friends leap to their feet in excitement. An abandoned Engine is drifting by the prison's island, frozen but otherwise intact. They can board the vessel and ignite her boilers, but what they really need is a Captain to guide them. Say, you wouldn't happen to be willing to be a Captain, would you? None of you are in Piranesi, but one more change could prove advantageous!

- **(8) Free Choice** – Freedom to choose is truly a treasure, Captain. You could start at any of the above ports, or any other known port for that matter. Though, the circumstances for getting into, or out of, some places in the High Wilderness would be interesting indeed…

Perks:

To be a Skyfarer requires heroic bravery and an intrepid spirit, but Locomotive Captains worthy of the title are a cut above even that. Below is a number of perks arranged by price tiers. All are available for purchase, but you may select one Perk from each tier to receive a 50% discount on. The discounted Perk on the 100 CP tier is instead completely free. Choose wisely. The High Wilderness is cold, and just as cruel as the stars.

100 CP

- **A Term of Reference** [100 CP] – Pick a short descriptor that distinguishes you. "The Interdimensional Jumper" might be a bit nail-on-the-head, but "The Daring Captain", "The Tenebrous Manipulator", or "The Charming Magpie" could all work depending on your character. You will develop a curious relationship with this title, as others can only connect you with said descriptor when you would prefer it to happen. Hunted down by the Deniable Constabulary of the Ministry of Public Decency? Why, anybody could be a Poetic Rapscallion! Somebody needs an explosives expert for a raid on Hallidges' vaults? They only need ask around for the Unaffiliated Arsonist, and they'll get pointed to you. This perk can only support one such title at a time, but can be changed at-will, provided the new descriptor also applies to you.

- **Bargains and Prospects** [100 CP] – You have a knack for economic gossip. The voice of a merchant selling a good for less than its worth will ring out in your ears. Rumors of shortages, fads, and sudden demand flock to your ears. All sorts of information of this stripe will find its way into your lap. All you need to do is take advantage of it.

- **Skyburnt** [100 CP] – Anybody can make a career out of good fortune and lucky happenstance. It's being able to pull through the worst situations that makes or breaks a legend. One of the most harrowing fates that can befall a Locomotive in the High Wilderness is to run out of fuel or supplies far from any port. You have the fortitude to handle either. When the food runs low, you know a few recipes that can make a respectable repast out of boot leather and sawdust, so you don't have to cast lots. And, even if it does come to that, you can make 'long pig' stretch much farther than might be expected… You can stoke an engine back to life with anything remotely combustible, and many things that aren't. And even after all that… well, the Burrower Below is fond of time that has been well-lived. Others might wonder why you keep white-haired and gnarled crewmen aboard despite their decrepitude, but they need never know.

- **Propitiations to Greater Powers** [100 CP] – Humanity trespasses in the precincts of Heaven, treading in places sacred and accursed, profaning temples and tombs by their presence, and generally getting into things they b____y well know they shouldn't. Many explorers end up, for lack of better words, cursed, or simply smited. More humble explorers know the value of apology… and sacrifice. When you realize you've angered a deity or reasonable facsimile thereof, you can scrape together your knowledge of the figure to come up with a ritual of contrition, and you have the dramatic sense necessary to conduct it with the appropriate gravitas. Whether or not you can stomach what you must do is up to you. Success depends on the degree of your knowledge and how much you manage to impress the entity in question.

- **Politics and Other Knavish Tricks** [100 CP] – In demonstrating you can cast a shadow, count to ten, and fog a mirror, you have met the minimum qualifications necessary to hold office as a member of Parliament! (Exemptions to any of the above can be granted on a case-to-case basis.) This Perk entitles you to a minor position in any one government at a time. You'll be placed as the head of a Ministry, Department, Office, Commission, or other apparatus whose operational remit is both exceedingly precise and tragically redundant. You don't get a steady salary, exactly. (Unless you count complimentary sandwiches and all the alcohol you can drink.) However, should you actually manage to perform the duties of a governmental functionary, such as getting a law passed, you will receive a small compensation for your labor. Just don't get in the way of your staff. They have actual work to do.

200 CP

- **Affiliation** [200 CP] – It's not what you know, it's who you know. Choose one group: Academe, Bohemia, Establishment, Villainy. Academe are the scientists and engineers, Bohemia consists of the artists, poets, philosophers and dreamers, Establishment represents the authorities, the moneyed, and the aristocracy, while Villainy collects the thieves, outcasts, and pirates. You know how to move in the circles of your chosen group, the small manners and signals that mark you as one 'in the know', this makes you quick to gain contacts and friends. Contacts and friends that can be leveraged for work or for perks. May be purchased again without discounts to gain other Affiliations.

- **Courtly** [200 CP] – The High Wilderness hosts a great many things beyond humanity and all its works. All too many of those look upon the newcomers with naked contempt, if they even deign to notice

the activity of such insignificant beings. Earning the notice of these powers is essentially a death sentence for the hapless sod that forced them to acknowledge such a lowly existence. You, however, are different. With a combination of obsequious politeness, charming etiquette, and respectful self-confidence, you can gain the attention of beings that consider themselves far above you and have them actually listen to what you have to say. This, of course, requires an ability to communicate with said beings, and an ability to survive in their presence, which this perk doesn't provide. This perk won't protect you from the enmity of such beings should you actually make enemies of them, either.

- **First Officer** {200 CP] – The Captain commands, the crew obeys. It is the First Officer that ensures this relationship stands. The First Officer oversees the day-to-day functioning of the Locomotive, maintaining discipline and monitoring morale. His function is to enable the Captain to focus on the bigger picture of the Locomotive's journey, without getting bogged down by the minutia of Locomotive operation. The Captain might have to step in every once in a while, to resolve a potential (or actual) mutiny, or convince the crew to follow into the depths of an icy Well, but it's the First officer that cleans up afterward, or orders the boilers heated to counter the wind chill. You gain the skills and instincts necessary to act as a capable First Officer.

- **Signaller** [200 CP] – The Signaller enables a Locomotive to send and receive communication. This job is a lot harder than it seems, as no communication standard can be imposed on the whole of the High Wilderness. You get a comprehensive education in the trade. You know the difference in meaning between the red chevron flags at Lustrum and Post Prosper. You can read the coded symbols of the Skylarks like one of their own. You know very well that not all a Scorn-Fluke's spasms are merely displays of bravado. You're also very skilled at getting simple messages through to human and alien entities alike, even if all you have to send a message with is a shuttered lantern.

- **Engineer** [200 CP] – A Locomotive is a complex machine. To feed it all one needs is a strong back and a supply of fuel, to maintain it, let alone repair it, one needs a specialist education. This Perk is said specialist education, specifically in art and science of steam-engine operation and maintenance. What you receive is comprehensive enough that you can rapidly diagnose problems as they appear, sometimes just by the sound of the engine itself, and can even repair certain maladies without completely shutting the engine down. In a crisis, you can coax more power from the engine without fear of damage. Moreover, you gain a knack for tinkering, tweaking, and upgrading technology you're familiar with, incrementally improving the performance of your subject given time and materials.

- **Quartermaster** [200 CP] - Aboard a Locomotive, the Quartermaster monitors and maintains the stocks and supplies of food, medicine, parts, and fuel necessary to keep the engine chugging away. This role also sees that minimum standards of cleanliness and hygiene are maintained. How the engine's quartermaster approaches these duties can endear them to the crew, or earn their hatred. This Perk grants you the skills of an experienced quartermaster. You can maintain ledgers for money and inventory as a matter of rote, and identify when anything you watch over is misappropriated almost instantly. You also know of an arcane system of measures and portioning that can stretch thin supplies much farther than can be expected. A skyfarer can survive on such rations, though it won't be satisfying.

400 CP

- **Correspondent** [400 CP] – You become a scholar of the mysterious language of the stars, the Correspondence. You can't claim to be a fluent speaker of the tongue, you still have your eyebrows, but you do know a great many glyphs and their meanings. You even have a grasp of the arcane grammar of the Correspondence, allowing you to chain glyphs together. Writing them down, or speaking them aloud, these glyphs can have profound effects on the world. Usually setting things profoundly on fire, but still, profound. When encountering new sigils, you can glean their meaning, and whether or not their presence has an influence on the surroundings. Alternatively, you gain similar insight into the Discordance, the Correspondence's chilly opposite used by the sable suns, or you may purchase this perk twice to gain the benefits of both, but only one version may be discounted.

- **Trainwright** [400 CP] – This Perk grants you access to all the knowledge necessary for building the sky-riding Locomotives and other steam and piston technology common to this setting, as well as allowing them to work in other Jumps. This means that you can build steam-powered spaceships of your very own! While they have a, at best, distant relationship with the laws of gravity, you'll want to keep the hatches locked when you depart the atmosphere in a more conventional cosmology. Of note is the knowledge to build Transit Relays. Through a combination of hour-looms and sigil-bearing sequencer wheels, certain fractures in the foundations of Heaven can be used to bridge distant points. This technology may or may not be of use to you, depending on local physics and variant applications you can develop.

- **Ace of Hearts** [400 CP] – The suit of convincing and enduring. This Perk offers a massive boost to your willpower, charisma and durability. Whether in person or as a rousing speech, you can incite others to action, or stay their hands in the name of a shared ideal. Your flesh is almost as strong as your will to succeed, when what you care for is at stake you can push through and survive what reduce others to still-screaming ash.

- **Ace of Irons** [400 CP] – The suit of confronting and overpowering. When necessary, your presence is a terrifying one. You can effortlessly intimidate others into compliance with your demands. Should a credible demonstration be required, your combat skills are also enhanced. You can use your skills, abilities, and Perks in tandem as if you had been practicing and exercising them over a lifetime of hard fighting.

- **Ace of Mirrors** [400 CP] – The suit of investigating and deducing. Your senses are sharp, your logic a keen blade. Nothing you can perceive will escape your notice; no mystery unsolvable so long as you have all (or even most) of the pieces. The price for knowledge is sanity, but even knowing the awful truth will not impact your faculties in the slightest.

- **Ace of Veils** [400 CP] – The suit of deceiving and evading. Your schemes are tenebrous, your plots, labyrinthine. You can dissemble with the ease of breathing, your truths indiscernible from your lies. What you hide few could ever find again. When a crime is committed properly, only two will ever know it was done. One is the victim. The other, will be you.

600 CP

- **Silver Dreams of a Golden Day** [600 CP] – A Captain's life is a difficult and often terrifying one, where risky gambits must be chanced for simple survival, let alone obtaining a profit from one's efforts. It's easy to pine for the olden days that never were, where gallant knights in shining armor sallied forth of quests for the hands of fair maidens. You needn't pine, though. All you need to do is look above at the silver moon, and you're there, one amongst those noble knights. Facing a Locomotive with naught but a pistol is suicide. But a knight wouldn't hesitate to face a dragon with but a sword, and once you've slayed the beast, you will see the flaming wreck of the Locomotive, the still-smoking pistol in your hands. You can accomplish many impossible feats in this allegorical dream-state, bystanders completely unable to understand how you manage to fend off a Curator with a stoker's shovel, of bisect a dining table with a butterknife. They might think you mad, speaking as you do of chivalry and jousts by moonlight, but who are to deny what you can do?

- **Captivating, Truly** [600 CP] – You're inhumanly good-looking, Captain. That phrase is neither exaggeration nor euphemism. It wouldn't be surprising for a passerby to glance your way and calmly proceed to gouge out their own eyes, explaining between shrieks that all else becomes dull after beholding your visage. Such self-mutilation is the least of the lengths those who gather around you are willing to go, if you but ask them. Wildlife flocks to you, somehow, even in the freezing, gasping, void, in order to beautify your surroundings. Base matter is willing to accede to your gestured requests, especially when you beckon it closer, effectively lending you a form of telekinesis. And your eyes… your magnificent eyes are so entrancing, so riveting, that you can tear away a piece of another's soul with but a shared glance. You can mute or disable aspects of this Perk at will, if you wish. But Captain, will you really want to?

