

# Éireloas

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Éireloas is intended to be a new planet in TiTS, based off of real-world Ireland.

- Alotta rain
- Locals are good, hard workers: not necessarily lucky though
- Locals are generally cheery and optimistic, but not annoyingly so
- Top-tier alcohol produced
- Nicknamed “the World of Emerald” for the sheer greenness of its grasslands

Slight Disclaimer: This doc will only be covering the stuff specifically to do with the planet and how you get from place to place; Characters, the medic station, the store, codex entries, and the House of Endless Jamboree (the pub) will have their content in their own separate docs.

[Hasty Rusher]

[Planetary Approach]

[Landing Port]

[Landing floor room descriptions]

[Stairwell] (top)

[Stairs]

[Lift]

[SLIDE!]

[Stairwell] (bottom)

[Stairs]

[Lift]

[Transport Centre]

[Get A Ride]

[Bus]

[Taxi]

[Horse]

[Horseback]

[Carriage]

## [Hasty Rusher]

(planet unlocking event. 25% chance of happening on entering the "Landing Barn" space on New Texas)

You are making your way through the frankly too-large barn packed with all manner of ships and people and new-texans bustling around, when all of a sudden you feel something slam into your chest, causing you to stumble back a couple of steps. Recovering yourself from the dizzying impact {//if pc has shield:, not even your shield could help you from that one}, you correct yourself: some**one** crashed into you; a human, and seem to have landed on their ass. They seem to handle the impact better than you would have in their shoes, standing straight back up in a flash, flashing you a friendly and somewhat apologetic smile.

Your codex beeps, but you refrain from looking at it for now: more concerned with the condition of who you just bumped into.

"Aye, sorry 'bout that.", he says, smiling still, and speaking in an accent you hesitate to call divine, "I have a wee habit 'f not lookin' ahead wile runnin'." He looks up and to one side before musing; "An' 'nother for runnin' when not needin' too...."

When his focus returns to you you tell him that it's okay, this sort of thing happens. His smile only widens, filled with confidence and glee. Well, more of anyway. Just from the way this man stands, back straight and arms crossed, and his constant elated smile, you can tell he's an almost aggressively happy and friendly fellow. And also a fast talker.

"Good, good", he smiles. He takes the following moment to look you over: you take it to look him over. He's quite tall, standing at six feet and an inch, and quite obviously toned even through his clothing, though he does not appear to possess any features that hint to any active work out you know of. His face has quite angular features, and his raven hair is really quite short: maybe not even an inch long. His jaw is also decorated with lightly shaven stubble. All in all, he looks like a born worker. A sweaty one at that; perhaps this planet is just a little much for him?

"Say", he says, bringing a hand up to stroke his chin, "I rememb'r you from s'mewhere... O, aye right: Steele! [pc.name] Steele, right?" As he realises who you are, his hand leaves his stubbled jaw to make a quick snap and point at your face.

You are taken a little aback by the enthusiasm this infectiously jubilant man exudes as he proclaims his realisation. "Yeah", you respond, "That's me." You recompose yourself back to your normal, cool self before continuing. As he returns his arm to cross with its twin, you clear your throat a little and ask "And who might you be? And how do you know who I am?"

"Two simple quest'ons with simple answers.", he replies just as happily as before, "I'm Shal A'Cair, an' really, A'm nobody." He shrugs a little at this statement, clearly believing that

statement to be true, but before you can say otherwise the fast talker continues, "An' fer yer oth'r quest'on, kinda diff'cult t' <b>not</b> be known in yer kinda p'sition, ain't it?" That one you have to give him. "Specially not wen yer news spreads to Ayrloais"

That last word seems to have gotten out of his mouth faster than your microsurgeons could translate. "Sorry, to where?" you ask.

Rolling his eyes at this as though he'd almost expected you to ask, he humours you regardless, stating the place slower for you to understand. "Air. Loh. Ass.", he says, coming out painstakingly slowly compared to how he talks normally. This time round, while you are still clueless as to what he's saying, the robots in your blood do recognise what he's saying: Éireloas, the World of Emerald.

Seeing that you're reaching for your codex to research the planet, he gives you a quick synopsis of the place, everything no doubt coming from experience. "The place's pretty much jus' rain. Rain, rain, an more rain.", he says, somewhat cynically, before coming to a higher note, "Though I've yet'o find anywhere with better comp'ny. Or alc'hol."

"What about anywhere owned by Kui-Tans?", you ask. Those guys can certainly hold their liquor, certainly makes sense that they be able to make it in high quality.

"Weak as shit." chuckles the joyful man before you, rather matter-of-factly. "Eh. It's good", he continues to his actual answer before you can retort, "but it don' c'mpare to the likes on Éireloas". He shrugs, fully bringing his arms up and tilting his head for the motion.

