

LOCKWORLD & CHIVALRY

Quintessence



RUNEQUEST II



Quintessence

Kingdom & Commonwealth IV

by Peter Cakebread & Ken Walton

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Peter Cakebread



Ken Walton

Dedication

Ken: To Sasha

Pete: To Molly, Ruby and Tallula who I love “to the Moon and back”

Acknowledgements

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A Note on History and Science

Alert historians will notice that we have brought London coffee house culture forward a few years – in fact the first coffee house in London didn't open until 1652. We've also kept Ben Jonson alive beyond his actual lifespan. Most of the science of flying to the moon is cutting edge according to the theories of the day, and is taken from John Wilkins' *A Discovery of a New World, or a Discourse tending to prove, that 'tis Probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon, with a Discourse Concerning the Probability of a Passage Thither* (available for free online at books.google.com), although in the *Clockwork & Chivalry* world, the Earth has been proved to be the centre of the universe (see *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook*, p.161). Arabella Blackwood's biography is (except for the swapping of gender) based on that of Sir Kenelm Digby, a fascinating multi-talented gentleman, who was very famous in his day, but is now sadly forgotten.


Clockwork & Chivalry on the Web

Cakebread & Walton have a web site at www.clockworkandchivalry.co.uk. Visit us for the latest news and downloads. We also regularly publish adventures and support material for *Clockwork & Chivalry* in Mongoose Publishing's downloadable gaming magazine, *Signs & Portents*, available free at www.mongoosepublishing.com. We also have a dedicated forum on the Cubicle 7 website at www.cubicle-7.com.

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Introduction

In which certain small matters are explicated

“The Earth is degenerating today. Bribery and corruption abound. Children no longer obey their parents, every man wants to write a book, and it is evident that the end of the world is fast approaching.”

- Assyrian tablet, 2800 BC.

Quintessence is an adventure set in the *Clockwork & Chivalry* game world, using the *RuneQuest II* rules. A copy of the *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* is required to run the game, as is a copy of the *RuneQuest II Core Rulebook* available from Mongoose Publishing. It is playable by a group of Adventurers from any Faction or a combination of Factions (see notes below). *Quintessence* is the fourth instalment in the epic *Kingdom & Commonwealth* campaign for *Clockwork & Chivalry*, but can also be run as a standalone adventure. Look out for Volume V, *Hobbes: Leviathan*, coming soon.

The final chapter of the book explains the workings of Quintessence magic. After this comes a collection of standard NPCs (soldiers, thugs, etc.) which can be used in running the adventure.

If you are intending to play the game, rather than be the Games Master – stop reading now!

Spoiler Alert

The following information is for the Games Master’s eyes only!

Chapter I

In which our heroes discover the fascinations and dangers of a great metropolis

“All the country is gotten into London, so as with time England will only be London and the whole country be left waste.”

– James I and VI of England and Scotland, 1566-1625

Quintessence begins in Parliamentarian-held London, in the cold and fog of early winter, but quickly moves aboard the Clockwork-and-gunpowder-powered moonship, the *Enterprise*, on its long voyage to the Moon. Most of the crew believe they are simply on a trading voyage to the inhabitants of the lunar sphere, but the Adventurers have another mission – to track down and discover the intentions of the renegade clockwork alchemist Lady Arabella Blackwood (aka Lady Silver), who left the Earth in a stolen moonship at the end of the previous adventure in the series, *No Man’s Land*.

Aboard the moonship, skullduggery is afoot, and the Adventurers must discover the identity of a murderer and uncover the secret factions at work among the crew and passengers. Along the way they will encounter strange, space-based life forms.

Finally arriving on the moon they will discover, much to everyone’s surprise, that it is inhabited by an ancient Mesopotamian culture who have lived there for two thousand years. The Magi of that culture have mastered the magic of the fifth element, Quintessence, to help them cope with the strange cycle of day and night on the Moon.

The Adventurers quickly find themselves sucked into the political and religious machinations of the court of Babylon and must tread carefully as they try to discover Lady Arabella’s whereabouts and what she is planning next.

Quintessence is best run as the fourth part of the *Kingdom & Commonwealth Campaign* for *Clockwork & Chivalry*. If so, the Adventurers will probably just have finished *No Man’s Land*, which takes place in the autumn of 1646. As *Quintessence* doesn’t start until late November, the Adventurers may have had time to undertake some activities in the interim.

Alchemists may have used the time between adventures to research new spells, manufacture Philosopher’s Stones and make potions. Clockwork designers and engineers may have been able to design, and possibly build, a unique Clockwork Device, which may (or may not) be of some use. Other Adventurers should be allowed to give an account of their activities as well. They may come up with some imaginative ways of spending their reward money from the last adventure; or have been meeting up with old contacts. Allow the party to have shopped, developed friendships and indulged in whatever



private projects they wish to pursue (within reason and at the Games Master's discretion). As long as it all seems reasonable and balanced, there is no need to actually roleplay any of this, unless your adventuring group are particular fans of fantasy shopping (although it would be a shame not to use those accident and injury tables where the Alchemists and engineers are concerned).

You may have other plans for the Adventurers in the interim – perhaps you have other quests and adventures you want to run. If the Adventurers have become more experienced and powerful, *Quintessence* should still provide a stiff challenge.

This adventure can be run as a standalone. If so, the Adventurers will still have been briefed by Sir Reginald Perkinson and Henry Ireton just before the adventure begins. It is recommended that characters be at least Seasoned (see *RuneQuest II Core Rulebook*, p.21), otherwise some of the encounters may need to be toned down.

Why Get Involved

Royalist Adventurers will likely have Sir Reginald as a patron or close friend. Such Adventurers might be attached to Sir Reginald's household, they may be students, or former students of his from Oxford, or they may be a part of his social clique. As such they will not be surprised to have received a summons from him. Otherwise they will have been directed to him by their own patrons, who have recommended the Adventurer's services to Sir Reginald, causing him to call them to London.

Parliamentarian Adventurers possibly have Henry Ireton as their own patron, or if not he might be one of their close allies. Ireton will have called them to London. Or perhaps one of Ireton's minions will have recommended the Adventurers as loyal Parliamentarians who will be sure to help one of the most influential members of their Faction.

Adventurers from other Factions may have a variety of motivations for becoming involved. For some it might be love of adventure, personal glory, or good, old fashioned avarice. The Background Connections section of the Adventurer Creation rules provide plenty of motivations for players to journey together – using these rules creates solid relationships between party members, ensuring that they have good reasons to look out for one another. For instance, a member of a neutral Faction may still wish to accompany and protect a more partial

relative.

Of course, any Adventurer worth their salt will jump at the chance of a voyage to the Moon – Alchemists may wish seek the secrets of Quintessence, Journalists will sense the story of the century, Merchants will see the chance of vast profits, Sailors the voyage of a lifetime, and religious nonconformists and Farmers may be looking out for new lands safe from persecution and the vicissitudes of war.

Hopefully, most of all, curiosity should motivate adventuring types to wish to visit a new world – who lives in the silvery orb, and what is Arabella Blackwood up to?

Note Regarding Statistics for Encounters in 'Quintessence'

Generally, major personalities will be described and given Hit Points for individual Hit Locations. For larger groups, general Hit Points have been assigned. For an easier game experience, mass enemies can be downgraded as per the Underling rules in *RuneQuest II*. There is also always the option to have all encounters played out with everyone having individual location Hit Points – some templates of various character types have been provided at the back of this book, in the Appendix, which will assist if this is your preferred method.

An Inauspicious Beginning

Games Masters should read the section on London in the *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* (pp.166-7) before running this chapter. If this is the first time the Adventurers have visited London, they are likely to be overwhelmed by the sheer size of the place and numbers of people there.

Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

London, the largest city in Europe. To some it is a wonder of the world, to others it is Babylon, the sink of all vice and depravity. Cromwell's capital and home of Parliament, it is a vast, overcrowded city, to which people from all over England flock to make their fortunes or lose them.

As you walk its streets on a foggy winter's evening, you wonder what the future holds in store. Your briefing with Sir Reginald Perkinson and Henry Ireton was short and to the point. The renegade Clockwork Alchemist



Chapter I: London

Lady Arabella Blackwood (sometimes known as Lady Silver) has stolen an experimental Parliamentarian Clockwork flying ship, and was last seen heading for the Moon. Now a massive merchant vessel, the *Enterprise*, is setting out in the same direction. You are to join her crew in an attempt to find out what the woman is up to. Your mission is secret, known only to the ship's captain, the famous Dutch explorer Abel Tasman, who has defected from the United East India Company for the chance to lead the voyage of a lifetime. Tonight you are to meet him in the Turk's Head Coffee House for a briefing.

But somewhere along the way, you have gotten lost. Maybe it's the fog, or maybe it's the map of London your patrons gave you, which doesn't seem to have been updated for several decades. You're headed for Cornhill, a couple of blocks behind the docks, but somehow you seem to have become lost in a maze of twisty alleyways, all alike. The fog is thick here, cutting visibility to less than ten metres. High stone walls loom on either side, windowless and blank.

Suddenly, behind you, comes the whirr of Clockwork, as several devices, as yet unseen, spin into action. Before you have a chance to react to this, there is a bestial roar from ahead, and a massive bear looms on its hind legs out of the mist...

Alley Fight

Arabella Blackwood has her spies everywhere. She has been keeping an eye on Sir Reginald and Henry Ireton, and even though she is no longer on Earth, her minions have orders to nobble anyone seeking to follow her. Assuming the Adventurers have taken part in previous episodes of the Kingdom & Commonwealth Campaign, she has given specific orders that they are to be killed, since she has seen enough of them to know they are on her tail; if this is their first job for their patrons, assume that Arabella's employees have been given orders to kill anyone obviously working for the pair.

The bear is, in fact, a young Witch using the *Shapechange (Species) to (Species)* spell (see *RuneQuest II Core Worldbook* p.135 and *Thou Shalt Not Suffer* p.93). The mechanics of the spell

Rotating Teeth of Godly Ire

- Cost: 3,000 shillings
- Complexity: 1
- Size: 2
- Hit Points: 3
- Speed: NA
- Armour: 4 points
- Weapons: see below

These hand-held Clockwork wheel-saws are one of the newer weapons to come out of the weapon shops of Cambridge, and Lady Arabella has stolen the plans and equipped a number of her minions with them. They consist of a whirling saw-toothed wheel attached to a Clockwork motor and handle with a guard to protect the user from the blade. They take five minutes to wind by hand, and will then spin for twenty combat rounds before needing to be re-wound.

Weapon statistics are as follows:

Weapon	Damage Dice	STR/DEX	Size	Reach	CM	ENC	AP/HP
RTToGI	1D12+2	11/11	M	S	Bleed	4	4/12

Note that anyone attacking or parrying with the Rotating Teeth of Godly Ire and making the Disarm Opponent Combat Manoeuvre (see *RuneQuest II Core Worldbook* p.88) succeeds automatically, as the opponent's blade is caught in the machine's teeth and flung away with great force.

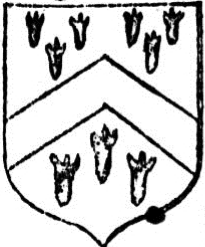
If the device runs down during combat, it's Damage Dice is reduced to 1D2.



Merchants.



Grocers.



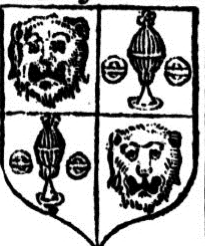
Drapers.



Fishmongers.



Goldsmiths.



Skinners.



LONDON



Pieter Vanden Keere fecit 1593.

Of one of the former 12 Companies is the Lord Mayor of the Cyt comenly chosen.

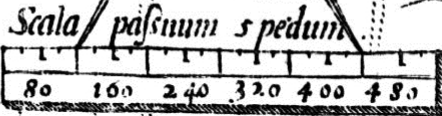
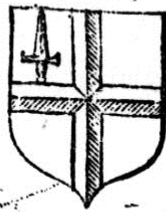
- a. Bishops gate street.
- b. Pape.
- c. Alhallows in the wall.
- d. S. Taphyns.
- e. Syluer street.
- f. Aldermanburye.

- g. Barbican.
- h. Aldesgate street.
- i. Charterhouse.
- k. Holborne Conduyt.
- l. Chancery lane.
- m. Temple barr.

- n. Holbourn.
- o. Grayes Inn lane.
- p. S. Androwes.
- q. Newgate.
- r. S. Jones.
- f. S. Sic shambels.

- t. Cheap syde
- u. Bucklers burye
- w. Brodstreete
- x. The stockes.
- y. The Exchange.
- z. Cornehill.

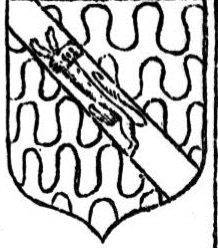
ONDON



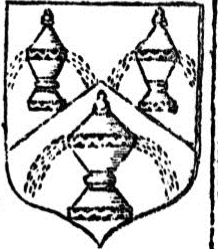
Merchant Taylors



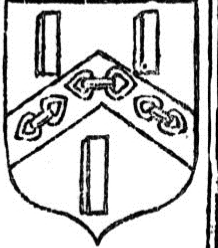
Haberdashers



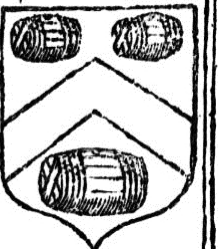
Salter's



Ironmongers



Vintners



Clothworkers



- 2. Colmanstreet.
- 3. Bassing's hall.
- 4. Hounsaiche.
- 5. Leddon hall.
- 6. Gracious street.
- 7. Henrage house.

- 8. Fanchurche.
- 9. Marke lane.
- 10. Minchyn lane.
- 11. Pauls.
- 12. Eastcheape.
- 13. Elia's street.

- 14. Fetter lane.
- 15. S. Dunstons.
- 16. Thames street.
- 17. Lozon stone.
- 18. Olde Baylye.
- 19. Clerkenwell.

- 20. Winchester house.
- 21. Battle bridge.
- 22. Bermodsey streets.

Ioannes Norden Anglus descriptit anno 1593.

A Note on the London Map

The map on pages 8-9 is a facsimile of a map produced in 1593 by John Norden. However, this map was still available for sale in the 1640s, despite the fact that the population of London had doubled from 200,000 to 400,000 during that period. The players can be given a photocopy of this map as a handout (it will have been given to them by Ireton and Perkinson during their briefing) but they will find that it is very inaccurate in places – particularly on the outskirts of London, and south of the river, where huge shanty-towns of poor people's hovels have grown up since the map was drawn.

Note that the coats of arms down the sides of the map represent the “Twelve Great City Livery Companies” of London. There are forty-eight in all. These all began as merchants' guilds (see the Guild faction, *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* p.70), but many have become charitable and social organisations with little connection to their roots. The Lord Mayor of London is usually elected from among their number.

Worshipful Company of Mercers: general merchants.

Worshipful Company of Grocers: dry foodstuffs such as spices, pepper, sugar, tea, coffee, etc.

Worshipful Company of Drapers: provider of textiles, particularly wool.

Worshipful Company of Fishmongers: sellers of fish.

Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths: metalworkers who specialise in gold and other precious metals, particularly for making jewellery.

Worshipful Company of Drapers: dealers in furs and animal skins. Also share with the Vintners the honour of being the only people in England other than the reigning monarch legally entitled to catch and eat swans.

Worshipful Company of Merchant Taylors: Originally a guild of tailors, but by this period mainly a charitable institution, providing almshouses and schools for the poor.

Worshipful Company of Haberdashers: Sellers of needles, buttons and other small items for the clothing trade.

Worshipful Company of Salters: Originally traders in salt and other chemical products for the preservation of food, it moved into providing chemicals for Alchemists until Cromwell's crackdown on alchemy in London. Widely distrusted by Puritans.

Worshipful Company of Ironmongers: Providers of iron goods.

Worshipful Company of Vintners: Wine merchants. Also share with the Drapers the honour of being the only people in England other than the reigning monarch legally entitled to catch and eat swans.

Worshipful Company of Clothworkers: Producers of finished cloth from raw wool.

will not come into play in the combat, but if the bear is killed, its body will turn into a teenage girl wrapped in nothing but a mangy bear-skin. Use statistics for a Brown Bear (*RuneQuest II Core Rulebook* p.163).

There are at least two Thugs, possibly more – adjust the numbers according to the numbers and ability of Adventurers. It shouldn't be an easy fight, but on the other hand, you don't want to kill off our heroes in their first encounter! Use Thug statistics from the Appendix (p.127). All are armed with Rotating Teeth of Godly Ire (see p.7).

The bear will fight to the death, but the Thugs will turn and run if two of them are taken down. If any are captured, they are unable to tell the Adventurers much, other than that they were

employed by a lady in a silver mask to kill them. All of them wear a small pin in the form of a silver mask somewhere on their jerkins.

Identification

In order to speed their investigations about the city, Henry Ireton has given the Adventurers safe-conduct papers, which will allow them into the Palace of Westminster, the Lion Kaye dockyards, and past the security at Lord Saye and Sele's townhouse.

The Turk's Head

The Turk's Head is the first coffee house in London, and has become a fashionable place for

Merchants and ship's captains to meet and talk trade. There are newspapers and pamphlets to read, and the serving men and maids will bring coffee, tea or hot chocolate to your tables – and they will expect a tip. The Puritans of London approve of coffee houses, believing that coffee leads to heightened intellectual activity and productive conversation, in contrast to alehouses, which lead to drunkenness and depravity. The establishment is run by Pasqua Rosee, an Ottoman Turk who came to England as servant to an English merchant, but fell out with him and set up business on his own.

Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

The Turk's Head is a sturdy half-timbered building, sandwiched between a lawyer's office and a merchant's office. A warm glow of light comes from its bull's-eye windows, and a scent of coffee wafts down the street toward you through the foggy night. As you step into the cosy interior, a number of men look up from their tables, where they are gathered in small groups, talking and sipping various beverages.

If the Adventurers are injured from their recent run-in, there will be cries of dismay from the assembled gentlemen, and Pasqua Rosee himself will rush forward to help them:

A brown-skinned man in elaborate robes and turban rushes forward from behind the counter. "Oh my dear [ladies and] gentlemen! You are sore injured! Come in, come in, truly the streets of this city are not safe for we respectable types!"

He will take them into a back room and insist on giving them first aid (he has Healing (Paracelsan) at 67%). Only when he has done the best he can for them will he allow them back into the main part of the coffee shop.

If the Adventurers are not noticeably injured, the men will go back to their conversations and the Adventurers will be able to find an empty table to sit at. Abel Tasman is not in the room – he has, in fact, hired a private chamber in which to meet the party, and is waiting for them upstairs. When one of the servants comes over to take their order, they will know this, and will lead the Adventurers upstairs. If the Adventurers don't think to ask, they will be given their coffees, and it will be a good half hour before Tasman sends down a servant to find out if the Adventurers are present (he has been given their names by Ireton/Perkinson).

The Moon Company

The Worshipful Company of Gentleman Adventurers Trading into the Moon is an English chartered company founded in 1646 by a group of twenty rich Investors, most of them Puritans, led by William Fiennes, Viscount Saye and Sele, in order to trade with and settle on the Moon. Although no-one knows quite who lives on the Moon, the Viscount's protege John Wilkins has convinced the shareholders that surely *someone* must live there, and even if not, there are wide open plains, high mountains and deep oceans, and the Moon would be a perfect place for a settlement of Godly men away from the troubles and temptations of this sorry globe. Most of the money invested so far has gone on the development and building of the Clockwork-and-gunpowder-powered moonship, the *Enterprise*, whose first voyage is to be of an exploratory nature; once it returns with more news of what it to be found on the Lunar orb, it is hoped to raise more funds to pay for another expedition, which will hopefully attract God-fearing settlers, and possibly missionaries to convert any heathens who might be found there. The Moon Company has very strict rules for those going on the voyage, permitting no card-playing and gaming, whoring, drunkenness or profanity, though how long this will last among a ship full of sailors remains to be seen. Although neither the Viscount nor Wilkins are going on the voyage (the former because he feels he is too old, the latter because he is too valuable to the Parliamentary war effort), various investors and Company officials, will be aboard.

You are taken up a set of narrow stairs and into a small private chamber, panelled in dark wood and with a roaring coal fire burning in the grate. A man in his mid-forties rises to greet you. He is dressed in plain Puritan garb, wears his hair parted in the middle and sports a rather rakish beard. He shakes your hands vigorously, and gestures for you to be seated round the table. Once you have all been served with coffee, he gets down to business. "All this undercover dullskuggery is not to my liking, but it seems to be necessary in these days of war, yes? This Lady Arabella is not a goot person, so I am told. And you are on her tail. But now she leads you a merry chase, all the way to the Moon! Ha, that is a long chase. Myself, I am an explorer. You may have heard



Chapter I: London

of me – Van Diemen’s Land I discovered, and New Zealand, where I was attacked by savages. But now the United East India Company, for whom I risked my life on many occasions, would... how you say?... put me out to grass. They would make me a diplomat in Batavia... I, with so much experience... because they say I have found them no trade routes. But now I have found a trade route – by God’s wounds I have – and we will fly to the Moon and trade with the natives. And if they attack us, we will mow them down with your English Clockwork contraptions, by God we will! I work for the Dutch no more, but for the Company of Gentleman Adventurers Trading into the Moon.”

Tasman will chat with the Adventurers for a while, and will be interested in their nautical and/or exploration experience, if any. He is used to dealing with sailors, so will be less prejudiced against any lower class characters than many middle-class people, and will show more respect to competent “unfeminine” women than most men – why will become apparent later. Finally, he will say:

“Now, down to business it is. It is a long way to the Moon, and many doubt what we will find

John Wilkins - Lord Saye and Sele’s townhouse, Aldgate, by the Tower (inventor of the moon-ship)

Rev. William Twisse - currently to be found in Parliament (theologian with strong views on the nature of the Moone)

Ben Johnson - often to be found in the Devil Tavern, Temple Bar (old friend of Lady Arabella Blackwood)

Jamie Hudson - at Lion Naye, on the river (mechanic on the Enterprise, knows how it works)

there. Your patrons were keen that you know as much in advance as possible, so that you can plan for every.. how you say... congruity? Contingency! I have here a list of people you should see. They will give you their opinions, and you can take them with or without a pinch of salt.” He hands you a list of names and places.

“Talk to all these people,” he says. “Find out what they think, what they know. We know that Lady Arabella has gone to the Moon, she was seen through the telescopes of the Mechanical Preachers at Cambridge heading in that direction. But do not tell these people – it must remain a secret known only to us, or many merchants may withdraw their funding. Here too is a map of the Moon. As you can see, we know little – but at least it is an easy target to hit, even in the dark! Far easier to find that Van Diemen’s Land, ha!”

“The ship will be launched by the Lord Protector himself in three days’ time, so I hope you are ready! Oh, one last thing. My wife, Jannetje, will be accompanying us on the voyage. She came with me to Batavia on my my earlier voyages, and is determined that if I die on this expedition, she will at least be buried on the same planet as me. She is a hard woman to refuse.”

Abel Tasman

Dutch Explorer

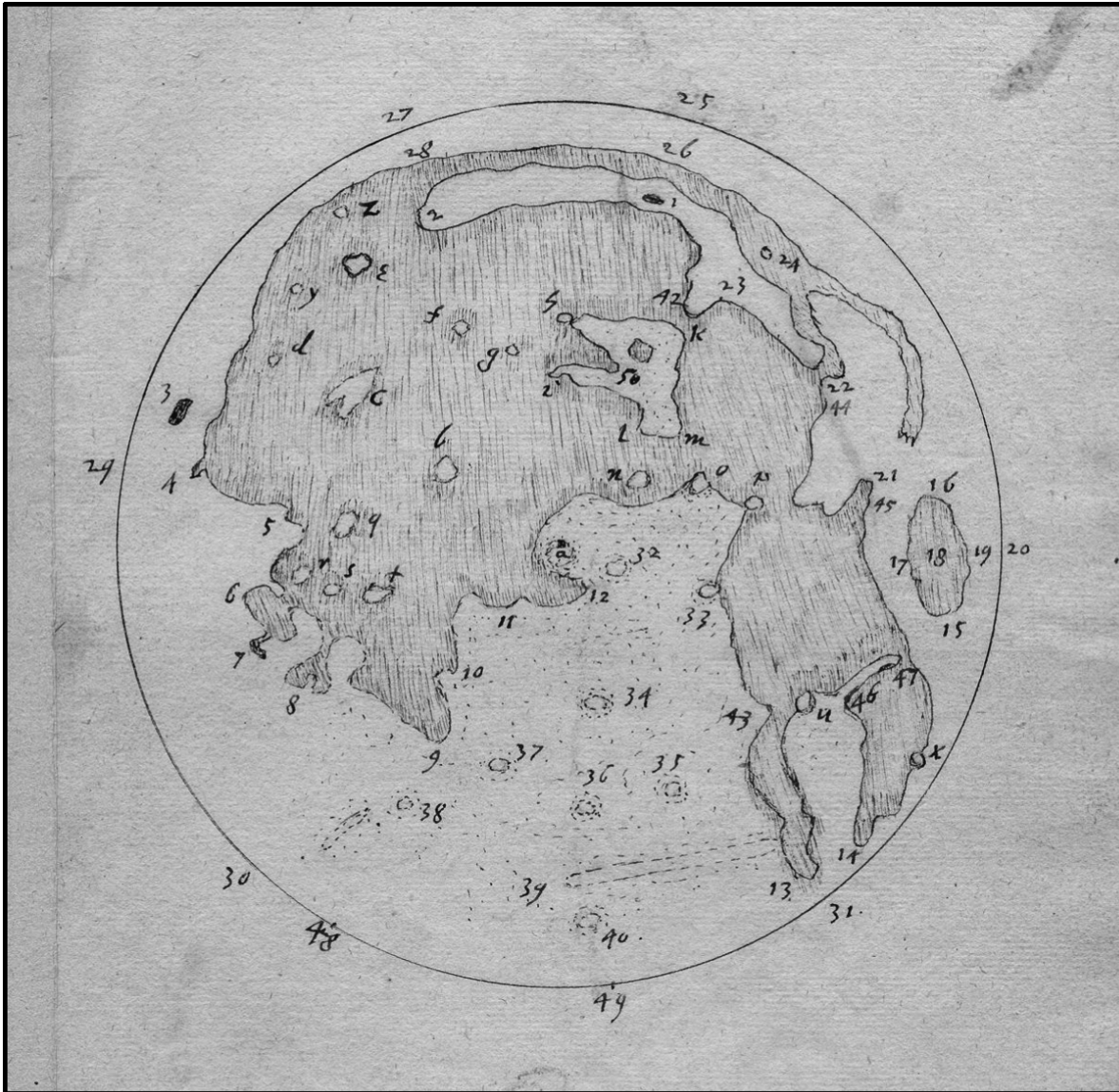


STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 15
POW 11 DEX 14 CHA 13

SR 15 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 70%, Brawn 60%,
Evade 70%, Evaluate 70%, Influence
80%, Insight 50%, Lore (Astronomy)

Chapter I: London



80%, Lore (Logistics) 90%, Lore (Navigation) 100%, Lore (Tactics) 100%, Persistence 80%, Pistol 70% (1D6+2), Resilience 70%, Swim 65%, Sword 70% 1D8+1, Unarmed 62% 1D3(+1D2)

Faction: Dutch Calvinist RP: 60

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

A staunch Dutch Calvinist, Abel Tasman is best known for his voyages in the south seas, where he was the first person to map Van Diemen's Land, and also discovered New Zealand, as well as Fiji and several other Pacific islands. His two voyages for the Vereenigde Oost-Indische Compagnie (VOC) or United East India Company did much to increase European knowledge of the southern Pacific Ocean, but failed to open up the trade routes his employers hoped for. They refused to fund further voyages, a situation that Abel found difficult to accept. Indeed his employer's lack of confidence temporarily sent him into downward spiral of black moods and alcoholic escapism. But they eventually offered him a job as ambassador in Batavia (Dutch East Indies) – he was about to reluctantly accept this offer when the Moon Company offered him a job as captain of the Moon-ship *Enterprise* and commander of the



expedition, since England currently has no explorers of great note. He accepted with no qualms and has been a vocal proponent of the expedition ever since, encouraging investors, chivvying suppliers of trade goods and provisions for the voyage, and so on. A staunch anti-Catholic, he disapproves of Alchemy – though he will tolerate Alchemist Adventurers aboard ship, he will be quick to point out that it is Clockwork, not Alchemy, which is getting them to the Moon.

Where to stay?

The Adventurers are going to need somewhere to stay while in London. If at least one member of the party is of the Middle Class or Nobility, they will be invited to stay with Viscount Saye and Sele when they go to visit John Wilkins (see Aldgate, below). Otherwise they will have to find a tavern, coaching inn, or lodging-house, of which there are many in London.

Taverns cater to a better class of patron, providing good rooms (with room service) and good food for 5-7 shillings per night.

Coaching Inns really cater to people travelling by coach and moving on in the morning – they will provide evening meal, a room for the night and breakfast for 4-6 shillings, but patrons are expected to vacate the premises during the day.

Lodging-houses are the most common form of overnight accommodation for visitors to London, providing a room for the night but no food. They range from flea-ridden slum-dwellings at 1 penny a night to clean and respectable premises at 5 shillings a night. Patrons are expected to eat out (in a nearby tavern, or from a pie shop or street vendor).

Alehouses, it is worth noting, do not provide food or a place to sleep. Often known as “tippling houses”, they sell ale, beer, cider, perry, mead and aqua vitae, but are prohibited from selling wine.

Coffee Houses also do not provide food or a place to sleep, serving only coffee, tea and hot chocolate.

Public Transport in London

The River Thames is a major transport route through London, and it is often quicker to head for the river, catch a wherry along it, then head inland again than to negotiate the heavy traffic in the streets.

River Transport

It is worth noting that when the tide is coming in, getting under London Bridge is very difficult, as the arches are so close together that they cause dangerous rapids to form in the river. Some boatmen will drop off their passengers by a stairway on one side of the bridge, shoot the rapids through the arch, then pick up their passengers again at the other side.

Wherries: Asking around, the Adventurers will find that the quickest way of getting to Westminster is to take one of the Clockwork wherries which are increasingly plying the waters of the metropolis. There is a Winding Station at Westminster, but this is reserved for official business, and most of the wherries plying the river are hand-wound, often by urchins who are paid a farthing (quarter of a penny) for an hour’s winding, which is enough to keep a wherry going for around four hours. A trip between London Bridge and Westminster costs 10 pennies with the flow of the river and 15 pennies against the flow; remember that the river is tidal, so twice a day, for a couple of hours, the water will be flowing upstream! It takes a Clockwork Wherry (basically a large rowing boat with a Clockwork engine and paddle wheel at the back) 5-10 minutes to do the journey. Non-Clockwork wherries charge less (6 or 8 pennies) and are rowed, taking 10-20 minutes to do the same journey. A wherry can hold up to six passengers in comfort, with upholstered seats. A simple river crossing takes two minutes and costs 1 penny.

Barges and Tilt-boats: Barges and tilt-boats are more or less the same, except that a tilt-boat has a “tilt” or canopy to protect passengers from the rain. These too are muscle-powered, and take 10-20 minutes to do the journey, but each boat holds twenty-five passengers and will not leave until it is mostly full, which can involve a wait of half an hour in slack times. The cost of the London Bridge to Westminster journey in a barge is 4 pennies/6 pennies, and in a tilt-boat is 6 pennies/8 pennies depending on flow.

Road Transport

Hackney Hell Carts: There are carriages, known as Hackney Hell Carts, which can take passengers through the congested streets of London, but they only hold two passengers. Costs are variable, based on the whim of the driver and the prevailing traffic, but generally cost 2 pennies for a fifteen minute journey. They are drawn by two horses,



one ridden by the driver.

Sedan Chairs: A sedan chair, carried by four burly men, will hold one passenger and costs 10 shillings to hire for a day. It provides a much smoother ride than a hackney, but is beyond the means of most Londoners.

The Word on the Street

Although the party will get most of their useful information from questioning people as suggested by Abel Tasman, they will be able to hear rumours regarding the proposed trip to the Moon. It is exactly the sort of thing to provoke gossip and lead to lurid fancies in popular pamphlets. For each source consulted, roll 1D10 and consult the table below, or select the appropriate rumour according to the person being asked.

1 - The Moon dwellers are bound to be inhospitable. The size and shape of the Moon make it most probable that the Moonites will be pygmies, with eyes set into their bellies. It is hoped that a successful expedition will bring back zoo specimens, in the interests of science.

2 - The expedition to the Moon is madness. Despite the evidence of those that claim to have viewed the Moon through telescopes, everyone knows that the Moon surface is smooth and slippery. Any craft attempting to land there will slide off the edges, and likely be sucked further out, beyond the boundaries of solid material, toward planes where only angels can exist.

3 - There is no denying that the English have made their fortunes on the backs of sheep. If only somebody could bring back a pair of Moon sheep then the slightly flagging wool prices would no doubt rocket once more, for who wouldn't want a garment made of such exotic material.

4 - The organisation, the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into the Moon, is not all it seems. Rather than a largely Puritan group, they are in fact a secret cartel of wealthy Jews, who mean the Commonwealth harm. Could not the acronym CGATM not actually stand for Cull Gentiles And Then, oh the M must stand for something, if only the Adventurers could find out what, then the full horror of the Semite plot would be revealed.

5 - Oliver Cromwell has a secret agenda for the Moon mission. He is hoping that he will be able to build a Clockwork utopia on the Moon, where he might live a life of leisure, with other Godly folk, no-one ever having to work again.

6 - It is unlikely that the mission will ever reach the Moon. Everyone knows that the four humours are governed by the four elements. As the ship moves away from Earth, all aboard will die due to a thinning of their Blood, Phlegm and Bile.

7 - The mission to the Moon is a Papist plot. If man had been meant to fly, he would have been given wings by God. The ship is in fact an attempt by the Papacy to construct a giant wooden angel, and if successful the flight will signal the end days.

8 - Any who visit the Moon will come back with special powers. It stands to reason that the Moon is closer to God than the Earth, and as such any who visit there will be especially blessed.

9 - Abel Tasman is an excellent choice of Captain for the Moon expedition. He has made many discoveries, is known as an excellent Captain and is the epitome of success and derring-do.


10 - Abel Tasman is a terrible choice of Captain to lead the Moon expedition. He is a Dutchman, and despite his Calvinism, everyone knows that foreigners can't be trusted. And his wife is probably a whore.

Random Encounters in the City of London

The following encounters are designed to be used during the Adventurers' time investigating in London, prior to their departure aboard the *Enterprise*. Either roll 1D6 and consult the table below or select the Encounter you feel is appropriate. The rapid expansion of London, and the lack of a police force mean that, outside of the large, and better protected, public buildings, the streets are scarcely safe, being overrun with the bustle of pamphlet vendors, pickpockets, ruffians, food sellers, beggars, ranters and entertainers, just a small sample of the make up of the huge crowds, from all Social Classes and most occupations, all making their way through life in the dirty, overcrowded, cosmopolitan capital. Although some areas are more affluent than others, the trend to build profitable tenements has meant even the more salubrious areas have their share of poverty-stricken folk, unable to buy even the basics they need, due to spiralling inflation, high rents and various shortages.

1 - The party are held up by a crowd, surrounding a pair of slow moving carts, guarded by wary looking Soldiers. It won't take long to ascertain it is a gallows cart, heading west to Tyburn tree.





The excited onlookers explain that there is a Papist Priest, Philip Power, and a notorious Highwayman, Hector Strange, amongst the condemned. If the party wish, they can follow the procession, which will get bigger the nearer to the gallows it gets. "Sporting" Adventurers might enjoy the popular spectacle, the generous three legged platform allowing for a mass execution. They can enjoy the desperate last words of the condemned, the jeers of the crowd as the Papist martyr is strung up, and the tense stand-off as the crowd wave farewell to the popular Highwayman. The event will be accompanied by the trappings of a small fete – pie sellers, selling dubious savouries made with meat way past its best, and a variety of other hawkers, using the opportunity to sell their suspect goods. Of course more sensitive Adventurers will find the spectacle appalling. While watching, it is likely that an urchin will attempt to pick an Adventurer's pocket.

2 - The party are approached by a group of amputees (2D4), all claiming to be Soldiers who lost a limb in Cromwell's service. They are truly desperate and will be grateful for any coins the party might be able to spare. They explain that they have seen little in the way of back pay, or pensions, and if any of the Adventurers is obviously of rank within the Parliamentary administration, they will beg them to raise the issue with the authorities.

3 - The party hear the roaring of an enraged Preacher, as he rants to all and sundry. If they approach they will find a small crowd, gathered round the speaker, who is standing on an upturned box. It is the Ranter and suspected Adamite, Ainsley Bunting, fulminating against the proposed trip to the Moon. "The so-called Traders to the Moon flirt with Satan, thrusting their arses in the face of Jesus. Is it not written that astrologers and stargazers shall burn in the flames? We must prevent this abomination. We must protest with out bodies, our purest weapons," shouts the Ranter, ripping his shirt off. "Who is with me?" he continues, apparently intent on removing his trousers. It appears nobody is with the hapless protester, at least, not to the point of standing up to the Soldiers as they move in to arrest him for public indecency.

4 - There is a fracas taking place, outside an apothecary shop. Bystanders watch as an enraged official from the licensing board accuses an elderly apothecary of malpractice. "I put it to you, sir," the official says, wagging his finger vigorously at the old man, "that you are a

charlatan of the worst order. What's more," he is shouting now, cheeks awibbling as he does so, "you have taken the airs of practising Physick without a license, and refused to attend the committee for investigation." The old man denies any wrongdoing, but a customer of the Apothecary, who is unhappy at the size of his bill, attempts to corroborate the official's tale, explaining that the Apothecary seemed incapable of divining anything from his stools and suggested drinking a draft containing fresh vegetable matter, something bound to cause, rather than cure his complaint. All seems to be run-of-the-mill, until another reluctant payer suggests the old man is a Witch, at which point things begin to turn ugly.

5 - A young lad runs past the Adventurers, tripping, sprawling painfully on the cobbles in front of them. "Help me sirs, help me," the lad begs. Little Oliver Crimpshaw is being pursued by his cruel new Master, Butcher Frogges. "Right, me boy," leers the cruel fiend. "I shall 'ave the skin off yer back, ye disrespectful whelp." The boy tries to explain that his new master has been starving him, ensuring that he is hidden away in a freezing outhouse when his parents have come to visit to check on his welfare.

6 - The party wanders into a warren of tenement slums and are set upon by 2D4 ruffians (us Thug stats, from Appendix, p.127).

Aldgate

Viscount Saye and Sele has a grand but rather decaying townhouse in Aldgate, close to the "old gate" which leads through the city walls to the growing "East End" of London, where new houses are being put up at a rapid rate.

Viscount Saye and Sele and his protege, the Clockwork engineer John Wilkins, are both in London for the launch of the moonship *Enterprise*. For more on these two personalities and their history, see *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* pp.129-30.

The door will be opened by an extremely burly servant, who will insist on seeing authorisation before allowing anyone inside. John Wilkins is an extremely important man as far as the Parliamentary cause is concerned, and Cromwell is concerned that the Royalists might mount an assassination attempt. Once the Adventurers' papers from Ireton have been carefully checked, they are shown into a somewhat spartan lounge, inadequately heated by a small coal fire. The Viscount will greet them

Chapter I: London

heartily, shaking the hands of the men and kissing the hands of any women, before inviting them to sit around the fire with him. If told they have come to visit Wilkins, he will explain that Wilkins is here, but is not to be disturbed while working – *“You must stay for dinner, I’m sure he will be glad to meet you then.”*

The Viscount knows nothing of Arabella Blackwood’s machinations, and will be baffled if asked about her or told that she has got to the Moon first (hopefully, the party will have the good sense not to mention her!). He will, however, wax lyrical about the Moon Company (see p.11) and the possibilities to be found on the Moon.

“John... the Reverend Wilkins, that is... is such an inspiration! I don’t pretend to understand everything he talks about, but there is no doubt that he is a genius. He built the first Winding Station, you know – in the grounds of my castle near Banbury. He really has revolutionised the world with his Clockwork!”

If asked about the Moon Company, he will be equally enthusiastic:

“It’s been my aim for many years to set up a colony of Godly men away from the temptations of this sorry world – I had hopes for the Providence Island colony, but that was overrun by Spanish knaves. But the Moon now, the Moon! It will be a long time before the Papists reach the shores of the Lunar Sphere, I can tell you.”

Lord Saye (as he is known) will ask if the Adventurers have anywhere to stay in London. If they haven’t yet organised anywhere, he will insist they stay with him. *“It’s a humble place, but comfortable enough.”* It is, in fact, a cold and draughty place, mostly because the Viscount, though very rich, is reluctant to spend more money than he has to on “unnecessary fripperies” such as coal and food. If the Adventurers do choose to spend their days in London in Aldgate, it will cost them nothing, but they will not be warm or sufficiently well-fed for their entire stay.

Viscount Saye and Sele

Puritan Noble

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 18
POW 16 DEX 11 CHA 15

SR 15 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Influence 110%, Insight 100%,

Lore (Logistics) 90%, Lore (English Politics) 100%, Lore (Mechanical Philosophy) 60%, Lore (Theology) 70%, Persistence 70%, Unarmed 50% 1D3

Faction: Puritan RP: 70

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5



William Fiennes, 1st Viscount Saye and Sele, is a staunch Puritan, and the member of Parliament’s Committee of Safety responsible for the spread of Winding Stations throughout Parliamentary territory. Always interested in exploration and science, he has been John Wilkins’ patron for some time, and also helped fund and organise the Providence Island Company which intended to start a Puritan colony in the New World. He is a leading investor in the Moon Company – he has done much to persuade other rich men that it is a feasible project. He has hopes that the Moon will prove a viable place to plant an English Puritan colony, free from the old political and religious animosities of Earth. He is a dapper man in his late fifties, with a pointed beard in the manner of Elizabethan sailors of old, though he is dressed in the formal black with wide white collar favoured by Puritans.



Reverend John Wilkins



Clockwork Genius

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 19
POW 15 DEX 13 CHA 12

SR 16 CA 3 DM +1D2

Skills: Art (Clockwork Design) 155%,
Craft (Clockwork) 120%, Craft
(Engineering) 120%, Craft
(Mechanisms) 135%, Lore (Logistics)
100%, Lore (Mechanical Philosophy)
100%, Lore (Theology) 90%,
Unarmed 50% 1D3(+1D2)

Faction: Self Interest (Discovery)
RP: 70

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

Wilkins is a very unlikely priest. Though trained in theology, and for a short time vicar of his home village of Fawsley (near Daventre in Northamptonshire) it is as an inventor that he is primarily known. He is officially the chaplain of Viscount Saye and Sele's estate, but his pastoral duties take a poor second place to his constant tinkering with Clockwork. Father of the Clockwork Revolution, he has also found time to write a book on the possibilities of a voyage to the Moon, and with the help of funding from the Viscount and his friends, has not only designed,

but actually built, a moonship – two, if you include the one stolen by Lady Blackwood at the end of *No Man's Land*. In between these major projects, he has managed to devise a universal language and invent a metric system of measurement, though neither has, as yet, gained much popularity!

A Dinner with Wilkins

At about 7pm, a bell is rung, which the Viscount says signifies dinner. The Adventurers are led into another rather chilly room, where a dining table is set with places for themselves, the Viscount, and Wilkins. A maid gives each a bowl of rather watery potato soup, and the group are forced to wait for Wilkins – if anyone attempts to start, Lord Saye will glare at them and snap *"I have not yet said grace!"* After ten minutes (during which time the soup has cooled considerably), he will decide to start without Wilkins and say a brief prayer of thanks for the food to come. Following the soup will come some rather tough beef with boiled turnips and spinach. Halfway through this course, Wilkins will come hurrying into the room, apologising profusely – *"I really am terribly sorry, I was deeply involved in a calculation of the amount of differential gearing required for a single man to lift an oak tree."* He is a man in his mid-thirties with long wavy hair and a moustache, running slightly to fat. He exudes energy. He begins tucking into the food with apparent gusto, all the while talking with his mouth full. Once introductions have been made, he will be very pleased to meet the Adventurers.

"So you're actually going to the Moon? How I do envy you! You must make notes of your experiences. It is my firm belief that the body only needs food to fuel its actions because of the pull of gravity (or is it magnetism?) on the mortal form. Once beyond the pull of the Earth, it will be possible to live merely on the air. I did tell the worthies of the Moon Company this, suggesting that they dispense with victuals for the voyage, but they insist on taking food along as a precaution!"

The meal will continue, with the party asking questions of Wilkins (see Questioning Wilkins, below). Following the beef, there will be a final course of hard oatcakes with a rather bland cheese (Lord Saye feels that a sweet course is frivolous and unnecessary). There will be no wine or other alcohol served with the meal, merely cold water.

After the meal, Wilkins will make his excuses –

“My calculations call to me!” If the Adventurers choose to spend the evening with the Viscount, he will engage them in some lively theological debate. Anyone who chooses to visit a tavern instead (possibly in the hopes of getting warm!) will be frowned upon by Lord Saye, but as he says (rather judgementally), *“That is between you and God. It is not for me to judge.”*

Questioning Wilkins

The Adventurers will no doubt have questions for Wilkins about the voyage. Some of these may come about during the first meal they have with him, others will probably need to be raised after they have spoken to William Twisse (see below). If the Adventurers stay with Lord Saye, they will have further opportunities to meet Wilkins, though he will only be available at meal-times, being too deeply embroiled in his research at other times.

How will we breathe beyond the Earth? *“There is pure elemental air all the way to the Moon. Those who have been to the tops of high mountains have difficulty breathing because the air up there is so pure – the air the angels breathe, you might say – but once they have acclimatised, they have no trouble.”*

How long will it take to get to the Moon? *“It is approximately 250,000 miles to the Moon. At the average speed of a flying swan, on which I based my calculations for the Enterprise, it will take around four months.”*

What will we find on the Moon? *“Ah, that’s the exciting part. Since it is known that there are mountains and seas on the Moon as has been proved by the English astronomer Thomas Harriot with his telescope (and Galileo too, of course, though I believe the Englishman was first) it seems likely that there will be people of some sort living there. It seems unlikely that God would create an entire world and then not populate it. There are some who theorise that the Moon may, in fact, be Eden. If God created the Garden to be populated by many humans, it would need to be large. Once Adam and Eve were cast out of the Garden to the Earth, it was left empty. If this is so, then the Moon will be a place of great abundance, full of animals that live in peace and harmony with each other.”*

What’s the weather like on the Moon? *“Another interesting question. The day lasts fourteen days, and the night another fourteen, so the days must be very hot and the nights very cold*

– but I believe that clouds and cooling rains will temper the heat, and the Earthlight that will constantly bathe the near side of the Moon, reflecting sunlight from our oceans to warm the lunar night, will prevent it getting too cold. I imagine that the far side of the Moon, which never sees the Earth, will be unimaginably chilly, however.”

What about Alchemy on the Moon? *“As you may know, I studied Alchemy for a time. It is my belief that the Moon contains much more of the elusive fifth element, sometimes known as Quintessence or Aether, which is not to be found on Earth. Whether it is made entirely of Quintessence or merely a mixture of the new element and the familiar elements of Earth remains to be seen. It is possible that new magickal forms will be achievable – new spells with previously unlooked-for powers, as well as Aether Elementals. It is a shame really that no Alchemists have been invited along, but don’t let Cromwell know I said that. I am married to his sister, and she’d never let me hear the end of it!”*

Has the Enterprise been tested? *“Well, not exactly. How do you test whether a ship can fly to the Moon, other than by flying it to the Moon? But it’s closely modelled on the flight of a swan, and they’ve been flying reliably since God created them.”*

How does it land? *“You will, of course, need to find an ocean or other body of water. But that should be no problem, as we’re pretty sure there are large seas on the Moon.”*


Parliament

The Palace of Westminster, where Parliament meets, is outside London proper, off the map that the Adventurers have been given. Shortly to the west of the map, the River Thames takes a turn to the south, and the Palace, a collection of medieval buildings, stands on the west bank of the river. Part of the complex, the place where Parliament meets, was once a church. Security is tight; the Adventurers will need to show that they are entitled to be there. Ireton’s papers will get them in, though they will be escorted all the way to Twisse’s office, a small cosy room hung with fading tapestries and heated by the ubiquitous coal fire.

Reverend William Twisse

Twisse is a frail old man, who still wears the





Elizabethan ruff, fashionable in his youth, despite his Puritan leanings. He is a member of the Westminster assembly. He has seen the world change a great deal, and disapproves of almost all the changes – particularly the rise of both Alchemy and Clockwork. In the early days of the Civil War he had a meeting with Prince Rupert, who tried to persuade him to join the Royalist cause, but Twisse dismissed him as a “summoner of demons” and refused to have anything to do with him. He is equally scathing of John Wilkins’ ideas, and longs for a return to the old days, when things were less complicated. His official position is Prolocutor of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, a committee of 30 laymen and 121 clergy set up before the war by Parliament to reform the Church of England away from the Laudian ideas common under King Charles. Twisse, like many of the assembly, is a Presbyterian, though there are enough members of other Factions to make debate lively, and decisions few and far between.

Twisse will invite the Adventurers to sit around his desk, and a servant will bring in tea (Twisse’s one concession to modernity) which the reverend will pour with shaky hands for the party. Once the Adventurers ask about his views on Wilkins and the Moon-ship, he will launch into something of a tirade, which it will be difficult to stop:

What do you think of Wilkins’ ideas? *“Wilkins is clearly a madman! First of all, he claims that the Moon is a solid body, when quite plainly, as the authorities such as Aristotle tell, like all heavenly bodies it is made of Aether, the fifth element, Quintessence. Since this is the same substance as that of the heavenly sphere on which the stars are affixed, it is clearly not a solid body like the world upon which we live, but a glowing ball of gas, like the sun, or possibly a crystal sphere with a light within, which grows and dims with the passage of the months. Secondly, he*

claims that there is a world within the Moon, where people dwell. Again, this is obvious nonsense – if such were the case, would it not have been mentioned in the bible? It is quite clearly stated in Genesis that the Moon was created as a light to rule the night, not as a world on which people live.”

