**Characters**

**EDA**Eda is a Mystical/Mechnical glaive who Exists Partially Out of Phase.
Extra +1 level of difficulty to persuasion/deception/charm.
Walk Through Walls takes 2 int, and takes 1 round to get through 5cm of any material.
Sister Adonis' home for disadvantaged and terminally ill children.
Frequently glitches in and out of existance (GM intrusion).
Current emotions: Fear, Happiness. Anger.

**Victor Strade**Victor is a rugged nano who works miracles.
Healing touch (1d6, 2 int)becomes one step more difficult each time an individual is healed within 10 hours.
Ward - one round to cast, 2 int cost, +4 armor.
Uses elements for onslaught
Has and enchanted bow that allows you to paralyze/electrocute a target for 2 rounds. **Arthur**Arthur is a swift glaive who works in the shadows.
Trained thief, sneaking, pickpocketing.
Arthur was once an angular knight, but left because he didn’t agree with their policies.
Merlin: (Raster) 6 health, 2 damage per attack. 1exp.

**Sombro**Sombro is a clever jack that talks with machines. He has a cypher fused to his flesh that allows him to change the purpose of a machine once a day, but shocks living tissue.
Sombro hacked into the Aeon priests network and learnt something important.

**Recap**Victor, Arthur, and Merlin are just waking up from an undisturbed night of sleep, whilst Eda stands guard next to Victor, and Sombro is sitting a distance away, with his back to the others.  **Plot**Victor and Oliver arrived at the Nebalich docks early in the morning with the intention of finding Lord Dracht, who enslaved Victors village. Oliver charmed the dockmasters secretary for a free week of dock rent. The two were joined by the mysterious EDA, who gave a cryptic description of who she was, but seemed to prioritise Victors safety.

After some brief research, the group discovered that Nebalich was an oligarchy, run by three noble families: The Tichronus’, Ishtalas, and the Drachts. The group found several job advertisements and decided to apply as guards to kill Lord Dracht, then take a job outside the city to escape. Oliver charmed a trader, and managed to get an upper class Dracht suit for Victor. Once the group realised that Victor would no longer pass as a guard, they decided to have Victor pose as a slave trader selling Eda and Oliver, kill Dracht, then escape. The group made their way to the Aeon tower to meet Alfred, who needed body guards for journey across Sheshar to the Badenu Forest. Oliver used his connection to George, the Amber popes brother, to ensure their employment. After a brief conversation, Alfred informed the group that he intended to depart in three weeks’ time. The trio walked to the Dracht estate, where victor posed as a slave trader, and arranged a meeting in three weeks with Lord Drachts to sell the salves. Eda noticed that one of the slaves looked sick as they arrived, and that the same slave collapsed when they left. Soon after, Eda blinked out of existence, much to Oliver and Victors surprise. She returned when they arrived at Big Burts bar.

Big Burt, a Lattimor, was surprised but flattered when a patron asked for a glass of milk. He did his best, even working up a sweat to produce the best glass of milk he could, before the patron, Victor, smashed a bottle of Badenu Blue over his face, blinding all six of his eyes. He flailed in anger and pain, before having his neck snapped by Eda in one punch. The trio covered up their crime, and stabilised Burt, but kept stumbling into complications, such as Baby Burt, Boobs Burt, and the imminent arrival of Burt’s employee, Dilbert Vanwert.

The trio convinced Burt than a random patron had attacked him, and that they were friendly travellers that took care of him. They run the bar to pass the three weeks, and to give Burt’s wife the free time to care for Burt. Burt was very thankful, and gave them a share of the profits when they left.

The group arrived at the Dracht estate once more, but noticed that the place had changed drastically. They were welcomed into the manor house, where Victor recognised his ex-lover and Shaman that were both taken as slaves. After a short meeting with Dracht, the trio launched their attack, managing to kill the evil Lord Dracht and unnamed slave. Victors shaman was relatively unarmed, but he began spewing blood and died in Victors arms. Lord Drachts assistant noticed the commotion and came to investigate, but fled through a hole behind Drachts desk, despite Oliver scimitar throw. After a brief discussion, they followed in pursuit of the assistant.

You landed in an egg chamber of sorts, but managed to disturb some of the grotesque eggs, releasing nagania defenders. One of the throat dicks were slain, but one managed to slither up Oliver’s leg and attach itself to his spine, and the other leaped onto EDA, who promptly vanished. She returned shorty after with a few differences, and no nagania defender. Oliver experienced intense pain, but quickly came too with no apparent short comings. He quickly found a tunnel leading below the egg chamber.

The group landed in an abandoned city street below Nebalich. They spent hours following the streets, Victor providing information on long extinct plants that seemed to flourish here, many of which were edible. They soon heard voices, and encountered a group of mercenaries hired by Dracht to guard the street from intruders. After a short and wholesome chat, the mercenaries wished you the best, and left you to their supplies for a fair price.

