

Save Us From This Perilous Void

New occupations, backgrounds, drives and saints.

Stars & Charts

A dozen discoveries on the open sea.

That Silent Howl

A raiding party finds more than treasure
on this deadly nautical incursion.



TROPHY

MIKE MARTENS

Save Us From This Perilous Void

The following are new options for seafaring treasure-hunters, whether venturing into *That Silent Howl* or stranded amid unforgiving dirt and flora in any other session of Trophy.

OCCUPATIONS

Captain (*skilled in commands, negotiation, sacrifice*)

Carpenter (*skilled in fortification, repair, tools*)

Cook (*skilled in food, inventory, poison*)

Deckhand (*skilled in orderliness, service, strength*)

Marine (*skilled in athletics, ropes, weaponry*)

Navigator (*skilled in charts, stars, weather*)

Salvager (*skilled in appraisal, dismantling, history*)

Surgeon (*skilled in amputation, anatomy, disease*)



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BACKGROUNDS

Accomplished Thief (*skilled in breaching*)

Complotting Broker (*skilled in lore*)

Estranged Heir (*skilled in valuables*)

Failed Pilgrim (*skilled in saints*)

Fleeing Refugee (*skilled in hiding*)

Injured Whaler (*skilled in hunting*)

Retired Admiral (*skilled in connections*)

Unexpected Automaton (*skilled in perseverance*)

DRIVES

Create life by your own design

Fund a voyage to the edge of the world

Get far, far away from the forest

Locate the Company's missing founder

Preserve the body of your dearest Vess

Procure weaponizable magics

Purchase your old crew's freedom

Return biological discoveries to the Academy

SAVE US FROM THIS PERILOUS VOID

Choose up to 3 of the following saints, which function similarly to Rituals. You've done dubious things in fealty to them, expecting some whisper from the heavens and often hearing only mute silence in return—increase your starting Ruin by 1 for each. The effect does seem delivered more faithfully when accompanied by intense foci: a hymn, flagellation, oblation, or the like.

SAINTS

St. Antonia the Living Elegy (*appear as the deceased*)

St. Barthus the Immolating Beacon (*engulf your body in flame*)

St. Exodias of the Leviathan (*draw forth a beast of the deep*)

St. Gliv of Night Travelers (*move untraceably through darkness*)

St. Rosslyn the Null Walker (*walk without gravity's pull*)







St. Torii of the Drowned (*breathe underwater*)









Stars & Charts

A dozen discoveries when delving into the navigation equipment of the flagship of the East Passage Company.

Stars: Telescopes and astrolabes might reveal the following.

-  The constellation of St. Gliv is missing its eyes, an omen of losing one's way at sea. Cling to this instrument if you want any hope of surviving this night.
 -  The distant planet Tandis has reached its culmination. Your homeland has strong superstition about this moment. What is it? Do you believe in it?
 -  The edge of the waning moon holds a red cast... It is "the thieves' glimmer," and wariness for the things one values is the only way to move forward.
 -  The final star in the constellation of St. Torii, has dipped below the horizon. Her followers believe she can only be called on when submerged.
 -  This device shows nothing. Even your naked eye sees more. Checking to determine if something is wrong, you find the name of the Company's missing founder etched in its side.
 -  Instead of the dark sky over the Salt Sea, you see the canopy of Kalduhr. It seems you can even feel the warm breeze and hear the shuffle of leaves, but when you remove your eye there is just the dead, windless cold of your current predicament.
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Charts: Maps and records might reveal the following.

