

The quartermaster looked the new recruit up and down. it wasn't a quick process - not only was the man something approaching eight feet tall, he had muscles the sailor didn't even know an ardent's body could hold.

"I'm guessing you were born on the old mountaintops, yeah? A ridgeback?"

"How did you know?" the recruit intoned, every word falling like a stone slab as they reached up to adjust the ram-skull mask that covered their face.

"Just a hunch. Ever, uh... Ever worked on a ship before?"

"No. But I learn quickly."

The quartermaster looked around the bustling docks around them, at the complete absence of mountain.

"You're... Pretty far from home," was all he could think to say.

The recruit regarded him, expression hidden by his mask.

"Not far enough."

Bloodlines on Offer

Your bloodline describes what you are, a truth written in blood or sap or chitin. You'll be instantly recognizable as a member of your bloodline, unless you go to impressive lengths to hide it.

The bloodlines on offer are ardent, ektus, gau, ironbound, ketra, mothrym, and tzelicrae.

Ardent [Pg 102]

The descendants of those humans that survived the explosive growth of the wildsea. The ardent are natural survivors watched over by ancestral spirits.

Ektus [Pg 104]

Towering, spine-studded cactoids whose deserts were eaten by the Verdancy. The ektus are strong, resilient and in tune with their natural surroundings.

Gau [Pg 106]

Fungal humanoids set free from their old homes by this new world of rot and growth. The gau are swift and spry, making the best of their freedom.

Ironbound [Pg 108]

Ship-spirits with driftwood bodies, out to sail the waves once more. The Ironbound are naturally spiritual and sturdily built.

Ketra [Pg 110]

Humanity's less fortunate descendants, making their way up from hidden mines and buried buildings. The ketra are gelatinous, tech-savvy, and bio-electric.

Mothrym [Pg 112]

An insectile bloodline exploring the leafy sea after the collapse of their restrictive pre-verdant culture. the mothrym are short-lived and colourful.

Tzelicrae [Pg 114]

Secretive spider-colonies wearing humanesque skins. The tzelicrae are mysterious and unsettling, masters of movement and mimicry.

Origins on Offer

Your origin denotes the kind of environment you lived in before you became a wildsailor. It doesn't need to be where you grew up, though it can be - it could also be a place or culture that left a lasting impact on you.

The origins on offer are amberclad, anchored, ridgeback, rootless, shankling, and spit-born.

Amberclad [Pg 116]

Woken from centuries of slumber inside amber prisons, fresh to (and often unprepared for) the new wild world. Amberclad are perfect blank slates with a dash of weirdness to them.

Anchored [Pg 118]

Those lost to the waves but unable to rest, their true origins superseded by spiritual energies. Anchored are spectral, souls given solid form.

Ridgeback [Pg 120]

Raised on mountaintop islands, battered and hardened by the elements. Ridgebacks are larger and much tougher than the average wildsea denizen.

Rootless [Pg 122]

Those born to the seafaring life, on a ship cutting through the rustling waves. The rootless learn how to handle the dangers of the sea from a young age.

Shankling [Pg 124]

Those that spent their early lives in cities hanging from the boughs of tallshanks, the wildsea's largest trees. Shanklings usually have a devil-may-care attitude and a great head for heights.

Spit-Born [Pg 126]

Raised in the relative safety of an island or ruin caught up in the wildsea's growth. Most spit-born value trade, trust, and hospitality to strangers.

Posts on Offer

Your post denotes your position on the ship, or at least the kind of activities you've trained for while travelling the rustling waves.

The posts on offer are **alchemist**, **char**, **corsair**, **crash**, **dredger**, **hacker**, **horzoneer**, **hunter**, **mesmer**, **navigator**, **rattlehand**, **screw**, **steep**, **slinger**, **surgeon**, **tempest**, and **wordbearer**.

Alchemist [Pg 128]

Manipulators of salt and chemicals, able to extract and transfer the very essence of specimens and salvage.

Char [Pg 130]

Culinary masterminds who use meats and spices to imbue their dishes with lasting positive effects.

Corsair [Pg 132]

Dextrous masters of close quarter combat, ready to take on anything that threatens their ship.

Crash [Pg 134]

Sturdy individuals with an eye for demolition and an appetite for destruction.

Dredger [Pg 136]

Scavengers who trawl wrecks and ruins for loot and treasures. Most dredgers can gain entry to closed-off areas and pick out valuable trinkets at a glance.

Hacker [Pg 138]

Brave souls who take blade and acid to the verdant sea, carving paths for their companions. Hackers thrive when armed with hewing and serrated weapons.

Horzoneer [Pg 140]

Blending the disciplines of explorer and scholar, horzoneers are silver-tongued travellers able to charm hearts and waves alike.

Hunter [Pg 142]

Patient trackers who bring in food and supplies for their crews. Many hunters specialize in bringing down a particular type of quarry.

Mesmer [Pg 144]

The mind is a difficult place to plumb, but mesmers do it anyway – sometimes their own, sometimes the minds of those around them.

Navigator [Pg 146]

Experienced pathfinders in a shifting world. An experienced navigator makes journeys across the rustling waves faster, safer, and far more profitable.

Rattlehand [Pg 148]

Wilde engineers with a passion for salvage. The average rattlehand is at their best when repairing ships or crafting new, unusual gear.

Screw [Pg 150]

Masters of magnetism, screws merge themselves with scrap and salvage to increase their control of the world's detritus.

Slinger [Pg 152]

The long-range equivalents of the corsair, slingers engage their enemies from a distance with well-placed bolts and arrows or barrages of gunfire.

Steep [Pg 154]

Meditative brewers and herbologists with a strong connection to the spiritual world.

Surgeon [Pg 156]

Surgeons combine the skills of portside doctors, combat medics, and psychologists into a single field.

Tempest [Pg 158]

Those that have tasted the storm, and come back changed – destructive dervishes of thunder and lightning.

Wordbearer [Pg 160]

The last precious few tasked with ensuring messages and packages get from place to place across the vast expanse of the treetop sea.