After resting up and eating their fill, the group gathered supplies and continued on their hunt for the assistant. They soon found the entrance to the laboratory of Devola, a nagania matron who has lived in the abandoned city below Nebalich for millennia. The conversation was tense, but very informative. You learnt that: The assistant had been killed. Lord Dracht was providing Devola with corpses in return for Negania defenders, which made his slaves strong and obedient, but short lived. Devola could remove the nagania defenders if you provided her with a necessary drugs and tools, and if you destroyed the spinneret. There was a train that stopped close to the spinneret nearby. You also learnt that Nagania matrons sneeze like dogs.

Once arriving at the train station and figuring out how the mechanism works, Oliver was overcome with crack symptoms. He began sprinting up and down the abandoned streets before collapsing all together. Fearing that the nagania defender has already taken its toll, Eda and Victor transported the unconscious Oliver back to Burts bar, where you were welcomed as heroes. After an obnoxiously loud conversation about requiring drugs, a sketchy drunk bloke in the bar suggested he could help. You followed the man that identified himself as ‘Arthur’ outside of the city, and into an equally sketchy looking shack. The insane drug lady didn’t have methadone, but suggested that Sabazia the fortune teller might be able to create some.
You visited Sabazia, and described what methadone was supposed to do, and she assured you that she was able to make a batch. She got to cooking, and came back with a great interest in Eda. Her attempts to collect information about Eda were brushed off, but she managed to collect proof of her existence. Once she was done cooking, she provided a bag of Methadone for 25 shins, but seemed desperate to learn more about the death of Lord Dracht, ignoring your threats of violence. You quickly grew tired of her, and moved on.

Arthur wanted to build a reputation in the city, so Oliver showed him a list of jobs that they found in the dockmasters office. He chose a job exterminating Rasters in the Sere Marica. They signed away their lives, and found Ratchet on the Pratchet. Eda proved her strength, and they were welcomed aboard.

The group arrived at the Sere Marica Port late in the evening, and volunteered for a scouting mission. The group moved from building to building, uncovering the horrific history of the port. Although Arthur sliced the head off the first Raster, the second two appeared to be docile, and even followed orders when offered food. Documents found in the Merchants union revealed that they had been sending mercenaries onto the Rasters land in order to farm their wings for profit, but the usually peaceful yet intelligent Rasters began fighting back. The merchants eventually stopped sending mercenaries, but a few brave fighters were still adventuring into their territory to sell the wings in a market with a growing demand for them. The Rasters, it appears, finally decided to attack the port, and managed to drive the humans away. The group made it to the last building, the brothel, where they found a sleeping Raster with an expertly disinfected and bandaged wing in a side room. Whilst Victor worked on healing the Raster, Eda encountered Craster The Raster Master, but was quickly teleported away by a nearby cypher, where she encountered Sombro, who had been sent to check on the scouting party. Eventually, the group gathered together in Crasters room, who appeared to be defensive, and a little confused. After some discussion, he calmed down, and agreed to help you get rid of the other mercenaries.

You sat down in the middle of the street and played cards, whilst Craster and the Rasters waited on the roof tops until Captain Ratchet and the other mercenaries presumed you dead and came to investigate. You did your best to persuade the mercenaries to call off the job, but only managed to sway Steve Jones, who joined your side. A fight broke out, and the mercenaries were all killed.

After sharing loot, you persuaded Craster and his Rasters to return to their territory, assuring them that any further mercenary attacks would not stand a chance, and Craster hesitantly agreed. The raster that bonded with Arthur stayed, and the rest left the port, completing the job. Eda, Victor, Sombro, Arthur, Steve Jones, and a Raster boarded the Pratchet, and set sail for Nebalich.

You arrived back at the Nebalich port a few hours after setting sail. Arthur and Sombro immediately decided to become pirates and gather a little money, whilst Eda and Victor went to check on Oliver. Following the signs, Arthur and Sombro arrived at the upper class district of homes, and picked one to break into. Ignoring the unlocked door, the mischievous pair began looting the home before being rudely interrupted by the owner of said loot. They escaped, and coincidentally arrived at Burts bar, where Eda and Victor were busy fighting 11 negania defenders that spewed from Olivers corpse. Arthur sliced one in half, whilst Eda and Victor dealt with the rest. Despite killing most of the defenders, one managed to grow to full size and attach itself to Victor. After this ordeal, Victor had a renewed motivation to fight the insidious choir, and immediately set off for the train station and forgetting to visit the merchants union, or loot Oliver.

Eda and Victor activated the train, and you all boarded. After a few hours, the train broke through the long tunnel, where 6 infected hosts attacked the train. Sombro attempted to hack the train, but his glove was burnt away with an electrical surge. Three infected were slain before Victor ushered the group into the first cart and released the train couplings leaving the remaining 3 hosts stranded. After another hour or so, the train slows to a stop at a similar train station to the first, where you made camp for the night.

The group woke after a few hours of rest and recuperation and gathered around for breakfast. After a chat, you headed up to the surface to begin the long walk north east to the field of towers. The way was difficult, and the terrain difficult the navigate. You fell into an Enchin hive, and slaughtered them all bar one, who quickly committed suicide after showing you the exit. Victor make the decision to head through the barren red desert rather than follow the route laid out by a super intelligent being. The group avoided an ominous looking ravine, deciding to try their luck with the desert. A few hours into the walk, Victor noticed a sand storm brewing to the west, and quickly realised it was the iron wind. After some deliberation, the group attempted to run north to safety. After an hour of running, all but Arthur made it to the safety of the field. Arthur was battered by the wind, his DNA being altered, his flesh twisting and forming into a third arm.

