

## **Eorilia's Moon: Abandoned Island Outpost**

The abandoned research outpost on Eorilia's moon is nature's standing testimony that it does not bend easily to the will of men – no matter how noble they imagine their cause. Battered night and day by ocean waves that seem almost sentient in their urgency to swallow the island outpost, the towering walls erected near the shore have long been stripped of their modern defense grids. Lyra colonists and Severian Principate scientists had erected the walls to protect their humble botanical collection site from marauding beasts; unfortunately, they failed to discern the jungle's most deadly threat until it was too late.

A lone, pioneering colonist had discovered one of the Lyra system's rarest plants – a known cure for more than one serious malady – growing in abundance near the island shore. He and the first wave of surveyors had arrived unscathed from their adventure, but every step toward establishing the research facility was fraught with “random” casualties and accidents until, eventually, colonists just stopped coming home.

Today, the half-finished, intentionally primitive stone structure meant to shelter the scientists while they carried out their experiments is buried under an overgrowth of vines as thick as a Wookiee's arm and twice as strong. A makeshift entryway has been carved through the invasive foliage, granting precarious passage under crumbling rock through an unfinished extension at the southern end of the building.

Inside, foolhardy explorers are granted a reprieve from the jungle's oppressively sticky heat and torrential storms in exchange for the light of day. The narrow entry opens into one large, circular room littered with broken glass, ruined equipment, dilapidated shelving and beetle-ridden corpses – all presenting their own navigational challenges in the near total darkness created by the vines. Rumor has it that abandoned samples of the prized plant already reduced to its medicinal form are locked in mobile storage containers through another narrow passage on the opposite end of the structure, but the rustle of nesting feathers overhead and a faint, buzzing hum may be enough to persuade the less resolute to take their chances with the wild plant.

Outside, the prized specimen grows along the moss-covered walls, under a constant spray of seawater and alongside carnivorous, Reeksa-like plants, with which they seem to share a symbiotic relationship. Separated from its natural guardian, the medicinal plant is harmless until it is cut. If handled incorrectly, the plant will release a toxin known to produce a mildly hallucinogenic effect on most species. Whether that effect is responsible for the fallen explorers who now fertilize the harvesting plot – who can say?