What about the evidence from Galileo’s/Harriot’s telescope? *“Personally I refuse to look through such infernal devices, which clearly contradict the holy word. Do you know how lenses work? Do you know for sure that the “mountains” he claims to have seen on the Moon are not just reflections or distortions caused by the lenses and tubes? None of the ancient authorities have mentioned a world in the Moon. If the Moon is a mirror-like crystal disk or sphere, then the dark patches, rather than being seas, could very easily be the reflections of earthly oceans. If the Moon were a world, the fact that it is travelling at great speed round a stationary Earth is surely enough to shake off any beings that might have chosen to live there.”*

Wilkins will go on to rant about other features of the modern world which he dislikes, from “horrible noisy clockwork” to “satanic Royalist sorcerers”, from “that infamous foreign beverage, coffee, which makes a sane man excitable and embroils the humours” to “coals from Newcastle, which are wrapping all of London in a foul miasma.” If anyone deigns to disagree with him, he will become more and more red in the face until he collapses to the floor in a faint. A First Aid roll will bring him round, at which point he will apologise, say he is “a little weary”, and ask the Adventurers if perhaps they could leave him alone for a while.

(If the Adventurers think to check on Twisse’s health after they get back from the Moon, they will hear that a few days later he collapsed while giving a sermon and died within a couple of months).

The Devil’s Tavern

The Devil’s Tavern is home to the Apollo Club, a literary association begun by writer Ben Jonson as a young man, and frequented by playwrights, poets and wannabe literary types. It’s half-timbered frontage has an inn sign showing a picture of St. Dunstan being tormented by the Devil – the tavern was originally called St. Dunstan’s. The Devil’s Tavern is on Fleet Street, which runs west from Ludgate (a couple of streets

north of the Thames, on the western edge of the map on pp.8-9).

Ben Jonson



(Historical note: Ben Jonson actually died in 1637 – in the world of Clockwork & Chivalry he’s still alive, due to the healing powers of Alchemy!).

Ben Jonson, one-time famed playwright and poet, is now a bitter, drunken old man. Once a writer of court masques for King Charles’ father, James, his popularity was waning by the 1630s, and although he was still kept on an annual pension of £60 a year from Charles, his work was no longer receiving critical acclaim. A crowd of younger writers, known as the “Tribe of Ben” gathered round him, and he remained popular in literary circles, if not with the critics. He suffered a stroke in 1637 and would have died had Arabella Blackwood not saved his life with an Alchemical potion. With the onset of the Civil War, his fortunes declined further – plays have been banned in London, and his pension from Prince Rupert has been cut to £30 due to the war economy.

He spends his evenings in the Devil Tavern in Temple Bar, surrounded by his “tribe” of “Cavalier Poets” – the younger poets see themselves as dangerously radical in Parliamentary London; the truth is that although they write about a romantic world of love and sensual pleasure which is anathema to the Puritan sensibility, they are hardly the sort to stir insurrection. The Parliamentary authorities are convinced they are harmless, and while they meet openly at the Devil Tavern, Cromwell’s spies can easily keep an eye on them.

Read the following:

“The Devil Tavern is a dark, wood-panelled

place, filled with the scents of beer and tobacco smoke. A fat, red-faced old man with a beard is sitting before an open fire, one swollen foot up on a stool, drinking from a wine goblet and regaling a crowd of younger, foppish-looking young men with tales. As you approach, he shoos the young men away, and waves you to sit down. “Sit down, have a drink. Sorry I didn’t meet with you in the Turk’s Head, but I can’t abide those newfangled coffee houses. Lots of overexcited young men buzzing like bees about nothing.”

Jonson is aware that the Adventurers have come to see him about Arabella, but can’t help having a few digs at current politics. He will ask each of them about their affiliations, and pour scorn on them, whatever they are. Eventually, he will get around to talking about Arabella.

“Ah, Arabella Blackwood. She’s a tragic case, really. She had a female lover, you know. The beautiful Venetia Stanley – one of my muses for many years. But Venetia’s mother disapproved of such licentiousness and refused to let them see each other. Arabella, would you believe, ran away from England dressed as a man, and travelled with King Charles before he took the throne. Some say they were lovers. When the fat and unpleasant queen consort of France, Marie de Medici, fell in love with her (believing her a man) she was forced to flee and have it put about that she had died in battle. Her poor lover, Venetia, believing her dead, flung herself into a series of scandalous affairs. When Arabella returned to England, the two were reunited and set up home together. But Arabella was always restless. She disguised herself as a man again and had some success as a privateer against the Spanish in the Mediterranean. When she returned home, she took up study of Alchemy, at which she was brilliant. I’ve heard it said that many of the spells used by the Invisible College were formulated by her. But Venetia died in 1633, and Arabella was heartbroken. I was heartbroken myself – I wrote a poem, you know. Some say that it was one of Arabella’s alchemical potions that killed her, though there was never any proof. She went into something of a decline, wearing black and being seen in a silver mask in public. I think her lover’s death tipped her over the edge. She’d always been interested in science, but she became obsessed. I think she was trying to find a cure for mortality. I remember her saying to me once, “Our human bodies are so



frail. Only Clockwork lasts. If we could recreate ourselves in brass and iron, we need never fear death." She is determined to stop the war at whatever cost, so that she can complete her vision for humanity, whatever that may be – I fear it is a future we would not recognise or care for."

Jonson has nothing more to add about Lady Blackwood, although he does show some curiosity over who exactly the Adventurers are, and why they are interested in Arabella. "What has she done now?" Whether the party tell the poet what they know is up to them – if they do let on that she has stolen a flying ship and gone to the Moon, he will shake his head in reluctant admiration. "A formidable woman, indeed. If more women were like her, the world would be a different place – maybe better, maybe not, who can tell?"

The Docks

Lion Kaye, where the *Enterprise* is being built, and from where it is to be launched, lies to the east of London Bridge, at the end of Lower Thames Street. When the Adventurers visit there, read the following:

As you travel down Lower Thames Street, which runs parallel with the river, you can see the masts of numerous ships rising above the rooftops. London Bridge stretches out over the Thames, clustered with three-storey buildings, its imposing gateway decorated with the tarred heads of a couple of dozen traitors on spikes. Passing between the buildings, you come onto a dockside, bustling with activity. A winding station, in the form of a massive water-wheel, powers several clockwork cranes which are loading and unloading cargo from a number of merchant vessels, probably taking wool to Europe and beyond. Poised at the head of a slipway, currently up on wooden trestles, lies a ship which looks at first glance – but only at first glance – like all the others; a sturdily-built three-masted merchant vessel, high at the stern. But one thing differentiates it from the others – and that is the massive pair of white-feathered wings folded along its sides as though it were a swan, at rest in the harbour. As you move toward this strange clockwork apparition, four burly Parliamentary soldiers block your way, demanding to know your business.

The Adventurers will be let through the military

cordon if they show the guards the papers Ireton gave them, but not otherwise. Two of the guards will escort them to a small wooden building in the shadow of the ship, to make sure they visit Jamie Hudson and don't start poking about where they shouldn't go.

Jamie Hudson



Mechanical Preacher

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 15
POW 14 DEX 15 CHA 11

SR 15 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Art (Clockwork Design) 75%,
Craft (Clockwork) 90%, Lore
(Mechanical Philosophy) 70%,
Unarmed 50% 1D3

Faction: Tinker RP: 70

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Jamie Hudson is a quiet, unassuming man, who just happens to be very good with engines. Proud to be the nephew of the famous English explorer Henry Hudson, he has never been to sea personally, suffering from sea-sickness even in a wherry on the Thames. Originally a groundsman on the estate of Viscount Saye and Sele, he helped Wilkins with some of his early inventions, and showed a distinct aptitude for building and maintaining Clockwork equipment. He was

Chapter I: London

brought to London by Wilkins to help on the building of the *Enterprise* and has come to be chief “flight mechanic” – a post currently unique to him! He is a man of few words, though when he does speak, especially on the subject of engineering, he is always careful to be precise and accurate – he can’t bear woolly-headed thinking or misunderstandings about something so logical and self-evident as Clockwork.

The guards lead you to a wooden shed beside the Enterprise’s slipway. They stay outside while you enter the dim interior. The inside of the shed is dominated by a long workbench, on which are various partially assembled clockwork machines, scattered around which are assorted cogs, cams, rods, and springs, as well as several piles of papers covered in drawings, calculations and formulae. A man in his early twenties, dressed in plain Puritan garb and with his hair cut very short, is carefully pouring what appears to be gunpowder out of a flour scoop and into a narrow pipe in the side of an incomprehensible device. Without looking up from what he is doing, he says (very calmly), “If any of you are smoking, please go outside before you blow us all to Kingdom Come.”

Once he has finished pouring the gunpowder, the man sighs and looks up. “Want to know how the ship works? They all do. Jamie Hudson, by the way.” He holds out his hand for you to shake it.

Once greetings have been made, Hudson will pat the machine he’s been fiddling with.

“It’s not the machine that’s at fault. Gunpowder’s not fine enough, that’s the problem. This is just a scale model – the real Deflagration Engine is out on the ship. Massive thing. Very clever. But if they can’t get the gunpowder grains of a consistent size, they’re going to jam in the hopper. Then the engine will misfire, or stall – or perhaps even explode. And the last thing you want, halfway to the Moon, is an explosion. Bad idea. You can’t exactly send a message back to Earth saying “London, we’ve got a problem.” You’d be stuck up there with no way of re-winding the wings. Whether you’d float up there forever, or plummet several million miles to Earth is impossible to tell at this stage. Sieves, that’s the only answer. There isn’t time to get fresh gunpowder at this stage – we’ll have to get hold of some sieves with the right hole size, and the crew will have to spend their spare

time sieving gunpowder. But enough of my problems. What can I do for you?”

Hudson will answer any questions the Adventurers may have. Use the answers below, as well as the description of the *Enterprise* on p.33. Bear in mind that Hudson knows a lot about the theoretical workings of the ship, but nothing about what might be expected in space, or on the Moon.

How does the *Enterprise* work? *“The wings are powered by a fairly conventional (though extremely large) Clockwork engine, powered by the usual springs. The wings are cleverly articulated (Wilkins did a fine job there) and can be controlled by a series of wheels on the bridge. Of course, there’s no way a spring powerful enough could be made to drive the ship for several months, which is where the Deflagration Engine comes in. Controlled amounts of gunpowder are fed to a series of cylinders, like small gun barrels, and controlled explosions push pistons out of these cylinders, which turn a camshaft, rewinding the Clockwork engine. As the cam turns, the pistons are pushed back in, more gunpowder is fed into the cylinders and the whole process goes round again. Makes a devilish noise and ludicrous amounts of smoke, but if the Deflagration Engine is run for about an hour a day, that should give you enough winding power to get to the Moon.”*

Has the *Enterprise* been tested? *“Well, the ship floats. It’s a converted privateer, plied the seas for many a year. But the flying aspect – less so. I did suggest that some low level trials over England before setting off on a long voyage might be wise, but everyone seems in such a hurry to get to the Moon. I don’t know why, it’s not as though there are any rivals – the other European trading nations are years behind on clockwork technology. But it was designed by John Wilkins – it’s bound to work!”*

Are all those feathers real? *“Indeed they are – individually sewn onto canvas by a horde of seamstresses. In a way, it’s quite fortuitous that the king is dead. The swans used to belong to him, you know, but now that he’s gone they’re fair game. We put out a bounty for every swan brought in – I doubt there’s a single swan left on the Thames between here and Reading! There were so many plucked swans in London that the street vendors were selling swan drumsticks. Don’t know what we’ll do if we want to build a fleet of these things, open season on anything with feathers.”*



Let the Adventurers chat with Hudson for a while, then interrupt with the following section.

Sabotage!

Suddenly, your conversation is interrupted by the distinctive metallic whining of the Clockwork weapons you faced down a dark side-street a few days ago. The door bursts open, and in surge three muscular men armed with whirring Clockwork blades. They look a little surprised to see you, as though they were expecting Hudson to be alone. But, taking stock of the situation, they move to attack...

Have anyone who is in a position to see through the door make a Perception roll; on a success, they notice that there is another man, similarly armed with Rotating Teeth of Godly Ire (see p.7) climbing up the side of the *Enterprise*.

These are saboteurs working for Lady Blackwood; in lieu of specific instructions, they have decided to assassinate Jamie Hudson and sabotage one of the wings of the *Enterprise* by sawing through some of the cable “sinews” which control the way the wing flaps. They reason that if the sabotage is done carefully enough, and Hudson dead, no-one will notice until the ship takes flight, at which point it will crash. They were, of course, not expecting the Adventurers to be there.

Use Thug statistics from the Appendix (p.127). All are armed with Rotating Teeth of Godly Ire (see box on p.7). The Thugs are attempting to kill Hudson, and will do their best to get to him. If it becomes obvious that they are losing, they will retreat. If, at that stage, the Adventurers have not yet spotted the saboteur, they will see him climbing back down from the side of the ship and joining the others as they flee. This will give them a chance to discover the sabotage even if Hudson is dead.

Once the fight is over, the Adventurers will find the two guards outside the shed with their throats cut. Hudson will be able to identify one of the Thugs as Patrick Turner, a Mechanical Preacher working on the ship – he suspects that, since the guards allowed them to approach, the others were likely workers on the ship too. The Adventurers will now have strong suspicions that the project has been infiltrated by Lady Blackwood’s people. They may report this to any of the people they know – Viscount Saye, John Wilkins or Abel Tasman are the most likely candidates, as Ireton is not available – and all Mechanical Preachers

working on the ship will be banned from the shipyards. The mechanical work on the ship is all but finished, and they are no longer needed anyway, so it will not have an impact on the project.

Any dead/captured Thugs will, naturally, be wearing the by now distinctive silver mask pin of Arabella Blackwood.

Note: In the event that the Adventurers fail to save Hudson or spot the sabotage, later in the evening (probably when they are back at Viscount Saye’s townhouse), a group of Parliamentary soldiers will be sent to arrest them – the sabotage has been discovered, and they are the prime suspects. They will be held in the Tower of London and questioned for a day, before Ireton secures their release. He will come to their cells personally and berate them for their carelessness.

The Launch

Once the Adventurers have had time to meet all the relevant people, it is time to move on to the launch. This should take place three days after the Adventurers’ arrival in London. If they are staying with Viscount Saye and Sele, he will explain things to them in the evening when they get back from their day’s visiting; otherwise, he will send a manservant to their lodgings, asking them to come and see him.

*“Well, I thought we’d better have a little talk before the launch, just to keep you up to date on what’s going on. Tomorrow, in a big ceremony, the Lord Protector will be launching the *Enterprise* onto the river. He has asked to meet you before the ceremony. The day after will be spent loading supplies aboard the ship, and the voyage will begin the morning after that, bright and early on the ebb tide at 6 a.m. You can ride in my carriage to the docks at 11 a.m. tomorrow, and I’ll introduce you to Oliver. It will have to be a private meeting, as you are not to be seen in public with the Lord Protector. After the meeting, you can watch the ceremony from the crowd. I must say I envy you – I would dearly love to join the voyage myself, but alas, I was born too soon for such wonders.”*

The following section includes a meeting with Cromwell, an encounter in the crowd with a Royalist suicide bomber, and a chance to listen to Cromwell’s great speech before seeing the ship launched onto the river. This is followed by a day in which the Adventurers can make last minute



preparations, and then it will be all aboard ship, prior to it's take-off at the beginning of the next chapter.

Meeting Cromwell



The following morning, the Adventurers join the Viscount and John Wilkins in the nobleman's coach as it heads for Lion Kaye. Already there are crowds of people streaming in that direction, looking forward to the launch. They're mostly going to be disappointed, as the numerous handbills and posters publicising this event fail to mention that the ship won't be taking to the skies today.

The carriage is slowed to a crawl by the other traffic (in horse-drawn transport and on foot). Lord Saye gets somewhat tetchy at the delay and worries that they're going to miss the launch, but they arrive in plenty of time, being waved through the heavy cordon of Parliamentary soldiers around the docks.

(For information on Oliver Cromwell see the *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* p.159).

You are ushered into the same shed where you recently fought to save Jamie Hudson's life against Lady Silver's thugs. The bloodstains have been cleaned up and the furniture righted. Behind the workbench, where previously stood the Mechanical Preacher, is the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell himself! He smiles gently at you, and greets you each by name, shaking your hands. "I have heard much about you from my good friend Henry Ireton. Your services for our beleaguered land will one day be recognised by everyone – though for now, they must remain secret."

Cromwell will ask them a few questions about previous adventures they have had, knowing an impressive amount about their past movements. If

the characters have been through the previous adventures in the Kingdom & Commonwealth Campaign, he will ask them questions about their impressions of the field of Naseby since the conflict there, about whether the threat of witchcraft in Cornwall has really ended, and whether he thinks Gell would have won the war in the Debatable Lands if he had not gone mad. This will give the players the opportunity to reminisce about past adventures and boast of their heroic exploits to Cromwell if they wish. Once they have finished, or it if appears they're going to carry on indefinitely, Cromwell will finish with words of praise of their heroic exploits, express the opinion that *"England is lucky to have such heroes in these dark times,"* and then say, *"But I must be going – I have a ship to launch!"*

Hoist by his own petard

The Adventurers will be ushered away, and taken out of the docks through a side entrance which will allow them to join the crowds thronging the streets. No sooner are they let out than the front gates of the dockyard will open, allowing the public into the area surrounding the great moonship on its slipway.

You find yourself in a huge crowd who are pushing forward to get as close to the mighty moonship as possible, held back from it by a row of burly pikemen, behind which Cromwell has climbed a podium and is waiting for the crowd to quieten down before making his speech. Someone in the crowd shouts "God save the Mainspring!" and there is much cheering, and a few boos, which are quickly suppressed, probably with fists.

As you are watching, you are jostled by someone trying to shove through the crowd to the front. As he pushes by you, you notice a strange lumpy bulge under his coat at the front. He is sweating, despite the cold of the winter day.

The man is Jeremiah Carlson, a fanatical Royalist with a petard strapped to his chest. He is attempting to get to the front of the crowd, intending, if he can, to kill Cromwell and damage the *Enterprise*, and if not, to at least take as many Parliamentary followers with him as possible. The petard is on a three second fuse, and he is holding a burning match in his left hand and a flintlock pistol in his right, hidden in his coat pocket. He intends to get as close as possible to Cromwell, open his coat and light the fuse, using the pistol to intimidate anyone attempting to stop



him (obviously if he actually fires it, it will be useless, although it may give him the necessary seconds to light the fuse).

If the Adventurers ignore the obviously suspicious nature of this man, he will get through to the front of the crowd, but the pikemen will hold him back. When he realises he can't get through the crowd, he will detonate his petard, killing two pikemen and 1D6 of the crowd.

Hopefully, though, the party will recognise that something funny is going on, and attempt to tackle the man. If so, the game will immediately turn to combat rounds. Carlson will at first attempt to escape, and if it is apparent that he can't, he will attempt to open his coat and light the petard, while threatening the Adventurers with his pistol. When/if he lights the fuse, he will shout "For God and the King!"

Petard

A Petard is essentially an explosive charge which can be attached to a target (often locked doors etc.) and then exploded. A petard consists of a wooden backplate, a metal container with a hole for a fuse and a few pounds of gunpowder. The petardier's assistant is expected to run through the enemy's fire (which is often horrendous) and attach the thing (by screwing in a hook to the surface to be blown, then suspending the petard), light a fuse (with a slow match lit at both ends), and, if still alive, retire to a safe distance. The petardier himself is not expected to make the dash; as a gunpowder expert, he is far too valuable. Any would-be petard setter should note that it is better to run back to one's own lines in a zig-zag – the metal container tends to fly toward the defenders' lines as the gunpowder (hopefully) takes its toll in the opposite direction.

Rules: The fuse of a petard takes 1D3+3 Combat Actions to burn through (secret Games Master roll). Anything to which the petard is attached will take 8D8 damage. The canister shoots out of the back with a range of 5m; anyone within range must make a successful Evade roll (+20% if the player has already stated his intention to zig-zag). Anyone hit by the canister takes 2D6 damage to a single random location. If the petard was not successfully attached, anyone and anything within 10m takes 3D6 damage to all hit locations.

Once the crowd around the Adventurers realises what is going on, there will be cries of "A bomb!" and a panic as people try to get as far as from the Royalist as possible.

Note: The petard has been strapped to Carlson's chest with the canister facing forward (it wouldn't fit under his coat the other way round), so most of the damage will be absorbed by the bomber himself, ripping him completely apart. But still, it will cause 3D8 damage to anyone standing behind or to the side of him within 10m, and 2D6 damage from the canister to anyone standing within 10m in front. (See the Petard below). If your Adventurers do not manage to stop him setting off the device and you do not want to kill off a number of player characters this early in the Adventure, you could have the fuse fizzle and go out just before the petard goes off.

Jeremiah Carlson



Royalist Suicide Bomber

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 12
POW 11 DEX 14 CHA 12

SR 13 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 50%, Brawn 40%, Evade 70%, Insight 50%, Pistol 40% (1D6+2), Resilience 60%, Sword 50% 1D8, Unarmed 40% 1D3

Faction: Royalist RP: 100

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Chapter I: London

Jeremiah Carlson is the youngest son of a minor nobleman, Sir Richard Carlson, at the court of King Charles, whose entire family have been killed by the Parliamentary regime – he lost two brothers at Naseby to a Whirling Engine of Righteousness, and his father and mother were both found guilty of spying for the Royalists in the early days of the war. His family's lands have been given to a loyal Parliamentarian and he has been reduced, at the age of seventeen, to working as a messenger boy for the Worshipful Company of Mercers. Spotted at a secret meeting of Royalists by one of Prince Rupert's agents, he has been persuaded that what he does is a virtuous act, and that he is sure to go to Heaven if he manages to kill Cromwell.

Cromwell will be pulled down behind the podium, and the soldiers will move in to prevent the crowd getting out of hand. If the bomb goes off, the dead and wounded will be taken away as quickly as possible, and Cromwell will return to the podium to call for calm.

A Speech

Eventually, the crowd will calm down, and Cromwell will be able to get on with his speech:

“Loyal citizens of the Commonwealth of England, we have just seen an example of what the Royalists are capable of – they seek only death and destruction, a return to the dark days of the war, while we look beyond such petty concerns. Luna is the final frontier. This will be the first voyage of the Moonship Enterprise, its continuing mission, to explore peculiar and novel worlds, to seek out new people and new civilisations, to boldly venture where no gentleman has heretofore ventured! God bless the Enterprise and all who... er... fly in her!”

Cromwell bows his head as a Puritan priest climbs the podium and says a quiet prayer. Then Cromwell raises his hat in the air. “Three cheers for the crew of the Moonship Enterprise – hip hip...”

The crowd responds with three ringing “Huzzahs” as workers remove large wooden blocks and the ship slides slowly down the slipway into the Thames. There is a surge of water around the bows, and then it is bobbing gently on the river, prevented from drifting away by a number of ropes.

The crowd seem to hold their collective breath, and then, when nothing further happens, begin

muttering. “I said it would never work.” “If God had meant us to fly, we’d all be angels.” “Typical Cromwell, all talk and no breeches.” The crowd disperse, disappointedly, muttering.

The Adventurers are free to do whatever they like now, because the launch is not until the day after tomorrow.

Word will eventually get around that the ship wasn't meant to fly today, although there will be rumours that it was sabotaged by Royalists. The Adventurers may want to buy supplies, or knowing the average adventuring party, they will probably want one last night in an alehouse, as there's no guarantee there will be any alehouses on the Moon, and it's going to be at least eight months before they get back to Earth. (Remember, there's officially no alcohol allowed on board the *Enterprise* under the terms of the Moon Company's charter, although in reality the Adventurers can easily arrange for private stores of food and drink to be taken aboard).

All Aboard

On the morning of the expedition's departure, the Adventurers must make their way through the early morning darkness (probably in the Viscount's coach, since he and Wilkins are going to watch the ship set off on its voyage). A trickle of people is heading toward the river – the few members of the public who are interested enough to get up at that time of the morning to watch the take-off and don't have to work. The docks are lit by many torches and lanterns, and the Clockwork cranes are whirring and whining as they load supplies on to the *Enterprise* which is tied up at the quay. A constant stream of people are walking up the gangplank, some carrying boxes, chests and bundles, others having their goods carried for them. A couple of pikemen stand at the bottom of the gangplank, checking off names on a roster to make sure no-one gets aboard who shouldn't. Abel Tasman stands on the bridge, watching all the activity and occasionally giving orders to members of the crew.

The Adventurers have been assigned cabins and are asked to stay there by Master Glanville (see p.37) until loading is complete.

Its is over two hours before everything is stowed away and the ship is ready to begin it's voyage. Finally, a sailor comes and knocks on your cabin doors. “Ship launching in five minutes! If you want to watch, get yerselves on deck!” The flight is about to begin!



Chapter II

In which our heroes journey to the lunar orb

“There is no shame in not knowing, the shame lies in not finding out.”

– Assyrian proverb

This chapter sees the Adventurers journeying to the Moon, aboard the *Enterprise*. The strangeness and uniqueness of the voyage should be emphasised, from the initial peculiar Clockwork ascent into the sky to the eventual hazardous landing on the Moon’s surface. The journey will take four months, plenty of time for the Adventurers to get to know some of their fellow passengers – and for some of the personalities aboard to pursue their individual missions. Some might try to impede the Adventurers, intentionally or incidentally, others might form relationships with the party and become firm allies. It is suggested that the Games Master reads the whole of this chapter before running the journey to the Moon – it provides background to the flight experience, describes the personalities making the journey and provides some fixed and random events that will occur on the way.

There are a lot of characters provided – some of whom may never reach their destination, but some who might have an impact (for good or ill) in later chapters. Armed with the description of the ship and its inhabitants you might wish to run a lengthy journey for your players. There is ample scope to create intrigue, aside from the fixed and random events provided. There are opportunities for politicking and scandal, if that is the sort of

adventure your group enjoys. Likewise there are opportunities for desperate fighting in an unstable environment. Make sure that whatever plots are carrying on in the background, the Adventurers are given plenty of opportunity to become embroiled – this is their story, after all.

At some point it will be time to move on from the voyage to the Moon. When you feel your players have had enough fun voyaging upon a Stuart-era ship, albeit a fantastical one, making an extraordinary journey, events can be moved forward to *Sabotage* and *A Crashed Landing!*, bringing the Chapter to a close.

Take Off

Read or paraphrase the following:

As you come up on deck, you see that the ship is casting off from the dock, and moving out into the centre of the river under full sail. Ahead of you, the rising sun breaks out of low cloud, bathing the towers and hovels of London in a golden light. You feel a low vibration beneath your feet as the clockwork engine whirs into life. On the bridge, you can see Captain Tasman gazing out over his vessel, beside him the ship’s master, his hands



Chapter II: Voyage to the Moon

upon the complex wheels and levers which control the mechanisms. "Full power to the clockwork!" he shouts, and the vibrating rises to a deep throbbing. The ship is out in the current now, heading downstream. "Extend the wings!" There is a massive creaking groan, and the mechanical wings, folded at the ship's side, unfold to their full extent, a massive span of white feathers in the morning sun. "All hands brace for lift-off!" Even at this distance, you can see how hard Tasman's hands are clutching the rail in front of him. Other passengers and crew are holding onto rails, ropes and whatever they can, some of them audibly praying.

Make sure all the Adventurers are holding on to something, otherwise, with the first wingbeat, they will lose their footing on a failed Athletics roll and take 1D4 damage to a random hit location.

As the huge wings beat downward, the deck surges upward beneath your feet. The wingtips dip into the river, then rise, and the deck falls away beneath you. The movement repeats itself, the deck rising and falling in massive swells.

Anyone who fails a Resilience roll at this point is violently ill from motion sickness.

For what seems an age, the ship ploughs along the river, rising and falling. If it continues this movement all the way to the moon, it will shake all the teeth from your head! But then a shout comes from a sailor at the stern of the ship, watching it's wake. "We have lift off!" The call is passed down the ship to the captain. "We have lift-off!" The lurching of the ship changes to a light undulation and the buildings along the shoreline disappear from sight. Suddenly, as a bend in the river leaves the ship flying over the outlying buildings of London, a church steeple looms ahead. You have a startlingly close view of a green copper weathercock sliding past just below the starboard wing, and a lookout calls "We have cleared the tower!" England falls away beneath your keel, and the Enterprise rises toward the low winter clouds.

Once the vessel is on its way, the captain orders the sails furled, as they are not needed to propel the ship. While this is happening, the passengers are politely requested to keep out of the way. Once this process is complete, the Adventurers can begin to mingle with the other people on

board ship. About ten minutes later the *Enterprise* passes into the clouds and it becomes cold and foggy. After a further ten minutes, the ship bursts forth into bright sunlight among towering clouds, with a sea of white cloud beneath it. Some of the more superstitious sailors are convinced they've died and gone to heaven, and the Boatswain (Bosun) Master Gorrell has to beat some of them with a rope end to get them back to work.

The Voyage

Once the ship is above the clouds, the journey to the Moon is relatively trouble-free (apart from the machinations of the passengers!). The air gets thinner and colder as the ship gains altitude, and the sky becomes darker, until the sun is a bright orb hanging in a black sky.

Altitude Problems

About an hour after the ship begins its voyage, once they are far above the clouds, have everyone make a Resilience roll. Anyone who fails loses one level of Fatigue (See *RuneQuest II Core Rulebook*, p.61) and feels breathless. After another hour, another roll is required; those who have already lost a level of Fatigue will lose another level if they fail the second roll. After this, characters will remain at the same level of Fatigue for 1D6+3 days, and then regain a level of Fatigue each day until they are back to normal. This is because their bodies are acclimatising to the pure elemental Air they are now breathing, uncontaminated by the dusts of Earth's air.

Air Spells

While they are on the voyage to the Moon, bathed in pure elemental Air, Alchemists will find that they are at +20% to casting Air spells. This bonus will disappear once they are on the Moon.

Temperature

Space, even filled with elemental air, is a little chilly. The temperature on deck, even in the constant sunlight, is a couple of degrees centigrade below freezing, though it is warmer below. The air of space is, however, extremely dry – there is no water vapour here – so it feels less chilly than it might in England. Though water freezes if spilled on deck, there is no frost. The sailors are, in general, pleased by this, as it means they are relieved from deck scrubbing duties.



17th Century Space Physics

As has been theorised by John Wilkins, there is elemental air all the way to the Moon, so there will be no problem breathing (though see *Altitude Problems*, p.29). Gravity is a different matter entirely. Remember that Sir Isaac Newton was only three at this time, and no-one knew how gravity worked. In the *Clockwork & Chivalry* campaign world, the Earth is the centre of the universe (see the *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook*, p.161-2).

Wilkins' theory (based on studies of magnetism) was that gravity only extended to a distance of 20 miles from the surface of the Earth, and then objects would be in free-fall until within about 20 miles of the Moon. Ambitious Games Masters may want to go with this theory, though it would mean running a game in which the Adventurers and NPCs were all in zero-gravity for four months, which would not only make the scenario difficult to run, but would lead to them all being somewhat wobbly about the knees when they arrived at their destination.

We have decided to go with a sort of compromise physics, in which the pull of the earth is fairly constant downward until the ship is about three-quarters of the way to the Moon, there is then a period of a few days when there is a "null point" of zero-gravity while the ship turns round, and then the pull of gravity is toward the Moon all the way to landing. It may be wise to try not to think about this for too long, or your head might start to hurt!

This means that for the first three months of the voyage, the wings must flap constantly, taking the ship higher. The Earth will dwindle away beneath the ship's keel until it is nothing but a blue and white disc. The sun will be moving round the Earth once every twenty-four hours, and so will constantly be in the sky; although, due to the lack of dust in the air of space, the sky will appear black and star-filled rather than blue (yes, we know this doesn't make sense really, but it would have done in the 17th century!). The Earth will go through phases from crescent to full and back to crescent every 24 hours.

The Moon will be going round the Earth once a month, so will not appear to be ahead of (or above) the ship at all times, in fact it will sometimes be on the far side of Earth, behind the ship's direction of travel. But Wilkins has cleverly calculated the voyage so that if they keep the star Aldebaran in the constellation of Taurus above the main-mast they will, in three month's time, hit the "null-point" when the Moon is overhead and begin being pulled by the Moon's gravity, at which point the ship will turn over (see p.31) and from then on, the Moon will be directly below the ship's keel, and the Earth (now going through phases every 28 days as the ship is moving with the pull of the Moon!) will be directly overhead.

Once the ship is heading toward the Moon, it need no longer flap its wings, but can glide with wings outstretched in a tightening circle toward the Moon's surface, only flapping them again during the last day to slow down for a gentle touchdown, like a swan landing on a pond.

Games Masters may need to perform demonstrations with a grapefruit, a golf-ball and a table-lamp to get this straight in everyone's heads!

The Deflagration Engine

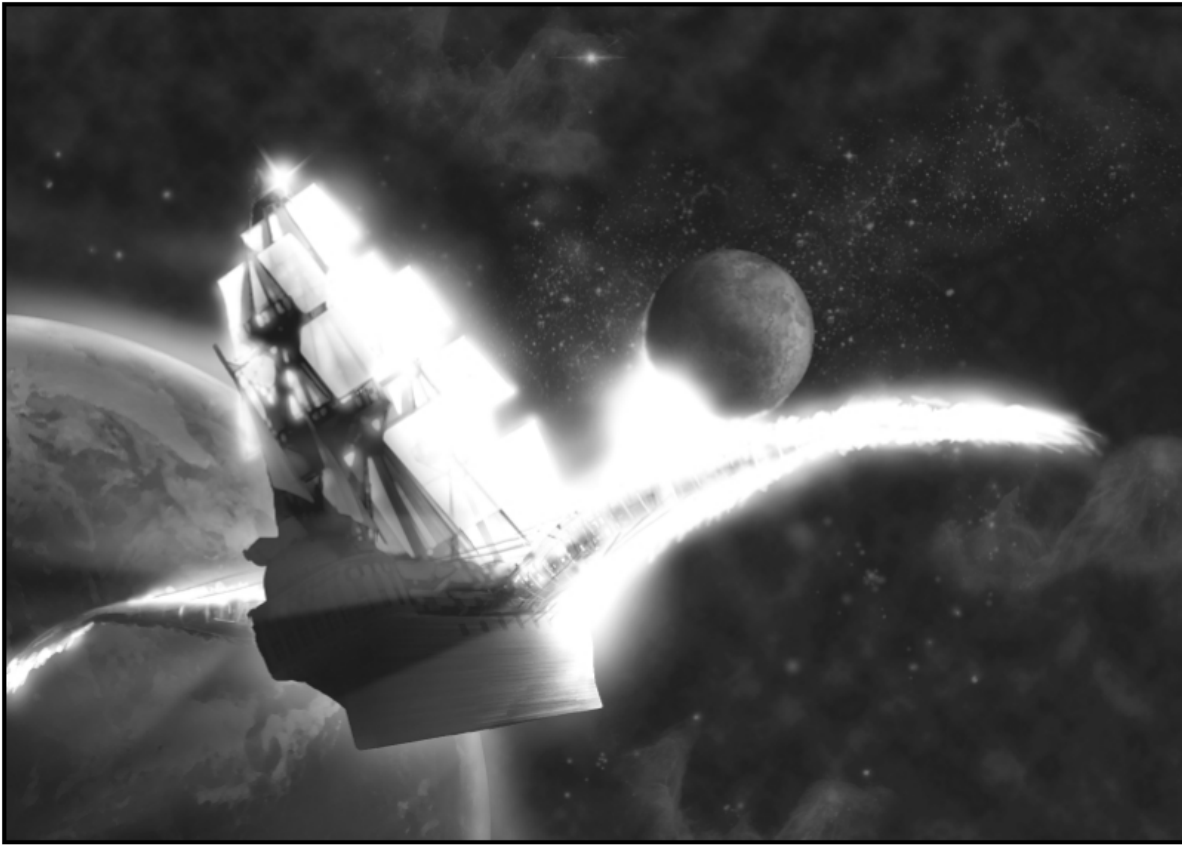
Once a day, the ship must run the Deflagration Engine to re-wind the Clockwork which powers the wings. This device is powered by gunpowder exploding inside small pistons and makes a terrific racket and an awful lot of smoke. Thankfully, it only needs to be run once a day, and after the Turnaround Point, when the ship is gliding toward the Moon, it need not be run at all. The Deflagration Engine is below decks, and on its first running, Sailors and passengers alike rush out into the open air (despite the cold) as the

cabins below fill with acrid smoke and the awful noise, which sounds like a constant barrage of muskets. As the weeks go by, many of the Sailors become inured to the sound and fury, and remain in the warm, despite the smoke.

Random Events

The following events can happen at any time during the voyage. If it seems that not much is going on between the Adventurers and the other people on board ship, roll for or choose one of the following events. Alternatively, they can be used to make an already complicated scene even more





difficult, as a tense scene between Adventurers and NPCs is interrupted by a weird and wonderful event. All these events can happen more than once in the voyage and may come to be seen as routine during the four long months spent aboard the *Enterprise*.

Roll 1D4:

1 – The sun seems to be getting dimmer, as though the ship is passing into a mist. Suddenly, the passengers find themselves immersed in a cloud of biting midges. They do not do any serious harm, but cause terrible itching for a few hours. Into the midst of this cloud come swifts, screaming and diving to catch the small flies, bringing the sounds of an English summer to the depths of space. Professor Hume is fascinated. *“There are those who say that swifts bury themselves beneath the mud in the winter, but now it seems obvious – they migrate to the Moon!”*

2 – Anyone on deck witnesses a shooting star burn across the heavens ahead of them, seemingly only a few miles away. A few minutes later, the ship bucks and rears, causing anyone not hanging on to make an Athletics roll to avoid falling over. The ship has hit a patch of turbulent air caused by the passage of the shooting star. The buffeting lasts only a few minutes. It is possible that during

this time, a sailor will plunge from the top mast, miss the deck, and fall screaming toward the Earth, thousands of miles below.

3 – An albatross lands on the main deck. Many of the sailors see this as a sign of ill omen, and want to turn back. Professor Hume sees it as an interesting scientific specimen (is it identical to an Earth albatross or a new species?) and asks the Adventurers to capture it for him. If the party kill the albatross, this is seen as an even worse omen and many of the crew shun the party from that moment on.

4 – (This could happen early in the voyage, or could be a mysterious event later on): There is a great sound of rustling and squeaking aboard ship, and out of various nooks and crannies come rats – dozens of them! They scurry up the ladders and gangways and fling themselves through the ship’s rails to plummet to the distant Earth (or possibly the Moon, if later in the voyage), far below. The sailors, of course, see this as a bad omen!

Turning Around

Three months into the voyage (see *17th Century Space Physics*, p.30) the ship will reach the turnaround point, when it stops being influenced by Earth’s gravity and starts feeling the pull of the

Moon's. This is preceded by several days of increasingly weak gravity, culminating in about two days of zero-gravity, before it begins returning.

At first, the decrease in gravity will be difficult to spot. Items dropped will fall more slowly, and anyone jumping into the air will rise a little higher and fall a little more slowly. As the day goes on, this effect becomes more pronounced, until, within 24 hours, the ship is in zero gravity. Anything dropped will remain hanging in the air, liquids do not pour but float in pulsating globules (don't scald yourself on that floating tea!) and it requires a successful Acrobatics roll to get anywhere without taking 1D2 hits to a random location as the Adventurers and other passengers find themselves floating.

Man Overboard!

While the ship is in this state of weightlessness, the Captain orders everyone not necessary for the running of the ship to remain below decks. Those who do come on deck (and what curious Adventurer worth his salt will not want to?) are ordered to attach themselves to the ship by a rope so that they can pull themselves back (or be pulled) if they float away. Of course, there is always someone who thinks he knows better. In this case it is a deckhand by the name of William Budd who, having been keeping watch from the crow's nest at the top of the main mast, thinks he can get back to the deck without the help of a rope. As he is climbing down the rigging, the ship hits a pocket of turbulence (see Random Events, p.31), Budd loses his grip on the rope, and the movement of the mainmast pushes him gently away from the ship.

A cry goes up. "Man overboard!" Several of the crew are pointing upward, where a young sailor has lost his grip on the rigging of the main mast. He is floating through the air, flailing his arms and legs wildly and calling for help as he drifts slowly astern.

If any of the Adventurers decide to try to rescue him, move into combat rounds. If they can get a rope to the unfortunate sailor within six rounds, he can be saved, but it is not an easy task. It will require three successful Acrobatics rolls to get to the right spot on the mizzen mast (that's the one behind the main mast, past which the sailor is currently drifting) – a fumble on an Acrobatics roll means the Adventurer has lost his grip too and is floating in a similarly dangerous position – let's hope he's attached to the ship by a rope, or

he'll need to be rescued too! Once the Adventurer is in the right position, another roll is required to throw a rope to the sailor. This could involve one of a number of skills: Brawn, Boating, Shiphandling, Whip, Lasso, or anything the player can convince you is feasible – but all should suffer at least a -10% penalty for attempting the throw in zero gravity. And remember, if the Adventurer is floating in mid-air when he makes his throw, he will move backwards as the rope goes forwards! Bonuses should be awarded to rolls for clever use of zero-gravity physics.

If a rope has not been got to the hapless Budd within five rounds, he will drift slowly astern, alternatively praying and calling for help, until he is lost in the distance. Whether he'll starve to death before he's eaten by migrating birds is a question that will entertain the curiosity of his fellow Sailors for weeks to come.

If the Adventurers do manage to save him, Budd will become a loyal friend to the character in question, and may well turn up at a later date to help get the party out of a tight corner.

Turning Over

Twenty-four hours into the period of zero gravity, the captain orders the ship to be turned around, so that its keel is facing the Moon rather than the Earth. As the wings flap intermittently to get the ship aligned in the right direction, the ship lurches and plummets. This is likely to cause more seasickness (Resilience test). Eventually, the *Enterprise* is lined up with the Earth directly above and the Moon below the keel. From here on, the ship should not need to flap its wings, but can glide gently down, pulled by the attractive power of the Moon.

Thar She Blows!

As has been mentioned earlier (see Random Events, p.31), many species of birds migrate from the Earth to the Moon. In the gravityless space between the two worlds, some of them have evolved into creatures rare and wondrous. (Although there is no theory of evolution in the 17th century, so the characters won't think of it in these terms!) Over countless generations, the swift, such a familiar bird of the English summer, has become a monstrous, whale-like creature. It's wings have atrophied into fin-like appendages, its body has grown to be over twenty metres long and it resembles nothing so much as a flying, brown-feathered whale with wide-gaping beak



and forked, feathered tail. It exists only in the zero-gravity zone, propelling itself through the air with its mighty tail and scooping up mouthfuls of migrating birds as they pass between the planets.

On the second day in zero gravity, the Adventurers are alerted by the somewhat unexpected cry of “*Thar she blows!*” from the sailor in the crow’s nest – a cry usually restricted to sightings of whales from earthly ships!

Assuming the Adventurers come out on deck (pulling themselves hand over hand through the lower spaces of the ship, and taking care to anchor themselves with a rope, one would hope), read the following:

The sailor in the crow’s nest, who gave the cry, is pointing off the port bow. Swimming through space toward you, the sun glinting off its brown feathers, is a massive, whale-like beast. It resembles nothing so much as a gigantic swift, though its wings are tiny vestigial appendages, and it propels itself along with upward and downward motions of its huge forked tail. Its beak is wide open, its eyes seem to glare wildly, and it is heading straight for the Enterprise!

The Feathered Whale is slightly shorter than the ship, and not terrifically bright. Naturally enough, it has never seen a flying ship before, and is not sure whether this is some sort of food or a rival for its territory. What the Adventurers do is up to them – certainly most of the crew are too petrified by this apparition to react.

Vengeful-Force-Smiteth-the-Heathen Marsh falls to his knees on the deck (not an easy thing to do in zero gravity!) and begins declaiming from the *Book of Job*:

“Canst thou draw out Leviathan with an hook? Or his tongue with a chord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook into his nose? Or bore his jaw through with a thorn? Will he make many supplications unto thee? Wilt thou take him for a servant forever? Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? Or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens? Shall the companions make a banquet of him? Shall they part him among the merchants? Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? Or his head with fish spears? Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more. Behold, the hope of him is in vain: shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him? None is so fierce that dare stir him up!”

It is apparent that the creature is about to ram the ship, if nothing is done. The Adventurers may choose to shoot at the whale – if they do, remember that as the ball leaves their gun, they will be propelled backwards unless they are holding onto something. The whale is not used to being attacked, and it will take only 10 points of damage to make it veer off and miss the ship. If the party do nothing, it will ram the port bow of the ship with some force; there is a crunching of splintered wood and everyone must make a successful Athletics test to avoid being catapulted off the deck as it rises up beneath them, causing 1D3 damage to a random location. Anyone not attached by a rope to the ship will be flung up into the air, and will continue to float “upward” unless rescued (see *Man Overboard*, p.32).

For the whale, discretion is the better part of valour and it will retreat from the ship, though it will fly parallel to it for a while, until the pull of the Moon’s gravity begins to be felt, at which point it will be left behind.

If the ship is damaged, several planks on the port side of the ship have been stove in, and part of the deck buckled and splintered – it will take the crew a good week to fix the damage, dangling dangerously over the side, risking the 60,000 mile drop to the Moon to do so.

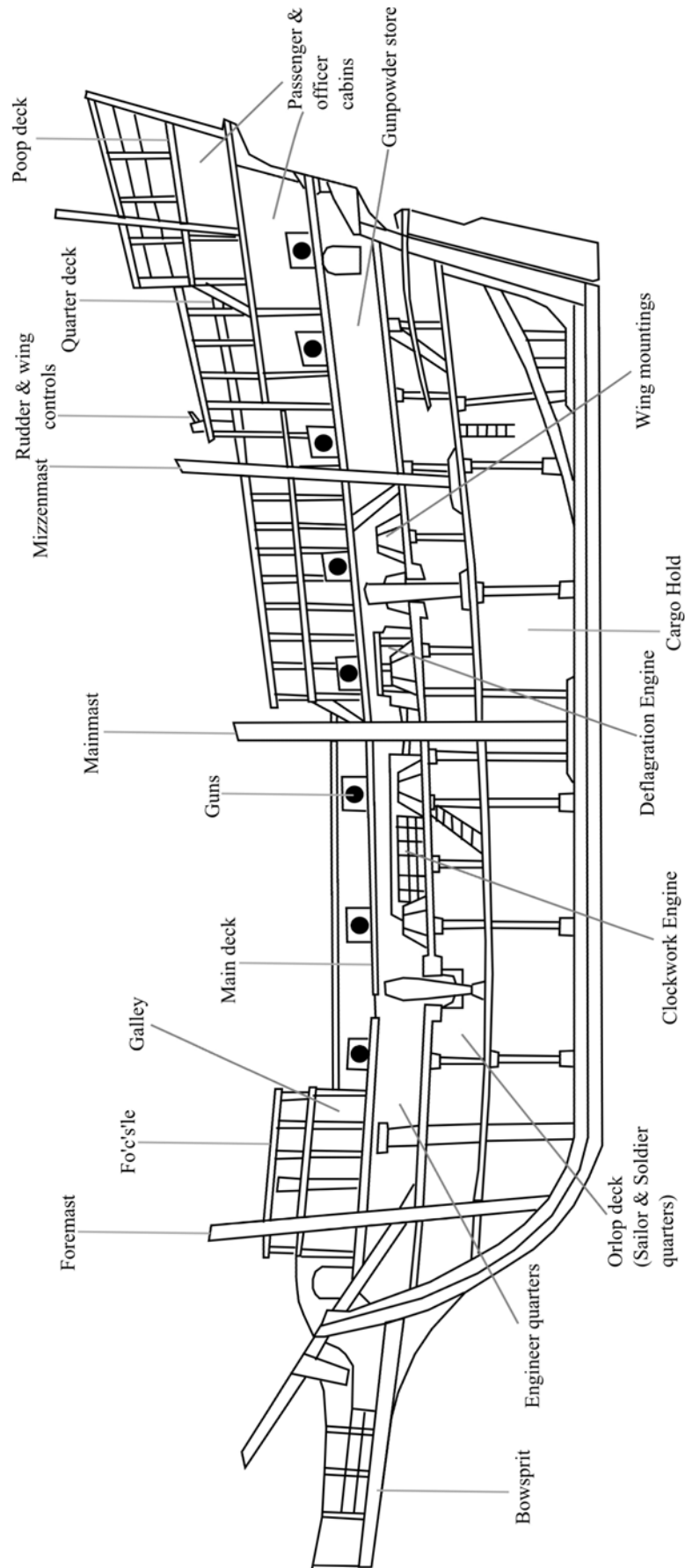
The Enterprise

- Cost: Unknown
- Complexity: 10
- Size: 100
- Hit Points: 90
- Speed: 140 kph
- Armour: 6
- Weapons: 20 cannons

The *Enterprise* is a flying ship, converted from an existing vessel by John Wilkins. In design, it resembles a privateer, with three masts and clinker-built wooden hull. The biggest difference which will be noted is in the massive articulated wings which extend on either side of the ship; made on a light framework of wood, with “sinews” of rope and complex gears within, they are covered over with canvas onto which thousands of swan feathers have been sewn.

The wings are, of course, powered by Clockwork. However, on a long voyage, such as the trip to the Moon for which Wilkins designed the ship, there





The Enterprise

Chapter II: Voyage to the Moon

would be no sensible way to rewind the Clockwork powering the wings, were it not for Wilkins' other invention – the Deflagration Engine. This massive engine (5 x 3 x 3 m) works by feeding carefully measured quantities of gunpowder into cylinders which, when ignited by flints, drive a camshaft which in turn rewinds the Clockwork mechanism. The Deflagration Engine is very noisy, and produces vast quantities of noxious smoke, and is – it goes without saying – incredibly dangerous in the hands of an untrained operator! But, if fired up for an hour, once a day, it can keep the *Enterprise's* Clockwork engine wound up for a whole day's travel, allowing it to stay aloft for weeks if necessary.

The top speed on the *Enterprise* in sustained flight is 140 kph, though it is obviously slower on short flights.

The *Enterprise* is basically a 40m long, three-masted privateer adapted to flight. The gun deck has been sacrificed to make room for the Clockwork machinery that controls the wings and the Deflagration Engine, which rewinds the Clockwork on a daily basis. The rest of the ship has also been converted, partly to provide for extra passenger cabins, partly to allow the carrying of cargo – this is, after all, a mission of exploration and potential trade, not of war. Nevertheless, Abel has insisted in taking light cannon, strapped down to the top deck, in case the need to defend the *Enterprise* arises.