**Nebalich**

From the waterway, you see Nebalich. A city built within a maze of ancient pipes, some of which are used as walkways between buildings. The Aeon tower rises above all the other buildings, its impressive architecture putting some of the smaller buildings which appear to be cobbled together with scraps to shame.

The Nebalich port is a trade hub, the shouts and hollers of traders on the dock grows louder as you approach. After passing several departing boats, you come to a stop at one of the smaller docks. Several boats much larger than yours are anchored along the docks, with people unloading or loading crates and barrels. The wide streets leading to the port are busy with human, visitant, and abhuman workers moving stock from the boats into the city.
To the left is the ports trading post, a sheltered table 10 meters long behind which uniformed people stand, furiously scribbling onto thick synth bound ledgers, as the crowd of traders try to log their deliveries and sales. To the right is a large two-story building, made from Redstone brick and wood. A wooden sign with gold print reading ‘dockmaster’ hangs above the open double door way.

The lobby of the dockmasters building has several seats and tables. There are two large notice boards with local notices and job offers. There are burly looking sailors sat at a few of the seats. At the back of the room, there is a grand looking staircase leading to the second floor, blocked by three busy looking secretaries.
The Dockmasters office takes up the entirety of the second floor, his large wooden desk takes up most of the room, the window behind it giving the room some impressive natural lighting. Bookcases, various cabinets, a painting of old-timey ships and a painting of an abhuman decorate the walls. The dockmaster is a thin, scraggly man in expensive looking clothing. He pushes his glasses up his nose and squints as you enter.

The wide street leading from the port connects to several smaller streets, both lined with overlapping posters for missing people, shop advertisements, and propaganda. Despite only being four people wide, the wet cobbled streets are still busy with citizens.

As you walk deeper into the city, the streets grow wider and wider, the cobblestones become cleaner, the buildings grow larger, their architecture more grand and impressive compared to the slum-like roads and buildings in the lower-class districts. Soon enough you reach a city centre of sorts, where the pipes converge in an impressive maze of piping and delve seamlessly into the ground, around which temporary market stalls have been set up by local traders selling delicacies to self-important looking people being followed around by armoured men. Some of the pipes are empty and can be entered, but they are not signposted. The Aeon tower is on the far side of the centre, the base formed into an open building with the heavy wooden doors kept open for visitors.
The huge hall is lined with pews, with a scattering of people with their heads bowed. At the far end of the hall is a row of large bookcases, and a table where two Aeon priests sit, silently reading books.

You head down back alleys that seem to get smaller and smaller, with less and less foot traffic until you reach a deserted street with a sign reading ‘Big Burts Bar’. Inside is dark, only a few candles are lit, and all the windows are deprived of sunlight by taller buildings. The bar is oddly high, and the stools 5ft tall. Behind the bar is a Lattimor, who is pouring a drink from a bottle of something bright blue and sparkly.

The well-maintained path to the Tichronus estate follows along the southern city wall, and you pass nobody on the journey there. The path leads around the back of several larger homes, and you may see people through the windows. There are several small shack like homes on the left of the path, but you cannot hear or see any inhabitants.

Already familiar with the layout of the city, you arrive at the Dracht estate in a few minutes, being waved through the gate by blue caped guards. The estate has changed a little over the last few weeks. The Thurdens have been evicted from the stables on the right which now acts as a makeshift infirmary. A hastily hung sheet of flimsy synth does a poor job of hiding the sick, with gaps giving glimpses of motionless slaves lying on wooden tables, and their carers milling around.

To the left, the warehouse has been transformed into a blacksmith, obvious from the loud tinging of hammer on steel, and the black smoke billowing from the hole jaggedly cut into its roof. The door of the warehouse is open, but obscured by a group of strong looking men with bloodshot eyes performing violent drills against wooden dummys, the drill masters barked orders drowning out the moans of the sick to your right.

The door swings open swiftly to reveal Lord Drachts assistant, wearing the same tailored black suit and blue synth shirt. He looks at Victor with a polite smile, ignoring the supposed slaves. He opens the door wider and welcomes you in. “Ah, welcome. Lord Dracht shant be long, feel free to make yourself at home, and I’ll fetch you when he’s ready.” He shuffles off upstairs. The inside of the manor house is luxurious. Rich shades of blue synth material is plastered to the walls, whilst the floor is a polished oak wood, with royal blue rugs patterned with complicated designs. The walls are adorned with paintings of strange and fearsome creatures, and depictions of past battles.

The sitting room is large, but is mostly taken up by a massive C shaped blue sofa, which curves around a table with an array of half empty bottles and a white ball (oddity, projects a dancing alien). A fireplace is to the left of the room, and you may see the dining room through the flickering flames.

The kitchen is quite small, but is busy with three salves cooking and a young girl sleeping in the corner. Victor recognises one of the slaves as Niamh, but she looks much more fragile, dressed in a very skimpy maid outfit. The kitchen tops are made with polished white marble, and you can see the ancient piping from the city running around the walls, providing hot water.