"Anyways, you wan' a t'cket to the rain ball?", he asks, returning his arms to their normal position, "Rush'r like yerself'd prob'bly like the place, ev'n if you're in a race with yer cous'n fer your pap's fortune."

If he's offering, there's certainly no reason to reject his offer, especially not if the good things you've heard about the planet are true. On confirming your affirmative, he asks for a dabble with your codex. The instant you hand it to him on the star map, he instantly seems to have everything figured out. You can see him get the galactic coordinates search open in half the time you did your first time, and a singular second later he's handing the codex back to you with the star map looking directly at a planet half covered in cloud, and under it lush green and blue.

"There y' go, plug that int' yer console an' yer grand." he states happily before giving a slight curtsy, instead of a bow curiously, and heads on past you. You turn around after him, but before you can ask him where he's going he gives a singular wave, says "Happy drinkin'", and he's around a corner, out of sight.

A little to your dismay, you doubt you'll be seeing Shal again. A real shame, you were really beginning to like him. Perhaps there are a couple like him on Éireloas?

Remembering that your codex made a beep after your collision with Shal, you take it out to see what it came up with. Apparently he wasn't quite a human; but instead a Dalivel, or 'Devil' as they're known colloquially. Though they are almost identical to humans in most aspects, they have a couple of differences, such as larger livers and the heart leaning to the right side instead of the left. They are technically classed as a subspecies of human despite evolving on Éireloas instead of Earth. Interesting.

<b>The 'Humans' entry in your codex has been updated</b>

## [Planetary Approach]

{First time landing: You decide to make your way to Éireloas as per the coordinates given to you by Shal. The journey takes you to a system closer to the core than you would have expected. Looking up on your codex as you move up to a warp gate, you find out that the system the planet is in was discovered three rushes ago: before you were even born. After that search you turn off extranet connectivity and focus up as you dash into the gate. It's a little weird that this planet has been known about for more than your lifetime, yet what little you've heard about it was through hear-say. Well, before your encounter with who was probably a local that is.

After a number of hours, your navigation consoles inform you that you have entered The system with your desired planet in it. As you make your way to your target 'ball of rain', it starts to get more and more clear with the naked eye. The surface of the planet is about half covered by what look to be rain and storm clouds, and most everywhere else is covered with thin, wispy clouds. What little you can see of the planet's actual surface is definately green. It certainly is not quite what you expected, but perhaps it's better on the planet's surface.

Once you get close enough to change to your sublight engines, you receive an incoming transmission, hailing from Éireloas. You accept the transmission, establishing a comms link between you and whoever they put on cosmic traffic control. Who happens to be a pleasant, cheerful young human. "Ello. Welcome to Éireloas, and thanks for dropping by.", he says in a softer accent than your initial encounter with a local of this planet, but still verging on ear porn, and smiling in a charming manner, before cocking his head to one side and pointing his pen, "Ey, you're [pc.name] Steele. Well, especially thank you for dropping by. I hope your visit'll unwind you from what's surely a stressful competition."

Smiling back at him, it takes you a moment to realise your controls have ceased to function. Noticing your momentary panic, the man on comms calmly states "Sorry, forgot to mention, but we are assuming remote control over your vessel. Don't want another accident happening again, understand?" Now a little concerned about what kind of accident he could be talking about, you relay your understanding as you are remotely brought through the atmosphere.

You enter a thick set of clouds almost instantly after entering atmosphere. And in clouds you stay for a little less than a minute, the screen getting droplets of rain layered onto it. Once you break through the barrier of cloud, you are greeted with quite the wide and far view of ripe, lush land for miles upon miles around, and the impossible-to-miss hangar station you are pointed at. The thing is about half the size of the one you saw on New Texas, and very different in design, and with much, much larger individual landing bays, with a few ships you've never seen the like of resting in them. Overall, the fact that the light of the local star is being dampened out by clouds actually does not impede on the majesty of your current view. If anything, it adds to the appeal. It just isn't as bright as New Texas.

And all of a sudden you're jolted to a halt about eight or nine miles above the castle-like mega-port. Again, you hear your momentary guide speak up, "apologies, but there's a landing scheduled for now, and you would only get in the way." A little insulted at this, you audibly wonder what that could even mean. The man on comms only smiles and says "You'll see. Just sit back and enjoy your wee show."

Whatever that means.