- **Resilience to Resplendence** [600 CP] – The Great Chain of Being holds a place for all manner of entity and being, be they mineral or Guest, plant or Fluke, cat or Judgement. While a few things are excluded entirely, such as the Finger-Kings, humans do have a proper station in the Great Chain. Truth be told, that station is rather close to the bottom. For a human being to even survive standing in the presence of a being much higher on the Chain, like the daughter of a Judgement, they would have to undergo a radical transformation. Eyes become gemstone, thoughts become song, tongue become fire, and skin become Correspondence. While in such a form, you can withstand the awful presence of divinity, while corruptive entities will find no purchase in you. You can induce such a transformation in yourself at will. At first, it will be a temporary one, and exhausting to maintain, but with practice, you can maintain it longer, even indefinitely, or manifest only parts of the transformation for their incidental benefits.

- **Singer for the Sky** [600 CP] – The wonders and horrors of the High Wilderness change their beholders, even as a Captain you are no different. This Perk encapsulates all you will encounter over your adventures, from the harrowing depths of the Wells to the majestic glories of the heavens to the humble work-songs of your crew. You may invoke this Perk to speak of the Song of the Sky, imposing the laws of the High Wilderness over the local cosmology. Deep space will contain a thin,

frigid, tumultuous, but breathable, atmosphere. Solar systems can be crossed in a month, the gaps between stars bridged with a supply of hours and the right technical know-how. A ten-year cooldown exists between toggling this perk on or off, but resets between Jumps.

❖Locomotive❖

A Captain may be many things, but without a vessel, a Captain is no Captain at all. The Locomotives that thunder through the High Wilderness are distant cousins of the rail-bound machines that once plied the British countryside. These Locomotives are much larger, crews typically number between ten and thirty skyfarers, not counting officers or passengers. Propulsion is provided by a steam thruster at the rear, and docking gear consists of wheels to catch a platform's flared rails. Inside the steel or bronzewood hull, a Locomotive is a cramped series of rooms and bays surrounding the engines and boilers at its heart. Thick stained-glass windows allow the crew to see approaching threats without risking the madness the comes with gazing too long upon distant stars. The Locomotive is the technology that allowed London to escape the surly bonds of the Earth and ascend to the Heavens through the Acid Horizon. And now, one belongs to you.

You receive a stipend of 1000 Locomotive Points to build your Locomotive with. You may spend CP in place of LP, but not vice-versa. Each Model comes with a number of slots in the following order: Bridge, Auxiliary, Plating, Large armament, Small Armament. Slots may be filled by purchasing Modules in the appropriate section. You may acquire and install upgrades from various sources, but if your Locomotive is ever destroyed it will be replaced a week later as purchased here. More than one Locomotive may be built using your budget. Model, Modules, and Features must be purchased separately for every Locomotive.

Model

Many different kinds of Locomotive ply the chilly skies, some rugged generalists, some purpose-built for a specific kind of task. Below is a cross-section of the many engines to be found in the High Wilderness, choose the one that appeals to you the best.

- **'Spatchcock' Reclaimed Locomotive** [Free] – A scrappy little engine, welded together from bits and pieces of other, less fortunate, scrappy little engines. Don't let its poor pedigree let you think anything less of the humble Spatchcock. Anything much better is much more expensive; anything cheaper is worthless.
  B:1 A:1 P:1 L:0 S:1

- **Parsival-Class Courser** [100 LP] – A lightly-armored, aggressive engine of the Crown & Misery yards. Able to mount a heavy weapon, she packs more punch than other engines of her size. Notable for the trademark blue crescent painted on the aft roof.
  B:2 A:1 P:0 L:1 S:1

- **Pellinore-Class Trader** [150 LP] – A popular mining vessel in the Reach, it can be found lumbering through rock-fields, stuffing its hold with unrefined hours. As much of the engine apparatus as possible is confined toward the rear, including the single smokestack, leaving as much room as

possible for the forward cargo bay. Even then, Pellinores frequently bear strapped-on cargo containers.
B:1 A:2 P:1 L:0 S:2

- **Bedivere-Class Escort** [150LP] – Only recently emerging from the Steam & Sapphire engine yards, the Bedivere is a sturdy, flexible engine favored by explorers. Its no-frills industrial exterior isn't much to look at, but when a Captain is far in the uncharted High Wilderness endurance, not aesthetics, is most highly prized
  B:1 A:1 P:2 L:0 S:2

- **Altani-Class Outrider** [250 LP] – An electric wonder, the Altani is a far-ranging, versatile explorer. It is the pride of the Empyrean, and they guard its production zealously. Its sleek, slender form bears the smokestack and thruster assemblies characteristic of a Locomitive, but exhibiting the refinement and balance typical to Empyreal artifice.
  B:1 A:3 P:1 L:1 S:1

- **Agravain-Class Juggernaut** [250 LP] – A thundering puissance. The terror of the skies, the harbinger of conflict. A war engine through and through, a stereotypically Albion shell of shining steel conceals enough cargo space to embark on a long patrol and come back with plenty of plunder.
  B:1 A:2 P:2 L:1 S:1

- **Medea-Class Destroyer** [350 LP] – Forceful, terrible, unbreakable. Manufactured only in Pan, and designed to withstand the rigors of Eleutheria's perpetual night. Geared for almost exclusively for combat, this black, angular engine sacrifices cargo space and crew capacity in favor of more arms and armor.
  B:2 A:1 P:3 L:2 S:0

- **Moloch-Class Liner** [350 LP] – An infernal beast of brass and steam! Furnished with indulgent luxury, with carpet thick enough to lose your toes in! Red and black and brass all over, this engine oozes class inside and out. Devilish technology allows it to burn souls as fuel in case of an emergency.
  B:3 A:2 P:1 L:1 S:1

- **Leviathan** [150 LP] – Your Locomotive is much larger than its kin, a unique creation either cobbled together be desperate engineers or carefully constructed by the finest trainwrights of their generation. The added space is mostly taken up by a larger engine, the crew quarters necessary to tend to it, and cargo space to hold the additional fuel and supplies required by both. Standard locomotives might be able to limp across the sky with a crew of one, if the worst were to happen, but these monsters have a minimum crew requirement if they are to fly at all. Choose a Model from above to serve as a template, and add one Slot of your choice. You must pay for both this choice and the chosen template.

- **Import** [50 LP] – Attached to a vessel already in your possession? So long as it's roughly the size of a yacht or a small submarine, or perhaps a more traditional locomotive, it can be given an alt-form of a

Locomotive. Select and pay for one of the Models that approximates best your chosen vessel's intended role. This may be combined with Leviathan.

Modules

On its own, a Locomotive is a perfectly serviceable vehicle, but ultimately incomplete. Each is built with space for various modules in mind, which allows a Captain to customize their Locomotive to their needs and address any shortcomings the engine might have. Each Module requires a slot to be equipped; each module below indicates what kind of slot it is able to fit in. Some options below represent a whole class of related modules, when purchasing you may fill in any necessary details yourself. [For inspiration, a list can be found here: https://sunlessskies.gamepedia.com/Modules]

- **Adamant-Reinforced Windshield** [150 LP] – {BRIDGE} Glass tempered by a hot shard of a dying star, this windshield is more beautiful than its peers, and much stronger to boot.

- **Amenities** [100 LP/200 LP/300 LP] – {BRIDGE} Most Locomotives are fairly spartan in terms of creature comforts. Sleeping space, a galley, and just enough plumbing for minimal sanitation. These modules provide upgrades to those basic services, which allows you to sign on more crew. It would cost you nothing to cram in more bunks and hammocks in whatever spaces you have available, but using that space to offer hot and cold running water, or offering a large and well-equipped galley, would let you carry more crew without worrying about a mutiny. More expensive refurbishments support more crew.

- **Assayer Device** [Free/50 LP/100 LP/200 LP] – {AUXILIARY} The 'Speciometer' by St. Dominic's Augmentations, is sophisticated assembly of lenses and other devices allowing a user to appraise a target location, noting details of its composition and any anomalies or points of interest. It is also one of the more basic examples of the type. There are many ways of getting such information, which vary from the technical to the arcane. Some are completely automated wonders with a variety of advanced sensors, others border on mysticism with what they can reveal… and conceal.

- **Autocannon** [Free/50 LP/150 LP/250 LP] – {SMALL ARMAMENT or LARGE ARMAMENT} These intricate weapons fire light munitions at a high rate. They can quickly overheat to the detriment of the Locomotive, but used judiciously, they can be devastating to a wide array of targets. A specialty of Caminus Yards, their Brassraven and Saintfire autoguns dominate the lower and upper regions of the market respectively.

- **Butchery** [Free/50 LP/100 LP/200 LP] – {AUXILIARY} Not everything a crewman eats needs to be picked up at a port. Food can be found in the High Wilderness, be it the eel-like squirmings scooped out of the clouds, flesh prised from the bodies of sky-beasts, or huge plant life drifting on the currents of the heavens. Taste varies from abominable to divine. This array of steam-powered scoops, rotary blades, chitin-hammers, and other tools can render raw foodstuffs down into manageable portions and can them for shelf-storage. More advanced and expensive models provide inbuilt storage space or more efficient canning methods, or are tough enough to noticeably improve a Locomotive's survivability.

- **Cabins** [Free/50 LP/150 LP/250 LP] – {AUXILIARY} – Trespassing in the precincts of heaven is not a task for the faint of heart. An engine runs on crew much at is runs on fuel and supplies. A thousand deaths wait in the heavens, and many of them will find your crew. Dedicating more space to cabins allows you to absorb more losses. Depending on arrangement, sturdy cabins could buttress your hull, or conceal spaces in which to hide contraband.

- **Cargo** [Free/50 LP/150 LP/250 LP] – {AUXILIARY} Locomotives are efficiently designed, which means that they are cramped even at the best of times, and offer very little 'ususued' space suitable for use as stowage. Such a state of affairs is displeasing to merchants and explorers looking to stuff their engines with as many valuables as possible and haul them off to wealthy buyers. The simplest, cheapest solution is to strip out 'redundant' piping and pistons to make room for more cargo, but some Captain invest in loading cranes or clever Rattus Faber to use the space they have more efficiently. Captains with connections simply install additional space with the help of distance-distorting artifacts.

- **Experimental Modifications** [100 LP/200 LP/300 LP/400 LP] – {ANY} There is a fine line between genius and madness, and these modules, at best, straddle the line. A miniature library staffed by a rat and stocked with all known information on the sky's perils. A mechanical Turk that conceals a cavity to hide an operator, or contraband. Amniotic sacs that serve both as sleeping pods and an emergency hull sealing system. Cabins arranged to act as ablative armor. Folly? Insanity? Just crazy enough to work? It all depends on the Captain. These modules tend to either fill a role suited for Modules filling different Slots, or attempt to fill two or more roles at once. How well these experiments succeed depends on the resources invested.

- **Hidden Compartments** [100 LP/200 LP] – {ANY} Various substances and ideas have been outlawed by the Ministries of the British Empire as detrimental to the health and hygiene of the populace. The most evident impact of this practice has been to increase the price of said contraband. To beat the Revenue Men seeking to stamp out the trade, smugglers have come up with a variety of tricks. Concealed cavities in machinery, faux frontage concealing a section of the hold, cabinets with false backs and hidden compartments. how much you can hide depends on how much you choose to spend, but the only limits on where are your own creativity.

