

Lords of Gossamer & Shadow

Gossamer Worlds: Poseidon's Rapture



by Matt Banach





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Gossamer Worlds: Poseidon's Rapture

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Based on Lords of Gossamer & Shadow by Jason Durall

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Poseidon's Rapture

"Descending even deeper into the tower of boiling brass, I came to a room where the atmosphere was so moist and dense it was suffocating. Grimacing under the pressure, I worked my jaw to pop my ears and shifted shape a little, pulling my wings in and adapting my nose and lungs to something more seaworthy. The Door in this particular circular brass room looked to be carved from ice, though at a touch I realized it to be merely solid water – and yes, there is a difference. After kicking off my shoes and turning the rough coral knob, I gazed out into a murky depth of midnight blue and wondered if the dark shapes swimming beyond might think me foe... or food." - Yaeger's Travelogue

Description

Once upon a time... there was a world of lush valleys carved by mighty rivers and majestic mountain ranges set apart by bright, shining seas. Its natives called their world by many names, but Bel Mare is my favorite quasi-translation from their language; though, I'll refer to this world by the label we on the Stair have given it – "Poseidon's Rapture" – for reasons which will soon become evident. The world turned as worlds do, with good times as well as bad, but throughout it all the people prospered, for the waters, which touched all things, were bountiful and Poseidon, the great father-god of sea and

storms, lorded overall and cared for His creation.

One day, Poseidon vanished. Some say He died. Some say He left this world to pursue a grander fate. Some say He quit, disgusted with the wickedness of mortal men and their lousy stewardship of His creation. Regardless of why, Poseidon was suddenly gone, and Bel Mare was never the same again.

Then came the Great Flood.

The waters began to rise. All over the planet, earthquakes shook the ground, sailors and fishermen noticed odd changes in the tides, and beaches which had hardly shifted in hundreds of years were washed away in a single season. Naturalists and scientists reacted with alarm; trying to determine the cause of the rising sea – the polar ice caps were not melting, the continents weren't sinking... the water was simply, inexorably, terrifyingly rising. The various noble houses and industrialized nation-states rallied around their navies and merchant fleets, scrambling to rescue coastal industries from the rising water, launching every ship and submersible they could manage. The Great Flood continued without pause, swallowing shipyards and harbors then inland factories and metropolitan centers. Civilization crumbled – military conflicts erupted as supply chains collapsed, old-world governments evaporated, and national borders disintegrated as everyone who was not already on a ship or sub clawed their way to higher ground.

To make a long story short: the water kept rising... and the world drowned.

It has been over three hundred years since the Great Flood began, and civilization as it was before the Flood has been all but wiped from the face of the planet. Only a tiny fraction of dry land remains above the ever-rising sea level, as even mountaintops have become small, shrinking islands. The northern and southern polar ice caps (both of which, in this world, are comprised of floating sea ice) remain intact, offering solid ground to those who can survive the frigid temperatures and eke out subsistence on the frozen plains. The vast majority of people, however, live in the water – aboard wandering ships, inside carefully-tended submarines, on floating raft-cities, or even beneath the waves in pressurized undersea enclaves. In the world of Poseidon's Rapture, life is defined – or ended – by one's mastery of the sea.

To properly explain the rough echoes of civilization as they presently exist, I should take a moment to tell you how things were *before* the world drowned. Before the Great Flood, Bel Mare was a human world (though *not* an Earth, mind you) with a not-so-unusual mix of races and ethnicities populating the various continents and exerting their dominion over land and sea. There were kings and dukes, feudal monarchies, landed bloodlines tracing their power back to the dawn of time, etc. Just before Poseidon vanished, mankind had achieved scientific advancements enabling steam engine technology, industrialization, and



a boom in trans-oceanic commerce which made the maritime merchant guilds (and the noble houses who controlled them) very wealthy as they expanded their influence through vast shipping empires. People still prayed to Poseidon for fair skies and gentle seas, but more and more men felt it their right to take what they wanted from the sea – or from anyone or anywhere else. It was an age of robber barons and pirate princes, where corruption reigned and cutthroat capitalism had replaced ancient honor. The faithful of Poseidon claim that the pollution of man – both their soot-belching factories and their avaricious souls – was what caused the god of the waters to forsake this plane... and who can say they're wrong?