The cargo deck carries the ship's supplies, a large amount of barrels containing food and drink. In addition, there is an abundance of trade goods – an inordinate amount of wool, trinkets and beads; a plentiful supply of common trade items, such as swathes of cloth, eating utensils and hand weapons; as well as generous samples of more exotic trade goods, including, spices, cotton, silk, indigo dye, saltpetre and tea.

And there is gunpowder – lots of it – without which the Deflagration Engine will not work.

Factions at work

The following sections, *The Crew*, *Fellow Passengers* and *Stowaway*, pp.35-51, present some of the characters aboard the *Enterprise*. As well as giving statistics for many of the named personalities, each description also includes some of the common sayings the individual might be heard to utter and the kind of activities they might undertake while aboard the *Enterprise*; it is, after all, a long journey. In addition there is a note

about the character's "mission". This might be straightforward, a restatement of their role aboard the ship, however some of the characters have secret agendas which they will not reveal to their fellow travellers – these are listed here. Despite the attempts of Commonwealth agents and Moon Company officials, inevitably the voyage has attracted the attention of various Factions, all keen to at least have some eyes and ears aboard the *Enterprise*.

The voyage is, ostensibly, the culmination of investment made by wealthy individuals to form the Moon Company, and therefore its prime objective is to forge a trade monopoly, for the Moon Company, with whoever inhabits the Moon. Cromwell and the Commonwealth have taken the stance that allowing private investment to fund such a risky venture is the most sensible course, but he has been keen to ensure that the London-based Company will also operate in the interests of the Commonwealth, as ruled by Cromwell. Thus the Company has been under careful scrutiny; Cromwell has allowed some support to be given to the venture by providing a limited number of skilled personnel (or, more cynical observers might judge, ensured that he has his people placed aboard).

The Crew

In picking the crew for the voyage, Abel and the Moon Company officials decided to hedge their bets. On the one hand the ship requires a crew – there are sails to be managed, masts to be maintained and watches to keep. On the other there is the need to carry plenty of supplies and trade goods, including a large and hazardous powder room; to carry passengers at the behest of several interested parties; to carry enough Clockwork engineers to maintain, run and repair the innovative Clockwork devices that power the flight; and to carry a force capable of defending the ship from potentially hostile Moon "natives". So it has been decided that a sizable, but not overly generous crew, comprised of one hundred Sailors, supplemented by a cadre of engineers, should be enough to ensure a safe voyage, even allowing for the natural losses which occur on such a lengthy journey. In addition, eighty Soldiers, under their Captain, Fordhampton, will make the trip, to ensure the safety of the expedition.

Captain Abel Tasman

Statistics and description in Chapter I, p.12.



Chapter II: Voyage to the Moon

Abel will show an enthusiasm for adventure throughout the voyage. He is an unflappable and intrepid explorer and will be cheerfully optimistic about his ability to lead a safe and successful mission. He will be less interested in becoming embroiled in any disputes between passengers on the vessel, generally trying to get people to agree to *“all get on with one another to make a happy ship, yes?”* and will be brusque with any crew member who raises objections or concerns about his piloting decisions, saying *“who is being the Captain here? Me, I am thinking. So I will captain and you will do your job and we will all be happy, yes?”* If the crew member takes the hint, then all will be well, but if not harsh punishment for insubordination might befall the complainant.

Captain Abel is in effect the final arbiter of discipline and disputes on the ship. He is determined to find new trade routes (smarting from his treatment by the Dutch East India Company who, rather than reward him for his amazing discoveries, denied him recognition as his missions failed to bring the necessary trade and economic benefits the Dutch investors required). He is clever enough to know that he, along with Joseph Angmering, the Moon Company official, is not just representing the Moon Company, but also the interests of the English Commonwealth – it has been made clear to him in no uncertain terms that he compromises such a demand at mortal peril.

Still, Abel doesn't dwell too long on such matters, he is more focussed on what amazing discoveries might be made on the voyage to, and arrival at, the Moon. Abel's judgment is sometimes skewed by his adventurous spirit – in the past he has made rash choices in the interests of exploration. Likewise, although generally friendly, he is not beyond imposing harsh discipline on his crew and will not tolerate a lack of efficiency or manners amongst his men. On the rare occasion he drinks an excess of alcohol he transforms from his usual bluff good humoured self into a dark and brooding monster. Beware coming before Abel's authority when he is in such a mood – only the old hands who have worked with him on long voyages, and his loyal wife, are aware of this side of Abel's personality.

Jannetje (Joanna) Tasman

Captain Tasman's Wife

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 12
POW 11 DEX 8 CHA 11

SR 10 CA 2 DM +1D2

Skills: Athletics 55%, Brawn 40%, Evade 16%, Influence 35%, Insight 23%, Persistence 60%, Pistol 18% (1D6+2), Resilience 70%, Swim 60%, Unarmed 52% 1D3(+1D2)

Faction: Dutch Calvinist RP: 35

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6



Common sayings: *“Have you been seeing my Abel? I am wanting to have a word with him.”; “You should be having a stiff lip, and being brave, like my Abel.”; and “Perhaps we should take some exercise, fit and well is what we should be being.”*

Activities: Taking exercise; advising Abel; talking to other passengers; being enthusiastic.

Mission: None

Jannetje (called Joanna aboard the Enterprise, it is an English venture after all) Tasman is Captain Abel's second wife. Despite his fears for her safety, Joanna insists on travelling with him wherever he goes, she believes if disaster were to befall Abel she would rather share it. Joanna is powerfully built, priding herself on her strength, although a little clumsy, truth be told. She also may seem very forward, particularly to any staid members of the party – unlike female English gentlefolk, Joanna shows little sense of modesty or even personal space. Her openness might even

be taken for flirting by any reserved party members – as she will think nothing of asking them to hold an ankle while she does some stretches – publicly shocking behaviour in English society. Joanna only has eyes for her husband, and he sees nothing wrong with his wife’s behaviour, knowing that she is innocent of any wrong-doing. The pair will be confused if gossip or scandal arises, although they will likely be more amused by the prudishness of others than angry. Joanna is of course aware of her husband’s first wife, having helped raise his daughter, Claesgen, by her. (Claesgen is not coming on the voyage. She resides in London with a tutor and guardian while her father and step-mother are away).

Joanna also takes a hands on approach to her husband’s career – she will think nothing of chiming in her ideas about all and sundry, in a generally enthusiastic and supportive way. Abel is quite happy at this state of affairs, perhaps seeming even a little intimidated by his slightly overbearing spouse. He will be less impressed if others try to impose their views on his command decisions. Joanna is aware that Abel can become changed if he drinks too much alcohol, and will attempt to prevent such an occurrence. If Abel does get drunk it is the one circumstance where she will withdraw and refuse to leave her personal cabin to help – she would admit it to no-one, but she is scared of what he might do in such a mood.

The Ship’s Master

William Glanvelle

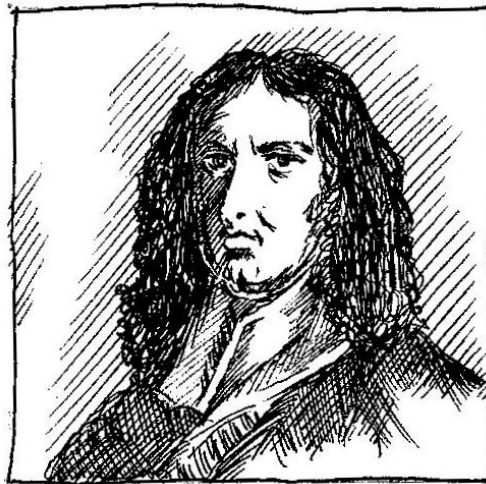
STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 14
POW 12 DEX 12 CHA 11

SR 13 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 60%, Brawn 40%, Evade 40%, Influence 45%, Lore (Navigation) 117%, Persistence 50%, Pistol 78% (1D6+2), Resilience 70%, Swim 60%, Unarmed 55% 1D3

Faction: Parliamentarian RP: 65

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5



Common sayings: “Take the Cun (control of the vessel) Master Richmond, and draw us hard about”; “Port and Starboard, up and down, it’s all the same to me, be buggered”; and “Master Richmond, if you don’t turn that damned chart the right way up I’ll have the Boatswain turn YOU over!”

Activities: Navigating; conferring with Abel; Frantically adjusting the ship’s course.

Mission: Navigate the *Enterprise* to and from the Moon; Make a full report to Secrete Parliamentary Committee for Exploration and Colonisation of the Moon, on return to London; report any potential political opponents to the Master-at-arms, Captain Fordhampton

The (sailing) Master of the *Enterprise*, William Glanvelle, is an able navigator (although he is at a hefty -40% to his skill while attempting to navigate in three dimensions). To the eye he may seem slightly foppish and effete, but if one were to judge him a gentleman from the way he dresses, they will quickly be disabused of the fact when he opens his mouth. In fact, a Sailor since a boy, (likely, the rumour has it, born to a whore under the mast in some far off land), Master Glanvelle is one of the finest Ship’s Masters around. A kindly officer taught him to read, and he could navigate charts as a mere whelp. He worked his way up through determination and an irrefutable skill as a navigator. Having served aboard Naval, Privateer and Merchant vessels, his most recent postings have left him frustrated, working for the Parliamentarian Navy, which, although at war, has been remarkably inactive. He has been given permission to serve aboard the *Enterprise*, by Parliament, a secret Committee having acted to ensure his release from service and commission to the *Enterprise*. Glanvelle has



been instructed to report any Spies to the Master-at Arms, Captain Mark Fordhampton, who will decide what action to take. Little do the Parliamentarian overseers realise that Fordhampton is in fact a double agent, working for Prince Rupert. See below, p.41.

The Moon Company were happy to employ Glanvelle, his reputation is second to none, and his sympathies appear safe. Glanvelle has a burning resentment towards any social superiors, feeling that his own low start in life will prevent him from ever being appointed overall commander of a ship. Truth be known, despite happily working on plotting the journey with Abel, Glanvelle would relish any chance afforded him to take the Captain's place were any disaster to befall him. Glanvelle is training the young Midshipman, Peter Richmond, in the arts of navigation, seeing something of himself as a youngster in his young protege. Despite his threats and curses, he will seek to protect the lad from the wrath of the Boatswain and his cane.

The Ship's Physick

Simon Franthwaite

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 12
POW 11 DEX 11 CHA 11

SR 12 CA 2 DM 0

Skills: Evade 40%, First Aid 50%, Healing (Herbalist) 45%, Healing (Paracelsan) 50%, Insight 36%, Lore (Contemporary Medical Knowledge) 85%, Resilience 35%, Unarmed 30% 1D3

Faction: Catholic RP: 60

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/4
4-6	Left Leg	0/4
7-9	Abdomen	0/5
10-12	Chest	0/6
13-15	Right Arm	0/3
16-18	Left Arm	0/3
19-20	Head	0/4

Common sayings: *"Sore you say? Ah, yes, I've read about such things. Have you made your peace with God?"; "I must confess I have never seen one that swollen. I must sit down a moment, forgive me"; and "Oh dear old chap, you seem rather the worse for wear. Mayhaps you should come back when you are feeling a little better."*



Activities: Reading his medical books; hiding in his cabin; creeping about and listening at doors.

Mission: Record any interesting findings about any possible medical discoveries made upon the Moon; Pass on a full report of the voyage to his Priest on returning to Cambridge; Do as required by the Papal agent aboard the *Enterprise*.

Simon Franthwaite is one of the most promising students of medicine at Cambridge. He is privy to cutting edge knowledge regarding the dispersal of miasmas and dismissing of demonic forces from his patients, knowing all the most pertinent scriptures and tinctures required to treat most common maladies. Sadly, he has had very little actual practice treating anyone, having previously been confined to study and rare private consultation (to amongst others, several Members of Parliament). A further impediment to his practice is his enduring dislike of the sick, and deep-rooted fear of blood.

Simon is in a very precarious position – he was secretly converted to Catholicism while studying in Parliamentarian Cambridge. He has seen most of the Cambridge Colleges purged of Laudians, let alone Catholics, yet his Priest has survived, in hiding, conducting services for the few brave enough to go to them. Simon isn't particularly courageous, but his enduring fear of his God ensured his continued attendance. Somehow (actually through his Priest's involvement in the network of Catholic Spies who operate in England) Simon, to his horror, has found himself sent on this ludicrously dangerous mission. Furthermore, he is expected to deal with abominable sick people. Just to make matters worse, he has been instructed to spy on the mission, and possibly follow the orders of another Papist agent aboard.

Ship Carpenter and Chirurgeon



Frances Jacks

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 13
POW 13 DEX 12 CHA 11

SR 13 CA 3 DM +1D2

Skills: Craft (Surgical Amputation) 33%, Craft (Woodwork) 66%, Evade 50%, First Aid 70%, Healing (Herbalist) 60%, Insight 55%, Resilience 75%, Unarmed 60%
1D3+1D2

Faction: Self Interest (Loyalty to Abel) RP: 55

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Common sayings: *“If anyone can make this mad jaunt, it’s Cap’n Abel”*; *“Wood or bone, principle’s the same, nice clean cut, steady as you go”*; and *“Calls himself a Physick, maybe he should do some Physicking!”*

Activities: Carving; whistling; running around after Simon Franthwaite.

Mission: Attend to ship repairs; assist the Physick, Simon Franthwaite; Informally report to Abel about ship morale.

Frances is the *Enterprise’s* Head Carpenter, responsible for carrying out maintenance and repair of the vessel. He has been a Sailor for

years, employed most recently by Abel, having accompanied the Dutchman to Van Diemen’s Land. He works hard and seldom makes any complaint for himself, although his patience has been stretched thin of late. In addition to carpentry, Frances is also the ship’s Chirurgeon - responsible for carrying out surgery (basically, amputations). He had hoped that the ship’s Physick would take over such gory duties, but he has found not only is Simon unwilling to conduct surgery, he is more generally reluctant to see or treat patients at all. If anyone falls sick or suffers an injury the Physick sends for Frances and delegates the problem to him.

Frances has served aboard many vessels with Abel, and respects the seamanship (and now airmanship) of the Captain. Abel has taken to stopping by and seeing the grizzled carpenter, every so often, both men valuing the chats they have. Frances sees such opportunities as a chance to give feedback to his commander, while Abel realises that Frances is a good guide to the general state of morale aboard the ship. If the seasoned carpenter makes a complaint about conditions, it is likely that the rest of the crew are near mutiny.

Other Officers

The *Enterprise* has a relatively small crew, nevertheless there are other officers and other ranks aboard (the hierarchy is a peculiar mix of military and merchant, resembling that of a Privateer). The young Gentlemen, hoping to find glory on such a venture all carry the rank of Midshipman, and there are a host of other Petty Officers and Mates.

Of particular note are two other individuals, the Boatswain, Master Gorrell, and the Quartermaster, Master Fletcherton. Gorrell is a big bully of a man, the terror of the Midshipmen and Cabin Boys, although in reality not a sadist, more a believer that tight discipline saves lives on hazardous journeys. Fletcherton is a different kettle of fish. He mopes about the stores, constantly convinced that all aboard the *Enterprise* will die of thirst and hunger. In fact, the stores are relatively full. In addition there is a larger and more varied supply than usual of other foodstuffs and liquors (smuggled on board without the Company’s permission – Fletcherton is convinced that sailors will not function without alcohol) and trade items which could be sequestered at a push. That said, on such a long journey all are afraid of the privations ahead, and these fears are not helped by the Quartermaster’s



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lamentations that “Everyone is eating and drinking so much that we are all going to die before we reach the Moon.”

The only other personality of note is the youngster, Midshipman Peter Richmond.

Midshipman Peter Richmond



STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 8 INT 14
POW 10 DEX 16 CHA 11

SR 15 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 80%, Evade 50%,
Lore (Navigation) 45%, Perception
50%, Pistol 35% (1D6+2), Resilience
40%, Unarmed 40% 1D3(-1D2)

Faction: Royalist RP: 50

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/4
4-6	Left Leg	0/4
7-9	Abdomen	0/5
10-12	Chest	0/6
13-15	Right Arm	0/3
16-18	Left Arm	0/3
19-20	Head	0/4

Common sayings: “Sir, I would like to volunteer, sir. Please let me go”; “Is there anything I can help you with aboard? If you like I could take you on a tour of the ship.”; and “We should all do our duty for England.”

Activities: Darting up rigging; learning from Master Glanville; Avoiding the clutches of the Boatswain.

Mission: Gain glory and promotion; learn from the Sailing Master; find adventure.

Midshipman Richmond is an enthusiastic child,

proud to be serving aboard the *Enterprise*. He often seems to be everywhere at once, nimbly climbing the rigging, learning avidly at Master Glanville’s side or attempting to offer his services as guard, escort and friend of the party. He is diligent in his duty, but his enthusiasm lands him in hot water with the Boatswain, who sees his effervescence as unruly and disruptive. On more than one occasion, Glanville has intervened to temper the Boatswain’s discipline – with fairness, a fact that has led the Boatswain to double his determination to catch poor Richmond out.

Richmond has little interest in politics, although he broadly supports the monarchy, having notions of Kings and Queens as romantic heroes, the kind of benevolent leaders who might bestow honours on a brave Midshipman who does great service to his country. Richmond will volunteer for every mission, attempt to ingratiate himself with the party if it seems they are a good bet for action and excitement and generally rush toward any trouble in the hope of “helping out”.

Use Sailor statistics in the Appendix, p.127, for the other Officers.

The Sailors

The Sailors aboard the *Enterprise* have been hand-picked by Abel, and his Master, William Glanville, although the Moon Company and the Offices of the Commonwealth have both insisted on checking the lists and physically inspecting the recruits, such is the sensitive nature of the voyage, and the concern, of both investors and government, to ensure rivals, saboteurs and Spies are excluded from the mission.

Abel’s insistence on employing seasoned mariners, who have undertaken and proved steady during long and hazardous missions, means that the Sailors are predominantly people already known to him, who have, like their Captain, defected from the Dutch East India Company. Some of the other Sailors previously worked for their English competitor, the Company of Merchants of London Trading into the East Indies. The remainder either worked for small independent Merchants or are ex-Navy, recommended by Cromwell’s clerks as Parliamentary loyalists.

Although primarily a civilian trading expedition, the Sailors have all signed on aware that they will be subject to the discipline and commands of their Captain, and there are an assortment of senior ranking seamen – Abel is happy to pay the

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enhanced rates the experienced crew command; for instance, there is the Master of the Guns; various Midshipman; the Boatswain; Physick; Head Carpenter and Chirurgeon; Head Cook; Quartermaster; as well as a variety of Mates. Most of the other Sailors are Able Seamen, rather than Ordinary Seamen, although there are still a few cabin boys and powder monkeys, employed to fetch and carry, etc.

The morale of the Sailors is generally high as they begin their journey. The voyage has tended to attract more genuinely curious and adventurous types, rather than the desperate, although they are a superstitious lot and the Master suspects that, like any crew, they could quickly turn. In fact most of them either already trust Abel and are extremely loyal, having served under him before, or have heard sufficiently good things about him to give him the benefit of the doubt. Abel is generally thought to be a humane Captain, although some of the men know that he has his crueller moments, but, they mostly reflect, what Privateer or Navy Captain is any different? After all, a tight ship requires tight discipline, for everybody's sakes.

Statistics for the Sailors can be found in the Appendix, see p.127.

Captain (Army)



Master-at-Arms, Captain Mark Fordhampton

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 15
POW 13 DEX 13 CHA 14

SR 14 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 57%, Brawn 58%, Evade 60%, Insight 75%, Lore (Siegeworks) 60%, Lore (Tactics) 65%, Perception 70%, Pistol 65% (1D6+2), Resilience 60%, Survival

60%, Sword 70% 1D8, Unarmed 70% 1D3

Faction: Royalist RP: 80

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/5
4-6	Left Leg	1/5
7-9	Abdomen	1/6
10-12	Chest	1/7
13-15	Right Arm	1/4
16-18	Left Arm	1/4
19-20	Head	3/5

Common sayings: *“Remember you are a Soldier, and a fine one at that. Bring my Companie into disrepute and it will be the end of you”*; *“Sailors are all well and good, but a rabble compared to the Army”*; and *“Don’t cross me, or I will order you arrested, sir!”*

Activities: Inspecting his troops; moaning about Sailors and passengers; threatening anybody that pays him too much attention.

Mission: Undertake military duties on behalf of Parliament and the Moon Company; while actually working for the Royalists to prevent Parliament from profiting from the voyage; report discoveries to the Royalist leaders.

The Master-at-Arms has been appointed by the Moon Company at the insistence of Henry Ireton. It is an open secret that the Captain is working directly for Ireton. What only his immediate superior, Prince Rupert, knows, is that Fordhampton is secretly in the employ of the Royalist cause, and is therefore one of Rupert's most valuable assets – a loyal monarchist, deep in the heart of his enemy's confidence. Rupert has taken the utmost care not to use his Spy too soon, knowing that to do so might compromise his agent's safety.

On reaching the Moon, Fordhampton is empowered to make a decision about how best to promote Royalist interests – from starting secret negotiations, through to sabotaging opponents' negotiations, or outright assassination. Fordhampton is uneasy in command, he has a vile temper and little toleration for civilians. He will attempt to keep himself to himself, fussing around his troops, berating them for minor infractions, much to the chagrin of his Sergeants, who wish Fordhampton would content himself with socialising with the gentlemen on board, and let them get on supervising the Soldiers.



The Soldiers

The Soldiers travelling on the *Enterprise* are directly employed by the Moon Company. Like the Sailors they have all been vetted by both the Company and the government. They are all equipped (and proficient with) muskets and hand weapons. They wear bright yellow tunics, decorated with crimson braiding. Some of the men have been directly loaned to the Company by the New Model Army. The Soldiers are generally confined to their quarters, and when they are allowed to stretch their legs, passengers are advised to stay away as their manners are most uncouth. They are cooped up, bored and dislike their interfering Captain.

Statistics for Soldiers can be found in the Appendix, pp.127.

Engineering Officer

Chief Engineer, Adam MacDonald

STR 14 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 14
POW 7 DEX 12 CHA 11

SR 13 CA 3 DM +1D2

Skills: Art (Clockwork Design) 67%, Athletics 55%, Brawn 60%, Craft (Clockwork) 115%, Craft (Smith) 80%, Lore (Mechanical Philosophy) 78%, Resilience 60%, Unarmed 65%

Faction: Tinker RP: 80

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Common sayings: “*Cannae take no more you say? We’ll see about that!*”; “*She’s a beauty isn’t she? No, not the ship, one lump o’ wood is as good as another. The engine, laddie, the engine. She’s perfect*”; and “*A wee bit more gunpowder, an we’ll crank her on a pace. Hope we don’t run too low mind, we have to get home as well.*”

Activities: Shouting loudly at his fellow Engineers; attempting to improve the Deflagration Engine; talking lovingly to the Deflagration Engine, whilst stroking its metal plates.



Mission: Maintain and run the Clockwork device powering the *Enterprise*; Make observations about the ship’s performance, and recommendations to improve the Clockwork device.

Adam, a Scottish Presbyterian, turned Tinker, is an experienced and talented Clockwork Engineer. He hardly sleeps, wanting to supervise any work on the Clockwork engine. He will be pleased to meet any Adventurers who have knowledge of Clockwork, enthusiastically discussing ideas about how to improve and develop the technology. Otherwise he will reserve his conversation, preferring to speak with his “*sweet canny device*”, rather than, to him, much more mundane, people.

The Engineers

The only means to secure the expertise necessary to manufacture and maintain the Clockwork devices powering the *Enterprise*, is by employing Engineers from Cambridge and the New Model Army. They have been released, most reluctantly, by Cromwell, who only assented to such a loss due to the appeals of John Wilkins himself. Cromwell is aware that if Wilkins’ ship is to have any chance of making the journey, there will need to be Engineers able to maintain the Clockwork device, but it chafes him considerably that the crew could be assembling him a new Leviathan, or some other more directly useful war machine, rather than heading off to almost certain death.

There are twenty Engineers, most of them Mechanical Preachers, fairly evenly split between having formerly served in the New Model Army or worked at Cambridge University. They range in political affiliation from disinterested technician to fervent Tinker – but all of them are dedicated Engineers, who want to see the mission succeed and to claim such success as down to the

revolutionary Clockwork device that makes such an extraordinary journey possible.

Company Man and Investors

Ambassador Sir Hamble Kinsey



Parliamentarian Representative

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 10
POW 10 DEX 12 CHA 9

SR 11 CA 2 DM 0

Skills: Evade 36%, Influence 65%,
Insight 46%, Lore (Law) 72%,
Perception 60%, Sword 43% 1D8,
Unarmed 40% 1D3

Faction: Presbyterian RP: 65

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Common sayings: “I will have you know that my garden is as big as a small county, and you tell me that’s my cabin. You couldn’t fit a dog in there, be damned”; “This soup is cold and the wine is sour. How can one go about getting a cook flogged on this incommodious vessel?”; “Stay away from me, you ruffian. My god, I do not wish your lice to visit my person.”

Activities: Moaning; shouting at people; flinching when the lower classes come near his person.

Mission: To represent Parliamentarian interests aboard the *Enterprise* and on the Moon; to ideally

avoid, but otherwise chastise, people less important than himself.

Sir Hamble Kinsey is extremely unhappy to be aboard the *Enterprise*. Self important and ambitious, Kinsey has found himself having been shunted out of the corridors of power, since the Independents effectively control Parliament (Kinsey is a proud Presbyterian who sees the Puritan Independents as suspiciously radical). Kinsey sees his isolation as a terrible betrayal – a keen opponent of the King and supporter of the Parliamentarian side at the outset of the war, Kinsey now wonders whether he chose the right side. He has nothing but contempt for those of lower birth than himself, and as he is an aristocrat, that includes just about everybody. He thinks that the Commonwealth is in danger of turning the world upside down, awarding merit rather than protecting privilege, a slippery slope that will lead to chaos.

Kinsey has made no secret of his dissatisfaction, which probably accounts for his assignment, by Ireton, to the mission to the Moon. Chosen as the Parliamentarian representative, charged with diplomatic negotiation with the Moon people and securing the Moon as a colony, Kinsey could hardly refuse. Now he finds himself aboard a vessel, piloted by a mad Dutchman, held aloft against all reason and full of the detritus from society. He is happy to share his displeasure with any who will listen.

Joseph Angmering



Moon Company Official

STR 9 CON 9 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW
9 DEX 14 CHA 9

SR 13 CA 3 DM -1D2

Skills: Commerce 79%, Evade 43%,



Languages (see below), Lore (Logistics) 87%, Pistol 45% (1D6+2), Unarmed 40% 1D3(-1D2)

Faction: Self Interest (Fanatical loyalty to Moon Company) RP: 90

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/4
4-6	Left Leg	0/4
7-9	Abdomen	0/5
10-12	Chest	0/6
13-15	Right Arm	0/3
16-18	Left Arm	0/3
19-20	Head	0/4

Common sayings: *“This trip is costing a lot of money. Please try to eat less.”; “When on the Moon, please remember to be an ambassador for the Company. It is important the trade negotiations go well.”; “It is against company rules to run whilst aboard the vessel, please slow down and keep to the left.”*

Activities: Penny pinching; citing Company rules; accountancy.

Mission: Ensure that the Company makes advantageous trading agreements; ensure that the mission isn't "wasteful"; ensure that everyone aboard the *Enterprise* obeys the Company rules.

Joseph is a man, who from his point of view, was in the right place at the right time. A minor Merchant, Joseph has been appointed by the newly formed Worshipful Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into the Moon (or, Moon Company, for short). Joseph has a talent for bureaucracy, but usually fails to see the "bigger picture". He has already made himself unpopular with many of those aboard the *Enterprise*, such is his officious and petty nature. In turn, Joseph feels ever more smugly self-assured, believing that every penny he saves and every infraction of Company rules he notes will make him seem all the more efficient, when he returns to London and presents his report to the Board. He is disconcerted about the fact that there are investors aboard the *Enterprise*, he feels constantly undermined by them, and knows he has no (real or imagined) authority over them. Joseph can speak many languages (too many to list within his Stats, above) a talent which the Company hope will be useful in communicating with the Moonites.

Sir Nicholas Cleggerson



Wool Trader and Investor

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 10
POW 12 DEX 14 CHA 11

SR 12 CA 2 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 45%, Brawn 45%, Commerce 50%, Gambling 55%, Evade 55%, Lore (Logistics) 57%, Pistol 65% (1D6+2), Ride 65%, Sword 60% 1D8, Unarmed 50% 1D3

Faction: Self Interest (amoral) RP: 70

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Common sayings: *“These trousers are not fashionable yet, I am ahead of my time, these are what people shall be buying next season”; “Robert, I fear these nuts are not shelled. I have the perfect bejewelled nutcracker in my cabin, please fetch it”; “I studied at Oxford, but seldom attended. If you have as much money as me, time spent learning is wasted time.”*

Activities: Showing off; telling stories; gambling; drinking from his personal liquor store.

Mission: To be known as a celebrated explorer.

A rash bully, with a penchant for fashion, gambling and praise, Nicholas Cleggerson is an unlikable sycophant. Recently widowed, he is shockingly unfeeling about his former wife,

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merely commenting “she was a pleasant enough thing, but a weak, tame, shrew as women are apt to be.” He will always seek to impress people he sees as his peers or superiors, while paying little attention to those he perceives as inferior. He was born into an incredibly wealthy family, one of the leading commercial families in London, and his business has continued to thrive, despite his complete lack of interest in the trade he has inherited. Vain and bored, Nicholas likes everyone to notice him and laud him for his wit and taste. If he feels he is not getting enough attention he will sulk. An early investor in the Moon Company (not through intention, his accountants manage such things), some of his gambling friends seemed genuinely impressed by the venture, so much so that they expressed the opinion that only the most important people could hope to make such a voyage, and that anyone returning from such a venture would be feted across London as a wit, assured of invitations to speak and dine with company, for life.

Despite claiming to be a supporter of the Independents, and advocate of Puritan values for everyone else, Nicholas enjoys drinking and gambling as pastimes, appreciating the distractions such fleeting pleasures provide. He has a wardrobe of overpriced and impractical clothes, which he will be extremely disappointed if people mock; wears flashy rings and waves around an exquisitely jewelled pomander; and likes to draw attention to the fact that he keeps a clever slave who is prepared to run around fulfilling his every whim. If his slave stands up to him (as he surely will), Cleggerson will become frightened, but will be too proud to allow others to hear of his difficulties in controlling the ungrateful wretch.

Robert Wedder

Slave and Catholic Spy

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 17
POW 13 DEX 14 CHA 13

SR 16 CA 3 DM +1D2

Skills: Athletics 55%, Brawn 55%,
Courtesy 78%, Evade 75%,
Languages (see below), Lore (Law)
59%, Lore (History) 60%, Lore
(Theology) 70%, Pistol 95% (1D6+2),
Ride 85%, Sword 90% 1D8(+1D2),
Unarmed 50% 1D3(+1D2)

Faction: Catholic RP: 75

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6



Common sayings: “I’m sorry sir, I require my Master’s permission to comment”; “Ah, such a fine and worthy mission, I am honoured that my master thought to bring me”; “If I might be permitted to comment, I admire the adventurous spirit of you Englishmen. What will you think of next?”

Activities: Serving Nicholas Cleggerson; being polite; working to sabotage the *Enterprise*.

Mission: To serve Nicholas Cleggerson; to not draw attention to himself; to sabotage the heathen mission, on behalf of the Papacy.

Robert Wedder was born a free man in Italy. He has ended up a “slave” to Nicholas through a circuitous route. A cunning fighter, artful Spy and loyal agent of the Pope, his present role has been carefully set up, in order to get him aboard the *Enterprise*. He will claim to have been sold as a child, in Africa, by his own people, and taken as a personal slave by a Dutch Merchant, who has decided to gift him to Cleggerson as he can no longer afford to maintain a household, having fallen on hard times. In fact, Robert has never been to Africa, and has never been a slave – but the ruse was necessary, to ensure that Cleggerson would take him on the Moon voyage. Cleggerson was further convinced, by a crowd of gamblers who were also playing along in the con, that there is no finer mark of a gentleman, nor illustration of a taste for the unusual, than owning a personal



slave as a Valet. Robert has played the part perfectly, adept at many languages and incredibly learned, he has, up to the point of the launch, appeared to be servile and loyal to his new master, while using all his wit to bolster Cleggerson's confidence in him. A clever Scholar, Robert speaks most European languages, fluently.

The balance of the relationship will quickly change aboard the *Enterprise*, Robert unwilling to pander to the arrogant wool seller, now he has played his part. Robert is on a mission, approved by the Pope himself, to stop the *Enterprise* ever reaching the Moon. Robert knows that the Physick is a fellow Catholic, having been given a full resume on all the passengers aboard the *Enterprise*, at least, as far as the Papal spy network has been able to ascertain. This will include information on the Adventurers' escapades, if in the past they have been of a high enough profile to draw the attention of the various Factions. If Robert decides to call on Franthwaite then the Physick will co-operate, but will be horrified to learn his fellow Catholic is a "foreign devil".

Richard Hanson



Investor

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 18
POW 13 DEX 14 CHA 17

SR 16 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 45%, Commerce 123%, Courtesy 86%, Dance 80%, Evade 58%, Influence 99%, Lore (Law) 67%, Lore (Logistics) 90%, Pistol 67% (1D6+2), Ride 90%, Seduction 70%, Sing 50%, Sword 70% 1D8, Unarmed 40% 1D3

Faction: Parliamentarian RP: 55

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Common sayings: "That sounds like a frightfully exciting idea"; "My dear, you look tired. Perhaps I should escort you to your room for a lie down"; "I wonder if Abel would let me take a turn on lookout."

Activities: Being enthusiastic; being charming; the manic chewing of coca leaves.

Mission: To be the first man to step upon the Moon.

Richard is a wealthy man. Incredibly wealthy, owning extensive banking and mercantile holdings. Despite this success, he is not content to sit on his laurels. He shows an incredible amount of energy and enthusiasm for everything he does, and loves nothing more than adventure and excitement. Despite the urgings of all his friends, he enthusiastically threw himself into the role of Soldier, before Naseby, successfully raising and commanding a regiment for Parliament. But one of Richard's faults is an incredibly low boredom threshold. When he heard of the possibility of financing a voyage to the Moon, he was one of the movers and shakers who formed the Company to raise capital, and a large share of said capital came from Richard himself. Having become thus involved he resigned his commission in order to join the mission.

Richard is generally charming, although he is prone to being perhaps overly so in front of Ladies. He is known to have purposely avoided marriage, preferring the casual company of a succession of well-to-do mistresses. He prefers, much to Lady Abigail's annoyance, younger, and generally intellectually inferior women, that he can completely manipulate. Aboard ship, without such opportunities, Richard will become even more energetic than usual, a state fuelled by a mixture of his pent up sex drive and his habit of chewing coca leaves, of which he has an inordinate supply, swearing by the leaf's medicinal properties.

Lady Abigail Prenderghast



Heiress and Investor

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 16
POW 12 DEX 13 CHA 16

SR 15 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Commerce 102%, Dagger 50% 1D4+1, Dance 90%, Evade 52%, Influence 60%, Lore (Logistics) 80%, Pistol 56% 1D6+2, Ride 80%, Seduction 80%, Sing 70%, Unarmed 40% 1D3

Faction: Self Interest (amoral) RP: 70

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Common sayings: *“I hear your words sir, I regret I just can’t find the sense within them”; “Oh, I apologise sir. But if I might have a moment of your time, my button has come adrift and my Maid is busy, if, mayhaps you could attend to it for me”; “Oh sir, you made me jump. Why, I am all flushed and quick of breath. Perhaps you would help me to a seat, maybe even sit with me a while.”*

Activities: Annoying her fellow investors; Mocking other people’s viewpoints; Flirting.

Mission: To make money; to annoy the other investors in the Moon Company; to be amused.

Abigail has a large personal fortune, courtesy of

her late husband, a mine owner, landholder and gem Merchant. To the exasperation of her ex-husband’s steward, Abigail has become embroiled in the running of the family business since her husband’s death. The business has moved from doing well to positively booming, since Abigail has taken an interest in it. Abigail is everything a Lady should not be – confident, intelligent, successful in business and flirtatious. She relishes embarrassing others, enjoys male attention and likes to provoke argument and scandal. She is outspoken, but has no real affiliations, preferring to criticise the loyalty of others, rather than displaying any of her own. She has insisted on coming on board because she knows her presence will annoy the other investors.

Other Passengers

Godfrey Grace



Preacher and Ship’s Chaplain

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 13
POW 11 DEX 12 CHA 12

SR 13 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Commerce 50%, Evade 62%, Evaluate 95%, Lore (Theology) 65%, Unarmed 40% 1D3

Faction: Self Interest (Greed) RP: 80

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5



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Common sayings: *“I’m here to help my son, but you must come back when I am less busy, I have a sermon to write”; “Tell me Vengeful isn’t looking for me. Is there no end to that man’s spiritual crises?”; “A donation perhaps? For the Church mission on the Moon. Jesus needs money as well as followers.”*

Activities: Looking to make money; Avoiding doing too much work; Preaching about the virtue of philanthropy.

Mission: To increase his personal fortune (if necessary through advancement or preferment, but preferably by finding treasure).

Godfrey was trained to be a Preacher, by his father, who was also a man of the cloth. Through his father, a rector in a tiny village, he met some of the other, wealthier, members of adjacent dioceses. Just as he came of age, virtually inheriting his father’s parish, wealth and preferment for Preachers went out of favour among his primarily Puritan flock. Godfrey had no qualms about shedding Laudian doctrine on a spiritual level, he has always been happy to bend his beliefs to the prevailing political climate, but was disappointed that his flock were looking for simplicity and humility in their Preacher. Godfrey is much more interested in accumulating wealth, status, and perhaps even a pretty maid to keep him warm at night.

He managed to secure a job with a Parliamentary Committee, interested in the Removal of Idolatry, but still found that the slightly increased wage did not fulfil his needs – Godfrey prefers the finer things in life. He managed to put himself forward for the trip aboard the *Enterprise*, hearing that the vessel was being sent on a lucrative mission, and required a Chaplain. It was only after he signed on, and spent his advance, that he realised the trip was to the Moon. Godfrey is petrified of heights. And drops.

Vengeful-Force-Smiteth-the-Heathen Marsh

Settler

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 12
POW 13 DEX 13 CHA 11

SR 13 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Beliefs (Puritanism) 79%, Craft (Farming) 80%, Evade 75%, Lore (theology) 60%, Survival 85%, Unarmed 50% 1D3

Faction: Puritan RP: 100

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5



Common sayings: *“Impropriety results in damnation”; “Smiling encourages lustfulness, and therefore hell!”; “If thou drinks liquor, thou is a swine, fit for nowt but the flame.”*

Activities: Moralising.

Mission: To find a new home, away from the Ungodly, and to start a colony there.

Vengeful is the archetypal Puritan. Unpopular, even amongst his fellows, who see him as parodying them with his ludicrous warnings and exhortations, Vengeful doesn’t seem to care that all, bar his long suffering wife, eventually fall out with him. He is convinced it is because they are damned and cannot confront the enormity of Godfrey’s mighty faith. Godfrey even tried the New World, but found it alarmingly uncivilised and overly stimulating. He is hoping that the Moon might provide a tranquil home for settlement – he is hoping it will be plain, unpopulated, barren and mild – the perfect environmental combination, conducive to calm introspection. Godfrey managed to gain his place through contacts within his church in Huntingdonshire, by casually mentioning the name of his fellow parishioner and friend, Oliver Cromwell.

Chapter II: Voyage to the Moon

Vengeful is obsessed with the wrong-doing of others, but although he berates Prudence, on occasion, he ignores his wife most of the time. Although they are often seen together, he avoids interacting with her, for fear of generating excitement and sin. Of late, Vengeful is wondering whether it is God or Satan that has caused him to embark on the Moon mission. He has been having vivid dreams, concerning what he will find when he arrives – lurid visions of a Revelations-style reckoning, the Whore of Babylon riding a many headed Dragon, fire and brimstone, jarring around his mind. He finds speaking to Godfrey Grace, the Chaplain, helpful in dealing with his visions, but can't help but be afraid.

Prudence-Virtue Marsh



Settler

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 12
POW 13 DEX 11 CHA 13

SR 12 CA 2 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 50%, Craft (Cooking) 60%, Craft (Weaving) 65%, Seduction 50%, Survival 50%

Faction: Puritan RP: 55

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Common sayings: "I'm sure my husband is

*right, he says so after all"; "Oh, I'm not sure my husband would approve *blush*"; "A kiss? But Vengeful says they are Satan's pleasures. Oh, what to do? *blush*"*

Activities: Obeying her husband; blushing; smiling.

Mission: To support her husband; to avoid showing her embarrassment; attempting to look sombre.

Prudence is a loyal and caring wife, to her husband, Vengeful. She would be a loving wife, but Vengeful seems to disapprove of such candid emotion. Indeed, Vengeful seems to disapprove of everything, aside from reading from his bible and dutifully warning others of the consequences of sin. Prudence finds this wearing, she is naturally a happy person and finds the world a wondrous place. She is more tolerant of the foibles of others than her stern, judgmental, husband. Still, she tries to be the wife that Vengeful wishes for. If only she did not blush with pleasure or smile so easily, she feels, she would not let Vengeful down so often.

Professor Malcolm Hume



Expert in the Curious, Scientific and Wondrous

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 18
POW 12 DEX 10 CHA 10

SR 14 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Lore (Aristotelian Science) 110%, Lore (Astrology) 95%, Lore (Engineering) 86%, Lore (Law) 85%, Lore (Mechanisms) 80%, Lore (Theology) 90%, Unarmed 20% 1D3

Faction: Self Interest (The acquisition of knowledge) RP: 100



Chapter II: Voyage to the Moon

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Common sayings: *"If my theory is correct, we shall all become luminescent after visiting the Moon"; "Wings? I always said we need a Clockwork rotary device, far more efficient"; "I predict that there will be wondrous Moon Dolphins, logically the dominant species on the orb."*

Activities: Scribbling notes; expounding theories; measuring things.

Mission: To find and record the wondrous sights to be found on the Moon.

A professional Scholar, constantly looking to make fresh discoveries and deductions, Professor Hume is the official scientific advisor, aboard the *Enterprise*. Head of a "Parliamentarian Committee responsible for Discoverie and Researches into Natural Philosophy", he spends most of his time muttering under his breath as he makes calculations and draws sketches in his journal, interspersed with loud exclamations, followed by rambling explanations of his latest theory. Once he has described an idea, he forgets about it and finds a new puzzle to work on. Hume has a long, unwashed, beard, battered spectacles and a inquisitive look. While personable enough, his poor hygiene and mad theories mean few wish to risk being collared by the excited academic.

Stowaway

Aside from the official roster there is an additional passenger, who will be found aboard the *Enterprise*.

"Mad" Sam Holdstock

Iron Horse Maiden turned Intrepid Explorer

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 15 POW 17
DEX 15 CHA 17

SR 15 CA 3 DM +0

Skills: Athletics 65%, Brawn 45%, Courtesy

59%, Craft (Clockwork) 57%, Dance 45%, Drive 77%, Evade 63%, First Aid 61%, Influence 67%, Insight 65%, Lore (Tactics) 52%, Persistence 78%, Resilience 63%, Streetwise 43%, Survival 43%, Sword and Pistol 91% (Mortuary Sword 1D8, Flintlock Pistols (2) 1D6+2), Unarmed 53% (1D3)

Faction: Self Interest (Destruction of Lady Silver) RP: 64

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/5
4-6	Left Leg	1/5
7-9	Abdomen	1/6
10-12	Chest	1/7
13-15	Right Arm	1/4
16-18	Left Arm	1/4
19-20	Head	0/5



Common sayings: *"Alright cock, I'm here now, so it can't be helped, we might as well be friends"; "That Sir Hamble is a prig and a pig. I swear I'll kill him, if he so much as looks at me sideways"; and "Well, I can't wait to see the Moon, and the ship is wondrous, but I confess to feeling cooped up. Perhaps some cards, an arm wrestle or a drink might pass the time. You game?"*

Activities: Laughing uproariously at any who threaten her; Angrily arguing with any who mock her gender; Being cheerful; raging against Ambassador Sir Hamble Kinsey.

Mission: To reach the Moon and wreak her revenge on Lady Silver; to seek adventure and fortune on an alien world. "Mad" Sam Holdstock (Lady Samantha Holdstock) will possibly be known to the Adventurers (if they experienced the events in *No Man's Land*, the Kingdom & Commonwealth adventure immediately preceding

Chapter II: Voyage to the Moon

Quintessence). Formerly a member of an Iron Horse Gang working for Lady Silver, (aka, Lady Arabella Blackwood), Sam feels let down and betrayed by her former employer. The gang were used by Lady Silver to further her plans to steal a ship from the Parliamentarian John Gell and make the first ever Clockwork powered flight to the Moon, but were abandoned, minus outstanding pay. Sam is determined to get her own back.

Sam has a knack for getting into trouble, but also for getting her own way. Hearing that the *Enterprise* was going to be making a voyage to the Moon, Sam immediately began formulating a plan to hitch a ride. Despite the tight security prior to launching, she managed to bribe two stevedores. The cash, backed up with intimidating threats involving the prospect of the loss of their tenderest spots, prevented them harbouring any thoughts of betrayal. They smuggled her aboard, using distraction and a perfectly executed switch (a common skill amongst the dock workers, who supplement their miserable incomes with relocated goods from the ships they unload).

Discovery

Sam will quickly be discovered in the hold of the ship. Despite the loose lid and size of the barrel she has stowed away in, she has no wish to stay in such a confined space longer than necessary. One of the Sailors will raise the alarm and she will be dragged onto the top deck where a crowd of interested passengers and crew will gather round:

*There seems to be some commotion on the top deck. You see that something, no, someone, is at the centre of the fuss. You realise it is a woman, pretty in a formidable sort of way, clad in a leather outfit. With a determined shrug she loosens the grip one of the Sailors has on her and stares defiantly at Captain Abel, who has a neutral expression on his face. Scratching his chin, he considers the stowaway. Any Adventurers who have met Sam, should be told who she is at this stage. If they have not played through *No Man's Land*, she will introduce herself to all and sundry. "Sam's the name, adventure is the game. I thought I would tag along, it wouldn't be the same journeying to the Moon without Sam to keep you company."*

Various passengers will chip in their opinions about what to do with Sam, mostly, aside from Richard Hanson, demanding that she be thrown overboard, as a Spy, saboteur or criminal.

The Ambassador, Sir Hamble Kinsey, strides over. "I hear we have a saboteur aboard. This ugly peasant wench, is it? No point keeping her on ship's rations. I say we toss her over the side." Sam's jaw drops, "ugly...peasant...wench?" she barely manages, before flying at the Ambassador in a furious rage. The Ambassador shrieks, "get this madwoman away from me," his face raw and torn as Sam manages to scratch a chunk out of his cheek, before she can be properly restrained. Eventually a couple of sailors manage to hold her back, while the Ambassador backs away, shaking with fear and rage. Richard Hanson, the wealthy London investor, demands that Sir Hamble should "Have a care, Sir. A Gentleman should not utter such things." Sir Hamble looks like he might explode, such is his indignation. Sam, breathing heavily, glares at Kinsey. "Be careful who you call a peasant, sir. I am Lady Samantha Holdstock, and can trace my ancestry back to a Bishop who fought at the battle of Hastings. I believe your ancestors gained their lands by licking the arse of Henry VIII."

Allow the scene to play out. The Ambassador will demand she is hung for assaulting him; flogged for jeopardising the mission (by hiding in a barrel it means there are marginally less supplies); and punished in a variety of painful ways, for any trumped up charge he can muster. Let the Adventurers have their say. In the end, Abel will sum up:

"I am thinking I have heard enough, yes? Come sirs, we are not barbarians. There has been some misunderstandings, but I demand we forget them, for we are having a most happy voyage. Yes? Good, we are all agreeing."

Sam won't discuss her real motives for sneaking aboard, unless any of the Adventurers get on with her well enough for her to entrust them with her secret. In such a case she will tell them (privately, remember the Adventurer's mission, to discover what Arabella is up to, is only known to Abel):

"Look, we've helped each other in the past, so I may as well tell you. I'm after Lady Silver. The bitch skipped off owing me money, and I don't like to be made a fool of by anybody. That said, I fancy a trip to the Moon. Never been there so I might as well have a look round while I'm at it."



Life on Board the Enterprise

Although you will want to play out the fixed events, along with some random Encounters and Events, you might want to run the voyage to the Moon as a mini-Campaign in itself. With the plan of the *Enterprise*, and so many of the personalities described in detail, there is no reason why you cannot design fresh intrigues to occupy your players. Throughout, it will be helpful to ensure the players understand the flavour of life aboard the *Enterprise*.

Life on board the *Enterprise* will take longer to hit a rhythm than on a typical sea journey. The Sailors will be kept too busy to dwell on things too much, and the Engineers even more so, but everyone else will spend the first day or two stunned by the take-off, in constant trepidation that the *Enterprise* will tilt over and fall out of the sky, killing all aboard, and agape at the sheer novelty of air travel.

Occasionally the winds will be strong enough to cause the *Enterprise* to become unstable, the novel Clockwork wings will struggle to cope at such times. In such conditions Abel may order the sails raised to try and stabilise the vessel and the engineers to work to provide more speed. All aside from the essential sailing crew will be ordered inside at such times.

Although the Sailors, and most of the Soldiers, are used to making long voyages, nevertheless tempers will be frayed before long. Cooped up in cramped conditions, and without anywhere to land to take fresh supplies, along with the knowledge that going overboard means certain and horrific death, the men's minds will become increasingly fragile as time goes on.