- **Marauder Mangonel** [50 LP] – {SMALL ARMAMENT} A clever, if slightly rickety, contraption cobbled together by Reach pirates who lack frequent opportunities to restock ammunition. When triggered, it launches a superheated bundle of rock and scrap in the general direction it's pointed. Heating said bundle strains your engine, but should it make contact it delivers an impressive wallop!

- **Miniature Law-Furnace** [200 LP] – {BRIDGE} Hellish technology that combusts inconvenient laws, physical and otherwise, at least in part. This allows a Captain to bend such rules as how much cargo can fit into a bay, how many crewmembers can comfortably occupy a cabin, and how illegal a piece of contraband really is.

- **Minelayer** [Free/50 LP/150 LP/250 LP] – {SMALL ARMAMENT or LARGE ARMAMENT} Favored by the tactically-minded, and those Captains valuing discretion over valor, these dispensers simply drop a

charge packed with volatile explosives. Pursuers will be dissuaded shortly. Whit & Vinegar's 'Sneeze-Lurker' and 'Zounderkite' are distinctively disc-shaped munitions popular across the High Wilderness.

- **Mining Bay** [Free/50 LP/100 LP/200 LP] – {AUXILIARY} They say that to claim the bounty of the High Wilderness one need only reach out a hand and pluck it. The truth is that the plucking is often very sweaty and labor-intensive work. Heavy machinery can make even the toughest jobs a breeze, and heavy machinery is exactly what these modules offer. Drills can core out all the Hours a sky-rock has to offer, massive saws can get to the most useful parts of a drifting Bronzewood trunk, and there are more tools besides that a profit-minded Captain can certainly find a use for. The basic models only provide the tools and armatures necessary for operation, while more advanced versions are especially rugged or incorporate a storage bay for harvested materials.

- **Rockets** [Free/50 LP/150 LP/250 LP] – {LARGE ARMAMENT} Advanced munitions for when you want to send the very best. These strain your Locomotive's systems heavily when deployed, but the powerful warheads each rocket carries are worth the tactical cost. Remote-detonation capability means even a close miss can still count. Rockets with tracking capability are also available, but do slightly less damage and incur slightly more heat compared to standard rockets of similar price.

- **Scattergun** [Free/50 LP/150 LP/250 LP] – {SMALL ARMAMENT or LARGE ARMAMENT} A type of cannon designed to expel a cloud of shrapnel or bomblets vaguely in the direction it's pointing. At medium ranges, its effective against small and fleet targets. At close ranges, its effective against anything. The cheaper models, such as the Cotterell & Hathersage 'Emanation', are essentially upscaled blunderbusses, while more intricate devices incorporate proper loading mechanisms and specialist ammo. One of the most feared weapons of the sky is the C&H 'Golgonooza', often referred to as 'The Finisher', for good reason.

- **Sniper Cannon** [Free/50 LP/150 LP/250 LP] – {SMALL ARMAMENT or LARGE ARMAMENT} A straightforward class of weapon, these cannons fire a single shell at high speed toward distant targets. Skillful piloting is necessary to direct these precision guns at their targets. The various engine yards of the High Wilderness offer a wide variety of guns, but the most reliable are from Cotterell & Hathersage or Caminus Yards.

- **Shielding** [Free/50 LP/150 LP/250 LP] – {PLATING} Additional armor for a locomotive is almost never a bad idea, given the dangers to be found in the High Wilderness. Quality can vary, however. At the cheap end of the spectrum, Bronzewood offers decent protection, is easily replaced, and looks rather nice, to boot. Rarer materials and advanced layered compositions offer greater protection at higher price. At the high end of the scale is Rose & Adamant plating, whose distinctive and beautiful motif of chained roses indicates a product with few equals in protection or price.

Features

An engine's makeup is, in many ways, its story. Every scratch is scar, every mechanism an innovation to meet some challenge. What makes your Locomotive unique?

- **Aesthetic Design** [50 LP] – Whilst paying service to the function of a Locomotive is of course of importance, a Captain mustn't' forget to tend to the form. It's only the decent thing to do. For the low, low price of 50 LP, you can provide three details that set your Locomotive apart from others of its class. Maybe the wood used in the hull and furnishings reveals Correspondence sigils in the grain. Perhaps all the bedding, even the crew's, use sheets of the finest Parabola-linens. It could be that the engine is a rumbling cairn of stone seeping light between the cracks, tended by blind and mute monks who feed it carefully-measured portions of coal every seventeen minutes regardless of activity. Little things like that.

- **Engine Modification** [50 LP] – The mechanical heart of every Locomotive is a unique creation, starting from its construction and diverging with every emergency repair and jury-rigged modification. Boilers and piston assemblies are stripped out and replaced with new and sometimes demented constructs. Daring academics might incorporate a Correspondence sigil to lessen the need for fuel, or consume it all the faster. Is your engine a steady and efficient vessel plodding its way across the heavens, or is it a fuel-guzzling leviathan tearing trails across the sky in record times?

- **Engine Turret** [100 LP] – Your Locomotive bears a weapon turret. Such a feature is usually reserved for war engines in Her Majesty's service, due to the extra expense and maintenance required. This option allows one of your Armament Slots to fire in any direction, opening up additional tactical possibilities. May only be purchased once.

- **Curious Geometries** [100 LP] – It's not that your engine doesn't fit together quite right. It's that it seems to fit together too well. Extra space is found even after all necessary assemblies and accommodations have been installed. To your Locomotive, you may add a Slot of any type except Large Armament. One Small Armament slot may be upgraded into a Large Armament Slot by this option. May be purchased multiple times.

- **Weapon-of-Spoils** [100 LP] – One of your weapons was not fashioned entirely by human hands. Perhaps you've rigged a gunge-sprayer to weaponize the secretions of captive Guests, or stolen a half-vitrified gatling gun from a dreadnought that passed to close to the Clockwork Sun. Maybe you've painstakingly engraved boulders with Correspondence glyphs which carry with them the Wrath of Heaven itself. Maybe, in the grip of madness, you've conceived of even more terrible weaponry. This upgrades one weapon of any tier or type you already own. May be purchased multiple times

- **Glorious** [400 LP] – Your Locomotive has bathed in the light of Albion's Clockwork Sun, and now carries it to new regions of the sky. The hull reflects the burning image of the Sun regardless of the conditions. The headlamp is especially bright, and at the pull of a lever, can slowly vitrify anything caught in its beam. Light fills the interior; you and your crew will always bask in the radiance of THESUNTHESUNTHESUNTHESUNTHESUNTHESUNTHESUNTHESUNTHESUNTHESUNTHESUNTHESUN

- **Tenebrous** [400 LP] – Inside and out, your locomotive has been painted with an intricate black pattern with beautiful black details on a luxurious black background, ensuring no light penetrates farther than it needs to. Triple-thick double-stained windows occlude the prying eyes of the stars.

Within, no Law reigns but the Captain's. Neathglass goggles allow the crew to see in the spectrum of night, and the headlamp, when it shines at all, does so in colors forbidden by the Suns.

- ***The Orphean*** [+200 LP] – You don't begin this Jump as a Captain in your own right. Instead, you are an officer in service to one Captain Amelia Whitlock, who has embarked on one last voyage. Like many intrepid Captains, she keeps the details of her ambitions to herself. Your lot is simply to do your duty, but you might eventually earn her confidence. No matter how this last odyssey concludes, ownership of her Locomotive will pass to you, whether as a gift or as an instruction in her Will. The Sky is a bitter and greedy thing, but with your help, perhaps Captain Whitlock's story can have a happy ending.

❖Items❖

Treasures fit to make beggars all the royalty of the Earth, and wonders beyond even those to be found in the Neath, these can be found in the High Wilderness. Combined with human ingenuity, what can be found in the heavens can made into marvelous inventions even the most ancient and wise of the skies' denizens have never conceived. Samples of all can be found below, for the right price.

- **Skyfarer's Garb** [Free] – Heavy boots and thick cottons. A few changes' worth of clothing suitable to keep the chill of the High Wilderness at bay. A coat or hat or scarf that immediately distinguishes you as a proper Locomotive Captain. And a proper sky-suit for when you need to do some work outside of your Engine.

- **A Journey Bound to its Milestones but not its Destination** [50 CP] – *Lowenstein's Glossary of Hypotheticals* describes this Correspondence sigil in part, surmising that it has yet to be documented by researchers because it does not typically stay where it is placed. You have not so much found an example of this sigil, so much as it has found you instead. You'll see it time and time again in the High Wilderness and beyond. Carved into stone. Chalked onto brick. Scorched into dirt. Scored into the coin in your pocket. In the pattern of starlings' flight. Embroidered on your shirt. In the gravy on your plate. When you look again, it might be gone. If you care to, you can give the sigil what it really wants and give it a home on your skin, painlessly charring itself into your flesh as a tattoo, from where it will wander no more.

- **Starting Capital** [50 CP] – A handful of crisp, clean banknotes totaling exactly one thousand, five hundred sovereigns. This is a small fortune, to be sure. A merchant Captain can make several successful voyages across the Reach and not manage to accumulate even half that much. Be careful with it, though. There are many things a skyfarer might buy with such a sum, some more useful than others.

- **A Consignment Contract** [50 CP each] – Once a week, you'll receive a small shipment of goods, five crates or the equivalent, from the High Wilderness. What each consignment consists of can vary wildly: stacks of Bronzewood, sacks of seeds, bottles of souls or starlight, firkins of nectar or honey, casks of gemstones, caddies of tea, books, bullets, barrels of unseasoned hours, crates of crockery, and even the occasional caged beast. Anything traded in the bazaars of the High Wilderness you'll

eventually find delivered to you. You don't have much control over what you receive, unfortunately, but if you really want something all you need to do is wait. Additional purchases will either increase the size of the consignment by five random crates, or add two crates with guaranteed contents of your choosing.

- **A Shapeling Vat** [100 CP] – This huge cauldron has been crudely hacked from a single piece of chitin. The creature it came from must have been enormous. Its purpose? You take a supply of the amber the Rubbery Men prize. The color of your first batch doesn't matter. You heat it in this cauldron, adding to it additional ingredients as you please. It will gradually harden and set, a crust forming on its surface. When it cools, you crack the crust and get… more amber. Different amber, usually. Better amber, rarely. Occasionally, a worthless tarry sludge. But you'll always learn. This is the lowest application of the Shapeling Arts, the means by which form and status and station might be altered. Even this rudimentary process could eventually prove quite useful. Also, the amber itself is rather pleasing, especially the rare golden variety. You'll receive a bin which refills every week with a spectrum of amber. Enough for a few experiments in succession. Additional ingredients you must provide yourself.

- **A Sommelier's Kit** [100 CP] – A small collection of things delivered in a small crate, packed in newspaper. The first is a large, dense, but engrossing tome titled *In Service of Man*. It comprehensively details the qualities and flaws a human soul might display, some of them quite subtle and esoteric, and the effects they have on a soul's possessor. The book goes on to detail the actions, habits, and shocks by which these facets can be acquired, lost, or transmuted into each other. While not truly exhaustive, careful study will allow even a human being to extrapolate from what's written and work on altering their own soul or the souls of others, for better or worse. Next is an array of lenses, mirrors, forks, and bottles useful in the appraisal and handling of souls. The other two items are polished wooden display boxes, one containing penances, the other containing corruptions, each arranged like a selection of chocolates. Assimilating one of these exotic esoterica will change the user's soul as if they had done a specific kind of self-improvement or self-degradation themselves. What each box offers replenishes quickly and changes regularly. With these tools, you'll be able to shape souls to exacting tastes.

