



Scotch & Tea Recruitment Packet

Prosperity through Discretion

A NOTE BEFORE YOU APPLY

Scotch & Tea is not a mass-recruitment project, a fleet-ping factory, or a Discord server where people vanish into the member list and call it participation. We are a small, selective organization built around initiative, useful trouble, and the belief that good manners and bad intentions can belong in the same fleet.

We usually work from backwater systems and quiet corners of New Eden. The kind of places people pass through on their way to somewhere more ambitious. That gives us space to watch, set up, move assets, test ideas, and make decisions without every undock becoming a public event.

It also means the night can get quiet. The locals dock up. The chain goes nowhere. The route is dead. This can lead to the most dangerous thing on grid: everyone's attention span.

We need pilots who can handle that without waiting for someone else to spoon feed the evening. Self-starters do well here. Scan something. Scout something. Build something. Scheme a little. Stockpile, research, bait, hunt, manufacture, or quietly work toward an org goal when the night is casual. The best members find ways to move the ball forward and have fun doing it.

WHAT WE ACTUALLY DO

A lot of our work begins with stealing big-bloc gas nebulas. We find pockets, contest those sites, and thumb our nose to the 'owners' of that space. Other nights are stranger. Weird doctrine tests. Half-serious projects. Small fleets built around the phrase, "This probably won't work," followed by the occasional revelation that it does.

We dunk miners in mission sites. We chase salvage and faction loot that someone else bought for us. We drop drag bubbles on uncommon routes, drink in comms, and pretend we are engaged in "serious strategic research". We are not always trying to catch the biggest fish in New Eden. Some nights we just want to make the pond nervous.

Local comms stays respectful, funny, or quiet. We do not turn killmails into salt mines of reddit material. The pilot we catch today might be a Blue Label™ member tomorrow. They might be a booster buyer next week. They might just be someone who lost a ship and still decided we were worth talking to. That is good business. More importantly, it is better company.

WHO FITS HERE

We are looking for lifelong learners more than finished products. EVE changes. Doctrines change. Markets change. Mechanics change. Hell, even CCP is changing their name ... and routes to Jita. Good pilots adapt instead of telling everyone how dangerous they were in 2012.

You do not need to arrive as an elite PvP monster with a killboard polished enough to blind people. These days we care more about temperament, curiosity, initiative, and whether people actually enjoy flying with you.

The ideal Scotch & Tea pilot is independent enough to make their own content, social enough to be worth having in comms, and serious enough about spaceships to care when the plan starts getting expensive. We want people who bring ideas, ask better questions over time, and understand that a good night in EVE is not always measured by "killboard green". Combat outcomes matter less than timing, nerve, and whether anyone remembered to bring tackle.

Once upon a time, we mostly recruited elite PvPers. That still has value, but the old model is not the whole answer anymore. We are more interested in useful instincts, good vibes, and friends we might eventually plan a real-life BBQ once per year. Killboard divas can apply elsewhere. We already have enough egos spinning ships in station.

WHO DOES NOT FIT HERE

We are all adults with lives, jobs, families, bad backs, bills, and at least one half-finished project we swear we are getting back to. Scotch & Tea is not built for drama queens, rage pilots, high-maintenance personalities, or people who need every quiet night turned into a management issue.

We can handle mistakes. We can handle losses. We can handle dumb ideas, bad luck, and the occasional questionable fit. What we do not need is someone turning comms into a hostage situation because EVE Online, once again, behaved like EVE Online.

Spies, however, are welcome. Honestly, we are flattered.

If some distant org, nearby rival, former victim, future client, or bored intelligence broker decided Scotch & Tea was worth watching, then please enjoy your stay. Take notes. Judge the décor — and the pour of our dram. Pretend you are not laughing in comms.

When the day comes to pull the trigger and tell your cool spy story on Reddit, we hope everyone can remain congenial about it. If you discover you are having more fun with us than with whoever sent you, we are always open to discussing a tasteful career change into counter-spying.

HOW WE OPERATE

Most of what we do starts cloaked, half-planned, or quietly suspicious. We care about useful fits, good positioning, and ambushes that have a reason behind them. Preparation is part of the killmail even when nobody sees it in the end.

Some nights we hunt. Some nights we test strange ideas. Some nights we turn the next wreck, gas haul, awkward conversation, or mildly traumatized mission runner into a membership sale or another load of boosters out the door. Quiet space is not empty space. The systems we live in have plenty of ways to make ISK when the hunt slows down, and members who can fund their own trouble tend to enjoy EVE longer.

We do not run an SRP program. Mistakes are supposed to teach you something, and pilots should always have their own skin in the game. FCs are not reckless with hulls. We are not a YOLO brawler outfit, and we do not treat expensive ships like disposable confetti.

Still, that does not mean we leave people stranded or make logistics miserable for sport. We help get ships, fittings, supplies, and awkward piles of gear where they need to go. We take the spaceships seriously. Ourselves, somewhat less so.

HOW TO APPLY

The application process is simple because we do not run an HR department, and nobody here wants to become one. We are probably not going to demand a mountain of ESI checks or pretend corp security begins and ends with paperwork.

EVE has theft, spies, old grudges, new grudges, and people with suspiciously clean employment histories. We know. Security matters, but so does judgment. We are more interested in how you think, how you handle people, and whether you seem like someone worth trusting with progressively more interesting problems.

Our process is a short ten-question interview with no wrong answers. The point is not to make you recite doctrine scripture or apologize for every alliance you ever flew with. We do not care much where you came from, who you flew with, or what strange circumstances delivered you to our door. We are pirates, after all — not admissions agents.

We care about temperament, curiosity, initiative, and what you might add to the group now or further down the road. You can ask questions during the interview, after the interview, or one by one as we go. That is part of the point. This is a conversation about EVE, how you see yourself inside it, and whether Scotch & Tea sounds like the kind of place where your particular brand of useful trouble might belong.

FINAL NOTE

Scotch & Tea is probably not the biggest name you will ever fly under, and that is fine with us.

Big names come with big meetings, big egos, and big spreadsheets maintained by people who say 'content pipeline' without shame. They most likely care about the subscriber numbers they have over the pilots they "lead". New Eden has enough personality cults with logos. We are trying to build an org that pilots enjoy flying in.

We are smaller than all that. Stranger than that. And occasionally more dangerous than that.

If this sounds like the kind of trouble you would like to help improve, come talk to us. Maybe nothing happens. Maybe you find a few new friends, a few bad ideas, and a reason to log in on a quiet Tuesday night. Maybe it becomes a story. Maybe it becomes a yearly BBQ. Maybe it becomes another terrible idea we all pretend was the grand plan.

We might be legends in our own minds, but legends, nevertheless.