There are features of life aboard the *Enterprise* that tally with life aboard an ordinary vessel, traversing the oceans on Earth. Although largely grim, at least the Sailors will understand such routines and occurrences. Discipline, for instance, is harsh. Although Abel is not the sort of Captain who will want his officers constantly trying to find people to punish, Abel will not shy away from imposing discipline akin to that used in the Navy or aboard a Privateer. Abel will believe he has the power to punish the crew in whatever manner suits him, according to ancient codes of the sea. These punishments might include flogging, branding or keel hauling (which will

A Gift from the Captain

At some time during the voyage, the Adventurers will be called into the captain's cabin. "I have a gift for you," he says, "from Sir Reginald Perkinson." He hands each of the party a gold medallion on a black ribbon. The medallion is fashioned in the shape of a golden cogwheel with wings and a small mirror in the middle, the whole item being about 5 cm across. "Some of you may find these items distasteful, but I feel they are necessary for the mission ahead. They were made for us (I have one too) at great expense by the Invisible College, and contain great Alchemical power. Sir Reginald calls them Babel Amulets. Wear one of these beneath your clothing, and you will be able to understand any language spoken to you, and anything you say will be understood by your listeners, even if they do not speak English. Whoever, or whatever we meet on the Moon, they are likely to come in useful. It is, of course, important that the Parliamentarians aboard, particularly the more fanatical Puritans and superstitious sailors, do not get wind of them, or they are likely to be cast overboard as works of the Devil, and possibly you with them. Keep them secret. Keep them safe."

The items work entirely as described, with no need for any dice-rolling or expenditure of magickal energy. Quite how they work is a secret known only to the Invisible College, and beyond the scope of this adventure.

make for an unfortunate spectacle). Of course Gentlemen will not be subject to such treatment, although the Midshipmen might be subject to rough treatment by the Boatswain, or even adult punishment if their crime is considered an adult one. Abel's general leniency will vanish if he becomes drunk and withdrawn, in which case he might command a hanging, throwing a culprit overboard, or even firing them out of a cannon. In such a case the Boatswain will hover uncertainly between following orders or mutinying to the point of ensuring the accused is locked up before carrying out the punishment, in order to allow the Captain a chance to rescind his decision.

Food quality and variety will vary drastically. The Captain's table will provide attendees with a varied and, at first, reasonably sumptuous diet. As the journey progresses, the freshness and variety will deteriorate, but the privations will be nothing



compared to those of the Sailors and Soldiers. If wine is found to be spoiled at the Captain's table, it will be poured away, and fresh supplies opened. If a barrel of beer is found to be sour then the Quartermaster will still try to persuade the commanders to get their men to drink it. While the wealthy have to survive off dried meats and vegetables pickled in lemon juice, the Sailors will be eating weevil-infested biscuits. Of course, wealthy Adventurers will have no doubt made arrangements to have extra rations brought aboard, the investors certainly all have an abundant supply of fine liquor stowed away, to be drunk at their leisure. Such is the level of discipline, and taboo regarding stealing aboard a ship, that generally such private provisions will be safe. As the *Enterprise* nears the end of the voyage, some of the Sailors and Soldiers might show the first symptoms of scurvy (exhaustion, weakness and bleeding gums), which will send further waves of fear throughout the ship.

Dining with the Captain will become a regular feature of the Adventurers' journey (assuming they are not all lowly Peasants). Such affairs are opportunities for the Adventurers to find out more about their fellow passengers. Abel will take care to not consume too much alcohol, but will allow the evening to progress and become a relaxed affair, perhaps with a little singing and dancing, or a more sober formal affair, depending on who is attending and his own mood. If any Adventurers make firm friends with Abel, he will invite them nearly every night, if any argue with him, he will largely exclude them from his table, although he will feel that all men and women of status should be invited at least once a week.

Random Events

There are plenty of opportunities to plot events aboard the *Enterprise*. Some might be relationship based, perhaps Richard Hanson will make romantic advances toward Mrs Marsh; perhaps an Adventurer might misinterpret Mrs Tasman's friendliness as amorousness; or become embroiled in a tryst with Lady Abigail. Or there might be physical confrontations, as Mr Marsh becomes more obsessed with his visions of impending doom he might fly at one of the frivolous passengers; perhaps the Boatswain and Ship's Master might come to blows over Midshipman Richmond. However, there will be times when you want to run a prepared event. In such circumstances either roll 1D6 on the table below, or select the Event you think appropriate for your

players.

1 - A fight has broken out in the lower decks. It appears both Soldiers and Sailors believe each other to have been issued superior rations. A group of about 20 of each are having a pitched brawl (for stats, see Appendix, p.127). They are not trying to kill each other, but it is a bruising fight. The Adventurers may be asked to assist the Boatswain and mates, as they try to separate the two sides. A few ringleaders from each will no doubt be made an example of, by their respective commanders.

2 - Master Fletcherton, the Quartermaster, and Joseph Angmering, the Moon Company official, are having an argument on the deck. They were checking the supplies (something both men do, obsessively) and decided that some of the foodstuffs have been depleted quicker than they should have been. Joseph has discovered the reason, the measuring spoons are larger than Company regulation. Joseph is claiming it is Fletcherton's fault, for not noticing, Fletcherton that it is the Company's, for issuing the wrong size spoons. Either way, the Sailors are looking nervous as the Quartermaster wrings his hands and claims "*we shall all die of hunger afore we reach the Moon. Oh woe and disaster, what to do?*"

3 - The Captain has agreed to a boxing match aboard the vessel. The two fighters are both statted as per the Soldier Statistics, see Appendix, p.127, although one has an additional 5 Hit Points and the other an additional Combat Action. Despite the protestations of Vengeful Marsh and Joseph Angmering a lot of money is changing hands as people bet on one fighter or the other.

4 - Four Sailors have become drunk, and are attempting to raid the arms cache. Their plan is to alert their fellows and start a mutiny, the intention being to have the ship fly back to Earth at once. They think if they can secure the ship's weapons then they will gain the support of the rest of the crew. In their fear they have misjudged their fellows who, while afraid, are not mutinous. As the plan goes into action, the Adventurers happen to be passing near the weapon cache. The Boatswain rushes up past the party, sees the mutineers, commands them to stop (an order they ignore) and then begs the Adventurers to assist him in preventing the rabble from achieving their objective (run the fight with the Sailors, Hobby Appleton, Jim Kniver, Harry Pump and Leacon Smith, using Sailor statistics, Appendix, p.127). Any surviving mutineers will face harsh



consequences for their foolish actions. All will plead the effects of alcohol and madness in mitigation.

5 - Captain Abel has become drunk and morose. All are steering clear of him, in the hope that they can avoid his baleful mood. He was last seen heading to the Cun, muttering in Dutch. The Sailing Master is worried that in such a state the Captain will do something stupid, perhaps order a manoeuvre that will kill everybody, or order a capital punishment for a minor (or imagined) infraction. Someone needs to try to calm the Captain down and attempt to get him to sleep it off. Perhaps, the Adventurers might help?

6 - The Adventurers are on deck when they sight, in the rigging just above them, a figure. They will be able to make out it is a Cabin Boy. The lad seems to be unwell, he is chattering to himself, and swaying about in a hazardous fashion. There are no Sailors to hand. If the Adventurers call for a Sailor then the lad might fall (2D6 Damage to two random locations) – it will take two rounds to get assistance, and a further round for the Sailor to climb to the boy's aid (the boy is so experienced at climbing that normally he would automatically succeed, but in his drug induced mania he needs to make an Athletics Roll at 55%, each round). If an Adventurer climbs to his rescue then the lad will only have to make one roll. The boy, Tom Poppins, was given some Coca leaves by an ecstatic Richard Hanson, the night before, a strange kind of tip, as the boy had fetched him some liquor up to his cabin. Richard will have no memory of making the gift, and will be torn between denying it (which might see the boy punished for theft, if he has survived) and shamefacedly admitting his mistake.

Murder!

This encounter should be run toward the end of the trip.

The Moon grows ever nearer, large now in the sky below you. But nearing the destination has just served to gnaw at the already stretched nerves of all aboard the Enterprise. Over the past couple of days Abel has been nervously checking the vessel, concerned to ensure the Enterprise will be seaworthy once it lands upon the oceans of the Moon. The Sailors are not pleased with his constant demands to carry out maintenance, a job made less easy as there is little in the way of water with which to "swab the decks". The Chirurgeon has been

busy caring for invalids, the Physick seemingly too busy with his books to attend to the task. Some of the patients have received injuries in the course of their duties, from falls and collisions, others seem exhausted, possibly suffering from the onset of scurvy.

Emphasise the general tension aboard the vessel, the Boatswain even more short tempered than usual with the poor Midshipmen; the investors quaffing more alcohol, much to Vengeful and Joseph's disapproval; and the Soldiers and Sailors on the verge of war, each group suspecting the other is subject to privileges they don't enjoy.

A day or two before arrival at the Moon the following occurs.

The ship is flying on, ever downward toward the Moon. The conditions are not good, it is dark, a wind howls and the cold is biting. Still the Enterprise remains true, the mighty wings relentless, despite the weather. The party has been invited to the Captain's table, and have just dressed for dinner and are ready to leave, when there is a scream. As they crowd out of their cabins, they realise the voice is coming from along the passage and down the stairs to the hold. Lying at the bottom of the stairs is a figure, body twisted, broken.

The party are some of the first on the scene, but soon other Sailors will begin to appear. The victim is:

The corpse is that of Prudence Marsh. Her death mask is eerily tranquil, considering the shocking fall she must have had.

If the Adventurers quiz any of the nearby Sailors they all have alibis, either having been settled in the hold, or else having run down from their duty on the upper deck. A quick thinking Adventurer may quickly examine the body, a successful Healing (-20% due to time pressure) or First Aid (-40%) roll revealing that it is unlikely death was caused by a fall, but rather a head wound, to the back of the skull, caused by a heavy object.

Generally people are sympathetic, but not very surprised at Prudence's death. It's a tough part of life aboard a vessel that people have accidents. Ships lurch about, and there are plenty of drops, although it seems strange that she let go of the handrail, and the ship hadn't lurched, and the stairs aren't slippery.

*Mister Marsh appears at the top of the steps. He sweeps down, pushing past the gawping Sailors. "Prudence... *sob*...PRUDENCE!"*

Chapter II: Voyage to the Moon

he shouts, falling to his knees before his wife's body. He rails and howls, and has to be taken to one side by Frances Jacks, who has now arrived, to calm down. Vengeful wails plaintively, "I never told her I loved her, and now she is gone, *sob*".

At this point Abel appears, a fierce expression on his face, "What is being happening, please. Remove her, Mister Jacks, take her to the Physick please. Everybody else should be back to their jobs. You", he says to you, "can be coming with me."

Abel will assemble the party, his Sailing Master, and the Master-at-Arms:

"It appears that dinner is being cancelled," he waves regretfully at the covered silver platters, assembled on his table. "A tragedy. She may have tripped, we shall see, the Physick should be able to be telling us. But...we cannot be sure. There is little turbulence, and she drinks not. So I am thinking we must investigate. Master Granville and the Boatswain will question the crew for witnesses, Captain Fordhampton, his men. I would be liking you," he waves at the party, "to be checking with the passengers."

What Has Happened

Prudence-Virtue Marsh has been murdered. She went to visit the Physick, and overheard him talking to Robert Wedder. Robert was ordering Simon to help him break into the powder store. Prudence turned to run, but Robert moved in a flash, striking her down with the nearest thing to hand, an iron-bound medical encyclopaedia. Simon and Robert, quickly checking the coast was clear, moved the body to the stairs, and let it roll down. Robert ran straight off to return to his master, and Simon ducked back into his cabin.

Simon is petrified of Robert, but he is also concerned that Robert's plan to blow the whole ship up is wrong, martyrdom is one thing, mass murder quite another. He will not betray Robert though, not just because of the prospect of Robert taking revenge, but because he cannot reconcile himself with betraying a fellow Catholic.

It is important that the party don't find out that Robert was connected to the murder at this stage (although if all goes haywire you can always adjust the last scene of this chapter to a catastrophic weather event). They may well discover that Simon was involved however. There are plenty of red herrings, and a few clues, that

they will be able to uncover if they question everyone.

If the party do realise Simon is involved, he will come to a nasty end, as described below.

What the Adventurers Might Find

There is no particular formula for running the investigation. The party might track down Simon, or otherwise, or may jump to completely the wrong conclusions, accusing an innocent. If so, the accused will probably avoid execution, if of a high enough status, but accusations might result in anything from a bitter feud, to somebody being locked in irons for the rest of the voyage.

The Adventurers can find out the following:

Captain Abel Tasman - About Prudence - "She is being a lovely lady. What a terrible thing to happen, eh?" **Alibi** - "I was waiting on my dinner." **If Pushed** - "I have no clue. I wish I did."

Joanna Tasman - About Prudence - "She was a good girl. Such a shame." **Alibi** - "I was readying myself for dinner." **If Pushed** - "Her husband always seems so dour. He seems like the sort of man who might have a secret temper. But, what am I saying? He is probably devastated."

William Glanville - About Prudence - "Such a shame." **Alibi** - "I was at the Cun, commanding the ship."

Simon Franthwaite - About Prudence - "Poor child." **Alibi** - "I was at work, in my cabin." **If Pushed** - "I am sure she just fell, but I need time to carry out a proper examination. Please let me get on with it."

Midshipman Peter Richmond - About Prudence - "Terrible shame, sir" **Alibi** - "I was on watch" Richmond is in trouble. He should have been on watch, but wasn't at his post. The consequences for such desertion are severe. But he is struggling with his conscience, because he did see Prudence. **If Pushed** - "Oh, sir. I saw her. She said she was going to see the Physick. But sirs. It'll be the end of me if you tell, the end. I should of been at watch." The Adventurers have poor young Richmond's fate in their hands.

Professor Malcolm Hume - About Prudence - "Who?" **Alibi** - "I can't remember what I was thinking. One minute," he consults his book, lips pursed. "Oh, yes. I was designing a collapsible gibbet. Or I might have been listing waterfowl, oh I can't remember."



Sam Holdstock - About Prudence - "She were no barrel of laughs. But didn't deserve to die so young." **Alibi** - "My pistols needed polishing." **If Pushed** - "I really haven't a clue."

Lady Abigail Prenderghast - About Prudence - "Poor lamb, she didn't exactly make the best of herself, did she?" **Alibi** - "I was getting ready for dinner. In private." **If Pushed** - "I might have had a visitor. I asked Sir Richard to assist me with my dress. It isn't easy without a maid, you know." **If Pushed More** - "Have you not seen the way that dreadful Angmering man looked at her? Obviously loved her. Or I'm a Dutchman too. Haw Haw."

Richard Hanson, Investor - About Prudence - "Sweet thing. Awful waste, don't you know." **Alibi** - "I was dressing for dinner." **If Pushed** - "You have me, knave," jokingly. "I was with Abigail. We were peering out the porthole in her cabin, watching the stars go by." **If Pushed More** - "Well I might have taught the Prudence shrew to dance. She was such a neglected thing, with that dull husband of hers. I felt sorry for her. She was quite the dancer too..."

Vengeful-Force-Smiteth-the-Heathen Marsh - About Prudence - "*sob* My darling, and yet I never called her such. *sob* And now she is gone." **Alibi** - "I was saying a prayer. Prudence must have left the cabin, I know not why. I thought I would see her at dinner, but... *sob*...now, I will never see her again." **If Pushed** - "We may have had our differences, but I rarely thrashed her, and I can be so self-righteous, I know. Oh, my God, what have I done?" Vengeful is feeling guilty he never expressed his love, not, intentionally at least, confessing to murder. **If Pushed More** - "I confess we had words. She was complaining of the lice. I told her she was a vain and artful woman for complaining so. My God, why did I say such a thing? *sob*"

Godfrey Grace, Preacher and Ship's Chaplain About Prudence - "Poor Vengeful's wife. A tragedy." And under his breath, "I shall never be rid of him now." He is concerned that he will have to spend the rest of the voyage consoling the needy Vengeful. **Alibi** - "I was preparing a sermon." **If Pushed** - "I can't see it being poor Vengeful. He struggles over the slightest impulse that could hardly be called a sin, so I can't think he would murder somebody."

Robert Wedder - About Prudence - "I never spoke to the lady, sir. But it is sad to hear she is dead." **Alibi** - "I was getting the master ready for

dinner, sir." **If Pushed** - "I had to fetch him something from the hold, but I saw nothing, sir." Remember Robert is an excellent actor, so it will be very hard to tell if he lies at any point.

Sir Nicholas Cleggerson - About Prudence - "What are you asking me for?" **Alibi** - "None of your business." **If Pushed** - "I was getting ready for dinner." **If questioned about Robert** - "He was fetching a watch-chain from my luggage. I wished to wear one at dinner, but I couldn't find the damn chain." (Joseph Angmering, who was in the cargo hold, will not recall seeing Robert if asked. Robert brought the chain back to Nicholas, which corroborates his story - although in fact it was in his pocket all the time, its pretended absence just an excuse for Robert to grab a moment with Simon).

Joseph Angmering - About Prudence - "Shocking. One of the passengers with some decorum and respect for Company rules." **Alibi** - "I was doing an inventory, in the cargo hold." **If Pushed** - "I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't that stowaway. She is a wild one, and probably such a virtuous lady made her feel shame. So she killed her." **If Pushed More** - "I...I liked her," he flushes crimson, "I swear, she was just so perfect. But I said nothing and did less, please believe me?"

Jacks, Fordhampton, the Quartermaster and Boatswain have nothing to add, all also having multiple alibis, being with their men at the time.

The Physick's Room

At some point the Adventurers will probably visit Simon's room. Possibly due to Richmond's statement or possibly to get the Physick's elaborations regarding the cause of Death.

Prudence is laid out on a slab. The Physick, Simon, quickly covers her as you approach.

It is not necessary to feed the players all the clues. If the Adventurers ask, then certainly there are things to be found in Simon's cabin. It is both a living and work space, although it has seen little work up to now. If the Adventurers seem to be getting close to the truth, Simon will become nervous. If it seems they might grab him, skip to the final scene in this section. The following information is available:

- If the Adventurers ask to see the body, Franthwaite will insist it is unnecessary. If given no choice the Adventurers will find, on a successful Healing roll, that death was not

Chapter II: Voyage to the Moon

caused by the fall, but rather a heavy blow to the back of the head.

- The book that struck the blow, a huge, iron-bound encyclopaedia, is still on the shelf. If the shelf is examined then the bloodstain on the spine can be detected (Perception Roll).
- There is still a little blood on the floor (Perception roll). Again, the Adventurers might not see this as unusual, only reveal this if the players specifically ask about the room. Simon will explain that it is from the cadaver, but this will seem doubtful.

If it is clear that Simon is implicated in the murder, read the following:

The medic looks as if he might pass out. His face is ashen, cold sweat pouring from his brow. He raises a vial to his lips, and then sinks to the floor.

Simon Franthwaite has taken a poisonous tincture and is no more.

Sabotage!

The braver travellers are assembled on the deck, waiting to break through the cloud cover, and catch a glimpse of the Moon's surface. As a precaution Abel has ordered the Enterprise to be slowed right down, the powerful wings working hard to keep to the desired pace. Eventually the wings will have to almost hover, if the ship is to remain in one piece as it lands. "How are we holding, Master Glanville?" queries the Captain. "Dead on course, sir," the stalwart Master's reply.

"We should come out directly above the sea, but near enough to land for us not to have to wait for long," mutters Richard Hanson, who is stood near to the party. "At least," he wryly smiles, "that is the plan."

Suddenly the expectant peace is broken, someone stumbles onto the upper deck. As you approach, you see the figure is clutching at his chest.

Before long the party will discover:

It is Nicholas Cleggerson. He mutters, "It's Robert. He has undone me." Blood bubbles through his shirt, as he releases the fist that had been staunching the wound. Cleggerson raises a darkly stained hand and points, away from the ship, out along the wing. "He will kill us all!" he cries, before falling face forward, exhaustion giving way to

unconsciousness.

Robert stabbed Cleggerson ten minutes before, leaving him for dead. Cleggerson passed out but, luckily for all, came round and managed to drag himself up the gangway to alert the Adventurers. Robert knows he is running out of time if he wants to prevent the *Enterprise* reaching the Moon. The powder store has proved too well guarded to be sabotaged, and his "Master" has become increasingly suspicious, keeping a careful eye on Robert. In truth, Cleggerson has been more perturbed that Robert has been acting above his station, and ceased to wait on him hand and foot. Whether Cleggerson survives, or perishes, after his ordeal, is at your discretion.

As you look along the wing, through the cloud, you see a man, buffeted up and down as he rides atop the gigantic appendage. A mass of feathers streams off the skeleton of the wing, and it appears that whoever is on there is trying to tug at the ironwork with some kind of tool.

Robert has made his move. Hopefully the Adventurers will realise the urgency of the situation. In six to eight rounds, Robert will do enough damage to the wing that it will cease to function, the ship will capsize, and all will be lost. The Adventurers might try to shoot him off. If so, each time he is hit, Robert will need to make an Athletics roll to see if he is knocked off the wing. The wing may be plenty wide, but the up, down, motion makes it a difficult place to balance on if wounded. Alternatively the Adventurers might decide to venture out to see what is happening. It will take three rounds to reach him safely (two if the Adventurer wants to hurry, but this will prompt an Athletics Roll). Robert will not engage anyone who approaches, he is too busy trying to wrench the nuts out of the wing. If grappled on the wing, Robert will plunge to his death, rather than risk being a prisoner, but he would prefer to take somebody with him. When the party manage to shoot, or dislodge Robert in melee combat, (whether you want Sailors to rush to the party's aid if they make a complete hash of it is up to you), read them the following:

Robert Wedder stumbles from the wing. As he plunges into the air he screams, "I AM A Saaiint..." You have prevented him destroying the wing, but it seems you might not have done enough. The wing judders, and it seems it might stop. The Clockwork groans hideously, but somehow it holds. But something is desperately wrong. The two wings no longer



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seem synchronised, and the ship lurches to one side, the deck tilting madly. It seems that the Enterprise might flip over completely.

Any Adventurer on the wing will need to make an Athletics roll to keep their balance, or a Brawn roll, in order to hang on desperately (Hero Point time), or else plunge to their doom. In addition everyone on deck must make an Athletics or Brawn test to avoid 1D3 damage to a random location, buffeted as the deck tilted.

A Crash Landing!

The engineer manages to bring the wings into tandem again, but the motion and speed are all wrong. Although now straightened up once more, the Enterprise is positively groaning as it lurches toward the ground, Engineer MacDonald is unable to find the power to lift the ship, let alone bring her hovering to a safe landing. He is doing all he can to right the deck. The ground itself seems to be closing in at an incredible pace, and as the ship dips through the low cloud and freezing mist, the Moon's surface can be seen by the travellers, up close, for the first time.

Things are unclear, it is just so dark, but one thing is for sure. All who are on deck, or who peer out through the portholes, realise with horror that it is no sea that they are approaching. The rapidly descending hulk is plummeting towards what might be a river, or possibly a shallow swamp. It is impossible to tell in the half-light that gets through the clouds from the three-quarter disc of the Earth, but there is little time to ponder. Up ahead there is another shape, is it a mountain?

There is a cracking sound, by God, is the hull splitting apart? Hardened Sailors cannot help but shriek as the Captain cries, "Pull her up, Master Glanville!" The Master in turn shouts down to the Engine Room, "We need more lift, Master MacDonald!" The faint tones come from below, somehow carrying above the noise of the gunpowder and Clockwork, "I cannae get lift, Sir. She cannae take it."

Then you are thrown down. Clutching to whatever you can get a hold on, it feels as if you must be wrenched forward. At the same time it feels as if the ship might explode upward, taking you with it, hurling you back up into the sky. There is a horrific splintering noise, the hull of the ship shattering like an egg on a bowl rim as it bottoms. The Enterprise bobs madly, the ground, river or swamp-bed below threatening to slice off more of the ship. There can be little left of the lower level, but drowning seems an unlikely fate at this stage. The deck, with you upon it, streams forward, like a discus, hurtling toward the mountain. Again it seems you might flip – forward this time. It would be an unfortunate end, to be smashed by a windmilling Enterprise now you have reached your destination.

The mountain? Now you realise it is no mountain, but rather some sort of strange pyramid. But that is the last thought you register for a while. Your ears are deafened, and your eyes flicker shut of their own volition, your bodies unable to come to terms with the shock resonating through them. You have landed.



Chapter III

In which the secrets of lunar civilisation are revealed to the eyes of the curious

“The life of the day before yesterday has departed today.”

– Babylonian proverb

King Nabonidus stood on the walls of Babylon, watching as the army of Cyrus of Persia routed his troops. Men fled screaming, to be cut down by the charioteers of the enemy king. Already, in the city behind him, Nabonidus could hear the panic, the cries of fear, the hopelessness in the voices of all, slaves and citizens alike. How had it come to this?

It had come, as many things came in those last days of the Babylonian Empire, in the form of a dream. Nabonidus could remember it as though it were last night, though it was ten long years since the dream had filled his vision and altered his life.

He had dreamed he saw the city of Babylon, his city, sleeping beneath a massive Moon, which cast the walls and towers into rectangular patches of light and shade. He felt the presence of the Moon god, Sin, close to him – it was as though the god were trying to tell him something, though he could not quite tell what. As he watched, a flock of birds flew up from behind the city walls, their myriad wings flashing in the moonlight. They wheeled once over the city, and then headed out, flying strongly toward the orb of the Moon where it

hung above the horizon. As the last bird left the city, the walls began to crumble, the towers to topple until, with a great rumbling sound, the whole of the ancient city of Babylon collapsed in a cloud of dust, obscuring the Moon in darkness.

The dream was a powerful one, and left the King anxious with worry. What did it mean? He called together his Magi, and asked them to interpret this dreadful omen. The Magi listened as he described his dream, then huddled together to discuss its meaning. Finally the chief of them came forward. “Your majesty, the meaning of this dream is clear. Soon, within your reign, the city of Babylon will fall, and your empire with it. But Sin, the god of the Moon, has sent you a message – your people must fly to him, must fly to the Moon, if they are to be saved from the disaster to come.”

Nabonidus looked at his Magus, astonished. Was such a thing even possible? “Yes indeed,” his advisor replied. “The Moon is a world, waiting to be colonised by the faithful of Sin. Our magickal visions have shown us this. And our experimental Alchemy has proved that elementals, powerful beings of the air, could lift ships into the sky and



take them to the heavenly orb.”

And so the plans were made. Further discussions with his Magi had ascertained that not everyone could be taken to the Moon – there were not enough Magi to power the spells needed for such an undertaking. Only the best could be chosen – the mightiest warriors, the cleverest courtiers, the most erudite scribes, the most loyal slaves – the rest must be left behind, and know nothing of their impending doom.

Leaving his son Belshazzar in charge of the city, Nabonidus took the best of the Babylonians and moved out into the desert. They settled into a place called Taima, which was transformed from a small trading village to a new capital. Mighty walls were build, splendid houses, and a glorious temple to Sin towered over all in the centre of the new city. And beyond the walls, in a flat stretch of desert far from prying eyes, a fleet of ships were built. Beautiful they were, of finely crafted wood; their mighty masts and snow-white sails spread not just upward, but outward, so that the Sylphs of the air could get beneath them and raise them into the heavens.

For ten years, Nabonidus and his people worked on the ships, and for ten years nothing was written down of this plan – the King did not know who the enemies of his people were, but he also knew that no trace must be left of where they had gone, so that those enemies could not find them, and the civilisation of Babylon, which had lasted for three millennia, would never die.

For ten years Nabonidus worked, and for ten years he did not return to Babylon, not even for the Life Festival, when his presence was needed to assure fertility and plenty for the year ahead. The priests of Babylon sent messages, begging him to return, for without the rites the city would wither and die. But Nabonidus was a man obsessed, driving his workers to create the best Moon-ships, gathering supplies for the long journey, stockpiling seeds and animals to fill the empty land awaiting them.

Finally, the day came for the departure. And on that day, Nabonidus knew that there was no place for him on the Moon-ships. He was old, and this was a venture for the young. Not for him the silvery plains and sparkling seas of Sin; he belonged in Babylon, among the dusty streets and mighty towers, the narrow dung-filled alleys and fragrant hanging gardens of his people’s ancient home. Leaving his sky-admiral in charge of the fleet, he mounted his horse and set off across the

desert, back toward his neglected capital. He looked up only once, as the mighty fleet of ships darkened the evening sky, their sails rippling above the faintly seen figures of the air elementals who lifted them toward the pale crescent day-moon that hung on the blue horizon. He raised a hand in farewell, but the ships were already too far above to see if there was a response. Soon they were lost in the hazy distance.

And now Nabonidus stood on the walls of Babylon and watched as the armies of Persia decimated his second-rate troops, as the incompetent bureaucrats and turbulent slaves panicked and rioted in the streets below. And he wondered – what if the Magi had been wrong in their interpretation? What if the dream had meant not “Babylon will fall, so the people must flee to the Moon”, but “If the people flee to the Moon, then Babylon will fall”? As the battering ram of King Cyrus began pounding the city gates, King Nabonidus knew how history would remember him – not as first King of a glorious Lunar Empire, but as the last King of Babylon, the one who caused its downfall.

About this Chapter

Yes, that’s right! There are Babylonians on the Moon! Or, to be more precise, the descendants of Babylonians, who fled to the Moon (a place the Babylonians themselves refer to as “Sin”) over two thousand years ago. Their Empire crumbling, the King having been given visions of how to save his people, and using Magicks, the likes of which would be scarcely seen again for two thousand years, Babylonians left Earth to build a new home on the Moon.

This Chapter provides the background necessary to run all the events and encounters that take place in the rest of this book. The following descriptions focus on the Babylonian-Sin Empire. There are two other “countries” on the Moon, both, like the Babylonian-Sin region, located on the side of the Moon facing the Earth. However, both are so remote that the Adventurers will not visit either of them during *Quintessence*. These faraway places, and the far side of the Moon, are left fairly undeveloped in this tome, as they have no impact on the current adventure (though you may want to expand and develop these societies yourself). The following information will also be an aid if you decide to expand the setting and run a much longer Moon campaign.



The Moon

The Settlement of the Moon

While King Nabonidus did not reach the Moon himself, many thousands of his people did. Their story has been lost in the annals of history, at least, as far as those they left behind are concerned, a distant legend, long forgotten. However, the settlers themselves did not forget their roots. They live in a society which, although different from that they left on Earth (due to the environment, landscape, and the overarching reliance on the powerful Magi), nonetheless, closely resembles that of an ancient Mesopotamian culture.

The whole ethos of Babylonian-Sin society is one of continuity and tradition, and this has helped the ancient social strata to remain intact post-settlement, despite the passing of so many years. The history of the peoples is well chronicled, official documents are scrupulously kept. In particular, the lineage and actions of the Royal Households and the laws they passed are subject to close scrutiny – the historians, law makers and philosophers of the Empire poring over these records at length, interpreting them, and examining them for any precedents that they might convey. Periodic disasters have seen some eras more neglected than others, but the Babylonians are aware of both their long history of settlement on the Moon, as well as, a now fabled, long lived and powerful Empire that they left behind on Earth.

Note: dates given are BC/AD – but Babylonian-Sin dwellers are unaware of Christianity, so their own Calender begins at the start of their occupation of the Moon, running 0-2186 (present day). If you need the Babylonian date for any reason, add 539 to the Christian date AD.

The population on the Moon has grown considerably over the millennia, leading to the formation of large and populous Cities, theoretically all vassals of the King (the royal ruler of the city of Babylon itself); and to the formation of two distant “countries”, founded by dissidents, escaped slaves and explorers. These “countries” have developed slightly differently to Babylonia-Sin itself, but sensibly remain on friendly enough terms with the larger Babylonian Empire, trade and diplomatic liaison the norm (although, as is the nature of Babylonian politics,

occasionally becoming embroiled in, and falling foul of, some plot between vying Babylonian-Sin City States).

Quintessence

Life on the Moon would not be sustainable without Quintessence. Whereas the elements, Earth, Air, Fire and Water, provide Alchemists in England with the basic materials needed to make Philosopher’s Stones, which in turn can be used to cast spells, on the Moon the base element is Quintessence. Whereas other elements can exist on the Moon, their Magickal potential fades over time (likewise, when Quintessence is brought back to Earth it slowly becomes less useful, eventually becoming harmless Moon-rock). This is why the Babylonians cannot return to the Earth (even if they wanted to), as the Magi haven’t acquired the necessary Quintessence spells to make the journey.

They have, however, found plenty of creative Magick which provides the basic means to survive and thrive on the inhospitable Moon. There are Quintessence spells which allow for miraculous crop growth; that provide warmth, light and other basic necessities for the people; and that allow the barren surface of the Moon to be transformed into fertile ground. These and other spells, along with a more in-depth description of Quintessence and the spells available to those who use it in their Magicks can be found in Chapter VI, p.121.

Note: This information is repeated elsewhere, but it is important to remember – Arabella has been experimenting with Quintessence. She has been making Philosopher’s Stones with materials she brought from Earth **and** Quintessence, in order to develop powerful Magicks. She has worked out that her time on the Moon is limited (if she ever wishes to return home) and that the Earth-made Philosopher’s Stones she has brought with her are losing their power (she also suspects, rightly, that the reverse might be true, that Quintessence might become less effective the longer it remains on the Earth, so she is planning to use whatever Quintessence she takes from the Moon quickly, before it deteriorates). The Magi are completely unaware of Elemental Magick from Earth, such knowledge having been lost a long time ago. They merely have legends of past Magi, who could cast more powerful, long lost, Magicks, responsible for the successful exodus from Earth to the Moon all those years ago.



Early Era 539BC-36BC

The first two hundred years of settlement were difficult and trying times. When the Babylonian ships completed their voyage to the Moon, they were disappointed to find such a barren landscape. Furthermore, they hadn't counted on the extremes of temperature. The Magi worked hard to keep the population from perishing – they kept people ensconced on ships that were never designed for such long occupation, but they had to confront the fact that their Magick seemed to be failing and the colonists were on the brink of starvation. In desperation the Magi left the ships and tried to forge new foci for their spells – using materials found on the Moon.

What they discovered was a revelation. They had discovered that they could use Moon matter to make spell foci, but these Philosopher Stones enabled them to wield different Magicks to those they were used to. They were stones of pure Quintessence, and Quintessence is particularly useful for creative Magick. First the Magi worked out how to provide the warmth needed in the dark days, and after some experimentation realised they could help grow and develop the beginnings of an agrarian society using their new powers.

Life was still tenuous however. The population came dangerously close to extinction a number of times – but slowly people began to build. By about half-way through the early era the walls of Babylon were raised, and the first city on the Moon, named after the former primary capital of Mesopotamia on Earth, was beginning to take proper shape. Even now the “Old City” is a recognisable Quarter in Babylon – but the real, original, buildings from that time are buried, the Babylonian-Sin builders having long built over the first constructions.

Toward the end of the Early era, presided over by a long list of Kings styling themselves after Nabodinus, groups began to drift beyond Babylon itself. The Magi had helped keep the city fed, and the slaves had been employed to improve irrigation, etc. and for the first time Babylonians felt secure enough to properly advance further afield, following rivers and coastlines, beginning the mapping and exploration of the Moon.

Mid-era 35BC-1512AD

The beginning of the Mid-era was characterised by expansion. The City of Ur was founded in 35BC, heralding the new phase in Babylonian-Sin

society. Soon after the other great City States were founded, Uruk, Agade, Kish, Lagash and Umma. The Magi provided the Priests, capable of transforming the chosen locales into habitable areas, and the Babylonian-Sin Empire started taking shape. The population grew considerably, the abundance bestowed by the Magi and the increased familiarity with the knowledge needed to successfully survive, farm and thrive on the Moon leading to an era of peace and plenty.

By the middle of the Mid-era the City States were all of a size that they were able to spare the labour necessary to specialise in the production of various trade goods, and the City States began to develop networks of resthouses and canals, to facilitate safe travel for the Merchants moving goods between cities. For the first time there were the glimmerings of conflicts (aside from the periodic rebellions and coups within Babylon itself). The City States vied for prominence, firstly jockeying for popularity – each Governor, egged on by an eager population, seeking to gain the favour of the King of Babylon; and finally attempting to usurp the authority of the King, building cities that surpassed Babylon itself.

At the same time the City States were flexing their muscles, slave populations began agitating for freedom. There had been occasional attempts at rebellion by slaves, but these had been suppressed easily enough. This time the neglected Babylonian military found itself stretched in too many directions. Eventually escaped slaves, along with other rebels, outcasts and explorers, fled to the extremities of the Empire, eventually forming the countries Aram and Carchemish. These countries would have undoubtedly been strangled in their infancy, had it not been the priority of the City States to concentrate their military ambitions against each other, rather than suppress the newly born countries on their borders.

The military slowly began to accrue more power – up to this point the Magi had always been the power behind the throne, and although they still held the final say in most matters (after all, without their cooperation life on the Moon would be all but impossible) the military found itself depended upon, reinforced and encouraged like never before. The regal processions were now accompanied by displays of strength, massive armies parading around the Empire, as a warning to potentially rebellious City States. These cities responded by building their own massive armies, often abetted by the local Magi who found that they owed their loyalty to their city rather than



their Magickal brethren elsewhere.

Finally, in 1246AD, the great Babylonian King Nebuchadrezzar XIV began the process of consolidating the Empire once more, embarking on a great military campaign. Instead of settling the matter once and for all, the action ignited over two hundred and fifty years of sporadic, but large-scale, warfare.

Toward the end of the Mid-Era, King Naboglissar I, not a Babylonian by birth, but rather a citizen of one of the smaller satellite cities, near to Babylon found himself on the Babylonian throne, as a result of a popular coup. (These satellite cities should not be confused with the larger, and more distant, City States, all of which also have their own satellite, secondary cities). Naboglissar I, a former military commander, although popularly believed to have been from humble stock (in fact a minor noble), with the backing of the army found himself embarking on what many believed would be another fruitless round of campaigning. They hadn't reckoned on Naboglissar's strategic brilliance.

Within a few years all the City States, bar Agade, were firmly under Babylon's control once more. Agade continued to hold out, but found itself isolated and besieged. Finally, after famine, betrayal and a last desperate battle, Agade fell. The consequences were the end of the Middle era and the sporadic warfare between the City States. Aside from the procession of the victorious Babylonians through each vassal city, all heard the tale of the destruction of Agade. The place was torn apart. Every brick was removed, the earth returned to dust and rock, the canals filled in. Not one building was left standing – the devastation so great that even its site is disputed. Many were massacred, those that were spared were taken as slaves. Those leaders of Agade who had attempted to deal with Naboglissar I, in exchange for their lives, were slaughtered (although there were rumours that not all the Magi were treated so harshly). The destruction of cities, prior to Agade, had been confined to assaults on the smaller secondary cities or temporary occupations, the ensuing slaughter exaggerated for political purposes. What happened to Agade and the Agadians was on a whole new scale, the backdrop to a new, nervous, peace.

Late-era 1513AD-Present

The Late-era has been a time of uneasy accommodation. Things have settled to the point that it has been generations since a city has been

razed to the ground, and people are wary of starting a new war. Nevertheless tensions are still simmering under the surface.

The Babylonians are obsessed with restoring and renewing their grand city, making it even more impressive than it already is. They are also suspicious of the intentions of the City States and aggrieved at the existence of Aram and Carchemish, although unwilling to embark on a costly war of submission against them.

The City States are wary of Babylon's military might. They also toy with the idea of expanding, through wars of conquest, into Aram and Carchemish (a strategy that Babylon vacillates between encouraging and discouraging – they would like Aram and Carchemish taught a lesson, and it would be a cheaper alternative than launching their own campaign, but they don't want the City States to take the credit and resources for themselves). Aside from wanting to attack Aram (and to a lesser extent Carchemish) some of the City State populations are jealous of their inhabitants – Aram apparently has an enlightened attitude toward citizenship, has abolished slavery, and seemingly offers increased social mobility, while Carchemish offers a rugged and independent lifestyle away from the overpopulated cities. This appeals to the poorer residents of the City States, who are unable to afford slaves, and indeed are often forced to sell themselves or their kin into bondage, have little say in the ordering of things, and who tend to live in the most overcrowded and poorly maintained housing.

Another factor in the rumbling discontent is the public attitude toward the Magi. The Magi have an incredible amount of power – due to their position as a priestly class; through marriage and traditional ties to Royalty; and due to the Magick they wield, that makes life on the Moon tenable (and indeed, abundant). At one time the people felt awe and gratitude, but recently reverence has turned to suspicion. There are many who believe the Magi were behind the conflicts of the previous era (those who believe this refer to the conflicts as the "Magi Wars") and fear that they wish to plunge the Empire into chaos and war once more, to serve their own ends. Ironically, part of the suspicion is due to the fact that the current Royal family are less entwined with the Magi than was the case before Naboglissar I took the throne.

The current King of Babylon, Naboglissar IV, named, somewhat hopefully, after the prestigious founder of his dynasty, is rumoured by some to be



inept, imbecilic and responsible for the degeneration of Babylonian culture. Many other Babylonians (and indeed other inhabitants of the Babylonian-Sin Empire) see him more as an innocent victim of the Magi's plotting – slanders having been levelled at him, which emanate from a jealous priesthood who wish to replace him with a more servile puppet.

Thus the present is not characterised by war, but the threat of unrest which falls heavily over the Empire. Open conflict has given way to political intrigue and secret agendas. It is into this suspicious maelstrom that Arabella landed, when she came to Babylon-Sin some months ago – the kind of environment she relishes, full of opportunities to play important people off against each other. And it is the situation the Adventurers and their companions will enter into, full of hidden pitfalls; as they might find out, politics in Babylon-Sin is a dangerous game.

Babylon

Babylon is revered as a most holy city, the site of the first settlement on Sin and ancestral home of the peoples of Sin. Of course, that doesn't mean it has been particularly well looked after, or that it doesn't have its share of problems. The wide avenues are littered with the detritus of not just the current occupants, but that of the many generations that have preceded them. Buildings have been built over buildings for so long in the less salubrious quarters that they present daunting, crumbling edifices, dangerously threatening to topple like a house of cards, crushing the tightly packed occupants.

Slaves keep the most exclusive quarters presentable, but the current King, Naboglissar IV, has done little to restore the general fortunes of the place. He has the wealth, to be sure, but realises that the huge costs involved could cause even his deep coffers to become drained, and is reluctant to part with the necessary capital, prevaricating and delaying in this matter as he does in others. Indeed his advisors have tried to ensure that he has a rose-tinted view of much of Babylonian-Sin culture, but even the most protective of courtiers cannot hide the bubblings of discontent and rebellion, the deteriorating city which is plainly visible from the Palace roofs and towering ziggurats (where ceremonies requiring the King's presence traditionally take place). Babylon's army is over-stretched, there is a shortage of slave labour, and trading terms are beginning to shift, unfavourably from a

Babylonian point of view. Babylon trades more on its status and cultural significance than any resource that it can offer – the silver mines are all but exhausted, the agrarian wealth sucked into the city leaving nothing for export and the Royal and Priestly classes live off tributes that are not always swift to arrive or as full as they might be.

Nevertheless the vast city has survived throughout the millennia where others have not. Babylon is a hub of intellectual and cultural life; the city contains vast wealth, despite some areas becoming somewhat shabby; and much of the discontent is, in typical Babylonian fashion, an expression of frustration that the haughty preeminence of the city might be under threat, as other City States have risen in relative stature.

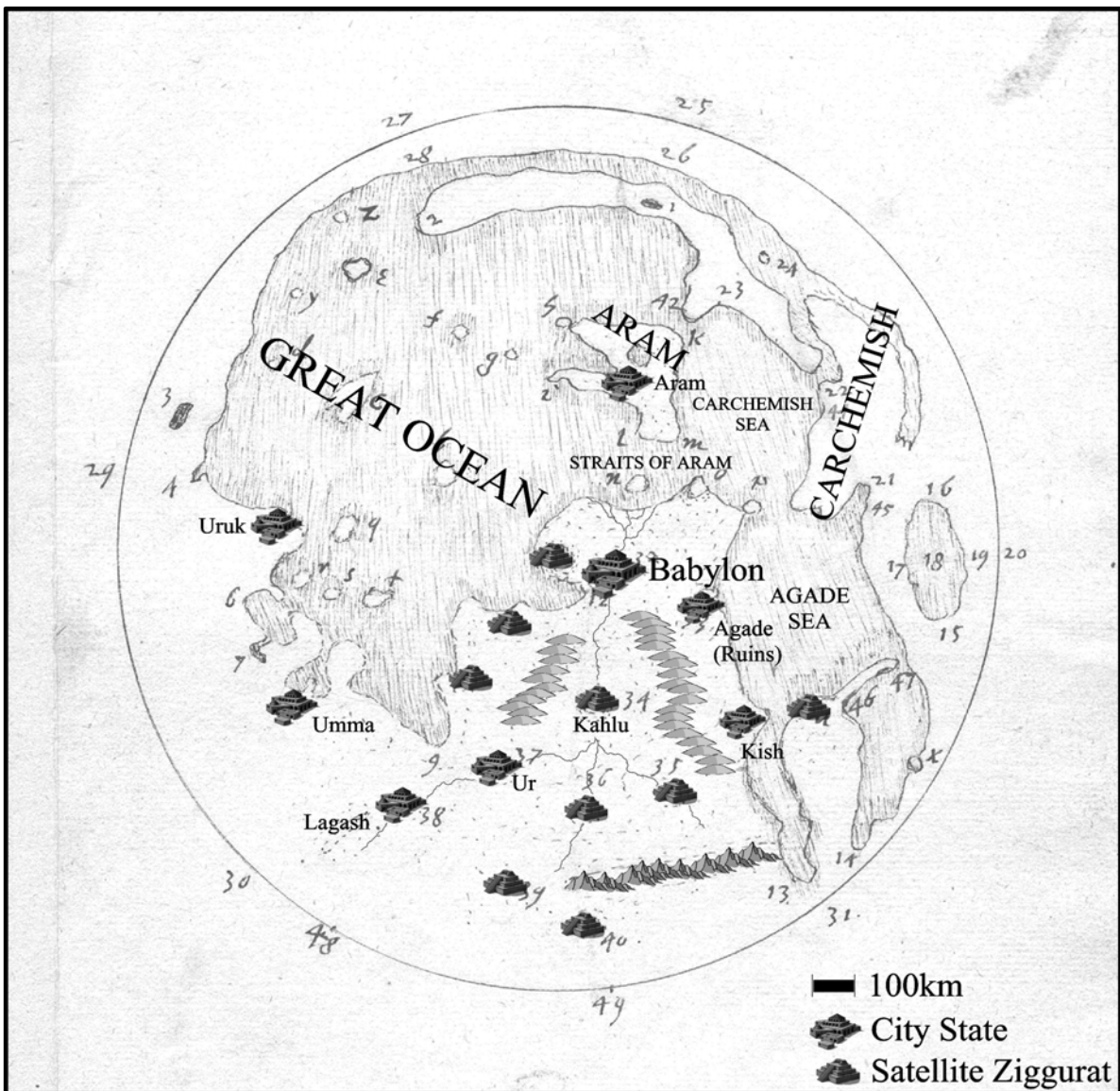
Other City States

Within a thousand years of occupying the Moon, the backbone of the mighty Babylonian-Sin Empire had taken shape. The five soon-to-be mighty City States, Uruk, Agade, Kish, Lagash and Umma, had been founded, all paying homage to the largest, Babylon. Over time these City States in turn spawned nearby vassal cities of their own, but none on the scale of their principal, all constrained by their reliance on the Magi and goodwill of their larger neighbours.

The City States have at times found themselves at war with each other, and even with Babylon itself (see above). They have also undergone periodic rebellions – inhabitants overthrowing an inept Governor or demanding their city is treated with more respect by its neighbours. However, the war at the end of the late era was a defining moment. The destruction of Agade sent a tremble of fear through the other City States. Vocal populations quieted, reflecting that maybe it would be best not to antagonise Babylon further. Nevertheless, under the surface resentment had not dissipated completely. Some felt let down by their Governors, feeling that the rebellion against Babylon could have succeeded if only it had been handled differently. Many bridled against the Magi, suspecting that the conflict had more to do with competing factions of the priesthood rather than anything else. An anti-Magi underground has formed, ostensibly conservative (as the underground purport to support Royalty, whom they claim the Magi are holding hostage to the whims of the priesthood) – yet, as their opponents point out, life would not be sustainable without the Magicks that the priesthood provide.

The presence of the countries of Aram (across the





dangerously stormy Aram Straits) and Charchemish (accessible by land only after a long trek) have been somewhat of an embarrassment to the Governors of the City States. The Governors are reluctant to go to war, as both countries would present a formidable (if very different) set of strategic hazards. In addition, the Governors do not wish to be directed about their business by Babylon (despite technically being under the great city's authority). But such independent counties present the Governors of other City States – particularly Uruk and Umma (far from Babylon's cultural influence) and Kish (whose inhabitants still tell tales of the rag-tag flotilla of slave-boats leaving their harbour) – with difficulty in maintaining the traditional pattern of rule in their own provinces. They also remind the Babylonians of their more parochial kin's inability to control their own people effectively.

Aram

During the mid-era the political and military upheaval caused by the warring City States was seen by some as an opportunity. Although the free inhabitants, in all the major cities, theoretically have the Assemblies in which to make their voices heard, the residents of Agade and Kish became notorious for their rebelliousness and radical views. Whereas rebelliousness is par for the course, radicalism is anathema in polite Babylonian-Sin society. Dissidents began to speak of liberty, an alien and frightening concept. The authorities in Agade and Kish suppressed such elements, regularly and with savagery. Yet, such control was hampered by war between the two City States and their own acts of rebellion against Babylon.

The atmosphere of political unrest was not just

confined to the lower orders. The priesthoods in Agade and Kish were also divided. Many of the priests who represented the lesser, peripheral gods, as well as those who found themselves frozen out of power by political enemies, began to plot an exodus. Their attempt to leave and start anew would no doubt have been brutally thwarted, but the military might of the Agadian and Kishite authorities were concentrated too thinly, the bulk of the armies fighting long campaigns nearer the Babylonian-Sin centre.

Thus the country of Aram was founded. The nucleus of Magi were joined by escaped slaves, enough to make a start. (Agade is believed by many to have collapsed partly due to the amount of people that fled from the City, making Naboglissar I's invasion that much easier. This is not true – the exodus and formation of the country came hundreds of years before the invasion of Agade, but the Kishites in particular raise this issue when expressing their hostility toward the Aramites – ironic, as they had previously spent a millennia hating the Agadians, but understandable as they fear meeting a similar fate).

The rag-tag fleet of boats that left Kish to brave the open ocean went against centuries of Babylonian custom which said that one should not leave sight of the land. Aram's status as an island nation has no doubt played a part in its political isolation, defended as it is by the storm-tossed Straights of Aram.

