



FELIX ISAACS

THE WILDSEA

SCENARIO

RED RIGHT HAND



People always focus on the dangers of crezzerin, as if the downsides outweigh the marvels it creates. And at first glance perhaps they do; the searing, the madness, the pain. For a sailor especially, a healthy fear is logical.

But there's so much more to it than that. It fuels the very seas we traverse, makes possible half the wonder of this post-verdant world.

Crezzerin is a fundamental force, no less important than gravity, or anchoring.

And, like all forces, it can be harnessed by those with the will and vision to fashion the right kind of chain.

Overview

A scratching from above, that could be claws on slate. Heavy breaths on the other side of a locked door. A guard's whistle cut short, replaced by a strangled cry.

These are the night-sounds of Nuskaro - the whispers of a city under siege.

The Clockface Council assure worried residents that they have everything in hand. The newly-enforced curfew is a common sense move, the well-armed hunters that usually patrol the surrounding grove spend their time watching from the rooftops, and the nightwatch are there on every street corner. There's no need for panic, they stress - all spits go through growing pains as the years pass, and everything is ultimately under control.

But the citizens know better. The danger grows with every passing sunset, and the time for faith in the powers that be has ended. Outside help is needed, even if its presence is in direct contravention of twenty local ordinances.

And that outside help is you.

Pre-Game Suggestions

Have players build their characters as Old Dogs (with 3 background choices, 6 aspects, 15 ranks to spend on skills and languages, 6 resources, 3 drives, and 3 mires).

There's a sample ship, **The King's Ransom**, that the crew can use if you don't have the time to make one as a group. If you do, however, we recommend the following options (these aren't necessary, but may come in particularly useful as the adventure unfolds)...

- 🦋 **A Bonesaw Troupe:** For a bit of extra healing when out on the waves.
- 🦋 **Firefly Lanterns, Luminous Blooms, or a Chemical Spotlight:** As the nights are dark, and full of danger.
- 🦋 **One or More Deck Weapons:** There are going to be some tough battles ahead.

Sample Unsettling Questions

Before the beginning of a Wildsea session, we recommend asking the group a small number of 'unsettling questions', focusing on what rumours or ideas the characters might have about their world. Perhaps some of the answers they give will turn out to be true - perhaps none will. *The important thing is to get the group into the right headspace for a creative, narrative-first game. You might ask...*

- 🦋 "You've heard rumours of Nuskaro, the port of closed doors. What rumours were they, exactly?"
- 🦋 "They say time is tired in Clocktower Grove. What does this mean?"
- 🦋 "Crezzerin corruption comes for all sailors eventually. How have you seen it manifest in your years on the waves?"

Adventure Framework

Red Right Hand is themed around horror, conspiracy, and social unrest, with a riot of secrets for crews to uncover as they explore. The main chunk of this book deals with the locations they'll have an opportunity to explore, and the rest of this column is given over to a quick overview of those locations; seven of them, colour-coded for convenience.

The Approach

An optional opening section. A good place for sailing, and for tying the scenario into an existing campaign.

Nuskaro Dockside

The only section of Nuskaro currently open to visitors. A good place for gathering information, learning about the night-time threat, and clashing with authorities.

Nuskaro Understreets

A series of tunnels cut into the reef below the city. A good place to pass through to enter the Inner Cog, to meet alchemists, and to converse with revolutionaries.

Nuskaro Inner Cog

The main city of Nuskaro, a maze of stalking fear and double-locked doors. A good place to scuffle with guards, hunters, and monstrosities.

Clocktower Grove

A thick section of tower-studded tangle. A good place to have a crew encounter spirits, pick up clues, and take in the sight of Nuskaro's past glories.

Hetterjin Tower

The largest clocktower of the region. A good place to delve deeper, both literally and metaphorically, and to challenge a mechanical gauntlet.

The Chimeric Laboratory

Seven's secret base of operations. A good place to have a dramatic confrontation, learn an uncomfortable truth, or accidentally release the Chimera.

Core Truths

In the tradition of Wildsea scenarios, **Red Right Hand** doesn't have a set story that the players have to follow. There are seeds, events, NPCs, and threats that all point toward a conclusion of some kind, but the narrative threads that the characters pick up and twine into their story are up to the players and Firefly to discover through the conversation.

With that said, there are five core truths that sit at the heart of this adventure. Introducing and reinforcing these truths will help keep characters on a useful path, even if it's one of their own making.

A City By Minutes

Basic Information: The Port of Nuskaro has always been an orderly place, but has recently become oppressive. The hunts and festivals that have acted as the port's cultural touchstones for over a hundred years have been halted by the Clockface Council, and ships that were once free to trade and roam are chained to their moorings. The entire area is essentially under quarantine, and visitors are either turned away or carefully watched.

The Big Reveal: There's an undercurrent of rebellion simmering among some sections of the populace, and locals were working their way up to an overthrow of the Council long before the start of the Quiet Siege.

The Quiet Siege

Basic Information: A predator of some kind moves through the Inner Cog, Nuskaro's main city, under the cover of darkness. Each night it strikes, killing or abducting the unwary. This circumstance has allowed the Council to enact emergency edicts, disrupting normal life and placing the defence of the city as a top priority. But the danger remains, and despite the Council's measures the attacks seem to be getting worse.

The Big Reveal: The 'siege' has been manufactured by the Clockface Council as a means of both exerting control and quashing the coming rebellion, and the overly restrictive rules on travel are to help hide this fact. The threat is real, but very much under their control... or so they think.

Revolution Waits

Basic Information: Daily life within Nuskaro is little changed, save for the air of low fear that permeates the place. But beneath the surface there's an undercurrent of simmering rebellion, a movement that has the support of many prominent figures – the Clockface Council might have toppled already, if members of this proto-revolutionary group didn't keep turning up dead.

The Big Reveal: The creatures roaming the streets are pinmanes, chimeric abominations created by Seven, one of the members of the Clockface Council. The beasts are targeting revolutionary elements within the city, guided to their prey by precise chemical markers.

Rituals Abandoned

Basic Information: The nightwatch are usually tasked with enforcing the Council's laws and pronouncements, but since the chaining of ships the city's ritual hunters have been drafted in to help them. The hunters feel they'd be better used tracking the nightly threat, but Council orders keep them watching important areas rather than actively seeking.

The Big Reveal: The ritual hunters are being hamstrung on purpose so that the pinmanes can do their anti-revolutionary work.

Clocktower Grove is Off-Limits

Basic Information: The grove surrounding the reef has traditionally been a place for displaying trophies from Nuskaro hunts, its timekeeping towers the site of multiple festivals throughout the year. With travel banned these sites are left to moulder, protected now by automated clockwork guardians created by the Council.

The Big Reveal: The beasts that stalk the city are created by Seven in an alchemical laboratory beneath Hetterjin Tower, one of the largest spits of the Grove. Seven works alone, using old hunting trophies and the bodies of captured dissidents to create the Council's populace-controlling threat, but unbeknownst to other Council member's he's also working on the Chimera, a terrifying monstrosity that only he can control. Once it's ready, he'll target the rest of the Council.

A NOTE ON DIFFICULTY

Red Right Hand is a complex and difficult scenario, designed for players who are pretty familiar with the world of the Wildsea. If this is your group's first time dipping in to the wonders of the rustling waves, we *heavily* advise starting with **One-Armed Scissor** (another pre-made scenario much like this one, but geared explicitly toward new players and fresh characters). The hazards in this book would be almost insurmountable for new players, relying on mastery of both the conceits of the setting and the actual mechanical systems at play within the rules.

Additionally, the pinmanes hunting through the streets of Nuskaro specifically target NPCs as part of the narrative, potentially reducing the number of friendly contacts the crew can make. Ultimately, **Red Right Hand** is a scenario crafted around an uphill battle.

A NOTE ON TIME

The Council's pronouncements and the Quiet Siege make Nuskaro a very different place by night. Each section of the city contains additional information on how to present it after the sun goes down. It *may* be worth measuring the passing of time in Nuskaro with a track of some kind, but it's not strictly necessary.

A NOTE ON TONE

The Wildsea's general tone is one of 'bright horror', where the terrors of the world are matched by equal wonders, and the awful things that might happen can always be survived... But this is not the tone of **Red Right Hand**.

Not by default, anyway. You can run the scenario however you like, but the pages within this book detail a likely narrative that delves into characters and NPCs confronting some uneasy revelations during play. It's themed toward a darker kind of horror, both social and psychological, specifically in the form of...

- ☞ Social unrest and rebellion
- ☞ Frankenstein-esque body horror
- ☞ Abduction, assassination, and overbearing authoritarian governance

**Novaj put little stock in rumour.
The waves were rarely calm, but
often lonely. The wordbearer's
curse - a life spent passing words
from hand to hand leaves the mouth
at risk of getting rusty.
Junctions were a salve, and not
just thanks to the drink - always
someone willing to talk there,
always whispers passing from
mouth to ear, from mind to mind.
Tales to spin. Rumours to chase.
And while Novaj put little stock
in rumour, that didn't mean she
couldn't bandy them back and forth
along with everyone else.
She'd first heard of Nuskaro from
junction chat, years ago. A port
cut into a reef of clocks, a brass
carbuncle that never stopped
ticking. Fanciful stories, likely less
than half true.
But the rumours had changed of
late. Fewer laughs. More worried
looks. A bad omen.
And this package wasn't going to
deliver itself.**

The Approach

The main approach to Nuskaro is an area of thrash much like any other, made intriguing only by the landmarks around it. Straight ahead is the port of Nuskaro, a shining beacon of reflective metal in the sunlight. No other ships seem to be coming to or from the port that are visible at this distance, but rising steam and some sort of oddly coloured smoke speaks to its habitation.

To the left and right of the approach stands an area more difficult to travel, a grove of red-coloured leaves and eerie, ancient clocktowers. Many of the structures lean drunkenly, obviously tangled in the wilds rather than anchored to the Under-Eaves deep below. Even more of them are adorned with hunting trophies, the bones and furs of great beasts pinned to their upper portions. They're museums, these towers, or grave sites, or immense trophy cabinets, or some mixture of the three.

And from all sides, and from beneath, the sound. More than the usual rustle of the wavetops - a soft ticking, a grinding of cog on cog, the clank of lacing gears still turning. The approach may be mostly free of it, but the surrounding waves brim with the detritus of an age where keeping precise time mattered - detritus that refuses to be still.

Describing The Approach

The approach itself is a reasonably typical area of the wider waves, a sea of olive leaves upon pale branches. It's the surroundings that make the approach interesting, the views of the foreboding Clocktower Grove and the first impressions of the port of Nuskaro as the crew draw closer. With this in mind...

- 👉 **Sights:** Nuskaro is easy to spot, sitting low to the waves but encompassing several pieces of architecture obviously based on or built around the towers evident in the surrounding grove. Brass rooftops and walls shine in the evening sun, and the skeletal forms of mechanical cranes dot the city. The grove to either side seems more dangerous, far rougher, than the more typical waves of the approach. Several of the trophy skeletons displayed are truly impressive in stature, but the towers are in a state of disrepair.
- 👉 **Sounds:** The tick of many clocks, out of sync with each other. The distant tolling of bells from deeper within the grove. The chirp of small animals, and the buzz of insects.
- 👉 **Smells:** Something chemical on the breeze when the wind blows from Nuskaro's direction.
- 👉 **Tastes:** Good old fashioned meats - both the approach and the surrounding grove are full of smaller beasts to hunt, and the areas below the thrash no doubt hide more delicious, dangerous morsels.

Early Story Threads

If you want to give the crew a running start at the oddities and potential threats of Nuskaro, you might...

- 👉 **Present them with disturbed spirits:** The spirits of the hunter's kills are anchored in Clocktower Grove, but may roam into the approach.
- 👉 **Highlight the lack of ship movement:** This should hammer home the fact that they're on their own once they get to the city - no other help is coming.
- 👉 **Introduce an early NPC:** You might dispel some mystery with a dissident or exiled ritual hunter, if your group isn't big on thorough investigation.

Moving Through The Approach

As the crew head toward Nuskaro, a short journey track can be used to give them a sense of progression. Three or four boxes should be enough - if they're lucky, they'll pick up an additional clue or two that might make their time in the city a little easier by using the Watch Results table to the right.

If you don't have time for a journey, it's not strictly necessary. As long as you've highlighted the existence of the Clocktower Grove and introduced the port, the approach has done its job.

Watch Results (Peace)

- 6: A cracked bell from one of the distant towers, holding a nest and a clutch of speckled eggs.
- 5: Chimes, which might well be on the hour.
- 4: The undercrew share a few stories they've heard of the ritual hunters.
- 3: The usual sound of the waves quiets for a few moments, allowing all to hear the ticking beneath.
- 2: A gust of wind from the direction of Nuskaro, bringing with it a chemical scent that makes the eyes water and the skin itch.
- 1: Howls in the distance, hidden by a bank of crimson leaves – something is definitely out there.

Watch Results (Order)

- 6: An abandoned hunting vessel, overgrown with moss and lichen.
- 5: A set of old furs left out to dry on a branch of the thrash – they seem to have been there for some time, and the owner isn't likely to collect them.
- 4: A piece of a clocktower, stone and brass unequally weathered by time.
- 3: A trading ship in the distance, heading away from Nuskaro through the waves of the approach.
- 2: The sound of a bell being hammered, again and again, echoing across the waves from a direction that's hard to discern.
- 1: The signs of an old hunt, dried blood on broken branches and tatters of what might once have been fine clothing.

Watch Results (Nature)

- 6: A spectral stag leaping over the ship, one of the untethered spirits of the nearby grove.
- 5: The skeleton of a great beast, missing the skull.
- 4: The quiet hiss of a nearby pinwolf.
- 3: A splash of white blossom on the wavetops, bright against the drab olive of the approach.
- 2: A sprig of red leaves, a branch that must originate in the nearby grove.
- 1: A bushel of acorns waiting to be collected – they're bitter unless boiled, but the undercrew have heard tales of delicious meals made with them.

Potential Starting Points

Given that **Red Right Hand** expects players and characters to have some experience of the wilds under their belts, we've given the rest of this page over to a few different ways a Firefly might want to start the scenario. Options 1 and 2 particularly suit if you're slotting the scenario into an existing campaign, option 3 for a more abrupt, into-the-action start that would be better suited to a one-shot style environment.

Option 1 - The Full Approach

Start the scenario using the information on page 6.

Getting to Nuskaro is essential for the plot to get started, but if you're using **Red Right Hand** as part of an existing campaign you're probably going to want to do a little more than just dump them on the dock. The opposite page details a small area of clearer thrash adjacent to Clocktower Grove (a later location that will be important to the plot), perfect for making a short journey through on the way to Port Nuskaro.

Benefits: Allows a slow tonal change as the characters draw closer to the city, making clear the oppressive atmosphere surrounding Nuskaro. A starting journey can help tie the location into an existing campaign. May interest the characters in the nearby Clocktower Grove, making it easier to set up a later shift in location once they've gathered information from the city.

Option 2 - An Open Investigation

Start the scenario using the information on page 6 or page 24.

The crew have heard something of the troubles Nuskaro is facing, and that's the exact reason they're heading there. They might have heard that the usually busy waves of Clocktower Grove are oddly empty of hunters, or been drawn into a conversation about cursed ports where a trader wanted to add Nuskaro to the list. They might even run into an outcast, an escapee from the port-city, who pleads with them to lend their aid if possible – or not to visit at all (because nothing gets some players more eager to do something than telling them that they can't).

Benefits: Gives the characters an initial hook into the core mystery of the scenario, the problems with Nuskaro and Clocktower Grove. This hook can easily be set out for the players in a prior session of a longer-running campaign, and allows a Firefly to start them off with a journey through the Approach on the previous page or through Clocktower Grove (page 24). Travelling through the grove as an introduction to Nuskaro may also push the ritual hunters to the fore, given how many of their trophies and triumphs are displayed within the area.

Option 3 - Boots On The Ground

Start the scenario using the information on page 8.

The game begins as the crew's ship pulls into port, only to be abruptly chained to its mooring post by members of the nightwatch (possibly headed up by Fortin, see page 10). The crew are immediately introduced to the Council's edicts, the rules they have to follow as they visit Nuskaro, and the presence of the nightwatch allows the separation between Dockside and Inner Cog to be made clear.

Benefits: If you want characters to get right into the action, or if you're playing **Red Right Hand** as a series of one-shots rather than as part of a campaign, starting the players off as they dock their ship in Nuskaro isn't the worst idea. This way you can skip the optional approach section and start off with some strong NPC-based conflict.

Nuskaro Dockside

Built onto a massive reef of cogs and gears salvaged from the nearby Clocktower Grove, Nuskaro is a warren of a port that's tough to navigate even by the light of day. Winding wooden streets snake between buildings of unpolished brass, stamped with murals that bring better days to mind.

With local industries focused on alchemical experimentation and scrap-trading, Nuskaro had a healthy stream of visitors from its earliest years – healthy enough that the very act of hunting quickly became more of a ritual than a necessity, a source of festival meats and hard-won bragging rights for those that chose to face the dangers of the waves.

But as the old wisdom states, no spit lasts forever. And, in Nuskaro's case, its decline has come long before its fall. Fewer ships arrive with cargoes of heirloom fruits and far-flung herbs, and there's less demand for the dwindling brass-and-clockwork resources once plentifully harvested from the surrounding waves. The port's ruling body, known as the Clockface Council, has tightened its grip on an uneasy populace; everyone knows that things used to be better, but complaints are met with a stony silence or even stonier prison walls.

Nuskaro is a split city, in two different ways; the first split is between the more welcoming dockside area, the understreets running through the reef, and the forbidden inner cog. The second split is between the relative safety of the day and the burgeoning dangers of the night. Because of this, Nuskaro is presented as three locations: Nuskaro Dockside, Nuskaro Understreets, and Nuskaro Inner Cog. Each has separate guidance for how to handle the location after dark.

When the Crew Arrive, You Might...

- 🦋 **Introduce** the concept of the split city, with Nuskaro having a dockside area, a set of understreets, and a walled interior known as the 'inner cog'. By Council decree, visitors must keep themselves to the dockside area, and no citizen is allowed out after dark.
- 🦋 **Make clear** that they're greeted with a mixture of relief and hostility – if they come with goods to trade they'll be welcomed by most locals, but Nuskaro is less used to outsiders than it once was.
- 🦋 **Confront** the crew with the sights and sounds of an unhappy citizenry, as arguments and petty squabbles abound.
- 🦋 **Relax** the characters by offering relief in the form of a friendlier NPC, who can lead them to one of the old junctions. Kagi Cray (pg 10) or Greenleg Quarl (pg 10) are good choices.
- 🦋 **Engage** them early with hints of a crime scene just beyond the closed-off streets to the inner cog, what seems to be a break-in ringed with belligerent guards.
- 🦋 **Challenge** the characters by having NPCs refuse to talk openly with them, casting eyes toward nearby uniforms.

Describing the Dockside

With so much of the action either taking place within or relating to Nuskaro, a strong first impression of the city is essential – starting with the dockside.

- 🦋 **Sights:** Cranes erected around the port's edges, empty claws swinging in the breeze. Docks crowded with ships, but empty of people. Trading notices, faded with time. Well-tailored clothes that have seen better days. Edicts from the council, printed on brass, riveted to signposts on every street corner.
- 🦋 **Sounds:** Quiet conversations on the main streets, and arguments in alleyways and from behind closed doors. The clank of manacles snapping shut. Nightwatch shouting for others to clear the way.
- 🦋 **Smells:** Metal and chemical smoke, the first from the dented walls and the second from multiple smokestacks emerging from the wooden streets.
- 🦋 **Tastes:** With the hunts stopped and the junctions mostly closed, Nuskaro doesn't have the plethora of flavours it once did. If the crew do manage to find food, boiled acorns and pale meat are local delicacies, especially when combined into fresh dumplings.