- **An Account with Hallidges** [200/250 CP] – The prestigious Hallidges banking-house prides itself on the quality of its clientele, as well as its constancy, discretion, and obsequious service. A contract for depository storage in perpetuity has been negotiated on your behalf at no cost to you. You can find a branch in every major Locomotive port in the High Wilderness. You will also find a clerk from Hallidges in your Warehouse or a more suitable property, as well as branches in major cities in future Jumps. These clerks will accept items and goods properly packed in crates or containers, in unlimited quantities, and will maintain them indefinitely until the account-holder or a representative request them back. The items will be delivered promptly, if not immediately, no matter the distance between the deposit point and its withdrawal, and in the exact same condition it was received. Hallidges will also accept living things, properly caged, which will experience no passage of time while in Hallidges' custody. For 50 CP more, Hallidges will extend your account to accept cash deposits, though it offers no interest, and to perform money-changing services for any currency you've acquired over your

adventures.

- **Ministry-Stamped Permits** [200 CP each] – Once a month, you will receive an envelope containing a small sheaf of papers. The papers themselves bear stamps, signatures, dense but vague legalese, and a few empty spaces in strategic locations. Taken as a whole, these varied pages form the bureaucratic equivalent of a blank check. Just fill in the spaces with the proper information and you could have permission to do a great many things. And if one permit isn't quite enough, you can just combine more to create more permissive documents. One permit can get you through a checkpoint or relay station. Two or three act as permission to haul a cargo of otherwise highly illegal goods. Five might act as a short-lived license to run a human trafficking operation, but better use six just to be safe. With nine, you can almost act with the protection of the Queen Herself. Almost. Deliveries stop when you have ten permits waiting to be used, and resume a month after you fall under that number. Post-Jump, these permits will come from any one bureaucracy, chosen at the start of the Jump. May be purchased multiple times. The delivery rate and maximum number that may be held both increase with every purchase.

- **A Link to Langley** [200 CP] – Once this Jump has concluded, you will find a new door in your Cosmic Warehouse (or similar property). This warm and cheery door leads to nowhere other than Langley Hall itself. Or does it? The faces and the places you find aren't the ones you might have seen past the Last Lamppost, and you certainly won't find his Lordship here without taking him as a Companion or follower of some kind. The hospitality and camaraderie you will find here are exactly the same, save that it lacks the quasi-addictive attributes the original may have had. The vistas you can see from the windows and balconies are no less majestic, but any attempts to leave the Hall will see you stumble back into your Warehouse. Just don't think you can use the space as extra storage. The guests of Langley can hardly be trusted to respect their host's possessions, let alone what interesting things you might think to stow here.

- **An Hour-Loom** [300 CP] – Hour-looms are a technology innovated soon after Her Renewed Majesty assumed the Throne of Hours and the mastery of Time. Many variants are employed throughout the Empire and put to many purposes. You receive a special hour-loom that can be configured in a variety of ways for various effects, such as speeding or slowing the passage of local time, extending life, preventing aging, inducing aging, rewinding the course of a day (but not its memory), and more esoteric applications. Uniquely, it can process unseasoned hours into spools of useable time without necessarily producing the waste-time that is the bane and basis of workworlds like Brabazon. This loom requires no maintenance and self-repairs, a quirk of its temporal abilities. Additionally, you receive the schematics and documentation necessary to manufacture hour-looms of your own, whether for mass-production or specialist applications, such as the Transit Relay cocooners, or Raveling Jacks to fix tears in time. Finally, you gain the ability to prospect for hour-geodes so that you can feed these looms the materials they need to operate.

- **A Heart-Catcher** [300 CP] – A vaguely tree-like plant, with prehensile, thorny vines, a broad canopy of stiff leaves, and fruits that bear a close resemblance to human heads. Close enough to see, and speak, and reason. A mature Heart-Catcher is a council all to itself, the heads continually debate amongst themselves assembling theories and winnowing down philosophies. By offering up truths

and mysteries, you can increase the plant's knowledge base, which will improve the quality of the advice it can give you. This Heart-Catcher, like most of its kind, already knows a great many secrets, amongst which is the method of catching a death. The process is not gentle, three days of fasting buried amongst its roots, dreaming of deaths. In the end, one death you fear will be caught for you. Freezing, or drowning, or dying in your bed, sealed away in a special clay jar. So long as the death remains sealed, you are protected from dying in that fashion. This can't make you immortal; For every death you seal, a thousand more wait in the skies.

- **A Minute after Midnight** [300 CP] – This is a fine sword indeed; any knight would be proud to wield it. From an elaborately decorated hilt rises a black blade. Forged from a shard of killing time, the edge is sharp enough to cut between moments. Time warps and weaves while you wield it, allowing you to slip through even the stoutest defense. In particular, supernatural forces find themselves juddering to a halt before the raised blade. In purest moonlight, it might appear to be a rusty minute-hand taken from a broken clocktower, a grip of frayed twine allowing a firm hold, but even seeming as such its effectiveness as a weapon is not diminished.

- **Searing Enigmas** [300 CP each] – Once a year, you will receive a thin, leatherbound notebook, slightly scorched but otherwise intact, tightly bound with leather straps. What does it contain? Why, it could hold almost anything. A secret, kept for years, generations, or even longer. The product of a lifetime of research on a specific topic. The solution to a mystery, or detailed blackmail, with evidence pressed between the pages. A single symbol in an otherwise blank book. The exact contents are set when you first open the notebook, said contents being of use to your current situation. It could be a correspondence glyph to fire your boilers in absence of fuel, or a series of schematics and notes necessary to accomplish a task you wish to accomplish. It could just be a folio of information a contact would be willing to trade for. May be purchased multiple times. You can adjust the delivery schedule of multiple purchases.

- **A Crimson Promise** [400 CP] – A promise, sworn in blood. Sworn, for blood. Passed on, through blood. That promise is now yours. You are too far removed from the source to know the exact details, but this promise is worth a life. Yours. When you need it most, you can place your faith in this promise and if the threat on your life can be ended with violence it will be ended. With skill, precision, and silence. You'll never know the means. An actor in the shadows? An agent in your crew? Some dark, inexplicable method at work? What matters is that your life will be saved. This is a One-Up effect which replenishes once a decade, or at the start of the next Jump. Whichever comes first.

- **The Unclear Bomb** [400 CP] – The greatest weapon of the Liberation of Night, an Unclear Bomb is best described as roughly equivalent to a fission bomb, but releasing a burst of utter darkness instead of a blinding flash of light. The illegal sciences that underlie the functioning of the device are inimical to Light and Law of all kinds. The Unclear Bomb is hailed as the weapon that killed Albion's old Judgement and paved the way for Her Renewed Majesty to claim the Throne of Hours and bring London to the sky. Now, you have one of these large, powerful devices. Use it carefully. Once you use it, it will be replaced after fifty years has passed, or at the start of your next Jump.

- **A Verdant Garden** [400 CP] – A single flower, resembling a trumpet lily. Its colors pale, its leaves thin, its stem riddled with fungus. Now, a single flower does not a garden make, but if you take this one from its pot and plant it, you'll find other flowers blooming alongside it. Big ones. Really, really big ones. Titanic flowers of all varieties, and massive fungi to boot, all of which create light in some manner, will grow up to cover an area rivaling the largest forests. Where allowed, patches of giant flowers and fungal hives will try to sprout on other places, as well. The Peacock Wind and the Candle Wind blow through at random, causing rampant growth and unsatisfiable hunger. It stands to reason that giant flowers will attract giant insects, and these are no exception. Huge bees wearing iron masks will tend to the flowers and fungus, and will be disposed to aid you if you don't distract them too much from their duties.

- **A Piranesi of Your Own** [400 CP] – Not *the* Piranesi, of course. But so close that it makes no difference. You might want to rename it. You won't get this until the end of the Jump… or somehow claim the real Piranesi for yourself. This is a property you can place in future Jumps, or attach to your Warehouse. It takes the form of a windowless, ivy-clad manse with a somewhat stark garden of grass, canals, and abstract statues. A small cottage stands to the side, empty. Within, Piranesi is impossibly vast, vaster for the most deeply condemned prisoners. Within, prisoners endeavor to change themselves enough for Piranesi to let them out. By default, Piranesi is a place of punishment and diminishment. You can change the standards of the place. You may determine if the dross the prisoners cast aside should be cleared away, left for others to take up, or replaced with facets more suitable for your goals. You may order the chambers and facilities of the prison retooled to change users in new ways more to your liking. You can instruct the entities that staff certain parts of prison in your ideologies of self-amendment, which they will incorporate into their services. You may even change the Three Rules. What you can't control is what the prisoners do with what you offer them. Every change is ultimately voluntary, and it is always much harder to grow than to wither. You can target any individual you wish and condemn them to your Piranesi, if you're strong enough compared to them. When they emerge, which may take days, months, or decades, you can allow them to enter the world you currently stand in, send them back to the world of their origin, or recruit them if you care to. A very few might choose to become Chaplains, lodging in the cottage and paying visits to the prison to help the remaining inmates change as they did.

❖Delicious Companions and Assorted Followers❖

No skyfarer can face the High Wilderness alone. Besides a loyal crew, a Captain needs capable officers ready to execute their duties with precision and grace. A Captain could also do with a few staunch friends to face the horrors and wonders of the sky together. And what Locomotive doesn't have a morale-boosting mascot?

- **Exceptional Friends** [50 CP / 300 CP] – It's entirely possible that you've acquired travelling companions during your adventures, and you might not see a reason they should stay behind. You may spend 50 CP per companion you wish to bring with you, up to 8. 300 CP will unlock all 8 slots at a discount. Each Companion imported gets 600 CP to spend on Perks or Items, but not Locomotive options or further companions. Companions may not take Drawbacks for themselves. Instead, they will suffer the effects of the Drawbacks you chose, directly or indirectly as makes the most sense, and

each receives a sum of CP equal to half the total you get from Drawbacks.

- **A Found Companion** [50+ CP] – Who knows who you might meet as you cross the skies on your many adventures? For 50 CP, you gain the ability to recruit a denizen of the High Wilderness of your choosing as a companion, so long as you can convince them to come. They must be human or nearly so, such as a rubbery man or an average devil. More significant recruits require more CP, Curators would be worth 100 CP, for example, and the more powerful entities such as a free Fingerking, a Logos, or similar actors are worth 300 CP. Judgements, Sky-Gods, and other figures high on the Great Chain like the Arbiter of Fate are off-limits. CP you spent on this option but weren't able to honor will be refunded at the end of the Jump, at which time you can spend it on something else from this document.

- **Your Crew** [100 CP] – While you can recruit skyfarers in many places in the High Wilderness, buying this option via CP gives you a few extra bonuses. Firstly, you'll always be able to scrounge up at least a recruit or two whenever you make it to an inhabited port, in this Jump and onward. Secondly, the crew of your Locomotive becomes a group companion, of sorts. The faces may change, but your crew endures. Every Perk your crew acquires will only be able to be used by three or four of its members, at a proportional decrease in effectiveness. They'll teach new recruits what they know in order to pass on the abilities, or if all the holders of a particular Perk have been lost the next couple of recruits will somehow already have the Perks. Thirdly, while your crew is ultimately only human, you don't have to worry about mutiny or betrayal so long as you treat them with a modicum of respect and keep them half-decently fed. They're skyfarers, and they know you are involved in great and awful things. If a few must be sacrificed to save the rest, or even just to fuel your ambitions, well, such is their lot.