-  The course of the Nicodemus is clearly marked, from the mouth of the Naveh River to your current location. The destination appears familiar to you: Why?
 -  A series of notes are tucked under the page you were examining. Many are in unfamiliar languages, but the one you can read ponders whether this voyage should be completed or if the Nicodemus should simply be scuttled with crew and cargo still on it.
 -  The document is covered in sketches of familiar creatures in strange form, as if drawn directly from a nightmare... Twisted, dark, ridged, and intensely contrasted, but somehow recognizable.
 -  You find a dedication signed by the admiral of the East Passage Company, Eloise Bourel. "Godspeed, you pale rider. You'll never want for reward again, so perhaps this is goodbye as well."
 -  A map is marked with annotations for countless locations, inventorying the quantity of coin and notable treasures obtained in each. Many are smeared and illegible, but one catches your eye, clear as day.
 -  Scrawled across the more rational data is a note in dried blood, "Speak our cargo. That muted visage calls."
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INCURSION

That Silent Howl

“The sea is nothing except the plane that severs the heights from the depths, a turbulent void which seeks us separated from our ships, from our crews, and from ourselves.”

– Admiral Eloise Bourel, East Passage Company

The boarding of the *Nicodemus* opened with a strong gale—smashing your raiding ship, the *Ribald Fowl*, into its prey—and ended with the singed clouds of battle suspended around the battered vessels, a crimson fog of sulphur in the falling sun. As if a harsh penance for targeting the most renowned of the East Passage Company’s merchant fleet, the wind died as the battle labored on. After the final howls of the gnarled crew of the *Nicodemus*, neither torn sails or the Salt Sea itself shows an inkling of life.

With the sun ceding its daily claim on the heavens, a horde of envious stars creeped forth—a milky slurry fermented with constellatory pacts. Beneath, like black glass, the untampered sea reflects its entirety with unfathomable precision, suspending in a seemingly infinite void the *Nicodemus* and the *Ribald Fowl*—hobbled and lashed together, their fates now intertwined.

The treasure-hunters have two aims on their minds: survey their loot and repair one or both ships.

THEME

Void

MOMENTS

- ◇ Another East Passage Company ship can be seen in the distance, its sails limp as it signals seeking a report on who won the earlier battle and promising aid (or recompense) once the wind returns.
- ◇ Bodies line the upper deck in rows like irrigated crops, and as you pass by, you notice the motion of larvae nibbling at open wounds.
- ◇ Staring overboard at the black water lapping against the vessel, you seem to see empty patches moving along the hull.
- ◇ A mangy-but-cute ship cat nuzzles up to your legs. It soon bursts open with a larva.

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- ◇ A powerful crack splits the air as a mast breaks and crashes onto the deck of its ship. Some are caught beneath its giant tattered sail.
- ◇ A severely injured crew member struggles with a larva hellbent on entering their mouth, ripping at and squeezing its body and spraying acidic bile across the deck.
- ◇ A dark patch of ink on a drenched map flows across the canvas, engulfing whole regions with its hue.
- ◇ The rolling landscape of flickering stars fills you with a deep dread of insignificance. This all seems infinitesimal, like a marginal illumination on a single page in a vast library.
- ◇ A soot-covered prisoner with a broken arm and leg lunges awkwardly from between storage crates, thrusting a dagger that demands attention with its beauty.
- ◇ A pack of adult creatures sit, unmoving, outside a hold like patient hounds, staring in with eyeless faces.
- ◇ A flock of migratory birds fly overhead. As they approach, they break formation into two wide lines avoiding entering the perimeter of the ships.
- ◇ The weakened floorboards of a store filled with coin collapse, pouring the treasure and anyone inside downward into a locked, half-flooded hold.
- ◇ A face you recognize stares out directly at you from inside the folds of the queen. It smiles and licks its lips.

CONDITIONS

- ◇ A maggot incubates inside your body. You feel it twist and turn, and fear what the others might do if they were to find out.
- ◇ Apart from reality, you believe you can smell a maggot incubating in a companion's body.
- ◇ You are convinced your companions are all secretly automatons.
- ◇ You no longer believe yourself to be a living being.
- ◇ The whispers of a lost companion persistently follow you.
- ◇ A drip of the creature's fluid has burned and cauterized a hole through your body.
- ◇ The sea calls like a siren, demanding you. You bind yourself to fixed objects to prevent a weak moment from claiming you.
- ◇ Sea water is all you can drink. Naturally, it never quenches.
- ◇ Your eyes are black as night. You see dark as light, and light as dark.
- ◇ You have no patience for prayers to the gods and saints, silencing any who call to them.