The Council's Rules

The Clockface Council have become more unforgiving of late. The residents of Nuskaro, and what few visitors are present, must abide by the following fundamental rules or risk ejection from the port (or time in the city's jail).

[All] Observe the Curfew: The streets of both Dockside and Inner Cog must be clear of citizens from dawn until dusk, and doors must be locked. Understreets exempt.

[All] Cease Hunting: All hunting ships are to be chained in port until further notice, and no ritual festivals are to be held. Ritual hunters are to report to the Council Buildings before sundown for night postings.

[All] Clocktower Grove is Off-Limits: Neither hunter, visitor, nor citizen may visit the Grove. Attempting to do so will lead to a stay in Yarrow Harg.

[Visitors] Stay to the Dockside: The Inner Cog is entirely off limits to visitors without a verified Council pass.

[Residents] Burden Not Outsiders: The current troubles are a problem for Nuskaro to solve, and cannot be shared.

Notable Dockside Places

Nuskaro is large, but the nightwatch will roughly block the characters from leaving the area immediately around the port if they attempt to head deeper. Luckily for the crew, the dockside still contains...

Meskivil's Cowl (Junction)

Essentials: A junction with a curved brass roof, drab on the outside but wonderfully decorated with dusty hunting trophies within.

Suggested Resources: [Sp] Leaftrack Biscuits, [Sp] Acorn-Flavoured Water, [Wh] Underground Sympathies, [Ch] Map of the Inner Cog

Points of Interest: Bones, teeth, and claws from impressive beasts, lovingly mounted above chemical fireplaces. A stained bartop. Empty casks with an alchemical scent to them. A secret hatch.

While it isn't the only junction open in the city, it's the only one within the section of streets designated as the visitor-accessible dockside. Falling into decline along with the rest of the port, it's still notable for being a point of warmth and friendliness among the generally oppressive atmosphere. *Engaging the locals after a few drinks might have them ask the crew for help, which will get them shushed by other patrons (or ushered down the secret hatch and into the Understreets, if the crew have made a good name for themselves).*

Red, Raw, and Dripping (Chop-Station)

Essentials: The last remaining chop-station with staff there to butcher.

Suggested Resources: [Sp] Rancid Offcuts, [Sp] Stagblood Ale, [Wh] Knives Too Clean

Points of Interest: A set of antlers adorning the signage, a counter scrubbed clean, cards spread on a nearby table, a menu of delicious looking cuts stashed in a corner.

RRD, as the locals call it, is the last bastion of butchery for Nuskaro, and a hangout for disaffected ritual hunters. It's run by Kagi, a gau as thick as she is tall, who will perk up from an almost vegetative state if the crew have a good specimen for her to chop into. *Several ritual hunters play cards in the corner, looking tired and irritable from long nights of tense boredom spent at rooftop postings.*

The Belt-Breaker (Food Stall)

Essentials: An acorn dumpling stall set up on the main path from the jetties to the Inner Cog, one of the few places that doesn't seem to have had a lull in trade.

Suggested Resources: [Sp] Acorn Dumplings, [Sp] Acorn Gin, [Sa] Brass Bowl, [Wh] Memories of Better Days

Points of Interest: Cooking apparatus connected to the understreet steam vents, a colourfully painted scrap-metal roof, tables and chairs crowding the street.

Everyone in the dockside eats at the Belt-Breaker from time to time, drawn as much by the air of familiarity and friendship as they are the admittedly delicious dumplings. The alchemical smell from the understreets is strong, but nobody seems to mind once they've got a bowl in front of them. *This is one of the few places that citizens, hunters, and nightwatch meet on equal terms. The proprietor brooks no political talk under her awnings, but it's still a good place to hear things meant for the ears of others.*

Tor Gu Hemarr (Ship)

Essentials: The pride of the ritual hunter fleet, bristling with weaponry capable of taking on a leviathan, currently chained to the city's main dock by order of the Council.

Suggested Resources: [Sp] Leviathan Bone Fragment, [Sa] Dusty Brass Trophy, [Wh] Grounded, [Ch] Map of Clocktower Grove

Points of Interest: Cannons and harpoon guns standing silently at the decksides, a large multi-chambered chemical engine partially exposed for quick repairs, gouges and bite marks on the outer hull that are highlighted with triumphant glyphs in Raka Spit.

The Tor Gu Hemarr isn't used to the docks, and even being near the thing gives one the sense that it would rather be at sea. It's a ship of brutal stories and narrow escapes, of sailors lost and prizes won. To keep it chained, as the Council's orders mandate, is an insult to its legacy. *The Tor Gu Hemarr is technically off limits to all until the threat to the city has passed, but ritual hunters still meet there in the early evenings before they head to the Council Buildings for their protective assignments, to gripe and moan and swap theories on the state of Clocktower Grove. The nightwatch know this, but don't intervene.*

The Lodge Complex (Lodge)

Essentials: The meeting place of the ritual hunters, uncomfortably quiet thanks to the cessation of the usual festivals and the chaining of ships.

Suggested Resources: [Sp] Impressive Bone Trophy, [Sa] Brass Blades, [Sa] Alchemical Vials, [Wh] The Waiting Chase, [Wh] Storied and Stymied

Points of Interest: Interior walls lined with hunting trophies and grand murals, exterior walls scrawled with graffiti calling the hunters cowards.

There's an eeriness to the lodge that wouldn't have been there a few months ago – it's full of quiet folk with covered faces, and even the most oblivious crew will be instantly cognizant of the oppressive atmosphere – if they're allowed through the door in the first place. The hunters are usually a boisterous lot, but current circumstances have brought them low. *The crew might even witness a fist fight, participants quickly pulled apart but barely chastised. If they are on good terms with the hunters, they'll find out that the many see their landlocked nature as a massive affront, and feel something is deeply wrong with Clocktower Grove being left unattended.*

Fear & Disappearances

Every morning seems to bring a new disappearance; an empty home, a burst shop-front, or the seals torn from a docked ship. Few will talk about it out in public, where they might risk being overheard by Council loyalists (who in truth are few and far between), but the signs are there for everyone to see.

Something stalks the night-time streets.

The nightwatch can't seem to stop it, and are left to investigate the scenes of carnage it leaves behind. The ritual hunters never seem to be in the right place to tackle it. The curfew keeps the streets clear, but doesn't keep people safe. The Clockface Council insist that everything is under control. And the attacks are getting worse.



Notable Dockside Locals

Most of the citizens stay within the Inner Cog, but a few important figures live or work around the docks...

Fortin D'Ghera (Nightwatch Captain)

Essentials: He/Him, elderly ardent, found patrolling the dockyards during the day or in the nightwatch tower, coordinating patrol movements, at night.

Specialties: Knowledge of the break-ins and disappearances, a memorized list of edicts.

Attitude: Businesslike and perfunctory in speech, with a hint of malice coming from frayed nerves, lack of sleep, and an impossible responsibility.

Appearance: Dressed in the same garb as the rest of the nightwatch, Fortin has almost nothing about him that would hint at the office he holds as their leader aside from his attitude.

Fortin's a council man, through and through, and will likely greet the crew as they dock to impress upon them the importance of following local edicts. But he's also a detective, an investigator, and though he's currently keeping it to himself, the pattern emerging in the attacks has shaken him to his core. *On his own, Fortin won't ever publicly make the connection between the attacks and the Clockface Council - he can't let himself believe in their betrayal of the city, and that may end up costing him his life.*

Kagi Cray (Chop-Station Owner)

Essentials: She/Her, middle-aged gau, found behind the counter at Red, Raw, and Dripping.

Specialties: Butchery and hunting lore, knowledge of the port's troubles, prefers speaking gaudimm or raka spit.

Attitude: Dismissive and sleepy unless presented with meat, wearily cheerful if you're in her good books.

Appearance: Thickset and pale, eyes positioned under an overhanging mushroom-cap.

Kagi's chop-station used to be the main hub of a bustling dock space, a place for visiting wildsailors and local hunters to mingle and trade. With the recent troubles and the ban on hunting it's decidedly quieter, as is Kagi herself. *But that quiet hides a fire - Kagi will happily connect the crew to revolutionary elements within the city if they earn her trust. She dislikes Fortin intensely.*

Zo Yiga (Ritual Hunter Navigator)

Essentials: She/Her, ketra, found in the docks staring out at the Tor Gu Hemarr, or in the Hunter's Lodge.

Specialties: Navigational knowledge, information on Clocktower Grove, the attitude of the ritual hunters, speculation on the nightly threat.

Attitude: Brisk and snappy when she's around other hunters, more mournful when in other company - she misses the wilds, the roll of the sea.

Appearance: An orange-bodied ketra that stands out among the port's denizens, with a large snake's skull that she's incorporated into her body changing her headshape into something darkly animalistic.

Zo Yiga has been the navigator of the Tor Gu Hemarr for years, and is an accomplished hunter in her own right, but this landlocked period wears on her. She's gathering intelligence on whatever it is that creeps through Nuskaro's night, but feels hampered by the Council's patrol postings. *Though she wouldn't call herself a revolutionary, the Council may have earmarked her as one. She hasn't drawn any solid conclusions yet on the nightly threat, but she has suspicions and theories.*

Greenleg Quarl (Weaponsmith)

Essentials: They/Them, young etkus, found at their The Belt-Breaker or Meskivil's Cowl.

Specialties: Spirits and weapons are their areas of official expertise, local gossip is their true power.

Attitude: Nervous, as if every word they spill might be a secret, but endearing and effusive nonetheless.

Appearance: Unusually willowy for an etkus, and barely taller than the average ardent, but possessed of a splendid mane of petals and a carefully pruned moustache of curling needles.

Locally famous for their initial voyage out into the waves being their last, Quarl has vowed never to leave port again. Unfortunately they're starting to think it might be safer out there. *Quarl used to forge and repair weapons for the ritual hunters, but hasn't had any work for months. Now they spend a lot of time in the Cowl, picking up (and spreading) gossip about anything and everything they can.*

Snapshots & Story Threads

Nuskaro's a big place, but there are only three topics that will come up consistently – the Council's recent changes to the law concerning hunts and curfew, the attacks and disappearances plaguing the port, and the stifled threat of rebellion. With that in mind...

If the crew begin to investigate the attacks: They'll need to get deeper into the city for evidence, but information from locals may suggest that the danger comes from the surrounding waves, potentially from Clocktower Grove. *Twists on related actions might send them to the Hunter's Lodge for more information on the grove and the ban on hunting, let them to gather clues about strange shapes seen at night, or uncover a way of accessing the inner cog.*

If the crew try to do things by the book: They won't get far, but they will learn a lot about the Council's rules. Enough that they might realise they're specifically designed to stop others from learning too much about the current threat, especially outsiders. This is a good way to introduce Fortin (page 10) or Twelve (page 18), neither of whom will help willingly (but both of whom have information). *Twists on related actions might identify that Twelve knows more than they're letting on, that the ritual hunters are almost ready to ignore the Council's patrol postings and engage in a full-scale hunt, or that there might be less legitimate but more fruitful paths to follow.*

If the crew make contact with rebellious sorts: They'll be urged to attend a meeting deep within the Understreets, at night, beneath the Inner Cog. This is a good place to meet Jaia (pg 14), or to let them know that the coming rebellion is predicated on the nightly threat being dealt with first. *Twists on related actions might have them gain a forged pass to the Inner Cog, get them alchemist disguises, or give them a contact within the ritual hunters.*

If the crew make trouble for the nightwatch: They might be engaged in a chase through the streets, banned from the port, or gain a sympathetic contact among nightwatch or rebellious citizenry. *Twists on related actions might have citizens come to their aid, or pursuing guards 'lose their trail by accident'.*

The Dockside By Night

As night falls, the streets of the dockside begin to empty. Stalls are packed up, what few visitors there are return to their ships or hole up in Meskivil's, and even the ritual hunters seem to disappear – called to the Inner Cog for protective rooftop postings. The only increase of activity comes from the nightwatch, who begin idly checking doors and warily patrolling the streets, always in groups of at least three.

Most of the night-time action available for the crew to experience takes place in the Understreets, or the alleys and rooftops of the Inner Cog. But, if the crew do venture outside at night while in the Dockside, they might end up a witnesses or participants in the following events...

A Sighting of Four (Atop the Wall Between Dockside and Inner Cog)

Essentials: A glimpse of authority; a member of the Clockface Council out after dark, heedless of the danger.

Points of Interest: Chime automatons flanking the figure, little to no sense of worry.

While all Council members are ironbound, and born from the same wreck, they're very different in attitude and appearance. This one stands silently atop a wall separating Dockside and Inner Cog, looking out over the waves, seeming almost to be lost in thought. *If Four catches sight of a character breaking curfew he may not even bother to alert the nightwatch – the crew don't know it, but he's about ready to give up on Nuskaro for good thanks to a dislike of the wider Council's plans.*

A Disturbance Only Heard (The Dockside Streets)

Essentials: The sound of nightwatch whistles and worried shouts from behind the Inner Cog walls.

Points of Interest: Dark figures leaving the Hunter's Lodge, leaping from rooftop to rooftop. Nightwatch patrols in the dockside retreating to their watchtowers and guardposts.

The crew may have learned about the Quiet Siege already – if not, they'll certainly hear about it the morning after this. *This might be the moment that the creatures attacking the city by night break into Pearl's, a location found within the Inner Cog and described on page 17.*

Lights on the Waves (The Dockside Docks)

Essentials: A brief glint from the distance – someone's sailing out there, under the cover of darkness.

Points of Interest: A ship surfacing far enough from the city that it can barely be seen, heading out and away from the port and towards Clocktower Grove.

With all ships in port chained and no unexpected departures, there's obviously another place somewhere within Nuskaro that can handle incoming and outgoing vessels. *This place, the Secret Jetties, is located within the Nuskaro Understreets and described on page 12. The ship is a Council vessel, the personal craft of Seven that he uses to shuttle supplies, test subjects, and dangerous creatures between his laboratory within Hetterjin Tower and the chambers beneath the Inner Cog.*

A Furtive Revolutionary (The Dockside Streets)

Essentials: The crew spot a figure climbing into one of the exhaust vents leading down to the inner reaches of the reef.

Points of Interest: A set of bars removed from the exhaust vent, a figure laden with protective robes and bulky breathing equipment.

Revolutionary meetings happen most nights somewhere down in the Understreets, and the crew might be able to either tag along or follow at a distance to learn more about the port's impending rebellion. *The figure may be known to the crew already – Kagi Cray is a good choice, given her distrust of the port-city's authority figures and local law enforcement.*

Accessing the Understreets

The crew may find another way to get to the Inner Cog, perhaps by muscling their way through a guard post or sneaking across rooftops, but they're more likely to be led to end up in the Understreets first. They might find their way to the Understreets by...

Forging Good Relationships With Contacts

Several of the pre-made NPCs in the Nuskaro Dockside might inform the crew about the Understreets, or even lead them there. Quarl will be happy to spread rumours about their existence, and Yiga might mention them as part of her research on the nightly threat. Kagi will lead the players directly to the Understreets if they show interest in helping the stalled revolution (possibly even directly to the Pipe Room). Fortin might also provide access to the Understreets by mistake if the crew cross him and end up in Yarrow Harg – though they'll have to escape first.

Exploring the Dockside Thoroughly

Even without NPC help, the Understreets are within reach of an inquisitive crew. Meskivil's Cowl contains a hatch leading to them, used by local revolutionary types. The alchemical vents dotted around the dockside also provide a direct path into the depths of the reef, though the journey will likely be a dangerous one for crewmembers that have no protection against bad air. There might even be a connecting tunnel from the Hunter's Lodge to the Alchemite Workshops, given the close working relationship the two groups had when the ritual hunts were a regular occurrence.

Realizing Ships Still Come And Go

If the crew are active during the Dockside at night, they may well see a Council crawler surfacing far from the port and making its way out toward Clocktower Grove. Knowing that it hasn't left from the main port area, it's not too huge a leap of logic for the crew to realize there must be a secret entrance fit for ships beneath the reef. This is probably the most dangerous way to enter the Understreets, wavewalking through the tangle on the underside of the city, but it will bring the crew directly to the Hidden Jetties.

Nuskaro Understreets

The reef Nuskaro is built upon has existed since long before the port's founding, an accretion of brass and stone rubble from the ruined clocktowers of the nearby grove. Though technically a spit, the reef provides an excellent foundation for the city above – and opportunity for those that aren't afraid to brave the choking darkness.

The tunnels and passageways cut through the reef are known as the Understreets, a network that spreads throughout the entire city. It serves as both sewer system and alchemical reserve, with large sections rendered completely uninhabitable thanks to the effluvia of pump stations and laboratories, and the hazardous gasses produced by both.

Still, there's life down in the darkness. Life, and industry; almost all workshops and research posts are carved out of the brassy ruin of the Understreets, and in recent years the nightwatch have also taken up some space there with the Council-mandated construction of Nuskaro's first prison, Yarrow Harg. Though difficult to navigate, the Understreets provide a wealth of secrets for an explorer.

When the Crew Arrive, You Might...

- ☞ **Challenge** them with immediate damage or injury, especially if they're unprepared for areas of bad air (see the Choking Hazard section below for more information).
- ☞ **Surprise** them with threats from the darkness. The nightwatch and ritual hunters stay clear of the Understreets, but areas near Yarrow Harg and the Hidden Jetties may well be patrolled and protected by Chime Automatons (page 36).
- ☞ **Intrigue** the crew with shapes and symbols carved into walls and pipelines, in a language that none of them know. These signs are actually revolutionary markings, leading those that know how to read them toward the Pipe Room.
- ☞ **Confuse** the crew a little in terms of time, especially if they have no way of keeping track of hours that pass. Day and night feel pretty similar in the Understreets, a stark contrast to the changes in the Dockside and Inner Cog, and characters might wander long past dusk if they're not keeping an eye on the clock.

Describing the Understreets

Whether the crew are there to meet rebels, searching for a way into the Inner Cog or simply exploring a space that's available to them, the Understreets feel quite different from the city above.

- ☞ **Sights:** Roughly-hewn corridors that snake back and forth. Cogwheels and brass plating. Jagged-edged rubble dripping with unknown fluids. Pitch dark areas, or corridors dimly lit by underfuelled alchemical lanterns. Pipes, some large enough for an ektus to stand in, others barely able to house a rat.
- ☞ **Sounds:** Dripping, hissing, and many, many echoes. The clank of an automaton on patrol. Distant shouts, of fear or fervour.
- ☞ **Smells:** Unknown chemicals and old brass, an unpleasantly insistent combination for those with olfactory capabilities.

Choking Hazard

A trip through the more habitable parts of the Understreets won't provide a crew with many problems, at least not from the environment itself. But moving away from the beaten track and into the lesser-used corridors is a gamble – workshops and laboratories channel their byproducts into the reef, creating areas of toxic or volatile gas that pose a very real hazard to the unprepared.

To challenge the crew as they explore, you might introduce areas of bad air (that can dull senses or cause lasting injuries if a character has no resistance), inflict light to medium Toxin or Acid damage (if a character comes into contact with an unknown liquid), or inflict mire skinned as hallucinatory visions or good old claustrophobia (thanks to the combination of darkness and mingling alchemical waste).

Notable Understreet Places

The understreets are a maze running the length and breadth of the reef, with most tunnels used for little more than chemical-venting. Among the labyrinthine darkness, the crew might stumble across...

The Alchemite Workshops (Laboratories)

Essentials: A sprawling mass of workshops and laboratories dug into the wreckage the city rests upon.

Suggested Resources: [Sp] Beast Extract, [Sp] Ground Feathers, [Sp] Concentrated Crezzerin, [Sa] Newly-Blown Glassware, [Wh] Three In The Pot

Points of Interest: Racks of flasks and barrels, laboratories full of bubbling chemicals, protective leathers hanging on hooks, steaming bowls set into the flooring, caution signs in multiple languages.