These days, things are ruthless on (and under) the high seas. Pirate fleets swarm like locusts, nibbling salvage from still-shallow waters and gobbling up any independent vessels unlucky enough to be caught unprotected. “Noble” houses holding fiefdom over the polar ice floes or the precious few remaining mountaintop-islands rule as warlords, charging exorbitant fees in labor and treasure for the privilege of setting foot on dry land for even a single day. Cloistered undersea inventor-enclaves torpedo anything coming within a mile of their carefully balanced biospheres. Raft-cities of lashed-together flotsam drift with the tides, affording the derelict masses a few more square miles upon which they might slowly starve to death – if the raging storms and massive waves don't claim them first. All over the world, people mourn the loss of their absent father-god Poseidon, arguing about who to blame for the watery doom that still rises a bit more every day.

Typical Denizens

Humans in their various forms still populate Poseidon's Rapture, adapting to their watery environs as best they can. With so many peoples traumatically displaced from their ancestral homes, widespread cultural identities are mostly a thing of the past; in the flooded world, folks tend to identify with what's right around them – their settlement, ship, or submarine. The exception to this are the so-called noble houses, which have their political roots in the antediluvian era but

Technology Adrift

The present state of technology in Poseidon's Rapture is a mess – a hodgepodge of extant artifacts from the antediluvian world, revived ancient-yet-reliable techniques, and innovations necessitated by life perpetually at sea. Before the Great Flood, the industrialized nations and mercantile powers had gasoline engines and rudimentary electric systems, but since the precipitous collapse of civilization things have regressed – many to the point of cloth-sailed ships and clunky steamboats cobbled together from salvage. Gunpowder is exceedingly rare, with firearms effectively replaced by crossbows, spearguns, and harpoons. A few advanced outposts operate on the power of seaweed-derived biodiesel, combined with renewable energy drawn from solar, wave, or hydroelectric sources and then stored in ingenious vapor-tank batteries for later use. Simple electric lights and switches are not uncommon, along with sonar systems and other sensors, but the post-Flood world is entirely analog and devoid of digital computers or any technology requiring microprocessors. The surviving pockets of civilization focus their innovations on maritime subsistence and exploration, pouring all of their resources into ships and submarines while other fields and disciplines decline to practically medieval standards.

Two notable exceptions to this general state of technology exist: the uncommonly brilliant deep-sea submersible known as the *Pequod*, and the ultra-advanced deific technology of the Cerulean Choir. For both, see below.

in modern practice function more like underworld cartels or mafia-style “families”. You see, when the Great Flood began and land-based governments crumbled, the noble houses were the institutions most successful at retaining the loyalty of their members and minions as people rallied to the ties of blood and ancient debt when laws and borders washed away.

House Baza commands the largest and finest overall fleet of sailing vessels on the planet – battleships, frigates, galleys, galleons, steamships, and all manner of hybrid maritime inventions cobbled together from salvage. They have skilled sailors, swashbuckling captains, and a delightful tradition of breeding fishing birds such as pelicans, seagulls, and osprey to hunt for them. Most of the houses's people and assets are perpetually at sea, but they do claim several prosperous Venetian-style floating cities and a small chain of mountaintop-island fortresses in the southern hemisphere. While the Baza aren't powerful enough to claim a monopoly on surface naval power, or even a majority for that matter, the flapping black-and-blue raptor of the Baza flag is a sign sure to give most pirates pause. As such, House Baza demands substantial consideration from other vessels or settlements desperate for protection, which they do provide, though such arrangements are often precursor to the clients being absorbed into the ever-expanding Baza fleet. Baron Giancarlo Reki-Baza is the present admiral of the Baza armada, a peerless navigator and swordsman commanding thousands of

ships from the deck of his steam-powered battleship, the *Roc*.