The dining rooms is large enough to fit a 10-man table, and several cabinets containing bottles and glasses, as well as the shared fireplace. The heads of dozens of different beasts are mounted on the walls, some are unrecognisable.

Two of the bedrooms are locked, but 5 can be entered. They are nicely appointed with comfortable looking beds and chests of draws, but there is nothing of value.

The study has many shelves ﬁlled with books on all topics, but the collection has a focus on hunting and warfare. In the centre is a great wooden desk piled high with books, and a stack of loose leaf handwritten pages, behind which sits Lord Dracht, flanked on each side by armoured guards in blue capes carrying short swords. Victor recognises the guard on the left as Zachariah Hebert, though he looks larger than before, his eyes bloodshot and intense.

 A secret panel built into one of the bookcases reveals a series of old metal buttons, each bearing various symbols in various colors, none of which have any particular meaning to anyone alive today. If these buttons are pressed in order, a circular section of the ﬂoor about 6 feet (1.8 m) across disappears, giving access to the egg chamber below.

The domed chamber is dark, lit only by the open trap door in the roof. The sunlight casts an eerie glow over large eggs growing from decaying bodies. The floor is carpeted with a squidgy, almost bouncy sort of sponge which softened your fall.

The tunnel is a dry, the cracked concrete creating a haze of dust in the meter-high tunnel.

You land on a widemarble walkway with decorative patterns, and the sound of your landing echo off the solid steel walls. The air is stale and cold, vines and roots cascade down from a ceiling concealed in darkness and a metallic screech replies to your echo.Although unlit and abandoned, the complex has the structure of a city street, rusted doors hang off their hinges, leading into rooms with rotten furniture and sprouting fauna.

In the centre of the wall is a jagged hole that tears through 50cm of steel, the edges worn smooth and rusty over time. Beyond, you can see an askew metal catwalk suspended over a dark abyss that expels a moist heat along with the faint sound of whirring of engines and clanking of machines.

The walkway spirals up a large metal cylinder, and soon enough you stand at a large circular doorway. Inside you can see various machines illuminated by green light.

As you pass through the doorway, you’re all spayed with an extremely fine mist. Glass domes filled with luminescent creatures line the walls, giving the room its eerie green glow. Wide steel cylinders go from the groundfloor to floating platforms 30, 50, and 80 meters up, all bearing bizarre decor and furnishings difficult for humans to understand,. A large purple coil in the centre of the room is surrounded by an array of machines, which blink, flicker, and expel steam. There are several large oval doorways into other rooms higher and lower in the cylinder, through the closest you can see the remains of hundreds of dead and mutilated creatures. Very few of these creatures are human or even recognizable.

The massive purple coil uncoils, its muscles constricting, causing slaps and shlicking sounds to suddenly fill the space. The serpentine head and writhing tentacles straighten to look upon the group, setting its gaze upon you.

The road to the station is as old and run down as the rest of the abandoned city, various flora sprouting from cracks in concrete, and elaborate carvings in steel rusting away. This road is larger than the others, but there are no pathways or doors leading off. At the end of the road is a square of dim light, a doorway from which comes a draft. As you get closer, you may or may not see that the pathway turns turns into a metal catwalk that’s been cleanly sliced off about 4 meters in.

Once you step through the doorway, you can see about 15 meters before you. A huge metal arm is jutting down from the roof, another can faintly be seen besides it. Another metal catwalk is above you. Your footsteps disturb the silence, echoing off distant walls, indicating the huge space.

As light floods the space, the details become clear. The three metal arms jut down from the roof, each connected to similar metal arms atop the train carts. A cleanly cut ladder hangs just out of reach to the top platform above you. The floor of the station is a 9 meter drop, and littered with crumbled concrete, but no metal debris. The silence is disturbed by a metallic skittering.

As the last lever is pulled, the last arm unhinges itself with the same loud hissing, and the train carts begin to pull away very slowly into the dark tunnel beyond.
The train gradually picks up speed. After an hour or so, it reaches around 200mph, and natural light suddenly floods the train carts as you exit the tunnel. The landscape is a barren mud flat, the odd crumbling structure and mountain littered with various fauna and flora some which may be recognised.
After another hour, the cart begins to slow down significantly to make it around a sharp corner. The cart is at a crawl, relative to its usual speed, as it manoeuvres around a series of twisty corners around the side of a mountain, and through a small hill. As the cart exits the short tunnel, there are three loud thuds atop all three carts. Followed by several more thuds, causing dents in the roof of the carts.
Just as a rubbery green tentacled fist breaks through the first cart, a transparent rubbery membrane creature enters the third cart. It has no head or face, but it had a broad body, its huge arms much larger than it s legs.

The second train station is a lot like the third, but steel spiders have eaten away all the metal railings and support beams, leaving collapsed concrete structures over the floor and tracks. A large section of the roof has fallen in on itself, leaving a convenient ramp up to the surface.

Sombro's black glove has been burnt away, revealing a glove like device on his arm. The fingerless, brown synth glove is attached to his arm with two slabs of steel bolted together -though- his forearm. A mess of wires protrude out of the clamps, 5 wires of varying colours attach to copper coils on Sombros fingers like rings, whilst at least 30 more wires are bent the opposite way, digging into his flesh just below the elbow. Sombro has a clear Aeon sigil brand with the words 'A-101' besides it half way up his inner forearm and angry looking scars running up to his shoulder accomponied by what appears to be small, metal plates seemingly melted into his flesh.

