Writing

Hey, this is all gonna be rough for a while so how about don't worry about it and go look at other more interesting things huh?

- Concepts and Notes
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- The Harper Kind

Concepts and Notes

Concepts and Notes

Acolyte Robes

Red with Gold Trim - The Champion

Brown with Silver Trim - The Mother

Green with Yellow Trim - The Healer

Silver with Brown Trim - The Lover

Black with Silver Trim - The Betrayed

Blue with White Trim - The Scholar

Violet with Gold Trim - The Pilgrim

Concepts and Notes

The Harper Kind

Conservatory Level: Tubers and Grains > Orchard > Live Animals

Atrium Level: Forward Viewing > Food Court, Shops and Medical > Passenger Quarters > Passenger Storage

Crew Level: Forward Storage > Piloting Chambers >Mess/Rec > Crew Bunks > Engine > Rear Storage

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Toni, a passenger on the Harper Kind wakes up to silence aboard the vessel with very little of her memory. She wanders around, eventually discovering the info that the Kind is an Ark of sorts to escape some vaguely mentioned catastrophe above. This is also when she sees they're at the bottom of the ocean. The Ark is not intended to return to the surface for some time, potentially ever. The computer has it's stasis pods set to wake everyone up in 478 years later (522 years having already passed) to account for the world fixing itself.

She spends a day panicking and exploring and initially can't get into the crew section, but then she finds a crew key card that got misplaced. She uses it to get down to the piloting area but the card won't allow her to access anything beyond basics. The computer tells her she can't make contact with the surface because there's nothing left to contact.

She then finds a crew member, Tony, who awoke at the same time she did, but had his pod malfunction and was unable to get out. He's really struggling because he has Hypoxemia, but once he gets to his oxygen tank he's much better.

He is over the moon grateful for her getting him out and the two of them discuss the situation they're in, Toni explaining what she already found out and Tony acknowledging that they probably don't wanna wake anyone else up considering that would be full blown murder and neither of them are interested in that.

They decide together that, since they're not lacking on time, they should use some of that time to get their heads on straight, maybe regain some of their memories and try to solve this problem.

Over the next little bit Toni does start to regain some memories. Memories of before getting on the Kind but then regresses nearly beyond where she initially was when she woke up and Tony has to coax her gently back to a state of calm.

A few days into this thing, after the memory regression debacle, more things start to go wrong and when they're finally able to access a computer for a deeper inspection the discover the equivalent of a flipped breaker, which is on the outside of the ship and will require a couple parts to fix. While searching for the parts Toni notices a bit of a slap chop operation on what appear to be some

smaller valves but doesn't think too much about it in the moment.

Tony, who worked for a few years as an underwater welder (which got him the job), suits up and goes outside to fix the "breaker". As he does, Toni keeps in contact with him over the radio as she goes back to inspect the slap chop job she noticed before. She discovers that someone has attached piping and a valve to one of the gas recycling system which is slowly leaking less than lethal amounts of Nitrogen Dioxide and Carbon Monoxide into the atmosphere of the Kind, likely leading to the memory loss. She turns the valve off.

She tries to tell Tony about what she found but he's so excited when he gets back in that she doesn't want to bother him with this new mystery and the two celebrate. Over drinks and dinner they have another conversation about the future and Tony, in a spur of the moment, asks if Toni wants to turn this celebration into a date. Toni agrees and the two end up sleeping together.

In the middle of the night, Toni wakes up with a massive headache. She quietly slips out of bed to Medical for some ibuprofen and then for the hell of it, considering what she found earlier, she takes one of the Auto-exams which will send results to her "smart-pad" later. She gets back to her room and lies down, about to drift off to sleep when the pad beeps and shows her, not only does she have elevated levels of carbon-monoxide and nitrogen-dioxide in her blood but that based off of the results she's had these elevated levels for a while. Then after some digging she discovers a folder of medical data that was "archived" but not deleted.