Residents have always complained about the noxious scents emanating from the understreets, but it's hard to stand in the way of progress. The workshops are hotbeds of alchemical research, continually pumping unusual gasses up through vents and into the city above. *Most of these channels lead to the outskirts of the reef, near the Dockside, but some spear up through the streets and buildings of the Inner Cog. They are barred, but unguarded.*

Yarrow Harg (Prison)

Essentials: A recently constructed prison complex cut into the wreckage of the reef, beneath the city streets.

Suggested Resources: [Sp] Nibbled Leaftack, [Wh] In For The Long Haul, [Ch] Redacted Prisoner List

Points of Interest: Airlock-style doors, cells with walls of reinforced wreckage, manned watchposts.

Though there are entrances to Yarrow Harg from both the Dockside and Inner Cog, the majority of of the prison complex shares space with the Understreets. Most cells are occupied by proto-revolutionary prisoners, everything from dockers to hunters, traders to nightwatch, individuals that wouldn't toe the increasingly restrictive Council line. *Yarrow Harg might feel imposing, but it's been constructed hastily and has multiple weakpoints that might be exploited for a prison break - the walls between cells, the airlocks to the city, perhaps even the jailers themselves...*

The Pipe Room (Meeting Place)

Essentials: A large space filled with pipes and sewer-grates, a hidden hub of revolutionary activity.

Suggested Resources: [Sp] Sewer Slime, [Wh] The Fire Still Burning, [Ch] Poorly-Printed Handbill

Points of Interest: Disused printing press, scattered chairs, makeshift podium, locked gates.

Every network needs a centre. The pipe room is a central exchange for the fluids and gasses running beneath the city, a tangle of vents, channels, tunnels, and - as you might expect - pipes. It's poorly lit and confusing to navigate, but the would-be revolutionaries from the city above have made it their own not thanks to aesthetics, but location. The pipe room can be found by following cryptic marking scratched into walls and doorways throughout the Understreets, but heavy sets of brass gates have been installed at every entrance for security. Finding the place is only the first step to getting inside. *Though breaking through the gates is possible, the crew will have an easier time of it if they connect with Nuskaro's revolutionary elements and get invited to a meeting.*

The Hidden Jetties (Warehouse/Dock)

Essentials: A secret location within a restricted area of the Understreets, built directly beneath the Inner Cog Council Buildings.

Suggested Resources: [Sp] Crezzerin Vials, [Sa] Torn Clothing, [Ca] Crates of Glassware

Points of Interest: Clockwork guards, tunnels through the reef, a spider-like ship being loaded with supplies.

The Council have plans that necessitate the movement of alchemical supplies, and having vessels leave from the dockside with the ship-chaining edict in place would be incitement to a riot. Instead, the council members use the Hidden Jetties - a set of tunnels and warehouses carved directly into the reef, connected to both the understreets and the lower chambers of the council buildings above. Council ships only leave this place under the cover of night, with minimal running lights. The ships themselves are of an unusual arachnidesque design, a bespoke creation of Three. *Though the crew likely won't know it when they first find them, it's these ships that transport the pinmanes to the city each night.*

The Coming Rebellion

Nuskaro hovers on a knife-edge of rebellion, but until the crew start talking to locals away from the prying eyes of the nightwatch, it might be difficult to understand why. If they investigate, they'll find that...

- ☞ The curfew seems more likely to be aimed at preventing secretive meetings than keeping the people safe.
- ☞ The port is low on food, especially meat, with the ritual hunters reallocated to defence of the port's streets.
- ☞ The Council's rules are oppressive, disliked almost equally by those that suffer them and those that enforce them.
- ☞ The nightwatch are at breaking point, and the number of citizens imprisoned within Yarrow Harg is growing.

The people of Nuskaro are willing to rise up, but the disappearances and curfew are keeping pockets of resistance scared and scattered - they need a unifying figure to rally behind, and a solid reason. Gathering proof of the Council's involvement is paramount. This might be done by...

- ☞ Collecting information on the Council's requests of the alchemists, especially around chemical markers.
- ☞ Proving that the Council can still come and go as they please from their secret jetties beneath the reef.
- ☞ Finding solid proof of Seven's plans, either in the creation of the pinmanes or the yet-to-be-completed chimera.
- ☞ Providing evidence that the Council are deliberately posting ritual hunters far away from each attack site.
- ☞ Finding evidence that prisoners from Yarrow Harg have been shipped out to Seven's laboratory in the grove.
- ☞ Establishing the truth of the pattern behind the attacks, or potential revolutionaries and troublemakers.

"I'm sure I recognize that pipe, you know. The one with the cloth tied around it in the shape of a gull. I think we passed it a couple of hours ago."

Novaj wasn't used to travelling with other people, but Nuskaro had turned out to be the kind of place where friends were worth their weight in salvage. Between the red-coats checking passes and the hunters snarling out from under their masks, she'd gotten the distinct impression that someone to watch her back was far from the worst idea.

And while she traditionally didn't care much for rumours, she'd started to believe the ones they spread here. Of the Quiet Siege, and the coming rebellion.

She'd deliver this damn package, like she promised, and then get as far away from here as possible.

Notable Understreet People

There's an atmosphere of secrecy that persists in the Understreets, even if the crew somehow find themselves there with permission from the Council, the nightwatch, or the revolutionaries – no matter who gave them access, other groups won't be happy to run into strangers without warning.

Luckily for the crew, the Understreets are also sparsely populated. But if they do seek out a bit of sociability while exploring, they might find...

Jaia Kembridge (Ex-Nightwatch Revolutionary)

Essentials: She/Her, elderly ardent, found in or on her way to the Pipe Room to discuss rebellious plans.

Specialties: Information on the nightwatch, unfounded suspicions of the Council's behaviour, brawling.

Attitude: Imperious and difficult to approach.

Appearance: Grey hair and simple dark clothes, designed not to stand out among the rest of the citizens.

Jaia was a member of the nightwatch once, and a high-ranking one at that. She quit – or was thrown out – months ago, as the Council started issuing harsher and harsher edicts, and expecting the nightwatch to impose them on innocent citizens. She doesn't give out trust easily, but if the crew can earn her respect they'll find a staunch ally that can stand up for herself in a fight. They'll also discover that she's a potential revolutionary leader; while she doesn't know *exactly* what's been happening, or why, she can certainly tell that something in Nuskaro is rotten. And change, as far as she can see, is the best way forward. *Jaia may keep a low profile, but she's on the Council's radar as someone that might cause trouble for them. She suspect's the Council's involvement in the nightly threat in some way, but has no hard proof – and won't act without it. Even though she's no longer a member of the nightwatch, Jaia puts a lot of stock in hard, conclusive proofs.*

William Dao (Alchemist)

Essentials: He/Him, mothryn, found working in the Alchemite Workshops or trying to relax at either the Cowl or the Belt-Breaker.

Specialties: Alchemical research.

Attitude: Almost blissfully unaware of the current threat.

Appearance: Drab brown fur and burnt wing-stubs, mostly hidden underneath a heavy leather smock.

Dao has been an alchemist for Nuskaro through several repupations, and can't really remember a time when things were better than they are now. His area of expertise is chemical tracing, but he has no idea that his own research has been turned against the city by the Council – and nor does anyone else, yet. *Dao doesn't care for politics, or much outside of his work, but he's happy to share his alchemical knowledge with anyone that asks. He might help the crew, either on purpose or by mistake, but if he does he will have unwittingly signed his own death warrant.*

Three (Clockface Councillor)

Essentials: She/Her, ironbound, found overseeing a transfer of cargo at the Hidden Jetties or frustratedly discussing chemical tracing with alchemists in one of the Understreet workshops.

Specialties: Engineering and mechanical salvaging, a smattering of alchemical know-how, the identities of revolutionary elements.

Attitude: Harsh and direct, almost painfully so.

Appearance: A smooth brass exterior protecting a core of engine parts and drifting soul-stuff.

Three is rarely found in the company of anyone outside of the Council, preferring to spend her time tinkering with the chime automatons she created many years ago. Currently she's aiding Seven in his pinmane plan, but feels that the 'Quiet Siege' is wholly unnecessary – if given the chance, she'd crush the coming rebellion with clockwork might. *Though Three is closely aligned with Seven in terms of goals, she has no idea that she'll be one of the intended victims of the Chimera if it's set loose.*

Snapshots & Story Threads

There are secrets hidden in the darkness of the Understreets, for both the revolutionaries and the Council. With that in mind...

If the crew are investigating the Council: Then they'll likely be looking for the Hidden Jetties. Their location, beneath the Council Buildings of the Inner Cog, is difficult to find, but a character might be able to track one of the chime automatons back there after a scuffle with revolutionaries. *Twists on related actions allow them access to a chime automaton's punchcard programming, invite a dialogue with Three, or have them witness the loading or unloading of alchemical supplies, prisoners, or pinmanes at the Hidden Jetties.*

If the crew are engaging with revolutionary types: The gates of the Pipe Room will open for them, and as outsiders they'll be greeted with a mixture of suspicion and hope. *Twists on related actions might identify Jaia as a potential leader of the revolution, gain them inside information on the nightwatch, or give them a forged pass to enter the Inner Cog through official channels.*

If the crew find an alchemite workshop: The alchemists working within these places are employed and directed by the Council, but they have no idea about the truth of the Quiet Siege or the pinmanes. *Twists on related actions might have them gain dangerous chemicals to use as weapons, be inoculated temporarily against the toxic effluvia of the Understreets, or discern some truths about chemical markers and alchemical revivification that the overworked alchemists are too myopic to work out on their own.*

If the crew are accompanied by Kagi Cray or William Dao: The experience of exploring the Understreets will be a far less dangerous one, with their local knowledge letting the characters avoid the most hazardous areas. *Twists on related actions might let them see things without being seen themselves, learn about quick routes through the Understreets that connect various buildings in the Dockside and Inner Cog, or have their NPC friend abducted by the chime automatons (or even targeted by the pinmane).*

The Understreets By Night

The Understreets are dark and dangerous no matter the time of day, but there are certain events that will only play out after the sun goes down and the alchemists working there head for the safety of their homesteads above. If they explore the understreets by night, characters might get involved in the following events...

The Revolutionary Meeting (Held in the Pipe Room)

Essentials: A gathering of those unhappy not only with the threat to the city not being dealt with, but with the Council's draconian new laws and their dismissive attitude toward official challenges.

Points of Interest: A large group of traders and dockworkers, a decently-sized collection of alchemists, a scattering of nightwatch looking uncomfortable, a couple of near-silent ritual hunters who everyone else stays clear of.

If the crew attend the revolutionary meeting held in the Pipe Room, they'll quickly become privy to large amount of information that would never get talked about during the day, or out in the open. *They may even be specifically charged with investigating the murders and disappearances behind the backs of the nightwatch or, if they've already done that, with tracking the killer back to its lair outside of the city with the aid of dissident ritual hunters.*

A Clash of Chimes (Anywhere in the Understreets)

Essentials: Though the nightwatch and ritual hunters avoid the harsh environments of the Understreets, Three's chime automatons can travel them in safety thanks to their entirely mechanical design. She uses this to her advantage, and is slowly attempting to root out revolutionaries using the hollows within the reef for their meetings.

Points of Interest: A skirmish between a couple of travelling revolutionaries and a chime automaton, or a chase through the tunnels as automatons attempt to capture dissident types.

Chime automatons are only following their punchcard programming, but they're following it to the letter. The crew might become embroiled in a skirmish with the machines, especially if they've been identified as potential troublemakers by the Council. *Automatons don't aim to kill their victims, but rather to restrain and transport them to Yarrow Harg for questioning.*

Ships In The Night (The Hidden Jetties)

Essentials: Something the crew were never meant to see, supplies being sent out under cover of night from the depths of the Understreets.

Points of Interest: Three, and maybe even Seven, overseeing the transfer of supplies. A spider-like ship.

If the crew don't encounter the pinmane in the depths, this is a good stand-in – a glimpse of conspiracy, alchemical supplies being shipped out in the direction of Clocktower Grove without the knowledge of the citizens. *Seven might be one of the Clockface Councillors in attendance, and him leaving with the supplies is a good spur for crews to track the ship to the off-limits grove where he does his research. The ship can also carry prisoners from Yarrow Harg; maybe even a captured friend.*

"They all came from that wreck, you know. The Council did, I mean. The Fervent, it was called back then, but they didn't take that name for themselves."

Olling nodded thoughtfully, looking out at the Council Buildings from his rooftop perch. He knew the history of it, in the broad strokes - a hunter's vessel run aground on the reef, the crew becoming the first citizens of Nuskaro and the ship re-piecing itself into their protectors. How those protectors came to be rulers was something that had been lost to history, he supposed. Or perhaps purposefully obscured.

Nuskaro Inner Cog

The wall that separates the Inner Cog from the Dockside is made of enormous overlapping gears, meshed together to create the impression (from the outside, at least) that the city's inner reaches are a vast, impossible machine.

Those impressions are only half wrong.

The Inner Cog is a maze of streets built onto the uppermost portion of the reef, multi-floored buildings towering over shadowed alleys and turned throughout the day by creaking mechanisms likely salvaged from the grove. There are no maps to help outsiders; the best way to learn the ways of the Inner Cog are to walk them, for year after year, until a kind of instinct guides your steps. Unfortunately, the crew don't have that kind of time.

When the Crew Arrive, You Might...

- ☞ **Impress** upon them that without a local guide or a very firm sense of direction, they're going to get horribly lost.
- ☞ **Aid** them by providing help from the citizens of Nuskaro. They won't all be thrilled to see outsiders within the Cog, but those that remember better days should be willing to give good directions, or even lead the crew to a location they need to visit (possibly for a nominal fee paid in exotic specimens).
- ☞ **Compare** the Inner Cog to the Understreets - both locations are difficult to navigate, but in different ways. The Understreets were made mazelike by darkness, emptiness, and dead ends; in the Inner Cog, every street is a confusing mass of faded signs, busy people, and clanging brass, and some change orientation throughout the day.

Describing the Inner Cog

The city changes as the crew move out of the 'visitor approved' areas, and not for the better.

- ☞ **Sights:** The Council's edicts are still visible on most street corners, but some are defaced or covered in revolutionary slogans. Many clocktower pieces are still active, and some buildings revolve slowly or are intersected by turning cogs sticking out of the reef. The wood-plank streets are worn, and moth lanterns hang from chains running from rooftop to rooftop.
- ☞ **Sounds:** An off-kilter ticking, as of many broken clocks. Shouts from people that the crew shouldn't be here. The occasional nightwatch whistle.
- ☞ **Smells:** Away from the dockside there are fewer exhaust vents leading to the understreets, so the chemical smell lessens. It's replaced by an undertone of sweat and oil.
- ☞ **Feeling:** Danger. Traveling through the Inner Cog, even with a valid permit, feels like a risk - the populace are scared and frustrated, even openly hostile at points.

Accessing The Inner Cog

Getting deeper into the city is essential if the crew want to investigate the break-ins and disappearances, attend revolutionary meetings, or attempt to meet with the Council. Crews might try to enter...

- ☞ **Through a Checkpoint:** Nightwatch checkpoints are set up between the Dockside and Inner Cog, manned at all hours. A distraction would probably be more efficient than a full-scale fight, but both are possible.
- ☞ **Through the Exhaust Vents:** The Understreets run throughout the reef - entering through one of the exhaust vents in the Dockside will gain the crew access to a network of tunnels that can give access to the Inner Cog.
- ☞ **(Pseudo) Legitimately:** A signed pass from one of the Council will allow crew to wander anywhere they like. Twelve *might* give one of these passes as a show of good faith, but they rarely leave the Inner Cog. A forgery would be easier to get hold of.
- ☞ **Across the Rooftops:** The nightwatch patrols keep to the streets, so the rooftops might seem like a perfect alternative... if the crew can deal with the ritual hunters spoiling for a fight.

Notable Inner Cog Places

If the crew manage to bargain or sneak their way into the city proper, they'll probably come across...

Nightwatch Tower (Central Guardpost)

Essentials: Staffed by noticeably tired guards still hours from the end of their punishing shifts, walls made of polished metal and reshaped gears.

Suggested Resources: [Sa] Brass Manacles, [Sa] Broken Truncheon, [Ch] Notes on Recent Disappearances

Points of Interest: Angry prisoner awaiting transfer, small holding cell, open weapon rack.

The red-coated city guards, known as the nightwatch, are on edge - they're following orders they don't quite understand, and quashing rumours that they themselves likely believe. *The nightwatch may be unhappy, but they have a job to do. If members of the nightwatch find the crew within the Inner Cog they'll ask, or force, them to leave, with the minimum of politeness. Conversing with the nightwatch from a more authoritative position, such as with credentials allowing access (whether real or forged) is a great way to get additional information on the threat to the city, or the basics of the Clockface Council. A prisoner might also give these details, though that will likely require distracting the guards.*

Pearl's Succour (Site of a Recent Break-In)

Essentials: A jewelry store with a smashed front window, the site of a recent break-in by the nightly threat.

Suggested Resources: [Sa] Scattered Jewelry, [Sa] Ritual Sickles, [Sp] Coating of Spores, [Wh] Closing Down Sale

Points of Interest: Blood-spattered displays, nightwatch cordon-tape, broken window, gouged planks.

Pearl, the owner of this establishment, is missing. Judging from the amount of blood she's presumed dead, yet another victim of the Quiet Siege. But she obviously didn't go without a fight - Pearl was a ritual hunter before she retired from the seafaring life and entered a more sedate trade, and one of her sickles remains embedded in the floor. *Exploring the scene should help the crew learn about the pinmane's form, spores, and chemical trace targeting. Digging into Pearl's background will uncover that she was unhappy with the Council, and had potentially quietly allied with revolutionaries.*

The Council Buildings (Complex & Wreck)

Essentials: A set of walls and towers built up around a large shipwreck, held in the air by several cranes - this ship is the central point of Nuskaro, and the vessel the Clockface Council were hewn from.

Suggested Resources: [Sp] Alchemite Vials, [Sa] Carved Bone, [Ch] Fervent Chart, [Ch] List of Future Edicts

Points of Interest: The hanging wreck, old leviathaneer deck weapons, empty audience chambers.

The Council Buildings are imposing, in a scrappy sort of way. The interlocking gears and broken clockfaces that make up the exterior walls are supported by large pillars of yellowing bone, their lower sections painted with slogans of support (and derision) for the council within. There are no windows on the lower floors, and the single massive cog that acts as a barrier to the entrance can only be opened from the inside. Visitors aren't allowed any deeper than the outer chambers, and even locals are barred from drawing close to the wreck of the Fervent that hangs at the centre; the birthplace of the Clockface Council. *The Council Buildings look like they've been made to withstand a serious assault, and given the current mood of the populace this was probably a sensible bit of forward planning.*

Ithek V (Restaurant)

Essentials: The most exclusive eatery in the Inner Cog, a restaurant with the dining floor at the top of a crane that hangs over the city. Has a good view of the Fervent.

Suggested Resources: [Sp] Spirit-Meat Roast, [Sp] Councillor's Wine, [Wh] Luxury Amid The Fall

Points of Interest: Amberglass windows with impressive views, tables reserved for Council members, staff dressed immaculately despite the city's troubles.

While Ithek V is a beautiful establishment, it's who dines there that makes it special. Almost every member of the Clockface Council visits Ithek V throughout the average week, a tradition that the recent troubles hasn't seemed to interrupt. *Seven, Five, and Nine are the only ones that are never seen inside Ithek V, though each for different reasons.*

The Clockface Councillors

The presence and impact of the Clockface Council will become more apparent if the crew spend time aiding revolutionary elements within the city. How many you include in the story depends on how much the table wants delve into the political side of the scenario.

One: Born from the Fervent's broken mast, a towering figure with a booming voice.

Two: Born from the galley, a ribald sort that rarely leaves the Council Buildings and enjoys a good game of chance.

Three: Born from the engine room, Three was the original designer of the Clocktower Guardians. Her own form resembles theirs to a certain extent, a mass of piping and limbs with a smooth outer casing of brass from the towers wrapped around her like armour.