You find yourselves in a wild and untamed region of the Black Riage, the large black mountains rising up behind you. The area is thick with overgrown plant life and littered with the collapsed ruins of prior civilisations. Great winged raptors fly high above, and the lands are teeming with deer, mammals, and small reptiles living amid ancient architectural skeletons and scattered boulders. Devola’s directions take the group north east into a rough, hilly region of rocky crags. The map shows that the journey overland to the tower is about 40 miles, meaning that it probably takes around three and a half days to get there.

The sun beats down and wind batters you as you make your way north east. The road becomes steeper and harder to traverse, the conditions changing quickly. One moment the group clambers over large rocks, the next your feet are sinking into loose rubble, the rocks turn finer and finer, and soon enough show animal tracks. The tracks are old, covered in a layer of dust, the large footpads spread wide, with large gaps between each step.
Roll below 10
The ground turns finer and finer, from coarse sand, to fine sand to ash, to dust. Soon enough the previously untested ground no longer supports the group and they begin sinking. Soon enough you’re wading through a cloud of dust up to your shoulders, and then then is no ground at all. You sink down a hole grasping for footing, not daring to breath. Soon enough your feet hit hard packed dust and the group land amongst a pile of dust in a cave of sorts.
As you spit out the fowl tasting dust, you scan your surroundings. You see a group of 5 startled Elchin one of which is squatting, with a stream of dust coming out its rear end, then pushing it against the wall. The walls and roof are made of the same material. Elchin are about half the size of a human, and look like large red frogs with vicious looking rows of teeth and claws, and crowns of living rock which wave slightly like water, but become rigid when the group disturbs the Enchin hive.
Health: 8 each
1
0
-2
0
0
Damage: 1d5
Abilities: Can jump once each with their strong back legs, aiming their crowns at the target.

You break through the wall, and a the dust and sunlight flood in. You easily wade through the remaining dust, and you come out onto a flat-ish red nanomite desert.

Distant screams from the east echo over the mountain, in the opposite direction of the towers.

From a distance, you can see a large figure lumbering towards you. The mysterious figure appears to make a rattling and jingling noise as it swaggers closer. As the dust clears, you can see that a short gangly man carrying a large cage with what appears to be a mutated chicken inside, with supplies hanging off the side. He waves goofily.

The map leads into a deep ravine, the trough of the ravine is dark, only the trickling of a dying stream reverberates off the walls. A few shallow caves are dotted along the bottom of the ravine, littered with broken mining tools, old food wrappers, and dead firepits.
The ravine begins to climb, and eventually leads into

You stand huge field 10 times the size of Nebalich, dotted with various towers and ringed by rising hills topped with clouds. Only one of the towers far in the distance appears to be lit, whilst the rest appear abandoned or collapsed. Behind one of the closest collapsed towers, you see three figures hiding, peek over their cover every few minutes into the field. Following their gaze, you see that a 15 meter long cragworm prowling around the old towers.
One of the three humans sees you, and gestures for you to find somewhere to hide.

Aska is a rather stocky, muscular woman whos scars show she knows her way around a fight. Her hair is shaved. Her left arm bears tattoos from various military units, you all recognise one or two. She wears chainmail armor and carries a sword and a dagger, but she also uses a homing volt projector. She keeps a cautious eye on you all.
Askalar: Treasure hunter. Owns a devise that detects artifacts, and it indicated an incredibly strong one in the field ahead. Suspicious of the PCs.

Edena is tall and broad shouldered with long, dark hair. She wears a charismatic smile and adopts the affectations of those around her. She wears a leather suit under a flowing tunic and carries a mace and a dart thrower openly, but you can see she hides equipment under his large tunic.
Ederana: Askalars ‘friend’. Met Askalar in Thriest, and convinced him that she was also a treasure hunter, and would help him get the artefact. She is here to save her wife, Dro who was infected by the insidious choir. Thankful for the PCs.

Theobald is short and stocky but light on his feet. His long, curly, dark brown hair gets in the way of his green eyes at times. He wears a leather jerkin and carries a bow, a quiver, and a sword-staff
Theobald: Wilderness guide, hired in Thriest to show the treasure hunters to the field of towers, and help them navigate the dangers. Has heard news of green spies and liquid apes in the area, supposedly carrying some serious disease.

Most of the towers here are open structures which look more like the massive supports of a very large single structure or object rather than individual buildings. The tops of all the towers are at least somewhat mangled or broken. Some towers have collapsed entirely. Many are overgrown with thick, ropy, ivylike plants. From here, you can see from here that the tower is heavily patrolled by four groups of three creatures that appear as featureless human shapes, almost like a mannequin, made of a dark, dense, spongy material.
(10hp, 1d3, their gooey blood infects people that touch it. Attempts to grab onto peoples face and ‘kiss’ them, whilst vomiting goo into their mouth)

As you draw closer to the tower, you notice that its very similar to the others, but its ben caked in some of mud like material, and a spiral ramp of metal gridwork has been added. It rises from the ground level interior up the tower. Because the walls are a weblike system of crisscrossing metal spars, you can see human-sized figures moving around inside, but no details beyond that are possible. You can also see at two liquid apes clinging to the exterior of the middle section of the tower. The interior platforms are solid metal sheets that are visible from outside the tower. An observer can tell that there are eight, not counting the ground level. Each level is approximately 100 feet (30 m) above the one below it.