She heads back to Medical in order to retrieve this data and the computer shows her identical searches and testing 12 different times over the last 522 years. In shock she stumbles down to the computer they were recently able to get access to and manages to find security footage showing Tony repeatedly waking her up, trying to "woo" her with high intensity situations and it failing. Various stages of poisoning, some nearly killing her. Over and over and over and over, more even than the medical records showed.

This is when Tony appears behind her sees her watching the footage and tells her that it's too bad she found that, they got so far this time, but don't worry, next time will be better.

She manages to escape the room but Tony catches her. She fights him, finally able to get a flame near his oxygen hose which burns his face and distracts him long enough for her to shove him in an airlock. Given their previous discussions, Tony believes she won't actually kill him, and for a time it seems like that's the case, but eventually Toni does push the button allowing him to drown and then his body be pulled out into the ocean.

Safe at last, the crushing realization that she now still is stuck on the Kind for the rest of her life sinks in.

Prophet

An angel. Pale pink skin, stretched over bone. Bare feet almost touching the ground, forbidden from contact with mortal soil. Tattered robes, clinging to the shivering cadaver. Hollow eyes, pinpricks of light buried deep in the sockets. Wings, with grasping hands where feathers should be.

Taji's eyes opened slowly. Through the haze of incense she locked her gaze on the statue a few feet from her. It depicted a figure, also in a kneeling position. The figure was draped in a heavy robe which obscured their form completely. This was an effigy of Arbandr, The Pilgrim, who leads souls to their afterlife. Once, when she was a child, Taji had seen the statue turn its head to look at her. She stared hard at it but Arbandr refused to look up. She sighed and stood slowly, stretching her legs as she did in order to avoid a cramp.

Taji had been in service to the Children of Divinity since she was young and her parents had realized her "dreams" had been coming true. It started small: stubbed toes, surprise visitors, knowing about gifts before they'd been given. It had been a party trick for a while until she warned the town about a flash flood in time to get everyone to higher ground. The village took nearly six months to repair, but no lives had been lost. After that, her parents contacted a priest of The Pilgrim and she was shipped off to the Priory to serve and train her gift.

She'd hated the first year. The priests were nice enough, and she got along with her fellow "students", but it took her a while to get used to the disciplined environment. Her second year was much better. Streamlined schedules, familiar faces, and (more importantly) a private room. The acolyte residences had been still under construction when she'd arrived, and all the students had to share a living space with bunk beds in long rows. The new rooms were small, especially for her and her fellow acolytes of The Pilgrim (they were expected to maintain a level of asceticism) but they were far from uncomfortable and even had their own small cooking area, if conjured food wasn't desired.

Taji stepped over to the window and opened it, taking in a deep breath of the air. She was on the fourth floor of the residence, and her room faced into the courtyard, giving her a good view of the day to day activities. Right now a group of Acolytes of Syglei The Champion were training around the large fountain in the center of the courtyard. There were twelve of them, paired up and absolutely wailing on each other. Hammers and swords (great and long), several different polearms, and even Satyr boy with nothing but a long heavy looking chain. A handful of priests (and other acolytes) stood nearby, watching for entertainment or ready to jump in in case someone got seriously hurt. They were all shirtless (though some of them wore wraps over their chest) with their gold trimmed, red cloaks and shirts tossed haphazardly in a pile. For an acolyte of The Champion, clothes were expected to get dirty, and well worn, and each acolyte took great care in maintaining and repairing their attire at the end of each day.

A low horn blew somewhere on the other side of the grounds and a moment later acolytes came streaming through various doors into the courtyard. Acolytes of Aetheria The Mother, wearing

earthy toned clothes and deep brown robes trimmed with silver thread laughed as one of them conjured a small storm cloud over another group. The now thoroughly soaked acolytes of Kein The Healer, started shouting at the laughing group, while they wrung out their yellow trimmed, green cloaks.