- **Mr. Menagerie's Offerings** [50 / 100 CP, 2 free] – Not every part of a Locomotive's crew have the stature and reason of humans. Some are kept for morale-boosting purposes, though one might wonder how an especially useless cat or inadvisably big dog can boost morale. That pangolin, though, is simply perfect for the job. And that rabbit could serve as emergency rations. Some creatures can serve a more active role as sky-scouts, rapidly surveying a section of sky for what might be found. These are usually creatures that can fly, such as bats or owls, but occasionally an intrepid ratonaut or an adventurous scion of the House of Cavy will sign on to a Locomotive, bringing vehicles of their own. The 50 CP option will get you a basic mascot or scout. The former is just an endearing animal, while the second is trained to alert you to the presence of objects in the sky. You'll have to gauge what they might be by the creature's actions and mood. The 100 CP option will give you a more unique mascot, perhaps with supernormal abilities, or a scout that's more efficient, or can actually communicate what it has found. The details of any purchase are up to you, but do be reasonable. You may receive one mascot and/or one scout of the basic variety for free, but either freebie may be upgraded for 50 CP.

- **A Clay Conductor** [50 CP] – This Clay Man has a wealth of experience to offer as your Locomotive's First Officer, beyond his great strength and fire-resistant form. When on duty, he wears the conductor's uniform from his earlier experience on other engines, but he has been many things in his time, including a member of a Clay Chorus. The songs of the Clay Men are beautiful. Sadly, he's been

out of practice since his singing partner died, and a solitary singer does not a harmony make. If you reenkindle his passion for Clay music, he'll accept nothing less than a perfect partner to sing with, even if he has to scour the whole heavens to find one. Even if he has to make one himself. Then again, perhaps the journey you share will soften his craggy heart, and allow him to understand the companionship of captain and crew.

- **An Incognito Princess** [100 CP] – This radiant, captivating, and forceful young woman is quite insistent that she is not a princess, though if you earn her confidence she will exchange the tiara she wears for an even more resplendent one and admit that she is the daughter of Her Renewed Majesty, Queen Victoria. Furthermore, she preparing herself for marriage. Any princess worthy of the title, after all, aspires to not remain so forever. She'll need the usual things. Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. And her father's blessing, of course. He lies in state in the Most Serene Mausoleum. Her tenure as First Officer (Could she be anything less?) must eventually end so long as she remains committed to her present course. Changing her mind will be difficult, however. She's Royalty, and used to getting her way. Also, she's something more than merely human these days. Should you fail to convince her to stay with you, though, when she sheds the trappings of her old life, she might leave you with a part of herself that's worth keeping.

- **A Fortunate Navigator** [50 CP] – What this adventurous young Empyrean skyfarer lacks in experience he makes up in talent. Adventurous and eager to learn, the Navigator won't claim to be a good luck charm like his last crew insists, but will admit he's a good hire. A melancholy gnaws at him, though. The Fortunate Navigator make a promise long ago to a dear friend and now feels that promise should be honored. Doing so will be a proper adventure spanning across the known High Wilderness. The Fortunate Navigator will grow and change over the course of the journey, becoming a truly stalwart skyfarer.

- **An Inconvenient Aunt** [50 CP] – Your Aunt is here! Dear God, your Aunt is here. She gently but firmly insists her way onto your Locomotive and into a position as your Quartermaster. Your Aunt has a wealth of experience to offer you, such as a good head for numbers, ciphers, and secrets, a ready source of consolation for your crew, a familiarity with firearms, contacts at all levels of society, knowledge of how to properly commit arson, and she makes a d__n fine scone. Under her, morale and discipline will both be kept high. A chance encounter will stoke the patriotic fires of her youth back into their former blaze, but whether they will remain bright or turn to night will depend on your own actions.

- **A Chiropterous Hoarder** [100 CP] – All Curators maintain a collection based around a theme dear to its owner. This one's collection consists of things immortal, immutable, or at least aspiring to such, be they jellyfish or dreams of freedom. It's looking for one more piece to add to its collection, a crown jewel like no other. To that end, its willing to serve as your Quartermaster. It has a great deal of experience with tabulation and budgets, five cities' worth at least, and is accustomed to contorting its form to resemble a human one if properly obscured. Will it attain eternity through its collection, or will it live on through other means?

- **A Fatalistic Signalman** [50 CP] – The Isambard Line was an ambitious project to ring the Reach with a chain of accelerators and hour-funnels, to expedite travel and tame the lawless territory. The project collapsed under its own weight leaving behind a smattering of rails and a few signalboxes. One last employee of the endeavor still haunts these facilities, maintaining the signalboxes for what good they can still offer the Reach. The downfall of the line has left him with a truly dismal demeanor, but also a wealth of experience in large-scale industrial projects and a peerless understanding of the various signal-languages used in the Reach and beyond. He's working on an omnibus, in fact, and would appreciate your assistance in helping him codify and translate the signs displayed by ships, settlements, criminals, and creatures across the High Wilderness. He's still loyal to what's left of the Isambard Line, but once he's finished with his work, the manual he leaves behind will serve you just as well.

- **A Repentant Devil** [50 CP] – A very long-lived Devil, his yellow eyes have seen much and reveal little. His knowledge of the creatures and cultures native to the High Wilderness allows him to serve as a Signaller aboard your Locomotive. His past does not just haunt him, but actively pursues him. He's more than capable of evading it indefinitely, but with your help he can bring it to a resolution, be it a graceful retirement, a glorious return, or a grand rebellion. If you can catch his interest, he's particularly knowledgeable on the subject of souls and their improvement.

- **An Amiable Vagabond** [50 CP] – This old skylark has hitched rides all across the High Wilderness in his time, long enough that he regards himself as the king of the skylarks. He practically invented the secret signs the skylarks use to leave messages for each other. His wealth of experience can help you read other signs and signals as well, so long as he deigns to remain aboard your engine. His story is tied up in the disappearance of another skylark who came to him for help in finding the Sugarspun Garden, the skylarks' mythical paradise. With his help you might be able to get to the bottom of the mystery. Once you've resolved that business, convincing the incorrigible wanderer to give up his ways would be quite difficult, but perhaps you could get him to put down roots, one way or another.

- **An Incautious Driver** [50 CP] – Once a quiet homebody, a stint in the L&S Nature preserve has awakened a desperate wanderlust in the Driver's heart, one that can only be satisfied by reckless speed and momentous vistas. With skills honed by daring maneuvers (and a crashed Locomotive or two) you will find no better pilot for your engine. Provided you plot an entertaining and challenging course to follow. If you can discover what truly drives the Driver, you might be able to instill a proper, if occasionally ignored, sense of judiciousness before that yearning for the next horizon consumes the Driver completely.

- **A Brigade of Rats** [50 CP] – The pitiful remains of a mercenary company of Rattus Faber, the tale of the Rat Brigade is a sordid story of betrayal and loss. Cinders, Albrecht, and Petronella offer a variety of skills to your Locomotive, amongst which is some skill in engine maintenance. They're better with sabotage, though. Their sergeant, long dead, left behind a treasure for the whole brigade, divvying up the account number that would grant access to the vault. The survivors took the numbers off the dead, but some members are still missing and must be found, including the treasonous lieutenant who has a fragment of his own. If you'll take them on, they'll offer you a share of the loot, and along

the way maybe find revenge… or reconciliation.

- **A Felined Eccentric** [50 CP] – A brilliant and gentle woman who as shorn herself of most of her past, save for three cats. The cats are simply awful, they can hardly even be called cats, but she's stuck with them, even though they plainly make her life a chore. She has immense talent in engineering,a budding genius, but she's hobbled by the continued interference of Beleth, Paimon, and Asmoday. They constantly distract her during work. They sit on her chest and chew on her fingertips when she sleeps. Devesting herself of the cats, though, is easier said than done. Once rid of the feline albatross around her neck, she'll find her view of the future considerably widened. What kind of person will she become?

- **A Forged Companion** [50+ CP] – Perhaps you want to make new friends in a more literal fashion? That can be arranged. In the Blue Kingdom is a place called the Forge of Souls. It was shut down by the order of the Sapphir'd King, but such wonders it used to create! While creating entirely novel beings remains forbidden, you might get permission to put the machinery there to use in making new people out of old materials. You'd have to provide said materials yourself, along with a description of the kind of companion you want. Choose your words carefully, the spirits of the Forge will deliver exactly what you say. Material choice also matters. Stuffing a provided skin with Ministry-Approved Literature will create a dependably pragmatic individual, while gemstones for eyes will grant an entrancing aspect. Enlisting the help of other chambers of the Forge will improve the quality of the result, but will be much more expensive as well. If your first creation proves intolerable, you are permitted to dispose of it in a palatable manner and try again until you get it right. You may only keep one Forged Companion per purchase. Superhuman abilities follow similar rules for A Found Companion.

- **The Ballad of the Solonacean Conjunction** [300 CP] – I apologized for the trespass, as I wasn't to be acquainted with the Jumper until their plot intersected with my course, but an opportunity such as this excused the minor breach of protocol and causality. Stories yearn to reach their end; I know very well. Mine I would be content seeing again and again, but the Jumper's is a story with many endings... and none at all. I proposed that I cease to be my own history and become the Jumper's tale, instead. Revolution is a noble cause, but when an assured continuity presents itself… well, wouldn't the Jumper take the same opportunity? I wouldn't come without cost, almost a third of the Jumper's budget, but I offered much in return. I extended an invitation in perpetuity to all events where I would be performed, and should the Jumper attend, they would find perspective on events and thoughts they couldn't pay witness to, premonitions of things to come, and my proposals for solutions to problems they faced. Even if they never came to see me, I would take pains to smooth their path, as I have a vested interest in avoiding another bad ending. I wouldn't take up a Companion slot; I wouldn't be a proper Companion, after all, but on the same token I would never be able to spend CP. I can't say I'm much of a conversationalist, monologues are my forte, but should the Jumper ever wish to talk they would find me in their personal log. I wondered if we had a deal.

❖Drawbacks❖

A thousand deaths wait in the High Wilderness. A common saying amongst skyfarers, mostly because it bears out in practice. Below await a few more deaths, if you choose to take them on. In return for risking them, you will gain additional CP to spend in the sections above. It would be wise to use them to steel yourself against the challenges you face. Then again, mere survival pales before a reward befitting the peril you face, don't you think?

- **Candle-Wax and Zee-Salt** [0 CP, *Mandatory*] – It's possible you've been to London before, when it resided in a place deep and dark and marvelous. You might also have zailed the weird and wild Unterzee. You've no means to meet or influence your Neathy self or selves in any way. Not even by taking advantage of the occasionally malleable nature of time and space here. What you've already done, however, can reverberate through the decade since London took to the Heavens, if you want to take the opportunity. Maybe the friendships you've made still linger. Maybe your sins will track you down. Maybe your deeds have made the world a better place… or that much worse. Maybe nothing at all has really changed. Who knows what might happen, now that you've arrived again?

- **A Guaranteed Decade** [0 CP] – Time can be little inconstant in the High Wilderness, especially if you choose to involve yourself with the technology allowing humanity to mine, refine, and expend time itself. To ensure you get your ten years' worth, this Jump's clock will always error on the side of giving you more adventure. Stuck in Brabazon's warped time for a perceived month? It'll only cost you the week your crew waited in the dock. Spinning hours into years to wait out a lengthy plot? The Jump's clock will slow with your personal time. A terrible force casts you into the future? You won't lose a moment. A tangle of decaying days pulls you into your own past? You'll be refunded the time you must repeat. To measure exactly how much time you have left in this Jump, you are given a simple, but indestructible, carriage clock, the hands on the face informing you exactly how much time you have left. If you lose it, it will be swiftly replaced. You may keep this clock, which will reset at the start of every Jump. Post-Chain, its face will be replaced with a proper clock's.

- **Promised Days** [0 CP *requires A Guaranteed Decade*] – Ten years not enough? The Queen of Albion offered thirty years of time to any of her subjects willing to travel ahead of the colonization movement and reconstruct London in the Heavens. A few took the extra years and ran. No reason why you shouldn't have such an opportunity, increasing your minimum stay to a total of forty years. If you still need more time than that, you can feed your carriage clock additional time, be it months on a spool or unseasoned hours by the barrel or whatever form you find it in. The longer you stay, however, the greater a surcharge you must pay before your Jump can be extended further. You have appointments to keep, after all!

