

AREA FIFTY-ONE-GEON

Designed by Mike Green & Anderson Todd. Illustration by Magic Man.
HANDOUT—PRINT—USE AS ADVENTURE HOOK, OR TEAR IN THREE PARTS AS CLUES

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The villagers told us where the angel fell, pointing north to the hills. We were generous with royal coin, but none except a drunken sellsword would guide our expedition. Superstitious peasantry. Hiking up, trees lay ruined, flat as by fierce storms, many burnt. Come dusk, some glowed. My soldiers nearly had to use force to pull the sages from curious twitting. Mules and canaries grew ornery. When we reached the scar's end, the crater was black and smooth, granite splashed like wax. The Object lay half buried where it fell. I mused it seemed a titan's helm, or the lid of a soup tureen. The men said more an overturned saucer or a snail. The sages blathered about "asymmetrical helix topology". Surface was silver, iridescent. My palm felt waves of faint buzz, my fingertips slipped from it as if greased. Not even my own blade marks it. Set the men to drag logs for palisade and outbuildings, cut stone for towers, dig latrines and drainage. The sages sketched and whined about tightness of their laboratory and quarters. I expect the entire fort and complex completed by equinox, with the Object sheltered. It is very beautiful. The sages have begun to argue how to prize it open, humming and scribbling. I'm sure the Generals will see value, once we obtain whatever treasures lie within.

Random Encounters (when moving between areas, and every 10 minutes, 1d10).

1 - 2d4 guards in mail carrying baton and either bardiche or light crossbow with tranq darts. Panicky and unpredictable.

2 - 1d4 Greys (doppelgängers) approach in the guise of wounded guards. They attempt to sniff out the party's weaknesses and lure them into the saucer with their guard down.

3 - Yuri Bulgakov—star vampire-possessed—cosmonaut hero (as wight). Wanders the complex after waking disoriented in an unlocked holding cell. If he decides the PCs are "Americanski gangsters" he attacks.

4 - Space Monkey "Colonel Bananas" (as goblin) will hide in vents or under furniture and attempt to shadow the party. He may attempt to steal a tempting trinket or bit of food. If made friendly Colonel Bananas could make an excellent wizard's familiar; he's seen some shit!

5 - Crazy Researcher (as berserker). Driven mad by ceaseless whispering, this skinny, drooling, white coat wearing sage filled his belly with potions and his hands with a fireaxe and went looking for answers to such questions as "What's the frequency?". Placated, knows a lot. Enraged, very dangerous.

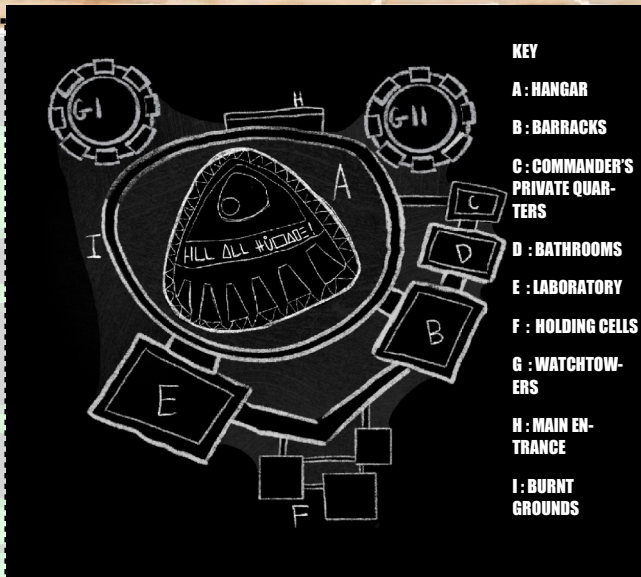
6 - Displaced "Lab Equipment" (as mimic). This cultivated petri dish tissue-sample has been learning shape, but not context. Appears as a highly sophisticated piece of technical equipment, standing somewhere out of place. Learned to display "interesting" results to draw attention. Fears electricity, loves sweets more than flesh, will sing for them.

7 - Mutilated Cow, dead.

8 - Semi-Mutilated Cow (as half HP bull), nervous and easy to provoke.

9 - Any light sources are suddenly extinguished.

10 - Random PC makes difficult save against illusion, re-rolling on this chart for content. Rolling this result again affects a second PC. Unaffected PCs see nothing.



Commander's Private Quarters: On a sofa by a guttering fire rests **The Commander** Job "the Juggernaut" Happly. This steely old campaigner's sanity has been badly eroded by long proximity to the alien craft. He seems unaware of the ongoing emergency, and—mistaking the PCs for troops under his command—offers rambling diatribes on his favourite topics—1) the declining moral fibre of today's youth and 2) the insidious conspiracy surrounding food additives. Failure to humour the Commander causes him to grow increasingly restive and eventually to attack. (Fighter—party level +2, plate armor, cavalry sabre+1). The Commander wears medals—a gold star and a hippogriff clutching a bundle of arrows—worth 400gp. A sideboard contains bottles of fine brandy, whiskey, grain alcohol and rain water.