Most who entered the Priory as students chose a dedication upon their arrival (though it took some longer). There were a few who eschewed any dedication and were only there for general religious, spiritual, or educational reasons, though there weren't too many of those. The Priory was not about deity exclusion, but instead was intended to help people who wished to focus their studies, or those like Taji who had some gift that seemed to pull directly from one of the gods.

Taji closed the window. The incense had finished burning and the smoke had mostly aired out. She rolled up her prayer mat and slid it into the storage under her bed. When she was in her room, she kept her cloak folded and used it as a pillow for sleeping. She retrieved it from the bed and drew it over her shoulders, gently affixing the clasp at the front. The cloak was a deep violet colour with gold trim. The clasp was in the shape of a cracked half skull, a gift from her friend who worshiped The Betrayed.

The Harper Kind

Good morning. Please be patient while your senses adjust. You've been asleep for a while.

The voice sounded relaxed, comforting. It wrapped around Toni like a hug. She slowly opened her eyes and saw lights flickering across the smooth glass window in front of her face. The tube she was lying in slowly tilted upwards until she was nearly standing. There was a hiss and a click and the door unlatched. Tentatively she stepped forward onto metal tiled floor. She was surrounded by a dozen other tubes with people asleep inside them.

Thank you for your patience. Please proceed to the information desk in the adjoining room. A staff member will be available to answer any of your questions.

Toni shook her head, and rubbed her eyes. A light had turned on above a door across the room, so she made her way towards it. The voice continued to speak as she walked.

You have just completed a sleep cycle of one thousand years, some side effects are to be expected. Temporary memory loss, dizziness, vomiting, and lower intestinal discomfort. If you experience any of these symptoms for more than forty-eight hours, please consult the onboard priest or physician.

The door was automatic, and slid open for her to pass through, closing softly behind her. She looked left, then right, an empty hallway stretched in both directions, but to the right was a sign labeled 'Quarters, Medical, Food Court'. Her stomach growled when she read the word food and the decision was made.

We would like to congratulate you for being one of the few selected for this journey, and we hope you enjoy your stay on the Harper Kind.

Toni passed by several locked doors before stepping out into a massive room, if room was even the right word. The ceiling was nearly a hundred feet above her. Small kiosks dotted the room. Tables and chairs, benches and even a few playgrounds were scattered in small groups. Small clusters of buildings (restaurants, clothing stores, exercise gyms, arcades) were placed in strategic locations making it difficult to see the room's walls at times. In the very center, a large tube stretched from floor to ceiling, holding what Toni assumed to be elevators. The ceiling was lit by a projection, at least Toni assumed it was a projection, of a blue sky filled with clouds and birds. The projection had the sun currently rising on her left, and lights scattered in the room adjusted the lighting so that shadows and colours bathed the interior as if it were outside.

There wasn't a single person anywhere.

Toni suddenly felt the emptiness like a heavy blanket over her.

"Hello?"

Her voice sounded incredibly small in here. She began walking through the empty paths. Past burbling fountains, and open doorways playing pleasant music. Empty. She passed an ice cream parlour with buckets full of dessert ready to scoop. Empty. She picked up her pace to a light jog. Jewelry store with diamond necklaces and rings on spinning turntables. Empty. Clothing stores with blank faced mannequins, posed for optimal viewing. Empty. She came to a stop at the far end of the room. There was a gap between the stores and the wall. The wall itself was made entirely of glass, but it was pitch black on the other side. Computer terminals were spread evenly by the glass wall and she approached the nearest one. It lit up as she did, displaying a picture of her face briefly before showing a variety of buttons.

Hey there Toni. Looks like you've found the forward viewing area. No one is currently accessing the exterior floodlights, would you like to turn them on?

One of the buttons on the screen flashed, and Toni pushed it. The other side of the glass nearest where she was standing was illuminated. She saw rock and sand about twenty feet below her, and bubbles floating upward. Then a school of fish swam by, attracted to the light. It flashed on their scales as they shifted and moved before swimming back into the darkness.