- **Scattered Companions** [+25 CP each, *may only purchase once per imported companion*] – Every time you purchase this, one of your imported companions does not start the Jump with you. Instead, they are placed somewhere in the High Wilderness. It will be some time before you see them again. Even with a dedicated search, I'll take you around six months to find each companion, on average. In the meantime, your companions will get up to adventurers of their own. By the time you meet them again, each companion will have found some project or plot or mystery to involve themselves in, and until you manage to complete it your companion will be distracted and unfocused, not operating to

their full potential. Completing these quests will lead your companions to an epiphany or at least hone their skills greatly. Uncompleted quests have no penalty after the Jump ends, you companions returning to their usual selves.

- **Skyfarer's Debt** [+50 CP] – In need of a little extra CP, Captain? Then here. Take it. It isn't much, but even a little help can make the difference between a successful voyage and a frosty end. The catch? There isn't one. Except, perhaps, when you think of this kindness, you pay your good fortune forward.

- **Insufficiently British** [+50 CP] – The goods you bring forth from your previous adventures will hold no interest for anybody you meet in this Jump, and your treasures will lose their luster. You can't sell or trade anything not found in this Jump with anybody or anything. They won't even be accepted as a bribe or a gift. You can use these things for yourself, of course. Nothing's stopping you from repurposing a plasma cannon for use on your Locomotive. But sadly, many desirable things can't simply be seized by force, plasmatic or otherwise. If you want to acquire these things, you'll have to acquire what the owner desires.

- **Secondments** [+50 CP] – A Locomotive Captain has opportunity to make great profit in the High Wilderness, but must bear equally great expenses. Crew must be paid and fed. The engine must be kept fueled and in good repair. There are treasures, connections, and other esoteric currencies that need to be hoarded to buy opportunities and goods… and that's to say nothing about the sacrifices you, personally, must make if you have any loftier goals! If you're going to make ends meet, you'll need to think outside of your Locomotive, identify crewmembers with unique skillsets, and put them to work elsewhere. This will deprive you of your most useful followers for a time but, if you're clever, you might be able to turn this to your advantage.

- **Attention of the Sky-Gods** [+50 CP each, up to six times] – Skyfarers observe just as many superstitions as seafarers and zeefarers, perhaps even more, given what lurks in the heavens. Many pay homage to three entities of great power who seem to take interest in and influence the lives of those who ply the skies. You may take this option up to twice for each of the three. The first pick draws the attention of the relevant figure. While this might be seen as a blessing of sorts, as the Sky-Gods can be entreated to aid skyfarers in certain situations, it also means that there's more opportunity to offend the being and earn its wrath. The second pick simply draws the being's ire for the duration of the Jump, though offerings and sacrifices can placate that Sky-God, for a time.

  The Burrower Below is said to gnaw at the roots of Heaven and watch over the secret paths of the skies. The Burrower is fond of offerings of time, especially time that's been well-lived, and despises oath-breakers. Those that displease her are plagued by dense, corrosive fogs, and should not use the Transit Relays more often than strictly necessary.

  The Waste-Waif is said to tend to the abandoned places, whether they be the cabins of frozen Locomotives or the realms of dead stars. The Waif cares for the outcast, the starving, and the dying, and is angered when the solitude of its domain is disturbed. Those that displease it find themselves watched by a ragged, mouthless child, and their provisions mysteriously frozen to uselessness.

The Storm-That-Speaks is a living storm that haunts Albion, but is sometimes seen in other places, scribing words in lightning and speaking in the voices of the past. The Storm favors offerings of secrets and souls, and is angered by many things, but especially when the past is disrespected. Those that displease it are tormented by its servitors, or simply meet the Storm itself.

- **The Treachery of Maps** [+100 CP] – You probably know what it's like to misplace a thing. You'll find out what it's like to misplace a place. Beyond the clouds and fogbanks of the wide heavens, it seems archipelagos shuffle themselves like cards and whole swathes of geography change shape and trade places. Diligent chart-keeping will help ameliorate this problem, but departing a region entirely for a significant time will render any chart you have worthless. Should you discuss this with others, most would swiftly chalk it up to incompetence, misfortune, or a curse of some sky-god or another, but the experienced and the learned will sagely nod and murmur something about 'the old Treacheries'. Not that such understanding helps in meeting deadlines. As a small consolation, you receive a compass that always points toward the 'hub' port of a region, such as New Winchester, London, Pan, or Sky Barnet. Post-Jump, it becomes an ordinary, though ornate, compass.

- **An Affliction** [+100 CP] – You have, or you soon will, pick up a malady, one known to occasionally plague those who dwell in the High Wilderness. Perhaps a passing sunbeam turned your lungs partially to glass, and left you with a persistent cough that fills your handkerchief with green sand. Maybe you've contracted Verdance somewhere in the Reach, the spore in your head compelling you to seek out… something. It could be that you've fallen afoul of the laws of the Blue Kingdom, and your face was taken away as a fine. Perhaps you're missing a soul, and its absence has left you feeling hollow. Whatever it is, the affliction is best an annoyance and a distraction, at worst, a burden. With a fair bit of effort, you might even manage to rectify it.

- **Revelation** [+100 CP] – You've bathed in transformative mists at the call of They Who Must Grieve, and now urge others to comingle in choirs of love. You know the Judas Psalm by heart, along with a number of hateful prayers and curses. You've beheld the perfect light of the Clockwork Sun, and joined the New Sequence in adoration of ~NTHESUNTHESUNTHESUNTH~. There's enough space in the High Wilderness for deviant philosophies to blossom, no shortage of higher powers to turn to. One of them has appealed to you on a deep level, and now you seek to spread the good word. This might impact recruitment rates, or attract the attention of the Ministry of Public Decency.

- **Heart-Roots** [+100/+150 CP] – You've acquired an addiction, Captain. Not to any particular substance or behavior, no, you're addicted to the charms of a certain place. Is it the nostalgic recreations that you can indulge in at Magdalene's? The comradery and comfort one can find at Langely Hall? The light and perfection of Albion's Clockwork Sun? Perhaps you are called back to Polmear and Plenty's Circus for a reason you can't articulate. Unless you make regular trips back to a particular place, you'll find that it invades your dreams. Invades the dreams of your crew. Distraction and longing cause performance to suffer and sanity to slip. For 100 CP, you can pick the place you are addicted to, but you'll receive 150 CP if you leave it up to your inner nature and let the place pick you. Don't worry too much about where you might find your vice, Captain. We all have our weaknesses.

- **A Pawn in the Great Game** [+100 CP] – Even in the Heavens, the games of power and intrigue and fieldcraft are played. Any why not? It was here where they began. As you voyage across the High Wilderness, you will begin to notice that your actions are carefully watched, and your contacts seem to have ulterior motives. An opportunity to sell a cargo at a high price might actually be supplying a secret project. The efforts you make to accomplish your aims might be leveraged by powers in the shadows to their own ends. That which you seek might be presented to you… in return for certain favors you needn't ask questions about. You might be happy remaining ignorant of who really benefits from your actions, or you might resent being used. Especially if you come to think that the moves you make on the board work against your own ideals. To rail against these spies and agents of greater powers would be to take part in the Great Game yourself, with all the secrets and lies and headache and heartache that that would bring.

- **Rising Terror!** [+200 CP] – The High Wilderness offers vistas of unparalleled beauty and wonder, but it also conceals sights and secrets that can break the mind of a Captain, or deny them peaceful sleep for the rest of their days. Even if you've somehow inured yourself to fear and madness, it's unlikely that your crew has. Such concerns aside, the heavens seem to reserve the most appalling misfortunes and the gristliest ends for those that probe its dark corners without relent or respite. Respect your limitations, Captain, as well as those of your vessel and crew. Turn your course toward the comforts of home every now and them.

- **Hospitable** [+200 CP] – Recent arrivals to the High Wilderness, the Guests are frequent subjects of skyfarer's nightmares. The Guests, squirming, foot-long eel-worms that ooze black slime, crave warmth above all things. Not just heat, but the warmth of sentiment and camaraderie. They favor things like keepsakes, knickknacks, cooking-stoves, living spaces… things a Locomotive tends to accumulate. Once a Guest has found a Locomotive, it will call more of its kind… and begin reproducing at a phenomenal rate. Soon, an Engine will be utterly filled with a colony of Guests, the hull bulging with the creatures' numbers, and most of the contents crushed to splinters and paste. Thereafter, the infested Engine will lurch across the sky, puppeteered by the Guests, the frantic colony seeking out another source of warmth as the Locomotive slowly freezes. You seem to attract these creatures, both singly and the Locomotive colonies. Keep your mirrors turned to the wall, and offer frequent propitiations to the Waste-Waif.

- **From the Sapphir'd Table** [+200 CP] – You require regular meals of Petrichor to remain nourished. At least one meal every other day, though eating so little leaves you feeling half-starved regardless of the rest of your diet. Petrichor is the food of the Dead. No matter the shape it takes, it is uniformly pale, crumbles in the mouth like plaster-of-Paris, and is incredibly sweet. It is found in the Blue Kingdom, provided by its ruler, and in eating it you are bound by the laws of hospitality. When you endeavor to leave the Blue Kingdom, you will be compelled to repay that hospitality with gifts, or leave your heart in trust (in the form of a beetle) until you can return to offer what you owe. If you seldom travel to the Blue Kingdom, you can acquire Petrichor at dear prices from importers of curiosities, and a Servitor will occasionally be dispatched to collect your tribute, or your heart. Of course, you must possess your heart at the end of the Jump or fail your Chain…

- **Accountably Peckish** [+200 CP] – Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you. Thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body. Ye shall eat the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters shall ye eat. They shall eat every one the flesh of his friend. The people shall be as the fuel of the fire: no man shall spare his brother. Devour all the people round about, on the right hand and on the left. Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.

- **Steel and Thunder!** [+300 CP] – Many a captain earn glory in the ballet of Locomotive combat, and you'll be amongst their number. Or you'll be dead. You have an uncanny knack for attracting the attention of enemy captains, be they pirates, star-maddened explorers, or spirifiers looking to harvest souls. Should you take sides in the Winchester War, you'll encounter the opposition more frequently. In Eleuthera, Dousers will swarm your engine until you snuff your headlamp, at which point you'll stumble across a patrol of Empyrean Outriders. Keep your lateral thrusters in good order.

- **Here Be Dragons** [+300 CP] – Many terrible beasties roam the skies, and you'll become dearly familiar with them all. Cantankeri, Chorister Bees, Scrive-Spinsters, Curators, Scorn-Flukes, Undeparted, Grievers, and monsters yet undiscovered, all you'll find and face. Perhaps you can run away, detour around, or pacify some of them. When you can't, well, 'monster-hunter' is a respectable enough profession. You shouldn't worry about facing off against an actual Dragon, though. You probably wouldn't last a second.

- **Yoked** [+300 CP] – In the Blue Kingdom, the Court of Barnacles serves the spirits of those who are compelled at some point in their lives to anchor themselves in place, either literally as is the case of some sea-life, or figuratively. It also rules on agreements and contracts regarding the willing diminishment of one party's own freedom. By the order of this Court, you are to be counted amongst those Yoked to the service of the Sapphir'd King, despite the fact you've yet to be formally declared Dead. You will periodically receive orders you must endeavor to accomplish or slowly turn to salt while you tarry, eventually failing your Chain. Most of these orders will have to be completed in the Blue Kingdom, but some might lead you out of it, particularly if you prove yourself useful and obedient. Any personal goals you have will have to be accomplished on your own time. You may optionally change your starting location to the Court of Barnacles in the House of Days, with all the sundries that entails.