Four: Born from the wooden decking, a sombre figure who rarely speaks (even to their own kin). Four is at breaking point, and hates the schemes the other Council members have signed off on.

Five: Born from one of the great leviathaneer harpoon emplacements, Five hasn't been seen in the city since long before the troubles at night began.

Six: Born from the butchery station, rarely ever seen outside the company of Two.

Seven: Born from the Fervent's alchemical workshop, Seven's ambitions far outstrip those of his peers. *There's more information on a potential encounter with Seven on page 37.*

Eight: Born from the cargo hold, a hollow individual with a quiet but stern demeanour.

Nine: Born from the crew quarters, Nine was the 'favourite Councillor' for many years. Like Five, Nine has been absent from public life for some time.

Ten: Born from the captain's cabin, a mysterious recluse.

Eleven: Born from the mast's torn sails, Eleven glides the port's skies at night, silently observing.

Twelve: Born from leftover wood, coaxed into being by the other eleven. The youngest Councillor, and the one most likely to walk the streets of Nuskaro without guard.

Snapshots & Story Threads

A wander through the streets of the Inner Cog by daylight poses more than a few problems, but equal opportunities.

If the crew get lost: They can always ask for directions, or hire a local guide... during the day, at least. *Twists on related actions may have a guide point out locations they might have missed, or share Inner Cog gossip, or have a chime automaton offer wordless directions.*

If the crew investigate the Quiet Siege: They might fall foul of the nightwatch assigned to the task, depending on their attitude. They'll also likely start to gather clues as to the nature of the pinmane, especially if they've faced either pinwolves or a lion's mane in their previous time at sea. *Twists on related actions might have them gain evidence that those targeted were potential rebels, be able to track its departure in the direction of Clocktower Grove, or discover the chemical marker used to direct the pinmane.*

If the crew are apprehended: They'll be sent to Yarrow Harg for the night (leaving them unable to explore the night-time streets of the Inner Cog, or stop the upcoming pinmane attack). *Twists on related actions might have them gain information from nightwatch jailors or other prisoners, or discover one of the faults within the prison's structure.*

If the crew make no progress investigating: Then you can help them get on the right track by introducing Tkerica, who's trying to work out why alchemical supplies are being sent out of the city on the Council's orders. *Twists may reveal a link to the creation and distribution of the chemical marker, or allow the crew to establish a document trail connecting the Council to something nefarious, or at least secretive.*

If the crew confront a member of the Clockface Council openly: Then they'll be playing their hand early, and it might come back to bite them. They may even be chemically marked by a nearby chime automaton (even if they're not aware of it) and thus hunted by the pinmane next time night falls. *Twists may reveal that the Councillor confronted knows more than they're willing to say, or the method of delivery for the chemical marker.*

Notable Inner Cog Locals

The streets of the Inner Cog empty far before the curfew begins. During the day, crews might run into...

Twelve (Clockface Councillor)

Essentials: He/They, ironbound, found outside of the Council Buildings or conversing with Nuskaro citizens.

Specialties: Public relations, alchemical experimentation (focused on healing), the partial plans of the Council.

Attitude: Suspiciously kind, even when confronted.

Appearance: Elegant design made of re-carved wreck stuff, with fine fabrics incorporated into the whole.

Some people are such smooth talkers that you can't help but trust them, and others are such smooth talkers that you can't trust them an inch. Twelve is the second kind – the youngest Clockface Councillor, created from the same wreck that spawned the rest specifically to put a kinder face on their rule in trying times. Twelve is only a couple of months old in real terms, but certainly acts as if wise beyond their years (though they're missing some critical information). *Twelve knows enough about the Council's plans not to worry overly about the night-time danger, though of course they won't admit to that. What they don't know is anything about further experimentation, the danger they're in, or Seven's work on the Chimera.*

Tkerica Chetozin (Council Understudy)

Essentials: They/Them, tzelicrae silkskin, found inside the Council Buildings or in the Alchemite Workshops.

Specialties: Filing and organization, material direction and maintenance logging, definitely not subterfuge.

Attitude: Meticulous, anxious, easily startled.

Appearance: A winner of the lottery of skin, Tkerica keeps the spiders that make up their body inside an ektus suit, leathery cactus-pads bristling with trimmed spines.

Nuskaro may seem quiet now given the troubles it's facing, but in its heyday it was a vibrant festival-port. Chetozin managed the flow of chemical goods to hunters and researchers, and now they have a lot more free time they're on the trail of some numbers that just don't add up. *They have no idea that the corruption they're trying to investigate is connected to the pinmane, Seven's chimera, or the wider plans of the Council.*

Valyr (Staff)

Essentials: She/Her, mothryn, found working within the heights of Ithek V or using chemicals to score the walls of the Inner Cog with revolutionary graffiti.

Specialties: Balancing plates, revolutionary art.

Attitude: Enthusiastic and fiery.

Appearance: Well-brushed fur and gleaming eyes, a smart set of clothes appropriate for serving Councillors.

Valyr is waiting for her moment. By night she steals down to the Understreets to attend meetings in the Pipe Room, or avoids nightwatch patrols while leaving signs and slogans in her wake. Her day job was in earnest once, but now she despises those that she serves. *Valyr will help the crew out without question if they show themselves to be for the people of Nuskaro, and against the Council. Little does she know, she may have already been marked as a potential pinmane target.*

Ham Hasteriok (Imprisoned Ritual Hunter)

Essentials: He/Him, ardent, found in the nightwatch tower awaiting transport to Yarrow Harg.

Specialties: Beast hunting, combat-based alchemy.

Attitude: Sullen and weary of the world, until freed.

Appearance: Ham may have more scars than skin at this point, a veteran hunter with a long wispy beard.

Imprisoned for abandoning his rooftop post and attempting to hunt down the beasts that siege the city by night. Ham cares little for revolution or societal change, but he'll support both if it means he can hunt again. *Ham is as straightforward as they come, a hunter stopped from doing what he does best and itching to get out there and finish the job. The crew may not know this, but Ham can make it clear – the ritual hunters are nearing breaking point when it comes to the Council's directives to protect key areas, rather than end the reign of terror that whatever stalks their streets has brought.*

Notable Inner Cog Events

Most plot-critical events within the port city of Nuskaro happen after dark, but the Inner Cog is busy enough – and residents so on edge – that the clear light of day brings little relief from tensions. As they travel the Inner Cog by day, the crew might come across...

An Open-Air Demonstration (Outside the Council Buildings)

Essentials: Citizens gather to criticize the Council's inability to deal with the Quiet Siege.

Points of Interest: Revolutionaries moving through the crowd, fanning the metaphorical flames. Nightwatch exchanging worried glances. Ritual hunters watching on, unwilling to step in on either side. The shapes of Councillors at a window, made indistinct by frosted amberglass.

After another night and another death, or at least disappearance, tensions in the Inner Cog are higher than ever. The nightwatch can barely contain the crowd formed around the entrance to the Council Building, which remains resolutely shut. *Who knows what might happen if it were to unexpectedly open?*

An Investigation In Progress (Pearl's Succour)

Essentials: A nightwatch cordon surrounding a broken shopfront.

Points of Interest: Tired nightwatch investigating, smears of blood, gouges in the wooden planks of the street outside.

The nightwatch don't have enough information to make any connections here... but maybe the crew do. *Identifying the nature of the Quiet Siege may help get ritual hunters on the crew's side, and the nightwatch could use all the help they can get (even if it's unofficial).*

Marked for Death (Anywhere)

Essentials: A chime automaton passes close to the crew, sealing their fate with a puff of difficult-to-detect chemicals.

Points of Interest: A slight mist to the air, a brief break in stride.

The Council are using chime automatons to mark potential revolutionaries as targets for the pinmane, using public demonstrations as an opportunity to essentially assassinate with a time-delay. *Revealing this is happening, with solid evidence, will send the Council into hiding and likely begin a revolution.*



A dead letter.

Her very first.

**Novaj felt her fists clench, spines
shredding the waxen paper she'd
been carrying so carefully,
and for so long.**

**Not every letter ends up delivered.
Not every parcel gets to be opened.
Some missives never reach
their target.**

**But to miss a delivery by mere
moments - to arrive on the scene
while the would-be recipient's
blood was still pooling?**

**This wasn't the cruelty of the
wilds she'd sailed for so long.**

This was something worse.

The Inner Cog By Night

The combination of curfew and marauding beasts has a massive impact on the atmosphere of the Inner Cog after the sun goes down. By day it's busy to the point of bursting, but as shadows lengthen it becomes a labyrinthine ghost town stalked by unnamed terrors, both threats that the crew may well have to face alone.

As Night Falls...

- ☞ **Change the mode of play**, from the usual set of scenes and montages to a landbound journey - the table on the right helps with what the crew might encounter as they explore the darkening streets.
- ☞ **Set two tracks**, one **Investigation** track for the Siege (if the crew are interested in attempting to solve this) or the streets as a whole (if they prefer to wander), and one **Risk** track. When the risk track fills, the pinmane will attack the city once more.
- ☞ **Make clear** the change in tone of the city as night falls, with the streets emptying and the citizens barricading themselves in their homes. Even the nightwatch mostly stay within their checkpoints, and the ritual hunters keep to the rooftops.
- ☞ **Give an opportunity** for the crew to investigate a now-unguarded crime scene if they wish, likely the one mentioned on page 17 (Pearl's Succour).
- ☞ **Challenge** the characters to avoid nightwatch and ritual hunters as they move through the streets.
- ☞ **Aid** the crew with a local guide if they've forged a good enough friendship with one of the Nuskaro citizens. This guide helps navigate the night-time streets, and might also make a perfect target for the next pinmane attack. This will allow the crew to get a good look at the creature, and perhaps to fight or even slay it if they come prepared.

Exploring By Night

This is a good time to use the optional **Landbound Journey** rules in the core book, page 203. They allow crews to use journey mechanics without the ship, with one character **Setting the Pace** and another **Scouting Ahead**. Usually these rules also allow for **Making Camp**, but given the limited time available this might well be replaced by ducking into a side street or shop front to take a quick montage. If you're using these rules, the table below replaces the usual **Watch Results** table...

Scouting Results (Peace)

- 6: A silent but well-lit boulevard.
- 5: A figure breaking curfew, likely one of the Nuskaro revolutionaries heading to a meeting.
- 4: A crossroads with an empty guard post.
- 3: Low voices from behind a nearby barricaded door.
- 2: A tin-roofed bridge over a ticking clockwork river.
- 1: A maze of litter-choked streets, unlit by lamps.

Scouting Results (Order)

- 6: An overturned cart, complete with spilled produce.
- 5: An unlocked shopfront, perfect for resting in.
- 4: The sound of nightwatch whistles in the distance.
- 3: A nightwatch patrol, two figures moving hastily as they cast glances over their shoulders.
- 2: A nearby rooftop with a silhouetted hunter.
- 1: A nightwatch outpost, bathing the surrounding streets with light from its lanterns.

Scouting Results (Nature)

- 6: Alley cats washing themselves, eyes glistening.
- 5: Deep scratches in the wooden street.
- 4: A small garden surrounded by half-buried cogs.
- 3: A coughing, rattling howl from somewhere else in the city, setting nerves on edge.
- 2: The sounds of the pinmane in a nearby street.
- 1: The pinmane, leaping overhead in a blur.

Snapshots & Story Threads

A landbound journey through the darkened streets of the Inner Cog will give the crew a variety of opportunities and information to capitalize on in the coming day.

If the crew find resources: They might grab [Sp] Boiled Acorns, [Sp] Nuskaro Grapes, [Sa] A Derisive Pamphlet, [Sa] A Set of Printed Edicts, [Sa] A Broken Vial, [Wh] Under Cover of Night, [Wh] Something Wicked. *Twists might add the Heirloom tag to found resources.*

If the crew encounter the ritual hunters: They might be in for a tough but probably non-lethal fight, as the younger and less restrained hunters are looking to blow off steam. Other hunters might simply acknowledge their presence but pay them no mind - the crew aren't a threat to the city as far as they know, so why would they care? *Twists on related actions might have the crew gain access to some ritual draughts (see page 35), or even have them directed to the a revolutionary meeting in the Pipe Room (page 13).*

If the crew encounter the pinmane: They're going to have a deadly combat thrust upon them, especially if they try to stop the creature from getting to its intended target or if they've been chemically marked. The pinmane entry is found on page 39, and depending on the combat capabilities of the crew it may help to have ritual hunters or nightwatch come to their aid. *Twists on related actions might have the pinmane confused by an alchemist or char's own scent, revealing something about the chemical marker used by the Council, or have the beast give a lead toward the direction it enters the city from as it tries to flee. The pinmane will fight viciously to kill its intended target, but it's not mindless - it will retreat when extremely injured.*

If the crew never enter the Inner Cog: A night spent in the Dockside might help, and may grant them a revolutionary ally or directions to a meeting.

Notable Inner Cog Events

The city by night is the setting for several key events, which the crew might attend on purpose, stumble on to, or be told about after the fact if they miss them entirely.

The Murder of a Friend (The Wooden Streets of the Inner Cog)

Essentials: Safety is at a premium in Nuskaro, and there's no better way to hammer that home than to have one of the NPCs that the crew have already met become the next victim of the pinmane.

Points of Interest: Signs of a chase or a struggle, the body of a friend, a nightwatch cordon (if the crew only discover this tragedy the next day).

The murder might happen entirely offscreen, or right in front of the crew as they explore. It might even be an event they're involved in, a confrontation with the pinmane that has a negative outcome even if they eventually 'win'. *Almost any NPC they've met with revolutionary sympathies is a good target. Depending on the timing and the other information they've gathered, this may cement in the crew's minds that the pinmane is being controlled in some way to attack those that threaten the Council.*

Breaking Point (The Wooden Streets of the Inner Cog)

Essentials: If the crew have been engaging with the ritual hunters, and especially if they've met and freed Ham Hasteriok (page 18), this might be the night that the hunters ignore their Council-approved rooftop postings and descend to the streets eager to identify, track, and hopefully kill or capture the pinmane.

Points of Interest: Swift shapes leaping from rooftop to rooftop, blurring figures stepping through walls, hunting cries with an edge of alchemical madness to them.

Everyone has a breaking point. Cursed at for being cowards by the scared citizens and hamstrung by the Council's edicts, the ritual hunters are no longer prepared to give up their way of life. This exodus from rooftop to street level may even bring them in conflict with the nightwatch, but most guards are scared and tired enough that they won't even attempt to arrest or detain them. *Even if the crew haven't met or freed Ham, this event might still occur if they're not engaged with the revolutionaries. It can also be useful to have take place if the crew take on the pinmane but find themselves hopelessly outmatched.*

Ending the Siege (The Wooden Streets of the Inner Cog)

Essentials: The crew have a chance to strike at the pinmane as it enters the Inner Cog for its nightly task.

Points of Interest: Cloud of spores, a ravenous beast, the overwhelming smell of preservative chemicals and crezzerin.

If the crew have gathered enough information about the nature of the Quiet Siege and the existence of the pinmane (or pinmanes, if you're ramping up the difficulty), they might be able to hunt it down themselves. If they understand the chemical marker it's using to find its prey, they may even be able to snare and capture it. *Citizens won't come to the crew's aid as they fight, but members of the nightwatch or ritual hunters might, if the situation is right.*

Hett felt her temper rising, her cheeks hot despite the cool mists surrounding the ship.

The charts they'd been gifted were... inscrutable. More a set of recorded boasts than a true navigational aid, the stories of great hunts written in a crabbed hand that told her everything about the history of the area, but next to nothing about how to sail it.

And to make things worse, her crewmates kept looking over at her.

Encouragingly.

Clocktower Grove

A stand of ironroofs that surrounds most of the Nuskaro reef, wreathed in mist that definitely wasn't there a few days ago. Clocktower Grove may technically be off-limits to the citizens of Nuskaro now, but historically it was both salvage site and hunting ground; it's quiet now, but the trophy-covered clocktowers and half-disassembled ships speak of a bustling past. *Even though the grove is a dangerous place, as a Firefly you should make a point of lightening the tone slightly. Being away from the oppressive atmosphere of Nuskaro for the first time in a few days might even heal a mark or two of mire on each member of the crew.*

Describing Clocktower Grove

The grove isn't huge, but even the thrash is complex and multi-layered, full of wreckage to avoid and towers to attempt to navigate by. It's far from an easy place to sail, even for an experienced crew. *If the crew travelled through the optional location, The Nuskaro Approach, they've already had a small taste of Clocktower Grove from a distance. A Firefly could draw from the descriptions and oddities that were noticed in that initial journey, contrasting the crew's first impressions with the newly-appeared mists, and the fact that they know there's more to the area than meets the eye.*

- 👁 **Sights:** Red leaves on pale branches, an autumnal morass. Spirits bright in the underthrash gloom, flitting to and fro under the ship. Towers standing awkwardly. Trophies hanging, the bloody fruit of decades of ritualized hunts.
- 👁 **Sounds:** The comforting sound of the ship's engine. The tick and click of clockwork all around, louder sometimes than the rustle of the leaves. Bells chiming in a variety of tones. Sighs of relief from the undercrew.
- 👁 **Smells:** The waves of the grove smell like old blood and triumphs forgotten... this is a place that should be more travelled than it is. Even away from the city, the smells of alchemical smoke and hot steam are heavy on the breeze.

Watch Results (Peace)

- 6: A break in the mists, allowing a better view of nearby waves and half-toppled clocktowers.
- 5: The branches around the ship are tangled with cogs and gears, mechanisms reclaimed by the wilds.
- 4: The undercrew start up a tree shanty, trying to distract themselves from the ceaseless ticking with more noise.
- 3: A distant glow resolves itself into a pack of spiritual beasts scampering through the thrash.
- 2: A bell tolls far too close, an unexpected warning that there's a tower ruin below the ship's path.
- 1: The mists intensify, and sailors can barely see from one side of the deck to the other.

Watch Results (Order)

- 6: A chime automaton watches the ship as it passes, clinging to the side of tower, but doesn't make a move.
- 5: A smaller reef of scrap and cogwheels, much like those that make up Nuskaro's reef foundation.
- 4: One of the undercrew fishes out some still-turning clockwork from a nearby snarl of vines.
- 3: A cracked bell, bigger than the ship, looms in the mists ahead.
- 2: A ruined hunter's ship, lit from within by a spirit-based glow.
- 1: A spider-like vessel smashes up against the hull, disgorging chime automatons stamped with the Council mark.

Watch Results (Nature)

- 6: A pack of spectral wolves clamber over the ship, ignoring the crew. The mists lift in their wake.
- 5: An ektus corpse in ritual hunter gear, more husk now than anything else, slumped into a crook of branches.
- 4: A stout branch spearing up from deeper in the wilds, draping a curtain of red leaves ahead of the ship's path.
- 3: A chime automaton's form among the branches, torn open and used as a nest by small, fierce-looking birds.
- 2: A tree trunk strung with multiple sets of antlers – a smaller shrine, outside of the towers?
- 1: A strengthening spectral glow from beneath, the signal that something leviathan-sized hunts nearby.

Escaping Nuskaro

If the crew's ship was chained to port alongside the ritual hunter vessels on their arrival, leaving might not be as simple as setting sail. A confrontation with the nightwatch, or a public argument with Twelve, can both be a good scene to leave the city with... As can the beginning of an uprising, if the crew convince Jaia (page 14) that the Council are definitely involved.

Snapshots & Story Threads

If the crew manage to make it out into Clocktower Grove, they'll find dangers and answers in equal amounts hidden within the rolling mists.

