

The Sundown Ablaze

The Sundown hangs in a state of quarantine. From every corner of the Icharian fleet, the name of an ancient, indelible enemy passes between crewmen in nervous whispers.

The Lotus.

Some say the Lotus is a living being bent on stamping out the descendants of those who fled the Old Kingdom. Others say it's an unthinking organism that craves Icharian flesh. Between deckswabs and drunkards, rumors abound that the Lotus is naught but a disease spread for political gain, a tool used by cunning statesmen.

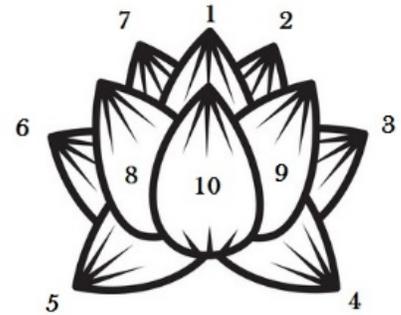
Leave speculation on the outbreak to the Admirals and their myriad underlings. Your job is clear: enter the botany-ship, find those infected by the Lotus, and preserve the fleet by *any means necessary*. The sky, cloudless and blue, clashes with the dark ocean water. Will you burn away the blight, or will the Sundown serve as a grim reminder of the Lotus' unrelenting advance?

Ten Icharians make their living aboard the Sundown. None can be trusted.

The Selumbo Lucifera {Lotus} propagates itself via concentrated inhalation. While proximal exposure to Lotus spores can result in infection, reports of outbreak throughout the fleet note contaminated rags and signs of struggle.

-Luther Ekblad,
Flora of the Old World

1. The illustrious botanist, Gideon
2. The prickly scientist, Idric
3. The apprehensive grain farmer, Hanna
4. The inattentive fungus farmer, Silas
5. The stringent engineer, Bartholomew
6. The reclusive captain, Evard Wren
7. The pensive scrivener, Wil
8. The stately first mate, Abigail
9. The scientist's lethargic son, Jeremiah
10. The impish trader, Sylvie



At the beginning of the game, the DM rolls a d10 and consults the list of crewmen to determine the origin of the infection. Each day beyond the first, one person in regular contact with a Lotus-controlled crewman becomes infected. Crewmen have regular contact with any of their crewmates whose flower petal touches theirs.

Lotus infection can only be detected by **Burning** an individual; instead of the usual charred appearance of a burn mark, Lotus-infected skin takes on a greenish hue and mends itself, leaving visible, plantlike scar patterns. Doing so, however, is equal parts painful and embittering. The first attempt will harden the crew's hearts. The third will give them a new foe: the party. Failure to contain the outbreak carries dire consequences for the fleet. The Lotus aim to spread beyond the Sundown and will remove any threat to their new foothold. Likewise, if the Admirals catch wind of a pandemic, they will resort to desperate measures to save the flotilla. The botany-ship will see its ties to the fleet severed, and teams of archers armed with flaming pitch line the nearby ships, poised to light the Sundown ablaze.

Deck - The Sundown's deck is dominated by alternating crops necessary in feeding the insatiable Icharian flotilla. A spiraling staircase in the middle of the deck leads directly to the deep-garden.

Common area - Throughout the day, a portion of the Sundown's cast can be found milling about the common area, a loose host of bunks, dining tables, and recreational tokens. A small hearth crackles in the corner.

Bow - The Sundown's bow has received little use over the years, a sign of the ship's gradual repurposing since The Exodus. From here, the rest of the fleet's distant, prying eyes seem all the more present.



Engineering bay - Along with the rest of the Icharian fleet, the Sundown is propelled by supernatural machinery. Algorithms for operating the ship span entire tomes. Only the ship's sole mechanic, Bartholomew, can decipher such arcane writings.

Deep-garden - A winding stone pathway flanked by exotic flora bisects the deep-garden. Many of the side paths dead-end into ancient Icharian machines, a dull hum from their tarnished steel offering no clues as to their purpose.

Stores - The stores of the ship are dark and cramped by necessity. Sunlight peers through the cracks, offering slight and erratic respite from the labyrinth of shelves.

Food lab - Idric's laboratory covers an impressive domain, but space is at an absolute premium due to the smattering of crates, samples, and tinctures strewn over every available surface.