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- ◇ You seek to destroy all records of where you have come from, feeling it will free you from the burden of your history.
- ◇ Memory of your background only serves you when associated record of it can be referenced.
- ◇ You keep to shadow, dousing light wherever it prevents your sanctuary.
- ◇ You cover yourself in the blood of the slain to prevent your own tracking.
- ◇ You grow convinced the road to absolution means giving the spoils of the *Nicodemus* to the sea.
- ◇ A specific creature stalks you but will not harm you.
- ◇ The smell of bile overwhelms you with hallucinations of a long-passed time in your life.

THE CREATURE

NOTE: This information shouldn't necessarily be revealed to the treasure-hunters, but is provided to give GMs a better sense of the lifecycle and role of the creature.

The creatures found aboard the *Nicodemus* were developed through dark science amidst the crooked bark of Kalduhr—they exist as a tool precariously held in check, commissioned to end an unwinnable war down the Naveh River and far across the Salt Sea. They are pure predators, conjured and bred to wipe out entire species, quickly and with little discrimination.

The lifecycle of the creature begins in the form of six-inch **maggots**, seeping from the bile-filled egg sacs of a queen, entering the bodies of biological hosts as they sleep.

There, the creatures incubate, accumulating soul and flesh alike as they assemble an architecture for their adult hybrid form. This modeling provides them an innate sense of the pursuit and slaughter of the host species. Encoded for this hunt, the **larvae** then forcibly exit the host body, prepared to rapidly grow.

Over the course of hours, these spidery spawn expand into their inky black, fully developed **adult** forms, merging their own form with traits of their assigned prey. Their bones are a silvery metal, the only surface in their bodies that openly reflects light. Their bodily fluid is a thick, faintly pearlescent oil: on immediate exposure to air, it burns through most organic material, making the creatures a fatal threat even when harmed. Over time it thickens into a far-less acidic form, forming a sticky shimmering goo.

The **queen** represents the purest form of the creature, but fiercely seek singular rule. Once dominance is established, egg sacs begin developing across the queen's expanding body. Unintended by the creature's creators, subsequent generations of queens develop an appetite for the consciousness of their initial

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prey. Rather than digesting her provisions, a queen sustains segments of them as part of her body... Whatever minds her victims retain experience memories of the lineage while being largely overcome in a euphoria of empty endlessness. Their mouths may whisper, but they will not scream.

RING 1

TERRORS: The boarding party was a bloodbath for both sides, but a few prisoners have been taken on the *Nicodemus* and some badly injured crew tend their wounds on the *Fowl*. The *Fowl's* cook has absconded with exotic-looking provisions and concocted a bone broth stew. As dinner is served, the crew—in high spirits—rib each other over their sordid pasts.

One crew member responds to a treasure-hunter exaggeratedly—in coarse laughter or dazed aggression—before collapsing to the ground. A few moments later, in a seizure-like state, the unconscious crew member begins clawing in panic at the base of their rib cage. Whatever the treasure-hunters feel they are resolving, the following occurs. (Any rolled actions to aid the crew member should determine if and how the infliction inadvertently extends about the *Fowl*.)

Ivory spider legs pierce through the crew member's skin, tearing back into the victim's flesh in tandem with their own hands. After carving an opening, the legs invert outward, suspending a tankard-sized thorax. The creature makes shrill chirping noises and its body pulses—pained by rapid growth. It aggressively wants space and scurries quickly. A number are likely gestating in the bodies and corpses still occupying the ships.

TEMPTATIONS: In these initial moments, the treasure-hunters are ravenous and tired, having fought an arduous battle. The *Nicodemus's* holds have not yet been explored, but other crew members whisper about the hefty locks and volumes of inventories they caught glances of during the skirmish. The *Nicodemus* is also plainly superior to the *Fowl*, and if forced to choose between the two vessels, it'd clearly be an upgrade.