If the crew find resources: They might grab [Sp] Pallid Acorns, [Sp] Spectral Beast Meat, [Sa] Ancient Clock Parts, [Sa] Confusing Gears, [Wh] Something Lurking, [Wh] Shapes in the Mist, [Ch] An Old Ritual History. *Twists might add the Pre-V or Heirloom tag to resources.*

If the crew have a guide: They'll find navigating the dense waves of the grove far easier, especially if their guide is a local ritual hunter like Zo Yiga (page 10). This might manifest as reduced threat on watch rolls or the removal of mist-based penalties. *Twists on related actions might allow their guide to point out a tower that's been altered somehow, or an approaching spirit or automaton.*

If the crew left Nuskaro without permission: They won't be pursued by the nightwatch, but they will have trouble getting back into port if they need to. *Twists on related actions might have them identified to the Council as rebellious sorts, chemically marked, or hunted by relentless chime automatons as they travel.*

If the crew stumble upon Hetterjin Tower early: They might identify something strange about it thanks to the alchemical exhaust vents just beneath the thrash, or more disturbed branches showing that ships have come and gone from here recently. *Twists on related actions might have them catch a quick glimpse of one of the chimeric creatures moving through the tower, or perhaps even Seven as he heads down to his laboratory at the tower's base.*

A Journey Through the Mists

Crews sailing the Clocktower Grove need a Journey track to fill, but the type and length of track used depends very much on what they're searching for, and what information they've picked up during their time in Nuskaro. We'll show a few examples below, but ultimately it's up to the Firefly to set a track that's appropriate given all of the crew's actions so far.

Hunting the Pinmane

If the crew have faced off against the pinmane and driven it back into the wilds, their journey track represents a search for the beast to either capture it or finish it off for good. A simple five track would be appropriate here, the earlier boxes letting them plunge into the grove and the latter ones allowing them to narrow down their search. If they haven't identified that the pinmane may be a Council creation, haven't seen any of the Council vessels heading out under cover of night to deliver alchemical supplies, or don't know about the chemical marker the pinmane uses to hunt (or the spores the beasts leave behind), add two or three more boxes to the track to make the search a little tougher. *And if the crew haven't come across any of the deeper elements of conspiracy within Nuskaro, finishing off the pinmane may feel like the end of the adventure. They should have time to return to port and bask in some glory... Before another pinmane, or a pair of them, descend on the streets the next night to wreak havoc.*

Tracking the Council Shipments

A ship, even a spider-like crawler like those used by the Council, is easier to track than a beast. A four track should suffice here, though if they're tracking the ship by light (perhaps after seeing it depart from the Hidden Jetties (page 13) and then having to retrieve their own ship from port), add a few boxes to represent the trail going cold. *They may find the ship on the waves, still travelling, or moored at the base of Hetterjin Tower (page 24).*

Following the Evidence

If the crew have excelled in their investigation, they'll probably have worked out that the pinmane is an artificial creation fuelled by alchemy, released from somewhere nearby to target chemically marked individuals in the city at night. With the only landmarks in Clocktower Grove being the trophy-covered towers, these are a logical place to check. An eight-box track may seem long, but the break after each pair of boxes represents them checking one of the grove's many towers. Every time the crew check a tower, make a d6 Fortune roll to see if it's Hetterjin Tower (page 24) - the spit being used for Seven's alchemical experimentation. On a 6 it is, on a 4 or 5 the crew find useful resources or additional clues (such as missing trophies) among the tower's hunting display, and on a 3, 2, or 1 they find either nothing, or a challenge to overcome (such as a chime automaton, a disturbed longtether spirit, or a chimeric beast). If they make it to the end of the track without finding Hetterjin Tower, the fourth tower will be the one - signal this by having one of the Council's ships moored to it, perhaps even the Final Toll (page 46).

Now We See You

Clocktower Grove is experiencing adverse weather as the crew explore, heavy mists that muffle sound and make shapes indistinct. If you want to use this to increase the journey's difficulty, you have a few options available at your disposal...

-  **Make Watch Rolls secret:** The Firefly rolls for both what is discovered and the potential threat, and reveals neither of the rolls to the crew. This heightens the sense of the area being unknown and difficult to explore thoroughly.
-  **Add Cut:** Especially to ship rating rolls and scenes taking place out in the mists, a cut of one or two results on anything involving sound or vision is harsh, but fair given the circumstances.
-  **Increase Threat on Watch:** A classic - roll two threat dice and take the lower result, pushing situations toward less useful outcomes.

There were stories about almost every pre-V spit that surfaced throughout the wilds, or at least about those that had been found. Where they came from, what used to happen there, the habits and homilies of a lost world given new life by idle gossip and dockside chatter. They were rarely accurate, but that wasn't the point. Stories made these places, brought up to the surface by rootquakes or dredged by the overly ambitious, less arcane, less unknowable. Truth of function was an optional extra for a historical wildsea tale. Lurid details and rampant speculation spread far faster, and far farther. But the towers of Nuskaro's nearby grove had few stories concerning them, at least from before the Verdant times. They marked the minute and the hour still, as they must have done when anchored to what would become the Under-Eaves. The lack of mystery was almost an insult. A clocktower, after all, is a clocktower.

Hetterjin Tower

While it might seem to be little more than one tower among many from afar, the closer one draws to Hetterjin the more oddities they'll become aware of. In pre-V times it was little more than a timekeeping monument, and complex gears spin within it to this day (though the clock's hands are curiously immobile). After Nuskaro was settled, Hetterjin was adapted into a trophy tower along with the rest of the area's spits, a place to hold festivals and display the most impressive kills. And now, in Nuskaro's darkest age, the tower has been adapted once more.

When the Crew Arrive, You Might...

- 👉 **Note** that this tower has been altered more than any other – what look like vents sprout from the stone and brass sidings, an obviously recent addition.
- 👉 **Challenge** the crew's morale with the skeleton of Boatswain Karr, the monstrous leviathan snake that wraps partially around the tower as a hunting trophy. The leviathan may be dead, but Clocktower Grove is a place where spirits still hunt...
- 👉 **Point Out** that there's a smaller ship at the base of tower, a spider-like vessel of brass and copper. The crew might recognize this as a Council ship if they witnessed the alchemical exchange on page 15 – it might even be the Final Toll (page 46), the very ship used by Seven to transport supplies, prisoners, and chimeric experiments.
- 👉 **Inform** any alchemists or chars among the crew that this place reeks of refined crezzerin, a potent transformative.

Describing Hetterjin Tower

This is the beginning of the end.

- 👉 **Sights:** A half-ruined clocktower leaning awkwardly among smaller ruins, constructed from brass and stone. The clockface standing motionless. Chemical exhaust vents riveted to the tower's sides. Mist wreathing the skeleton of a leviathan snake, a trophy too large to display anywhere but around the tower's brass-and-stone flanks.
- 👉 **Sounds:** The sound of clockwork is louder here, coming from within and below the tower. The sighing of the wind, muffled by the mists.
- 👉 **Smells:** Sharp chemicals and the acrid tinge of refined crezzerin. Cold brass.

Snapshots & Story Threads

No matter what brings the crew to the tower, they're on track to discover the darker truth behind Nuskaro's recent troubles. With that in mind...

If the crew were hunting the Council ship, the Final Toll: They'll find it moored to the tower's base, empty of life but still possessed of clues as to Seven's machinations. *Twists on related actions may reveal a strong presence of both pinmane spores and chemical markers within the cargo hold, alongside smears of a chemical preservative that they haven't seen before.*

If the crew were accompanied by a ritual hunter: Their ally will be shocked at the state of the tower, and will point out that many trophies are missing – this disrespect alone is probably enough to galvanize the hunters to rise up against the council. *Twists on related actions might allow the crew to find out which creatures are missing from the trophy displays, which can give them a slight tactical advantage against the chimera they'll encounter below (page 40).*

If the crew steer clear of Hetterjin Tower: Seven will complete his final experiments, and the next night the Chimera will be set loose upon the city, hunting the other Council members.

Notable Spaces

Entering the tower is easy enough, but there's little to be found above the surface...

The Display Floor (Trophy Room)

Essentials: Open to the sky, a festival space now fallen into disrepair.

Suggested Resources: [Sa] Ornamental Weapon, [Sp] Nuskaro Hunting Memento, [Ch] Log of Successful Kills

Points of Interest: Banners flapping in the wind, empty tables, a view of the distant port city through the mists.

It's easy to see what this place might have been like on a ritual hunter festival night, full of shining lanterns and laughter, celebrations of the hunt keeping the mists and spirits at bay. Now it's just a shell, an abandoned space filled with forlorn echoes and an all-pervading chemical scent emanating from deeper in the tower. *Heading down from this open space at the top of the tower brings the crew into The Gauntlet - if you can, allow them to rest or take a montage here before heading below. They're going to need all the energy they can get.*

Boatswain Karr (Leviathan Trophy)

Essentials: The skeleton of a leviathan snake, winding around the exterior of Hetterjin Tower.

Suggested Resources: [Sp] Karr-Bone, [Sp] Spectral Venom, [Wh] Gone But Not Forgotten, [Ch] Serpentine Scrimshander

Points of Interest: The skull museum, teeth still dripping barely-tangible venom, carvings of glory.

According to the stories carved into the interior of Karr's skull in Raka Spit, the beast was successfully hunted over a hundred years ago. The skeleton has been kept intact, preserved almost perfectly, and the interior of the skull is now used as an additional museum space for hunting trophies. *If the crew are trying to avoid some of the Gauntlet, found on the next page, they may be able to climb down Karr's skeleton on the exterior of the tower and make their way in at a lower level. Alternatively, if you want to ratchet up the challenge of the scenario, look for The Restless Boatswain leviathan on page 33.*

The Final Toll (Ship)

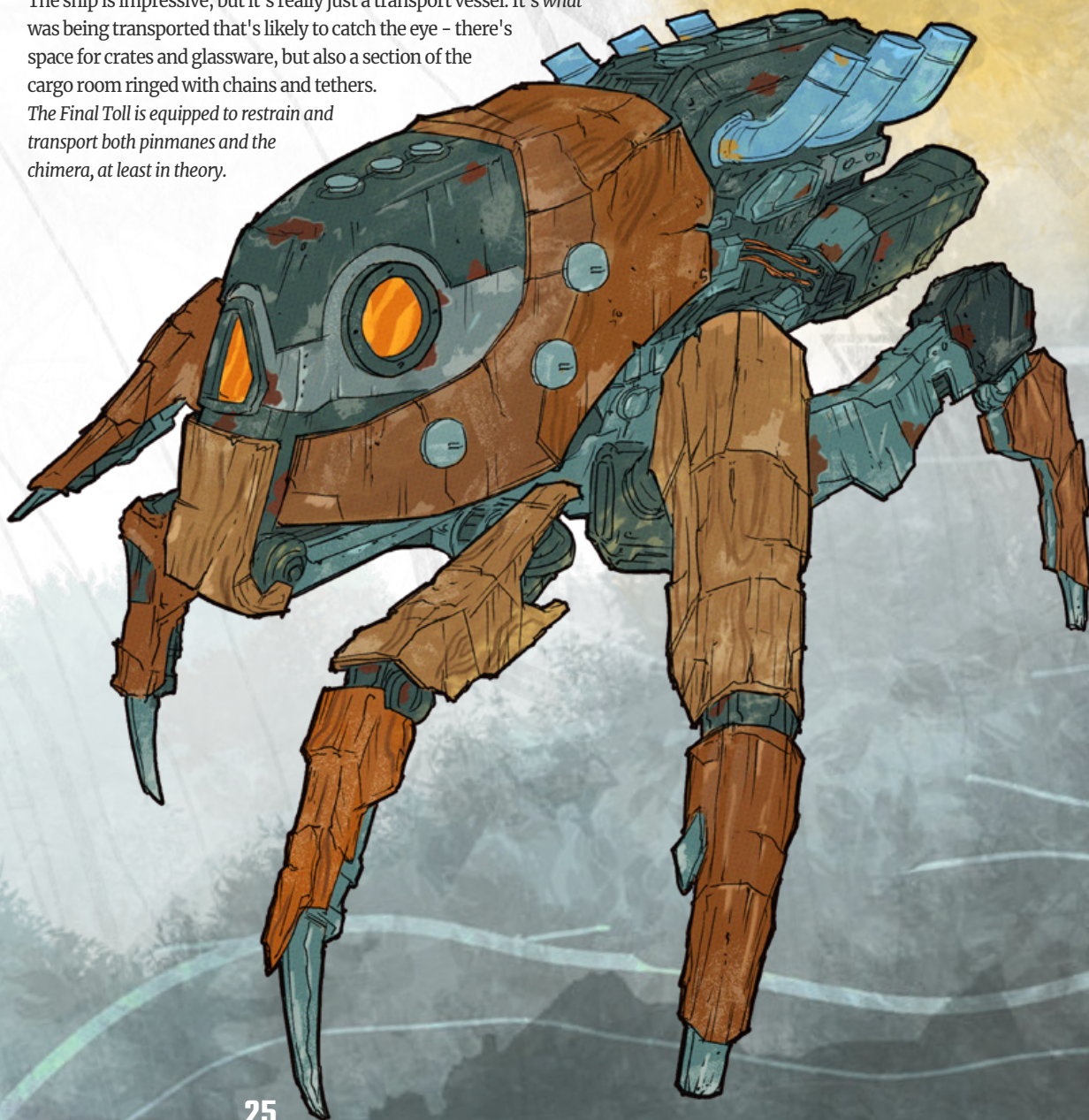
Essentials: A vessel used by Seven to move between tower and city.

Suggested Resources: [Ca] Alchemical Supplies

Points of Interest: Advanced alchemical engine, binding chains.

The ship is impressive, but it's really just a transport vessel. It's *what* was being transported that's likely to catch the eye - there's space for crates and glassware, but also a section of the cargo room ringed with chains and tethers.

The Final Toll is equipped to restrain and transport both pinmanes and the chimera, at least in theory.



THE GAUNTLET

The Gauntlet is the passage from the above-thrash area of Hetterjin Tower to the Chimeric Laboratory, located at the tower's base (the entire tower is a spit, so the base is as caught up in the sink as the rest of the tower and doesn't connect to the Under-Eaves).

The Gauntlet is many things – a machine to power Seven's alchemical experiments, a venting system for noxious gasses and scalding steam, the still-working innards of the great clocktower – but in abstract it's a series of challenges, as elements of an extremely hostile environment come together to give the crew a serious impediment to exploration.

But, as harsh as the Gauntlet is, it can be overcome. The characters are likely to take a few knocks along the way, but don't let the players lose hope – with every obstacle they bypass, they're closer to unveiling the secrets of Nuskaro, and the schemes of the Clockface Council.

Traversing the Tower

We recommend setting a track, named something like 'Fighting Through the Gauntlet', which can be filled box by box as the crew bypass, destroy, or sneak through various challenges.

The length of the track is entirely up to you as a Firefly; if your players appreciate a challenge, six to eight boxes might be appropriate. If you don't want to spend too much time here, three or four boxes might work better.

There And Back Again

As mentioned on the previous page, the Gauntlet might appear more than once in this scenario. Getting through it the first time should be tough, but if the crew reach the Chimeric Laboratory and release (or witness the release) of the chimera, they may have to ascend through the Gauntlet again in order to make their escape. If you'd rather not use the Gauntlet a second time, have the Chimera smash through a tower wall and let the crew wavewalk their way up. It's almost as dangerous, but it might be a relief based on their skills.

Using the Gauntlet

The three columns on the next page each represent a particular danger of the Gauntlet, split into Alchemical, Mechanical, and Sentient threats.

Though they can be used individually if you want to give the crew less of a challenge (or if they're heavily damaged already and looking for a break), these hazards are best when two of them are combined and presented as an emerging situation that needs to be dealt with.

To define a section of the Gauntlet in this way, take two dangers from different columns and present that combination to the crew, such as having a Malfunctioning Automaton trying to pull itself out of a jumble of Poorly-Maintained Pipes. You can do this at random, or by picking combinations you think will play to their strengths and weaknesses.

For every combination the crew manage to survive, make a mark on the track you made when entered the area. When the track is fully marked, they've reached the hatch to the Chimeric Laboratory.

Additional Gauntlet Hazards

You can also create your own hazards for the Gauntlet, especially if you want to give a particular crewmember that can deal with them the spotlight, or challenge a player that relies on a particular tactic the hazard is designed to invalidate. This shouldn't be punishing – the Firefly position isn't an adversarial one – but should encourage players to think outside the box.

You can also use the chime automatons on page 36 as a mobile threat that might attack those moving through the Gauntlet, or even longtether spirits (found on page 32).

Alchemical Dangers

Threats revolving around the alchemical substances that are stored, refined, and used within the laboratory below.

Alchemist's Snare

Traps attached to pressure plates or tripwires, designed to trigger explosive or toxic vials.

- ☞ **Narrative effect:** An incautious crew might find themselves scattered by an explosion, or weathering lingering injuries from weird chemical combinations.
- ☞ **Mechanical effect:** Light to heavy Toxin, Acid, or Blast damage, based on questions from the Firefly as to which member of the crew triggered the trap.

Caustic Mist

A natural byproduct of storing pressurized chemicals in makeshift containers.

- ☞ **Narrative effect:** Invisible to most, the first a crewmember will know about the presence of caustic mist will be the smell of their resources melting.
- ☞ **Mechanical effect:** Does little to skin and well-maintained equipment, but organic resources begin to bubble and melt, first gaining a negative tag and then being destroyed altogether.

Crezzerin Mould

Found on the walls of the tower, these dark growths seem to spread slightly toward any sailors that venture near them.

- ☞ **Narrative effect:** Patches of crezzerin mould will spread in the presence of life, slowly crawling toward mutable materials.
- ☞ **Mechanical effect:** Crezzerin-based injuries, based on mutative effects or searing pain, for those that come into contact with the substance. Resistance to crezzerin helps mitigate these injuries, or reduces the amount of boxes on their tracks.

Mechanical Dangers

Threats posed by the mechanisms of Hetterjin Tower.

Scalding Steam Jets

Part of the venting process, turning off and on at short but measurable intervals to release pressure.

- ☞ **Narrative effect:** Intense heat makes fleshier crew sweat, and fogs up goggles and glasses.
- ☞ **Mechanical effect:** Getting caught in an eruption of steam will deal medium to heavy Flame damage (though there's no danger of an actual fire starting). Swift or acrobatic movements will take cut thanks to the coating of moisture on everything nearby.

Interlaced Platforms

The only footing to be found here is on turning cogs.

- ☞ **Narrative effect:** Standing may be impossible, requiring constant movement. Individuals may be moved away from each other.
- ☞ **Mechanical effect:** A cut on efforts to stay together or make precise movements or shots. Potential heavy Blunt damage from getting caught between cogs.

Poorly-Maintained Pipes

Chemicals leak in both gas and liquid form from ill-sealed joins in the tower's internal piping.

- ☞ **Narrative effect:** Vision becomes difficult as eyes fill with tears, or clouds of stinging mist roll in.
- ☞ **Mechanical effect:** Cut on sight-related rolls unless a character has munksight (or a similar benefit), light Acid damage constantly for being in the area.

Almost Empty Space

This section was never meant to be traversed, containing nothing but a single constantly turning screw-like pillar.

- ☞ **Narrative effect:** Possible vertigo-inspiring space.
- ☞ **Mechanical effect:** Bypassing this section requires a long jump or careful climb, thrusting those that take it directly into whatever danger waits below. Ascending the same way is almost impossible.

Sentient Dangers

Threats designed to hunt, ambush, or follow the crew as they make their way through the Gauntlet.

Chimeric Failure

An abandoned experiment, still clinging onto life.

- ☞ **Narrative effect:** An awful sight for all but the most hardened wildsailors. The creature may even have a bloodline component they recognize.
- ☞ **Mechanical effect:** Mire from witnessing the creature's existence, and potential Keen or Spike damage from drawing too close to it as it thrashes and wails.

Half-Made Pinmane

Though chained, the creature's leash is long enough that it poses a serious threat to the unwary.

- ☞ **Narrative effect:** For a crew that haven't yet connected the pinmane to the Council, or theorized on the existence of a laboratory here, the pinmane will likely come as a mixture of shock and revelation.
- ☞ **Mechanical effect:** The pinmane entry is found on page 39 - for a half-made pinmane, use a single quirk if combat is to take place and have the creature tear itself free and escape when its track is full.

