

Saving Cha'allt



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Unsolicited Game Mastering Advice

Demo Instead of Session Zero

“If this is your first time, don’t be nervous... Venger may be all slimy green tentacles, but he’s real gentle-like. Know what I’m sayin’?”

Rather than a whole session of jibber-jabber about what the game will entail, expectations, preferences, and sensitive subject matter, I prefer an alternative to session zero. A demonstration session or demo game.

With a little upfront information, such as “This is old-school, sword, sorcery, and lasers where pulp action adventure is the focus” or “Post-apocalypse mutant hex-crawl where survival is part of the fun,” you can start playing a short session to give everyone a feel for what the game is going to be like. The session’s brevity gives players a chance to opt-out if it’s not the kind of game they enjoy playing. It saves everyone time and energy by avoiding both a potentially meaningless pre-game discussion and full-length first session.

Advertise your Cha’alt demo game with vital bullet-points of what to expect. When players show up, give them a play experience they won’t soon forget. When the session approaches the 60-minute mark, start looking for a suitable end-point.

If you’re GMing a 60 to 90-minute game, start the session ASAP! Do NOT let character creation take more than one minute per player. Whatever information hasn’t already been determined can be hashed out in-game. If players finish early, encourage them to start thinking about backup characters... in case their character dies.



GMing Cha'alt

At some point, all three pillars of roleplaying must be represented. The PCs should experience social interaction, exploration, and combat. Otherwise, the lack of our holy trinity combined with the short timespan will leave players feeling unfulfilled.

If all you're doing is running a quick 60 or 90-minute demo game, introducing players to Cha'alt can be as simple as one, two, three... entry, orientation, and Expansion.

By the time all three of these steps are resolved, your hour to hour-and-a-half has elapsed. If you've done your job, the players are invested, intrigued, and hungry for more. Either set-up the next session right then and there, or play it by ear, scheduling a follow-up session a few days from now.

Entry

Briefly set the scene, describing the world as you would to a friend or coworker who's never been there – keeping in mind that all you have is a few minutes to spare. Mention the sand, suns, heat, fuchsia sky, and ruins off in the distance. Include an open-ended reason why the adventures might be wandering the desert wasteland. Maybe they're fed up, maybe they want to be by themselves. Who knows?

This is also the perfect time to let the players roleplay their characters. If the PCs do this on their own, let them interact with each other and the surroundings. If they seem hesitant, give them a prompt, such as "You said Grok is a nomad, what's his impression of city dwellers venturing out into the desert, maybe for the first time?"

Orientation

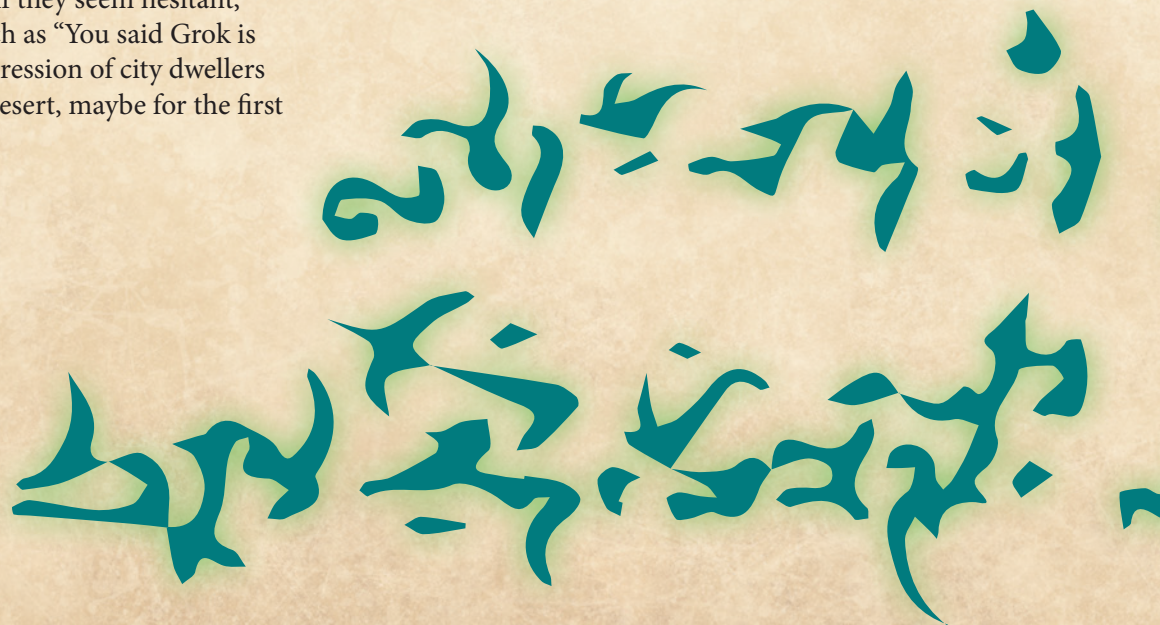
The PCs perceive something that potentially leads to an encounter. They hear laser-fire or the buzzing of demon-insects, they see smoke or a humanoid trudging over the next dune. You don't need to know every detail, but do have the barest semblance of backstory for the encounter. Know what caused the sound of blasters, that humanoid's identity, why tentacles suddenly erupted from the sand.