RING 2

TERRORS: Presaged by electric tendrils scabbling across the sky, a storm breaks the serenity of the void with sublime violence. Cold, salty waves rush knee-deep across the decks, and the severely hobbled *Ribald Fowl* smashes against the hull of the *Nicodemus* with each blow—threatening to drag both ships into the abyss. Every movement above deck threatens to claim the crew

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members. Meanwhile, below deck, structural wounds seep the sea's black brine into the ship.

TEMPTATIONS: The Company's complex navigational equipment scatters from the deck-level cabins and threatens to plunge into the void. Meanwhile, ornate and alluring rarities tumble about the decks of the *Nicodemus*, washing past treasure-hunters. The chaos of the maelstrom could provide a surreptitious chance to sweeten a treasure-hunter's share.

RING 3

TERRORS: The fodder of thunder drifts into the horizon as the seascape settles into equilibrium. The lingering chop of the water's surface dizzyingly scatters its celestial reflection, and the treasure-hunters' attention has turned to inventorying the ill-omened spoils of the *Nicodemus*. Although naturally disarrayed by the torrent, the hunters discover tools and relics conspicuously damaged, disassembled, and missing by unnatural means... A glint of self-reflection would be enough for a treasure-hunter to realize the storm provided plenty of opportunities for freelancing among the *Ribald Fowl's* crew-mates.

Any prisoners unattended during the storm have disappeared from their restraints—although the shredded remnants of at least one body suggest this was not a rapturous opportunity for them. Anyone still paying mind to the ship's seaworthiness would also notice holes burned cleanly through boards and beams. The hallmarks of sabotage are all here.

TEMPTATIONS: Among the disheveled objects were likely many of particular significance to the individual hunters. This is particularly clear in the volumes of inventory and annotated cartography once stuffed into desks in the officers' quarters.

RING 4

TERRORS: Separated among the holds of the *Nicodemus*, the treasure-hunters begin sensing something beyond their expectation is on the ship. Deck planks creak in unnatural ways, accompanied by sharp hisses and deep screeches. Acidic smells waft through corridors seemingly without source. Shadows shift unexpectedly.

An escaped prisoner crosses paths with at least one of the hunters, their arm severed and dripping profusely despite a makeshift tourniquet. As this Company member backs away in desperate fear, a heavy obsidian clump falls to the deck floor from the darkness above. It silently unfolds upright: a full-grown

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creature with a twisting predatory body that reflects only a few catches of light; silver teeth bare, dripping with thick, glassy liquid. A tail of segmented blades curls into the air before piercing the torso of the Company member in a whiplike motion. A pack of creatures have been prowling the decks, concealed in shadow, and now expose their positions, slaying challengers and herding the rest downward toward each other and the ship's lowest hold.

TEMPTATIONS: The *Nicodemus's* lowest ballast-level hold sits behind a perplexingly constructed vault door, an enormous, bulkhead-to-bulkhead, deck-to-deck, bulbously-carved face. Thick soot ropes stretch from between its lips to iron cleats around the space, tethering the gate shut. However, a fresh, heavy crack splits through the right side of the face, passing like a scar over a space where a polished ebony eye has been dislodged. That eye rolls along the floor planks with the pitch of the ship. The gap itself sits blankly dark... an unlit portal to this deepest compartment. Within its hollow stare, the hunters can feel a voice deep in their minds beckoning them through.

RING 5

TERRORS: The final hold practically suffocates with a warm musk. Sludgy tissue drapes and piles throughout the dark room. Although concealed in the void of light, the space is dominated by a hulking queen, sacs of eggs bubbling beneath patches of translucent flesh. She wants life and soul to feed her power, but cannot gather it for herself. A shrill mental reverb emanates from her massive, elegant skull... relieved only when someone approaches her maw, whether by their own will or through another's. This is not something that the hold's disembodied temptations would leave unrealized to the treasure-hunters.

TEMPTATIONS: Human faces protrude from the queen's folds, whispering memories of the forest and its horrible magicks. When engaged, they ask about the state of the stars, reflecting on the seeming eternity they have been part of the queen. Most promise peace, wisdom, and endlessness. One demands to be killed.

