

CAPERION LEGENDS: THE ISLAND OF DOCTOR WHOM?!

Submitted by Calindra Hejara - #14234



Introduction

From the time man set out to explore the seas, legends of all kinds were spun to explain the strange things that happened to the sailors while out at sea. From mermaids to krakens, the seas were a dangerous and mysterious place, and the superstitious men and women that sailed them left their mark by the stories they spun. Some of them tall tails for certain, but fact was the sea was a jealous mistress, keeping her darkest secrets deep within its watery caves. The seas on Seraph or Ragnath are not immune to the similar ramblings of the men and women that sailed them over the centuries.

Gnysk Archipelago

The Menace - Captains Log

"[...] When the gales finally ended, the system's location telemetric computer was damaged, and my trusty sextant was able to save the day the old fashioned way! Good thing too, because the last thing you want is a superstitious and jittery crew to start tales of coral skeletons that board vessels at night in the Sea of Sorrow, the only warning you'd have is the sudden reddening of the waters and the stillness of the winds...

"From my calculations, we were roughly seven days sail from the nearest Elayan port, somewhere very close the Gnysk Archipelago, so due west we limped, and within half a day we sighted land. The first Islands were clearly populated by hostile villagers (I suspect cannibals), the skulls of the unfortunate visitors adorning several spikes, and the inhabitants firing on our ship.

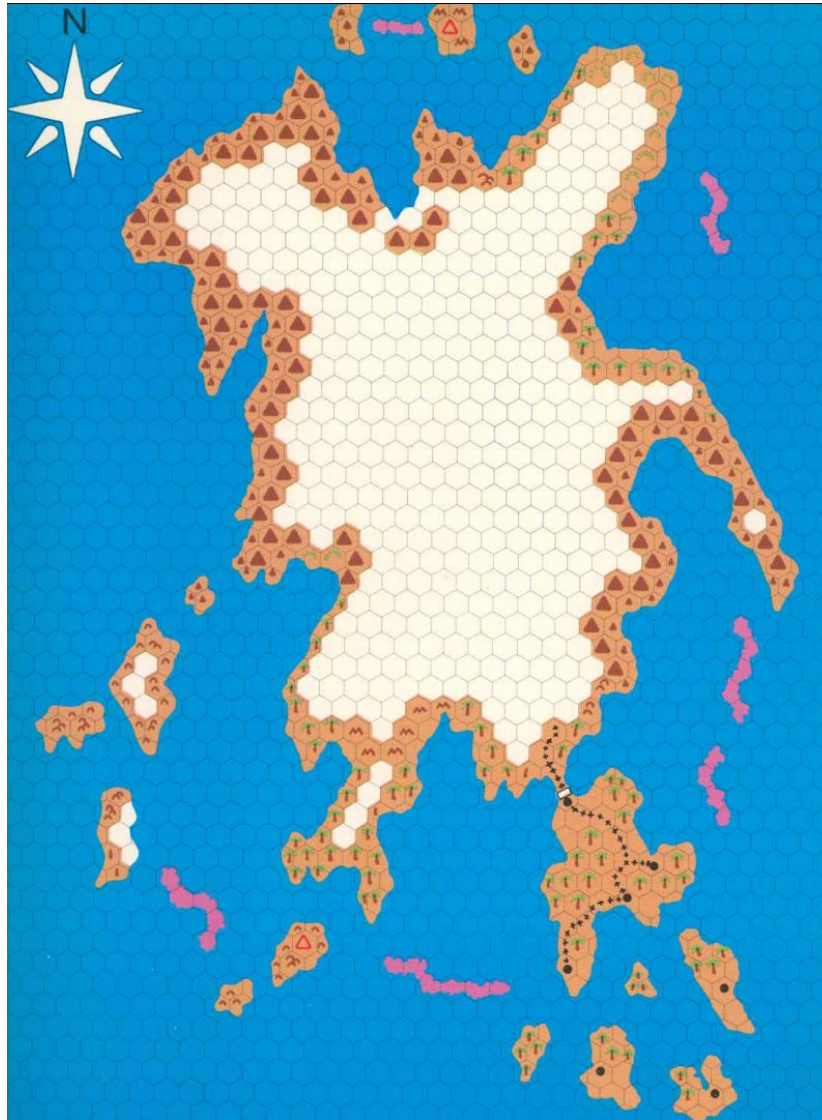
"We skirted the coastline well out of reach, sailing south by west until we reached a small peninsula cut off from the rest of the island where we were well received by the natives.

"They told us a tale about an ancient city in the central highlands of the island, built by the same people that had built the wall that protected the peninsula from the rest of the island. The villagers called the builders, 'gods.'¹ I however, suspect that the natives were much more advanced, but that their descendants have forgotten much over the centuries. The island city is rumored to be filled by treasure, there are also persistent tales of an orb of power.

"With only five crew members left, I thought it prudent to sail back to port and hire more hands. With the remaining crew, we can sail the ship and go home, but there's no way we could survive an extended stay to explore the island. Too many savages and unknown dangers to account for... Given our circumstances, I wouldn't want to press our luck too far; so we replenished our supplies, patched up the Menace, and traded whatever good that we had left.

¹ The intelligence officer's mark/underline.

“We did take the time to sail around the island and mapped out what we could of the coastline, and neighboring islands. We would have done more to chart the mainland, but the island is far too dangerous. It is better than nothing.



Tomorrow we set sail for home, Gods willing, we'll be back.

RB

End Entry

Intelligence Supplemental - *Calindra Hejaran, appending:*

The logs continue for a few more entries, but then stop completely. A search for the Menace and a captain with the initials RB through our Elayan contacts has turned up a few interesting facts:

Firstly, the ship never made port, the logs themselves were fished out of a giant beast of a sea creature that they call a Mouse Shark.

Flagging for follow-up. These builder gods have left me feeling that there's potential technological discoveries we could make.