Over the next few hundred years the Aramites built a capital (named Aram, the same as the name of their nation) and their own network of satellite cities, etc. The distracted City States threatened their shores many times, but famously attacks collapsed for a variety of reasons – the vulnerability that fighting such a remote war left their home city in; poor logistics and rivalry within the armies; and most notoriously, a mass defection to Aram by soldiers from the Agadian army. In the end the City States became so pre-occupied with fighting Babylon that they completely abandoned their invasion plans. Over this period many more people left their homes to become Aramite citizens – escaped slaves, the disaffected, political outcasts, travelling Merchants and Scholars, curious to try the intellectually stimulating atmosphere of freedom that Aram is said to offer.

Aram has a very distinctive culture. Slavery is illegal in Aram, and despite vociferous condemnation by the Babylonian-Sin Empire, Aram insists that once "over the border" any

former slave is to be considered a free man. The Aram Assembly has more power than in Babylon-Sin, and has a say in the election of the Governor, and even elects some of the chief bureaucrats within the administration. The Aramite Magi in some ways seem to take a less active part in government (as they do not seem to form such a powerful single bloc at, or near, the top of the social hierarchy) but in other ways are actually more entwined with the everyday maintenance of the system (bothering to involve themselves with the Assembly, for instance, something far beneath Babylonian-Sin Magi).

Aram is still ostensibly a religious country – the Magi still represent a priesthood acting on behalf of the old gods. However, there is some talk that the Aramites are even challenging these traditions, and most scandalously of all, supported in this heresy by some of their own Magi. The more radical members of the Aramite Magi point out that their Magickal rituals are not completely dependent on a strict adherence to religious ritual, although there have not been any public practical demonstrations of this notion. Many wonder if such a break with tradition becomes formalised it will be an insult too far – resulting in the Magi of all Babylon-Sin demanding the invasion and complete destruction of Aram.

Aside from the threat from outside, the large population, which includes a disproportionate (for Babylonian-Sin society) large non-farming strata, and a relatively smaller number of Magi, means that there has been some internal difficulty within Aram and its sister cities. The flow of grain is not as reliable as in Babylon-Sin and the population often teeter nearer to a state of hunger. The response of the people has been to storm granaries and even, symbolically, raid the Governor's kitchens. The response of the Governor has been to send the military into the Assembly. On other occasions the Assembly itself has called out the military to disperse the rabble. Such events are commonplace and, some Aramites argue, vital to the character of Aram.

Carchemish

In contrast to Aram, Carchemish has grown slowly, less through active acts of dissidence, but rather through the work of small groups of explorers and Urukite and Lagashite settlers, searching for resources and living an uncharacteristically (for the Moon-dwellers) nomadic existence. The basic structure of Carchemish society is the small village, each with



a Head Man and a Holy Man, wandering from place to place, setting up scratch farms with blessed grains, while the majority of the population forage for precious minerals to trade. The life is a hard one, frantic bursts of activity in the warm days, and time hunkered down in massive tents in the cold times, similar in its way to the lifestyle of the more “civilised” states, but the mobility always lending the existence an atmosphere of fragility.

Whereas Aram is well populated, Carchemish is different from either that country, or the much larger Babylonian-Sin Empire. Carchemish’s population are dispersed, a few trading cities (which are nearer to being large villages than cities, in reality) operating, providing traders with markets and the nomads a chance to exchange their wares for manufactured goods.

Uruk and Lagash largely tolerate the situation, if officially attempting to claim sovereignty of Carchemishite territory (although they have avoided attempting to enforce these claims with military action). After all, they enjoy the trade; the Carchemishites are fearsome fighters (although they do not have a proper army, some of the young warriors have at times worked as mercenaries for the larger City States and have an unrivalled reputation); and the territory is not the easiest to cross, particularly without good maps and guides. Babylonian-Sin Empire dwellers tend to sneer and patronise the “simple barbarians”, but they do not see them as posing a threat in the same way as the Aramites, and are largely happy to content themselves with muttering disapprovingly, rather than urging an all out war against them.

Culture and Society

The following information provides details on the cultural and social aspects of life in Babylonian-Sin society. This data is in no way exhaustive – Babylonians have been settled on Sin for over two millennia so there is an inordinate amount of their history (see above) and cultural development, about which there simply isn’t the room to relate. That said, carefully ordered and relatively static beliefs, and the general adherence to traditional values, means that things haven’t progressed so much from the original Babylonian/Mesopotamian roots as might be expected. The following guide should give a sufficient flavour to the setting, enabling a Games Master to grasp the way things work and to be able to adequately describe the people one might

meet on the Moon.

The Social Order

Social order is of supreme importance in Babylonian society. There is a rigid hierarchy and, while there is some movement between the various social groupings, the treatment an individual receives is very much dependent on their place within said social hierarchy.

Generally speaking there are three classes of people – freemen, who are responsible for their own financial affairs; villeins, who work or farm for the city; and slaves, who are considered to be property (at least for the duration of their indenture, see below), and who are owed certain rights by their owner. The distinction between freeman and villein is often a hazy one, many powerful independent landowners supply the city and temples in a similar manner to the more successful villeins, who also manage large farms and although there are legal differences in the relationship, on a day-to-day level things would operate practically the same, both sharing a similar lifestyle (although the freeman and villein would both be excruciatingly aware of the social superiority of one over the other).

Most people are deferential (although notwithstanding that, they might be very demanding) of people who are socially above them. That is why people will bear with brutal collectivisation, taxation and the state (in the form of the Palace and Temple authorities) intervening and directing distribution of resources, as long as they feel this is being done in the best interest of society as a whole.

Another way of defining the structure of Babylonian-Sin society is by employment type:

Royalty – Broadly speaking the Royal household is seen by many as the pinnacle of Babylonian-Sin society. The Royal family are certainly the ceremonial heads of the Babylonian-Sin Empire and have many powers of patronage and appointment. They also expect tribute from their subjects, which, in turn, they distribute as they see fit. The King is also the Law Giver (see *Law and Order*, p.76), making new laws and deciding upon the punishments for breaking them, and the supreme Commander of the Army.

Despite their status as the supreme rulers, the Babylonian-Sin Empire is not adverse to replacing a King if he is believed to be unfit to govern. The fortunes of the people are believed by many to be



Day and Night on the Moon

A full day on the Moon lasts 28 Earth days – fourteen days of sunlight and fourteen days of darkness. This means that the days become very hot – for the few days either side of the lunar “noon”, sun beats down with great ferocity, rising to 35 degrees centigrade (OK, not *great* ferocity, but far hotter than the average Englishman would be prepared for), while in the middle of the lunar night, it can fall as low as -30 degrees centigrade. For most of the time though, the Moon is relatively mild, temperatures in the long lunar “afternoon” being a pleasant 25 degrees centigrade (though there are, of course, variations with the weather).

Despite the fact that the sun is absent from the world for fourteen days, it is never completely dark on Sin. The Moon keeps one face constantly toward the Earth. Since Babylon is in the centre of this face, the Earth is constantly overhead – it never sets. The Earth goes through phases, just as the Moon does when seen from Earth, and in the same twenty-eight day cycle. Since the Earth is much bigger when seen from the Moon than the Moon is when seen from the Earth, it gives off much more light – when it is full, in the middle of the lunar night, it is as bright as a cloudy winter’s day in England.

The lunar cycle of day and night in New Babylon looks something like this:

Earth Day	Sun	Earth	Climate
1	Dusk – sun setting in west.	Earth half-full, waxing.	25C – Pleasant temperatures, occasional showers.
2	Sun beneath horizon but lingering afterglow.		20C – Crops harvested before first storms.
3	No sunlight visible.	Earth waxing – dim earthlight, like bright moonlight on Earth. Stars visible, sky dark.	15C – Colder, with winds and rain.
4			10C
5		Earth waxing – as bright as a very stormy day in an English winter. Less stars, sky becoming more blue.	5C
6			0C
7		Earth full – as bright as a cloudy winter’s day in England. No stars, sky as blue as day.	-5C – Heavy frosts, sometimes snow.
8			-10C
9		Earth waning – as bright as a very stormy day in an English winter. Some stars visible, sky becoming dark.	-15C – Icy winds and blizzards.
10			-20C



Chapter III: The Moon

Earth Day	Sun	Earth	Climate
11		Earth waning – dim earthlight, like bright moonlight on Earth. Sky dark, stars visible.	-25C – Land frozen.
12			-30C – Cold and icy but sky often clear.
13	First glow of dawn in the east.	Sky orange in east, no stars.	-25C
14	Dawn – sun rises over horizon in east.	Earth half-full, waning. Sky blue, no stars visible.	-10C
15			0C
16			5C – Rapid temperature rise and sudden thaw. Floods likely.
17			10C – Crops planted and blessed by Magi.
18		Earth a crescent in blue sky.	15C
19			20C
20			25C – High humidity and many thunderstorms.
21	Sun directly overhead.	Earth “dark” and lost in glare of the sun. Sky white with sun’s glare.	30C
22			35C – Hot and dry.
23		Earth a waxing crescent, sky returning to blue.	35C
24			30C
25			25C – Temperatures cool to comfortable.
26			25C – Pleasant climate, occasional showers.
27			25C
28	Sun almost on western horizon, sky orange.	Earth almost half-full.	25C

largely dependent on the success of the King. If the King is great, just and a good father to his people, the Gods will be pleased, and in turn the people will prosper. The current King, Naboglissar IV, is regarded by some as virtually a semi-divine being, by others as inept and

indecisive.

(Note: There may be an interesting culture clash with any Parliamentary Adventurers. The Babylonians will generally be supportive of the removing an unsuitable monarch, but (outside of certain Aramite philosophies) will react with



hostility to any suggestion that such a monarch shouldn't be immediately replaced. Or, in other words, changing the King is fine, but changing the system of rule from monarchy is an abhorrence).

The Governors – The King selects Governors, whom rule the City States on his behalf. However, the process is seldom as straightforward as that. The Governors of the Babylonian satellite cities might operate on that basis – the local Governors doing little more than seeing that the King's wishes are enacted, but the other City States do not take kindly to having a Babylonian appointed puppet as Governor. Usually the King selects the Governor of each City State according to the wishes of the City State's own Magi and Assembly – and normally both parties nominate a Governor from a local dynasty of importance. In effect, each City State has their own minor royalty, and the King can ignore them at his peril. When this system is challenged, and an outsider is foisted upon a City State they tend to have an extremely nasty "accident" soon into their term of office.

The Magi/Priesthood – The Babylonian-Sin Priesthood forms an extremely powerful (some would say, the most powerful) strata of society. Babylon and the City States all boast thousands of Temples and few would dare anger any of the numerous gods, for everyone knows to mock the gods is to bring terrible misfortune down on oneself. However, despite the prevalence of religiosity, most of the Temple attendants are simple "lay worshippers", part-time caretakers with no real authority, but an amateur enthusiasm for their chosen god.

The real power within religious circles lies in the hands of the High Priests and Priestesses of the major gods and the Magi (note: these terms can be somewhat inter-changeable, many High Priest/Priestesses have access to Quintessence Magicks, although not all Magi are of such a high rank). These elite clerics tend to be high born – indeed the High Priestess of Sin is usually the King's eldest daughter – and form an extremely powerful lobby, many believing them to be the true rulers of the Empire. They maintain a fierce protection on their secrets, learnt in private Temple Schools, anyone revealing their mysteries does so on pain of death. This "closed shop" ensures that no-one other than the Magi has access to the Magicks required to sustain fertile and abundant life upon the Moon. Particularly successful Babylon-Sin dwellers see it as a matter of pride to have one of their children accepted into

the Priesthood, and in particular into the ranks of the powerful Magi, and will make very handsome donations to the appropriate Temple in order to secure such a place for their offspring. Magi are generally revered, although many feel they should confine themselves to religious rather than political matters.

The Bureaucrats – For a largely agrarian society the Babylonian-Sin Empire seems overly obsessed with bureaucracy and record keeping. Sometimes it seems everything is recorded for posterity. A mix of an obsession in the administration with creating records of activity, in order to mitigate against disputes, but mostly the widespread belief amongst the wealthy that they will be judged by future generations on the basis of these records, ensures that recording and archiving is prolific. In a sense, the Governors are at the top of the bureaucratic hierarchy, and other officials fall in line behind, from the influential cup bearer, to the all important accountant, to the most lowly of scribes. Bureaucrats manage the accounting of the large Royal Granaries and the money lending on behalf of the city, both vast operations due to the scale of the population.

In the Cities nearly every surface has, amidst a host of relief sculptures, a covering of script. What's more, there are extensive libraries and records offices, containing everything from life chronicles (some autobiographical, some biographical), to accounts, letter archives, law and court records, and a host of other missives. Most day-to-day writing is transcribed onto small clay tablets, which can be held in the palm. Writing takes two forms – the formal cuneiform (which uses patterns of wedge-shaped symbols which form different words depending on how they are assembled), used in official documentation and the less formal Aramaic language (this does not relate to the country of Aram, despite propaganda to the contrary, but to more ancient linguistic roots on Earth).

Although most people are able to scratch together a few pictograms, scribes are employed to carry out most of the written administrative work on behalf of the authorities, as only they know the secrets of the cuneiform language, a script which take years of training to learn. Far more of the common people know a little Aramaic, as it is much more accessible (using a form of alphabet, rather than different combinations of symbols to represent different words). Neither language will make any sense to the Adventurers without one of the amulets given to them by Tasman (see p.52).



The Army – Each City State has its own army. In peacetime the formations tend toward the grandiose and ceremonial, in times of war these regular palace guards form a tiny core of the City States’ field armies, the massed ranks being made up of untrained, hastily assembled levies and cavalry units who, while often being comprised of individually skillful riders, are unused to holding formation or engaging in massed manoeuvres. The aristocratic classes tend to fight from atop chariots. The army is a powerful lobby in times of crisis, the current King coming from a dynasty that seized power with military support, but tend to have little say in day-to-day affairs, their role traditionally that of protector of the people and service to the monarch.

Slaves are generally forbidden to undergo weapons training, for obvious reasons.

Farmers – In Babylonian-Sin society by far the majority of people are engaged in farming. The curious climate and Magickal assistance means that the Farmer has a constant and difficult job to do. The cycle tends to run to planting the Magick grains and seeds, reaping the harvest, returning the livestock to their indoor fodder, tending the livestock and threshing, putting the livestock back outside, and then the cycle begins again. Although the pattern is fairly reliable, it is not so predictable that there is no fluctuation. Harvests, although very regular, can be good or bad depending on the weather, and can fail entirely if the Magus has been unsuccessful in his spell casting. On top of that the soil, though Magickally enhanced, is pretty thin, crops need to be rotated, and the farm needs a lot of maintenance in a short space of time due to weather damage. When the Farmer does have a good yield they must pay tribute to the King, as well as usually a tithe to their chosen gods. The most successful farms employ slave labour and get their seed stock from a variety of reliable sources.

Despite the hardships, the Empire is generally abundant, courtesy of Magicks, and the Farmer, although having little say in the running of things (and being too busy to bother trying), is respected within society and seen as the role model that the weaker-willed city folk should aspire to. (Of course, most of the farms are city farms and most of the city dwellers are actually Farmers, but it is considered a useful tool in disparaging somebody to suggest they have forgotten their farming roots and “gone soft”).

Aside from the stubby grains, vegetables, herbs, vines and olive trees, there are some other timbers

grown for boat building and other uses where rock will not suffice. Animals reared include sheep, domesticated ducks, goats and cows. Few Farmers own many horses or camels, those that do are usually specialists in the breeding of such beasts.

Physicians – Medicine is a skill that is divided between various practitioners. Most people approach one of the larger Temples first, where a Priest specialising in the field diagnoses the patient. The Priest will not necessarily treat the individual, depending on whether they have the required skills. Armed with a diagnosis the patient will usually go to see the appropriate Physician (“Asipu”). The clinical and surgical Physicians are often freemen, who have been given training by a mentor. Likewise the patient (if they can afford it) might be referred by their Physician to an “Asu”, who is the Babylonian-Sin equivalent of a pharmacist, who will sell medicine to the patient.

Everyone Else – There is simply not the diversity or availability of goods to maintain a large Merchant class, but those there are tend to either be exclusive traders supplying the wealthy, or travellers (see p.73). The travelling salespeople are viewed suspiciously, widely regarded as possible Spies, bearers of bad luck or morally loose. Slaves tend to be employed as artisans, craftsmen and where affordable to do most manual labour – digging irrigation channels and canals, constructing and rowing ships, farming on the bigger farms, hairdressing, building and fetching and carrying, and a whole range of other tasks. Aside from privately owned slaves the city tends to own a large slave work-force, overseen by civil servants, who undertake larger public projects, such as the building of city walls. Often these city officials know little about the tasks that they are ordering others to do, and have to be augmented by overseers, from the Temples and Tablet Houses, who have the necessary theoretical, if not practical, knowledge.

Slavery

Someone has to do the heavy work. Even though Babylonian-Sin society is mainly agrarian in nature, there are also other demands – e.g., huge building projects; the maintenance of the canal and irrigation systems; etc. In addition to this the wealthy like to have their every need attended to, and even the humble small-holder might require extra labour in order to quickly sow and reap the fast-growing harvests. Slaves are used in all these circumstances, and more.



Chapter III: The Moon

Slaves are acquired in a number of ways. Firstly, there are some slaves who are descended from the slaves that the early Babylonian-Sin settlers brought with them. Although many of the slaves were Babylonian themselves, some were from conquered peoples – captured Israelite, Phoenician and Egyptian peoples who were forced to board the ships and set off on a new life with their masters. Such people were generally slaves for life, and their offspring were likewise born into bondage. Although it is possible to be freed by a master or mistress, (something that occasionally, but not always, happens, when a free person marries a slave, or a boon that might be granted to an otherwise particularly treasured slave), some of the descendants of the original slaves, who arrived on the Moon when it was first settled, still survive as distinct cultural groups. Indeed, some within these groups encourage their people to avoid compromising their identity by seeking freedom and integration.

Note: It is worth pointing out that the Israelites left Earth before the time of Moses, before the writing of what 17th century English people think of as the Old Testament, and if they do have a religion of their own, it will likely be very different to that of Earthly Jews.

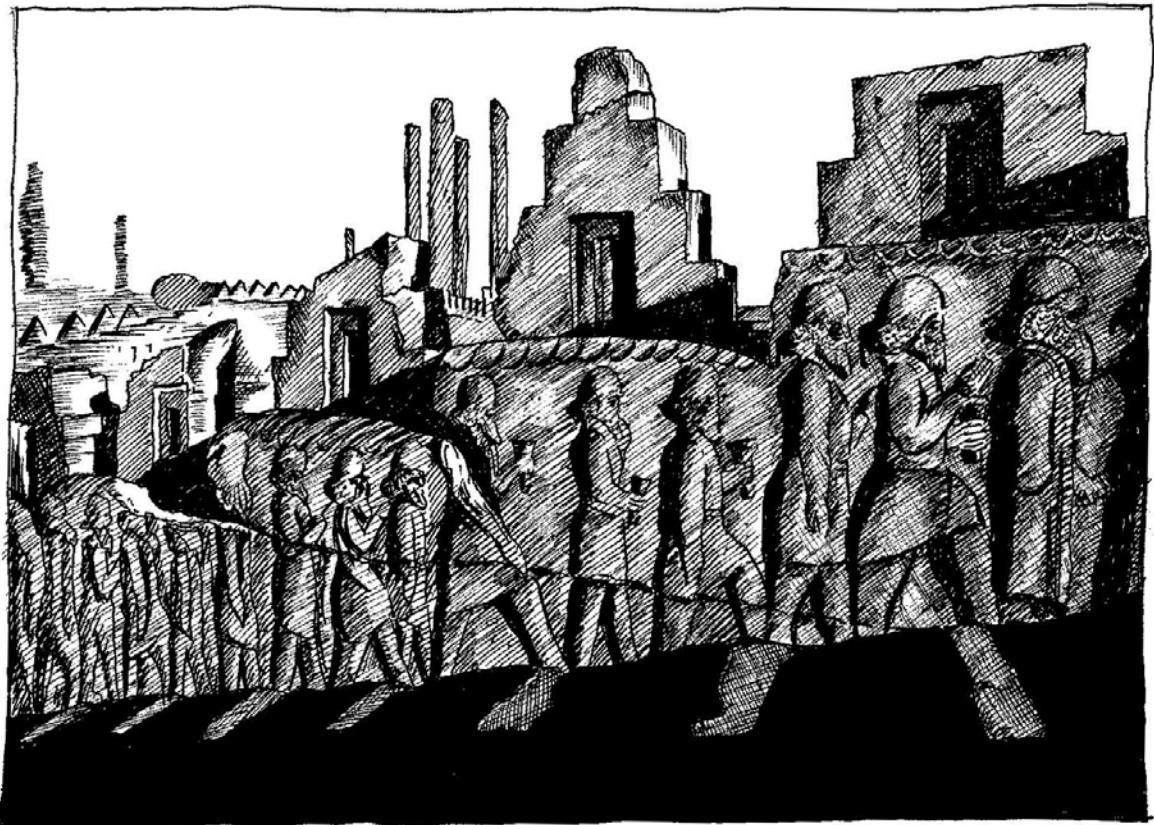
The other type of slave comes from the

Babylonian-Sin population itself. This comes about, usually, in one of two ways. Firstly, as a result of conquest. An invaded City State will find a section of its inhabitants carted off as slaves by the conqueror. These slaves are also slaves for life, their offspring, likewise, born into slavery. The other group are Babylonians who have fallen on hard times. They might sell themselves, or a relative, in order to survive. This form of slavery is not always for life, and is determined by negotiation (so, for instance, a debtor might pay his debt by selling his family into slavery for a couple of years).

Slaves tend to have rights to basic necessities and “reasonable” treatment, as well as their own harsh code of law which applies specifically to them; they can be punished for back-talking, handling a weapon, or trying to learn sorcery and a whole host of other infractions. Nevertheless, although it can be a harsh and cruel life, there have been times when slaves have survived successive bad harvests, fed from the Cities’ granaries, while independent farmers have died, unable to find the means to borrow the necessary foodstuffs.

The Assemblies

All the cities on the Moon have their own Assemblies. Aside from in Aram (see above,



p.65) the Assemblies all operate in a similar way. They are open to all “free” Babylonian-Sin City dwellers, a forum to applaud the decisions of the rulers, and occasionally air grievances (and it actually works like this, most participants go to boast and curry favour, rather than to complain). The main purpose of the Assemblies is to give some political voice to free men who are not members of the Magi or Royal elite – but they have no power over decision making (and, unlike, for example, the English Parliament, they have no revenue to withhold and no legal rights).

It would be wrong to give the impression that they have absolutely no leverage at all. Often rebellions are forewarned in the mood of the Assembly. If the participants are not positively gushing with praise it is generally a worrying sign for the ruler of the day, and it is an unwise King or Governor who does not take into account any ominous murmurings heard muttered in the recesses of the Assembly forum. Assemblies often elect a chairman, or Mayor, but this role tends to be ceremonial – the elected person presiding over the chamber rather than giving leadership to the assembled. Of course, that doesn’t immunise the chairperson from retribution in the event of a failed rebellion.

Travel

Travel on the Moon is not easy. The land is unforgiving, the sea a treacherous place. Much of the difficulty in moving around comes from the extremely varied weather. It means that extremes of temperature have to be taken into account, and ill-preparedness can have fatal consequences. That said, different cities specialise in different goods and mineral resources aren’t evenly distributed, so there is a constant demand for trade goods. Caravans of travellers and Merchants move across the land or upon the canals and rivers, for, even though there are no bandits to be feared, numbers give an illusion of security in such barren climes.

Although any caravan master worth his salt will make sure that his party is prepared, with tents, furs, food and pre-prepared Magick Warmth Stones, a network of Rest-Houses stretches between all the major cities meaning that there is seldom the need to sleep outdoors. In exchange for a little grain, a small amount of coin, and the opportunity to trade, any traveller in the Empire may stop in a Rest-House, assured of a comfortable bed, out of the elements. Rest-Houses tend to be reasonably substantial affairs, but range

from large communities on the major routes, to tiny outposts in the more remote places. Most are the size of a coaching house. They might have a shrine, again ranging from the small to the lavish, maintained by a member of the Magi; a trading area, which might be a blanket with a few goods upon it, or a large “general store”; and dining and sleeping facilities.

Travellers on the canal and, where navigable, river networks tend to sail in long, flat-bottomed, barges. These vessels often have a single wide sail, although they might deploy a small, forward rowboat, or two, when there is an unfavourable wind. Some barge owners own slaves purely for the purpose of rowing or pulling the vessel when necessary.

There are larger, ocean going ships, but trees are scarce, and those that do grow are not as large as their Earth counterparts. Furthermore, before coming to the Moon the Mesopotamians were not a sea-faring people, and the habit doesn’t seem to have taken hold now they do have more access to a coast. For land travel, horses and camels are used, as mounts, pack animals and to pull the carts and wagons.

Religion

The Babylonians are generally deeply respectful of their religious leaders – the High Priests and Priestesses of the various gods. These clerics are ranked in importance in a way that mirrors the hierarchy of the gods they represent. This hierarchy differs in importance; over time (gods coming in and out of favour); and depending on location (a city god would be particularly revered in their home city, but less so in neighbouring cities – except perhaps by slaves or travellers who remember their “home” god with affection).

The Magi, powerful magick wielders, whose enchantments make living on the Moon tolerable, are exclusively comprised of members of the various Priesthoods. The majority in Babylon are Priests of Sin, the Moon god, although most of the more influential Temples sponsor at least some Magi. As well as learning the practical Magicks, the Magi also tend to be given a rounded education which has a variety of practical applications (due to the emphasis on mathematics and astronomy, Magi, along with some bureaucrats are responsible for calculating the calendar, architectural design and city planning). People generally respect the Magi, but they are also feared, and a little mistrusted. People like



**The Gods of the
Babylonian-Sin Empire**

God	Sphere
Sin	God of the Moon, national God and City God of Babylon and Ur
An	God of Royalty and the Upper Heavens
Ellil	God of the Air
Ishtar	Goddess of Love, Sex and War, and City Goddess of Uruk
Ea	God of Wisdom and Magick
Shamash	Sun God
Tiamat	Chaos Goddess
Bau	Life-Giving Goddess
Mummu	Vizier of the Gods and God of Crafts
Kittu	God of Justice
Misharu	God of Law
Ninazu	God of Healing
Nergal	God of Disease
Tammuz	The Good Shepherd
Marduk	God of Farming
Ennugi	God of Irrigation and Inspector of Canals
Nabu	God of Writing
Apsu	God of Water
Ninkasi	Goddess of Beer and Brewing
Ninsar	“Lady Greenery” the Goddess of Plants
Uttu	Goddess of Weaving
Ninurta	God of War and City God of Kish and Lagash
Enbilulu	River God

their religious leaders to concentrate on religious ritual, rather than politics (although, in reality the religious and ruling classes have always been fairly interchangeable). Some suspect that the Magi’s power over the harvests means that they have too much power over Royalty, allowing no checks against the more corrupt Magi (as stated, it

has ever been the case, but it does not make the current wave of concern less of an issue).

The gods are too numerous, and the stories too complex, to explain the evolution of the Babylonian-Sin pantheon in any real depth. Suffice to say most gods and goddesses are portrayed as humanoids, usually with many horns (the number of which reflect their power). Some are portrayed as more animalistic in nature, and all are suspected of having the power to take on different appearances as necessary, their true states being beyond the comprehension of mere mortals.

Before leaving Earth, the “national” god of the Mesopotamian Empire was Marduk (who had risen in significance, displacing Ellil the previous incumbent). Now, despite periodic shifts in influence (usually as the result in power shifts between City States, shifting preferences among their populations, and most often due to power plays between competing groups of Magi) Sin is widely regarded as the “national” god, worshipped throughout the Empire. Traditionally the King’s daughter is the High Priestess of Sin (and if he doesn’t have one, the highest ranking female royal). The table opposite details some of the better known gods and their purported sphere of influence over Lunar affairs.

In addition each City State has its own patron god or goddess (Babylon’s and Ur’s is Sin; Uruk’s is Ishtar; Kishites and Lagashites worship Ninurta; and, the City God of Umma is Shara, who is otherwise a minor God of War, not listed in the table).

Priests and Priestesses are expected to regularly participate in rituals – some of which are complex, some more straightforward; some of which are conducted privately, others which are large public spectacles. Priests/Priestesses are regularly employed to interpret dreams (which are considered highly significant, it was after all a dream which caused the initial decision that resulted in the settlement of the Moon); to predict the future (usually through the art of Haruspicy, the examination of the entrails of ritually slaughtered animals); and to diagnose illnesses.

Magick

As mentioned previously, p.70, the Magi are the sole practitioners of Magick, and all Magick on the Moon is Quintessence Magick (see Chapter VI). The Magi are a branch of the Priesthood – certainly not every member of a religious order, or



even the Priests of every god, have access to their secrets; only the most prestigious and important Priests who worship the most powerful gods are selected to join the ranks of the Magi. Like their King, the Magi are expected to provide for the people, and are rewarded with tribute for doing so. Many secretly wonder if they have not become too powerful (mainly worrying that this is at the expense of a strong Royal family, rather than from any more egalitarian principle), but conversely are so generally awed by the mysterious Magicians that they would hesitate to express such doubts. The Magi are not above their own petty rivalries, each seeking the advancement of their own god, city and High Priest/Priestess. Magi are generally male, although High Priestesses worshipping influential gods or goddesses are privy to their secrets.

Education

For most, education will be a matter of learning how to do the job that they were born to. Farmers, Soldiers and most slaves will receive training from their superiors (usually their parents or whoever is tasked with apprenticing them, although sometimes they will receive a batch education, such as is on offer in the large palace training barracks) and at a young age are expected to be able to perform the same work tasks as everyone else. At the other extreme, the incredibly wealthy (the offspring of Royalty, Governors, High Priests/Priestesses and the very richest Merchants) will be privately tutored in the practical skills and diplomatic arts required to perform their noble duties.

For some others, a specialised education is necessary. The Tablet Houses provide schooling in the art of writing, in particular offering a long and intensive schooling in the cuneiform script. Most bureaucrats and nearly all Scribes will attend such a school (although a few will confine themselves to learning from an individual master).

In addition, Magi are taught within Temple Schools. Often these schools are attended by worshippers from a variety of gods, the more powerful Temples affording to sponsor more places than the more obscure. These schools tend to be separate from the secular Tablet Houses (due to the desire of the Magi to keep their Magick a secret), but often the teachers from Tablet Houses and Temple Schools will socialise, wishing to converse with fellow academics in the cause of increased understanding.

Some trades will be undertaken by people from a variety of educational backgrounds. Medicine, for instance, is not taught in one uniform way, some medical practitioners will come from the Temple, while some will have been apprenticed by an existing Physician, learning methods that have been handed down for generations from one individual practitioner to another (although such an education will often include some lessons in reading and writing, as only a very humble Physician, or charlatan, would practice without reference to any written material).

Gender

Women are not held to be inferior by religious authorities in the same way as they are in England, and although they might find that men have disproportionate power in certain circumstances (as there are definitely male run professions) women do generally have the same legal rights as men (see below). In most things social status and wealth are considered more important factors than gender.

That said, there are rigid views (held by both genders) about traditional roles. There is a general belief in paternalistic values – the King should be a good “father” to his people (although, again, this is cultural rather than legal, so there is redress if a woman is wronged by her husband, although shame might prevent her from complaining). Women might have the same technical legal rights, but if a wife does not defer to her husband then the whole family might be the subject of gossip and social disgrace.

More powerful roles are often taken by men – most Magi are men (although High Priestesses might have access to some Magickal secrets) and while a few Temples appoint only women to the most powerful positions, usually the reverse is true; Queens may not rule in their own right; Scribes are mainly male and there are no women in the bureaucratic professions (although high status women do sometimes undertake diplomatic duties).

So female Adventurers might find themselves being treated more equally than they had in England and their voices will carry more weight, but if they are travelling with husbands, will be expected to publicly defer to them (much as they would be expected to at home).



Festivals

Festivals tend to be highly religious, full of pageantry and ceremony, designed to bring good fortune and win the favour of the gods. Due to the sheer number of gods there are always some people engaged in one festival or another, but the larger occasions involve everyone (apart from slaves), mostly spectators witness to grand processions and ritual acts.

Significant events include the Life Festival, held once per year, during which the King is ritually stripped of his insignia, humiliated by the High Priestess of Sin (usually his eldest daughter), before being recrowned, and ritually coupling with the High Priestess of Ishtar (who will usually be his Queen). While this ceremony takes place between the King and his consort in Babylon, similar ceremonies take place in each City State and smaller city, the Governors taking the part of the monarch for the enactment of the ritual. There is also a harvest ritual, where there is a celebration of death and rebirth (although of course there are in fact many more harvests, although not individually as large, on the Moon, than there were on Earth).

There are also ritual Royal processions – if the King has to subdue an enemy he will traditionally march regularly through their lands as a reminder of his superiority. Then there are more peculiar ceremonies that only take place in specific circumstances. One of these is the creation of a Regency. The King and his consort may go into hiding when the Empire is in danger, or when their popularity has plummeted to a point where rebellion seems likely. The High Priests and Priestesses will select a pair of scapegoats; somebody to act as Regent while the King is away, and someone to be the Regent's consort. When the danger passes, or stability returns, the real King returns and the regent and his Consort are ritually murdered – attached to a large piece of Moonrock, and cast together into the Sea. Arabella and the Adventurers will find themselves embroiled in such a ritual – it is important to give no hint as to their potential fates (unless they find the specific clues/contacts to unravel the intentions of those setting them up).

Law and Order

Law is made by the King. Often this is just on the basis of nodding through traditional practices, but sometimes a new King will add extra laws, or

scrap or change others. This practice is followed unconditionally, so unless there is a rebellion the law can only be changed/reversed by the King or, on his death, his successor. Of course actual rulings are often made by local officials, rather than the King arbitrating on every petty dispute, so much is made of sifting through (centuries of) records in order to fight a case, if the individual can afford it. Legal clerks provide the presiding Administrator with advice, and then he makes a decision. Particularly influential people will be judged by a higher authority, perhaps even the King. Appeals can technically also be made to the Temple of Kittu (unless the ruling was made by the monarch), but these are seldom taken up by the Priests.

Babylonian-Sin law is generally less punitive than English law, although there are exceptions, some of which can seem to an outsider as quite eccentric. Some of these exceptions only rarely occur – for instance, although it still remains the law to amputate the arms of a surgeon whose patient dies while under the knife, it has not happened for many years, and would likely only be revived due to gross malpractice. In a similar manner the ritual execution of a temporary Regent (see Festivals, above), is a rare event, such a circumstance only occurring once in every few generations (and sometimes more seldom than that).

Generally though, the death sentence is reserved for the crimes of murder. Rape or robbery can theoretically be punishable by death, although most are spared (though persistent or high profile offenders might find themselves consigned to a life of slavery aboard a galley or down a mine). Most crimes are punishable by a fine (exact by Temple or city, depending on the perpetrator). Sorcery (where someone who is not a Magus is suspected of using Magicks) is no longer a crime, although it is considered dangerous, liable to bring down the wrath of the gods. So rigid is this taboo, any Babylonian suspected of practising non-religious Magick can expect to be completely ostracised by everyone (Adventurer Alchemists will merely be deeply suspected by the lower orders, while in the Babylonian-Sin Empire).

Women certainly have more legal protection than in England, generally equal before the law and able to inherit and own property independently. Divorce is relatively easy to arrange, and accessible by women as well as men.

Slaves are subject to harsher laws; corporal punishment, the “scouring” of the mouths of



backtalkers and branding being common punishments. Slaves have no defence, subject to the law of the householder (or proxy householder). Slave rebellion is suppressed with terrifying savagery – every slave in the household might be slain to prevent the infection of disaffection from spreading.

Polygamy is legal, although very rare. Rich men might take slave concubines without criticism, but children born from such arrangements will be born into slavery, unless the father consents to adoption. Generally monogamous marriage between social equals is seen as the most desirable and least scandalous option.

Money plays a large part in the justice system – the Administrator and clerks' time all needs paying for, and generally justice is only available to those who can afford to bring a case. The state (in the form of Temple and Palace authorities) will bring its own prosecutions, but will not sponsor others to make private prosecutions.

Rebellion

As mentioned elsewhere rebellion is a feature (be it very rarely) of Babylonian-Sin life. Such rebellion is often successful (as it rarely manifests at all, except on a grand scale). Rebellion is usually about one of two things – dissatisfaction with a current ruler (King, Governor, etc.) or dissatisfaction with a rival City State (and in particular the residents' dissatisfaction with their own leader's failure to seek adequate redress from the rival upstarts, in the form of gifts, gold and tribute). Either way the rebellion usually ends in swift repression or the overthrow and replacement of the ruler, life quickly returning to normal, as long as the new leader mouths the right words to please his new subjects.

Technology

In many ways there is little difference in the technology levels of the modern Moon-dwelling Babylonian society to that they left on Earth thousands of years before. Rather than Earth materials, buildings are made of Moonrock, mud, and a hard brick, made from mixing water with Moondust. The effect is that there is little stylistic difference, although the buildings are a drab grey rather than red-brown.

The Magi use Quintessence to create or grow what they need as far as crops, timber, etc., goes, but cannot create new, original materials. So in

Farming on the Moon

Due to the extreme cycle of day and night (see pp.68-69), it is not possible to grow crops on a yearly cycle – they would die off in the fourteen day period of cold and dark. Instead, the Magi has found a way of blessing seed so that it will go from seed to crop within the fourteen day light period. They also perform Magickal ceremonies over the crops to aid their growth. (see Chapter VI for details of the spells used). This means that farming is very hard work, ploughing, sowing, and reaping all taking place in a two week period. This is very hard on the thin Lunar soils, so crop rotation is very important.

Magi have, of course, a monopoly on the magick used to keep the crops growing – if the Magi were to be killed in an uprising, food stocks would rapidly run out and society would collapse into starvation and death. The entire ecosystem is artificially maintained by Quintessence Magick. Some rebellious types have wondered whether it would be possible for Farmers to learn the necessary spells, thereby cutting out the entire priestly class, but such mutterings are both treasonous *and* blasphemous and punished by death. While the Magi hold the monopoly on how to create magickal seed, their power remains absolute.

most areas there is less variety on the Moon than on Earth – clothes dyes, textiles, medicinal herbs, animal by-products and a whole host of everyday things, simply do not exist with the same diversity. The Babylonians are restricted by what they brought with them (aside from minerals, land and water there is little on the Moon of use), and, although their ancestors tried to think of everything, they forgot many things when they packed.

The Moon is not made of pure Quintessence, there is an admixture of the Earthly elements of Earth, Air, Fire and Water too, though in much smaller quantities than on Earth. This means that there are less minerals available. Silver is relatively common compared to on Earth, and gold even rarer. Iron is very hard to find, which has kept Babylon-Sin in the bronze age as far as weaponry is concerned.



City Life

City life buffets between extremes. On the one hand the cities are filthy, smelly places. Livestock are often crammed indoors, alongside the people, and the streets are filled with dung and rubbish. On the other hand the architecture is often stunning – huge grey buildings, sometimes adorned with metals or dyed hangings, but more usually covered with evocative relief sculptures, provide a stunning skyline, while there are exquisite parks and gardens, carefully tended by highly skilled (mainly slave) gardeners, in the richer parts of the city. Many buildings look very impressive from the outside, but once within can seem very oppressive, there are few windows due to the weather extremes, so little natural light, and often part of the building is given over as a temporary animal shelter.

Cities tend to have been built on a grand scale, well spread out and meticulously planned. As populations have grown, the poorer areas become more crowded and overbuilt, once wide roads giving way to narrow streets due to ramshackle extensions and precarious over-building. (Poor people can't afford to employ builders in the same way as the rich, and the rich certainly don't want to spend their money on building homes for the poor, so instead the poor often build up their dwellings themselves, even if they lack the skills to do so safely).

There are no huge extensive permanent markets, but when large trading caravans arrive people

clamour to see what luxuries might be on offer. Spectacle tends to be religious or ceremonial, theatrical elements to these ritualised occasions providing a narrative and reinforcing the shared values of the population. Music, dance, sculpting and literature are the main spheres of non-religious artistic endeavour. There are exhibitions, often of the work of the most renowned sculptors. People tend to enjoy their beer in the privacy of their own homes, although all but the rich often come together to eat communally, taking their individual pots to be heated in communal ovens and sharing a meal alongside people from a similar social position.

Customs and Manners

For Adventurers from Seventeenth Century England, Babylonian-Sin customs and codes of behaviour pose a host of potentially difficult, and possibly fatal, pitfalls. The Games Master should feel free to develop further local social codes. Part of the fun in adventuring in a culture that, to the Adventurers, is so exotic, is the potential for diplomatic misunderstanding and embarrassment.

On the one hand, deferentialism and knowing one's place is paramount (so Royalist Adventurers should feel right at home). Despite their parochial rebelliousness, most people are more prone to agitation if things aren't working how they should, rather than wanting to change the system. So a King unable to be a good father to his subjects, a Magus who fails to appease the gods, a Farmer who withholds tribute, would all be seen



Chapter III: The Moon

as scandalous. Pride is extremely crucial to everyone. Every city's inhabitants think that their city is superior to the others, and if it ever becomes apparent that this is not the case, there is big trouble.

Adventurers will automatically be assumed to come from a more ignorant and less sophisticated culture, and if anyone challenges this, for instance by pointing out that they have managed to travel to the Moon, they will be frowned upon. Likewise, the Babylonians might politely listen for a minute or two to an Adventurer's religious opinions, but they have quite enough of their own gods already to be worrying about worshipping a foreign one.

Ceremony is seen as vitally important to everybody – long, drawn-out rituals accompany much of public life, and mocking or failing to abide by the requirements of such occasions might carry a penalty ranging from public censure to execution.

Adventurers might be bemused by the demands that the Babylonians make on them (and each other). Despite the painstaking deference to position that typifies much of the relationship between people, there is no lack of bluntness when it comes to demanding favours, money or other gifts. Such behaviour might seem rude, but it is an accepted facet of society. Adventurers will have to be careful how they refuse such demands (generally it is thought best to smile, nod as if agreeing, then change the subject. Particularly wealthy individuals will be expected to meet their

obligations, but if there is no obligation then the request can be politely ignored, never vocally refused. Generosity will seldom be appreciated, instead further and more numerous demands will be made of the giver).

Dress and grooming codes abound. For instance, most men will have long hair and a long beard (well groomed and decorated with braiding); many Priests have shaved heads and chins, while eunuchs have hair but no beard. Babylonians will tend to assume that the Adventurers follow a similar rule. All but the poorest dress according to their status and the prevailing fashion (which is always conservative/traditional).

Arabella in Ur

Arabella Blackwood has been busy since she arrived on the Moon. She has ingratiated herself with the local ruling class in the City State of Ur. She is aware that she is vulnerable to the political machinations of the Babylonians, but she has found support among disaffected (due to their resentment of vassalage to Babylon) Urites.

History

There should be plenty of information here to run an adventure set on the Moon, but if you want to know more about Babylonian history and culture, a good jumping-off point is *Gateway of the Gods: The Rise and Fall of Babylon* by Anton Gill; it has lots of splendid pictures to show your players, too.



Chapter IV

In which our heroes arrive on the Moon and are greeted by the representatives of an ancient civilisation

*“Who is there, my friend who can climb to the sky?
Only the gods dwell forever in sunlight.
As for man, his days are numbered,
Whatever he may do, it is but wind.”*

– The Epic of Gilgamesh

The Adventurers have landed on the Moon. They have crashed near a ziggurat city, Kahlu, one of the satellite cities paying tribute to Babylon itself. Whereas the truly great cities have gardens, parks and markets, satellite cities tend to be more contained affairs – the Magick necessary simply to grow crops around the nucleus of the ziggurat is more than enough for the reduced number of Magi (in Kahlu, a dozen) in such a habitation to cope with. The city is still larger than most of the towns in England, people living in close crowded proximity to each other during the cold weather, then pouring out of the city, to grow and reap their crops during the hotter weather.

This chapter details the “first contact” between the travellers from the *Enterprise* and the Moon dwellers. They will meet the Arch-Magus of Kahlu, Ashurub, who, if they can accept the Babylonian’s foibles, may turn out to be an invaluable ally. They will discover that Babylon itself is but a few days journey away, that messengers have been sent to the mighty city, and that they will be travelling there to meet the most powerful folk on Sin. Before undertaking the journey to Babylon, they will experience life in a

ziggurat city and learn a little about how the Babylonian-Sinnites manage to survive on the Moon.

While running this and the subsequent chapter, remember to emphasise the strange environment the Adventurers find themselves in. Having come this far, they deserve to experience the peculiar, exotic, landscape and culture before they must leave once more. Much of this background is detailed in the previous Chapter, III. The sections below, *Moon Features* and *Moon Manners*, provide some reminders of the main themes to emphasise.

Moon Features

One of the things the players will want to know about is gravity – on the seventeenth century Moon, gravity is the same as it is on Earth. This is partly because people at this period didn’t know much (or indeed anything!) about how gravity worked, but mostly to save having to worry about the differences low gravity would make to the *RuneQuest II* rules!

Be sure to keep in mind the changes in light and

temperature through the days (see the table on pp.68-9), the barrenness of the land outside the agricultural fields, and the sparsity of wildlife – there will be some migratory birds recognisable from Earth, particularly swifts and swallows, but most animal life is restricted to cattle, sheep, goats, rabbits and camels.

Moon Manners

Babylonian culture is not something that the Adventurers will be likely to be familiar with (let alone Babylonian-Sin culture). Whereas some Greek and Roman philosophy and history is available for study in English universities, Mesopotamian history isn't. That is, aside from what is in the bible – and as the Old Testament was written by tribes who found themselves competing with, and enslaved by, Mesopotamians, such tales tend to be less than sympathetic to the Mesopotamian point of view. Indeed, it is likely that if the more Godly travellers realise that Moon culture has developed from ancient Babylonian culture, they will struggle not to allow biblical prejudices to inform their attitudes towards the Babylonian-Sin dwellers.

On a more basic, day-to-day, level, there are certain differences in the culture which the Adventurers might struggle with (as indeed will the Babylonians struggle with Earth customs). Important Babylonians may seem very arrogant and very pushy. Adventurers shouldn't (but probably will) take this pride the wrong way. It is simply the cultural norm that people demand tribute given any opportunity and emphasise their own community's superiority over all the others. It may grate, but it is not so different than the courtly airs displayed in many Earth cultures (although, in England it didn't get the last monarch very far). Also, Babylonian-Sin culture emphasises stability (despite the occasional rebellion). The coming of the travellers might be greeted (seemingly) with official celebration (although, as shall be revealed, all is not as it seems), but in fact on a deeper level, most Babylonian-Sinnites will be uneasy about the occurrence.

Babylonian-Sinnites do not particularly like difference or strangers. In such a static society such things are viewed as a threat to the good order of things. Although there will be some people who are genuinely pleased to meet with the party (after all, there are always exceptions to every norm) most will be feigning pleasure at

such a meeting, and will be glad when the strangers and their strange vessel are gone again.

Communication

To have any chance of communicating with the Babylonian-Sinnites, the Adventurers will need to employ the Babel Amulets supplied by Abel Tasman (see p.52.) These devices work like a charm (pun intended). As there are not enough for all the crew, this reinforces the belief that Abel and the adventuring party are demi-gods – capable of speaking the native language, and indeed, able to speak any tongue by virtue of their semi-divinity; while the Soldiers, Sailors and other passengers from the *Enterprise* are merely servants or slaves, brought to do the bidding of their superiors. If the Adventurers for some reason don't employ the Babel Amulets then they too will be seen as dumb brutes – for the truly divine are fluent in every language, or, at the very least, in the chosen language of the gods, which is, of course, Babylonian.

Living Gods

What prevents the Babylonians simply stoning the travellers to death and stealing all their belongings, aside from Fordhampton's muskets, is their belief that the visitors might be "Living Gods". The Moon dwellers' own origins are the subject of legends. Even though they have written records, they refer to a time so long ago that the language has evolved, and details are lost, contested and subject to different interpretations. One thing is clear though, the ancestors came from the Earth above, and many of the old gods clearly reside on Earth. Arabella's and now the *Enterprise's* arrival possibly signify some of these gods deciding to visit their people. If nothing else such origins are not only fantastical from the point of view of the Babylonians, but also symbolic – the gods have allowed such a visit and their purposes in such an act must be carefully divined and interpreted.

The Magi have encouraged this thinking, although with a twist (see, *A Marriage Made in Heaven*, Chapter V, p.101). The travellers are believed to be semi-divine, a part of a ritual tale which will unfold through the next two chapters, but the Babylonian-Sinnites have a pragmatic view of godhood. As gods come in and out of fashion, so to does the trend of ascribing semi-divinity to human beings. Various royals and Arch-Magi have in the past claimed demi-god status, and certainly many of the more significant ancestors



have been considered such. This has not however meant much difference in their everyday treatment – indeed one or two divine rulers have been subject to violent overthrow and an ignominious end. Although Ashurub is not privy to the plans that Hammur and the leading Babylonians have for Arabella (and, in time, for one of the party members, again see p.101) he is aware that Ishtar herself is rumoured to have landed from the skies, in human form, in the City of Ur.

Running a Mini Campaign on the Moon

This book covers the events regarding the Adventurers' stay on the Moon – their initial stay in the ziggurat city; their journey to Babylon; some encounters in the city, including their meeting with the great and good in Babylon, and a brief visit from Lady Silver; Lady Silver's arrival and the *Marriage of the Gods*; and the finale, which involves Lady Arabella's allies attacking Babylon and a frenzied escape.

Of course you may wish to run a longer adventure on the Moon. There is no reason that the Life Ritual and the "Divine Wedding" can't be timed to run later. You might decide to let the Adventurers spend longer in the ziggurat, Babylon, or let them roam further afield.

If you are feeling really inspired, you could even run a campaign on the Moon independent of the Kingdom and Commonwealth campaign, a pure Babylonian-Sin adventure, but that, as they say, would be a whole other story.

My Stones are Broken

Alchemists will find that now they have arrived on the Moon their Philosopher's Stones begin to lose their potency. All non-Quintessence stones lose one Magick Point per week while on the Moon. Alchemists will notice the drop in potency (although may not work out the reason for it). If Alchemists attempt to create a Quintessence Philosopher's Stone, they will come up against fierce resistance, if they are not very surreptitious about it. The Magi have a monopoly on such creations and will not be pleased for outsiders to dabble in their esoteric business. (Arabella has managed to secure local support for her own experiments, but this is partly due to the Urites belief that she can help them overthrow the yoke of Babylonian rule, and partly because she is very persuasive). Nevertheless, such an attempt by an Alchemist Adventurer is possible, but see the

rules in Chapter VI for the difficulties involved.