There is a variety of sea life, unaffected by the events above. If you would like, the Harper Kind has several methods of attracting many species. Simply select an option. Please be aware that separate instances of this option may be canceled or put on hold if too many people are using it.

Toni ignored the voice and tried to control her breathing. Her heart was racing and she was involuntarily breathing in quickly. She tried to think back before she woke up but her memories were flickering at best. She had flashes of interviews and stacks of papers to sign. She remembered boarding a little skiff on the water. She remembered a bright light in the distance.

"Where the hell is everyone?" she wondered out loud.
It looks like you're trying to make a query. If you were, please begin with 'Harper'.

Toni frowned and tried to shake some of the fog from her brain. It didn't work.
"Harper, where is everyone?"
Hey there Toni. Currently, all passengers and crew are safely within their designated sleep pods, awaiting the end of the cycle.
"Well that's not true."
If you have found a fault in given information, please log it and our technicians will attempt to solve the problem as soon as possible.

A window popped up on screen along with a keyboard. Toni ignored it and looked around. There had to be someone else around.

"Can you tell me where I can find someone in charge?"
Certainly. You are currently on the passenger level, facing the forward viewing area. Directly to your left, you will see an information desk where an employee will be more than happy to assist you.

Toni looked over at the empty desk and tried to keep taking deep, slow breaths. This wasn't working. She walked away from the terminal and scanned the room. She spotted the elevators in the center of the room again and nodded. She tried to walk, but anxiety got the better of her and she ended up jogging most of the way.

The column was, like the room it was in, massive. Sixteen elevators around the outside of it, each one probably able to hold twenty people comfortably. There were only two buttons inside: Atrium and Conservatory. Conservatory was above Atrium so she pressed that one. The elevator doors closed and the elevator smoothly rose upwards. The first half of the column was opaque but then it suddenly switched to glass about twenty feet before passing through the ceiling and she got a good view of the floor far below her. Then it was black again outside and she had a moment where all she could see was her reflection in the glass. She'd shaved her head preemptively for the journey. She didn't have to, but she'd been told that. for whatever reason, the sleep pods had a side effect of causing something they called 'hair rot'. So she either had to endure several hours of treatment to make sure she wouldn't be subjected to that, or she could shave. She chose the latter. She inspected her head now, it looked no longer than when she'd gotten in the pod, and the image of her face reflected in the glass of the pod flickered in her head. Whatever technology the pods used, it seemed to have worked as intended. She noticed a couple laugh lines she didn't remember, but she didn't even remember getting on board the Harper Kind.

Suddenly bright light flooded the elevator. Toni squinted against the change and then gasped. The elevator came to a stop and the doors slid open. A gust of cool wind blew against her immediately. She stepped out onto a steel platform in front of the doors. Past the platform, the steel floor immediately gave way to grass and dirt. The room she was standing in was even larger than the Atrium. There were a few large buildings in the distance, decorated to look like the classic red and white barns you'd see in story books. The area around the elevators right out to the large barns was just fields of grass and trees. Cows, horses, goats, and sheep grazed in every direction. Hovering automatons floated quietly near each group. Some were in the process of herding groups of the animals. As she stated she heart the quiet humming of one of them approaching her.

It was surprisingly humanoid, though it lacked legs. A basic torso and round head, as well as a pair of arms with three fingers on each hand.

Hey there Toni. Welcome to the Conservatory! Please keep in mind that while the animals may look docile, they may have unpredictable behavior, so it is recommended to keep your distance.

Toni had grown up in one of the megacities and had only visited a farm once when she was very young. She carefully stepped off the platform and onto the grass. The grass was springy, and was a far cry from the steel and concrete she was used to.

If you have any questions, or if you would like a tour, please let me know.
"You do tours?"
Of course. Please follow me.
"Should I call you Harper too?"
Of course. We're all Harper.