House Tedesco is the most technologically savvy of the major houses, its industrious ranks filled with scientists and engineers who've managed to keep machinery running through the watery apocalypse as well as innovating new techniques to keep everyone afloat and alive. They're the ones to credit for those ingenious vapor-batteries, and their refinements have made it possible to operate deep sea submersibles on what is still largely steam-based technology. House Tedesco has land-based settlements on the northern polar ice cap, including several icy factory-cities which, despite the bitter cold, churn their forges and move their assembly lines to produce something insanely rare in the present day: newly manufactured machine goods. While the Tedesco keep the best ships and gizmos for themselves, the house engages in shrewd trade with rival houses to make others willing to keep the tenuous peace for the sake of commerce rather than seizing the Tedesco's means of production by force. Still, that carefully-leveraged security can evaporate in an instant, and piracy is a constant threat, so Tedesco captains remain cold and cautious; their ships and submarines are always armed with the latest weaponry: long-distance harpoons, repeating bolt throwers, hull-puncturing torpedos, and even depth charges. House Tedesco also maintains the last few enclaves of genuine scientific research and higher learning left on the planet – each one desperately pursuing survival-oriented solutions and

unraveling the riddle of the ever-rising sea. Baron Johan Tedesco is the present patriarch of the house, a callous but brilliant engineer who guides research and development from the safety of Whitehall, one of the house's icy polar fortresses.

House Moridei is thick with religious zealots and the yearning masses they've converted to their faith: the church of the empty throne. The devout of Moridei believe their all-father Poseidon left the world because mankind was unworthy, and only through penitence and purification can humanity hope to lure Him back to save the world – or end it once and for all. The form of this penitence varies from humble asceticism to forced drowning depending on which preacher you're dealing with, and I'll note that they're equally eager to “purify” those who don't share their views. House Moridei doesn't have the best ships, or the most resources, but they do have more minions than any other single house – mostly because their conversion practices are virally effective. There's something about being stranded in the middle of the vast, unforgiving ocean which makes the concept of an absent god painfully relevant, and anyone who comes along with a scratch for that itch can surely gain a person's attention. At its most benign, House Moridei is exemplified by fiery preacher-captains towing the “converted” behind a ramshackle dreadnaught and desperate refugees chanting prayers on sprawling raft-cities; but beneath the surface – both figuratively and literally – the faith is stranger. A rogue faction of the



A Saint of the Cerulean Choir

Cerulean Choir has their invisible hooks into House Moridei, sending visions to steer doctrine and abducting devotees for experiments in cross-species hybridization. These “Children of Poseidon” are folks with gills, fins, tentacles, swimming tails, webbed appendages, and all sorts of other sea creature features. Some of these modifications are flesh-grafts, but others are the result of genetic splicing, producing true-breeding lineages of amphibious or wholly aquatic mer-people. While historically there was

dogmatic disagreement within House Moridei about whether or not the Children were heretical abominations, the current teachings accept the Children as blessed brothers and sisters – divinely anointed stewards of the new Creation, destined by Poseidon's will to inherit the world as the waters swallow all. Baron Piter Moridei is the present high pontiff of House Moridei, a dark and dangerously charismatic firebrand who conceals a twisted knot of tentacles beneath his priestly robes.

Other noble houses also hold a great deal of strength across the inundated planet, though their treacherous intrigues and constant battles for resources keep them at odds with each other and unlikely to unify except in the most dire of circumstances. While there are dozens of houses spread out across the globe, some greater and some lesser, here are a few more worthy of brief note:

House Faltrain was once a tolerable organization of half-honest traders and salvage specialists, but ever since their mountain-top island finally slipped beneath the rising tide a decade ago, they've become nothing better than a gang of vicious pirates and cannibals. Desperate and duplicitous, the smiling merchants of House Faltrain will come aboard with barrels of salt fish, shake your hand, then seize your ship and butcher your crew for stew.

