

Scenario 3: Bon Voyage

The open Atlantic air provides a nice antidote to the toxic miasma of your home turf. You hadn't anticipated a trip across the pond, but Feng's words were sufficiently foreboding, and after the recent eruptions at the Imperial and Chinatown, the city was getting a little too hot to handle. Besides, you could use a vacation, even if it's a working one, though you wish it wasn't *pro bono*.

Surprisingly, the twenty-four hours since you've left have been uneventful, and you've managed to get a good amount of rest and enjoy the amenities, but the majority of the night's hours are behind you now, and it'd be nice to turn in at a reasonable time for once. The crack of thunder in the distance only accentuates your desire to go down below. With dreams of dreams in mind, you make your way back to your cabin.

It's not the best room you've ever slept in, but it's cleaner than your office, and the bed's good enough. You lean up against the porthole for one last look at the endless midnight blue, reflecting on the mess you've gotten in to. The storm rolls in, rain trickling down the window. You watch a small group of dolphins break up the pock-marked surf below as they swim towards the ship.

Their direction strikes you as unusual, but aquatic life isn't particularly your specialty, so you write it of as an oddity of nature. Thinking it may be best to turn in before the storm picks up, you throw yourself on the bed, drifting off at sea.

You're awoken by the shrieking and cracking of thunder: your hopes of sleeping through it all seem dashed on the side of the ship like so many of the oncoming waves. Rousing yourself, you make your way to the window, wiping the remnants of your short sleep away from your eyes, and take in the night's fury. Another crash of thunder sounds out, though you swear it came from below.

Your eyes shoot down to the base of the ship, only to see more sparks than you saw last 4th of July. Straight down below, you see a thrashing in the waves and a shower of light as something tears at the hull, ripping it apart like a threadbare suit. Confusion turns to recognition turns to panic, as you realize that a hole in the ship isn't going to increase its seaworthiness and that it seems to be getting larger. If you don't want your trip to bottom out, you're going to have to dispatch whatever boarding party this is post-haste. Even then you're not sure the whole thing will stay together. You're going to have to find someone with more mechanical know-how than you to keep this thing together.

Proceed to Setup.