The automaton began floating across the field. It began speaking about the size of the conservatory but Toni was only half listening. She watched a group of goats playing in and on a squat, sturdy looking tree as the automaton spoke about how all the animals were given as much freedom as they required (within the limits of the vessel of course). She saw a long line of sheep being herded through a gate and briefly dunked in a brown liquid while Harper explained the strict vaccinations and treatments the animals were given in order to ensure their health. Harper lead Toni through a door into another expansive room. Though not nearly as large as the previous ones, this one was filled with fruit trees of all kinds. Harper explained, as they walked through the rows, that there were two orchards; one for tropical and one for temperate.

Passengers are allotted a total of ten fruits from the orchard per week to make sure we maintain our supply.

Harper moved them into the final room which was labelled 'Grains and Tubers'. Toni hadn't seen any signs of anyone during the entire walk from the elevators. Harper started explaining the intricacies of planning for fertile soil over extended periods in a sealed environment and the importance of all three rooms working together as an ecosystem but Toni interrupted,

"Harper, I need to speak with a real person."
Of course Toni. If you would like, please make your way back to the atrium. There are several service desks where a staff member is waiting to-
"Harper there's no one there," she rubbed her temples, "If there's an emergency, how can I get in contact with a crew member?"
Staff members are available around the clock for passengers. If you need something, please approach a terminal or staff member and simply ask. All passengers aboard the Harper Kind have access to the best food, medical help and-
"Gods...what about a map? Do you have a map I can look at?"
Of course. A map of the ship, along with information of the vessel, can be located on the terminal in your quarters.

Toni was walking down a long hallway. It was nearly all the way back to where she woke up, and seemed to hug the sides of the Harper Kind. There were doors spaced every six meters or so along the walls. The floors were tile, but had an almost plastic feel to them, as opposed to the metal tile elsewhere. Each door had a small plaque next to it with the name of the room's occupant (last name, then first name). She stopped in front of her own name, and the door slid open with a quiet hiss.

A set of soft lights placed around the edges of the ceiling turned on as she entered. They slowly increased in brightness until everything in the room was lit well enough to make her way around. It wasn't a very large room. It was obvious by the design that the occupants weren't intended to use these for much more than sleeping. There was a bed at the far end, built into the wall like a bunk, A desk with a built in computer terminal, and a partition near where she stood in the doorway that

concealed a small washroom.

She sat down at the desk and the terminal turned on automatically. Nothing fancy. A black screen with green text:

Welcome to the Harper Kind Entertainment and Information System (H.K.E.I.S)
- Entertainment
- Information

A microphone icon blinked at the bottom left of the screen.

"Harper, I'd like to see a map of the Harper Kind."

The terminal flickered and the text vanished. A simple map appeared slowly on screen. It was little more than a series of green lines sketched out in front of her. They showed the Atrium, and the Forward Viewing Room. Then the Passenger Quarters where she was, and finally the Passenger Storage in the rear. Everything was labelled cleanly, but it lacked any detail whatsoever. For a moment nothing else happened, then the microphone icon began blinking again. She paused.

"Crew Quarters?"

The terminal flickered and then a box with text popped up over the map:

User access denied.

The box went away after a moment and showed the map again. Toni frowned and tried again,

"Crew...Lounge?"
User access denied.
"Mangers office?"

The terminal flickered and the screen went black, then a slightly more detailed map of the Atrium began to appear. It showed the stores, restaurants, clinics, and information desks. Then a portion of the screen flashed near a corner of the map, close to the Forward Viewing Room.

A few minutes later, Toni was standing in front of the door. There was a small metal sign, the kind that could be slid in and out of place if needed, on the door that said "Richard Common". She knocked, even though she wasn't expecting an answer. She pushed on the door and to her surprise, it opened. The room on the other side was small, but nicely decorated. Several self contained environments hung from the ceiling in spherical glass bottles. They held plants, water, even small fish.

In the middle of the room was a desk which took up a lot of the space. There was a chair on either side, and a bookshelf on the back wall stuffed with all sorts of physical copies and assorted nick-knacks.