[wait]

After waiting for nearly a minute, you begin to feel a distinct rumble in your chair. You leap out of it to realise that it's not just your chair, it's your whole ship. It isn't convulsing so much to pose a threat to the ship, but is certainly worrisome. {*//if pc has crew member(s): Your crew seems similarly concerned, coming up to the bridge to investigate.*}

The source of the troublesome vibrations reveals itself, as an enormous ship, actually shaped like a sea-faring ship of ancient times, flies past your left. It is truly a majestic sight, seeing such a massive masterwork glide past you towards its docking bay. When about half of the thing has past you, a huge sheet of metal, about half as wide as the actual ship component in itself, makes itself clear in the ship's design. H- have these guys found a way to make functional solar sails? Because what else could that majestic sheet possibly be?

{*//if pc has crew member(s): As the beautifully majestic ship makes its pass, you manage to fumble your jaw off the floor, and look around at your crew.*}

{*//if Anno in crew: Anno is leaning on the armrest of your chair, jaw dropped as far as you think physically possible, quietly mouthing 'wow' over and over. Eventually, she manages to get herself together enough to say with a look of bewildered determination, "I need to get in on the science behind that thing."*}

{*//if Azra in crew: Azra is standing in the back of the small crowd, easily looking over the heads of everyone else. While she has managed to keep her jaw from unhinging, her eyebrows threaten to peel off of her forehead. She remains silent throughout, just basking in the majesty on display.*}

{//if Celise in crew: You wouldn't have guessed that Celise would show any interest in this sort of stuff, but it seems to have enthralled her nonetheless. While it is possible that she could be thinking of all the dicks she could be sucking or breasts she could be milking on board that thing, it is actually possible that she could be actually enamoured by the vessel itself.}

{//if Yammi in crew: Your appointed chef of the ship seems to be equally as amazed by the view as you were. Yammi is blinking and rubbing her eyes again and again, as if trying to rid herself of any hallucination. On assuring herself that this is definitely happening, she fidgets with her fingers, unsure of how to react to what's going on.}

{//if Reaha in crew: Reaha doesn't seem to have fared with the majesty being unintentionally flaunted any better than you have. She does manage to peel her eyes away from the massive space-boat onto you, mouth hanging lamely open. She looks back at the thing quickly and back at you, gesturing incessantly at the flying ship, as if you hadn't already noticed how insane the image before you is.

The beauteous construct does make its way past your ship as your landing assistant looks at you through the comms, clearly amused by your reactions. The boat is no less majestic over there as it was right here.

And there's another one.

You are again struck in utter awe at an enormous vessel. Just when you think it's going to be too much for you to handle you're snapped back to reality. Almost literally as the man on comms snaps his fingers and tells you to get back on track. You return yourself to your seat {//if pc has crewmember(s):, as your crew returns to where they were previously, almost sulking that the spectacle is over}. You still get to watch the flying boats land themselves in the truly massive docking ports as your own ship gets flown down to a much smaller dock.

Luckily for you {//if pc has crewmember(s): and your crew}, your dreadnaught-sized ship space is situated at the end of a long row of those massive ships you were in awe about earlier, overlooking a whole, long row of them. You almost don't notice your external flight attendant saying "You are now fully landed on Éireloas. If you want to leave we shall have to guide you out as we did just then. Do enjoy your time."

You think you just might.}

{Repeated landing: While a little 'off the road' so it were, you decide to make another visit to Éireloas. Again, your ship is controlled remotely, and you break the veritable barrier of clouds. Just like the first time, you are 'made' to wait for a pair of majestic ships flying into the megatropolis of a port.

Many things will get old. That is not one of them.}

## [Landing Port]

{First time entering: After witnessing a spectacle such as that, you're more than a little excited to see what else is in store on this planet. Almost instantly, you rush around to see what you can of the massive ships through a window spanning most of the length of your rather large bay {*//if pc has crewmember(s)*: as does everyone else in your ship}. It is most certainly a sight to see, with all those boats so big they put most battle cruisers to shame all lined up, port to port, starboard to starboard. Of course, the solar sails, that are fucking massive in their own right, that circle around each of their midsections causes a large amount of wasted space, but still, it's all so grandly spectacular that it basically doesn't matter. You almost feel bad that your father never got to see the like.

Your trance is broken by an "Oi!" to your right. You {*//if pc has crewmember(s)*: all} look over to see the man who guided you down here, smiling affably. "This ain't a normal part've my job, but exceptions have been made for you, [pc.name].", he states, making a gesture to the massive, stone-coated area that's probably been assigned to you.

While it is certainly a nice, and definitely accepted, privilege to be such an exception, it does not quite make a lot of sense to have such privileges here, in the middle of more or less galactic nowhere. "Thanks....", you say, "But why exactly are you on orders to look out for me here of all places?"