As the GM, it's your job to have at least an inkling of what this might lead to, what's next. After all, the PCs may want to avoid your encounter hook and go in the opposite direction.

Expansion

You started small with the first couple of steps, now it's time to expand. Organically drop hints - a name or two with a brief description so you can pivot to something bigger once the first encounter is behind them. Transition smoothly to heighten immersion. Don't give players the illusion of choice, provide them with two or three options, letting them decide which path to choose.

The second encounter may not have anything to do with the first - maybe you whetted the PCs' appetite when you set the scene, talking about the danger and opportunity that comes with taking part in A'agrybah's Festival of Moons. The point is, Cha'alt starts to open like a blooming flower of strangeness and treachery.



What Makes Cha'alt... Cha'alt?

I learned a few things in my days and nights as a pick-up artist. Looking good and being confident helps, but the key is communication. In particular, communicating value via conversation.

Conversation is like passing a ball back and forth, and what you say has a certain level of energy or value. Low-energy words and phrases brings precious little to the conversation, which means the listener could get bored easily. However, your end of the conversation exponentially increases in value when high-energy words and phrases are used.

If you can demonstrate more value, then you will be perceived as having more power.

How do you determine energy levels / value? What you say should reflect one or more of the following criteria. If not, then it's better to say as little as possible.

Reinforcing The World

You're playing in some kind of genre (fantasy, sci-fi, horror, wild west, super-heroes, etc.) and within that genre is a specific "world", whatever the GM is presenting. Don't stop just because you briefly mentioned radioactive desert, fuchsia sky, and distant sand worms at the beginning of the session. Throughout the scenario, seed your description with details about the world, according to whatever genre you're emulating.

Example: The PCs are dining with alien humanoids. Even though it has nothing to do with the adventure, note that the alien hosts are eating with anti-gravity chopsticks.

Badass

Something that kicks ass. Ok, this is the hardest to define, so I used the internet. It said, "tough, uncompromising, and intimidating". Yeah, that's badass.

Example: The head of a massive crimson dragon laying on the sand – it's got a huge sword sticking out of it. If someone pulls the sword out, blood gushes all over the place as the dragon's head turns to obsidian.

Unexpected

Just pure strangeness... something that doesn't fit, doesn't seem right, the unorthodox is always more interesting than the standard. Players love surprises, even though their characters may not agree. What's more surprising than being confronted by compelling weirdness?

Example: When you're half-awake, bananas sing to you... they sing a prophecy of demons opening the gateway to Hell (that started out weird and then ended on a badass note). Suddenly, the player sitting across the table from you stops texting and starts listening.

Humorous

You may not be naturally funny, but can still try to present things in an amusing manner. This isn't a class on how to do comedy, so I won't explain how and why things are funny. But if you want to lean into the gonzo, now's your chance. Same goes for other comedic styles... slapstick, raunchy, observational, and saying what everyone else is too afraid to say in polite company.

Example: One of the PCs can read thoughts. He decides to use this power on a warlord from Za'ar negotiating a trade agreement. "The ambassador from Kra'adumek believes that I'm putting up a tough exterior, but really all I'm thinking about is Vegas and the fucking Mirage. Tomorrow night, when the purplest of the purple moons is at its zenith, we attack Kra'adumek full-force."

How I Describe Cha'alt

Several words are specific to Cha'alt... eldritch, gonzo, science-fantasy, and post-apocalyptic. It's important to keep each of these in mind both when you're crafting the scenario and running it.

- ☠ **Eldritch** – Eerie, dark, bizarre in a creepy way, outré, and Lovecraftian. You can't say “cosmic horror” without eldritch. Bring on the tentacles!
- ☠ **Gonzo** – Genre mashing, humorous, and replete with pop-culture references and/or 4th wall breaking. Giant stone Zardoz head smashes through the wall. Within the stone head is the Kool-Aid Man (with tentacles, possibly full of zoth), and inside the Kool-Aid Man are tiny ice-cube creatures that demand to be rescued by characters of 3rd level or higher – no scrubs!
- ☠ **Science-Fantasy** – Don't focus on fantasy to the exclusion of science-fiction and vice-versa. Cha'alt requires both to function... blasters and fireballs, robots and wizards, starships and dragons. And if you can combine both, such as laser-swords and cybernetic lich dragons, then all the better!
- ☠ **Post-Apocalyptic** – This is a ruined world. It has a past; sometimes glorious, other times maleficent... both can be dimly glimpsed today. There's an inexpressible freedom that comes with the collapse of civilization, but that freedom also yields savagery. Life on Cha'alt is nasty, brutish, and short – with mutations!