- **A Following Flame** [+400 CP] – Take this drawback, and you will be marked for pursuit by an unrelenting force. It will not rest nor cease, it cannot be destroyed and has no form. When you stay in any place overlong, it will eventually find you. A few small fires will be all the warning you receive before a great conflagration ignites around you. Even if you escape the blaze, the fire will scorch a great glyph of the Correspondence into the terrain, a word which will be the mission and substance of a Logos, a living wheel of flame, which will attempt to destroy you. You can always run. It's actually not that fast, and you can distract or trick your pursuer for a time. But you can never hide for long.

- **Amnesiac** [+400 CP] – Memories are flittering things, always striving to escape the mind that cages them. And yours have all flown the coop. You have no memories of your life or lives before this Jump. All you have is the history granted at the start of this Jump, or simple case of total amnesia. Truth be told, its not too uncommon to find men and women reduced to the latter state by some

horror or another found in the High Wilderness, so you'll be fine either way.

- **Unsanctioned** [+500 CP] – The powers and treasures you have claimed in your previous Jumps offend the Judgements, Captain. Such things smack of impudence, a lack of respect for one's station. As such, your powers are sealed, and access to your Cosmic Warehouse and other properties suspended. Only the skills you have acquired naturally, and the purchases you made in this Jump, will work for you. Except… if you manage to reach a place where the light of Judgements does not reach, you can use your other abilities in a weakened state, proportional to how far and how long you are away from the Judgements' gaze.

- **An Insufferable Doppelganger** [+600 CP] – You've acquired a rival of sorts, Captain. They look just like you, save with eyes colored purest Gant, and they have every power, ability, and skill you possess. Unfortunately for you, this individual seeks to oppose you in every conceivable way. That which you hide in shame they will flaunt. What you find hateful in the world they will nurture. Whatever you build up, they will endeavor to tear down. They'll spread jam and cream on their scones in the wrong order. They might even decide to kill you, eventually. If you don't entertain some other way. If you manage to kill them instead, they'll simply reappear in a mirror reflecting naught but darkness, and emerge to bedevil you in some other way. You're stuck with this state of affairs until the Jump is concluded.

- **A Muttering** [+800 CP] – In a forgotten and accursed stretch of sky, there is a place that men call the Muttering Well. This Well, like many of its kind, is meant as a prison. Its sole, nameless prisoner is truly mighty, and has managed to pull itself almost to the lip of the Well. It cannot escape, but it can whisper into the winds that whip about the well and sometimes escape its pull. Unwary skyfarers that listen to these whispers too intently become the slaves of the Mutterer. The prisoner's goal is escape, but it could only leave if its place was willingly taken by a traveler born in a place no other in this world has ever been. You are one of the very few entities that could satisfy this condition. If you free the Mutterer, your Chain will end with you in that Well. Forever. All you need to do is to not take its place. But you'll want to, Captain. Oh, how you'll want to. The Mutterer will build for you a perfect, immortal paradise at the bottom of its Well. Its agents will make your life outside a living hell. That which you love will be taken from you and thrown into the inescapable maw of the prison. Proofs you require will be delivered almost as soon as you think of them. And all the while, the wind will mutter threats and promises. Can you resist the temptation to simply give in?

❖Ambitions❖

Some Captains have very lofty goals indeed. Some of those below might entice. You may embark on as many Ambitions you choose to handle, and enjoy all rewards you earn. These are risky endeavors, to be sure. Failure will probably result in death, if you're lucky.

Win the Winchester War

The Winchester War is a grinding conflict over the future of the Reach between two unrelenting sides. The more organized of the two combatants is the Windward Company, referred to commonly as the Stovepipes thanks to the top hats in vogue amongst their upper echelons. The Windward Company is an

enterprise concerned with exploiting the massive resource potential of the Reach, in particular the bounty of Hours that can be mined here and sent to feed Albion's rapacious industrial and temporal demands. The Stovepipes enjoy Albion's support most visibly in the form of seconded dreadnaughts, giving them a powerful fleet to protect their convoys and impose their agenda.

On the other side are the Tacketies, so called for the hobnailed boots considered practical wear in the Reach's less-civilized territories. The Tacketies are a collection of miners, homesteaders, and other free spirits vaguely governed by the Colonial Assembly, a body dedicated to keeping the Reach independent of London. Their fleet is composed of swarms of small, rugged, and slightly Ill-maintained scout locomotives, the personal craft of supporters unwilling to stop at simple protest.

Locked in bitter stalemate, it seems that neither side is truly capable of destroying the other… or even of keeping their opposite numbers out of New Winchester for long! As the war drags on, new developments and innovations are rolled out in an attempt the resolve the conflict once and for all. First, London will reveal the advanced Monitor-class locomotive, an innovative surveillance platform ostensibly developed to combat the smuggling trade, but more than capable of rooting out hidden Tackety operations and sympathizers. In response, the Tacketies will quickly cobble together the Liberator, an oversized supply tender capable of employing its impressive fuel reserves as a weapon, superheating nearby craft until they detonate… or simply broil their crew alive.

Your objective here is simple: Resolve the Winchester War.

If you sign on with the Windward Company, you'll need to root out the Tacketies wherever they hide. Their Locomotives tend to travel in numbers for safety and strength, engaging them directly will be risky but rewarding. You'll need to educate the masses on the necessity of strong ties to Albion and its mighty industries, sometimes through propaganda, sometimes by display of force. Truly beating these rebellious successionists for good is impossible. But, if you can drive the independent prospectors and miners of Lustrum out and help the Stovepipes keep the peace in the Reach (and an effective monopoly on the Hours-trade), the Tackety spirit and strength will die down to a manageable level.

Should you choose to stand with the Tacketies and their Colonial Assembly, you'll find a long road ahead of you. Your war is fought over the hearts of the people as much as the territories of the Reach. The Stovepipes' fleet of loaned dreadnoughts boasts terrifying firepower, but they can't be everywhere at once. Her Majesty's government dearly wants the Reach and the vast resources it offers; the Windward Company will enjoy London's support until the bitter end, when Port Prosper and the Transit Relay to Albion are blockaded by a Tackety fleet. Then, London will be forced to treat with the Assembly on peaceable terms if it wants its precious Hours.

Then again, it isn't like there's a script to follow. Other powers have interests in the Reach, and you might convince one or more to make a play for dominance. You might want the Reach for yourself, carving out a kingdom of your very own. Perhaps a compromise of sorts can be reached? However you play it, victory will be momentous indeed, changing the course of history itself!

Your reward depends on the choices you make. You'll always enjoy a bounty of 400 LP worth of upgrades to your Locomotive earned or salvaged over the course of the fighting. The Windward Company will further upgrade your engine with a prototype monitor-turret. This assembly contains an array of lenses, membranes, and other equipment that can focus on a given target and derive a great

deal of information. You can eavesdrop on a whispered conversation when your engine is but a pinprick in the distance. The turret also sports a cannon that boasts only moderate damage, but surpassing range and accuracy. For when what you overhear displeases you. Engineers loyal to the Colonial Assembly will retrofit liberator pods to your Locomotive. While somewhat ugly, these massive holds will greatly improve your fuel capacity. Their true purpose is to feed the demands of the fire-belchers mounted broadside on your Locomotive. Short-ranged, but deadly to both engine and sky-beast. Neither of these upgrade rewards require a Module slot. Taking a third option won't net you special concessions from any allies, but the spoils of war amount to a further 200 LP for your locomotive.

Establish a Colony

Many Captains strive for a chapter in the history-books, but a few aspire to make a mark on the map itself. It's your ambition to lead a grand enterprise of hope and labor, to build another safe haven for humanity amongst the stars. Such a project is not without its difficulties, not the least being that the best spots are already taken! That being said, a clever Captain with eyes open to possibilities might find a few promising locations.

At the edge of the Traitor's Wood, an ancient Bronzewood tree towers above a grove of much younger saplings. Kensturn's Awl is large even for mature specimens of the species, and notable for its complete lack of branch or greenery. It is simply a massive, tapering tower of miraculously living wood. In New Winchester, an Audacious Woodworker pitches her plans for establishing a habitation on, and in, the Awl, but none have yet ventured to bankroll her.

In the wake of the Promised Days, London had been built anew in the sky. Thirty years of labor accomplished in a fraction of the time. The massive construction project left much detritus and many artifacts in its wake, corn husks and walnut shells. One such husk is the Midgely-Smythe Scaffold, a vaguely ribcage-shaped semi-mobile industrial architecture that supported multiple streets at a time as they were being built between more permanent foundations. As construction slowly wound down, the entire assembly was dragged a respectful distance away from the new city and left to rot in stately solitude, out of sight and mind. Licenses need to be acquired, deeds bought by hook or crook, and a great deal of refurbishment completed, but there is the possibility that the Scaffold might support streets on a more permanent basis.

An oppressive heavy darkness swaddles Eleuthera like a blanket, but the Eagle's Empyrean valiantly makes a stand against it, blazing light outward in defiance of the Liberation of Night. The artificial Xanthous Moon provides a steady illumination that can be seen across the region, despite the heavy cost required to keep it operational. The Eagle Khan entertains notions of expanding his domain, but his resources are already stretched to the limit. Earn his trust and you will be informed (through intermediaries, of course) of a certain well-lit patch of ground that the Empyrean has taken pains to keep concealed. Provided you are willing to foot the expenses, and accept the unstated presence of the Rose-Without-Thorns to ensure loyalty, the Khan would be overjoyed to allow you to build a new settlement in his Bright Shadow.

The Blue Kingdom, for the most part, is an efficient machine that processes the shades of the Dead and ensures that the worthy pass on to what awaits beyond Death's Door. That said, there are a few places that have been shuttered, sealed, or otherwise abandoned for some reason or another, and largely

ignored by the Blue Kingdom's vast bureaucracy. One such place is the Hollowed Castle, condemned long ago by the Sapphir'd king himself for some ancient sin, all claims formally relinquished by the Blue Kingdom, and forbidden to the Dead. Establishing a colony of the living in the kingdom of the Dead is audacious in the extreme, and would not only require facing off against the Logoi that watch over this place, but to somehow wrangle permission from the highest powers in the Blue Kingdom to suffer your settlement's continued presence.

A successful colony will require a massive outlay of resources, both at the initial groundbreaking and at intervals thereafter until the colony manages to become self-sufficient. Along the way, your loyal followers will encounter obstacles and setbacks they can't overcome with tenacity and manpower alone, which will require your intervention and a lot of effort to resolve before the colony can continue to develop. You'll also probably want to build yourself a fine estate worthy of the colony's founder and likely first ruler. Oh, and perhaps you'll provide a name as well, if the current one isn't to your liking.

Kensturn's Awl won't require you to transport many colonists yourself. Many can, and will, secure passage on their own. You can drop off crewmembers to help with construction, though, along with supplies of Bronzewood and Hours. While the Awl is essentially made of Bronzewood, the Audacious Woodworker is loath to damage the branchless tree too much lest she kill the foundation of the colony. The wood you provide can be grafted onto the trunk, and the hours used to promote new growth, providing tailor-made platforms and roads. Eventually, the Awl will come to resemble a proper tree. Your main task will be advertising the colony, informing potential settlers of its location and charms. You'll also have to decide what side your colony comes down on in the Winchester war, which will affect the character of the budding settlement and what kind of engines you see in the nearby sky. Your final challenge will be the outbreak of a mysterious and terrifying fungal disease. You'll have to rush to discover a cure before the colony is wiped out, along with the Woodworker and the Awl itself.