Clearly happy to offer his service, he fulfills your question. "Your old man really helped this planet out 'bout fifty years ago. See, as a people and society, we prefer the people to be free, doing as they want and relying on only themselves and each other to fix a problem. It's more or less a part of our culture to reject big time governments.", he details, looking up slightly in recollection, "Long history of oppressive dictatorships and terrible examples of democracy made us cynical, I guess. Anyway: company by the name'f Pyrite comes along, and big, heated debate starts between us and them about whether or not we should get proper freedom."

That part sounds tragically horrible. You call out that that couldn't be what happened.

"Got it all logged and protected on about every computer on this planet, and any AI or VI made here has it in their software as part of construction.", he continues, upturning his nose as he says: "Defended themselves saying that we're 'such hard workers that we wouldn't mind'."

He spits his distaste on the floor at his feet. "Obviously, they tried to cover it all up after realising how bad they fucked up, and managed it everywhere but here, but I'm getting off track.", he says, straightening himself, "They ended up forcing us into a sort of debt with them and was well under way of buying the planet, and your old man came ahead and bought the planet from right under their noses to protect us from them twats." His



expression, which had deflated during this, returns to the normal, happy state at this. "Unlike the UGC, he respected our wishes to freedom, and left us to our own devices after. This pile of rock and rain just belongs to his... *<i>your</i>* company."

As you're taking in the story laid out to you by your technically-but-not-quite-employee, and considering the fact you've hardly heard of this place even though it's apparently been accessible since the last rush, he continues to a lighter note. "Well, didn't leave before getting around a bit." he says, pointing out his hair, nearly an identical shade to your father's and grinning.

Your dad really did get around like they said, even in his eldest years. Giving freedom from the UGC, and yet more of his lineage to a planet that you've barely heard of. And only a couple of decades ago to boot. Damn.

"Aye, that reminds me.", your apparent relative continues, "Never did introduce meself, did I?" After your confirmation that, indeed, he hadn't introduced himself, he just answers with a shrug, "Vicky weren't there to name me, so I wound up with Paddy. Still Steele for a surname."

"Anyways", Paddy continues, bringing his hands to rest on his hips, giving him a rather confident but not quite cocky demeanour, "My instructions were to stay up with a pen and paper until you come along, then I'm to stay at this dock, look after your ship, keep the place tidy when you're gone, yadda yadda." He chuckles to himself, depressing his shoulders a little and looking out the over-sized window as he mutters "Much better use for me than paperwork ever were."

Looking back at you, he works himself to a conclusion of this encounter. "Introductions done, you want to head off to Dúlbhin, head out that door, follow directions to the country travel, and ask to go to Dúlbhin.", he says, pointing to the door at the far end of the dock behind him, "If you do, I'd recommend the House of Endless Jamboree. Best pub you'll ever find. Period." That's some pretty high praise, but you hold your skepticism.

"If you wanna just hang around this oversized castle, you can as well.", he adds, "Them barges you love to gawk at are actually open to the public while under maintenance. Save you looking up porn for a short while, eh?" He grins knowingly at you *{//if pc has crewmember(s): and your crew}* while saying that last statement. "And if you're looking for me, you know I'll be around here. Just gimme a whistle."

With that and a curt half-bow, Paddy turns to examine your ship. He's clearly a professional at this, despite probably being a couple of years younger than yourself. You opt to leave him be for the time being.

As you begin to head on, however, you begin to hear something from outside the oversized window. On closer inspection, the window doesn't have glass in it, which would explain the sound coming through with ease. The sound turns out to be a song brewing up with the workers down on the barges. All of them vocalising lyrics in unison, moving and working in

tune to their working song. The song itself carries a merrily uplifting tune: you don't think it's physically possible to be in a negative mindset when listening to this. You also catch Paddy's voice joining the wonderful chorus.

The song itself is being sung in what you assume to be the local language, but despite the methodical and tempoed structure of the words, your microsurgeon translators struggle to decipher it. What is picked up appears to correspond to telling a story over the course of the song, with a chorus made up more of jaunty sounds more than actual words. Regardless of anything else, it is absolutely heavenly to your ears.}

{Repeated entry: Large and expansive, the dedicated bay for you and your ships has about as much thought put into it and your potential needs as the one you got back on Tavros. Paddy, your nephew-in-law, is making himself particularly busy, looking after every nook and cranny of your ship meticulously. He's clearly taking his assignment to your hangar seriously. As ever, the wondrous singing of a work shanty echoes through the open window spanning most of the side, originating from the maintenance crews of the majestic space boats lined up in rows for you to see.}

## [Landing Floor room descriptions]

Map of the Landing Floor.



### ***Landing Port:***

To the north is the door leading out of your personal docking space. Beyond it, and a small set of stairs down, is the much more public area of this castle-port. If you're wanting to look about this planet, that's where you're wanting to go.