Malfunctioning Automaton

A chime automaton that's gotten caught in the mechanisms of the tower, but that still recognizes the crew as a threat to be dealt with.

- ☞ **Narrative effect:** The automaton will likely seem harmless at first, broken in half and trapped in an intersection of gears. But, as soon as the crew have discounted it as a threat, it will strike.
- ☞ **Mechanical effect:** The chime automaton entry is found on page 36. Using that entry as a base for the encounter is a good idea, but instead of the usual single-minded determination and smooth-but-jerky movements of an average automaton, this malfunctioning specimen will launch itself at the nearest member of the crew and attack savagely and single-mindedly.

Renoir had some experience with alchemists. They were odd sorts, as far as he was concerned - always pushing one boundary too far - but ultimately a boon, especially if they dabbled in the healing arts.

But this place... This place was wrong.

It wasn't just the hell of the tower they'd fought through to get here; traps and snares were part and parcel of life in the deeper wilds, especially for those that want to be left undisturbed. And it wasn't the smells either, the reek of crezzerin and embalming fluid. He'd smelled worse at a hundred junctions.

It was the cages. Row upon row of them, brass bars bent and buckled in far too many places to be safe. Heavy iron locks flecked with rust. Rough-cut planks reinforcing and hiding.

But not hiding enough. The cages, and what they contained.

The Chimeric Laboratory

Sprawling over the lowest intact floor of Hetterjin Tower, deep below the thrash, the Chimeric Laboratory holds the key to the horrors plaguing Nuskaro.

It's Seven's workspace, a Council-approved den deemed important enough for the other Councillors to have passed society-altering edicts to keep it hidden; the banning of travel, the cessation of hunts, the end of festivals. The laboratory is where Seven has laboured for months, piecing together pinmanes and other chimeric beasts, experimenting with chemical markers and synapse-controlling tinctures.

There have been breakthroughs here, huge strides of progress in the fields of alchemy and medicine, but none of them for the betterment of the city that unknowingly funded and supplied them. The laboratory was created for a singular purpose - to crush the coming rebellion before it had even begun to gather steam - and has been adapted, over the months, to another.

The creation of the chimera, and the end of the Clockface Council.

The Laboratory Is Definitely...

- ☞ The workspace of Seven, one of the Clockface Councillors now bent on singular rule by any means
- ☞ The birthplace of the pinmanes, the night-time terrors that have targeted revolutionary elements
- ☞ The home of the almost-completed chimera, Seven's secret project created to ensure that the other Council members will fall so that he may rise

The Laboratory Might Be...

- ☞ A place to experiment on the corpses of those killed by the pinmanes
- ☞ A place to imprison citizens abducted by the pinmanes or transported from Yarrow Harg, used to add to the body of the chimera
- ☞ An extremely unstable space, likely to start falling apart (and maybe taking the rest of the tower with it) if a full-scale fight breaks out

When the Crew Arrive, You Might...

- ☞ Confront them with Seven at work, perhaps adding the final touches to the chimera
- ☞ Describe some of the experiments in the cages that line the walls, abandoned after the pinmane was perfected or evidence of a work-in-progress toward a pinmane replacement
- ☞ Make clear how deep within the waves they are, and that if they want to escape they'll have to run the Gauntlet again in reverse or strike out into the depths

Describing the Laboratory

A place for dark revelations, and potential triumph.

- ☞ **Sights:** Twisted cages made of clocktower brass, their revenant inhabitants twitching and pacing. Seven, standing imperiously over his equipment, lit by a chemical glow. A mass of chimeric flesh in the centre of the lab, chained to a large operating table.
- ☞ **Sounds:** Chittering, howling beasts created from ancient hunting trophies given new alchemical life. Seven's voice, quiet and threatening. The chimera's laboured breathing, and perhaps even a halting word or two from one of its mouths.
- ☞ **Smells:** Embalming fluid, in amounts strong enough to make a sailor's head spin. Sweat and fear. Crezzerin. Alchemical compounds that can't be placed. Musk and spores.
- ☞ **Feeling:** Everything about the Chimeric Laboratory feels wrong, especially to wildsailors with the alchemist or surgeon post. The experiments that have taken place here represent the darker side of the art, a study of unwanted alterations and pure horror.

Laboratory Hazards

A confrontation with Seven is almost inevitable. You'll find hazard entires for a clockface councillor on page 37, as well as for chime automatons on page 36, pinmanes on page 39, and the chimera on page 40 - any of these may be involved in a laboratory-based fight.



Seven (Clockface Councillor)

Essentials: He/They, ironbound, found in the depths of Hetterjin Tower, within the Chimeric Laboratory he uses as a workspace. *If the crew have taken an unusual path through the scenario, Seven might also be found within his ship, the Final Toll, or supervising the loading or unloading of a pinmane at the Hidden Jetties.*

Specialties: Alchemical experimentation, advanced surgical techniques, issues of governance and law, the history of Nuskaro, the ways of the ritual hunters, the identities of potentially dangerous revolutionaries.

Attitude: Imperious and unapologetic, Seven believes that he's moved past traditional morality and that any methods are suitable for realizing his vision for Nuskaro.

Appearance: Made mostly from material from the Fervent, like the other Clockface Councillors. Seven has augmented his original form with robes of black and gold, designed to sit somewhere between a traditional alchemist's smock and a ruler's garments. His head is a flask of concentrated crezzerin, and his torso is full to bursting with complex gears taken from the innards of Hetterjin Tower.

Seven's Ultimate Goal

Seven is designed to be a villain in the most classic sense, hungry for power and unwilling to share it with anyone else. It's not that he lacks motivation, or vision – his plan of orchestrating the Quiet Siege and then creating a near-unkillable beast to hunt down the other Council members would have worked, if the crew hadn't intervened. Perhaps it still might, if things go wrong for them.

But what he does lack is compassion. For the subjects of his experiments, for the revolutionaries and their entirely reasonable wants, for the citizens of the port he was meant to protect, and especially for the other Councillors he's been secretly working to remove. He's smart, ruthless, and unashamed.

Characterizing Seven

Whether Seven's plan is a work of dark genius or crezzerin-born madness is up to the Firefly to decide, but it should take into account the tone of the table. Some groups prefer a sympathetic villain, to be understood and perhaps even pitied as their schemes crumble. Others prefer an individual that's bad through and through, without a moral dilemma thrown on top of it.

Whichever way you cut it, Seven's actions are morally reprehensible... but that doesn't mean the crew have to kill him, or even that they should. Capturing him and delivering him to the revolution is also an option, as is exposing his plans in front of the general citizenry of Nuskaro.

Whatever they decide, one thing should be clear: leaving Seven with any power at all over Nuskaro's future or populace would be a serious mistake.

The Crescendo

The scenario has been a dark one, full of dangers and unanswered questions, but this is the moment it should all come together. You might consider offering the chance to...

Learn The Extent of Seven's Plans

The crew can get the lowdown on Seven's desires from his own mouth (or rather, the bubbling flask he uses for a head). While originally aligned with the rest of the Council in their plan to create pinmanes as a biological weapon to target potential revolutionaries, increasing their hold on a fading port, ambition got the better of him – why be one of twelve when you can be the only guiding voice of a new alchemical age?

Discover the Secrets of the Quiet Siege

The siege of Nuskaro served a dual purpose. The threat of pinmanes kept the city distracted from what was happening out in the Hetterjin Tower, but it also provided bodies for Seven's chimera. If you want the chimera to be partially constructed from ritual hunters or abducted revolutionaries, there are options on page 41. Alternatively, if you want a little less body horror, the chimera might be a collection of alchemically-altered hunting trophies or a creature of pure alchemy – both of these options are also listed on page 41.

Neutralize the Chemical Markers

If the crew have learned of the existence of chemical markers, and have an alchemist as part of their crew (or made useful contacts in the Understreets), they may be able to corrupt the chemical marker signal. This would definitely render the chimera unable to track down its targets, and may even do the same to the pinmanes as well. Doing this will leave Seven's plans in ruins, while also giving the crew exactly the kind of evidence they need to prove the Council's involvement.

Fight the Chimera

Have Seven release his masterpiece, unfinished but still terrifyingly potent as an adversary. The two of them fight in tandem until the crew manage to either douse Seven with his own alchemical marker (causing the chimera to turn on him), knock him senseless or kill him outright (allowing the beast to rampage freely), or destroy the creature (at which time Seven will surrender, or continue the fight to the death). There are additional options for what might happen with the chimera on page 40, depending on the crew's actions throughout the scenario.

Have Everything Go Wrong

Have the crew accidentally release the Chimera before it's ready. In the absence of chemical markers to follow the creature will run wild, destroying the laboratory and potentially destabilizing the entire tower. This the perfect opportunity to allow the crew to escape by taking the Gauntlet again, this time in reverse, perhaps with the freed chimera hot on their heels.

The Aftermath

Seven is dead, neutralized, or captured. The chimera is free, saved, or defeated. So, what happens next?

The Return to Nuskaro

No matter how the confrontation at the Tower ends (and it might even have Seven escape in the Final Toll, returning to Nuskaro ahead of the crew to alert the rest of the Council and lead to a second crescendo), the sailors will have learned enough to return to the port and inform the residents, nightwatch, or ritual hunters about the true nature of the Quiet Siege.

The Revolution Realised!

Depending on the choices the crew have made and the NPCs they've forged friendships with, the return to Nuskaro with evidence of the Council's involvement might be just the spark that the scattered revolutionaries need. The scenario might end with the crew aiding the revolutionaries as they take their city back from the Council's stranglehold, perhaps turning the nightwatch or ritual hunters to their side, or even informing the Council of Seven's ultimate plan (an action which will have dramatic consequences for the port's future, given their partially-informed involvement in the scheme).

Consider allowing wildsailors to take one of the aspects below as a reward for surviving the trials of Nuskaro...

Hardened To Horror 4-Track Trait

You've seen things that defy retelling, but words have a way of worming themselves out anyway. Gain a related whisper whenever you take mure due to a grotesque scene or unexpected revelation.

Scars of the Revolution 2-Track Trait

You've seen tumult and overthrow, are familiar with the emotional gears that drive change. Consume a whisper to stoke or quiet revolutionary fervour in a nearby individual or small group. This change only lasts as long as they're in your presence.

Revivification Tincture 1-Track Gear

The mixtures within Seven's laboratory are more advanced than most alchemical practitioners could even dream of. Burn and use a task to return a nearby creature to life – the longer it has been dead, the less of its memories, spirit, and instincts remain.

Chimerling 2-Track Companion

Rescued from the laboratory cages, this unusual beast revels in freedom. Whenever you take a montage, one member of the crew can clear a mark of mire in addition to their usual task.

The Chimera, Released

If you want the chimera to be more than a hazard for the crew to face, it may be included in the aftermath. The effect it might have, and the actions it might take, will depend very much on what the characters have learned, obtained, and achieved throughout the scenario.

- ☞ If the crew release the beast to the waves, Nuskaro's Council may still be hunted (though they might be overthrown in an act of revolution first).
- ☞ If the crew have learned to disrupt the chemical markers, the Council are safe. Seven, however, won't be; the chimera retains enough memory of its creation to turn against its 'father'.
- ☞ If the crew manage to get a sample of chemical marker and douse Seven with it, his chances of survival are extremely slim. Whether the chimera turns on the crew or the sets its sights on the Council once it's finished with Seven depends on the kind of game you enjoy, and how much challenge the table is ready for.
- ☞ If you've presented the chimera as being partially created from the bodies of ritual hunters or revolutionary dissidents (details of these options being found on page 41), there's a chance that the monstrosity runs on something far more complex than bestial rage. It may have memories, drives that extend beyond destruction – maybe it can even be saved in some way.
- ☞ And if you want an ending that really comes out of left field, there's always the option of the chimera returning to Nuskaro to support the rebellion, helping to overthrow the Council and perhaps even becoming part of a new government.



Hazards & Encounters

Red Right Hand supports a variety of encounters by design, everything from tense conversational exchanges under the cover of night to grappling with chimeric beasts in the gutters of an unfamiliar city, from running the gauntlet of a threshing mechanical shaft to taking on a newly-formed monstrosity from the ship's deck.

How you set these up and bring them into the adventure relies very much on the route the characters are taking, the choices they make and the elements of the world that they interact with. But you're a Firefly – part of your job when running a scenario like this is to look for moments where you can introduce a challenge or hazard that dovetails off of the choices the players have made, and that fits with the information they've gathered.

As always, there are two main things to remember when challenging a crew with one of the wildsea's hazards: that you need to set it up, and that you need to manage focus.

When Setting Up a Hazard, You Should...

- ☞ **Use the Hazard's Drives** to make it more than just a meaningless encounter. Why is this threat here, and what was it doing before the crew arrived?
- ☞ **Use the Hazard's Presence** to hint at it before it's revealed, allowing the crew to formulate a plan, or at least consider the potential danger. Has the hazard left signs of its presence, or of what it was doing in the world? Can these signs reveal a way it might be dealt with?
- ☞ **Think About Quirks**, and whether you're going to use them. Adding a quirk to the hazards the crew are facing can dramatically change the flow of the encounter, often making it more difficult or varied and demanding new tactics. Each of the hazards presented in **Red Right Hand** is new, so you can focus on quirks that up the challenge for the characters without worrying about using them to keep things novel.
- ☞ **Set Realistic Tracks** based on the flow of the adventure so far. The ones presented over the next few pages are guidelines – make a track shorter to make an encounter brief and punchy, or longer if the crew want a proper fight. Add breaks if you want a good signpost of when to change a hazard's behaviour or the location of a fight, and remove them if you want a more standard experience.

When Managing Focus In An Encounter, You Should...

- ☞ **Make a Focus track** so you know which players have acted and which need more spotlighting. Remember, hazards *can* feature on a Focus track but they don't *need* to, as a hazard taking an action should usually force a reaction from the crew anyway.
- ☞ **Consider Whether You Want the Focus Track Open or Hidden**, as this can change the feeling of play. An open Focus track represents fairness but removes mystery, and is recommended for newer groups and Fireflies.
- ☞ **Don't Use Focus to Punish Players**, use it to empower them. If a particular player hasn't acted for a while, by all means push the focus on them by asking for an action or requesting a reaction in response to what the hazard is doing. And remember, an action doesn't need to be an attack – it just has to give that character a moment to shine.
- ☞ **Never Be Afraid to Give Your Group a Rest**, especially in a longer or more complex encounter. Have the hazard withdraw or change location, and leave it up to them to follow or take a breather without constant pressure.

Red Is For Danger

An additional note on the hazards presented here – many of them are made to be tougher than the average wildsea creature, but they can be toned down if your group is newer to the game or struggling a little. The best way to tone them down (other than reducing the length of strategy tracks) is to remove or limit effects that have a lasting presence on a character, such as those that cause injuries or force longer-term cut.

Longtether Spirits

(Medium Swarm) Anchored Trophies

Any anchored spirit that 'survives' for long enough after their initial death will find themselves growing in power in a variety of ways. For some it takes the form of increased physicality, even to the point that their ghostly nature can almost be forgotten. For others it comes as knowledge, the ability to sift through sparks of information hidden beneath the veil of the world for fragments of sense or prophecy. But for most, as is the case for longtether spirits, it's a familiarity with the limits of their anchor to the world, and how it can be manipulated and exploited.

Each longtether is anchored to a trophy taken from their once-living body; a phantasmal stag tied to an impressive display of antlers, a serpentine spirit spectrally bound to a garland of their own yawning jaws. But unlike most in their state, that carry their link to the world around with them (or rarely stray more than a stone's throw from it), longtethers are the closest to 'free' that an anchored can be. They range across the waves, phantom beasts just as happy to graze and hunt in death as they were in life – and just as capable of being hunted. *Use longtether spirits if you want the crew to run across one of Nuskaro's old glories, a tumult of spectral energy in the form of an endless cycle of predator, prey, and trophies to be earned.*

Drives

Rove the Waves: Longtether anchors are all displayed among the Clocktower Grove, but the spirits tied to them move through the surrounding waves as freely as they did in life.

Presence

Sight: Glowing pelts. Argent musculature. The memories of bones.

Sound: Snuffles and bellows, tempered by the echoes of a distance that can't be measured in the physical realm.

Smell: Musk, sweat, and blood. Triumph.

Taste: The spectral meat of a longtether tastes delicious, but offers no actual sustenance no matter how much is gorged upon.

Resources

Specimens: Spectral Meat, Glowing Pelt, Antlers Picked Out In Light, Ghost-Teeth

Whispers: Nature Unbowed, Hunter's Pride

Aspects

Lambent Hunt: Longtethers sometimes appear alone, but more often in hordes of moving, scuffling beasts of various types. Any single longtether can deal light damage of either Blunt, Spike, or Keen, but a larger group of them increases that damage to medium or even heavy (depending on the number of spirits working in tandem).

Striking At Ghosts: Longtether spirits are resistant to all forms of damage except Salt.

Canter Forth: Longtethers can push their way through solid matter, like walls, doors, and ship hulls, but it takes them a few moments to do so.

Quirks

Challenge From The Hunted: Wildsailors that have a sense of smell are susceptible to the unspoken challenge of longtether spirits, carried in the spectral sweat they shed as they move – chase, hunt, conquer. Attempting to leave this challenge unanswered might mark mire, or cause a temporary injury that renders the Hunt or Sense skills impossible to use.

Bad Memories: Longtether spirits might have an additional weakness in place of one of their usual resistances, related to the injury that ended their original life on the waves.

Medium Encounter - Trickle, Then Flood



A longtether spirit is sighted near the ship, bellowing and sweating atop the thrash, communicating a spectral challenge. If the crew give in and give chase, the spirit will attempt to evade them until the first breakpoint is reached – after that, multiple longtethers from different hunted species will swell up from the tangle, joining the first spectre and turning back to face the pursuing vessel. They'll target anyone out on deck first but, if the crew decide to hide within their ship, will begin to push their way through the hull and decking to continue the hunt.

The Restless Boatswain

(Leviathan) A King Among The Fallen

Settling Nuskaro wasn't an easy task, with the first colonists having to deal with a particularly vicious leviathan that considered the reef to be part of its turf. This creature, a titanic serpent that the locals dubbed 'Boatswain Karr', gorged on hunters and sailors for weeks before finally being brought down by the concerted effort of a group that would eventually become the first ritual hunters. In fact, many ritual hunters to this day still have some kind of snake-like insignia or trophy kept somewhere on their person, as a reminder of the struggle against their most dangerous foe.

But spirits don't rest easy within Clocktower Grove. After a few years of peace Karr returned, a scaled phantasm anchored to its own proudly-displayed corpse. Luckily for the locals, the Restless Boatswain is a creature of mist and memory, a shadow of the terror that the original leviathan posed, but it's still a massive predator and a serious threat to the unprepared. *Use the Restless Boatswain if you want the crew to face a ghost leviathan, something that can't be 'killed' in the traditional sense but rather beaten back or dispelled.*

Drives

Wind Through the Grove: The serpent-spirit still remembers its defeat at the reef, and steers clear of the city built upon it. Instead it keeps itself to the sink of Clocktower Grove, rising to the surface when the mists are heavy to recapture some of the excitement of the hunt.

Presence

Sight: Scales of mist. Transparent teeth. A sinuous form rising from below. Animals and spirits scattering ahead of the Boatswain's approach.

Sound: A low hiss, and the sound of disturbed branches.

Smell: None at all.

Taste: Some say that harvesting one of the mist-wreathed scales of the great snake allows it to be crushed and grated into a peculiar spice, but there are no examples of such a material found within the city of Nuskaro.

Resources

Specimens: Scale of Mist, Spectral Meat, Semi-Tangible Venom

Whispers: King of Serpents, Slithering Ghost

Aspects

Once True: In life, Karr was a true leviathan. In death, it is something else – a hunter's memory, a poem in vapour. The Restless Boatswain's scales are immune to all damage types except Salt, and are resistant even to that. The interior of the mouth, the eyes, and any other unscaled sections don't gain this benefit, and are merely resistant to all damage types except Salt.