Evacuation

The last you remember was the terrible splintering of the Enterprise as it crashed onto the Moon's surface and the looming structure that it seemed you must smash into. Shapes are shuffling all around you, you realise that everyone experienced the same concussion as yourselves, and now slowly the crew are stumbling to their feet. Your ears are still ringing. The deck seems dangerously unstable and is precariously pitched over to one side. It seems Abel and the Master have survived, they are shouting orders.

"Stand to! Release the ladders! Report please, Master MacDonald! Report please, Master Jacks!"

It's hard to tell in the darkness how much damage the Enterprise has sustained, but the strength of her hull has saved your lives. You realise you are shivering violently and your breath is frozen. As well as being shrouded in darkness, the Moon's surface is bitterly cold.

A Young Midshipman, Richmond if he is still alive, approaches the party and explains :

"Excuse me, Sirs, the Captain says we should disembark. If you could make your way to the ladders. He says it's urgent!"

The ship is being evacuated. Abel hasn't managed to properly assess the situation yet, but he has been able to determine that the *Enterprise* has landed on some sort of icy river or swamp, and that she may slide over on to her side any minute. He feels the best plan is to evacuate, assess casualties and then to see what can be done with the vessel. Ladders have been tossed over the side, and an advance party of marines are attempting to tie off some netting to the near shore (which is only a few metres away) so that the crew can scramble down. Some of the crew are badly injured, as are many of the Engineers. MacDonald will report that *"it's carnage down there sir, it breaks me heart, it fair does. The mechanism is badly damaged and some o' the lads are nae ganna twizzle a spanner again."*

If the Adventurers are worried about retrieving their possessions, then they will be reassured that they might return when it is safe to do so, but for now they need to get to solid ground. The ziggurat looms large ahead, but the angle of the boat, the darkness and the scramble to disembark should



take up most of the party's attention and prevent the Adventurers getting a proper look at the landscape. Feel free to request Athletics rolls (+20%) to avoid minor injury as they make their descent (1D3 damage to a random hit location). Once they reach solid ground, read the following:

You join those already on the shore, who by now number most of your fellow passengers. Aside from those sailors overseeing the disembarkation, who are too busy to dwell on their environment, nearly everyone else looks stunned and bemused. Fordhampton is forming up his soldiers on the shore, but by the holes in the ranks, it looks as if their quarters were badly affected by the crash landing, only half their number seem fully fit. Sir Hamble is still managing to moan at Angmering, saying, "I always said the bloody thing wasn't fit to fly!"; meanwhile, Lady Abigail is attempting to command passing sailors to hurry and fetch her valuables.

As you catch your breath you at last have an opportunity to properly look around. You realise that you are but a hundred yards from a huge stepped pyramid, a ziggurat. It looked to loom even closer as you landed, but you realise that the illusion was caused by the grand scale of the thing. You cannot make out the details, due to the gloomy darkness and shadows, but it is a truly impressive structure. As your eyes begin to adjust, and the crew begin to erect lanterns, Abel and his officers gather and begin to assess the damage to the Enterprise.

The ship is in fact badly damaged, but not beyond repair. The hull has been breached; the Clockwork apparatus has received enough of a knock to come apart in places and mesh together in others; and the wings are broken. A number of the crew (about a dozen) have perished in the wreckage, torn from the deck or hit by debris; and as mentioned, the Soldiers have received casualties; although few are fatalities, mainly fractures and bruising as they flew around their billet, crashing into cross-beams and each other. Nevertheless, much of the cargo has survived (although the Sailors have hardly begun to retrieve it), the ship is not in deep enough water to fully capsize, and the gunpowder store is intact. So it could have been worse. However, without tools, assistance and a dry dock, it seems unlikely that the *Enterprise* will ever be fit to fly again.

First Contact

Have the Adventurers make a Perception roll. If successful, they will notice that there are smaller shapes, fanning out in lines from the front of the ziggurat (if not, another of the passengers will point it out).

The halflight, reflecting off the icy river surface, reveals movement in front of the ziggurat. Small shapes wind out from the structure, snaking forward in two almost symmetrical lines.

They are in fact people, the Kahluites, moving in two lines, forming a ceremonial central pathway. When they are in position, almost as one, they uncover their Light Stones, which they had covered with pots, illuminating the scene.

Suddenly there is a glare, emanating from the shapes, bright lights illuminate the snaking lines. To your amazement you realise that they are lines of people, hundreds, no, thousands of people in each of the lines, each in turn of which is two people wide, all holding strange torches, which glow far more brightly than your meagre lanterns, yet which give off no flame. The people themselves are dressed mainly in robes, they seem to be predominantly males, have lightly tanned skin, and most of them sport long flowing beards, although the men toward the end of either line, where their heads are not obscured by fancy masks and head-dresses, appear to be uniformly bald and shaven. The lights reveal the full splendour of the ziggurat behind them; the structure is exquisitely decorated with complex bas-relief and sculpture – it appears a truly remarkable construction.

Give the Adventurers a moment to speculate on what they have found, then continue:

There appears to be a small group moving, between the two lines, toward you, presumably representatives of this strange civilisation. In fact, as they move along the pathway, it appears they are being pursued, another cluster of figures hurrying along shortly behind them. They come to the end of the procession-way, and you see that the first group is led by a strange looking man. Decorated in swirling, glittering makeup, with a towering hat and brightly coloured robes, his companions erect a chair on which he briefly sits. Behind him the other group pitch up, moving alongside the first. Likewise they



begin to assemble a chair, for a harassed looking fellow, with unkempt straggly beard, who looks half-dressed compared to the first man. As he sits, the other man springs up and begins speaking, leaving his rumpled running-mate looking sourly on.

The speaker is Ashurub, the Arch-Magus, who has beaten the City Governor, Saragon-Kahlu, in the race to be first to speak to the visitors. The party happen to be the nearest to the speaker, although Abel, the only other person who, with the aid of the Babel Amulets can understand what is being said, dashes over to join them. Anyone who doesn't have a Babel Amulet merely hears gibberish, although any very well educated Adventurer might believe (on a successful Language roll) that the speaker is speaking something akin to the languages of the Holy Land.

The mystical looking man begins.

"We are especially blessed by the gods. That their avatars should visit Kahlu; that they come, no doubt bearing great gifts for the worthy Kahluites; that they should be kind and beneficent in all their dealings with myself, the most Grand Magus hereabouts. My name is Ashurub, and I am the most mighty. I also welcome you on behalf of Saragon-Kahlu, the city governor." He waves at the dishevelled man who is caught between a look of fury and a grimace.

Ashurub pauses, looking at each of you directly, in turn, before continuing.

"In so many ways we are blessed. It was written and now it comes to pass. We beseech thee to bring forth your tributes, so we might stand in awe at your generosity. We seek titles and are agasp at your anticipated munificence. For are you not lucky travellers, that you should first come amongst such mighty peoples – a sign, no doubt, of our future happy alliance and of the flowering of our mutual good fortunes. For the great glory of Marduk and all his chosen peoples, for the glory of Kahlu and her mighty ziggurat, for the glory of the whole of Sin, for the glory of the priesthood and the glory of my ascension to the highest rank within the brotherhood of Magi, we greet you with sincerity and elation. Please to follow and be our most welcome guests."

Ashurub's companions begin disassembling his chair and he begins walking back to the ziggurat, followed by Saragon-Kahlu and his

retinue. They will not at this stage talk further. (It would not be polite, the greeting is a ritual, and not the time for small-talk. If the Adventurers try to talk, and are wearing the Babel Amulets, then there will be some bowing from impressed Kahluites, but likewise they will remain silent). Trumpets blare and cymbals clash, and it is clear that you are expected to follow your host, moving along the path and ascending the steps to enter the ziggurat via one of the higher doorways, following in the wake of the rapidly disappearing High Priest.

Assuming they cooperate, then read the next passage. If not, then the crowd will urge the travellers, using hand gestures, to head to the ziggurat. Abel will order his party to follow, although he will leave some Soldiers in the freezing cold, to guard the *Enterprise* and continue evacuating the wounded (they will come in quick enough, as they will perish from exposure if they stay outside too long). Likewise, MacDonald will need chivvying by Abel to leave the *Enterprise*, but will reluctantly acquiesce, realising that the natives are both overwhelmingly numerically stronger, and that without assistance the *Enterprise* is doomed anyway.

As you proceed, the crowd reforms slightly, gathering behind you. You are herded toward a vast entrance, slightly lower down than the doorway the Arch-Magus used, a large throng at your back now. You find yourselves in a truly massive chamber, with a multitude of doors off to either side and in front of you. The crowd behind disperses, most of them heading off, above and below, to alternate entrances. A host of simply dressed men and women await you. They carry beverages, steaming towels, herbs and a whole variety of other utensils. They motion to you to allow them to tend any wounded, wash your feet, cleanse your faces and generally soothe you. As you succumb to the sweet smelling warmth of the chamber the huge doors leading to the Moon's surface shut behind you. You realise you are now entombed in a warm, bright and thoroughly alien place.

Of course the party could attempt to deviate from being herded into the chamber, but it would really not be a good time for them to start a pitched battle. The Kahluites mean them no harm, as such, and they will need to stay both to get aid in repairing the *Enterprise*, and to find out more about what is going on.

A Warm Reception

The slaves who attend the travellers will not wish to engage in conversation beyond “greetings, we wish to make your stay most comfortable”, and, “please, you are bruised, let me apply a salve.” In fact they will also be secretly assessing who can speak their language, and by changing over and passing on information gleaned to bureaucratic overseers outside the main chamber, informing their superiors as to who seems to be in charge. Although more simply dressed than some of the crowd outside, they all seem remarkably hale and healthy, courtesy of never having experienced hunger. Although friendly, they will avoid eye contact as they scurry about their business.

You notice that, aside from light-giving stones, there are others, stacked in holders, which do not give off more than a dim, warm orange glow, but that seem to pump heat into the chamber. The floor is also warm to the feet, obviously your hosts have some kind of under-floor heating system. The stonework seems to be remarkably crafted, again mosaics and bas-relief designs adorning every surface and the technical building skills are such that little warmth or light escapes the building, meaning you are cosier than you have been for a long time, although the atmosphere is very stuffy, due to both the lack of fresh air circulating and the exotically spiced smells emanating from incense burners (again heated by mini-Warmth Stones), which seem to be liberally used everywhere.

Everyone from the *Enterprise* will no doubt be in a state of shock, following the crash, but it won't take Fordhampton and Glanvelle long before they become frustrated, as their men try to replace their tattered uniforms with the robes that the slaves offer them; and the other passengers will all set to chatting/arguing as they begin to relax. While the officers go about shooing away the helpful Kahluites, a bureaucrat, Kimrin, will come to fetch the representatives selected to have an audience with Ashurub (and later, Saragon-Kahlu). There will probably be a bit of a scene. All the party (presuming they are wearing their Babel Amulets) and Abel will be invited, but no-one else.

A man arrives, dressed in grey-blue robes, with a silvery trim. He gathers your party, along with Abel, and explains.

“Mighty Ashurub would speak with you now. Please leave your companions,” he waves

around at the crew of the Enterprise, “and join him in the temple, if it pleases you.”

As you prepare to be led away, Angmering (if he is still alive) becomes very agitated. “I am the company official, you know! I should come with you.” Joanna chips in, agreeing, “I am going with my husband, I’m thinking.” It is not long before Sir Hamble and Fordhampton, then all the other passengers, start clamouring to be included.

The patient official who has been sent to summon you looks worried. He opens his palms, and speaks soothingly to Abel and yourselves, “Please, sirs. I apologise most humbly. I prostrate myself before your majesty. I am sure your slaves and concubine will have a chance to meet with his most Greatness, but I have been asked just to bring your glorious selves before him for now.” Luckily none of the passengers can understand, and Abel doesn't seem to take issue with his wife being described as a concubine. He explains to your unhappy fellow travellers, “We will not be long. Please be being polite, we are guests, after all.” You are not led out of one of the many internal doors, but rather some of the attendants, who have been looking after you, swing open the huge doors you came through, causing a great draft to sweep into the room. As you follow the official, you hear somebody muttering, “How come they can understand that gibberish?”


I Want One!

Joseph Angmering and Sir Hamble Kinsey will become increasingly frustrated if they are sidelined from all the important meetings. All the passengers will become frustrated that they cannot communicate with the native population, and if they realise they are viewed as ancillaries – servants, concubines and slaves, they will become downright livid. Play out this theme as the adventure progresses. They will make their complaints in person, as a delegation, and at some point Joseph will attempt to steal a Babel Amulet (it will take some time for this to take place, possibly on the journey to Babylon, starting on p.96). As they are probably secured around the Adventurers' necks, he will likely get caught.

Fresh Air

Exiting the vast doors your attention is immediately drawn to a formation of men, at





the base of the ziggurat. Illuminated by Light Stones, you can see they are warriors, formed into a phalanx. They are neatly turned out, seem to be giants to a man, and must be freezing, as they stand in a static block as if awaiting your inspection. They are accompanied by what must pass for military musicians on the Moon, a cacophony of noise greets you as you appear on the ziggurat steps. "The mighty and undefeated Kahluite army!" Kimrin explains proudly. You can't help thinking, looking at the phalanx, that the soldiers on the Moon seem so much more vital and strong than the ragged wretches that fill the ranks of the foote regiments, back in England.

There are about 250 warriors on parade, almost the entire Kahlu palace guard. They will remain impassively holding formation until the Adventurers leave. As soon as the visitors are ensconced once more in the ziggurat they hurriedly retire – they are absolutely freezing – but under no account will any Soldier complain or break ranks.

Aside from the display of military discipline, you get your first opportunity to survey the landscape properly. In the dim light of an almost full Earth, which shows itself intermittently through low clouds, the Enterprise is clearly visible. It seems that the freezing Soldiers have finally abandoned the vessel, but there are still a few casualties from the crash being carried, by native bearers, back to the safety of the ziggurat. Abel is almost in tears, and you can't help agree that the Enterprise, your home these past months, seems broken and tragic, slumped on the frozen river. You wonder whether it can ever be repaired.

The Moon itself is barren, grey and rocky, and you can see rounded hills in the distance, the frozen river snaking away through the barren plains. Nearer to the ziggurat you can make out what seem to be stubby, hunched trees, and you also notice, although it takes a while to adjust to such an alien perspective, that there seem to be some sort of field network, although this is only discernible due to the "fields" relative flatness and the fact that they seem clear of the rocky detritus that is scattered across the rest of the land. Aside from the dwarf trees, nothing grows here, and the soil, if soil it truly is, must be wretchedly thin. How can life be sustained in this

unforgiving wilderness?

Having given the party a few moments to be suitably impressed by the view, Kimrin will bid the party to follow him, climbing further up the steps near to the top of the ziggurat, and entering another grand set of doors.

An Audience With The Arch-Magus

You are in a smaller chamber than the one below, but that hardly does it justice. It is still a high and vast room, filled with mighty pillars, carved into giant statues. The statues are of humanoid beings, many horned with furred, feathered wings. These looming shapes look down on you as you move in between, passing what seem to be altars and shrines along the way. Some of the statues seem to be holding sheaves of wheat, others musical instruments, still more, vicious looking weapons – swords, sickles, spears and axes. Some seem to have human faces, others more animalistic visages. They seem to stare down at you, their expressions encapsulating either lofty disdain or fierce wrath, as you pass beneath.

This is the Kahlu temple. Whereas the great City States have hundreds, sometimes thousands of temples, dedicated to individual gods, in a satellite, ziggurat city, such as Kahlu, all the gods are revered in one place. Again there is adequate lighting, supplied by the Light Stones, but this time the light is carefully deployed for dramatic effect, casting fearsome shadows and tranquil interludes, tying in the atmospherics to the natures of the individual gods. There is the smell of more fresh herbs, cast in bouquets upon the altars, and incense, sweetly burning, filling the chamber.

You are led the full length of the wondrous temple, for that is what it must be, until you reach a doorway at the far side. The door is flanked by palace guards, dressed in the same fine regalia as the soldiers you observed outside, mighty warriors, all muscle and sinew, standing tautly to attention. Another clerk appears from the shadows nearby, and he swings open the door proclaiming, "Oh mighty Ashurub, Arch-Magus of Kahlu and most worthy benefactor of all her peoples. I present the divine travellers, to be blessed and awed by your kindly audience." The clerk then sweeps aside, gesturing for you to enter the room.

The room resembles nothing less than a

Babylonian office. Clay tablets are stacked everywhere, and a host of clerks skitter about. Two clerks are perched at Ashurub's shoulders, both will take notes throughout the meeting (and if there is any disparity between the two sets when their bureaucratic overseer inspects them later, then heaven help them).

You see the man who first welcomed you after the crash, outside the ziggurat, sat behind a large desk. He is flanked by two scribes, who are poised, with clay tablets and styluses. As Ashurub begins to speak, they begin noting what is said, flicking their styluses around in tiny strokes, masters at their keenly practised and delicate art.

"Ah, my honoured guests. The travellers from beyond, the gods who walk amongst us. Please, please be seated."

As if from nowhere slaves begin to bring cushions and stools for you to recline or perch upon.

Ashurub will spend his time with the Adventurers and Abel trying to find out as much as possible about them. He is sincere and fair, but may not seem to be – he adheres rigidly to custom and form, and although he will make mental allowances for any ignorance displayed by his guests, they may not realise this.

About repairing the Enterprise - *"Such a mighty vessel. And she flies! Truly the chariot of the gods!"; "Of course the finest carpenters in the whole of Sin come from Kahlu. We would be most pleased to help, but I fear that our docks are full. I think you will have to have the ship moved to Babylon. Their work will be inferior to ours, but I am sure it will be splendid nonetheless."; and, "I confess, I pre-empted your need for assistance, and messengers have been sent to Babylon to bring news of your arrival, and to allow them to prepare themselves to supply you with aid."* In fact, Kahlu just can't give the necessary help, hasn't got any docks (merely boasting a simple landing platform by the river), and the Kahluites are duty bound to report to their powerful neighbours, to whom they are vassals. But Ashurub will take great pains to avoid admitting this!

About Ashurub - *"I am a High Priest and also an Arch-Magus – the most powerful Magus in Kahlu. I know the secrets of the gods themselves, mysteries which must not be spoken aloud. Although, as divine beings I need not speak of such matters, with you, for you must know all*

truths."; *"I live to keep the old ways which for thousands of years have yielded us great bounty.";* and, *"If you need assistance, or wish to learn about our mighty city, pray come to me and we will discuss whatever interests you."* If the party press for information about Magick, Ashurub will, at this stage at least, not wish to discuss any secrets. He is, as yet, unsure as to the Adventurers' motives and characters.

About Kahlu - *"It is surely no coincidence that you have landed at Kahlu. We are most favoured by the gods.";* *"Please enjoy the city. You are welcome to view it at leisure. If there is anything you desire it will be provided.";* and, *"We eschew the river trade, so bountiful are our own harvests, we seldom require anything of the visiting riff-raff."* This last is a blatant lie, the Kahluites engage in as much trade as they can with passing Merchants. If the Adventurers ask about the bountiful harvests, Ashurub will smile and explain *"All will be revealed. It will be Dawn soon, and you will be able to see for yourselves."*

About the Babylon-Sin Empire - *"It is written that the ancestors came to Sin, and learned of her secrets. The people multiplied, as did their loyal slaves, and they settled the lands and built great cities.";* *"Babylon is said to be the greatest city of all. Although,"* Ashurub rubs his chin thoughtfully, *"of course people who say such things must never have visited Kahlu";* and *"In Babylon resides the King of all the peoples. All must revere the King."*

About Saragon-Kahlu - *"He is the Governor, the leading city official.";* and, *"He will wish to see you, he is the senior bureaucrat and will wish to conduct business with you."* Adventurers making a successful Insight roll (-20%), will detect that Ashurub is uneasy about something. Ashurub can't abide Saragon-Kahlu, but will not admit it at this stage.

About Slavery - *"We are so lucky. We have the finest slaves, trained to every task.";* and, *"Our slaves are happy, they live to serve the free and noble ones, who in return protect their property, treating it with care and diligence."*

About Abel and the Adventurers being Living Gods - *"We are blessed by your presence. It is written that at times many gods walked amongst us, now there are fewer, but it is only natural that at times you should wish to visit."* If the party try to deny their "godhood" Ashurub will smile, and gently disagree, thinking they must have been hexed to make them forget their divinity or some



such, but he will be too polite to suggest such an explanation to his visitors.

About Arabella - *“Ah, I have heard that there is another visitor. Yes, I believe she landed near Ur, a city known for its loose morals and lack of attention to formality. You will have to ask in Babylon, if you go there to oversee your vessel’s repair. It is said she is also a Living God.”*

Time to Go - Ashurub will happily spend a little time discussing other subjects, though he will stick to themes such as; boasting; asking for presents; and, avoiding giving too much concrete information at this stage. He is too sure of his own opinion that the Adventurers are gods to have any curiosity about their own homes and customs, believing he already knows all he needs to. When it is time for the audience to come to a close, Ashurub will clap his hands, and his clerks will withdraw and bring forth fresh writing tablets.

“And now my guests, I must leave you to have victuals and rest. I hope you enjoy our city, and once more bid you fond welcomes. If you could take a little time before retiring to list the tributes that you wish to bestow upon us, your humble mortal hosts, that would be perfect.”

He then nods a farewell, rises, and leaves.

This last may cause some embarrassment. Abel and the party can simply avoid offering anything, ignore the clerks or make a token gesture. It really doesn’t matter – avoiding giving presents is as common as asking for them, so no real offence will be caused, but the Adventurers won’t know that! One thing that is guaranteed to bring Ashurub onside quickly, is any gift that would be especially useful to his agrarian peoples – such as new types of seed, farm animals or plant cuttings.

After dealing with the clerks, Kimrin will take the party to their quarters, then leave them to be served fine food by Kahluite slaves (who will also offer them anything else that they desire).

Ashurub

Arch-Magus of Kahlu, High Priest of Marduk

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 16
POW 15 DEX 11 CHA 13

SR 14 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Alchemy 101%, Beliefs (Marduk) 68%, Courtesy 75%, Culture (Own) 70%, Elemental

Casting (Quintessence) 90%, Evade 55%, Lore (Astronomy) 60%, Lore (Law) 70%, Lore (Theology) 70%, Oratory 70%, Regional Lore (Babylon-Sin) 70%, Sing 70%, Unarmed 40% 1D3

Spells: Behold, Bless Crops, Bless Seeds, Laughter,

Faction: Kahlu Magi RP: 70

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5



Ashurub is the Arch-Magus of Kahlu. He is also High Priest of Marduk, the God of Farming, a common enough principal god in the agrarian satellite cities. He is dedicated to doing his best for his people. He will be unwilling to admit it, but he thinks Saragon-Kahlu, the Governor of Kahlu, is overambitious; the secular ruler’s grasping nature grates on Ashurub, who wants to see respect for Kahlu grow, but is worried that Saragon-Kahlu’s ambition will lead to a confrontation with Babylon that the Kahluites cannot hope to win. Ashurub also distrusts the leading Magi in Babylon, aware that the higher ranking priesthood and royal family tend to preoccupy themselves with power politics at the expense of their subjects. Most Kahluites respect Ashurub, realising he cares for the city’s population, but a few of the higher ranking Magi and bureaucrats believe him to be weak and irresolute, wishing they had a more bullish spiritual leader.



What Next?

The travellers will be stuck in Kahlu for nine days, until they receive the visitation and assistance of the Babylonian delegation, at which time the *Enterprise* and its former occupants will make the journey to Babylon, p.96. Until then there will be time to explore Kahlu. During this time the events in *The City Governor*, p.92, will occur, followed by *Morning on the Moon*, p.94. You may also wish to run some of the events from *Wandering Encounters in the Ziggurat*, p.91.

The party have seven days in which they will be confined to the interior of Kahlu. They will be reassured that work has begun on raising and patching up the *Enterprise*, and Macdonald, Glanville and Jack will join the freezing Kahluite workers to oversee operations. But essentially until the weather changes the main thrust of the work is to prevent further deterioration, it is simply not possible to raise the ship and Kahlu doesn't have a proper dry dock.

Following their audience with Ashurub the travellers will be given a free run of the ziggurat. Well, the party and Abel will, at the very least. The other passengers will be less tolerated, and will be expected to only travel about the ziggurat as part of one of the party's entourage; and the Soldiers and Sailors will be housed in comfortable, but more basic quarters on the lowest level of the structure's second tier. The passengers will be permitted to stay nearer the party, on the highest level of the second tier. However, the party and Abel will be housed in luxurious private quarters, while the others will be consigned to what are clearly servants' quarters, situated as to service their betters. Again frustration will build up, as the party and Abel will be continually approached, to be asked for favours and presents, and to be offered the finest foods, personal services and exquisitely crafted garments to adorn themselves with. When Sir Hamble sees the silvered platters being taken through to the Adventurers, while he is offered basic fare, he will probably explode - "*You offer me scraps while feeding those freebooters the cream. Oaf!*", hurling his plate at the slaves who have thus offended him. While the Kahluites will consider this bad form, they will expect Abel and the party to discipline their retinue, rather than seeking retribution themselves.

Of course, another thread to be explored is the reaction, particularly of the more Godly amongst the travellers, to the heathen religion of the

Babylonian-Sinnites. There will be much fulminating, against the "false idols" portrayed on nearly every surface of the architecture and general condescension of the pagan and superstitious natives. No doubt some of the travellers will wish to set up a Mission house, to attempt to convert the locals, and possibly public disorder might break out in response to some of the Godly members attempting to disrupt traditional Babylonian-Sinnite ceremonies.

While the inter-passenger intrigue should not be ignored while in Kahlu, pay particular attention to emphasising the significant cultural differences. Use Chapter III to flavour the rich Kahluite environment. Having come this far, it would be a shame not to explore the clash of cultures and the possible misunderstandings which might arise from holding such drastically different world-views. On day seven the Morning ritual will occur, and the party will be free to roam outside, and the day after, the events described in *The Babylonians Approach*, p.95, take place.

Life in the Ziggurat

The party might use their time, while confined by the inclement conditions on the Moon's surface during the "Winter" season, exploring the ziggurat city of Kahlu. The place is warm, stuffy, and only avoids being completely claustrophobic due to the height of its generally vast chambers. There is access to water, as well as heat, which is plumbed around the ziggurat, although only the very highest status Kahluites have a private supply. And there are flushable privys, which discharge their contents down vast waste pipes, which lead a long way down river, away from Kahlu. Aside from in the uppermost levels, where there are some private kitchens, most of the cooking is done in large communal ovens, heated by Warmth Stones, where either single males can place their clay cooking pots, and fetch them when they are cooked through, or women can place larger, family sized containers. Many people elect to band together and cook on an even larger scale, taking it in turns to be responsible for cooking for their neighbours.

The Kahluites are mainly engaged in agrarian activity, and those that aren't tend to be administrators or priests. There are also the ziggurat guards, who tend to stand around overseeing the bustling activity within the ziggurat. There has been little unrest in Kahlu's history, and the Soldiers tend to spend most of their time on ceremonial duty. Although they



patrol the streets there is little for them to actually do. Crime (at least superficially) seems nonexistent. Compared to London, for instance, there is a distinct absence of rabble – vagrancy is unheard of, and stern guards oversee the hard-working slaves, who seem to go about their business without complaint. The party will notice how well turned-out the warriors are (armour buffed, weapons immaculate) and also how they tend to be universally prime physical specimens (in contrast to the somewhat ragged, undernourished and haphazardly equipped troops in the English armies).

Although the Kahluites enjoy the variety of goods trade provides, they have little in the way of their own markets, just a small area where the few resident Merchants display “exotic” goods. Most of the actual trade is done with clay tokens, the bureaucrats, warriors, priests and Magi are issued these “privilege” tokens, which they can use to barter with the city’s subsidised Merchants (these traders are issued “loans” from the granaries and treasuries with which they trade with the visiting River Merchants). The slaves have no right to pay or money, although occasionally a grateful owner, or city audit, might grant them a small gift or two.

Ziggurat Locations

The ziggurat is divided into three tiers, each of which is further divided into three levels. There are other levels, below ground – the basement and catacombs.

The Basement and The Catacombs - Under the ziggurat are huge basements, storage areas, and granaries. Slaves bustle about maintaining and shifting the resources in order to feed and supply the Kahluites. They are overseen by a small army of bureaucrats, who carry out the task of continually tallying and inventorying Kahu’s resources (mostly grain, spices, limited timber supplies, etc.). Below the more organised top level chambers are more roughly hewn, narrow-stepped passageways, leading down into vaults and crypts where higher status Kahluites are eventually laid to rest (most of the lower status individuals are buried in nearby caves or simply covered with Moonrock, away from the city). There is also access to water in the basement level, diverted from the river by cleverly built irrigation channels designed to supply the population; there are work areas where Moondust and water are mixed to create clay tablets, cements and bricks; and hot rooms, where water is heated by Warmth Stones and used to supply

the hypocaust/underfloor heating system. Stern guards are posted at intervals, but they are more for show and to remind the population of their existence than to provide any real security. Kahluites know what jobs they have to do and do them. They see little point in stealing, and would be amazed to learn how the English warehouses and docks are plagued by crime.

The First Tier - The huge first tier of the ziggurat, the ground floor, houses the vast majority of the city’s population. It also houses the domesticated animals that the Kahluites farm during the dark, cold, “winter season”, and stabling for the Merchants’ horses and camels. The bottom sublevel is full of animal pens, quarters for the herdsmen, divided by large, wide, covered passages, which connect the basement with the upper levels. Although the slaves work extremely hard to keep this level clean, while the animals are in, it is impossible. Cold air is more regularly allowed to flow through, to stop the level being completely unbearable (and tainting the air through the rest of the ziggurat) and channels are used to run waste out of the ziggurat (although the Kahluite slaves store some of this waste as fertiliser). But for all the cleaning, running water, scents and Magicks, this sublevel stinks. The next level up is occupied largely by the remainder of the agrarian slaves (and is still a little whiffy). The uppermost level contains the living quarters of most of the remainder of the slave population – the porters, clerks, pleasure slaves and some of the poorer “free” population, and the stalls of the Merchants (who themselves tend to live in the second tier).

The Second Tier - The bottom of the second tier is given over to the warrior caste – the palace and temple guards, who divide their time between ceremonial palace and temple duties, standing around looking formidable throughout the ziggurat, and training. There is a training area on this level, and it is nearly always in use by some of the guards (although training also takes place outdoors when the sun is up). The *Enterprise’s* Soldiers and Sailors will be accommodated here – and it will no doubt cause some tension. The ziggurat guards, although welcoming at first, might begin to resent the overcrowding that this imposition causes, and will become increasingly frustrated by the relative lack of discipline displayed by the rabble from Earth. The next level is where the majority of the “free” population live. These are largely higher ranking city, palace and temple bureaucrats, the richer farmers (who have “borrowed” and “sold back” grain to the city



Chapter IV: Arrival

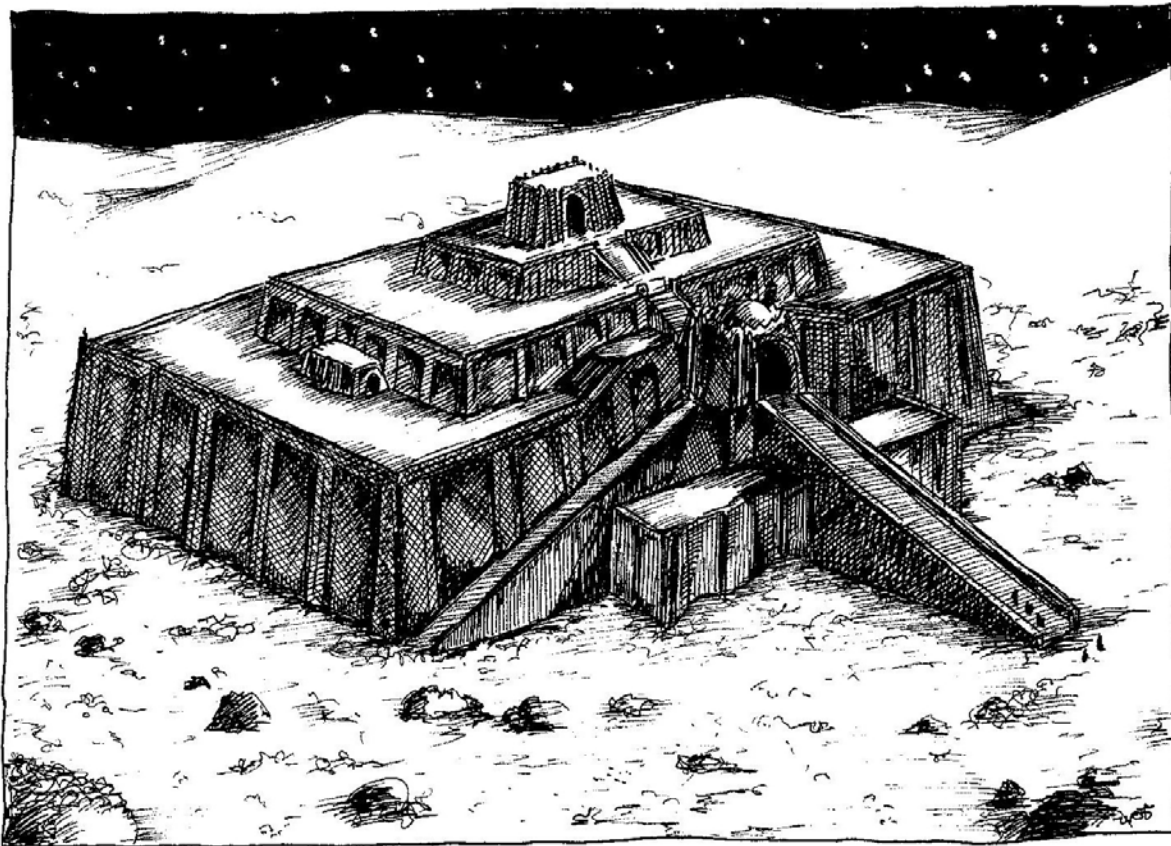
without falling foul of a bad harvest, etc.), the non-Magi priests and priestesses and the few Merchants, who have stalls below. In addition these groups have space for their families, and personal slaves. The top level of the second tier is where the Adventurers will be accommodated. There are large and comfortable guest quarters here, to which the party and Abel will be assigned (much of this area is a temporarily converted harem, where Saragon-Kahlu's concubines usually reside, so the party might make some exotic discoveries), and more humble service quarters where the rest of the passengers will be allotted a room. There are also personal slaves provided for the travellers, and most of the slaves who attend to the third tier live here (all but the most indispensable personal slaves), and Saragon-Kahlu's private harem also remain on this level (although they have been shunted into less luxurious accommodation than they are used to).

The Third Tier - This area contains the highest status dwellings and workplaces – the Governor's Palace and the Temple space. Only the Magi and Governor's family are actually permitted to live here (aside from their favourite slaves, the rest live in their separate quarters on the highest sublevel of the second tier). The Governor and a dozen Magi, including the Arch-Magus live on

the lowest sublevel, which is given over to these private palaces/quarters. They are truly sumptuous affairs. The middle level contains the temple, as well as offices for the Arch-Magus and his clerks. At various times the level is sequestered by the Magus and/or priests of a specific god, in order that they can perform the private rituals and ceremonies their particular god demands. The top level is also only used for certain ceremonial rituals, largely Magickal in nature, in particular the "Blessing of the Grains", which once imbued with Magick are used for the Morning Ritual.

Wandering Encounters in the Ziggurat

The Adventurers will be given free reign to roam the ziggurat. If they manage to befriend Ashurub, he might also walk around with them, although this will mean that the Kahluites will spend most of their time bowing and scraping rather than engaging with the party. Likewise, Saragon-Kahlu might decide to accompany the party, if he feels he needs more time with them to win them over to an alliance (the party won't be able to avoid noticing that the Kahluites are afraid of the capricious Governor). Use the location descriptions above, to give a general feel of what



can be found where. The following events might occur, either roll 1D6 or select the encounter you require.

1 - As the party travel around the ziggurat, they witness a slave being dragged off by two of the ziggurat guards. If the party enquire they will find out that the slave is from the palace of Saragon-Kahlu, accused of failing to braid the Governor's beard with due care and attention, one of the beads falling out of said facial hair, and into the Governor's sweet treat platter. The prisoner is being taken outside the ziggurat. If Saragon-Kahlu is already present he will invite the Adventurers to come with him and cast a few stones at the condemned man (otherwise, he will be travelling with his retinue, in the wake of the poor barber, and will order his retinue to halt while he makes the same generous offer).

2 - An argument is taking place. Two clerks are berating each other. One is from the basement level, the other from the palaces in the third tier. They are arguing about the release of 156 items to the palace kitchens; well, the Basement clerks tablet records 156 items, but the palace clerk claims that 157 were ordered. The basement clerk is wretchedly showing his tablet to the palace clerk, insisting "see, the order is for 156 items", while the other fellow says, "but the order was definitely for 157, see here, this is the copy that was made." When they see the party, they will fall to their knees and beg forgiveness for their lack of manners (especially if the party are escorted by Ashurub or Saragon-Kahlu). The party might be asked to shed their divine wisdom on the dispute (the fault lies with whoever made the copy of the palace "duplicate"). This might involve causing whoever is overruled to be severely reprimanded, or worse.

3 - The party will be approached by a high ranking guard. He will explain that he is responsible for organising the training of the guards, and he would like to organise a martial competition. If any of the Adventurers agree, he will organise a wrestling and archery contest (note that the guards he selects will have stats a little higher than even the generous standard stats, p.127. After all, it would not be good for morale for the Kahluite champions to be defeated).

4 - The party will be asked to hurry to sort out a ruckus. They will be taken to the upper level of the first tier, where there will be an altercation taking place between a group of Sailors from the *Enterprise*, and some clerks. The clerks manage access to the slave harems. The Sailors demand

access to the "brothel" while the Clerks try to explain (a hopeless task as no-one on either side speaks the other's language) that access is only permitted to free men, and then only with the appropriate chitty. If you want, this could develop into a fight, which the guards will intervene in. Only the diplomatic immunity provided by the ziggurat rulers' decision that the party and Abel are responsible for disciplining the *Enterprise* crew will prevent the Sailors being stoned to death. If Abel doesn't punish his unruly men, then this will cause offence.

5 - The party is called to intervene in a fight between half a dozen guards and half a dozen of Fordhampton's muskets (see Appendix for statistics). The Guards will be punished by one of them being condemned to death, a sentence to be carried out by their comrades-in-arms. Abel and/or the party will be expected to determine the punishment, if any, for the *Enterprise* Soldiers.

6 - Joanna Tasman asks for the Adventurers to attend. She explains she is worried that her husband is suffering from Moon sickness. In fact, slightly depressed by the constant darkness, he has decided to cheer himself up by getting drunk on some Kahluite liquor, resulting in him becoming morbid and irritable. He is busy offending anyone who comes in range, Kahluite or Englishmen alike "*You are deserving each other, you savages. We Dutchmen need fresh air and light, yet we are trapped in this sweating oven with its pagan customs!*" Abel will need to be calmed down before he becomes physically aggressive, orders some unreasonable punishment, or offends a Kahluite leader.

The City Governor

Quite soon after their arrival on the Moon, probably the day after landing, the party and Abel will be invited to attend the palace of Saragon-Kahlu (located on the lowest level of the third tier of the ziggurat).

Passing through an antechamber, where stern-faced guards stand to attention as you pass, you are led between wide pillars into a garish chamber, murals adorning the walls, all depicting either amorous or martial pursuits, and occasionally some perverse mixture of the two; the decoration seems to intimate a predilection for pleasure, pain and suffering. You see the dishevelled Governor of Kahlu, Saragon-Kahlu, lounging behind a low table, which is stacked with platters of candied fruits.



He lies upon golden cushions. Sprawled about him are a variety of scantily clad women and what appear to be young eunuchs. He waves them all away, although they remain hovering close by. He begs you to be seated on cushions opposite.

Saragon-Kahlu will appear much more relaxed and informal than Ashurub, attempting to ingratiate himself with Abel and the party as both a man of the world and jovial friend. His clerks will look deeply uncomfortable as he jokes, and even playfully slaps the Adventurers on the back, calling them his “most favoured good friends”. He will try to inveigle them with offers of the most seductive concubines, strongest slaves and valuable treasures. He will not pester them for gifts, initially, but will instead wave away such offers (if any are made) as immaterial to him, “for I am having such a fine time with you all, that your company is treasure in itself.”

Over time however, it will become clear that his agenda is to get the leaders of the *Enterprise* to sign an exclusive alliance with himself; that he is obsessed with finding out about, and acquiring for himself, the muskets which Fordhampton’s men are armed with; and that if he does not get his way through persuasion he will attempt threats and coercion. The entire sequence of events is not mapped out; suffice to say, if Saragon-Kahlu persists, Ashurub will act to prevent him using the guard to assault the travellers, but it should be a close run and tense affair. Initially though, he will be very friendly, and offer the following information.

About Saragon-Kahlu - “Ah, I am your humble friend. If you wish for anything, ask. I click my fingers and your wish will be granted.”; “I am the Governor, although sometimes I wish for more than this...”, he waves about, “I am born to greater things, no?”; and, “A Governor should lead his city to victories. If only we had some secret weapon with which to surprise our enemies. What weapons do you have with you? Perhaps you could demonstrate their uses?”

About repairing the *Enterprise* - “Ah, yes, most unfortunate. It seems you will be stranded here for a long time. Lucky you have a friend like me, eh? I can arrange many amusing diversions with which you might while away your time.”; “Your cargo has all been removed. It is my pleasure to store it, here in Kahlu. Perhaps we can inspect it together, ensure it is not damaged, inventorise it.”; and, “I am intrigued by the metal tubes on your ship. Some kind of weapons, perhaps?”

Maybe the weight of them caused your crash, hmm? Perhaps you could show me what they do?”

About Ashurub - “Ah, the Arch-Magus. Well, I shouldn’t say it, but he is an old nanny goat.”; “Timid and boring, not a real man, hey?” he says, patting the rear of one of his slaves, and leering suggestively; and, “He lacks ambition. We are men of the world. We could do great things if we ally together. Forget old Ashurub. He would rather content himself with farming and bureaucracy, rather than adventure, pleasure and conquest.”

About Kahlu - “A most diverting place, and with fair temptations for any man.”; “To be honest, who would not prefer to live in one of the great City States, with room to move about, and so many women that one could sleep with a different one every night, and never meet the same one twice.”; and, “We have become soft, content to fawn to mighty Babylon, when we should be demanding so much more.”

About the Babylon-Sin Empire - “We are the greatest civilisation. But our King is useless. We need stronger men, men of action.” He preens as he speaks, obviously fantasising about supplanting the King himself. “The empire has become a laughing stock. We should kill those backward Carchemishis and heretical Aramites, there is no place in Sin for such rubbish.”; and, “Everyone is obsessed by the “wonderful” Magi”, the other Kahluites in the room look very uncomfortable. “Gods have their place, but men make the world.”

About Slavery - “Ah, yes, a wonderful institution.” He glances avariciously around the room. “Such fun!”; “But of course, you must have some, we have the finest. Some nice young ladies, or perhaps you have more exotic tastes. It matters not, I will send you a variety.”; and, “Between you and me, I have no time for the temporary sort. Who wants a temporary bond, those bred into slavery are much better trained...and altogether more compliant.”

About Abel and the Adventurers being Living Gods - “Well, that’s what the old priest says, so it must be true,” Saragon-Kahlu purses his lip petulantly, obviously not believing a word of it;

About Arabella - “Ah, I heard another traveller has landed on Sin, In Ur I believe.”; “The Urites are claiming their guest is a portent of their ascendancy, time will tell.”; and, “Imagine, an expedition led by a woman. Who would want to



meet such a ball-breaker, eh? Women are built for pleasure, not adventure." He licks his lips and gives what he hopes is a seductive look to any female Adventurers. Failing that he leers unpleasantly at his slave girls.

Saragon-Kahlu



Governor of Kahlu

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 12
POW 11 DEX 13 CHA 11

SR 13 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Courtesy 60%, Culture (Own) 60%, Evade 65%, Lore (Logistics) 45%, Lore (Politics) 50%, Oratory 75%, Unarmed 40% 1D3

Faction: Self Interest (Acquisition of Power) RP: 90

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Saragon-Kahlu, the Governor of Kahlu is vain, arrogant and self-serving. This in itself would not be such a problem, but he is over-ambitious and overly boastful even for a Babylonian-Sinnite. He dreams of glorious battles (fought by his troops – he is not a fan of personal danger, even though his path might take him toward it), conquests, and regional or national (rather than localised) power. He has even mobilised his troops, supposedly preparing to take retribution on Babylon for what he considers unfittingly small presents. Although Kahlu is large, it is a fraction of the size of

Babylon (or any of the major City States) and has a tiny army, so when it comes to it, if Babylon were to call Saragon's bluff, Kahlu could be in serious trouble. Luckily the ruling class in Babylon has difficulties of its own which distract them from swatting upstart Governors at present, and anyhow, they are used to the bluster of upstart local administrators. Unlike Ashurub, who will only demand gifts from the *Enterprise* according to tradition and protocol, Saragon-Kahlu will inevitably try to demand as much as possible in the hope that the visitors can give him an edge in his political dream.

Between first arrival and the Adventurers leaving (two days after the Morning Ritual) Saragon-Kahlu will become increasingly demanding. Day one to four he will attempt to befriend the party; day five until the Morning Ritual, he will attempt to get them to sign an exclusive alliance with himself, including access to all their possessions and weaponry in exchange for his patronage and the promise of nice presents, to be bestowed, sometime never, in the future. From the Morning Ritual to the party leaving he will become more threatening (even if the party are foolish enough to make such a bargain, Abel won't allow it), desperate to strike a bargain for the muskets and cannon, before the travellers leave. He will even send assassins (for statistics see Appendix, p.127). The whole affair will probably end up hushed up. Ashurub will happily save the travellers and confront Saragon-Kahlu, but he won't bother trying to get him replaced. In a bureaucracy such as the Babylonian-Sin Empire such a move will lead to endless appeals and have little chance of success.

Morning on the Moon

After seven days confined in the ziggurat, it will be time for the Morning Ritual. Two days before the ritual, the sun rises.

All sense of time has become distorted by the constant grey dimness outside, and the lack of windows in the ziggurat. The Kahluite system for allotting workshifts, and the ever present sand and water timers are your only means of measuring time through the days of darkness – leading to a depressingly artificial and unreal sensation, reminding you of the alien nature of your temporary home. You have come to wonder if you are to be forever imprisoned by the cold and darkness.

Then one day, the doors of the ziggurat are

flung open, bringing fresh air into the stuffy interior. And more than that – light! The eastern horizon is a glory of red and gold as the sun begins its stately fourteen day journey across the sky. Though it is still icy cold, there is a feeling, almost like spring, in the air. Your assigned personal slaves explain that once the ice has melted, in about forty eight hours, the Morning Ritual will begin.

Two Earth-days later, The Kahluites and invited travellers assemble on the outside of the ziggurat. The air is warmer now, like a cool day in early spring.

In the golden glow of the risen sun, you can see the broken Enterprise, and it looks as if little progress has been made in repairing the vessel. The ice around it has melted, and it has sunk a little further into the boggy ground. Out on the plain before you, you can see figures, scattered about the flat expanses of pitiful, scratchy dust, which seem to make up the Kahluite field network. The river is in full spate, and canals carry water from the fields, where puddles still stand from the melted ice.

Before long there is the sound of music, discordant and grating, but music nonetheless. It seems to come from the very top of the ziggurat, the uppermost level of the highest tier. Then Ashurub and a small group of Magi appear at the top of the ziggurat. Their robes are trimmed with small mirrors which glitter and sparkle in the sunlight. A roar of approval comes from the crowd.

Then, everyone falls to their knees, as the Arch-Magus begins his descent from the top of the ziggurat. Only when he and all of his retinue has left the bottom step does everybody stand once more.

Next, slaves bring forth sacks of seeds, which they begin distributing to waiting workers in the fields. As the grains are distributed, and they begin to be sown, Magi wander the fields, chanting as they hold aloft their philosopher's stones. The ceremony lasts hours; no food or drink is on offer and though the air is still cool, you can feel the sun burning your exposed skin. Saragon-Kahlu seems to have slunk off, no doubt retiring to his harem. Yet, you realise you are witnessing a miracle. In but a short time, the barren land seems to have changed, fertile soil replacing the dust that reigned before, and, unbelievably, in the nearest fields, small shoots are already visible,

poking up into the sunlight. Vines begin to curl up their poles, and the dusty trees that appeared long dead show a fuzz of bright green leaves. Now the fields begin to fill up with farmers, who begin to divert the canals down irrigation channels, and tend to their fledgling crops. As the day draws on, a few of the animals are released, to fresh pasture, hastily cordoned off by sweating slaves. As you begin to wilt in the sunshine, Ashurub returns, with a small retinue of priests (the other Magi aren't finished yet) and he smiles, and invites you do join him in the Morning Feasting.

As might be expected, the Morning feast is a fine affair, even more indulgent than usual.

Over the next two days, little will happen, aside from some intimidation from Saragon-Kahlu, although the *Enterprise* will continue to be patched up from the inside, in order to prevent further damage, and the party might create their own diversions in the ziggurat. Eventually though, the envoys from Babylon will arrive, and soon thereafter it will be time for the party to leave. The party might also find, as long as they haven't made a habit of alienating him, that they become closer to Ashurub. As the Arch-Magus begins to understand a little more of the travellers' world and mission, he will begin to realise that, although different, and undoubtedly inferior, the travellers aren't bad people and deserve to have somebody wise in the ways of the Babylonian-Sin Empire to look out for them, lest they fall foul of the various powerful plotters that abound in the highest echelons of Babylonian-Sin society.

The Babylonians Approach

Two days after the Morning ritual the travellers are summoned outside again.