### ***Main Gangplank:***

### *Space 1 (rightmost)*

You are currently in the landing between the stairs to your personal hangar and the stairs down to ground level. There is a handful of people around, some clearly workers on the many ships visible to the west, others are plebs like yourself. Both sorts of people are generally in groups, exchanging chat as they walk this way or that, with the occasional person happily by themselves.

To your north is the stairwell leading down to ground level, to the south is the hangar reserved for you. To your west is the public walkway to the many massive, majestic space boats.

### *Space 2 (middlemost)*

Being right in between two of the massive barges really puts into perspective just how grand they are. And looking around a little bit tells you that you're not the only one feeling this. Even some of the people working these boats are stopping to remark how they never get used to it.

The bow of the ship to your north actually comes over part of the walkway, allowing you to look up and examine the material. To your surprise, it's actually wood. Either that or a damn impressive scientific substitute. Either way, it's very pleasing to look at, and refreshing in its own right to see a space-faring ship that's made of wood.

{first time entering: The one to your south is facing away from you, allowing you to see the ship's name embroidered on the beautifully decorated back: 'Lady Endeavour'. Above the ship's name is what looks like a flag, or something of the sort; a red rectangle with a black circle in the middle of it.

Your codex beeps in your pocket, and you take it out. Turns out to just be a standard notification, nothing worthy of note. Before you can put it away, however, it seems to recognise the flag on the ship's stern. The flag is identified as the insignia of the 'Black Ball Line'. Apparently the Black Ball Line are a line of ships of strict regulation, hard workers, and particularly fast voyage times. The 'sailors', as the workers of this organisation are called, are paid more per voyage the faster they can complete them.

It all makes sense, you muse, for a ship with such a work philosophy to be so quick in their transport. You also learn that ships in the BBL, known as 'Black Ballers', are especially fitted with manable stations where they would be absent on other ships to allow for such faster passage. Very interesting.}

{Repeated entry: The Lady Endeavour lies to the south, facing away from you. The Black Ball flag identifies its rather impressive rank of ship as being one of the fastest and most reliable delivery ships there is.}

To the east is the way to the stairwell down to ground level and the stairway up to your personal hangar. To the west is more of the walkway, as well as a cross intersection, presumably leading to the boarding planks onto these boats.

### *Space 3 (leftmost)*

You are currently standing in the middle of a cross intersection, a fucking massive boat standing on each of the compass corners from you. Looking to your south you see the way to the boarding plank onto the Lady Endeavour. You've made it this far, and Paddy did say they're open to the public, why not take a look? There are normal, non-workers doing it as you can see, so it isn't anything weird to do.

To the east is the way back to in between the two ships, and beyond that the landing between your personal hangar and the stairwell down.

### ***Lady Endeavour***

The Lady Endeavour is a grand old ship, just like every other one in her row of the things. She also seems to be one of the more popular for public visits, as many commoners are lounging around, inspecting just about everything of note she can offer, and coming in and out of the lower quarters.

{first time entering: On looking closer at the solar sails, you notice something. There seems to be cracks, both deep and shallow, spanning most of one slice of the things. They must be damaged! Your suspicions are mostly confirmed when you notice that a large number of the sailors, identifiable by the Black Ball flag on their left breasts, are gathered around one of the area about the cracked segment. Your suspicions are definitely confirmed when you hear them talk about what they are to do to repair them. It's all interspersed with episodes of banter and good humour aimed at each other.}

{Repeated entry: The solar sails are still damaged from when you last saw them. About ten Black Ball sailors are also still there, making equal parts work to repair the damaged sails as they are jokes and jabs at each other. It's all good fun to see them enjoying their work time.}

To the east is the boarding plank you used to get onto this ship, and from there going north will lead back to the main walkway.

### **[Stairwell] (top)**

You are currently stood at the top of a long stairwell down to the ground floor. Looking down over the railings you see that it is indeed a long way down, which is to be expected, considering the types of ships they house on this floor. Still though, it is a rather daunting number of steps.

Thankfully, there seems to be a handful of elevators to take you down as well.

There is a number of people hanging about here, just standing around by the edge, talking to one another, giving this place a feel of an unintentional hub of sorts. The sound of idle conversation is interrupted with sharp woops of joy, as three or four individuals, quite clearly locals by the energy they put on display, slide down the external banister like a slide. And looking again at it, you notice that it is shaped and sized almost perfectly to accommodate such use, and is also polished to a shine: you doubt that you would feel a burn of any kind, even if you were to go bottomless!

To the south is the way back to the main walkway and your personal dock.