Bathrooms: This room is fully tiled, and nearly split by a low half-wall. The floors are wet and sticky. On entry, there is a large sunken common bath, brimming with stagnant water and ruined, unreadably swollen books. Behind the half-wall are the latrines, with an audible rattling toilet lid inside the stall at the end. Quick examination by opening the door or peering over the top shows a large rat tail poking from the closed toilet. Opening the lid disturbs the feeding Gibbering Moulder, which surges to fill the stall with the half digested rat in its mouth, and the agonized faces of absorbed soldiers and researchers stretched across its doughy mass. Searching the bathhouse wall reveals a sliding panel, and a shelf of fine linens and fragrant oils worth nearly 400 gp.

Barracks: Bunks and lockers for thirty fill one end of this high-ceilinged chamber. Long tables show hastily abandoned card games. The other end is fitted out as a weight room. Bulgakov the possessed cosmonaut may be found here working out if he hasn't been encountered elsewhere. Detailed diagrams are posted showing different ways one might use a baton to disable an opponent. Searching the lockers yields a total of 551 sp, a jury-rigged still, and an assortment of personal effects.

Watchtowers: An iron ladder ascends to each watchtower from which vantage one can survey the surrounding lands for miles in every direction. The lone guard tolling the alarm bell here was attacked by one of the escaped Greys. Both were killed in the fight—the Grey stabbed through all three of his hearts, the guard blasted almost beyond recognition by the Grey's plasma gun. The guard—faithful even in death—occasionally shambles to his feet to sound the alarm for a while before keeling back over. If interrupted while performing his duty he attacks (as a zombie). The plasma gun lays where it fell. Simple enough to puzzle out, a thumb trigger fires a six die bolt (as the lightning bolt spell); a glowing charge indicator suggests to the perceptive that the battery is low (d6 charges remain). **The Observatory:** The level above is dominated by a very complicated and expensive telescope. Intact it is worth 10 000gp, but it is massive and extremely delicate. Someone very smart or very handy could remove 2d10 x 10gp worth of (still awfully delicate but far more portable) parts per hour of work.

The Hangar: This large central room serves to conceal and contains the Object for study. The space is barn-like in its construction, with 8 foot high, 8 foot thick, mortared granite walls around the perimeter. A narrow single-file corridor runs inside the length of this wall, with three open exits through the wall to the Commander's Quarters, Barracks, and Lab; there are three matching locked heavy iron doors leading from the wall to the Hangar. Rising from the stone foundation, a high lattice of wooden beams and rafters forms the ceiling. Ladders rise to a catwalk around the circumference, with rope observation bridges suspended across the room. From above, the spiral whorl of the Object is clear. The floor is flat, fused granite, with a slight slope and divot around the Object. Lacking windows, the hangar is exceptionally dark; further, the faint

glow from the timbers of the ceiling disrupts darkvision. Numerous pieces of metal working equipment - hammers, chisels, saws - lay discarded on the floor. There are no bodies, but many bloodstains. Up in the rafters is a **Mutant Mothman** (as Boneclaw). This former researcher cannot fly, but can leap, swing, and skitter, and has great reach. It hides and observes. The creature has a single, faintly glowing fingertip that it dangles down from the dark over the catwalk like an anglerfish, shedding dim light in a 1' radius to attract prey. Without light sources, this is the only real illumination in the room. It cannot be reasoned with, but prefers not to fight to the death. **The Object:** In the centre of the hangar, the large spiral saucer-shaped object lays half-buried in the granite, embedded at a 20 degree angle. The exposed half measures 70 feet from base to edge. It is iridescent-silver and seamless, and immune to all physical force and magic, including divination and teleportation. Touching it does produce a faint hum, in waves. Perceptive characters will note the hum is a perfect 100hz. The feeling lingers briefly in one's teeth. The Object responds to any pure tone, by tubular bell, instrument, voice, or illusion. Any prime-numbered frequency causes a triangle of three red circles to glow from the edge of the saucer. If three prime numbered tones are simultaneously produced whose frequency adds to 100, the red circles pulse an unsettling green and the silver wall melts away to reveal an opening to the mouth of the spiral. If the PCs are using the tubular bells from the Lab, the three combinations that work are: 2+19+79; 2+31+67; 2+37+61. Inside the Object, the 20 degree slope doesn't seem to matter, which induces some vertigo. The spiral is one long passageway towards the centre. Occasional flickers of unknown glyphs flicker down the length of the hall as if a game of life. After three full turns, the spiral comes to an end at a curved wall marked with three circles; all that melts away after a moment, releasing a viscous wave of pale fluid that *schuuuuurps* out shin-deep. Inside is the core chamber. The core chamber is only 40 feet across, as the spiral bulge appears from above, but is illogically, impossibly deep - inexplicably nearly 200 feet down, filled with dark water and translucent blobs. The surface has seven small metal platforms, floating without visible support. Each has some unrecognizable instrument or furniture, none shaped for humanoid forms. Each is worth 500 gp to perverse collectors. The objects and surfaces are all slick like grease. The space echoes in strange ways. You feel pressure on your mind like something forcing its way...out. In the dark, jellied abyss below waits the **Pilot** (as aboleth). It is horribly alien, and uses every ounce of its telepathic genius before engaging physically. At the very bottom of the chamber glows the **Orb**. If struck, the Orb sheds flesh rotting radiation (2d6 damage). It will emit a rising tone equal to the damage it sustains. After 101 points of damage, it ruptures for 20d20 points of damage, less 1d20 each 20 feet away. The Pilot will protect the Orb if possible. If not, then better to destroy itself and the Saucer.