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Game Master Tools

Strange Arrival

You don't need a reason why the players' adventurers are in Cha'alt. However, if this kind of setting is new to you or your players, it couldn't hurt to have a flimsy backstory to cushion the blow.

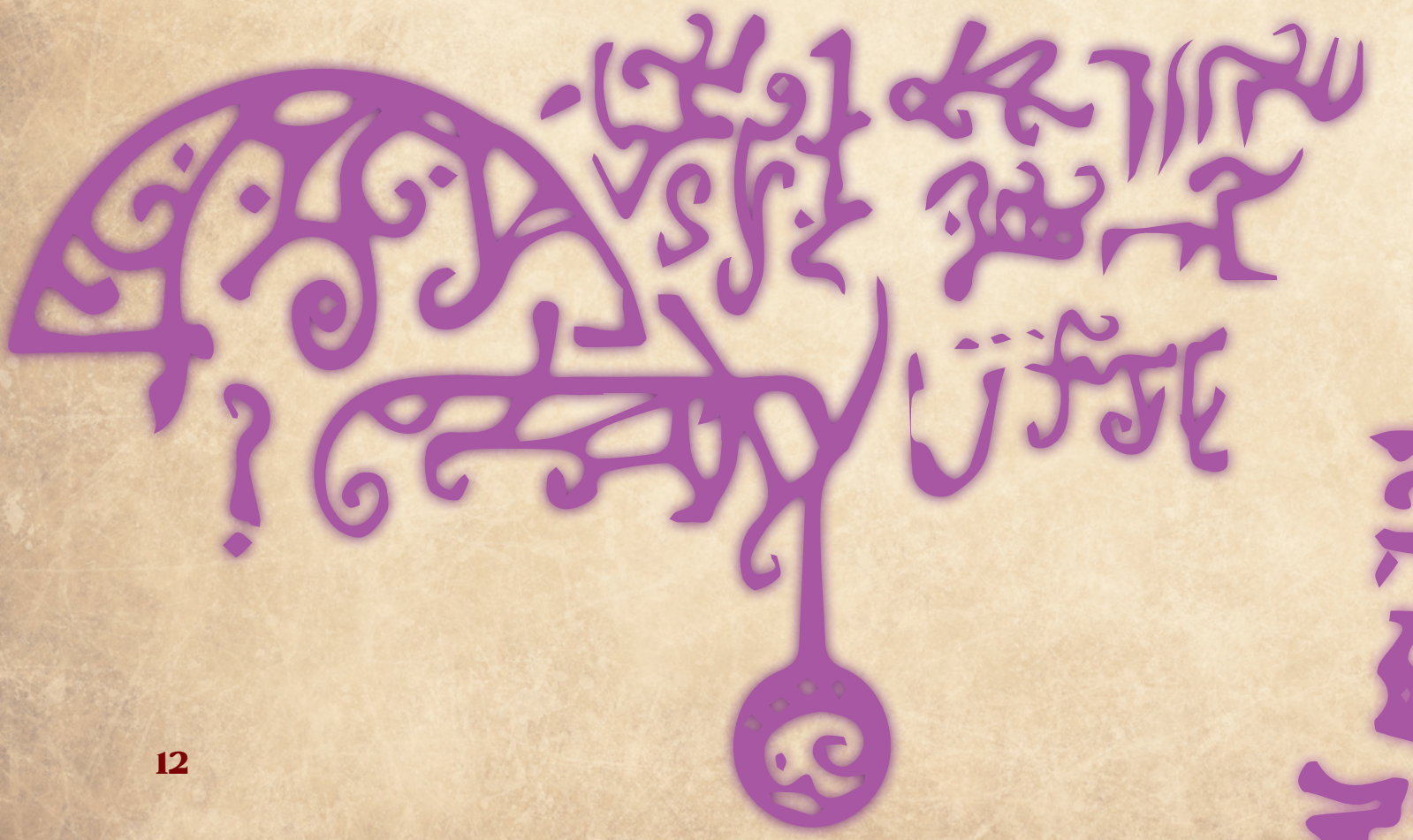


Roll 1d20	Result
1	You were born this way.
2	Back in 1983, you were playing a text-based RPG on the Commodore 64 called Crimson Dragon Slayer and somehow got integrated into the game after Mountain Dew spilled on the keyboard.
3	You were heading for the Santa Fe Starport, but took a wrong turn at New Albuquerque and wound up on Cha'alt.
4	You were a passenger on a starship, and had to make an emergency landing; got separated from other passengers and crew when a sand worm attacked.
5	You signed-up for a "Better Than Life" virtual reality game called Cha'alt. Are you still playing a game or is this real life?
6	You were watching the special edition blu-ray of <i>The Code</i> while your computer was running cyber-hack programs and fell asleep.
7	You were living in Kansas when a twister touched down, carrying you and your King Prawn into another world – the tornado became a sandstorm, depositing you in S'kbah.
8	Exploring the Pyramid at Giza, a solar eclipse caused an earthquake that shifted you into another world – Cha'alt.
9	The stars aligned, dread Cthulhu awakened and you found yourself in a land that has worshiped the Great Old Ones for thousands of years.

Roll 1d20	Result
10	A green meteorite landed in your backyard. You performed an experiment during a lightning storm and were shot through the universe's dimensional membrane.
11	You had 111 tabs of LSD in your pants pocket and got caught in the rain. As the downpour soaked you to the bone, all that LSD was absorbed into your body.
12	You were on a road trip with your buddies. Hoping for a short-cut, you got off the main road, passing several warning signs. Up ahead was a gigantic sphincter oozing yellowish-green viscous fluid. Getting closer to investigate, you were slurped up into the orifice. Sliding sideways in a sea of slime from which you barely surfaced, you looked up to see a pair of suns hanging threateningly in the magenta sky.
13	You went to this place that could implant artificial memories of a vacation to Mars. Answering several routine questions while being hooked-up to a high-tech machine is the last thing you remember. Now, you live on Cha'alt.
14	Your starship was pulled into the gravitational vortex of a black hole. With nothing left to lose, you dove straight into the black hole at full speed. Next thing you know, you're wandering the desert.

Roll 1d20	Result
15	You were reading a choose-your-own-adventure book when “the event” occurred. Now, you’re living in your own sword, sorcery, and laser pulp adventure story.