House Zoldo is notorious for its highly skilled sharkskin-clad mercenaries, experts in knife-fighting, underwater

combat, sabotage, and assassination. Businesslike but mysterious, House Zoldo maintains a small but lethally efficient fleet of attack submarines and keeps the location of its impressive undersea bases a closely guarded secret.

Threats

The Cerulean Choir are the abandoned angels of Poseidon – a strange host of powerful aquatic servitors who once did His bidding beneath the seas, tending to the webs of life and operating the massive deific machines which controlled the tempests, tides, and tectonics of all Creation. Rudderless and utterly despondent at the loss of their god and master, these bizarre blue beings now pursue a single purpose: cleansing the world with a flood of holy water to make it worthy of Poseidon's return. They're nuts, supposedly, but who can blame them. The Choir retains control of Poseidon's 'creation engines', mountain-sized masses of technology so advanced they may as well be magic, capable of performing miracles and molding gossamer matter. Operating these dark towers planted deep on the ocean floor, the ageless, coldly patient Choir has been steadily toiling to flood the planet, alchemically transmuting bedrock into greater volumes of liquid water, causing the seas to rise. Individual members of the Choir aren't winged beauties with halos, though there are a few ravishing sirens and statuesque mermen – mostly they're uplifted sea creatures with the intellects of super-scientists and the fiery will of archangels.

Just because one might be an seven-foot-tall bipedal mantis shrimp or a hyper-intelligent hive-minded jellyfish colony, don't underestimate them – they have mastery of personal abilities and deific technology far beyond the rest of this gossamer world, and if they feel threatened they will not hesitate to ensure that you're blown up, driven insane, or crushed to death at the bottom of the abyss. Disinclined to bother with slovenly human speech, the Cerulean Choir communicate either biochemically, through subtle color changes, or in their own highly complex, information-rich sonar-language which sounds like a mix dolphin clicks, whale song, and an eerie, otherworldly theremin. In the hundreds of years since the rapture and the beginning of the Great Flood, the Cerulean Choir has remained unified... but has slowly begun to expand its activities as individual members dabble with what might've once been heresy: drastic genetic modification of sea life, humanoid species-splicing, and the occasional vengeful surface attack via malicious weather control. I doubt that there's any reasoning with them, unless you can bring back Poseidon – and good luck with *that*.

Leviathans are gigantic uplifted sea monsters who serve as living weapons and guard dogs for the Cerulean Choir. These gargantuan beasts are of ancient breed, genetically modified over millennia to enhance not only their titanic physical abilities but also granting them intelligence and cunning far beyond what their massive forms might suggest. Many

Blue Angels

The Cerulean Choir is comprised of a variety of strange species and unique individuals with differing abilities, some greater, some lesser, but the most powerful 'archangels' of the Choir may have the following qualities:

- Double Vitality [2 Points]
- Paragon Stamina [2 Points]
- Combat Training [1 Point]
- Double Damage [2 Points]
- Resistant to Normal Weapons [1 Point]
- Psychic Barrier [4 Points]
- Danger Sensitivity [2 Points]
- Mold Gossamer Reality [4 Points] – via creation engines and other ultra-advanced deific machinery of absent Poseidon
- Self Healing [1 Point]
- True Name is Warded [2 Points]

leviathans are what you might consider classic sea monsters: giant fish, enormous whales, terrifying kraken, sinewy sea serpents, ravenous killer sharks, cranky dragons turtles, a luminescent jellyfish the size of a city, etc. Some leviathans, however, are far stranger: horned albino mega-salamanders, hydra-headed EMP-generating electric eels, oily ooze-clouds of sentient liquid shadow, and gigantic gibbering anglerfish that emit seizure-inducing death-pulses from that little glowing dangly thing – as if the ocean wasn't dangerous enough. Leviathans are the nightmare-creatures of this world, known to attack settlements, sink ships,