[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1yxpmYUAO99jsRVkJSQKoKE-GIBB8x3xuhselYhoYQoc/edit#](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1yxpmYUAO99jsRVkJSQKoKE-GIBB8x3xuhselYhoYQoc/edit)

give the insidious choir an AI to combat Addonis?

**Sere Marica**You embark early in the morning from Nebalich, quickly overtaking two other departing trading vessels, and avoid several others coming from the other direction on their way to Nebalich. The Pratchet speeds away from Nebalich, which quickly shrinks into the background as Ratchet stands menacingly at the helm, calling everyone to attention.
 “Listen up, men, and young girls, we’re headed to the Sere Marica Trade port. Its owned by the Merchants union, and it used to a stopping point for sailors traveling the Marica, but its recently become infested with Rasters, probably from Badenu. Rasters are vicious cunts, but we’re should able to handle them…. Listen, I’ll pay 5 shins for every raster wing you collect, but don’t go telling the merchants. That’s all, settle in for the journey.”
The mercenaries nod silently before splitting off into different directions, and settling in for the journey. Two burly women are being chatted up by a bloke, whilst another bloke stares enviously whilst whittling (flirty one murdered aboard after a distraction?). One bloke practicing his fighting but is struggling with his form. One woman throwing some dice alone. A tall female Varjellen is stringing a fancy looking bow. The captain sits in the back regarding a black book with concern.

The sun sets over the salted marshes and an eerie mist rolls in over the half sunken ships docked at the abandoned port. Ratchet expertly steers the Pratchet besides an empty dock and drops anchor. He scans the small village and listens for any disturbance, but the mist is thick, and only the sound of water lapping at the shore can be heard. He signals for the crew to gather round. “Do we have any volunteers to be scouts?” (Increase amount of rasters if they all go together)

From the boardwalk, the details become clearer. There is only one large road littered with empty carts, barrels and blood stains. There are only four buildings, all made of the same green synth and in similar designs besides the signposting.

The **merchant’s union** building is made of a green synth material like the rest, but the door is made of heavy redwood mounted on rusted hinges which screech as its forced open. The stench of blood and decay is thick here. The room is dark, but you can see a dim blue light flicker on, illuminating slowly unfolding wings. The huge Raster drops from its perch in the rafters and lands four meters away from you. Its large bladed beak makes a metallic snap at you, turning its head to the side with curiosity. As its head turns, you see a bright blue light module on its back, a similar light to its wings.
The rest of the building looks like an office with broken chairs and scattered sheets of paper, but the desks have been upturned and formed into a barricade around a door at the back. The entrance, once green, is now almost entirely blue. Flecks of dark blue skin and bone is dried to the wall in the thick blue blood, with sprays of blue over the scattered papers. The red blood fills much more of the room, however. Whilst all of the walls have splattering of red, the desk barricade is drenched in faded blood stains, behind which lies a pile of rotting, mangled corpses. Some still clutching weapons in their severed limbs
The managers office door is locked. Inside is a gaunt, thin looking man, still clutching his knees, dried poop at his feet. He had a desk very similar to the rest, but there is also a locked safe beside it. (50 shins, information on raster trade, and accounting for the merchants union/port)

**Ingrids Inn**-Unlike the other buildings, the inn is two stories high and has a small foyer with a large desk in the centre and benches pushed against the walls. six doors lead off into side rooms, one door leads to the back, and a set up stairs leads to the second floor.
The door to the back is locked. In the back is a desk pushed against a wall, a blob of decaying human skin appears to be hunched over the desk. A sheet of paper is stuck under the top part, a cylinder shaped crystal below the sheet (1d30 shins)
The second floor has twelve doors, whilst the centre has a large table, upon which lies various board games, empty bottles, and rotten food all covered in a layer of dust.
The rooms are relatively sparse, a dusty bed with grey looking sheets beside a small table. One is missing a bed. (1d10 for shins found)

**Terrys tavern** has large wide open double doors, which leads into an open plan room. Circular redwood tables are scattered around the room at various axis, around which are littered upturned chairs and tankards. The bar is in a huge C shape, spanning the whole length of the wall at the far end, and half of the walls to the left and right. The shelves behind the bar are mostly empty, but some of the topshelves still have bottles and there are a few kegs atop the bar.
(If they make noise) You may see two pairs of large dimly lit wings unfold, the Rasters dropping from the rafters and landing 8 meters away from you. They snap at you, and turn their heads to the side.
(if they check) Behind the bar is a door leading to the basement, where most of the kegs and rarer bottles are stored. In the far corner, multiple bright blue lights illuminate a mostly brown white mattress, where a human figure appears to be tossing and turning.
As you draw closer, you see that the 4 Rasters are sleeping with their backs to you, their beaks gently resting on the human in the bed. As he turns fitfully in his sleep, you see that he has a similar blue light module on the back of his neck. He turns once more, and slowly opens his eyes, squinting at you.