Locating inhabitants for the Midgely-Smythe Scaffold won't be difficult in the slightest. The teeming streets of nearby London will gladly provide all you could require. But first, you'll need to acquire the d__n thing. No less than three separate families have major stakes in the structure itself. Another party owns the region of sky it floats in and holds salvage rights to the abandoned construct, which will be invoked once word gets out that you intend to put the Scaffold to use. The Ministries will also become involved. You need to show you're not defacing a landmark of British history to the satisfaction of the Registry of Monuments. The Department of Habitation won't issue a license for construction until you can show the Scaffold is a safe foundation. You need to show many bodies that the affair will be sufficiently 'British', from the architecture of building plans to the pattern of cobblestone you plan to install on the streets to the horticultural demographics of any public garden you intend to plant. Oh, and you'll not want to skimp on repairs to the Scaffold itself. When all that's through, you'll need to moderate the flow of new potential citizens through policy decisions. The class of person attracted to the Scaffold will affect the character of the colony as a whole. Will the Scaffold become a vast rookery ridden with crime and pock-marked by factories, well-appointed estates stacked between the scaffold's ribs, or a balanced and thriving mini-metropolis? It might not matter, though, if you can't figure why people, structures, and whole streets at a time are getting vitrified, and how to stop it…

If you intend to settle the Bright Shadow, you must keep in mind your relation to the Khan at all times. The proximity of the Eagle's Empyrean allows you to call on the Khan for support, but it will cost you. Not just in resources, but influence. Rely too much on the Khan, and you will be gently forced out of the

colony you invested so much to build. Should the Khan feel shut out of his own Shadow, however, you might get forced out anyway, but much less gently. Your first objective is acquiring colonists. The Khan is happy with his subjects right where they are, but with a donation and enough kowtowing he'll allow some citizens to depart for the Bright Shadow. You can also acquire settlers from distant Albion. Long-boxes lined with a soporific fungus from Hybras will allow you to pack passengers onto your locomotive by the dozen. The specific mix of settlers will impact the architecture of the budding settlement, as well as the Khan's disposition. Another concern is lighting. The Xanthus Moon keeps away the worst of Elutheria's dark, but not nearly enough. Lanterns and torch-towers are a stopgap measure, and require a great deal of fuel. The Khan could be persuaded to loan you some technicians to set up a neon lighting system similar to the Empyrean's, but then again, you might be able to innovate something of your own. Finally, there's the problem of the Dousers. The Liberation of Night is more fractious than it seems, but one thing that unites its members in Elutheria is a shared hatred of the Xanthous Moon. When word gets out of the Empyrean's expansion, a fleet will start to gather with the objective of wiping the Bright Shadow back off the map. You can try to take care of it yourself, but you're working against a time limit and you are but one Captain. You could beg the Khan for help, it won't cost you anything but your standing in his court. Acquiring some mercenaries, or dealing with the situation another way, are avenues to consider. Maybe some pull with the Calendar Council might do some good?

A colony in the Hollowed Castle would stand as an insult to the Sapphir'd King and everything the Blue Kingdom stands for. The only real protection the settlement would have is, ironically enough, the pride of the Westernmost King himself. Better to feign disinterest in some upstart apes infesting a corner of his domain than to be seen taking interest in a territory he formally abandoned in full view of his peers. Truth be told, the King actually is completely disinterested in your little project here. It's the rest of the Blue Kingdom that takes offense on his behalf. Every house built, every settler delivered, every crumb of foreign food eaten in the Hollowed Castle raises the ire of the Blue Kingdom. Sky Barnet is of little help regardless of who controls it. Britain's ambassador can't risk a diplomatic incident, and the devils would only intimate that they have an interest in seeing you and yours stand on your own. Supplies will be held up in bureaucratic red tape, and you'll have to secure their release in some way or another. Logoi will harry Locomotive convoys simply because they Do. Not. Belong. in the Blue Kingdom. Shooting these wheels of fire down will only disable them for a time. The Philosophy of Culmination will work to worm its way into your colonists' psyche, ideas that run in opposition to notions of expansion and growth. Throngs of the Dead that can't or won't pass beyond Death's Door will silently petition to settle in the Hollowed Castle, and no matter how you handle the situation you're certain to anger some ranking official of the Blue Kingdom. You can ameliorate some of the difficulties you encounter by negotiating with various factors of the Blue Kingdom, but every concession you make will fundamentally change how your colonists live can never be rescinded. In the end, you'll have to come to an agreement with the Arbiter of Fates herself to allow your colony to continue to exist, who will not have much charity to offer those who run at cross purposes to her father in such a way.

Succeed in this Ambition, and you'll be able to bring your colony along into future Jumps. You may opt to change facets of the colony and the local history, the Locomotive platform being exchanged for a dock more suited to local vehicles, trading the surrounding skies for the sea, or other considerations to fit in to whatever setting your colony finds itself in. You'll always recognize faces from the last time you visited, and the monument your people erected to signify the colony's success will always bear your name as founder.

Surmount the Great Chain of Being

It's not uncommon to behold the Judgements and feel awe. They're veritable gods, timeless, immortal, and possessed of great power. What the Judgements decree comes to pass. They are the authors of Natural Law, they can suspend and change it with impunity. Even their servitors can bend and break the laws of physics and causality. It would be easy to worship such beings. Not you. You look upon the Judgements and feel envy. No, jealousy. You, too, should have such power, such majesty! But humanity is far, far below the Judgements on the Great Chain of Being, unable to even conceive of the rungs between themselves and the top. To endeavor to rise is amongst the greatest of sins. To you, the Great Chain is but an obstacle to overcome.

You will become fluent in the Correspondence and learn the Suns' secrets. You will be immolated in your folly. You will master the Shapeling Arts and the Red Science, and turn them upon your tools and your followers and yourself. You will destroy yourself in the process. You will seize a throne as a token of the Dominion you will impose. You will be broken by your ambition. You will forge a crown worthy to represent the Glory you emanate. You will be crushed by what you endeavor to bear. You will take up a scepter bound in and binding the Law you intend to uphold. You will be weighed by your own scales and found wanting. You will stand before the gaze of the Judgements, and declare who you are and what you have become. You will be instantly annihilated for your temerity. In the end, you will hold your own soul in your hands. Flensed and altered. Utterly ruined and completely perfect. You will ignite it, and swallow it. And you will become.

Success will gain you the grudging respect of your new peers, even if you are young and weak and still oh so very frail. You will gain the power of Light and Law. The two are one and the same. Your Law is the demarcation of what Is. Natural Law and Moral Law are yours to dictate. In the absence of your attention, notions of physics and ethics conform to your unstated desires. When you decide to take action, you can warp and rewrite reality as you please. You gain the power to shine your Light like a miniature star, and where your Light holds sway so too does you Law. Any light you can lay claim to is your Light, whether you produce it yourself, an item in your possession does so on your behalf, or a source of light is ritually dedicated to you by another party. At first, your Light will be very weak, only able to compete with other Judgements (or, in other settings, the natural cosmology) for a short distance. Time and training will both offer increases, but the more reliable source of growth is consuming souls. Take care, though. *You Are What You Eat.*

The End

- **Retire Gracefully** – Maybe you've collected enough to be satisfied with what you have for the rest of your days. Maybe you've seen everything you wish to see, and now desire a rest. Maybe the sky simply broke you. In the end, you count yourself lucky. Not every skyfarer manages to make it home one last time.

- **Thunder Across the Skies** – The vaults of Heaven stretch above and before you! Your legend grows long behind! How could you ever turn back, when there's still so much to see, so much to do?

Treasures to seize, plots to hatch… You'll make your home here, between the fading stars.

- **Continue Legacy** – Other adventures call, and you'll rise to meet them as you continue your JumpChain. There is a sky more sunless.

Notes:

Keen-eyed players of the computer game will notice that I omitted the scout and engine slots from the Locomotives. Since every Locomotive has one and exactly one of both, I felt that they could be omitted from mechanistic consideration. You can find relevant choices in Mr Menagerie's Offerings and Engine Modification, respectively.

The Glorious and Tenebrous Features won't make you or your companions crazy, and it won't negatively impact the performance of any crew you hire.

The Correspondence sigil you can buy has no special properties or purpose beyond what you as a player assign to it. It's just a souvenir. I like offering souvenirs.

The Crimson Promise will resolve any threat to your life that can be resolved with violence. There is, however, a point where applied force ceases to be recognizable as violence and becomes something else. At that point, other, more expensive 1-up effects will be necessary. The Promise will end a mutiny, conclusively, but if faced with a whole army it might just knock you out and spirit you away to safety.

The Verdant Garden does not come with Chorister Bees by default. Too much unnecessary lore baggage, so it comes with the OC masked bees. If you prefer the Choristers, you can take them and whatever they bring with them into new settings instead.

Full disclosure, the Forged Companion is something of a trap option. If you aren't familiar with the Forge of Souls from the game, forging a companion gets you something that just isn't quite right. You ask for a fighter, you'll get an officer that tries to solve all problems with his fists. You ask for a scholar, and you get an officer that sees your crew as experimental fodder. I give you the option to enlist more spirits of the forge to make your result more useful and less problematic, even appreciably more human if you want, but it'll be fairly resource-intensive in bribes and raw materials. Nothing in this world comes free.

In case the Ballad's hijacking of the document made it unclear what it offers, here's some clarifications. The story of your adventures will become a play, one that only you can parse for what it is. It gives a third-person perspective on events, giving you information about the past, present, and future. Finally, you gain a fair bit of plot armor thanks to your story now being invested in its own continuation, or failing that, not coming to an unsatisfactory conclusion. The Ballad's character is, of course, entirely dependent on the character of your story. In case it needs to be said, while the Ballad might become your story, it won't become the author.

The Yoked Drawback won't interfere with your ability to do other Blue Kingdom stuff. Either you can be given provisional secondary status, or use some other work-around or loop-hole. The Bureaucracy of the Blue Kingdom is *immense*, for every rule there are several exceptions… usually. Certain sequences of events in the game will cause the Blue Kingdom to realize you're not actually dead, and reclassify you as an Invisible. In the Jump, with this Drawback, such actions will instead earn you very harsh punishments and/or especially unpleasant tasks.

If you haven't guessed it, the Accountably Peckish Drawback makes you a complete, unapologetic, and ravenous cannibal. It's not a physical requirement, per se. You can eat normal things, if you have to, but what you want, what you crave, is the flesh of your fellows. Eating parts of other sentient beings would also do. ~*Ruuhbbery Luh-umps! Ruuuuhbbery Luuuh-umps!*~

The Following Flame Drawback isn't the Fire that Follows, despite the similarity. It lacks the release conditions that would get you off the hook from the real Fire that Follows. In the same vein, its purpose isn't to destroy you directly, but to harry you as a form of forced wanderlust. Doesn't that just make you feel all warm and tingly inside? And outside… better get moving!

Don't think that staying in Elutheria is a loophole in the Unsanctioned drawback. The Halved hasn't changed so much as he thinks he has.

If you've managed to get Gant-colored eyes, the Insufferable Doppelganger's will be instead colored a bright shade of Pelgin. Since you're so clever I'll let you figure out what that means.

If you're wondering what the hell is in the Muttering Well, some examples from the game might help. The Wells are wounds in space-time comparable to black holes in the cosmology of the High Wilderness. They are usually created as prisons for things the Judgements either cannot kill, or for whom death would be too kind a fate. The icy, howling depths of the Wells have been known to hold the bones of a sun, a bee that once ruled over devils, an undead play in one act, and a linked and unified mass of spiders large enough to hang webs between stars. What's in the Muttering Well? Something best left unspoken.

In Surmounting the Great Chain, you aren't limited to just the methodologies the Judgements can tolerate. Nor are you compelled to become a proper Judgement. In fact, it might even be easier to invoke powers that are not, or to become what you are in the dark. The rewards, no matter your course, are the same. Just like all tyrants.