Monument of the Mists: Though it is immune to it, Karr recoils from open flames – the brightness burns through the mist that makes it up, dealing no damage but inflicting great discomfort.

Phantom Strike: Karr may be little more than a memory given ghostly form, but it bites with the best of them. The serpent's massive jaws inflict heavy CQ Spike damage, and the barely tangible venom dripping from them can deal light to medium Toxin or Acid damage on a target that's already been pierced once.

Quirks

Anchored to History: The Restless Boatswain's spirit is anchored to its own skeleton, winding around the outside of Hetterjin Tower. Damaging this skeleton may hurt the beast greatly, and releasing it from the tower could banish the beast entirely (though will earn the crew many enemies among the Nuskaro hunters).

Nuskaro Nightwatch

(Medium Gang) A Presence At Every Corner

Nuskaro has always had a nightwatch, the logical outcome of a port in close proximity to a horde of restless spirits that are most active in the moonlight. Armed with both traditional truncheons and a decidedly less traditional set of carven antler charms, they've historically been seen more as perimeter guards than any sort of internal police force - the kind of folk you'd stop to chat with, rather than have to run from.

The recent edicts of the Clockface Council have changed that, and in the eyes of most citizens (including those that act as members of the guard themselves) it's very much a change for the worse. The nightwatch now have security posts at every intersection and gateway, and are used just as often to capture and punish curfew-breakers as they are to keep unruly phantoms at bay. *Use the Nuskaro nightwatch as a group of uneasy oppressors, carrying out the will of the ruling council but unhappy with their role within the changing city.*

Drives

Follow the New Laws: The Council's curfew must be enforced, and dissenters are to be imprisoned within Yarrow Harg until they've learned the error of their ways. These added duties would make keeping spirits at bay that much harder, if they still deigned to visit the streets of the port.

Presence

Sight: Coats as red as the surrounding leaves, and tall ceremonial hats fashioned after the distant clocktowers of the grove.

Sound: Shrill whistles, the snapping of manacles.

Resources

Salvage: Brass Truncheon, Glowing Antler Charm

Whispers: Grumbles and Groans, More Than My Job's Worth

Aspects

On Edge: The nightwatch move in pairs or small groups through the moonlit streets, lighting their way with a spirit-scourging antler (that can also deal light LR Salt) and lashing out with truncheons for light CQ Blunt.

Dispellers By Nature: The nightwatch have historically had to spend more time on spectral concerns than physical, but the Quiet Siege seems to be keeping longtethers away from the port entirely. Their skills aren't entirely put to waste though - when they deal damage to anchored or ironbound individuals (or any sailor with an exposed soul of some kind), their impact increases by a step even if that individual wouldn't usually be weak to Salt or Blunt damage.



Nuskaro Ritual Hunters

(Medium Gang) The Chase Now Lost

The hunters of Nuskaro historically spend as much time in the pursuit of spirits as they do living prey, younger individuals searching out the ghosts of their elders to partake in the glory of felling the greatest predatorial memories of the surrounding waves. They're proud, capable, and each hunter can trace their lineage back to before the days of the Clocktower Council.

But the siege of their city has put an end to traditional hunts. The displaced coursers now stalk the rooftops rather than the waves, their ships chained and mouldering in port. The Council has ordered it, so of course it must be so... but the lack of a hunt is driving some of the younger hunters to savagery, the more experienced to over-imbibing in alchemical distractions, and the elders to potential rebellion. *Use Nuskaro ritual hunters if you want the crew to face surly individuals that would far rather be out on the waves, that feel as though they have their wings clipped, but that are kept just about in check by the promises of the ritual hunts resuming once the current danger has been addressed.*

Drives

Protect the City: Ritual hunters are now used to guard Nuskaro's rooftops, and they're not exactly thrilled by the development. They're frustrated by their present circumstances, and some are willing to go against the Council once the current threat is dealt with. But dealing with that threat is proving near-impossible - the Council's obsession with them defending rather than hunting leaves them unusually powerless, unless they're ready to break the rules.

Presence

Sight: Leather and pelts sewn with teeth, stones, and bones. Full-face masks that hide almost everything about them, in some cases even the bloodlines they belong to. Weapons that glow when unsheathed.

Sound: Horn calls sounding hollow and drab as they echo the night-time streets, clinking glassware.

Resources

Salvage: Brass Blades, Concussion Chime, Well-Maintained Pelts, Chemical Vials, Hunter's Mask

Whispers: Destiny Altered, Glory Outpaces Us

Aspects

Ritual Tools: The weapons carried by ritual hunters are just as effective at damaging spirits as they are cutting into flesh and blood, curving blades fashioned from clocktower brass that deal light to medium CQ Keen or Salt damage. Most hunters also carry a concussion chime, a bell rung to snap spirits back to their anchor in extreme circumstances. This secondary tool also deals medium Salt damage to spectral wildsailors (such as ardent with ancestor spirits, anchored, and more spiritually-focused ironbound).

Alchemical Draughts: The ritual hunters may be currently used as a defence force, but they're trained over years to tackle the dangers of the wider waves. Many of them add to their training with alchemical know-how, downing potions in tense situations that increase already impressive skills beyond what would normally be possible. *See the Draughts section on the right for a set of alchemical concoctions that a hunter might benefit from during an encounter.*

Phasing Pelts: As well as being impressively decorated, the pelts of the ritual hunters hold secrets of their own. Harvested from longtether spirits, the pelts allow a hunter to phase through a solid object (such as a wall or the deck of a ship) once per scene, though the process leaves them momentarily disoriented. The pelts also give resistance to Blunt, Serrated, Frost, and Salt damage. In addition, characters cut on rolls made to track or discover hiding hunters.

Bitter Hearts: The hunters want to hunt, and they're being prevented from doing so. Though they're willing to guard and fight under the command of the Council, convincing them of the futility of their efforts - or the ulterior motives of the ones giving them instructions - might provide wildsailors or the rebellion with powerful allies.

Difficult Encounter - A Different Kind of Hunt



This encounter is perfect for ramping up the pressure after a small scuffle with, or an escape from, the nightwatch.

Whistles sound, and horns answer - a single hunter (the first track) drops down almost silently from a nearby rooftop to confront the crew, aiding or replacing the existing nightwatch hazard. A second hunter (the second track) remains hidden among the rooftops, taking potshots with their concussion chime until discovered.

When the second hunter's track hits the break point, both hunters will share a glance before downing two random vials from the draught list below, increasing the threat they pose for the rest of the encounter.

Draughts

All ritual hunters have access to draughts, which they can take at any point during an encounter. The effects of a draught last until the end of a scene.

1 - Larkspit: Allows a hunter to spit caustic, fast-hardening fluid at foes. Deals medium LR Acid damage and adds cut to movement actions until cleaned off.

2 - Stag's Flight: Allows a hunter to burst spectrally from within their skin, slashing the air around them with phantasmal anchors. Deals heavy CQ Salt damage to all nearby targets, but a hunter that uses it takes a mark of damage to their own strategy track as well.

3 - Hardened Bones: A hunter that imbibes this draught increases the impact of their CQ attacks by one step (from light to medium, or medium to heavy), and gains immunity to Blunt and Blast damage.

4 - Swain's Venom: Grants the hunter that takes it a venomous attack, delivered via newly-grown fangs or a snaking stinger. Deals light CQ Toxin damage, but inflicts mire and temporary cut in the form of extreme pain.

5 - Swarm-Sight: An affected hunter grows additional eyes across their pelts, reducing the impact of all attempts to hide from them.

6 - Dud: Not every potion can be a winner. The hunter takes a mark of damage to their strategy track.

An audience with the Clockface Council wasn't something granted to many - they'd been warned of that when they entered the audience chamber. But neither waiting nor hoping were activities Herlino particularly enjoyed, and he was being asked to do a lot of both.

"Going to stretch my legs." The crew's surgeon looked up at him from a thick medical tome, gave a slight shrug.

Herlino had been a hunter for years, most of them on the decks of the Glory Regained. He was used to the waves, and the predator's dance. He knew what it felt like to be prey, too. Not many hunters made it far without learning that feeling.

Yet it took him a few steps to work out why he felt that now.

An echo from above, a soft whirring that halted as he halted, resumed as he looked up. Glass-bead eyes locked with his.

They weren't as alone in that waiting room as they seemed.

Chime Automaton

(Large) Made to Order

The first of the city's automatons were made in the earliest days of Nuskaro, when the reef was only half a home and the waves were desperately trying to reclaim it. Attrition was high - their hunters were skilled, but the surrounding grove was a den of toothy beasts and boundless hunger. Anything living was fair game to the wilds, and while the Clockface Council's ironbound bodies kept them safer than most, the settlers under their care spent nights huddled in their shelters, never knowing if the walls would hold.

Fear makes for fast work, but poor morale. The automatons were the Council's answer.

Created by Three from pieces of the reef-wreck and the surrounding brass towers, driven by pre-V clockwork scavenged and expertly reformed, the chime automatons were the perfect defence for the fledgeling city; without need to sleep or eat, and of no interest to most predators. They could hardly have been called friendly, but they were at least reassuring.

Back then, anyway.

Use the chime automatons as agents of the Council, aged machines from Nuskaro's history brought back into the public eye as a response to the current crisis. Secretly, the automatons are also spreading Seven's chemical marker to potential revolutionaries that the Council want out of the way, usually by brief contact with them in the streets.

Drives

Protect the Council, Spread the Marker: While the automatons were originally designed to watch over the port as it was constructed, they've taken on a darker purpose during the days of the Quiet Siege. The citizens don't know it - even the alchemists providing the chemicals don't know it - but chime automatons are now instructed to seek out specific targets by day, and mark them with a chemical trace that the pinmanes released nightly can hone in on. In extreme cases the automatons are sent down into the Understreets, to root out revolutionaries personally. Some people have started to question why they aren't used to augment the nightwatch, but such inquisitive roads aren't sensible to travel for those that want to keep their freedom.

Presence

Sight: Segmented brass housings and ten to twelve long, jerky limbs, giving a spider-like appearance. Glass eyes in expressionless faces. A crawling shape in a roofspace. A motionless figure in a tower's long shadow.

Sound: Clicking and ticking, and very little else. Some swear they've heard them produce single words of Raka Spit, but they certainly weren't built for conversation.

Resources

Salvage: Brass Wreckage, Damaged Chime Limb, Clockwork Internals, Expressionless Mask

Whispers: Single-Minded, Blast From The Past

Aspects

Punchcard Programming: There's no point reasoning with an automaton, even if you happen to speak Raka Spit (the only language they seem to understand). They follow Council directions exclusively, and to the letter.

Stoic Dervish: When threatened, or directed, chime automatons attack in a whirl. Arm casings opening to reveal multiple brass blades, each capable of dealing light to medium CQ Keen damage to multiple nearby targets in a single motion. If an automaton focuses its attacks on a single individual this can rise to heavy CQ Keen damage, and they can also use spare limbs to grapple with and restrain targets without losing efficiency in terms of movement or attacks.

Arachnoid: Though not designed with aesthetics in mind, their spider-like form is an ingenious design. All important mechanisms are completely internal, and even the loss of multiple limbs barely slows one of these machines down. Chime automatons are immune to Blunt and Toxin damage, and resistant to Keen, Blast, Acid, and Serrated.

Clockface Councillors

(Medium) Nuskaro's Ruling Council

The Clockface Councillors are a group of twelve ironbound, each created from a different part of the wreck of a single ship, the Fervent. The remains of the ship still stand at the centre of Nuskaro (a husk held above the ground by multiple cranes at the very centre of the Council Buildings, imposing and inaccessible).

Through most of Nuskaro's history the Council have been well-regarded. Not only was the Fervent the ship that discovered the reef the port sits upon, but the first settlers were the hunters that crewed it. When their ruin of a vessel began to reorganize itself, creating the earliest Council members, the hunters gladly let them take charge of directing the young society's growth. In more recent times they've become somewhat distant, and especially over the last few months their benevolent rule has turned more and more autocratic in nature. *Use Clockface Councillors if the crew engage in rebellious activity or aid revolutionary types, or if they make it to Hetterjin Tower's hidden laboratory and face down Seven.*

Drives

Manage the Hunters: As ironbound, the souls of the Council are drawn from a mixture of the ship they came from and the crew lost upon it. In their earliest days they had little drive other than to preserve the lives of those remaining crew members, hunters trying to build a working society on an isolated and beleaguered reef. But time changes all, and since the port they helped establish has started to fall into decline, the Councillors have turned to increasingly draconian methods to keep it 'safe' (and to keep themselves in control). They know they've lost the confidence of their citizens, and are willing to turn to extreme methods to stamp out the coming revolution - better to break and reform, as they once did, than to fade into nothingness.

Presence

Sight: A proud ironbound standing at the head of a crowd, issuing decrees. A gleam of glass and metal beneath opulent cloaks and robes.

Sound: Strident commands in Raka Spit. Calls for calm. Reminders of consequence.

Resources

Salvage: Broken Wood, Alchemical Glassware, Councillor's Robes, Brass
Whisper-Mill

Whispers: Iron Fists, Corruption Creeps, Discord Spreads Deep

Aspects

Bound: All twelve Clockface Councillors are ironbound, and normally wouldn't pose much of a threat to a crew working together. Unfortunately for any who might oppose them, the recent troubles in Nuskaro have led to them fortifying themselves both physically and spiritually, giving them resistance to Blunt, Keen, Spike, and Toxin damage, and an immunity to Salt damage. Though partially made of brass and glass, each contains fragments of wood in various amounts from the wreck of the Fervent: as such, Councillors are weak to both Hewing and Flame damage.

Whisper-Mills: Each Councillor carries a whisper-mill, a brass housing containing a single whisper that can be used multiple times before it fades. These whisper-mills can be used to create 'twists' that run in their favour, or to lash out at opponents with LR Blast damage.

Ruling Council: Each of the twelve Councillors is an individual, with their own personalities and quirks based on the part of the Fervent they were born from. The box on page 17 gives more information on each of them from a narrative perspective, but the box beneath goes into particular detail on Seven, the Councillor most likely to appear as a **direct threat in Red Right Hand**.

Honour Guard: Fighting a councillor within the city is likely to bring in chime automatons as an additional threat, as well as members of the nightwatch.

Difficult Encounter - Seven's Last Stand ○○○○○○○○

Seven has been working on behalf of the Council to create a threat to the city that they can control, in order to keep the coming rebellion at bay (the pinmanes, on page 39). Unbeknownst to them he's also been developing the chimera (page 40), an amalgamated predator designed to tear through the other Councillors and leave him as Nuskaro's sole ruler. Encountering Seven in the Chimeric Laboratory can go a few different ways (as described on page 28), but whatever happens he'll likely fight with a mixture of alchemical weapons dealing CQ and LR Acid, Toxin, or Blast damage, and whispers from his personal whisper-mill. The whisper it contains by default is Clock Strikes Down, a corrupted phrase that may have contributed to his increasingly extreme endeavours in control.

If you want to make Seven slightly more sympathetic as a villain but don't want to rely on crezzerin-induced madness, consider adding emphasis to this corrupted whisper. Destroying the mill may help him 'come to his senses' in the final moments of his life, but it won't undo the harm he's caused - and it's not an excuse for the Council's actions.



There were rumours among the nightwatch, and even among the ritual hunters, of the force that stalked their streets at night. Nothing concrete, little more than whispers in the dark, but enough circumstance and evidence to paint the beginnings of a horrifying picture.

Surfaces slicked with greasy spores that sting the skin and eat through fabric.

Shopfronts and houses torn open, gouges in the wooden streets and clawmarks on brass walls.

Sounds echoing in the moonlight; scraping, rattling, gurgling. Not the sounds of the hunt (so well known in Nuskaro), but of desperation.

The beast is a mystery, but not entirely inscrutable. It makes itself known in deaths, in disappearances, and in fear.

The Pinmane

[Large] Alchemically-Fuelled Chimeric Assassin

None can deny the predatory excellence of the wildsea's pinwolves, found among the lofty heights of a hundred food chains across the world. The lion's mane is similarly fabled, a brutish ambulatory plant that employs cunning tactics to feed an insatiable hunger. But a mixture of the two, combining strengths and nullifying weaknesses? That would be a true horror of the waves.

And horror is exactly what the Clockface Council were aiming for with the creation of the pinmane, an alchemical chimera designed and created by Seven, using Nuskaro hunting trophies as materials. The pinmane isn't truly alive, at least not in the sense that most wildsea beasts are alive, nor is it in control of its own actions. Instead it hunts on instinct and chemical markers, seeking out the potential enemies of the Council and tearing into their homes under cover of night.

Use the pinmane if you want the crew to face a singular creature that blends two wildsea classics into a new threat, one that won't focus on them immediately until they try to get in the way of it completing its mission.

Drives

Consume the Marked: The pinmane is released under cover of night, and skulks through the streets of Nuskaro in search of its chemically-marked target. When it finds the unfortunate target it attempts to kill or consume them entirely, taking the remains back to the Hidden Jetties as fuel for more of Seven's experiments.

Presence

Sight: Dragging gouges along the wooden streets. Twitching movements. Corpse-grey skin, hairless and mottled with angry red sores. A pinwolf's lashing tongue, augmented by the biting stamens of a lion's mane. A flash of red and gold in the darkness.

Sound: Dripping chemicals. A rattling hiss that ends with a gurgled choke.

Smell: A strong scent of preservatives and unusual chemicals, mingling with sweat and pollen.

Resources

Specimens: Twisted Stamen-Tongue, Fleshy Petals, Chemical Pollen, Awkward Pin-Limbs, Atrophied Staccatomygdala

Whispers: Binary Flower, Top of All Chains

Aspects

Dragging Pin-Limbs: Pinmanes retain the climbing skill of their component pinwolf, using sharp limbs to puncture and grip surfaces that would usually be impossible to scale for most. They do, however, lose something in the realm of coordination – the frenetic, jolting movement that typifies a pinwolf's hunt is replaced by dragging lunges, as if every movement is an effort. Pinmane limbs deal medium to heavy CQ Spike damage, and after each lunge (motions capable of adding light to medium CQ Blunt damage to the already potent danger posed by the limbs) there's a slight pause as the creature gathers energy for its next move.

Apex Instincts: The combination of two consummate predators, even with senses dulled by death, is a terrifyingly effective one. Characters targeted by the pinmane's attacks cut when defending, and additionally the creature can focus its senses on a single target – this target treats triumphs as conflicts when defending or manoeuvring near the pinmane's bulk.

Writhing Stamen-Tongue: Used as the pinmane's primary sensory organ, this tongue helps the beasts seek chemically-marked targets on behalf of the Council. It can also be used to bite, dealing medium CQ Hewing damage and grabbing (or throwing) targets, and spurt gouts of acid, dealing heavy LR Acid damage that's likely to damage delicate or organic resources in addition to any other effects.

Chemical Limiter: The pinmane was created with failsafes in mind. An aversion to certain chemicals keeps it from attacking any members of the Clockface Council in case they cross its path, but as a byproduct it may recoil or retreat from crewmembers that spend a lot of time around unusual concoctions, such as alchemists and steepers. *This chemical limiter has been engineered to ignore the draughts used by Nuskaro Ritual Hunters.*

Mutations

Billowing Petals: The pinmane's petals, usually drab and hanging, fill with coursing acidic ichor. When active in this way the petals give the pinmane resistance to all damage types except Flame, Hewing, and Serrated, and CQ attacks made against the pinmane that result in conflicts or disasters deal light CQ Acid damage to the attacker (in addition to any other effects).

Sporecloud Herald: A bursting sac somewhere within the pinmane's body fills the surrounding area with choking spores, counting as a sporecloud and an area of bad air that inflicts cut on attacks that rely on clear sight.

Staccatomygdala Activation: A jolt runs through the pinmane's mind, awakening dormant abilities. The creature's speed and reaction times dramatically increase, allowing it to act immediately after every attack that it takes.