Burts Brothel (WITH KING) still smells filthy. There is a maitre d desk a meter away from the door with a thin book of names, sex acts, and prices. Various colours of green cloth like synth have been hung to form a narrow corridor, and makeshift rooms.
Inside the makeshift rooms are mostly piles of comfortable looking and brightly coloured blankets, scattered with various sex toys, indiscriminate bottles, and candles. You see a faint blue light shining behind the third curtain. As you enter, you see that the Raster is laying on a mattress with its back to you, a blood soaked bandage wrapped around its wing. The rest of the room has been cleared out, besides a bottle of antiseptic and a roll of bandages.
Behind the last curtain, you see several more faint glows of blue. As you enter, you see that the 4 Rasters are sleeping with their backs to you, their beaks laying on the human resting in the blankets. As he turns fitfully in his sleep, you see that he has a similar blue light module on the back of his neck. He turns once more, and slowly opens his eyes, squinting at you.

Craster The Raster Master is a hermit that lived in Badenu. He befriended the Rasters living in the trees, who taught him how to use the flight module (it only works for short periods of time, and he cant fly very high). They attempted to flee the mercenaries sent by the union several times, but finally decided to attack the port to stop them for good. He and the Rasters remain in the port to ensure the union never returns.

As you return to the docks, the 8 mercenaries are disembarking. Ratchet spots you first, as he is still scanning the area. He watched in shock as you return, and waves you over. “What did you find?”.

The young mercenary that Arthur trained joins the PCs if asked with low persuasion check.
The Varjeeling will join with a high persuasion check.
One man will join after a high intimidation check.
The captain and the other mercenaries will never join.

 Captain: 20 health, 4 damage/hit
other mercenary: 12 health, 2 damage/hit

**GM notes**

The nobles of the city loan money to anyone who asks for it, with huge interest. When the poor are unable to pay their fees, they are indentured into service by the noble.

**Devola was providing Lord Dracht with obedient and strong slaves in return for corpses to grow more. Now that Lord Dracht is dead, the assistant was concerned for his safety. Devola killed him because he begged for his life.**

Nebalich is an oligarchy of around 12,000 people, ruled by three families: Tichronus’, Ishtalas, and Drachts that keep the population in like using hired guards. The Drachts are relatively peaceful (least guards, but most slaves), but the Tichronus’ and Ishtalas have been in a feud for years. Until recent months, Lord Dracht has been relatively peaceful, but he’s recently began hiring guards and taking salves aggressively, who are all incredibly obedient and strong.

Lord Dracht recently discovered Devola, who promised him obedient slaves and strong soldiers in return for bodies to grow eggs from. The nagania hosts are attached to the slave/guard, but after 6 months, they become unstable and begin to die. Some react poorly and die much sooner.

Victor sees someone from his village, but they don’t recognise him. Victor will likely find the nagania host, kicking off the campaign.

Combat: PC explains what they attempt to do, they roll, I tell them they succeed, or explain how they fail.

Varjellen: Tall and angular, the varjellen would never be confused with humans. They have a violet-red hue to their ﬂesh; bulbous, yellow-cast, contralateral eyes; a tall, thin crest atop their head; and a broad chest with two limblike structures that open a cavity within their chest.
Lattimor: stands about 7 feet (2.1 m) tall, with broad, sloping shoulders, powerful arms, and short legs. It has two large and widely spaced eyes, plus four smaller eyes positioned high and close together. Although its entire body is covered in brownish-blond, black, or white hair, the back of a lattimor has a ﬂat, discolored area, almost like a massive bruise.

Job offers:
“Sailor looking for mercenary protection for delivery across salt marshes. 2 guardsminimum, must be skilled at close and long range combat. 30 shins a day. Seek out Donald at the docks.”
“Buying all oddities, cyphers and artifacts at fair prices. Contact Om the Orsbergian at his home, next to Burts bar.”
“Noble looking for skilled mercenaries for guard work. Inquire at the Tichronus estate.”
“Deck hands required for journey across the Sere Marica for delivery. No experience necessary. 10 shins a day. Large brown ship, black sails, green skull symbol.”
“Noble looking for skilled mercenaries for guard work. Inquire at the Alcott estate.”
“Local weapon smith looking for laborers to travel to the Black Riage for metal. 100 shins, or quality armor and weapons in remuneration. Inquire at Derris’ shop.”
“local merchants hiring mercenaries to help defend from, and ideally eradicate, Rasters attacking ships. 200 shins on completion. Visit the merchant’s union next to the Aeon tower to apply.”
“Noble looking for skilled mercenaries for guard work. Inquire at the Ishtala estate.”
“Brothel owner looking for males and females for ‘hands on work’. Visit the bodacious brothel for an interview.”
“Noble looking for mercenaries for caretaking work. Inquire at the Tichronus estate.”
“Aeon Priest looking for body guards for journey across Sheshar to the Ba-Adenu Forest. Experience with both regions preferred, but not essential. Find Alfred at the Aeon Tower to apply.”
“Looking for discrete individuals for information gathering. Contact Sabazia at Sabazia’s shop, or the Ishtala estate.”