[Take Stairs] [Take Lift] [Take Slide]

### **[Stairs]**

The stairs are about as fun to take as you expected: not at all. You have to admit, it doesn't take nearly as long as you expected them to, but they still take a good six or seven minutes to get to the bottom. The friendly nods and brief greetings you get from others as you descend really helped you get down in a somewhat happy mindset.

### **[Lift]**

The elevator takes a little less than a minute to get you all the way to the bottom floor, accompanied by the type of music one would expect. When the doors open, you make your way out and leave that bland experience behind.

### **[SLIDE!]**

Smiling to yourself as you decide how you are to descend the stairs, you approach the external banister. After bracing yourself a little for the experience ahead, you bounce onto the banister. Thanks to the momentum behind your hop, you start sliding down the well-shaped baluster. The ride down is exhilarating and fun; you feel just like you're 6 again!

Surprisingly, you don't fall off the banister at any point. You don't even sway uncomfortably far one way or another. As unprofessional as this is, this really must have been intentional design.

With the speed you're moving at, you make it to the bottom in just two minutes, and your ass just slightly numb. Now that you're at the bottom of the stairwell, you move on, feeling much cheerier and childish. Not that you mind the latter, of course.

### **[Stairwell] (bottom)**

You presently stand at the bottom of the massive stairwell leading up to the docking level. As much as it looked daunting from the top, from the bottom you are almost actively intimidated

by them from the bottom. Still, if you have to get up there, you're going to have to go up them if you don't want to take the elevator.

To the east lies a transportation service to Dúlbhin, the official capital of Éireloas. If you want to get to any region of significant population, that's your best bet.

[Take Stairs] [Take Lift] [Take Slide]

Take Slide is permanently greyed out while at the bottom of the stairs. Mousing over them brings up the following: Nice try, Newton! Unfortunately for you, you are subject to the laws of gravity, and cannot slide up a slope.

### [Stairs]

You opt to take the stairs as opposed to the elevator going up. How bad can these stairs really be?

Pretty bad, as it turns out. After about sixty steps or something like that, you begin to regret your decision. Your breathing has already gotten a little ragged from exertion. After another hundred, you begin to feel tired in the legs. The only reason you keep going are the people who decide to help you on your climb up these innumerable steps. Many of these people tell you it's no problem, and tell you to keep it up.

When you eventually do make it to the top, you just have to stop and support yourself on your knees. That was far more exhausting than it should have been. Your recovering is interrupted by a hand grasping your shoulder. You look up to see an Éirish `{//if Coins not in codex: man, who reminds you of an ausar, but something's just a little different,}` `{//if Coins in codex: Cú}` smiling down at you. "Prob'ly should take th' lift up next'ime if yer gonna end up break'n'a sweat goin' up them stairs.", he suggests, before getting a little closer and whispering "Or 're yoo just pr'senting fer a fuck?"

You jerk your head up at him as he says that, but before you can say anything he's already quirked his eyebrows up suggestively and is walking away. In your current state, all you can do is stand there, bent over, and watch his damn, sexy ass walk away.

`{//if Coins not in codex: Your codex beeps and you bring it out. It has a notification stating a new species recognised: Coins, apparently pronounced with a 'ch' rather than a normal 'c'. The codex summarises them as being relatively similar to Ausar, but having more slender but stronger builds, and reaching much greater heights, as well as being local to Éireloas. They also have pretty much exclusively grey or ginger fur, and more around their bodies.}`

`{add status effect: Sweaty}`

`{increase soreness by 1}`

`{slow physique gain 1}`

### [Lift]

The elevator takes about a minute to get you all the way to the docking floor, accompanied by the type of music one would expect. When the doors open, you make your way out and leave that bland experience behind.

Map of ground floor



## [Transport Centre]

The castle-hangar's in-built transport centre isn't overly impressive. At least not compared to the majesty of the port you walked past to get here. That being said, it is still pleasing to the eye, with its fair share of statues, plants, and other decor. Just like everywhere else you've seen in this place, pretty much everything is made of an ancient-looking stone, as though this is an actual castle that has existed for generations.

Around the place, you see buses and taxi vehicles; standard transportation methods you've seen on other planets. But in addition to those, there is the far more exotic sight of horses, as well as a carriage or two in the corner, also available for public use, although the carriages are yet unused. {//if pc has talked about carriages: That will probably be changed when you ask for a trip.}

To the west is the stairwell connecting the ground floor to the mega-hangar.

[Get A Ride]

## [Getting a Ride]

You decide to get a ride to Dúlbin. The question remains: exactly how will you make your way to the city?

[Bus] [Taxi] [Horse]

[Bus]

You approach the busses and request to travel to Dúlbin. The Éirish attendant nods and directs you to a nearby bus. He converses with the driver that it has room on it, and then walks past you, giving you a pat on the shoulder as he does. Assuming that means this vehicle does has the room on it, you walk up to the driver.