Growing Phosphorescence: The lion's mane petals grafted onto the pinmane flicker into life, dim at first but growing in brightness. The text that the mane's sometimes display is broken, meaningless, a mantra of pain and horror, and these emotions are conveyed mesmerically to any who can see them. This causes viewers to burn mire rather than mark it, and particularly strong pulses of this light might deal medium LR Salt damage or temporarily dazzle or blind those affected.

Difficult Encounter - Assassin's Mark



A member of the Clockface Council has, in secret, chemically marked a potential rebel for death. The pinmane comes for them under cover of night, tearing into their shopfront and hunting them through the streets as they flee.

If the crew engage, the terror of the pinmane will quickly become apparent – every time the strategy track for this encounter is fully marked, the beast gains a new mutation and track gets completely cleared. These mutations compound, and when all mutations are in play the beast begins to tear itself apart as it fights.

The Chimera

[Large] Red Right Hand

The chimera is Seven's secret project, a monstrosity created without the knowledge of the other Councillors specifically to target and kill them when the time is right. It's taken months of work, innumerable deliveries of chemical agents from the city, and the desecration of hundreds of hunting trophies to piece together, but the masterpiece is almost ready to be released.

The chimera is unlike the other hazards created for Red Right Hand, and can take wildly different forms depending on how you wish to present the scenario. The columns below detail the basics of the chimera, no matter its form. The boxes to the right each detail a version of the creature you might want to use. The decision you make should relate directly to the themes and elements of the scenario that have most resonated with the crew, as well as their lines and veils, and their attitudes toward body horror and other potentially disturbing themes.

Drives

Consume the Council: The chimera is designed following the same basic principle as the pinmanes, using a chemical marker to hunt specific targets. Unlike the usual chemical marker, however, the Chimera is essentially programmed to seek out creatures containing elements of the Fervent, the ship from which all Nuskaro Councillors were born. Seven has doused himself in a solution that masks his own inherent mark, but the other Councillors aren't so lucky...

Obey the Creator: Seven has limited control over the chimera, even if the beast itself isn't happy to follow orders. Disrupt that control, and he's in as much danger as anyone else.

Resources

Specimens: Twitching Remains, Alchemical Ooze

Whispers: A Second Death, Purpose Unfulfilled

Cargo: Chimeric Flesh

Aspects

Fauxviathan: Though not a true leviathan in terms of size, the chimera's revenant status and alchemical tethering to life renders it capable of regenerating at a terrifying pace. It treats incoming Massive damage as regular damage, just as a true leviathan would. It's also immune to Toxin damage, thanks to the fact that it's essentially already dead. *Depending on where the chimera is fought, deck weapons from a ship, large objects dropped from cranes, and crushing gears within the Gauntlet can all be viable ways of reliably dealing massive damage.*

Chemical Control: Though the creature is immune to Toxin damage, hitting it with the right kind of chemical-based attack may still produce an effect. Using the alchemical supplies from Seven's laboratory may allow a quick-thinking crewmember to confuse the beast, having it lose the scent of its intended targets or even turn on its creator.

Quirks

A Face You Know: An NPC that the crew met on their first day in Nuskaro has been captured by pinmanes or delivered to Seven from Yarrow Harg, and incorporated into the chimera. Double the amount of mire that the chimera's appearance inflicts.

The Stolen Revolutionaries

If you've set up the pinmane's attacks as abductions rather than murders, the chimera can be primarily made from the bodies of would-be revolutionaries (perhaps including an NPC or two that the crew came into contact with during their first day in Nuskaro). *This presentation is the most inherently horrific, both in appearance and import.*

Presence

Sight: Ektus, ardent, and mothryn features mangled together into a single creature. Raw stitches and dripping ichor. Mouths twisted in agony.

Sound: Desperate pleas. Laboured breaths. Unsettling screams, half-understood.

Smell: Refined crezzerin and unalloyed fear.

Taste: No.

Additional Aspects

True Horror: Coming across the Stolen Revolutionaries deals a mark of mire, plus an additional mark for every individual recognisable in the mass.

The Spirit of the Revolution: Break the chimera from Seven's control and it will turn on him without a moment's hesitation - the individuals that make up the beast may have been changed in form, but not in heart.

Grasping Hands: In this form, the Chimera is a creature of raw strength rather than hunting instinct. It deals heavy CQ Blunt damage when it attacks, and can lurch at impressive speeds from target to target. Ektus and gau components allows the creature to deal medium to heavy Spike damage at CQ, and inflict Spore-based injuries at LR as well.

I Wish You Didn't Remember: The Stolen Revolutionaries may lack hunting experience, but it remembers how the world works. In this form the chimera can use machinery, weapons, and tools just like any other intelligent humanoid, and can even operate a ship or open doors (though it may have trouble fitting through them).

The Council of the Dead

If you've included members of the Council as important NPCs, the chimera's form can answer the questions of why Five and Nine have been absent from the city for so long. This version of the creature is more mechanical, a conglomerate of ironbound parts and fragments of tattered soul stolen from the missing Councillors, victims of Seven's ambition. *This presentation is the least organic, but is still an awful creation to behold - especially for ironbound crew members.*

Presence

Sight: A false machine wreathed in broken soul and scavenged brass. Alchemical vats and complex tubing.

Sound: Hissing steam and bubbling chemicals. The occasional weak word of raka spit.

Additional Aspects

Ironbound Reduced: Coming across the Council of the Dead marks mire for non-ironbound crewmembers, and burns mire for other ironbound.

Whispers Repurposed: The whisper-mills carried by Councillors have been integrated into the chimera, allowing it to manifest barely-tangible hawsers of illogical nonsense. These whisper-wound ropes can wrap and squeeze nearby targets, dealing medium to heavy Salt or Blunt damage at LR and immobilizing foes.

Chemical Cast-Offs: The alchemical bonds that hold the Council's corpses together take a heavy toll on organic material nearby. The Council of the Dead is surrounded by a searing miasma, dealing light Acid damage to any non-ironbound that draws close.

The Final Insult

If the crew have engaged with the ritual hunters in a positive manner and have an interest in their struggles and wants, the chimera can take the form of a blasphemous insult against their history - a creature made from both animal trophies and the bodies of long-dead ritual hunters, stolen, repurposed, and grimly reanimated... *This presentation is the most mobile and aggressive, dealing a variety of damage types.*

Presence

Sight: An amalgam of shuddering flesh, corpse-pale. Jaws and beaks and mandibles snapping reflexively.

Sound: Barks, hisses, and primordial howls.

Smell: Sweat and preservative chemicals.

Additional Aspects

The Inglorious Hunt: Encountering the Final Insult deals a mark of mire to all crewmembers. If the creature reforms, another mark of mire is dealt to the crewmember that brought about the reformation.

Alchemical Reformation: Every time the Final Insult takes damage there's a chance it will reform, producing new bestial features. This reformation grants it a new damage type at either CQ or LR.

Maelstrom of Claws and Jaws: The Final Insult begins an encounter able to deal light to medium Blunt, Keen, or Toxin damage at CQ.

Implacable: The hunter's body that serves as the base of the Final Insult was preserved along with its cloak, giving the creature the ability to phase through solid objects (such as a wall or the deck of a ship) at will, though the process leaves it momentarily disoriented.

Unmarred By Death: This version of the chimera retains the knowledge of the hunters that have been sewn into it. Attempts to track, hide from, or surprise the creature have their impact naturally lowered.

The Stew

Bodies and trophies may have helped along the way, but Seven's true power comes from alchemy - and the chimera is his greatest triumph of the art. *This presentation is the least horrific, intended to be used for groups uncomfortable with the idea of creatures being forced to attack and kill against their will.*

Presence

Sight: A gelatinous mass of vaguely-defined features, constantly roiling and changing. There are bones in there, and pieces of glassware, and cogs, but they don't seem to have any particular function.

Sound: Wet slopping sounds. Hissing steam.

Smell: Overpoweringly acrid.

Additional Aspects

Corrosive Expulsion: Once active, the Stew begins pumping out huge amounts of gas and liquid as it moves. This creates a miasma in the immediate area, counting as Bad Air and dealing constant light CQ Toxin or Acid damage to all characters near the creature.

Formless: This version of the chimera has barely any solid body to speak of. It can roll over sources of alchemical supplies in the surrounding environment to clear marks from its own strategy track (though shouldn't do this too often, as there's nothing more frustrating than a threat that constantly heals).

Lash Out: The Stew also has the ability to lash out with chemical tendrils. These deal CQ or LR Toxin or Acid damage, and are made almost entirely of liquid - characters reacting to this attack take a cut on any attempts to block or escape the damage.

Made to Grow: The Stew can absorb and dissolve other organic matter. Characters that it successfully absorbs take automatic heavy CQ Acid damage, and must fight their way out of the creature or be freed to end the effect.



AUGMENTOR **POST**

Life persists, preserved or propelled by your research.

The surgeon cuts, and heals, and replaces. Alchemists concoct, create, and push boundaries. The augmentor sits somewhere between the two, relying on a combination of medical advancement and the fringe tenets of alchemical theory, using their own body as a canvas for experimentation.

In truth, augmentors are no stranger than many of the arconautic disciplines one might encounter upon the waves, but are still considered an oddity by even the most seasoned sailors. Crews brave or wild enough to travel with a disciple of the augmenting arts tend to learn far more about the nature of the wildsea's hazards than they expect to, and sometimes even more about themselves as well.

A Hunger for More

Augmentors are driven to adapt and change. With deep cravings to add yet another oddity to their collection, they will often get lost in study and experimentation for days at a time. Though some rely on support from their crewmates in the search for alchemical components, working closely with hunters and gatherers, others prefer a more practical approach - they'll fish, thresh, or sometimes even leap into the waves in pursuit of their chosen prizes.

Mutable Forms

The thing that stands out the most when meeting an augmentor for the first time is likely their own form. The bloodline they started life as may be difficult to determine, with grafts, replacement organs, and even entirely unique parts warping their shape into something difficult to comprehend. The average augmentor dresses in comfortable clothes with strategically placed holes for an amalgamation of extra limbs, or shrouds themselves to the point of mystery in order to keep their alterations a secret. This second approach may be the more sensible of the two - there are stories of innocent augmentors being hounded or attacked by those mistaking them for monsters from the depths, and such events will likely repeat themselves until the discipline becomes more common.

Questions to Consider

When you incorporate elements of the augmentor into your character, consider the following questions...

- ☞ What were you before your first experiment? Did you hew to the path of the surgeon, or alchemist, or come at augmentation from an entirely different angle?
- ☞ How do you deal with the painful aspects of your research?
- ☞ What is one scientific line you will not cross, and why?

Alternate Presentations

Augmentors are assumed to delve into change as a matter of course, but perhaps there's another way; an augmentor might be reskinned as an obsessed scholar of the wilds, driven by the glory of research and bent on immaculately preserving all that they find.

ASPECTS

Your aspects help make your character unique, giving them ways to break the normal rules of the Wildsea. They also act as fictional permissions, to an extent – choose ones that speak to you, that you think you can weave into your story. During Quickstart creation, **choose 2 aspects** from the list below.

Chimeric Reveal 3-Track Complex Trait

Choose three traits from bloodlines other than your own to hold as *reveals*. During play you may consume a specimen to instantly manifest the benefits of one of these reveals (tying their special ability and any narrative benefits to this trait). These benefits only last until end of scene, but you can gain access to multiple reveals at the same time by consuming a specimen for each.

Recombinant 2-Track Trait

Your form is more deliberate than most could conceive of. When you take a trait from any bloodline other than your own, add two boxes to the trait's usual track length.

Advanced Adaptation 3-Track Trait

Pain is the first step to immunity. Mark to gain resistance to a damage type of your choice until end of scene, or burn to gain immunity until end of scene instead.

The Beast Within 4-Track Trait

Mark mire to grow a natural weapon, which can deal CQ damage of any one type until end of scene. You may mark mire twice to hijack focus at the same time.

This Looks Interesting 2-Track Trait

The most difficult question: to catalogue, or to incorporate? When you gain a specimen, you may either add the *Preserved* tag, or add a negative tag and clear a mark of damage on any one of your traits instead.

All Life Speaks 3-Track Trait

Living, dead, or in pieces, you can hear them. Consume two specimens, or a single specimen with the *Preserved* tag, and treat it as if you just used a whisper based on what was consumed.

One With All 2-Track Trait

When you touch a living thing, mark to gain a 2-track temporary trait based on that creature. You can only have one of these temporary traits at a time.

Irregular Elixir 2-Track Complex Gear

The search for perfection is a fool's errand. Consuming a specimen and marking mire allows you or a nearby ally to gain a temporary two-track trait from the list below.

- ☞ **Mutagenic Weapon:** Whenever you roll doubles while making a CQ attack, gain the effects of both a combat-based critical and the usual twist.
- ☞ **Wild Form:** Choose Stealth, Vault, or Wavewalk. You count as having three ranks in this skill.
- ☞ **Splitting the Iris:** Gain the ability to see heat, detect electrical fields, or gain vision covering 360 degrees.
- ☞ **Coarse Covering:** Through emerging plates, thick fur, or new-grown spines, this temporary trait gains four boxes rather than the usual two.
- ☞ **Rampancy:** You grow a natural weapon that deals CQ Keen damage. You may mark mire to increase your impact when dealing CQ damage.

Scrawled Research Notes 3-Track Gear

After a lifetime devoted to a singular topic, your work is nearly complete. Treat conflicts as triumphs when studying (or conversing on the topic of) beasts.

Earworm Network 3-Track Gear

Don't ask how it's done. You, and all members of your crew, can communicate at great distances. This communication is silent to those outside the network.

Chromaquill 2-Track Companion

A hedgehog with transparent quills. Each easily-shed quill is filled with coloured ink, giving the Chromaquill a rainbow appearance. Use a task to create two specimens, *Coloured Ink* and *Hollow Quill*.

Bluering Pallas 3-Track Companion

A white cat with blue rings on its fur, eight legs, two tails, and barbed suction cups on its paws, perfectly adapted to life on the waves. Deals CQ Toxin damage.

QUICKSTART KIT

When you're making a quickstart character and choose augmentor as your post, you gain the following bonuses...

Edge (Choose 1)

Iron, Sharps, Tides

Skills & Languages (Choose 5)

Skills: Concoct, Gather, Hunt, Wavewalk, Study, Sense, Tend

Languages: Saprek, Gaudimm, Knock, Raka Spit

Resources (Choose 2)

Salvage: Pack of Syringes, Old Paper

Specimens: Vial of Blood, Painted Skull

Whispers: Shapeless Stirrings, Limitless Potential

Charts: Etched Leather Map, Channel-Carved Stone

Drive (Choose 1)

To unlock the power of a leviathan

To teach others about the wonders of the natural world

Mire (Choose 1)

Grafted body parts move of their own freewill

Words are a struggle, with predatory instinct taking hold

"Insight into my fellow sailors, into the beasts we hunt, into the world we travel. I wouldn't go back, even if I could."

- Elkori Hauvern, ektus augmentor

THE WILDSEA

OFFICIAL SHIP SHEET

NAME

The King's Ransom

RATINGS

ARMOUR

SEALS

SPEED

SAWS

STEALTH

TILT

DESIGN

SIZE

Standard (1 stake)

FRAME

Sleek (1 stake)

HULL

Broadwood (1 stake)
Leviathan Bone (1 stake)
Razorscale (1 stake)

BITE

Sawprow (1 stake)
Jag-Tracks (1 stake)

ENGINE

Chemical Compressor (1 stake)

CONDITIONS

STAKES

USED
18 / 18
TOTAL

REPUTATION

FITTINGS

MOTIFS/ADDITIONS/ROOMS

Anchor System (free)
Chemical Spotlight (1 stake)
Steam Whistle (1 stake)
Wrecker's Magnet (1 stake)
Galley (1 stake)
Grand Blastbow (2 stakes)
Harpoon Turret (2 stakes)
Bonesaw Troupe (2 stakes)

ARMAMENTS

Sawprow (massive CQ Serrated)
Jag-Tracks (massive CQ Hewing)
Grand Blastbow (massive LR Blast)
Harpoon Turret (massive LR Spike)

OUTRIDERS

UNDERCREW

NAME Bonesaw Troupe Officer/Gang/Pack
Details • A single crewmember heals a mark from an aspect or injury when you drop anchor

NAME Officer/Gang/Pack
Details •

NAME Officer/Gang/Pack
Details •

NAME Officer/Gang/Pack
Details •

NAME Officer/Gang/Pack
Details •

CARGO AND PASSENGERS

NOTES

THE WILDSEA

OFFICIAL SHIP SHEET

NAME

Tor Gu Hemarr

RATINGS

ARMOUR

SEALS

SPEED

SAWS

STEALTH

TILT

DESIGN

SIZE

Large (1 stake)

FRAME

Scything (1 stake)

HULL

Tower Brass (Exile's Copper) (2 stakes)
Floraflage (2 stakes)

BITE

Underscales (1 stake)
Sluicejets (1 stake)
Gecko Sails (2 stakes)

ENGINE

Springwork (1 stake)
Chemical Compressor (1 stake)
Leviathan Heart (2 stakes)

CONDITIONS

STAKES

USED

32

32

TOTAL

REPUTATION



CARGO AND PASSENGERS

Boxed Hunting Trophies

FITTINGS

MOTIFS/ADDITIONS/ROOMS

Anchor System (free)
Hunting Motif (2 stakes)
Firefly Lanterns (1 stake)
Cargo Crane (1 stake)
Galley (1 stake)
Butchery (1 stake)
Cooling Facility (1 stake)
Observation Platform (1 stake)
2x Harpoon Turret (4 stakes)
2x Viper's Tooth (4 stakes)
Unique: Boatswain's Blades (2 stakes)

ARMAMENTS

Underscales (massive CQ Keen)
Sluicejets (massive CQ Acid)
2x Harpoon Turrets (massive LR Spike)
2x Viper's Teeth (massive LR Acid)
Boatswain's Blades (massive CQ Salt)

OUTRIDERS

UNDERCREW

NAME

Officer/Gang/Pack

Details

NAME

Officer/Gang/Pack

Details

NAME

Officer/Gang/Pack

Details

NAME

Officer/Gang/Pack

Details

NAME

Details

NOTES

- + The floraflage hull increases the impact on Stealth rolls while the ship is motionless
- + The bonus to Speed and Armour ratings granted by Gecko Sails are only active in favourable winds
- + Hunting motif gives trophies of fur and bone, a modified cargo area, and an array of hunting and butchering tools
- + The Boatswain's Blades are a unique weapon forged from a great leviathan snake's ribs, sharpened and arranged around the Tor Gu Hemarr's hull

THE WILDSEA

OFFICIAL SHIP SHEET

NAME

The Final Toll
[Clockface Councillor Ship]

RATINGS

ARMOUR

SEALS

SPEED

SAWS

STEALTH

TILT

DESIGN

SIZE

Small (1 stake)

FRAME

Sleek (1 stake)

HULL

Reef-Iron (1 stake)
Tower Brass (Exile's Copper) (2 stakes)

BITE

Crawler (1 stake)

ENGINE

Chemical Compressor (1 stake)
Steam Piping (1 stake)

CONDITIONS

STAKES

USED
12 / 12
TOTAL

REPUTATION

FITTINGS

MOTIFS/ADDITIONS/ROOMS

Anchor System (free)
Chemical Spotlight (1 stake)
Vox Horn (1 stake)
Cooling Facility (1 stake)
Brig (1 stake)

UNDERCREW

NAME Officer/Gang/Pack
Details •

NAME Officer/Gang/Pack
Details •

NAME Officer/Gang/Pack
Details •

NAME Officer/Gang/Pack
Details •

NAME Officer/Gang/Pack
Details •

CARGO AND PASSENGERS

NOTES

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This one is for the community, especially those that
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You're all stars. Sail safe.



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THE WILDSEA: RED RIGHT HAND

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