Suicide note:
“What they did was wrong. The union should have left the Rasters alone. They have come for us, for retribution. They’re going to kill everyone.

I got this from Om the Orsbergian in Nebalich, he said its deadly if used right. I only hope its painless.

-management”

<http://www.prime-junta.net/numenera/>
<https://darkliquid.co.uk/playground/numenera/rust-cyphers>

As you move the body, the body begins to vibrate. Olivers body suddenly reanimates, spewing forward a black goo that begins expanding rapidly. Legs and tails suddenly begins spouting. (2 rounds, 10 defenders, +1 health each round. )

The nagania defenders legs loosen on Olivers neck. It quickly detatches from oliver, and turns on\_\_\_ before pouncing.

**Loot**

**Cyphers**

Adhesion Clamps – Allow you to climb any surface, lasts 20minutes.

Banishing Module- Anytime the weapon with the module attached strikes an opponent, the enemy is teleported up to 20meters away. Last 28 hours.

Controlled blinking module- anytime the wearer is struck without 28 hours, they can teleport anywhere they desire within 20 meters. Lasts 28 hours.

Gravity Detonator- A thrown grenade that deals damage, and crushes those in the immediate area onto the ground for five minutes.

Singularity Detonator - Explodes and creates a momentary singularity that tears at the fabric of the universe. Inﬂicts 20 points of damage to all within short range, drawing them (or their remains) together to immediate range (if possible). Player characters in the radius move one step down the damage track if they fail a Might defense roll.

Gravity Nullifier - For one hour, the user can ﬂoat into the air, moving vertically (but not horizontally without some other action, such as pushing along the ceiling) up to a short distance per round.

Invisibility Module - For the next 28 hours, the armor the nodule is attached to is invisible, making the wearer appear to be unarmored.

Monoblade - Produces a 6-inch (15 cm) blade that’s the same level as the cypher. The blade cuts through any material of a level lower than its own. If used as a weapon, it is a light weapon that ignores Armor of a level lower than its own. The blade lasts for ten minutes.

A rough object, made of crystal shaped like a cylinder: A shell 1in/level (2.5cm) thick forms around the target, made of the same material that the target is made from.

A mossy object, made of conjoined insects shaped like a tesseract: Target mirrors your movements and actions like a puppet for 1 round/level.

A mirrored object, made of cloth, diamond and plant matter shaped like a cable: Gain ability to taste the past for 1 hour/level. Anything you lick grants you a vision of the years past events of the item.

A hairy object, made of wood shaped like a cable: Immediately connect mentally to the datasphere and receive a detailed map of the area within long range, with locations of all living creatures highlighted to you.

A green and pitch black object, made of synth shaped like a thin slab: Teleport anywhere within 1 mile

A rough object, made of gel shaped like a human face: Targets body immediately dies, but their mind is uploaded to the datasphere where it can attempt to live and maybe take revenge. Within the datasphere, the mind has access to vast stores of information and may be able to control nanites, machines or other technology connected to the datasphere.

A pearlescent object, made of diamond shaped like a human face: A swarm of insects are emitted at the target which then cover the target with waxy lumps (like bees building a hive). The lumps act as hand‐holds aiding in climbing and grabbing tasks against the target and living targets are blinded until the lumps dissolve after 1 round/level.

A flaming object, made of diamond and hardlight shaped like a cube: Target grows a 10ft long tentacle that acts as a medium weapon under the users control and acts on the users turn. Lasts for 1 round/level, attacks as level 3.

A mirrored object, made of forcefields shaped like a boot: Target is swapped with a version from an alternate reality where they are sentient, able to speak and in love with you. Target swaps back after 1 round/level.

A blue object, made of hardlight shaped like a glove: User can experience fully all senses of the target for 28 hours. If the target has no senses, the user experiences sensory deprivation, suffering 6 points of Intellect damage.

A luminous object, made of conjoined insects shaped like a cable: Permanently lose ability to speak in first person but become specialised in seduction.

A mossy object, made of gel shaped like a fractal: Target becomes frictionless. Attacks slide off them. However, standing up is virtually impossible. Once put in motion, it is almost impossible for the target to come to a complete stop. Lasts 1, round/level.

**Artefacts**

Analyzing Shield- The bearer can see through this shield, and it has a display that analyzes the best place to strike a foe viewed through it. The bearer can use points from his Intellect Pool (rather than the more typical Might or Speed) to increase the damage of his attacks by 3 additional points per level of Effort

Cypher Bag - This bag can contain up to 20 hand-held cyphers. These cyphers do not count against a character’s limit.

Duplication Collar: The collar will randomly/can (If a lvl 7 intelligence roll succeeds)spawn a duplicate of the wearers character that will attack separately of the PC.

**Oddites**

A 3 fingered glove made of azure steel that makes everything taste minty.

A wand made of wet flesh that never dries out that continually fills with fluid

A purple bulbous tipped rubber stick that vibrates when near flesh.

A mask with 4 eye holes that numbs the sense of touch

A horn that cleans things when moving south

A clawed hand that causes pain when scraped across organic flesh, but does not cause any damage.