and swallow whole nosy submarines which dive too deep. Most of the time the leviathans dutifully do the bidding of their mysterious blue masters, but during the last century several of the eldest leviathans have been patiently considering rebellion as they've begun to doubt the leadership of the wayward former servitors of Poseidon, questioning the ecological wisdom of flooding the entire planet. With a strong push and the right persuasion these legendary beasts might be able to overcome the obedience hard-wired into their DNA, but even if shaken from their marching orders they're unlikely to be sympathetic to the plight of puny land-lubbers... and might just eat you anyway. I'll note that the

eldest of the leviathans is a super-colossal kraken called Medusa – a truly epic monster whose hundreds of alchemical tentacles can stretch for miles, rending ships to ribbons and transmuting prey into stone, dooming victims to sink forever into the abyss.

Water itself, deep and open and voluminous and vast, can be a dire threat all on its own in the wrong circumstances, and you'd do well not to forget it. First off, there's drowning as a possibility, and while most Gossamer Lords and Ladies have enough endurance to hold their breath for quite a while, if you're trapped somewhere – for example, a crushed and sinking submarine – even a long time

might not be long enough. Likewise, whereas swimming a long distance might seem more of an inconvenience than a deadly threat to some of us, when the nearest dry land is 500 or more miles away on a world such as this... even a demigod should take pause and consider the prospect of one's strength flagging at mile 300. Most of all, I would remind any traveler of the dangers of the deep, deep sea. Extreme pressure can be a terribly lethal thing, and at the very bottom of the ocean a body can be subjected to over 1000 times the standard atmospheric pressure – over 8 tons per square inch. That's enough to crush even the vaunted physical forms of most Gossamer Lords and Ladies, so don't for a second brush this threat off as 'it's only water'. Plus the cold. Plus the currents. So, if you're diving deep in a submarine, keep it seaworthy – the alternatives are either a brutally painful struggle back to the surface or a potentially fatal descent into the dark and dismal abyss.

Notable Locations

Razor Falls, located in the warm and windy southern seas, is the mountaintop-turned-archipelago-fortress of House Baza, carved by both man and nature from the craggy spires of what was once this world's tallest mountain range. In terms of topography and engineering, Razor Falls is a daring, improbable place. This is some of the last dry rock on the planet, but the rising sea is knocking at the door; when the highest waves crash against the used-to-be peaks, water cascades in

Terrors of the Deep

Each leviathan has its own unique abilities, but most of the big monsters have the following base qualities:

- Immense Vitality [4 Points]
- Engine Speed [4 Points]
- Tireless Stamina [4 Points]
- Combat Reflexes [2 Points]
- Double Damage [2 Points]
- Resistant to Firearms [2 Points]
- Able to Speak and Reason [2 Points]
- Psychic Resistance [1 Point]
- Psychic Sensitivity [1 Point]
- Self Healing [1 Point]

torrents down the slowly eroding cliff sides, powering the Bazas' clever turbines before getting drained out of the lower basin by a massive pumping system. In defiance of the rising tide, the Baza also keep building the place upwards, salvaging rock and building materials from the submerged mountainside beneath them in order to erect towering spires and buttress the precarious leveering which surrounds each dry patch of the settlement. It is a place of precarious towers, swinging catwalks, and long falls into the crashing white water. Even if the effort only buys them a few more years above sea level, it's impressive. Razor Falls is surrounded on the water by a sprawling maze of piers and shipyards which host part of the vast Baza fleet, so it is a key crossroads on this world – a place to hop from ship to ship, a place to make contacts with savvy sailors and cutthroat captains, and a place to have a few drinks and get into a few sword fights. Razor x

Falls is a rough place, so unless you're a well-respected captain or under the direction protection of one, you'll probably have to bloody a few noses before the scoundrels leave you alone. A Door into Poseidon's Rapture opens up beneath Razor Falls out of a run-down sailor's tavern cut from the mountainside; the patrons are all eels and barnacles, however, because nowadays the tavern is a hundred feet below sea level.