The Sun burns brightly, too brightly really, you find yourselves needing to cover your baking heads, as you stand outside, awaiting the arrival of the Babylonian envoys. Though it seems only a few days since the land was dark and frozen, now the air is balmy as an English summer day, and redolent with the scent of growing things. The river is swollen to twice the size it was when frozen, assumedly due to ice melting down from the hills around Kahlu. Supposedly these visitors will help you repair the Enterprise, but from what you have seen since landing on the Moon, there seems little hope of it. Looking around, away from the river, you notice the the crops are looking



abundant in the field, see goat-herds and shepherd boys, tending their livestock in the distance and observe overseers, dotted about, some on horses, others on camels.

After some interminable standing around, in the distance you can see the arriving Babylonians. Perhaps you underestimated them. They are travelling in huge barges, bedecked with glorious triangular sails, smoothly gliding toward the humble landing platform, which juts aside the river, near the ziggurat. Ashurub motions for you to join him.

Once the party assemble near the makeshift pier, the Babylonians will begin their disembarkation.

You are amazed to see the sheer number of barges that have made the journey. There are so many, and yet only room for one to moor up by the platform. It doesn't seem to worry the visitors, though. Skillful sailors begin mooring the barges all along the riverside. Troops pour out of the boats, and the assembled phalanxes are awesome to behold. There are perhaps ten times the number of men, escorting this envoy mission, than the whole of the assembled Kahlu guard. The Governor sourly moves down to meet one of the envoys, by the massed ranks of the visiting army, while Ashurub takes you to meet the priests who have disembarked on the landing platform.

Ashurub will perform his usual greeting, demanding tribute from the visitors, who will indeed order the distribution of sacks and barrels of food, drink, dyes, perfumes and even gold. Ashurub will be very pleased at this, and it won't be long before Saragon-Kahlu abandons his military envoy, to "supervise" the storage of the tribute.

The Babylonians haven't sent any high ranking Royal or diplomat, the power-brokers in Babylon reluctant to leave the city to their rivals at present, but:

While slaves help unload the tribute from the barges, you are presented to a host of Babylonian representatives. They all seem to be high ranking officials, dressed in finery. They all respectfully greet you, and assure you they can help move your vessel to Babylon and oversee its repair, wish you and your household countless blessings, and offer any service that you might require.

In fact none of the officials are particularly important. They are there to oversee the safe

delivery of the *Enterprise* and her crew, and will see that this is expedited efficiently. They are under instructions to say little more to the travellers, their superiors settling for sending such a delegation, rather than jockeying for the travellers' ears on the river. They figure that the less their envoys are told, the less chance of scaring the travellers off at this stage.

Over the next twelve hours, preparations will be made to move the *Enterprise* and those it carried, away to Babylon. The envoys will attend an extended dinner in their, and the Adventurers', honour. The Babylonians meanwhile build impressive cranes, which they assemble from the components that they carried with them, and they lift the *Enterprise*, turn it, and settle it between four barges. They also move the travellers' cargo aboard the barges, allowing the Quartermaster to check as they do so, and arrange for the party and *Enterprise* passengers to be moved to a large, sumptuous boat, at the head of the convoy (and the Soldiers and Sailors to their own behind). Again, they are more crammed in than the party, but, to be fair, less than they were on the *Enterprise*.

Ashurub, possibly to the surprise of the Adventurers, will explain he is coming with them to Babylon. He will travel in the same vessel as them, and try to keep an eye on them, and ensure they are not taken advantage of. He is starting to see the travellers as "his visitors". In fact Ashurub will also need to be present at the Life Festival in Babylon, although he does not realise, yet, that the ritual is the reason for his being summoned to the capital. Saragon-Kahlu, hopefully thwarted in his attempt to steal the muskets and cannon, will remain at Kahlu, fuming to himself.

To Babylon

When all is prepared, it will be time for the travellers to leave the ziggurat:

You find yourselves on the smooth deck of a wide barge, sheltered by cloth hangings, handed sweet liquors chilled with ice (juice for the tee-totallers), by slaves who must have been selected for their physical beauty, as much as their serving skills. The Kahluites, who are ranged on the surface of their ziggurat, wave you farewell, and musicians play a cacophonous goodbye dirge as you glide up river. The motion of the river is hardly noticeable, such is the strength of the rowers below. As you leave the ziggurat city's lands, you have to force yourself to remember

you are on the Moon, and not in paradise. You are helped in this, however, for as you leave the rich farmland, the terrain quickly becomes barren – a grey, rocky expanse of rounded rolling hills and gravelly plains. Still, with the sun high in the sky, and the sweet refreshments, you might reflect, perhaps it is not so bad here.

Life on the boat will be luxurious. The party will be treated to excellent food, much more varied than the fare in Kahlu (which was by no means unpleasant). Slaves will attend to their every whim, and their hosts will stay in the background, offering polite assistance if the party require it. Aside from a stop at the Resthouse (“to see a traditional Resthouse is a pleasure that should not be missed.”) little will occur during the journey.

“The Most Welcoming of Breaks” Resthouse

The Adventurers may find the constant daylight as disorientating as the long darkness that preceded it. They will likely find themselves napping at the wrong times and becoming tired, sticky and uncomfortable as a result, although the slaves will offer to bathe them, using especially provided towels and bowls of fragranced water. They have long left the fields and stubby trees behind them, and the monotonous landscape makes it hard to gauge distance. The only signs of life are the water-reeds; it appears the Moon lacks much in the way of native flora and fauna. The oarsmen work continuously (well, actually they work in shifts, but the effect is an unbroken progress toward Babylon).

After a couple of days journeying in this fashion, the weather warming up all the while as the sun rises in the sky, the convoy approaches a large building aside the shore, reminiscent of an old fashioned English Long Hall. Ashurub suggests:

“Ah, The Most Welcoming of Breaks Resthouse. Perhaps we should take the opportunity to visit. These buildings are fine examples of the traditional Resthouse dwellings that run across the Empire. We might take sweet mint tea and a sugar biscuit, and you would have an opportunity to enjoy the hospitality of the honest Sinnite.”

In fact, Ashurub is stalling. For all his pomp, he is concerned about visiting Babylon. He received a summons from the envoys, requiring him to report to the Arch-Magus of Babylon, Hammur, and he

is not relishing the prospect. He suspects that the powerful Babylonian will want him to report on the visitors from Earth, and is worried about what nefarious schemes might be afoot. He is hoping he might have a private word with the party and Abel, away from the no-doubt prying ears of the slaves, some of whom are probably Babylonian Spies. Still, if the party insist on not visiting the Resthouse, he will not argue the point.

The Babylonian envoys will be a little disconcerted about being asked to hold up for a while. But they will not be too bothered, they are used to indulging the whims of the Babylonian Royal and priestly classes and will patiently wait aboard their boats until the visit is over. Aside from Abel, Ashurub and the party, no-one else will leave the barges (the envoys are not prepared to indulge the other passengers, Soldiers and Sailors from the *Enterprise*, there is a limit to their patience).

If the party decide to make the stop, read the following:

Your vessel begins to slow, moving alongside the landing platform, which in turn leads to a door in the Resthouse. The slaves on your barge assist you in leaving the vessel, and Ashurub waves away the guards that move to accompany him. “I hardly think I need protecting in such a humble place. We wish to sup tea, not draw attention to ourselves.” This seems rather odd coming from Ashurub, who usually likes to undertake every task with pomp, ceremony and musical accompaniment, but the guards politely step away, allowing you to complete your progress to the door without them.

The interior layout of the Resthouse is simple enough.

You are in a long rectangular hall. On the far wall, opposite you, are a line of doors (leading to guest bedchambers). There are stairs, which must lead up to an attic (where the owners sleep). The main hall is divided in two. The larger side of the division has a desk area, cooking space, and an ample cushioned area, where a couple of people (Hattusilis, the Administrator and Ruth, the guest) recline. The smaller side of the division, separated from you by a low wall, looks as if it is used for housing livestock, although there are no animals evident at present. Despite being clean, and herbs and incense being used to freshen the place, the vaguest smell of the



stable lingers. There seem to be two other exits from the building, one large doorway leading out from the animal pen, and an ordinary door, beside the bottom of the steps, near the reception table, toward the back of the hall.

A friendly young woman approaches you, smiling broadly as you enter. "Please honoured guests, welcome to our humble abode. You are most welcome here. May countless blessings be bestowed upon you!"

All is quiet at the Resthouse at the moment. They only have one guest, and the owners will be keen to make some money from the party.

The woman introduces herself as Naqia, the Resthouse Administrator's wife. She breaks off to have a few stern words with the older man, who is seated beside a young woman on the cushions. Embarrassed, he gets up and introduces himself as Hattusilis, the Resthouse Administrator. He explains he has records to update, and you can't help but notice that his pretty young wife scowls a little as he explains that she would be happy to give such distinguished guests a tour of their little dwelling.

Ashurub will look most unimpressed by this breach of etiquette, but the lazy administrator wanders off, going to sit behind his desk where he will merely pretend to work. The tour seems overly long, especially considering the size and basic layout of the place. Obviously Naqia is hoping for a tip at the end of the visit. The "tour" comprises of a glance into the roof space; a look at a guest room, with its cushion bed on the floor; a glance at some of the fine wares the party might like to buy before they leave (mainly sets of beads); and even a look at a low thatched privy, situated just outside the back door. Ashurub doesn't seem to mind the tone being lowered in such a way. Indeed he almost seems proud of the quaint Resthouse, its traditional structure perhaps the source of his pride. At the end of the tour, Naqia will suggest that the group might like to take tea.

The cushions are arranged in a manner that makes sitting down communal, while at the same time the space is large enough that a group can sit together at one side of the arrangement and talk privately. Ashurub, although instinctively knowing that it is rude, will take the option of sitting as far away as possible from the woman already occupying the cushions. He isn't comfortable breaching etiquette, but wants to

speaking to the Adventurers privately.

Ashurub bids you to sit with him, opposite the female guest perched on the far side of the cushioned area. She seems engrossed in examining some clay tablets, seemingly making amendments with her stylus.

In fact the woman, Ruth, is merely doodling, listening intently, so that she might garner some information on who these new arrivals might be. She watched the convoy arrive, and realises they must be important. She is also aware that the robes and hat worn by Ashurub are those of an Arch-Magus.

"I promise you my friends, you will never have tasted anything as exquisite as Resthouse tea. It has the most sublime flavour." Naqia scurries off to brew the pot, and Hattusilis still sits at the desk, engrossed in his record keeping. Ashurub then lowers his voice, "I apologise for the subterfuge, but I wished to speak with you alone, away from the boat." The woman opposite looks up, and probably sensing that she is intruding, gathers up her things and heads off to the guest rooms.

In fact, Ruth can't hear a thing, so she heads off to her room to bundle together her stuff.

Ashurub has been reflecting long and hard, and decided to mention that the party will likely meet Hammur, the Arch-Magus of Babylon once they reach the city. He wants to warn the party that they mustn't trust the Arch-Magus, but is unsure how to do so.

Ashurub starts, "It is difficult, my guests, but you must be excited about the prospect of visiting mighty Babylon, and I wished to give you an opportunity to ask questions privately about what you might expect once there."

The Party should be able to tease out of Ashurub the warning he is trying to give. Make the conversation subtle, but eventually, after much procrastination, he will say:

"Hammur is subtle and sly, like a snake. Beware the vipers in Babylon, for they are many and their faces countless." The Magus looks worried, "I apologise. Perhaps I have said too much. I respectfully ask that you do not mention what I have told you. I merely wish to help you, as my honoured visitors."

Meanwhile, Ruth is up to no good. Ruth's mount is outside, tied up under a shady shelter. Once she is packed she will bid farewell to Hattusilis, allow

him to assist her to her horse, and then remember she has left something in her room. She will ask him to fetch it for her. As he wanders off to complete the errand, she will walk back through the side door (Hattusilis hasn't put the bar down, after all, he is only going to be a minute), lower her bow, and loose off a couple of arrows at the Arch-Magus. Then she will run to her horse, jump on and ride off (unless the party can find a way to stop her escaping).

Ashurub is pulling at his beard, still struggling with his indiscretion, the hall doors open, when the female guest, who has been packing up and leaving, bobs around the door. She lowers a bow, and releases an arrow at your group. Ruth will quickly ride off, aware that her notoriety can only grow, having attempted to assassinate such an important man.

Hattusilis



Resthouse Administrator

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 13
POW 11 DEX 10 CHA 12

SR 12 CA 2 DM 0

Skills: Courtesy 45%, Craft (Brewer) 80%, Evade 25%, Unarmed 30% 1D3

Faction: Babylon RP: 65

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Hattusilis runs the Most Welcoming of Breaks

Resthouse. Well, to be accurate, his wife Naqia pretty much runs the place, while Hattusilis amuses himself chatting to any customers that he thinks might be interesting (and that might tip well). Hattusilis is good at brewing however, and the Resthouse provides a wide selection of ales; they range in strength but are universally of a high quality. The traditional specialty, however, is the mint tea, which Naqia brews. Naqia is much younger than Hattusilis, which is why he thinks she is so much more energetic than him. He feels there is little cause to fuss, their existence is unchanging, and, as Hattusilis is hoping to live out his days in the Resthouse he doesn't see why things should be busy and stressful.

Naqia



Resthouse Administrator's Wife

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 13
POW 11 DEX 12 CHA 14

SR 13 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Courtesy 80%, Craft (Brewer) 60%, Evade 35%, Unarmed 50% 1D3

Faction: Self Interest (Maintenance of Resthouse) RP: 60

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Naqia busies herself trying to look after the guests at the Most Welcoming of Breaks Resthouse. She thinks her husband is lazy, and a little stupid. She is worried that the Resthouse needs to provide



more than good beer and mint tea, if it is to avoid being reported as failing in hospitality to the bureaucrats in Babylon. The Resthouse is semi-privately owned, but due to the need for such places (due to the rapidly changing seasons and the sometimes hazardous travelling conditions) the city pays for some of the upkeep and maintenance of the building (in return for discounted stays for the city officials). Such a relationship is always fraught with corruption – officials demanding bribes in order to grant the licenses required to run a Resthouse, and Naqia is convinced that her idle husband will lose them the license, and see them both reduced to slavery.

Ruth Aramni

Assassin

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 14
POW 11 DEX 17 CHA 15

SR 16/14 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 70%, Bow 78% (1D8), Brawn 60%, Dagger 80% (1D4+1), Evade 90%, Resilience 65%, Ride 80%, Spear and Buckler 75% (1d8+1/1D3), Survival 80%, Unarmed 60% (1D3)

Faction: Aramite RP: 100

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	3/6
10-12	Chest	3/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Ruth Aramni (self styled Aramni, as is the fashion with the more zealous Aramites) sees herself as a freedom fighter, waging war against the corrupt Babylonians. Born to escaped slaves who fled to Aram to secure their freedom, and reared in the politically charged Aramite capital, she now takes



up arms, hoping that one day all Babylonian-Sin slaves will be freed. Frustrated by the underground's limited successes in persuading slaves to flee across the sea to Aram, and dismissive of liberal Aramite leaders who fear invasion if they speak out against the treatment of slaves in Babylon-Sin, she has decided to focus her energies on assassinating members of the Babylonian-Sin ruling class, in the hope that she might inspire some to stir against the tyrannical yoke of their oppressors, or failing that, increase any turmoil and instability in the regime. She believes that all Babylonian-Sin Magi and aristocracy are legitimate targets. She is staying at the Resthouse, following a "hit" on a minor Babylonian Royal, but she will be unable to resist trying to bag another victim if the Adventurers visit – probably Ashurub.

If Ruth succeeds in killing Ashurub, the party will lose a potential ally. The group might think that the assassination attempt was the work of Saragon-Kahlu or Hammur, or might jump to a number of other conclusions (such as suspecting Arabella). Unless they catch Ruth, they can only speculate. Naqia and Hattusilis will be appalled at the assassination attempt, but will explain they know nothing about their former guest. Under torture, Hattusilis will admit he suspected she might have been Aramite, but nothing more (as that is all he knows).

The rest of the journey to Babylon will probably pass uneventfully.

Chapter V

In which our heroes discover the delights of Babylonian hospitality and an unexpected marriage is arranged

*"I need not fear my enemies because the most they can do is attack me.
I need not fear my friends because the most they can do is betray me.
But I have much to fear from people who are indifferent."*

– Assyrian proverb

The barge flotilla is drawing towards Babylon. The great city is full of wonders, but danger awaits the Adventurers. The following section, *A Marriage Made in Heaven* explains the main plot which the Adventurers will become embroiled in. The rest of the chapter describes some of the major personalities to be found in Babylon and suggests some events which you might like to run, leading up to the finale, which begins in the section, *A Divine Wedding*. Babylon is truly a boggling place. It is built on a grand scale and its people believe themselves to be on the cutting edge of Sinnite civilisation (*"This is the twenty-second century, you know!"*). The party should feel overwhelmed by the scale and majesty of the city and the huge (relative to, for instance, burgeoning London) size of the population.

A Marriage Made in Heaven

The High Priests and Priestesses of Babylon have been formulating plots in response to reports that Arabella is up to no good in Ur. Arabella has been helping the Urites to plan a military strike against the Babylonians, in exchange for which the Urites have promised her a small army, which she will

take back to Earth (alongside lots of Quintessence Stones, which she is aware will lose their effectiveness over time once back on Earth) and the Lion Amulet of Ishtar, which she rightly suspects contains a Quintessence Stone of a unique and wondrous nature (see p.126).

Hammur, the Arch-Magus of Babylon, has a plan. He wants to use Arabella in a Life Festival, offering her "Queenhood" in return for marrying a King. In fact the King will not be a real monarch, but rather one of the travellers from the *Enterprise*, probably one of the Adventurers. After the marriage, the intention is to ritually sacrifice the happy couple, removing them as a problem, and signalling a new dawn in Babylon. In order to achieve this the real King and Queen have been forced into exile.

Various factors have weakened Naboglissar IV's rule. The fact that there is an underground, working to educate and liberate slaves; the fact that he has not been seen to act decisively against upstart rival cities or Aram, and now Ur seems to be poised to start a war; the fact that the landing of Arabella, and now the *Enterprise*, despite possibly heralding divine visitations, are also considered unlucky omens; the fact that he is seen to be weaker than the Arch-Magus and Priesthood



(despite his family accounting for several of the High Priest/Priestess positions); and the age old complaint that he is not generous enough (although he is not, in fact, ungenerous).

So, the King has had little choice but to go along with the plan – he is worried if he doesn't there may be a rebellion and a new monarch genuinely selected (after he and his line have been destroyed). He suspects that his High Priest (and Arch-Magus) Hammur is plotting just that – wanting to give the throne to one of his relatives. The King hopes that once the scapegoats have been slaughtered he can create the impression of a new “beginning” for his flagging reign; while Hammur, in turn, will be hoping to prevent the King from ever returning to Babylon – he is indeed intending to install his own kin as the new royal family.

Arrival at the Great City

After travelling for another forty-eight hours aboard the flotilla, the weather has moved from warm but bearable to insufferably hot. The slaves are doing their best; as well as providing cool towel baths and refreshments, they also periodically fan you with giant reed fans. But the heat is sapping your energy.

Suddenly one of the envoys points into the distance, and turns to you, saying, “Behold, the city is in sight.”

Perception Rolls will be rewarded with:

Indeed, on the horizon you can see shapes in the distance. Through the haze only the tallest buildings can be vaguely made out, but you quickly realise the place must be vast; the sheer distance between the few buildings you can spot suggests a city on an almost unimaginable scale.

As the barges move on, more and more of the city is revealed. There appear to be mighty city walls surrounding the whole of Babylon. The wide, and still widening, river flows both around the city – managed into man-made canals, which create a broad, placid, moat; and continues ahead of you, under, the city wall. Behind the city wall the tops of ziggurats and other mighty buildings are visible. One of the buildings, near the centre of Babylon, is raised on a hill. Boasting fewer tiers than some of the other ziggurats you've spotted, its sheer breadth is nevertheless awesome to behold. The mighty columns that support the

base of the structure have such girth that they are individually visible, even at such a distance, but it is almost impossible to count them, there are just too many. “The Temple of Sin,” whispers an envoy.

It will take a long time for the barges to reach the river gate. The place is so big that the true distance is deceptive, but eventually:

You can get a proper look at the walls and the activity beneath them. Vast plantations stretch around the city. Teams of people, probably slaves, are picking what might be grapes from vines, olives from trees and a variety of other crops from the fields. Riders, mostly in ones and twos, the majority astride camels, move to-and-fro on who-knows-what business. You begin to get a closer look at the mighty walls themselves now. They must be at least thirty metres high, but you realise their strength is slightly illusory – there are some areas where they seem to be in disrepair, others where they have crumbled away completely. Slaves are engaged working on the walls, but it must be a disheartening job, the walls are so high, thick and worn that it must be a life work just to prevent them deteriorating further – let alone to restore them to pristine condition.

The barges have also been visible for long enough that the city has had time to prepare for their arrival – if the Adventurers stopped at the Resthouse (or found other ways to delay their departure from Kahlu) they will be arriving a little later than anticipated.

The flotilla slows as it drifts toward the looming city walls. The workers in the fields drop to their knees as your flotilla passes them, all turning to face your vessels as they kneel, faces pressed to the earth. Even the riders dismount and join their workers in grovelling before you. Now you approach a huge, wide bridge, set into the city walls. Atop the bridge are gatehouses at either end, and you can make out figures atop the wide arch, but as your barge nears, these figures bob down, perhaps they too are now kneeling. You sweep under the bridge, the shadows preventing you from seeing into the city, but as you glide out of the other side your senses are assaulted by the reception awaiting you.

The entire city, bar the slaves, have been given a holiday, in order to greet the travellers. Temple and civic authorities have ordered all their acolytes and clerks to join the reception, private

individuals have been commanded to join the throng, bringing their entire households to add to the spectacle, and the place is buzzing in anticipation.

As you emerge from under the bridge, it seems the entire city has turned out to greet you. And what a city! On either side of the water there are vast promenades, packed with people. As you level with them, the crowd fall to their knees, it is as if they are a human wave that your barge is cresting. Despite the seemingly endless length and generous breadth of these promenades, they are full. A mind-boggling multitude are gathered, old and young, men and women, obviously entire households have turned out to view your progress. These crowds are hemmed in by a long line of guards, on either shore. These soldiers seem as if they might fall into the water if the teeming crowd were to push forward, but they face out, toward you, rather than inward toward the crowd. Again the sheer numbers are boggling, sentinel after sentinel, stood smartly to attention, apparently in your honour, likewise prostrating themselves as you reach them.

Behind the masses are vast buildings – you pass gilded temples, private palaces, vast public gardens and towering residences. These structures all have gleaming frontages, the bas-reliefs intricately painted in rich colours. Behind the main promenades you can see the intersecting streets and canals heading off to your left and right. Some are wide thoroughfares, others appear maze-like, buildings overbuilt and overhanging, somewhat reminiscent of the warren-like slums of London, but on a far grander scale. In fact, it seems that the whole of London would fit into one small corner of this enormous metropolis. Some of the wealthier Babylonians are viewing your arrival from platforms jutting out from the buildings. Some appear to be permanent balconies, other temporary structures, purposely built for the procession. It appears that they have not all been properly built. As you pass one such platform there is a shriek, and first one side, then the whole balcony collapses, causing the spectators to plunge to the ground. You can't determine their fates, as they are lost toward the back of the crowd and you continue to glide forward.

The envoys will encourage the party and Abel to get to their feet and wave as they pass the

gathered crowds. Ashurub, if still alive, will look uneasy at this. On a successful Perception roll the Adventurers will notice that many of the buildings are freshly painted, and only on the side that overlooks the river. Behind these bright facades many of the buildings are in quite a shoddy state.

At last you reach a wide jetty, cleared by the soldiers to allow you to disembark, although there are still vast crowds pressed up against the backs of the implacable warriors. As you step onto the pier, petals rain down upon you, and you notice luxurious carpets have been lain, clearly indicating the path that you are expected to take. You are uncertain as to the fate of the other travellers from the Enterprise, aside from Abel who is accompanying you. The Captain is obviously enjoying the attention, waving as he leads the way up the jetty steps.

Up the steps you find yourselves on a straight road, many times wider than the widest of London thoroughfares. Each side is lined with cheering crowds, who only stop their roars of greeting as you near, again prostrating themselves as you level with them. You can see the route you are taking will lead you to the mighty Temple of Sin, atop the hill. As you parade along in that direction, a company of musicians falls in behind you and begins to play. They are certainly more adept than the Kahluites, but the tunes still seem unmelodious to your ears.

Finally you reach the temple. You have never seen a building on such a scale. There are figures waiting to greet you, clearly priests and Magi, thousands of them, gathered in blocks, each formation wearing different coloured robes, perhaps indicating the different gods they represent. As you come to a stop, the priests too fall to the ground. The music stops, and there is silence. One lone Magus, dressed in golden robes, steps forward and speaks.

“Oh mighty travellers, we greet you. I am Hammur, Arch-Magus of Babylon. I welcome you to our city. Your palace awaits.”

Palatial Accommodation

Hammur has indeed put aside a palace, and palace guard, for the travellers. Well, more accurately, the party, Abel and the other passengers will get to reside in a palace. The Soldiers and Sailors from the *Enterprise* will be accommodated



elsewhere, in barracks (where they will be disarmed and put under guard, although that may not become apparent for a while). Once the events in *Finding A Groom*, p.107, have taken place, the Adventurers will be relocated again, this time to the Royal Palace, where the groom-to-be will be treated as royalty, until his “big day”.

The crowd will disperse, but not before Hammur and the priests sweep off, into the grand temple behind them. A phalanx of 250 guards escort the party to their new home, which is not far from the square, outside the Temple of Sin. The commander of the escort won't take no for an answer, explaining *“Hammur has commanded it”*. At the palace a host of slaves are waiting to make their guests comfortable. Each Adventurer will be allocated a wide airy stateroom, but before they can put their feet up they will be greeted by Shurup, the City Administrator.

Ashurub will not go to the palace with the party. He will leave to report to Hammur. Following this meeting, where he will be virtually interrogated by Hammur, for any information he can relate regarding the travellers, he will be detained under house arrest. Hammur detects that he can't fully trust the Kahluite and doesn't want him influencing the travellers during their stay in Babylon.

Timing the Adventure

Bear in mind that the day cycle on the moon lasts two weeks. It is likely that it is now about eight or nine days into the current period of daylight – or in other words, that there is less than a week to go before the long night and chill weather engulfs Babylon. The houses are designed to withstand the extreme temperatures, Warmth Stones are plentiful, and there are plenty of barns near the edge of the city wall where the agrarian slaves and livestock huddle, throughout the cold. The Life Festival should occur just before night falls, in a few days time, but if the party delayed getting to Babylon then it should be scheduled to occur later, in the next daylight phase (there has to be time for the *Enterprise* to be repaired and the wedding arrangements to be made, before the finale can be run). If so, some of the events, such as the meetings that take place before the wedding, can be played out in the “night time”. Just remember to describe the cold environment, frost and ice which accompanies the “Winter” season.

Shurup

The party will eventually find themselves in the reception room of a fine palace, located near the centre of Babylon and the Temple of Sin. The guard escort will not leave them, but instead take up positions throughout the palace and its grounds. After the slaves line up to greet their new masters and mistresses, a bureaucrat, dressed more finely than the common clerks who huddle around him, will introduce himself as Shurup, Administrator for the City of Babylon. He will explain:

“Ah, the guests. Greetings. I am Shurup, the Administrator of Babylon the great. I am at your service. As the civic representative I am your,” he can't prevent a grimace crossing his features, “guide, and host.”

Shurup has been allocated to look after the party, and to ensure they are restricted as to where they go and who they speak to in Babylon. Although he has orders to prevent all bar Hammur, from accessing the party, he will inevitably have to accede to some of the demands for a private audience (such as those of Shibtu-Me). He will try to ensure that nobody reveals the fate of the temporary scapegoats who are to be crowned at the Life Festival.

He may impart the following:

About Babylon - *“There is no place the like, throughout the world. She is a jewel.”*; and, *“I am to be your guide and host while you stay in our fair city. You are, unfortunately, to be escorted everywhere. It is the price of your fame that you will need an escort, to keep the rabble from tearing you to shreds in their over-eagerness to receive your holy touch. Also, one cannot be too careful. Aramite assassins are rumoured to be operating, and it would bring us great shame if we were to allow such scum to make an attempt on your lives.”*

About Shurup - *“I am the city Administrator, the head of the civic authority.”*; and, *“I am no mere bureaucrat. I run this city and preside over all the civic officiators.”*

About Ashurub - *“Ah, the Kahluite. I am not sure where he went, I will find out for you.”*; and, *“Ah, it appears your friend is still busy on temple business. You know these priests, they spend most of their time chanting away to their god.”*

About Hammur - *“Our esteemed Arch-Magus. How lucky we are to have such a great man to*



lead our worship.”; and, “He is a powerful man. Not to be crossed.”

About King Naboglissar IV - “Our former King has abdicated. He is a great man, and he has earned a peaceful retirement.”; and, “As my former master it would be remiss of me to talk of such things. He is, ah...sorry, was, a wise and goodly King.”

About the Enterprise - “I understand repairs are being made to your vessel as we speak.”; and, “of course we may visit your vessel, but we must view the work from a distance so as not to get in the way.”

About Shibtu-Me - “Shibtu-Me is the King’s, sorry, former King’s eldest daughter.”; and, “Shibtu-Me is a wise and beautiful person. Of the most royal blood. Ignore any slander you might hear – she is our most wonderful Princess, and a revered Priestess of Sin.”

About Nanna-Me - “The former King’s mother. A wonderful woman and follower of the old ways”; and, “Today’s generation could learn a lot from Nanna-Me. She is a traditionalist, as should be all good Babylonians.”

About the Life Festival (This conversation thread will only be available after the events in *Finding a Groom*, p.107) - “I am humbled by your presence. You are already living gods, and now one amongst you has been chosen to rule over us all. I am not worthy.”; and, “There is nothing to worry about. If you wish, you may abdicate in time. But until you decide to move on, I beg you, reign for the beneficence of all, Oh Mighty One!”

About Arabella - “It is said that she is the living embodiment of Ishtar.”, and, after *Finding a Groom*, “You are a lucky man. Marrying a goddess, and, as I hear it a most beautiful and spirited woman.”

Shurup

Administrator and Scribe

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 17
POW 10 DEX 11 CHA 10

SR 14 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Courtesy 70%, Culture (Own) 70%, Evade 45%, Lore (Logistics) 105%, Lore (Politics) 100%, Oratory 50%, Unarmed 30% 1D3

Faction:
Babylon-Sin/Royalty RP: 70

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5



Shurup is at the very top of the bureaucratic hierarchy in Babylon, behind only Royalty as far as the wielding of secular power in the City State goes. As Babylon is considered (at least by the Babylonians) the primary City State in Babylon-Sin, this should mean he wields a lot of power. In reality he is feeling very vulnerable. As the King has been forced to go along with Hummur, the Arch-Magus of Babylon’s, plan, Shurup finds himself left behind, the official voice of the King. As the plan is to keep the Adventurers in the dark about their fate post-Life Festival, he will spend most of his time greeting and hosting the party, trying to avoid being assassinated by the Magi and attempting not to become too attached to the visitors. He is upset that he is seen to be serving a weak monarch, feeling that the King is actually doing a good job, but circumstances and the politicking of the Magi have conspired against him. He believes that his monarch’s only faults are not having taken swift and decisive action against Aram (something that none of the Babylonian-Sin rulers have felt able to do) and thus end the questioning of slave holding; and not quashing the notion that he is being manipulated by the Magi, by toppling Hammur and replacing him with a close relative. Shurup is concerned for his, and Shibtu-Me’s safety, believing (rightly) that Hammur might make an attempt on their lives.

Following this initial meeting with Shurup the party will have a day or two to explore the city



before they are summoned to the Temple of Sin (see *Finding a Groom*, p.107).

The Restoration of the Enterprise

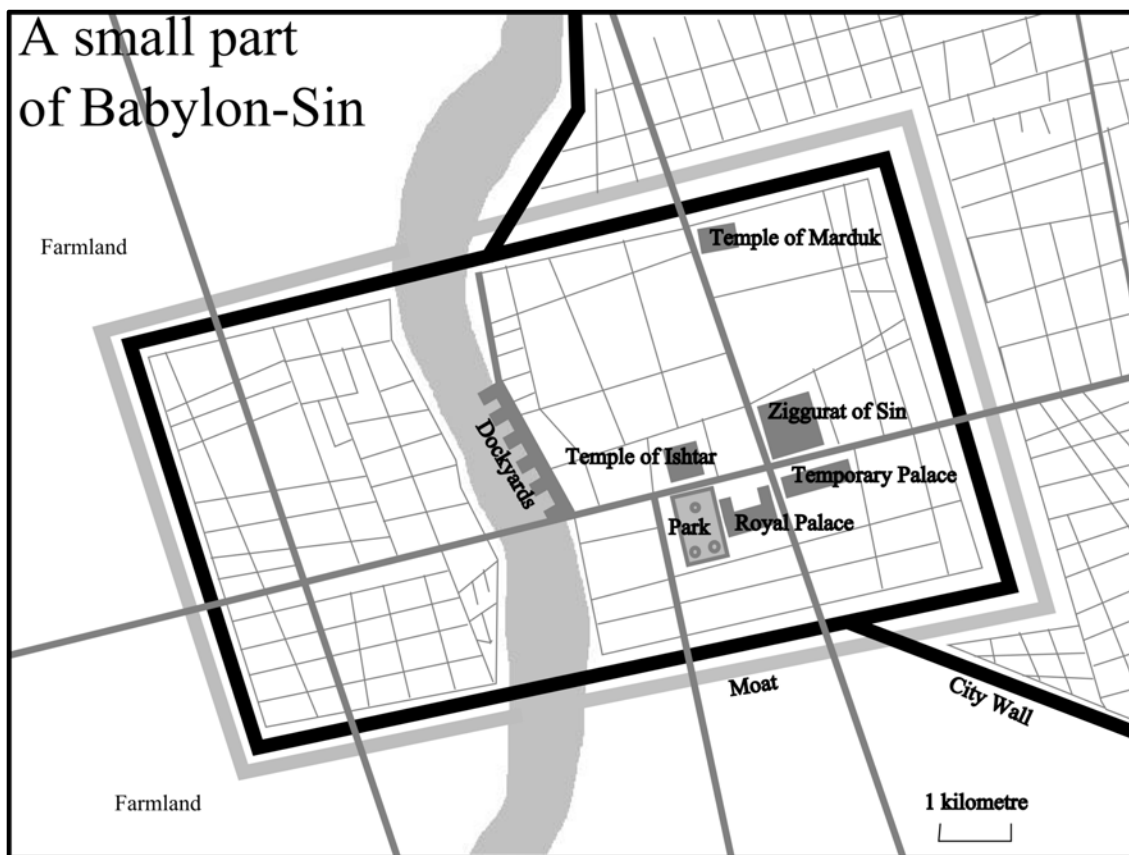
Hammur is allowing MacDonal and his Engineers, and Jacks and his carpenters, to repair the *Enterprise*. He has even assigned a host of Babylonian carpenters to aid in the effort. Those from the *Enterprise* engaged in the repair effort will be housed away from the rest of the crew, near the shore. If the party wish to view the vessel they will be allowed, and may be reassured to see that work is progressing at a fast rate. The ship is first lifted to the shore, where a dry dock is created to allow the initial repairs to take place. In but a few days the vessel is returned to the water where the work is completed. In fact Hammur is hoping that once the vessel is repaired the secrets of its propulsion can be taught to his own engineers, and he will be able to commandeer it for himself. Some of the cargo has been dispersed amongst the city, although the powder store is intact and still aboard, as it has been explained to the Babylonians that the powder is needed to fly the vessel.

The Geography of the City

The vast city has the aforementioned mixture of wealthy areas, crumbling overbuilt areas, extensive parks and bustling markets. There are literally thousands of minor temples. Granaries are located all over the place, and there are major barracks liberally scattered throughout. Most of the action takes place in one area. The temporary palace residence, Temple of Sin, Temple of Ishtar (where the marriage is to take place), and the Royal Palace, are all in this area. The Adventurers may see more of the city, if they ask Shurup to escort them and show them the sights; they also might wish to view the *Enterprise* (and eventually will wish to escape back to the ship). For further information, refer to Babylon, p.64, and the map below.

Exploring Babylon

The party certainly won't be allowed to randomly explore Babylon. Instead they will be escorted by a phalanx of elite Palace Guards (see Appendix, p.127) and accompanied by Shurup, who will be unable to hide his irritation at being a tour guide. Conversely, he is pleased that he is able to undertake this task, rather than it being assigned



to somebody in the employ of the Babylonian Magi. At least he knows that there aren't further layers of plotting progressing between the party and the religious authorities to which he isn't privy. He will show the party (and other passengers who might accompany them on such expeditions) any aspect of Babylonian life, but will do so from selected sites, those which allow a good view, etc. For instance he might allow them to visit the more luxurious markets, but will order the guards to clear the way first, and ensure that the stall holders the party approaches are polite, humble and presentable. Shurup and the guards certainly won't allow the Adventurers to roam away from his suggested routes, and will not permit wandering into the more sprawling and tightly packed areas (where the less wealthy Babylonians live).

Save the Princess

On one such expedition about the city, you might wish to run the following event.

You are surveying the city, your host taking pains to describe the history and significance of each of the sights, your guards, as ever staying close. Wearying, you reach one of the fine parks, near the Royal Palace. Shurup suggests you might like to visit the park, explaining that there are enchanting sights to be seen within (at least, enchanting to anyone with an interest in Babylonian plant-life). A few people are roaming the gardens; one of the visitors is clearly someone of substance, as she has a sizable escort, although they stay back from her, as she breezily walks along, singing to herself as she skips through the flower beds. It seems your escort is willing to give you a little more space as well; seeing as you are contained within a quiet area and there seems little chance of you being mobbed by any crowds, they stand off by the gates. As the lady approaches, you can't help notice that she is both pretty, exquisitely dressed and bedecked in sumptuous jewels that must be worth a fortune. Suddenly a couple of the other strollers break into a run, crashing through the flowerbeds, towards the woman. You see from under their cloaks the glint of metal – they are drawing daggers as they run!

The men are assassins, members of the city guard, under the orders of Hammur. Their intended victim is Shibtu-Me, Princess of Babylon (see p.113 for her statistics). Shurup didn't realise his Princess would be in the park. Shurup will cry

“Save the Princess!” and urge the Adventurers to do something. They are nearest to the assassins and their target. Hopefully the Adventurers will rush to Shibtu-Me's rescue. There are two assassins, for their statistics see Appendix, p.127.

If the Adventurers succeed in saving her from the would-be-murderers, then they will earn Shibtu-Me's gratitude, and an invite to visit her, later, at the Royal Palace. If one of the Adventurers (preferably not the one you have earmarked to be the groom in the finale) is particularly heroic and good looking, she may even fall for him (or her). If the Adventurers fail, you might allow Shibtu-Me to dodge out the way, allowing her own guards to rescue her, or you might prefer the Adventurers to suffer the consequences, and kill her off, adjusting the later encounters accordingly (so, for instance, she will need replacing with a younger sister as Priestess of Sin in the Life Festival rituals).

The assassins will reveal nothing, swallowing poison before they can be questioned. Their weapons are Aramite, and Shibtu-Me's guard will believe they are Aramite revolutionaries. Astute Adventurers will notice Shibtu-Me and Shurup exchange glances which suggest neither are convinced of this explanation (both suspecting Hammur).

Finding a Groom

Within a day or two of their arrival (or see *Timing the Adventure*, p.104) the party and Abel will be summoned to the giant Temple of Sin, to have an audience with Hammur and the leading Magi/Priests. At this audience the news will be delivered to the group that one of them has been selected to be crowned King of Babylon! It will be explained that this crowning will take place at the Life Festival, a celebration of the wondrous bounty that has been bestowed on the Babylonians. It will be revealed that the future King is to be first humbled by the Priestess of Sin; then the chosen one will go through a ritual, which will both marry him to his Queen, Ishtar, and formerly install the pair of them as rulers of Babylon; then King and Queen will perform the sacred act of coupling, before the assembled priesthood, signalling a new age of fertility and happiness. Hammur will neglect to mention immediately after this he is planning to have them tied to a rock and thrown into the river, while all of the other travellers are likewise murdered in their beds!



Give some thought to which Adventurer will be chosen as groom. Whoever it is will not be given a choice in the matter. If they plead they are already married, Hammur will smile and explain that their secondary marriages are of little relevance in Babylonian law. If they point blank refuse, it will have no effect. Hammur might hint that they will never leave the Moon alive if they were to insult the Babylonian people in such a way. One way or another, Hammur has determined that the wedding will go ahead.

If there is really no-one suitable to be the groom (for instance, if your players are playing an all-female group of Adventurers) then Abel will be selected as the groom. It would be much more fun to give the role to one of the party though.

You are summoned to the huge building on the hill, the Temple of Sin, where you were greeted by Hammur, the Arch-Magus of Babylon. Despite the impressive exterior, once in the Temple complex you are led down an unassuming corridor, and into a moderately sized chamber. Moderately sized it may be, but it is decorated in stunning fashion, the very best sculptors must have been employed, the statuary is beyond comparison. Opposite you, as you enter the room, there are a couple of rows of chairs. On these are seated a group of extremely serious looking Magi or Priests. They do not stand as you enter, although you are invited to sit opposite them, on chairs which have clearly been set out for your use. Shurup, meanwhile, remains standing, his head slightly bowed in greeting to the Arch-Magus, Hammur, as he stands to address you.

“Ah, our esteemed guests. Welcome. I have exciting news. You may, or may not be aware that our King, Naboglissar IV, most blessed of the gods, has abdicated. He decided he needed a rest.” A hint of mockery enters the man’s voice, and he takes a second to regain his composure before continuing. “We, your most humble people, are most honoured by your visit. That the living gods should settle in Babylon shows that we are most favoured and fortunate. And now, you, ...insert the name of the chosen Adventurer... are to be crowned King, and alongside your beloved consort, Ishtar, you shall rule over us all, heralding a golden era of peace and plenty.” The assembled priests all stand and bow to the waist.

Hammur will try to avoid a protracted conversation with the party, but if they press him

they might learn a little (he does not want to alienate them or arouse their suspicions, but will struggle to hide his contempt for the outsiders).

Talking to Hammur

About Babylon - *“As King you will rule the most powerful empire of them all and your capital will be this mighty city. How fortuitous for you.”; and, “Of course you cannot travel without an escort. It is not safe. You must only go where is safe, your majesty.”*

About Shurup - (who is with the Adventurers) *“Ah, Administrator. You seem in perfect health I see. Tsk.”; and, “I hope you are looking after our guests. If anything happens to them, you as the city’s representative, will have to answer for it.”*

About Ashurub - *“Ah, yes. A good man, I believe. But not so good at keeping up with his records. He is busy catching up on his duties somewhere about the place.”; and, “I don’t know where he is. I will mention that you have asked after him, if he bothers to reappear.”*

About Hammur - *“I am the Arch-Magus. The most powerful Magus in the city.”; and, “I have little real power. I live to serve, to bless the lands, lead the appropriate ceremonies, and most of all, to feed my people.”*

About King Naboglissar IV - *“Ah, such a shame he decided to leave. Oh, well, luck for us, as we shall now be ruled by a god instead.”; and, “The stress was probably too much for him. And I believe his advisors were incompetent.” He stares directly at a shamefaced and squirming Shurup as he says this.*

About the Enterprise - *“Your ship is being repaired. What an interesting vessel.”*

About Shibtu-Me - *“Ah, the daughter of our former King. A beauty to behold, and she has been beheld by many, if the stories are true.”; and, “Shibtu-Me will be at the wedding and coronation. As High Priestess of Sin she will ritually debase you, sire, so that thou might be cleansed prior to your nuptials.”; and, “I hear Aramite assassins made an attempt on her life. Terrible times.”*

About Nanna-Me - *“Ah, old Nanna-Me. A proper royal, in the old fashion. Our retired King’s mother.”; and, “When you are King, perhaps you should keep her on. She can guide you in the customs of our city.”*

About the Life Festival - *“You will be crowned*



and married to Ishtar herself.”; and, “You have been granted the highest honour of all. I am truly thrilled for you.”

About Arabella - *He smiles, amused. “Ah, so you are acquainted with Ishtar. So fortuitous to have already met your bride-to-be. The cement of love binds together a chosen match perfectly.”; and, “I hear she is a mighty sorceress, a beguiling beauty and an inquisitive soul. Lucky your energy will be boundless and your reign fruitful.”; and, “She will arrive just before the ceremony, so I doubt you will see her before then.”*

As soon as possible, Hammur will indicate that the meeting is over, and make to leave. The other priests will follow him. The meeting at an end, the Adventurers, and Abel, will be taken to their new quarters (their possessions, if they have any, will already have been taken on for them), at the Royal Palace of Babylon.

Hammur

Arch Magus of Babylon

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 16
POW 18 DEX 13 CHA 15

SR 15 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Alchemy 100%, Beliefs (Sin) 80%, Courtesy 80%, Culture (Own) 99%, Elemental Casting (Quintessence) 130%, Evade 65%, Lore (Astronomy) 90%, Lore (Law) 90%, Lore (Theology) 90%, Oratory 80%, Regional Lore (Babylon-Sin) 90%, Sing 50%, Unarmed 40% 1D3

Spells: Behold, Crash of Thunder, Fear, Madness

Faction: Babylon Magi RP: 100

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Hammur is a traditionalist in a land of traditionalists. Pompous, machiavellian and ambitious, he is aggravated that the King has not quashed the Aramite heresy, his Spies informing him that there are whispers of dispensing with

Magi altogether in Aram and replacing them with a secular, non-priesthood, alternative. Long-term, he harbours ambitions to do away with the current royal family and replace them with another, comprised of his own relatives. He intends to use the King’s exile in order to purge Babylon of the monarch’s relatives and supporters (while making sure no-one can associate him with the crimes). He came up with the idea of the “scapegoating” of Arabella and one of the travellers from the *Enterprise* (see *A Marriage Made in Heaven*, p.101). He’s disgusted that there are outsiders on the Moon. He will encourage the King, on his return, to take Ur apart, brick by brick, as punishment for conspiring with Arabella against Babylon (a City he considers “his”). Hammur wears his ceremonial mask even when not performing a ceremony – he knows how much it disconcerts people.



The Royal Palace

The Royal Palace will not be much different to the palace that the Adventurers were staying in before. The other passengers will already have been moved there, and the place is ten times the size of their former dwelling, but essentially they will receive the same treatment, extreme reverence and all that they desire, bar their freedom. The future king will be given the grandest suite of all, with private baths; a private area for a harem; and a truly magnificent bedroom, bedecked with silks, the finest tapestries and furniture – everything within the suite is fit for a king!

An Unexpected Visitor

Arabella can’t resist visiting her groom-to-be. Partly out of mischief; partly out of excitement now that her plans on the Moon are approaching a conclusion; partly because she may have become attached to the Adventurers, if they have played through the entire Kingdom & Commonwealth





Campaign, she will see them as amusing opponents; and partly because she wants to keep an eye on the party – she wants the Lion Amulet of Ishtar and knows that the best way to achieve this goal is to steal it at the wedding ceremony.

Arabella appears, as if by magick (which of course it is) in the chamber of the Adventurer selected to be the groom at the divine wedding and crowned new King of Babylon. (In the event that Abel has been selected, have the Adventurers visit him in his chamber when Arabella arrives). In fact Arabella is not there, in the proper sense of the word, she is speaking through an avatar, created by a rare spell known only to the Arch-Magus of Ur. If the Adventurer decides at any point during the visit to offer Arabella food, drink or any item, she will refuse. Likewise, she will try to avoid any physical contact. That is because the avatar is unable to touch, so any object would pass right through the image.

Arabella's avatar visits the Adventurer, selected to be her husband, at midnight, while he sleeps:

Sleeping deeply, immersed in a whirlwind of exotic dreams, you cannot shake off the eerie sensation that you are being watched. You realise that this is not part of the dream, somehow you know that somebody is in your chamber with you. Reluctantly, for the royal bed is truly the most comfortable bed you have ever slept in, you awake.

If the Adventurer has seen Arabella before, then obviously they will instantly recognise her. If not, then they will have been furnished with a description while in London.

Your visitor is sat near hanging tapestries, behind which are shutters which, when open, lead out onto a high balcony above the palace gardens. She is breathtakingly attractive as she lounges upon the window furniture. Her skin is almost impossibly smooth, her dark

hair perfectly tousled, so that it falls coquettishly, emphasising her delicate features. Her figure is concealed by a dark, almost rakish outfit, that nevertheless simply adds to her allure. Lady Arabella is well past the first bloom of youth, and yet her beauty is seemingly unaffected by her age.

"Ah, you have awoken, my king." She speaks softly, teasingly, "I hoped we might steal a few minutes alone, before our big day."

The following conversation topics might be explored. Remember, Arabella will want to give nothing away that is of use to the party, while at the same time ensuring that the Adventurers dance to her tune. If other Adventurers come to the groom's chamber then they will be able to witness the conversation, and maybe join in. If the groom leaves to fetch the others Arabella will have disappeared when he returns.

Why is she here – *"Why, I slipped away to visit you. I thought as we were to be cast together we might as well spend some time together before the wedding."; and, "What could be more romantic than a midnight tryst?"*

Arabella's Plans – *"Plans? You mistake my inquisitive nature for a calculating one. I merely wished to explore the Moon."; "I hoped to escape the wearisome wars of the world below. And Gell would have used the ship for nefarious purposes, best that I removed it from his clutches. But it seems that the Moon is just as rife with intrigue."; and, "I just wish to return home now. And soon, my love," another teasing smile, "I will."*

"Mad" Sam – *"Who?"; and, if reminded, "Oh, the headstrong girl who rode the Iron Horse. Well, I didn't mean to cause her inconvenience, I just didn't have time to say goodbye. 'Tis sweet that she missed me so."*

Babylon – *"I confess, I haven't had a proper look round, although it seems much like Ur, where I have been staying."; and, "Quaint enough I suppose, although a trifle primitive."*

Ur – *"Ur is much the same as Babylon. Full of self important men. Not dissimilar to London, really. Just more beards. I prefer Paris."*

The Wedding – *"It's just a quaint little ritual. They think we are gods, you know. And who knows?" Arabella gives a knowing look, "it might even be fun."; "They won't let us leave until we have gone through with the charade, so we might as well make the best of it."; and, "The marriage won't be binding, it isn't a Christian ceremony."*

And once you have been crowned we can let the hubbub settle down, then you might abdicate and we can away in peace.”