{first time using buses: He beams you a smile, and informs you "Bus rides're free. Jus' look f'r a seat 'nd take it." A little surprised that it works like that, you smile back, and head back into the bus.} {Repeat using buses: He smiles at you, and manages to take from your movements that you're familiar with how buses work on this planet. He gestures his head behind him. You return his smile, and proceed into the vehicle,} It actually isn't all that full.

Yes, it's a little packed already, and at a glance it may look completely stuffed, but there's actually a large number of free seats.

You make yourself comfortable in a seat by a window to the left hand side of the bus. You end up waiting until the next hour on the clock until the bus departs on schedule. You suppose that this is the benefit of taking a paid-for taxi over the chargeless bus.

Almost as soon as you exit the building, you are reminded just what planet you are on. The rain pelters onto the bus. The window you are sitting next to has streams of water flowing down it in a matter of seconds, and you hear above you all the millions of patters on the roof of the vehicle. {*//if first time taking bus: It's actually surprisingly... relaxing. It's a sensation you can't even detail to yourself, but it part ways the knowledge that the rain is out there and you're in here. But beyond that, you just can't put your finger on it.*} {*//if taken bus before: It's all as relaxing as always, the rain on the roof and the warmly cold.*} {*//if 6:00<time<20:00: It is also rather bright, despite the rain and clouds. You also spy a rainbow away in the distance. It's as if you didn't already have enough things to smile about on this planet.*}

Along your journey, when you aren't nodding off, the sights and views are all wondrous. They aren't at all as grand or impressive as standing on a clifftop overlooking land for miles around, but they are great in their simplicity and, you hesitate to say, humbleness. The rolling fields you see, and the lush grasslands. Who would have thought that green could be such a touching colour? Indeed, while you're sleeping in the calming atmosphere, you recall that you had dreams of having a date with a lover, enjoying the emerald all around you in spite of any rain.

This being a bus, it stops at specific places to drop off and pick up passengers. Most of these stops are in small villages, filled with ancient buildings that no doubt have their own long histories, and beside them newer architectures, though these are also rather quaint in design compared to what you're used to on Terra. Some of the stops are made in more remote places, with a very small number of houses about them.

You can't help but think of living out along here somewhere. Perhaps it would be a good idea to get a holiday home here when you get your father's fortune? You correct yourself: that would be a great idea! You already own the planet, or at least will do when you collect your inheritance, and since everybody on this planet is so charmingly kind, you'd probably have to do little more than ask. And don't take away the freedom your father gave them. That would probably be for the best.

After just under an hour of traveling, the atmosphere of your location changes somewhat. Ignoring the fact that the rain, as erratically stopping and starting as it was, seems to be consistent here at the lightest drizzle, all the buildings seem to be much more urban than the rural regions you were going past to get here. It would seem as though you've made it to Dúlbin, unless this isn't classed as a capital city on Éireloas. Very soon after entering the city, your bus stops at a bus centre, not just a stop, and switches off the engine. You take this as a sign that this is the end of the line.



Getting up off your seat, you look behind you to see many people doing just the same. You also see some people waking up those who slept through to the end. Contrary to what you think most people would think, the Éirishmen and women are the gentlest in waking them up, and just glancing at them do it brings a slight warmth to your {/if pc is an ass: cold, dead} heart. Moving on from that, you step out of the bus, and into the capital city of Éireloas: Dúlbin.

### [Taxi]

You approach the sets of cabs. All of the drivers seem to be sitting at or otherwise corralled at a nearby table, laughing heartily and exchanging stories. One notices your approach and taps one of her work partners, then tells them something you can't hear. Most likely just saying that she's going to attend to you. She then turns and walks to you, smiling happily at you. "Hullo, Angel.", she says, "Wantin'a taxi?"

You confirm that yes, you would like to take a taxi, to Dúlbin. "Right, that'll be fifteen cred'ts." Nodding, you take out your codex to type out the transaction out. And you nearly jump when she slaps some sort of reader over it. It gives a beep instantly and leaves a message on your codex saying your account has been deducted fifteen credits, though you're a little more occupied at that moment with recovering from your half-jump.

Your driver offers an apologetic face, "Oh, sorry, did I jump ye?", she apologises, before laughing it off. You laugh a little with her, and say yes, you did get surprised. "Aw, well, suck't up, angel. An' no", she says, giving you a gentle poke on the nose, "I don' mean anythin' t'do with me."