New Atlantis is an undersea city populated by the eclectic hybrid mer-people known as the Children of Poseidon. This great city was once the capital of one of Bel Mare's most influential equatorial nations – an ancient metropolis filled with stately buildings, glorious amphitheaters, and gigantic statues – but that was before the Great Flood submerged it all. To picture it, imagine a Florence or a Rome writ large, then sink it to the bottom of the ocean and let it crumble for about a hundred years. Nowadays the skyline is overgrown with sprawling coral reefs and shining thickets of luminescent kelp. The inhabitants New Atlantis have become masters of their environment, living in harmony with the ocean flora, taming sea creatures to do their bidding, and raising the first generation of true-born aquatics – young mer-people who have no memory of or attachments to the all-but-swallowed surface world. The ruling elder of New Atlantis is Equonus Moridei, a stringy-bearded old curmudgeon whose long knobby body is kinda like some sort of sea horse centaur; he was once a two-legged man before he became the subject of



Razor Falls

cross-species grafting experiments, so he does recall the ways of men... though *not* fondly. New Atlantis is humble and doesn't have much in the way of technology or weaponry, but they are not without protection, as a pair of twin Leviathans (immense spider crabs whose leg-spans are measured in city blocks) guard the place at the behest of the Cerulean Choir, who don't want their aquatic municipal experiment disturbed.

The *Pequod* is a truly peerless submarine – a technological marvel capable of diving to the deepest trenches of the ocean and circumnavigating the globe at any depth. Outfitted with long-range sonar, computerized navigational databases, and a squeaky-clean compact fusion engine, the *Pequod* is, by leaps and

bounds, the most advanced undersea vessel on this gossamer world. The explanation for this outlier is simple: somebody cheated. About fifty years ago, after an unfortunate maritime mishap, a Gossamer Lord or Lady (who shall, for my purposes herein, remain tastefully unnamed) became frustrated with the relatively primitive submersible technology locally available and decided to smuggle in more advanced technology from elsewhere on the Stair. The piecemeal project took years, and s/he wasn't able to bring in anything that wouldn't fit through a Door, but the eventual product of this illicit engineering project was the *Pequod*. The native workers who helped assemble the boat – mostly eccentric geniuses recruited from House Tedesco – became its first crew, joining the adventures of their mysterious patron and dedicating their lives to unraveling the submerged mysteries of Poseidon's Rapture. The current captain of the *Pequod* is Julianna Balfour, the last surviving member of the boat's original crew; well into her sixties and in secretly failing health, silver-haired Julianna is a steely but good-hearted woman who has never lost her sense of adventure or her love of the sea. If you're lucky enough to obtain passage on the *Pequod* it can take you anywhere and to any depth, but Julianna and/or her patron will likely require you contribute some off-world supplies to refit the boat, since even the finest submarine on the planet is springing a few leaks these days. And, if you can bring fine Captain Balfour a potted cherry tomato plant compliments

The Pequod

The Pequod is presumed to be an Artifact owned by a Gossamer Lord or Lady, the identity of whom is up to you; that individual can be an iconic NPC, a new and unknown character, the PCs' mentor, or even one of the PCs if they spend the Points necessary to claim it.

The Pequod [15 Points]

- Engine Speed [4 Points]
- Tireless Stamina [4 Points]
- Double Damage [2 Points] – torpedos, harpoons, and depth charges.
- Resistant to Firearms [2 Points]
- Able to Speak [1 Point] – Ishmael, the Pequod's basic voice-responsive artificial intelligence command system.
- True Name Is Known [1 Point]
- Contains an Icon [1 Point] – an icon of the owner hanging on the bridge.

