



## SURGEON BALKEY

### Duty

To patch up injuries, stave off illness, and generally keep the crew fighting-fit through the hardships of a violent life at sea.

### Privilege

As an Officer, you have the right to request a gun from the Weapons Master if you deem it necessary. Only the Captain's direct intervention may keep you from acquiring one.

You can stitch up and stabilise any wound, even a bullet hole. You just need to spend a few minutes with the injured sailor, so that you can work in peace. It won't stop hurting, but at least the wounded party will still be useful to the ship.

### Goal

You can't resist the call of adventure, the call of the sea. Whatever happens, you want to keep on sailing, and you'll always be pulled to follow the course that you think will be most exciting.

## Prologue

*Join Scene 2:* Assembling the crew.

► You're in a tough spot and need to get out of Tortuga in a hurry, but you know anyone who can stitch a wound is a precious asset at sea. You can still drive a hard bargain for your services.

*Relationship:* You and I are nothing alike, yet we get along splendidly.

*Join Scene 6:* Licking wounds

*Choose one of these Introductions to read out.*

► *Dead sailors walking:* No one came through the battle unscathed. The deck is lined with dead sailors and soon we'll send them down to Davy Jones. But first, let's take care of the living: Ignore the gloomy atmosphere and line up to get a few stitches. With a bit of luck, most of you will live.

► *A charmed crew:* I've never seen a battle so bloodless. Nor a crew so charmed. My sickbeds are full of patients, it's true, but most of you are whining over injuries that would have killed you had they been an inch to the left or right, and the deck is somehow clear of corpses. You know as much as I do that we've been lucky.

*Relationship:* You came back from the brink of death thanks to my ministrations.

## Epilogue

*Lead Scene 2:* Picking up the pieces.

*Choose one of these Introductions to read out. Then invite anyone who wants to join you into the scene.*

▼ *Mending wounds:* What's done is done. Our prey is in sight: If we want any hope of catching it, we must stand united. Those who need patching up or want to share a sip of grog before the battle, join me below decks. Long live the Asp!

*Outcome:* Add one black card to the *Asp deck* for every player.

▼ *Deep scars:* The enemy is in sight, and I'm not just talking about the ships on the horizon. This mutiny has left its mark on our faces and our hearts. Silence looms tense over the deck, but I'm ready to break it with whoever wants to join me. Time for a last toast before this rift tears us apart.

*Outcome:* Add one black card to the *Asp deck* for every two players, rounded down.

*Join Scene 6:* The Escape.

▼ Your thoughts are already turning to the future, to your next adventure, your next battle, your next problem to solve.

