

FREE PREVIEW

LANDFALL

A Narrative Hall Campaign Codex

GROUNDED SCI-FI · FAIR-PLAY MYSTERY · GENERATION SHIP ·
SYSTEM-AGNOSTIC

A few opening pages of the campaign. The full campaign, with every scene, NPC, map note, and handout, is the complete download on narrativehall.com.

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HOW TO USE THIS CODEX

This is not a rulebook. It contains no statistics, no encounter math, and no system mechanics. It is a **story bible**: a complete science-fiction world aboard a single ship, a season of connected investigation, a full cast, mapped places, and a session-by-session shape you can run with any tabletop system you already own.

You only need three things in your head before the first session.

1. **The premise.** The generation ship *Perennial* has been underway for three hundred years, carrying forty thousand souls toward the world their great-great-grandparents were promised: Landfall. Faith in the Arrival is the thing that holds the ship together. Then the ship's Archivist is found dead, ruled an accident by the Bridge. She was murdered, and the players are the only ones willing to say so. Pulling that thread leads to the secret the Bridge has kept for a century: Landfall is dead, the voyage has no destination, and the ship has been flying a slow loop ever since.
2. **The tone.** Grounded, humane science fiction. Not horror, not laser battles. The dread here is social: forty thousand people in a tin can, kept calm by a beautiful lie, and a handful of investigators deciding whether the truth is a gift or a bomb. Think a quiet murder mystery aboard a vast, aging vessel, where every locked door opens onto a moral question.
3. **The fair-play promise.** This is a real mystery, run honestly. There is a killer, a method, and a motive, and they are findable. The Archivist kept a private record the Bridge has not sealed, and the stars outside do not lie: a navigator who plots them will see the ship is not going anywhere. The contradiction between the official course and the true one is the seam, and the seam is the clue, every time.

A note on the science. Keep it grounded and lived-in, a used future of worn corridors, recycled air, and patched systems, not chrome and energy swords. The *Perennial* has exactly one big secret (the dead destination and the loop) and everything else is the human business of who knew, who killed to keep it, and what forty thousand people are owed. Wherever a scene needs a ruling, you will find a short **Light GM Hook** sidebar on staging it in your system. No stat blocks, no encounter math. The campaign is solved by investigation and choice, not by who shoots first.

CAMPAIGN BACKGROUND

The *Perennial* is a world the size of a small city, sealed in the dark and moving, its people say, toward Landfall. It is governed by the **Bridge**, a council of officers who inherit their seats, and steered by the **Helm**, the ship's ancient guidance intelligence, which logs everything and decides nothing. Above the Decks where the forty thousand live and work and pray, the Bridge keeps the course, the records, and the faith.

The faith is real and load-bearing. The Arrival, the day the *Perennial* makes Landfall and its people walk on open ground under an open sky, is the promise every life aboard is organized around. Children are taught the countdown. The chapels hold murals of a green world no living eye has seen. To doubt the Arrival is not a crime, exactly. It is simply unthinkable, the way it is unthinkable that the floor might not be there.

The floor is not there. A century ago, the *Perennial's* long-range probes reached Landfall first, the way they were always meant to, and sent back the truth: a poisoned rock, airless and dead, that could never have held anyone. The Bridge of that generation made a choice. They sealed the probe data, kept the countdown running, and quietly bent the ship's course into a long, slow loop around a dead star, close enough to fake progress, far enough that no one would look too hard. They did it because the last time the truth nearly surfaced, a generation before, there were riots, and the Deeps ran with blood, and the ship nearly tore itself open from the inside. They decided that a people with a future to build toward stay alive, and a people with nowhere to go do not. They have been deciding it ever since.

The Archivist, **Naimah Osei**, found the sealed probe data. She was going to tell someone. Now she is dead, ruled a fall in a maintenance shaft, and the Bridge has already moved on. The players have not. What begins as a single suspicious death becomes, across the season, the unraveling of the largest and kindest and most terrible lie any of them will ever touch, and ends in a choice about what forty thousand people are owed, and who gets to decide it for them.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Give each player one. Each is a reason to be aboard the investigation and a reason they cannot simply walk away. (No one can walk away. It is a ship.)

- **The Deputy.** You are ship security, and you were ordered to close the Archivist's death as an accident before you had finished looking. You closed your mouth, not the case.
- **The Apprentice.** You were Naimah Osei's student in the Archive. The morning she died she left you a sealed data-sliver and a note that said only: *plot the stars yourself*.
- **The Navigator.** You run the star plots for the lower Decks, and you have known for a year that the numbers are wrong, that the course does not add up, and you have been too frightened of what that means to say it aloud.
- **The Chaplain.** You keep the Arrival faith, and the week before she died the Archivist came to you in tears, asking whether a lie that keeps people alive is a sin. You gave her comfort. You did not give her an answer. You owe her one now.
- **The Deeps Delegate.** You speak for the lower Decks, where the air is thin and the patience is thinner, and you can smell a Bridge cover-up from three levels down. You want the truth, and you want the leverage it buys.

The thread that binds them: the death is the first crack. Following it, the players will find the Archivist's hidden record and learn to read the stars she told them to plot, and they will discover, together, that the ship is going nowhere. From that point there is no closing the case and no leaving the ship. There is only deciding what to do with the truth.

Want the rest?

This is just the opening. **Landfall: Campaign Codex + GM Kit** is ready to run: a complete, system-agnostic kit you can drop into any tabletop game.

Get the full download at

[NARRATIVEHALL.COM](https://narrativehall.com)