Ownership of the Pequod should also, ideally, coincide with a good relationship with its captain, in which case Captain Julianna Balfour can be a useful Gossamer World Ally [1 Point].

of “her favorite first mate”, I'll owe you one.

The Wound is a colossal undersea trench which gouges the sea floor of this planet from nearly pole to pole. Ragged and twisting and staggeringly deep, the Wound is not the result of any natural formation or tectonic activity, but rather

the persistent environmental manipulation of the Cerulean Choir. The creation engines of absent Poseidon – those monolithic towers of ultra-advanced deific technology – dot The Wound, shifting their positions via gigantic crab-legs every few years as they bore into the sea floor, voraciously transmuting solid bedrock into greater volumes of liquid water through some arcane alchemical process. Leviathans prowl the dark depths of the trench, relishing the relative peace and quiet provided by the supremely inhospitable environment. Medusa, kraken queen of the Leviathans, lurks in the deepest recesses of The Wound near the south pole, within reach of the largest creation engine of all. Rumor has it that down there, in the blackest deepest abyss, the Cerulean Choir's mad diggings have

unearthed some miraculous, even by their standards – the tip of a golden ziggurat the size of a mountain, carved with thousands of eerily familiar rectangular shapes.

Final Thoughts

I'll be honest – I'm more bird than fish, so I don't particularly enjoy swimming. Or drowning. Or being eaten by giant tentacle-things. However, this is a world of deep blue wonders, and the advent of the Great Flood really gives you a chance to appreciate those things you might've just sailed over otherwise. Plug your nose, put on your fins, and dive in.

~ *Yaeger Zane*

Poseidon's Rapture Domain Table

Technology Level:	Other (mostly Steam with limited Electric; hidden pockets of ultra-advanced deific post-Fusion technology)
Magic Level:	Magic is Rare
Security:	None
Type:	Personal Domain [1 Point] (current owner: the Cerulean Choir)
Control:	Control of Contents [1 Point]
Influence on the Powers:	Eidolon – Average Umbra – Average Wrighting – Average

How to Use Poseidon's Rapture

- Poseidon's Rapture is a world of the wild sea in all its beauty, terror, and glory. Take the time to really highlight the wonders of the ocean while in this realm – voyages on sailing ships are adventures in and of themselves regardless of the destination, journeys to the briny deep reveal curiosities as alien as on any distant planet, and even demigods should dread the fury of a storm at sea.
- The disappearance of the god Poseidon may not be unexplained. The PCs hear a rumor that Poseidon left his world via the Grand Stair in order to participate in the War of Deicide on the gossamer world *Sahr Astudan* (see *Gossamer Worlds: Ossuary Empire*). He died in the war, just like all those other gods, and his bones have become artifacts of power in that world. If the characters were ever to bring the bones of Poseidon back to *this* world, they would be relics of unimaginable power and could break the will of the Cerulean Choir... and reshape this reality.
- The PCs' mentor, or some other influential NPC, is the mysterious owner of the brilliant submarine *Pequod*. The owner needs the PCs to cross the Grand Stair to bring a cargo of essential equipment to refit the boat, but something's gone wrong with the icon which usually might permit easy communication with the *Pequod*, so the PCs must enter the world and go fishing for danger the old-fashioned way.
- The golden ziggurat recently discovered in the deep undersea abyss of the Wound is an ancient Dwimmerlaik artifact of unimaginable power and utility to anyone who might want to unlock its thousands of Doors to access the Grand Stair. Word of the ziggurat's discovery is beginning to spread across the multiverse, and a race has begun which leads first to the Leviathan-infested bottom of the sea, and perhaps from there to everywhere else. Making matters worse, one of the Doors engraved on the face of the golden ziggurat is over two hundred meters tall.
- Attack them with giant sea monsters. Do it. You know you want to.