Escaping the Moon – *“They are repairing my ship in Ur. And yours too, here, I believe. Once we have let them have their little ceremony they will do whatever you say. You will be a King after all. You might even want to stay and play with your new empire. I intend to slip away.”*

If the groom has not done anything to cause Arabella to disappear, when she leaves she says:

“As enchanting as the evening has been, my sweet, I must away. Farewell, and sweet dreams.” With that Arabella twirls behind the tapestry, and is gone.”

If the Adventurers check behind the tapestry, the shutters are closed. An inspection of the balcony will yield nothing, except that scaling the palace walls to reach it seems an impossible task.

The Other Passengers

The other passengers and crew from the *Enterprise* will all be forming their own views about what is going on. You may have already developed some sideplots for these individuals, or may feel that the party has enough to manage without these extra suggestions, but there follows a description of what the other characters make of their current situation.

The engineers and carpenters are still working, and virtually living on the *Enterprise*. **Jacks** and **MacDonald** are supervising the operation, frustrated by the language barrier, but impressed at the skill of the Babylonian carpenters who are assisting. They don't seem to notice that they are under armed guard. Work is going on apace, and the repairs are almost complete.

The Soldiers and Sailors, along with **Glanville**, **Richmond** and **Fordhampton**, are held as prisoners in a small barracks near to where the *Enterprise* is docked. They have been disarmed and are not allowed freedom of movement, but they are being well treated otherwise. **Fordhampton** narrowly escaped execution, having attempted to force the issue, but he is recovering. He has all but forgotten his secret mission, concentrating instead on finding a way to escape the Moon.

Sir Hamble Kinsey will be increasingly irritable, and he and **Joseph Angmering** will collude to get a Babel Amulet, if they have not already tried.

The party will get frequent complaints from their host that **Sir Hamble** takes it upon himself to try to beat the slaves, if they come to near to him as they go about their duties. If the party explain that Sir Hamble is not a slave, but rather a free man, knight, retainer, or somesuch, then the Babylonians will serve him respectfully (at a distance). A similar strategy might be employed to mollify **Lady Abigail Prenderghast**, who will expect the same “royal treatment” that Abel and the party enjoy.

“Mad” Sam Holdstock will spend some of her time with **Richard Hanson**, who in turn is splitting his time between trying to court Sam, and harassing the female Babylonian slaves. Again, complaints about this will reach the party. If they order it, then Richard will be permitted access to personal slaves, but if they don't, the hosts will suggest that he is turned into a eunuch. “Mad” Sam will also endeavour to find out about Arabella. If the party work with her she will go along with things, but if they exclude her, she too will mount an operation to acquire an Amulet.

Nicholas Cleggerson, if he is still alive, will probably still be recuperating, **Godfrey Grace** will keep a generally low profile, but will be unable to resist trying to steal some valuables from the various palaces. He, like most of the other passengers, will occasionally ask, or demand, to come along with the party as they go about their business. Whether he gets caught red-handed is up to you. Aside from the wounded Nicholas, the only other passenger who is relatively undemanding is the eccentric **Professor Malcolm Hume**. The professor spends his time carrying out experiments, noting things in his journal, and making excited outbursts on each amazing, and usually muddleheaded, discovery. He will need some help to remind him what he is doing and where he should be, but is happy enough wherever he is, in a world of his own.

Vengeful-Force-Smiteth-the-Heathen Marsh is in a most agitated mood. Having moved past the more reflective mood that came with the initial grief he felt after losing his wife, Vengeful is back to a state of religious fervour. He has forgotten his guilt, and has decided he knew all along that the mission was accursed. He believes his wife had to die, much as Lot's wife perished, for failing to correctly heed the word of God. He now believes himself a prophet, on a mission to destroy the hell that is Babylon. For now, most of his work is focused on ranting incoherently at the half dressed slave girls. He is considered crazed by the hosts.



Captain Abel Tasman will work with the Adventurers, following them as they make any plans. If you desire, he might make suggestions – he will certainly want to check that work is progressing on the *Enterprise*, and won't have forgotten about his crew. He might even go with another Adventurer to liberate them during the Life Festival. His wife, **Jannetje (Joanna) Tasman** will accompany him most of the time, which will cause a certain amount of awkwardness if Abel has the dubious honour of acting as Arabella's "groom to be".

Flee!

A day or two after the Adventurers have been told of the upcoming coronation, **Ashurub** will attempt to send the Adventurers a note, warning them to "Flee Babylon as soon as the opportunity presents itself. You are in grave danger."

The King's Daughter

If the Adventurers have helped save Shibtu-Me from assassins, she will invite them to visit her in her private palace (which is attached to the main Royal Palace. The place is so vast that the area is effectively out of bounds due to the numbers of guards, unless the Adventurers visit officially). If not, they will be invited anyway, but they may receive less help. As mentioned previously, Shibtu-Me might have even fallen for one of the Adventurers. In this case adjust the emphasis of the conversation accordingly. She will still be very reluctant to warn the Adventurers about their intended fate, that they are to be executed after the Life Festival, although she will relent, and near the end of the ceremony clutch the arm of whoever she has taken a fancy to and suggest that they be ready to flee with her to Earth, once the marriage and coronation are complete.

About Shibtu-Me - "I am the High Priestess of Sin and daughter of the King, sorry, former King."; and, "Whatever you might have heard about me is probably untrue. That wretch Hammur speaks against me."

About Babylon - "I love the city. But, sometimes...it feels like a prison and I wish I could leave."

About Shurup - "He is a good man. A loyal servant. I only sent him away so that we might speak freely, without compromising him."; and, "I fear Hammur would like him purged. Shurup is loyal to my family, you see, and that is dangerous

at the moment."

About Ashurub - "I don't know him. Sorry. But I could try and find out about him for you." True to her word, Shibtu-Me will investigate. When she finds out he is under house arrest she will procrastinate. She might order some loyal servants to free him, but will want to keep his whereabouts secret, so that the Magus can't tell the party about the scapegoat plan.

About Hammur - "He's ambitious and dangerous. An upstart who believes he owns our city, and would ruin it rather than release his grip on it."; and, "I swear he plots against me and father."

About King Naboglissar IV - "Poor father. He does his best, but nothing is good enough. It is the fault of that upstart, Hammur. Father should have had him executed before things got this far."

About Nanna-Me - "The old woman is infuriating. Stuck in the past; she would rather listen to gossip than wake to the danger we are all in."

About the Life Festival - "Ah, yes the Life Festival. Well, I shall have to be there of course. I am responsible for humiliating the king-to-be. Don't worry, it is all symbolic. The whip doesn't hurt, merely act along and all will be well."; and, "The people love a spectacle. There will be a big celebration, and then everything can return to normal."

About Arabella - "Ah, the queen-to-be. I have heard little about her, although it is suggested she is the embodiment of Ishtar, goddess of Love and War."

Where the conversation leads will depend on whether Shibtu-Me likes one of the Adventurers. If so, she will beg him to marry, and perhaps even try to spend some time privately with the object of her affections. Otherwise there might just be a polite farewell. One thing that might come up is the topic of the attempted assassination. Shibtu-Me will be adamant that Hammur was behind the attempt. If the subject of the assassination being an Aramite plot is discussed, the party might (-20% Insight or Perception) notice the look of discomfort on Esther, Shibtu-Me's personal slave's, face. Esther is completely innocent of having anything to do with the assassination attempt (it was Hammur), but is involved in passing on information to Aram. If this all comes out, Shibtu-Me will be devastated, she sees Esther as a true friend.



Shibtu-Me



High Priestess of Sin and Princess

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 15
POW 13 DEX 14 CHA 17

SR 15 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Alchemy 70%, Beliefs (Sin) 90%, Courtesy 90%, Culture (Own) 60%, Elemental Casting (Quintessence) 70%, Evade 55%, Lore (Astronomy) 50%, Lore (Law) 50%, Lore (Theology) 70%, Oratory 60%, Regional Lore (Babylon-Sin) 60%, Seduction 70%, Sing 75%, Unarmed 40% 1D3

Spells: Aphrodisiac, Heal Body, Heal Would, Sunspears, True (Sword)

Faction:

Babylonian-Sin/Royalty RP: 50

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Shibtu-Me is in a difficult position. She has been left behind in Babylon while her father and mother are in temporary exile, ostensibly to officiate at the Life Festival, in her role as the High Priestess of Sin. In fact she knows she is highly vulnerable to the machinations of Hammur; she rightly suspects him of trying to supplant her family as the rulers of Babylon. Although she has a higher ranking than Hammur in the temple of Sin (where she is the High

Priestess), Hammur's leadership of the city Magi gives him a lot more real power; much of Shibtu-Me's role is ritual and ceremonial, giving her little say in the actual running of the city. Shibtu-Me is clever and beautiful, but politically vulnerable. Hammur has worked to slander her, paying lower class Spies to put the word out that she has loose morals and is a devious plotter. He has had it suggested that Shibtu-Me is desperately seeking a husband in order to marry, and then lead a revolt against the rightful King. In fact she has no such intentions, but has had to avoid a number of unsuitable suitors, put forward by Hammur, all of whom are below her station, intended to marginalise her and cause doubt about the status of any future heirs. She does not blame her father, he has attempted to make better matches for her, but has been thwarted by Hammur (who has found convenient reasons to block such moves, using slander and entrapment to cast doubt on the King's proposals); she understands how overwhelming the threats to her family have been – the Aramite heresy, Hammur's wicked designs, Ur's ambition, the demands on the treasury and the sinister portents culminating in visitors from distant Earth, all seem to have the potential to bring her family to its knees, a situation which she will do everything to resist. She understands the potential "second chance" that the Life Ritual might give her father. However, she may be a useful ally to the party. Indeed, if any of the Adventurers particularly impress her she might be prepared to try to help them. A truly noble Adventurer might even win her heart, for she believes in her religion and is prepared to accept that they might be demi-gods, surely a suitable match for a Princess of Babylon.

Esther



Slave

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 13
POW 11 DEX 14 CHA 15



SR 14 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Courtesy 60%, Dance 68%, Evade 50%, Regional Lore (Aramite) 40%, Regional Lore (Babylon-Sin) 60%, Sing 70%, Unarmed 30% 1D3

Faction: Aramite RP: 65

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Esther is the slave of Shibtu-Me. Shibtu-Me has a host of slaves, but Esther is her most trusted personal slave, and is treated by the Princess as a companion and friend. Esther uses her position to keep informed of the doings of the rich and powerful (she also virtually rules the roost in Shibtu-Me's palace, effectively acting as the head steward). In fact Esther is a Spy for the Aramites. She is motivated by loyalty to her family, who taught her their tradition, that they were brought to Sin as slaves of the Babylonians, but that one day they might be freed by a great leader. She believes that the Aramites will provide such a leader, resulting in the fall of the Babylon-Sin Empire and the exodus of all the slaves who will start life anew in a chosen land, provided by Yahu. Esther corresponds in coded writings to her family in Aram, the codes offering news as to any Babylonian policies which might impact on Aram, something that Hammur has recently become aware of. He intends to use this knowledge to blackmail Esther – he is considering commanding Esther to poison her mistress, but does not wish to apply too much pressure too soon, for fear that the slave might flee, or attempt to take her own life before he can make best use of her.

Wedding Preparations

The party will be invited to visit Nanna-Me. She has her own palace, again suitably lavish. She is a traditionalist, harsh with her slaves, keen to criticise others if they breach etiquette. She will make little allowance for the Adventurers. She will not believe the Adventurers are Living Gods – it is unthinkable that a Living God should look, or act, like anything other than a traditional Babylonian. The main purpose of the summons is

for Nanna-Me to explain what will happen at the Life Festival. Also, despite knowing that this year's Life Festival is no more than an excuse to create and kill scapegoats, Nanna-Me can't resist a good wedding. Nanna-Me will explain:

“Now, you will probably be wondering what will happen on the day. First you will attend the square, outside the Temple of Sin. There you will be humiliated by my granddaughter. So we will have something in common. You must do your best to look humble during this event, the crowd will demand it, for they like to see the ceremonies preserved. Then you will proceed to the Temple of Ishtar. There you will be crowned, and Ishtar will receive her bauble. Then there will be a short wedding ceremony, and the ritual coupling. The altar will be cold, but do your best, for it brings luck to the lands. Then it's back to the Temple of Sin for your coronation speech. Then you will be a true King, with a true Queen.”

Nanna-Me will talk at length about the correct way to wear the Ritual shift, the correct angle to tilt the crown and the importance of making generous tribute and outrageous demands at the coronation speech. She will also offer:

About Nanna-Me - *“I am the Queen Mother, and your superior.”*

About Shibtu-Me - *“Of good blood. But flighty. Still, she is a High Priestess, so at least she should know what she is doing at the Life Festival.”*

About Babylon - *“The gateway to the gods, the most mighty, the cradle of civilisation. All else is nothing.”*

About Shurup - *“A tiresome clerk. My son seemed to like him, but he is merely a servant.”*

About Ashurub - *“Who? Oh, a provincial. I neither know him or care to know him.”*

About Hammur - *“Sly usurper. Still, at least he understands the old ways.”*

About King Naboglissar IV - *“My son. And a worthy King.”*

About Arabella - *“Ah, Ishtar. Yes, I hope she is appropriately attired for the occasion and performs well at the coupling.”*

There is probably little more to be gained by talking to Nanna-Me, although Shibtu-Me and Nanna-Me would both secretly welcome a reconciliation, and if the party can help this in any

way, Nanna-Me will be grudgingly grateful.

Nanna-Me



Queen Mother

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 15
POW 11 DEX 9 CHA 10

SR 13 CA 3 DM -1D2

Skills: Courtesy 130%, Culture (Own) 78%, Lore (Astronomy) 50%, Lore (Law) 60%, Regional Lore (Babylon-Sin) 40%, Unarmed 40% 1D3(-1D2)

Faction: Babylon-Sin/Royalty
RP: 100

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/4
4-6	Left Leg	0/4
7-9	Abdomen	0/5
10-12	Chest	0/6
13-15	Right Arm	0/3
16-18	Left Arm	0/3
19-20	Head	0/4

Nanna-Me is a proud old woman. Her late husband was the King before her son, Nabogliassar IV, inherited the throne. Although she would not admit it, she is disappointed in her son, believing that he should have acted more strongly to suppress the Aramites and built more glorious monuments in Babylon itself. Nanna-Me dislikes Hammur, but not so much because of his plotting, more because she thinks he, like everybody who is not directly related to her, is a commoner. Nanna-Me is fully supportive of using the Life Festival to restore her son's fortunes. Nanna-Me is a believer in the "old ways", and as such the arrival of strangers to Sin fills her with dread and uncertainty. As far as she is concerned they should all be killed as quickly as possible, so

things can return to normal, in the meantime she will play along with the charade, comforted that the visitors will be disposed of at the end of it. Nanna-Me is estranged from her granddaughter, Shibtu-Me. Some of the false rumours that Hammur has put about having reached her ears she confronted Shibtu-Me, who reacted badly. In fact, Nanna-Me believes Shibtu-Me is incredibly stupid to sulk so. Nanna-Me believes that the family's best chance of survival is to stick together and attack their enemies, rather than allow themselves to be swept along by other people's agendas.

Running the Finale

Eventually the day of the Festival arrives, and the Adventurers will be expected to participate. How this pans out, and what the other characters get up to, might vary. The events will at least include the ritual humiliation of the future King at the Temple of Sin, a parade to the Temple of Ishtar and a ceremony there, which will end as Arabella steals her amulet and all hell breaks loose.

The Adventurers might just play along with the ritual and get caught up in events as they unfold, or they might be more proactive, and have their own strategies for escaping from Babylon. They may have pieced together some idea that things will not go well for them following the coronation, or might be completely in the dark. They may realise that the Soldiers and Sailors from the *Enterprise* are imprisoned and Ashurub placed under house arrest, or they may not even have bothered to ask.

Fordhampton and the other captives might break free of their own accord, once Babylon comes under attack. If so, they will overpower the guards, find their weapons easily enough and then fight their way to the *Enterprise*. Once there they will liberate the engineers and carpenters, and a debate will ensue as to whether to attempt to take off, or whether to try to find the passengers and captain. Glanville could possibly navigate the ship on his own, but will refuse to leave without Abel. This could be the situation at the point of *Death From Above*, but an enterprising party might have sent some of their number to release the Sailors and Soldiers. Although the groom-to-be will have no chance of slipping away, the other Adventurers might if they are creative. The focus will have shifted slightly away from them. If so, they will be advised (by Abel, for instance) that the best time to break out would probably be while the ceremony is going on – the guards will



be pre-occupied and struggle to get reinforcements through the crowds to prevent the escape. In this case Adventurers could be leading a rescue party to the groom, at the same time as Arabella's attack is taking place.

It may even be that the party rescue Ashurub, or that Shibtu-Me flees onto the *Enterprise*, or a whole host of other events impact on the finale – go with anything that adds to the drama. At the end of it though, the party will (hopefully) escape Babylon and begin their voyage home, just behind Arabella, who will be leading a veritable army back to Earth, in preparation for the events which will be described in the next two volumes of the Kingdom and Commonwealth campaign, *Hobbes: Leviathan*, and *London Calling*.

A Humbling Experience

It is the day of the Life Festival. Yet again it appears that all the Babylonians, bar the slaves, have been given a day off for the event. Even through the thick palace wall, the noise of the gathering crowds can be heard. The groom is to be prepared. You are offered but a plain white shift, that the slaves secure with pins. It is extremely revealing, but they explain that once the ritual outside the Temple of Sin has been completed, the regal Kingly garb will be bestowed upon you.

The groom is to travel, with Shurup and some guards, on a huge open cart. As this moves through the crowds, behind him, the party and the other passengers will follow on foot. (The rest of the party and other passengers are considered honoured guests of the groom. They are expected to follow him throughout the day and stand on his side of the chamber during the ceremony at the Temple of Ishtar). They will be accompanied by the usual entire phalanx of guards. They are to march out of the palace gates, toward the open space outside the Temple of Sin. Guards keep this space relatively free, although on the periphery the masses are gathered to witness the ritual. Read the groom the following:

As you make your way out of the palace doors, you are overwhelmed by the size of the crowd, waiting beyond the palace walls. A hush falls as you climb onto the cart. The palace gates swing open to let you out. As you exit the gates there is a deafening crescendo. It appears the entire population of Babylon is booing you.

Shurup will try to explain that this is normal, that once the first part of the ritual is over the boos

will turn to cheers, but he will have a hard time being heard over the din. Once at the Temple of Sin, the groom will be asked to ascend a wide platform, while the other passengers watch the humiliation ritual.

As Shurup motions you to climb onto the platform you see that Shibtu-Me, dressed in her scanty priestly garb, is waiting for you. The platform is surrounded by a ring of guards. As you climb up, you get a proper look at the huge crowd that surrounds the Temple square. Every shutter is open, and people are hanging out of every window. The side streets are completely packed. And it seems every Priest in the city is lined up on the steps of the Temple of Sin, to watch the ritual.

Unless the groom tries to bolt, the ritual continues:

Shibtu briefly smiles, and reassures you, "It will be fine," she whispers. Then her countenance becomes more stern. She raises her voice. "Oh wretched one. You are nothing! Not fit to rule the peoples, nor fit to farm. For you are proud. Be proud no longer." With this Shibtu-Me tugs at your cloak. The crowd roar with approval.

The cloak should come free and reveal the Adventurer in all his glory. He may try to prevent this happening. If so Shibtu-Me will hiss that it is considered ill luck not to follow the ritual. She will then strike him about the face three times, with a silken whip. She will beat his chest three times with her palm. And she will pronounce:

"He is not afraid to be humble. A man fit to rule all and fit to farm anywhere. The most lucky and wisest of men, one fit to wear a crown upon his head." Then slaves rush up to the platform, carrying slippers woven from gold, a tunic that glitters and a rainbow cloak. They dress you and the crowd break into enraptured cheering.

The humiliation complete, the groom is expected to return to the cart and head off to the Temple of Ishtar. Instead of boos he will be greeted by ecstatic cheers, petals will be cast down onto the cart, and garlands will be thrown from the crowd. After the ritual Shibtu-Me will possibly join the party as they head for the next part of the ceremony, where Lady Arabella awaits.

A Divine Wedding

The wedding takes place at the Temple of Ishtar.

The Temple is nothing like the size of the Temple of Sin, and nowhere near as complicated a building. It is basically a two tier ziggurat, and each tier only has one level. The bottom tier is a huge lobby, mighty pillars abound on this level, but really the only features are the wide steps which go up to the next level, where the ceremony will take place. One set of these stairs are to the east, the other to the west. Once the Adventurers and other passengers have ascended the westerly steps, they will be unlikely to be able to get back down the same way. Behind them, the phalanx of troops guarding them, march up the staircase, stopping at the top, effectively blocking the exit. There is a similar force on the easterly steps.

You enter a vast square chamber. The roof is held up by mighty pillars, which form the outer walls. The walls are interspersed with large, thick, wooden shutters, which if fully opened would flood the room with light, as they stretch between each pillar. But they are mostly shut; smaller, standard door size openings, hinged into the wider shutters, allow in some air and light. But most of the illumination is provided by Light Stones, suspended from the ceiling in ornate cages. Behind you, blocking the stairs, are ranks of Babylonian Soldiers. The room appears to be divided into three, standing rows of acolytes creating the separation. Priests and priestesses, most of them in the same garb, that of Ishtar, wait for you to advance toward the stage ahead of you. As you approach the front of the assembled crowd, you realise Hammur, other High Priests and various dignitaries are also present. You also notice that the stage is also divided into three. The groom is expected to stand upon the western dais and his party to stand in front of him.

If they go along with the ceremony, when they reach the front of the room they will see:

The stage has a dais on either side, and in the centre a low altar, draped with cushions. The size of the room means there are over thirty yards between the eastern and western dais. Arabella is waiting for you. Stood in exquisite golden robes, she smiles as you take your place at the bottom of the steps. Then she turns and heads to the top of her own little platform and waits for you to do likewise.

Once the Adventurer has climbed the stairs:

You see ahead of you the gathered priests, looking up at you expectantly. Hammur rises,

his hands clutching a golden crown, as he advances toward you. Shibtu-Me carries a golden amulet, which she takes to Arabella. Hammur is chanting, "I present your crown, my King, a symbol of your rule and wisdom. Wear it with pride and remember our humble gift to you." Shibtu-Me seems to be similarly chanting, as she approaches Lady Arabella.

Have the party make Perception rolls. Anyone succeeding can hear distant crashing sounds.

The Blushing Bride

Arabella is intending to go along with the ceremony, at least until the point at which she is handed the Lion Amulet of Ishtar. Then, at a pre-arranged time, all hell will break loose. Arabella has been overseeing the creation of an Urite army, who are set to topple Babylon. When she first arrived at Ur, Arabella quickly mastered Quintessence Magick. She also spent time sifting through the temple records, in order to gauge how best to use the resources on the Moon to her advantage. While going through the archives, she came across references to the Lion Amulet of Ishtar, bestowed upon the Queen of Babylon, in her role of Priestess of Ishtar. She is delighted to have been cast in the role of Ishtar by the plotting Hammur. She realises he intends to have her and her groom slain, and relishes the thought of collapsing Hammur's plots around him.

She also discovered references to the Aether Wings spell (p.117) while trawling the archives, and began teaching it to the Magi of Ur. Ur, like Babylon has many Magi, and with the approval of both the Urite Governor, and Zimri, the Urite General, the process of creating a flying army was begun. The Governor promised a squadron of this army could leave Sin, to travel to Earth with Arabella. In fact Arabella intends, with the support of their General, to fly the entire winged army home with her (the winged regiments are the cream of the force, the regular guards – the rest of the army, levies from the fields, remain Moonbound, left to their fates in burning Babylon).

Hammur stands behind you, ready to lower the crown onto your head. It is a stunning artifact, of inestimable worth, solid gold inlaid with dazzling stones. Shibtu-Me is continuing her chant on the other side of the stage.

"That you are as high as heaven, shall be known!

That you are as wide as the earth, shall be



known!

That you annihilate rebelling territories, shall be known!

That you roar against the enemy lands, shall be known!"

Punctuating the word "roar" there is an almighty crashing sound, but Shibtu-Me perseveres, completing the sentence. You cannot tell what is going on outside, but others have noticed it too. Hammur looks cross, and some of the priests slip by the guards to find out what is going on.

Let the party speculate or react, then continue:

Shibtu-Me, looking perplexed, continues.

*"That you crush the leaders, shall be known!
That you devour corpses like a predator, shall be known!*

That your glance is terrible, shall be known!"

There is the unmistakable sound of screaming now, coming from the streets below, and more, and surely nearer, crashing noises. More priests have filed away, others return, whispering to their brethren. The guards stand strong on the steps, but even they are exchanging glances.

The invasion of Babylon by Ur is in full swing now. Whole buildings are being brought down by siege engines, and the winged warriors have taken the walls, allowing the bulk of the Urite army to simply walk through the gates.

Hammur's hands are shaking above you as Shibtu-Me continues.

"That you raise your terrible glance, shall be known!

*That your glance is sparkling, shall be known!
That you are unshakable and unyielding, shall be known!"*

There is another loud BANG! And further screams. Hammur's hands slip, and the crown falls onto your head. The priests bow, and some of them begin to hurry out, filing through the guards. Hammur hisses, "Only a few are permitted to stay for the coupling. Stand firm." He grips your shoulder, as if for support.

Shibtu-Me finishes her chant,

"That you always stand triumphant, shall be known!" and then, all hell breaks loose.

Death From Above

The vast chamber is rent by a resounding explosion, far louder and far nearer than any that have been heard before. It appears that the walls themselves are crumbling, close to the dais where you are standing. At the opposite end of the room, simultaneously, there is a splintering sound, and the mighty wooden shutters, that stretch around that side of the room, fracture inwards, shards of wood and brick whumping into the temple. As the brick dust begins to settle you see the most curious and alarming sight. Warriors with mighty feathered wings swoop through the rent wall like avenging angels, whooping and hollering as they slash and hack at the assembled priests and palace guards. With a cry of triumph, Arabella Blackwood reaches for the amulet, snatching it from Shibtu-Me's grasp. She throws something at the guards on the eastern stairs. It explodes, releasing fire and smoke, causing the already mauled guards on that side of the chamber to back away further down the stairs. She clings to one of the incoming aviators, a hugely muscled brute of a man with massive black pinions. He slips an arm around her, and as she throws back her head in laughter, they fly off, back through the smashed doors.

Zimri



Urite Commander

STR 18 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 14
POW 10 DEX 15 CHA 15

SR 15 CA 3 DM +1D4

Skills: Athletics 95%, Bow 95% (1D8+1D4), Brawn 105%, Dagger 90% (1D4+1+1D4), Evade 80%, Lore (Military Tactics) 89%, Resilience

85%, Spear and Buckler 110%
(1d8+1+1D4/1D3+1D4), Unarmed
90% 1D3+1D4

Faction: Lady Silver RP: 75

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

A handsome and formidable warrior, Zimri is utterly enthralled by his new mistress, Arabella Blackwood. Zimri has had some life – the son of a baker’s clerk, Zimri was sold into temporary slavery by his impoverished parents. However, as soon as he acquired his freedom from the fields, he joined the army, where his bravery, skill and wits brought him promotion after promotion until, with the blessing of the Governor of Ur, he rose to the rank of General and overall commander of the Urite army. Zimri is leading the attack on Babylon, on the orders of the Urite Governor, but the Governor does not realise that following the sacking of Babylon Zimri himself intends to lead the cream of the Urite army to Earth, to serve Arabella. The Governor had planned for the Urites to abandon Arabella, reneging on his promise to lend her a couple of thousand Soldiers. As ever, Arabella is one step ahead, and she has recruited Zimri to her cause, foreseeing the double-cross and ensuring the Governor will lose far more men to her cause. Arabella hasn’t needed to use Magick to gain Zimri’s allegiance, he is excited by the prospects of fresh victories on Earth itself, and completely besotted by Lady Silver, whom he believes is a Goddess made flesh. Arabella has agreed to the assault on Babylon however, she wants the Lion Amulet of Ishtar, as she suspects it is a wondrous Magickal Device, and thinks the attack will provide all the cover she needs to steal it. Zimri’s men follow their General without question – partly because they are instilled with the deeply hierarchical Babylonian military mindset, and partly because they believe their dashing and heroic General will lead them to conquests the like of which are only spoken of in legend.

What now?

The party are in a very tight spot. The priests are now desperately fleeing, Hammur will attempt to snatch back the crown, and then command his guards to kill all the passengers. They will have to react quickly to save themselves. They might be able to fight their way out, down the eastern steps, stepping over slain priests and toasted guards. Alternatively they could try to flee from the roof of the ziggurat, leaving through the shattered shutters. This is possible, but difficult. The tiers are large and they will have to be lucky (Hero Point time) to find any of the debris from the shutter is usable as a makeshift plank bridge.

If they do get to look out across the city, they see:

Winged warriors are swooping down, across the city. In their wake they leave the corpses of thousands of Babylonians. The city has been taken completely by surprise. You can also see mighty siege engines, rumbling through the city from the north, east and west. Toward the edges of the city you can see massed ranks of soldiers, advancing toward the centre. Small groups of guards try to prevent the onslaught, but they are cut down where they stand.

It appears, through the smoke and rubble that a further force, comprised of fresh phalanxes of soldiers and a wave of chariots, is heading toward the southern city walls to join the maelstrom. These units engage the wings of the original invaders, who greatly outnumber them. As you glance down, the leader of this new army looks up at you. He raises a sword in your direction, before leading his chariots on a charge, through the city gates.

Naboglissar IV

**Father of the People and King of all
Babylon-Sin, Moon Emperor**



STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 14
POW 15 DEX 12 CHA 15

SR 13 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 50%, Brawn 50%,
Courtesy 70%, Evade 90%, Lore
(Military Tactics) 60%, Lore
(Regional) 80%, Resilience 60%,
Sword 60% 1D8, Unarmed 50% 1D3

Faction: Babylon-Sin/Royalty RP: 60

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

Naboglissar IV is an unfortunate ruler. He is not a particularly talented tactician or astute politician, but he would have made a steady enough king had he not fallen prey to an uncomfortable set of circumstances. His major fault is an unwillingness to take decisive action at the right time, and to appear magnanimous at others. Instead he seems to moan a little pathetically about the lack of respect afforded him in certain quarters, while failing to do anything about it – a terrible strategy in the Babylonian-Sin political landscape where making frequent ostentatious gestures, and occasionally deploying overwhelming military force are the order of the day. He has been seen as weak and prevaricating in his handling of Aram, although he realises, as did his predecessor, that to start a war would not only be hugely costly, but could possibly result in rulers of the other City States rushing to attack his rear while engaged in such affairs (a more astute king would have ordered a nearby City State to do his dirty work for him on pain of destruction). He has also been the victim of an incredibly clever smear campaign, covertly carried out at the behest of Hammur, which has characterised him as weak and foolish, with a slatternly daughter beyond his control. Such is his unpopularity that he has assented to leaving his City, accompanied by his Queen, to remain in exile while scapegoats are crowned and ritually slaughtered. He imagines that he will be able to return once this has happened, to a people who will welcome him with open arms once his family's fortune has been cleansed through such a sacrifice.

Escaping The Moon

Enemies surround you, the city is burning, buildings are crumbling. The crowds have vanished, the streets mainly given over to running soldiers and the corpses of the slain. You hear a cry, and Hammur's men come bounding after you.

The party and passengers are in grave danger. Hammur's men will try to kill them, and Naboglissar and the Urites will also treat them as fair game. One danger will recede:

The winged warriors seem to be streaming upward now, away from the city, their murder done. They mill around in the air briefly, a huge flock, then, almost as one, they continue their flight, up, away from the Moon, toward the heavens.

One way or the other the Adventurers should realise that they are in a tight spot and it is time to go. They will be chased by Hammur's guard, and will be treated just as harshly by any of Naboglissar's forces, or indeed those of the invading Urites. With three hostile armies raging about, danger is ever close. Of course, Fordhampton might appear to rescue the party, his Soldiers' muskets keeping the Babylonians at bay. One way or another, they will have to fight their way to the ship. Make sure that they are tested as they run the gauntlet to the docks. It should not be easy to give Hammur's men the slip, and they should have to break out from his clutches as they break away from the ziggurat. They should be impeded by at least one further encounter on the thoroughfare back to the boat:

As you move down the wide street, toward the docks, you pass shrieking Babylonians, wailing as they clutch their wounds, or stoop over loved ones. Every so often the wailing is interrupted by crashing noises, as rocks smash into buildings and the crackle of flames as they engulf a building. Most of the buildings are made of rock and brick, so the fires don't all catch, but it seems that there is still a considerable amount of flammable material about, judging by the numerous pillars of smoke, billowing upwards, all about the city. Suddenly, from a side street, a group of guards pours into the thoroughfare, putting all in their path to the sword.

The strength of each assault upon the passengers is at your discretion. But it should be no cakewalk. Once at the dock:

You desperately race to the quay, where your vessel awaits. It appears there has been a struggle here, too. Guards lay slain about your deck, the crew ignoring the bodies, scurrying to prepare for flight. Some are loading on barrels, others attending to the wings. They had better hurry. Above you, moving down the quay steps, Hammur's guards are hurtling forward. From the other side of the river a large projectile is fired. Thankfully the burning missile plops into the river. But it was close.

"Prepare for flight, Master Glanvelle," comes the command.

"Aye, aye Captain," comes the reply.

The clockwork starts up. As the Babylonians begin to rain arrows onto the Enterprise, she breaks free of her moorings, heading out, down river.

"Full power to the clockwork. Extend the wings. Be giving her everything you have got, and brace yourselves for lift off!"

The wings begin their powerful, rocking strokes. The strange lurching begins, and the Enterprise lifts off once more. As before, it seems to lurch downward, then up again, falling dangerously toward a bridge, then surging skyward just in time. In spurts you head up and away. Babylon stretches out below you, the vast city, once proud, now crumbling and on fire. Slowly the city recedes into the distance, now only the larger buildings and the pillars of thick black smoke visible. In time, these too are gone. You are going home.

Ending the Adventure

Abel (or if he's dead, Glanvelle, or one of the other officers) will set course for Earth. The party are unlikely to resist. Arabella's gone, Babylon's in flames and the travellers will be hounded wherever they go on Sin as harbingers of doom.

Who knows what will become of the civilisations on the Moon in the wake of Arabella and the Adventurers' visit? Perhaps Babylon will rise again out of the ashes, Naboglissar IV may reassert his authority and a new golden age will begin. Or perhaps Hammur will succeed in ousting him. Perhaps for a while Ur will be ascendant. It is possible that in the future envoys from Earth will once again visit the Moon,

heralding a new era of trade and cooperation with the Aramites, Carchemishites, or Babylonian-Sin Empire. But it is unlikely to happen for a while – for now the news is spreading across the Moon of the havoc caused by the living Goddess, Ishtar, in her most terrible and destructive aspect, as she appeared from the skies in the form of an avatar, Lady Silver, bringing doom to all she met and devastation to mighty Babylon herself.

The journey home will be uneventful, unless you decide otherwise. Arabella is flying ahead of the *Enterprise*, her winged warriors moving swiftly to rendezvous with the *Goose*, which started the journey back to Earth a few hours before the *Enterprise*. The *Enterprise* will remain out of touch with her, her vessel, and her army, as they return – although they may occasionally fancy that they see a whirling mass, in the distance. Whether it's Arabella's peculiar army, a distant flock of birds, or a trick of the eye, won't be clear.

There will be barely enough supplies for the return journey. The crew stole back some of the original provisions and sent out a raiding party to secure more, but the passengers will not be able to escape the weevily biscuits as the journey reaches the final stages.

What the Adventurers do find, when they reach home, is described in the next book, the penultimate volume of the campaign. Don't miss *Hobbes:Leviathan*, Volume V of the epic *Kingdom & Commonwealth* campaign for *Clockwork & Chivalry*.

Just Rewards

For completing *Quintessence*, and escaping the Moon, each Adventurer should receive a bonus of 5 Hero Points and 8 Improvement rolls. If they have still got the crown (and Godfrey Grace fails to steal it, and Joseph Angmering can be persuaded that it should not be considered "Company booty"), then the Adventurers have an incredibly valuable item. Whether it has any Magickal powers is at your discretion (rumour had it, on Babylon, that the crown bestows increased wisdom, but it might just be that, a rumour). But undoubtedly the gold and jewels themselves are worth a fortune. The main difficulty will be finding a private collector with the means to pay for it. The party might sell it within a few months for £10,000, but if they wait longer, and allow agents to present the piece throughout Europe at the royal courts, they might receive an even better price.



Chapter VI

In which the magick of the fifth element is elucidated

*“None of all the magic hosts,
None remain but a few ghosts
Of a timorous heart, to linger on
Weeping for lost Babylon.*

– Robert Graves, *Babylon*.

Quintessence, Aether, the Fifth Element, all mean the same thing. It has long been known that the Earth is composed of the four elements of Earth, Water, Air and Fire, and that the heavens are composed of Aether. Now that Alchemists are visiting the Moon for the first time, it seems that these theories are going to have to be revised.

The Moon is composed largely of Quintessence, but there is some admixture of the other four elements, so that the well-known substances of the planet Earth are still available, though in different quantities. Minerals, plants, animals, etc are all present, though the latter two were brought from Earth by the Babylonians, and it is likely that scientists will be arguing for years to come as to whether the Moon was originally composed purely of Aether, and has been contaminated by the other four elements, or whether Earth, Water, Air and Fire were always there in small quantities. Perhaps the amount of the four Earthly elements decreases with distance from the Earth itself, or perhaps they are scattered throughout the Universe, if, as it seems, the Universe is filled with elemental Air. Maybe it is only the fixed globe of the stars, which forms the boundary of the Universe, which is made of pure Quintessence.

Philosopher’s Stones

Whatever the reason for the existence of Earth, Water, Air and Fire on the Moon, there is no doubt that they are less powerful than they are on Earth. For each week that Alchemist Adventurers spend on the Moon, their Philosopher’s Stones (brought from planet Earth) will lose one Magic Point. They will also be at -20% to casting any spells based on the four elements.

If they have the opportunity to make new Philosopher’s Stones on the Moon (unlikely in the adventure presented in this book, but possible in an extended Lunar campaign) Alchemists will find things rather more difficult than anticipated. Alchemy rolls to manufacture Philosopher’s Stones are at -20% (see the *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* p.115) unless the character has access to the grimoires used by Babylonian-Sin Magi.

Philosopher’s Stones created on the Moon can be used to cast Quintessence spells for anyone who knows any. Earth, Water, Air and Fire spells will always be at -20% on the Moon’s surface, and require Philosopher’s Stones from Earth.

Philosopher’s Stones created on the Moon will be usable on Earth, but will lose 1 Magic Point per week, as Earthly stones do on the Moon.

Alchemists on the planet Earth who manage to learn some Quintessence magick on the Moon will discover once they are on Earth that these spells only work with Philosopher's Stones created on the Moon – Earthly philosopher's stones are incapable of casting Quintessence magick because they lack any trace of the fifth element.

Elemental Casting (Aether) ***(INT+POW)***

This advanced skill is identical to those in the *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* (p.91) but is used for casting Quintessence spells. It can only be used with a Philosopher's Stone created on the Moon, as those created on the Earth lack any of the fifth element in their makeup. Before a character from Earth can cast a Quintessence spell, they must pay the requisite two Improvement Rolls to buy the spell (see *RuneQuest II Core Rulebook* p.51), for which they will need access to, and ability to read, the magick tablets used by the Magi of Babylon-Sin.

Learning Quintessence Spells

Aether spells can only be learned if a character has access to, and ability to read, the magick tablets used by the Magi of Babylon-Sin. This will require either the use of one of the Babel Amulets given to the Adventurers by Abel Tasman (see p.52), or knowledge of the cuniform used by Magi to write their tablets. Learning this writing would be like learning any other language in *RuneQuest II*, an Advanced Skill with a base of INT+CHA. Someone wearing a Babel Amulet will be able to read the tablets, and can learn Quintessence spells by spending the requisite Improvement Points and time (see *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* p.116). Getting hold of the tablets in the first place might be more difficult, as Magi are unlikely to give their secrets freely to strangers from another world!

Quintessence Magic

As *RuneQuest II* Common Magic has been adapted to form Alchemy in the *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook*, and Sorcery has been adapted to form Witchcraft in *Thou Shalt Not Suffer*, *RuneQuest II* Divine Magic has been adapted to form Quintessence Magic below. However, it is just the *spells* rather than the Divine Magic *system* which is being used. This is explained more fully below.

Despite what the Magi may say (and probably believe), magick does not come from the gods, but from the physical laws of the Universe. Certain spells are, however, associated with different Babylonian gods, as these are the spells that are taught in a specific temple. Some spells are common to all temples; for instance, Bless Crops and Bless Seeds are known to all temples, as they are so vital to life on the Moon. Other spells might be taught only to the priests of a particular god; Aphrodisiac is specific to Ishtar, while Heal Body is specific to Ninazu. Bear in mind though that in the smaller cities and ziggurats, gods do not have individual temples but are worshipped in one building, so that the local Magus may be a priest of both Ishtar *and* Ninazu and thus know both spells.

Each of the spells listed below can either be found in the *RuneQuest II Core Rulebook* pp.118-125, or are new to this book, in which case they are described in detail. Any spell in the Divine Magic chapter of the *RuneQuest II Core Rulebook* which is not mentioned below is not available as a Quintessence spell.

Spells are cast as described in the *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* pp.117-118, **not** as described in the *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* Chapter 8. A Philosopher's Stone created on the Moon is necessary. All spells are assumed to be Magnitude 1 unless noted in the spell description. The Rank of the spell should be ignored for *Clockwork & Chivalry* game purposes, as should any references to a spell being "recovered" or "released".

Quintessence Spells

The following is a list of Quintessence spells.

Absorption


See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.118. Magic Points are absorbed by the caster's Philosopher's Stone, making it grow in size accordingly.

Aether Wings

Duration Special, Magnitude 10, Touch

A very powerful spell, which was discovered on a damaged tablet by Arabella Blackwood, in the temple archives of Ur. With her extensive experience of Magick, she managed to recreate this long-lost Babylonian enchantment. Once this spell is cast on a living target, the target will, over the next seven days, grow a pair of perfectly





functional feathered wings, like those depicted on many Babylonian bas-reliefs. These wings are *permanent* – once this spell is cast on a person, they will be able to fly for the rest of their lives, but will never be free of the massive wings. The wings are feathered (their colour tends to match the colour of the target's hair) and have a wingspan of about 8m when fully extended.

A human who has had this spell cast upon him can move at a maximum speed of 150km per hour in a straight line, but is restricted to a Move rate of 20 when flying in combat due to the amount of manoeuvring needed. When on the ground all close combat skills are at -20%, as the wings are very large and unwieldy when folded.

Alter Target

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.119.

Amplify

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.119. This spell can amplify the Magnitude of any Alchemy or Witchcraft spell.

Aphrodisiac

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.119.

Beast Form

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.119. Rather than turning into a beast that is sacred to a particular cult, the caster can turn into any beast that he has seen at some point in his life. This is rather restricting for inhabitants of the Moon, who have a very small repertoire of beasts to choose from, none of them very fierce!

Behold

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.119.

Berserk

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.120.

Bless Crops

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.120. The spell must be maintained for two weeks for a lunar harvest to be successful. The caster must put another Magic Point into the spell each day to keep it going, though he does not need to re-roll each day.

Bless Seeds

Duration Special

This spell will bless a sack of seeds (of whatever crop) enough to cover one square kilometre. The seeds will magically grow at an accelerated rate, so that they are ready to harvest in two weeks. They are still susceptible to the usual pests, crop blights and inclement weather.

Blessing

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.120.

Breathe Water

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.120.

Call Winds

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.120. The maximum strength of winds the caster can control or invoke depends on their skill in Elemental Casting (Quintessence); up to 50% – Moderate Winds; 51-75% – Gales; 75%+ – Hurricanes.

Channel Strength

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.120.

Clear Skies

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.120.

Crash of Thunder

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.120.

Cure Disease/Poison

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.121. If attempting to cure magical diseases, they must be of Potency less than the Elemental Casting (Quintessence) skill of the caster.

Disarm

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.121.

Ebb and Flow

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.121.

Eclipse

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.121.

Evergreen

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.121. The caster must put another Magic Point into the spell each day to keep it going, though he does not need to re-roll each day. Note that this was an early spell developed by the Magi to allow plants to survive the long Lunar night, but proved much less effective than the Bless Crops spell. It is mainly used currently to preserve favourite plants and trees belonging to the nobility.

Fear

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.122.

Fog

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.122.

Gleam

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.122.

Heal Body

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.122.

Heal Mind

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.123.

Heal Wound

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.123.

Illusion

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.123.

Laughter

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.123.

Lightning Strike

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.123.

Madness

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.123.

Mindblast

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.123. This decreases INT as described, but has no effect on spell-casting except in reducing Elemental Casting skills by the amount of the INT loss.

Ancient Pebbles of Quintessence

Quintessence is not easily found in its purest form, and certainly not in the form of pebbles. The Warmth Stones and Light Stones have been used and recharged so many times, and passed through so many hands over several thousand years that they have become smooth, worn pebbles. Pure Quintessence in its natural form is a grey, rock, not unlike granite, found in seams running through other similar grey rocks, making it difficult for the untrained eye to recognise it. Needless to say, it will lose its potency if taken to Earth.

Rain

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.124. Note that this spell will *always* cause rain during the lunar day, and snow at night.

Reflection

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.124.

Regenerate Limb

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.124.

Shield

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.125.

Sunspear

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.125.

Sureshot

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.125.

True (Weapon)

See *RuneQuest Core Rulebook* p.125.

Enchanted Items

The inhabitants of the Moon have developed the ability to create a small number of magical items over their long stay on the Moon. They have lost (if they ever had) the ability to create potions, but can manufacture the items listed below. It is unlikely that the Adventurers will ever get to learn how to make these items, so rules have not been included, but Games Masters wanting to expand the Moon as a campaign background could use



the standard Potion creation rules (*Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* pp.123-125) as a basis, replacing the potion substrate with a fist-sized lump of pure Quintessence rock.

It is possible that the people of Sin have other magickal items; Games Masters should feel free to add others as they see fit.

Light Stone

These items take the form of a flat pebble of Quintessence about 5cm across, which glows with a bright light (as bright as an oil lamp) when the word "Light" is spoken in Aramaic. The light will glow for 1D6+6 hours once lit, and cannot be turned off. Once the light has worn off, the rock can be returned to a temple for recharging.

Warmth Stone

These items take the form of a round pebble of Quintessence about 5cm across, which warms up to blood heat when the word "Warmth" is spoken in Aramaic. The stone will remain heated for 1D6+6 hours once lit, and cannot be turned off. Once the warmth has worn off, the rock can be returned to a temple for recharging. There are also larger warmth stones, about a metre across, which will provide enough warmth to heat a cottage; these are hot enough to be used for cooking, and often have a flat surface on which unleavened bread and other such food can be cooked. These larger stones will last throughout a lunar night (280+D20 hours), and are too heavy to carry to the temple easily; it is one of a Magi's duties to

visit people's homes and bless their warmth stones with a special ritual spell which will recharge them for the coming night. In a world with very little wood or other fuel, this is a very important job.

Lion Amulet of Ishtar

This powerful magical item is a golden amulet in the shape of the head of a lioness, one of the symbols of Ishtar. Clasped in the lion's jaws is a milky orb about 2cm in diameter, which is a very rare and powerful item – a Quintessence Philosopher's Stone which does not crumble away when it loses its Magic Points, but recharges slowly. It has a maximum of 21 MPs, and recharges one each day, so that if not used for three weeks it will be completely recharged. This will continue to work even if the stone is taken back to Earth, meaning that whoever owns it will be able to cast Quintessence spells (assuming they know any) even if not on the Moon.

Elementals and Familiars

The inhabitants of the Moon have never summoned an Elemental within the long written history of the colony. Whether Aether Elementals exist is therefore an open question. Similarly, they have lost (if they ever had) the ability to create Familiars. Any such creatures brought from Earth will be seen as strange (particularly if they are of a species unknown on the Moon) – whether they are seen as strange and interesting or strange and frightening will depend very much on the animal!



Appendix

The following statistics use the general hit points rules from *RuneQuest II* p.96. Games Masters wanting all NPCs to have individual hit locations can calculate them in the usual way using the table in *RuneQuest II*, p.10.

Thugs

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 9
POW 9 DEX 11 CHA 7

SR 10 CA 2 DM +1D2

Hit Points: 13

Club 45% (1D6+1D2), Evade 46%, Perception 55%, Rotating Teeth of Godly Ire 55% (1D12+2), Persistence 38%, Resilience 56%, Survival 56%, Unarmed 45% (1D3+1D2)

(Only Lady Silver's Thugs have Rotating Teeth of Godly Ire)

Sailors

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 10
POW 10 DEX 14 CHA 10

SR 12 CA 2 DM 0

Hit Points: 11

Athletics 57%, Boating 48%, Evade 46%, Gambling 38%, Perception 55%, Persistence 38%, Resilience 29%, Shiphandling 40%, Sword 50% (1D8), Survival 56%, Unarmed 45% (1D3)

Fordham's Soldiers

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 9
POW 11 DEX 12 CHA 11

SR 11/8 CA 2 DM 0

Hit Points: 11

Skills: Evade 50%, Flintlock Musket 60% (1D8+1), Persistence 44%, Resilience 55%, Sword (Short Sword) 56% (1D6+1D2), Unarmed (1D3) 45%

Armour: Breastplate and Lobsterpot Helmet. (6AP to Head and Chest)

Assassins

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 12

POW 11 DEX 15 CHA 11

SR 14 CA 3 DM 0

Hit Points: 11

Skills: Dagger 58% (1D4), Disguise 61%, Evade 80%, Persistence 44%, Resilience 55%, Ride 64%, Short Bow 73% (1D6), Stealth 63%, Unarmed 60% 1D3

Palace Guards

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 15 INT 10
POW 12 DEX 14 CHA 15

SR 12/9 CA 2 DM +1D2

Hit Points 14

Skills: Evade 61%, Persistence 54%, Resilience 55%, Ride 64%, Short Bow 73% (1D6+1D2), Short Sword 63% (1D6+1D2), Unarmed 49% (1D3+1D2)

Armour: Plate Breastplate and Greaves (6AP to Chest and Legs)

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