With that and another slight chuckle, she turns to one of the taxis lined up; presumably hers, and gestures for you to follow. She opens the rear door for you and gives a very slight bow. Rather surprised at her etiquette, you get into the cab, and she closes the door once you're fully inside. She then gets in the front seat, and rummages with some things on the the passenger seat next to her. You're about to ask just what she's doing when she takes out a chauffeur's cap. To your surprise, she shows you the front of it, and it has your Steele Tech's logo on it.

"Hope y'don' mind me wearin' this cap, {/if preferred gender == male: Mr.} {/if preferred gender == female: Ms.} Steele.", she says, "I'm jus' a wee bit've a fan of yer dad's work an' all."

{/if pc is mischievous: "Yes, I do mind actually.", you respond jokingly. She puts the cap on anyway, and sticks her tongue out at you. She definitely understood you were joking, by the way she smiles after bringing it back in. The cap itself seems to adorably be one size too small for her, and sits a little above her head, which isn't helped by her bushy ginger hair.}

{//else: "Go on ahead", you say, giving her a smile. She beams back, and places the cap pertly atop her head. The thing is actually one size too small for her, quite adorably, and has to sit just above where it should be. This isn't exactly helped by her full mess of ginger hair.}

She then slides on a pair of white gloves of what looks like silk, or some other fine fabric. She seems to be rather professional in how she carries out this business, despite demonstrating perhaps rather improper actions earlier. She turns her head back around to look at you, and with a smile states, "We'll get th're'in 'bout forty minutes give'r take, 'Iright, Angel?"

After you nod and say that's fine by you, she turns back around and starts up the vehicle. Seconds later, you're outside the massive transport centre, and you're surrounded by rain on all sides. With the rain comes a sort of cold feeling, but not an actual cold, rather a warm sort of cold. A comfortable cold. Combined with the pattering of rain on the roof of the cab, the atmosphere is very relaxing and soothing.

The journey is very smooth, no doubt because of an experienced chauffeur. You pass by a handful of small towns, comprised of ancient-looking architecture and more recent, but still not quite modern, buildings, all of which have a quaint feeling of olden times. You can't deny that these places must be simply enjoyable to live in. Most of the journey, however, is spent driving through country roads, with views of fields and grassland for as far as the hills. Green is such a beautiful colour, you think as you look out your window.

About forty minutes of travelling later, accurate to what your chauffeur estimated, you enter a much more rural area. The buildings appear much more modern than what you saw in the small towns on the way here, but still not quite up to date to the likes of Earth. Not long after the change in atmosphere, you find yourself parked in a line of taxis to the side of a road, which you only just realise that all the roads are old-fashioned tarmac.

Your Chauffeur removes her gloves and cap, and neatly places them on her passenger's seat. She then exits the cab and opens your door, waving her arm to present the city behind her. "We're here, Angel." she says. You step out of the cab and thank her for transporting you. "No pro'lem.", she says, "Ye need t' get back, jus' come see me. Take'are now." She waves you goodbye as she walks to the other taxi drivers grouped just nearby.

Guessing that you've finished interaction with her for the time being, you step onto the pavement. Just where in Dúlbhin do you want to go?

[Horse]

{first time using: Curious, you approach the area of the centre with all the horses. As you approach, one of the attendants notices you and waves you over. "Hey!", he says as you approach, tying one of the horses to a post, "You lookin' for a horse ride?"

"Yeah", you respond. You've never ridden a horse before, so they're all a little daunting, especially how they're a little bigger than you had thought.

Noticing how you're looking at all the horses, he says aloud; "Never ridden one b'fore, have ye?" You shake your head. "Well, don' worry, we've got a few calmer uns for beginners, or you can ride th' same'un as your guide if that don' do ye." He glances at the unused carriages in the corner and says "Those're for VIPs only, like ol' Victor. If he were still around, bless. Sorry."

You take that opportunity to say that you're Victor's child and heir. On hearing this, the attendant looks you over once, twice, thrice. His face then lights up with equal parts shock and regret. "Ah, shite!" he exclaims, placing his hands over his mouth and nose as he doubles over in shame. When he stands back up, he gives you a sorry look, saying "Sorry, {/if preferred gender == male: Sir.} {/if preferred gender == female: Miss.} I didn' recognise ye, do forgive me."

You tell him it's fine, you hear that Victor put some more of his lineage on this planet anyway. "True that" laughs your attendant, cheering up a little.

Sighing away the rest of his embarrassment, he continues: "Anyway, yeah, if you wanta carriage, you c'n ask one of us to take you on one. No biggy if it's for you, boss."

So, since either is open to you, which one are you to take? Just a horse, or one of the special carriages?}

{repeat uses: You approach the horses in the centre. Looking around, you find a free attendant. Now it's just whether you want to go by horseback or carriage.}