16	After your parents were tragically murdered in front of you in a dark alleyway during a robbery gone wrong, you were exposed to gamma radiation (the most gonzo form of radiation) when a spider bit you in a high-tech lab. That spider was from Cha’alt, so it only makes sense that you’d wind up in the desert wasteland of that planet.
17	You had a psychotic break in an art supply store. During the commotion when you were either trying to banish or summon demons with wild gesticulating movements, shelving full of paints fell on you. These were new, experimental paints that made your flesh sing like a newborn star... plus hallucinations.

Roll 1d20	Result
18	During a visit to the carnival, you hopped on a ride of smoke, mirrors, and weird monsters. The little car you were riding in broke apart, hurtling you through space and time. You narrowly escaped the crossfire between a three-headed dragon and green skinned guy with tentacles shooting fireballs out of his hands.
19	On a routine expedition, the rapids took your little yellow raft down a tunnel that seemed to go on for miles. All of a sudden, the mist parted and you fell into a black void of nothingness. As soon as you arrived on Cha’alt, lizard-men were fighting a sand worm, so you ran.
20	You were part of a classified hibernation experiment with the military. You went into cryo-sleep, but came out in a world that didn’t make a lick of sense. Welcome to Cha’alt!



Interesting NPCs

Roll 1d12	Result
1	Magician's assistant (female, of course) named Assmyrelda .
2	Gladiator with arms bigger than your head. He's forgotten his name as everyone calls him The Champion .
3	Scrawny human muppeteer and his own purple-furred friend with a speech impediment. They're named Tetch and Bosko , respectively.
4	Both halves of a pantomime horse – Panchetta and Tortillo . Somehow, they both manage to wear sombreros while in their horse costume.
5	White Goodman , an easily confused narcissist, obsessed about physical fitness “Call that a situp?” He's extremely short, has a sexy mustache, and wears silver with purple spandex.
6	Liv Wylde , blonde pornstar with slender, athletic build. She'll do anything for 50 talons per hour, no matter how depraved.
7	Part eagle, part rhino... Va'suvius is the musclebound inventor of Fight Milk – an alcoholic, dairy-based, protein drink for bodyguards by bodyguards.

Roll 1d12	Result
8	Lambaer is an alien martial artist from Zeist, the shadow planet. His only purpose in life is to kick the crap out of people who give him a hard time.
9	An anthropomorphic pickle and peanut, best buddies for life, barreling towards misadventure. The pickle humanoid, Saspek , is lumbering and dimwitted; the peanut humanoid, Vergo , is fast-talking and clever.
10	Faye is a young woman wearing vibrant orange silk space-pajamas. She has a pet crystal that she softly talks to when negative vibes intrude.
11	Zazmit is an elf wearing a banana costume and fake mustache. He's fearful of a dark conspiracy against the humanoid species.
12	Blueberry Head is the greatest prop-comic in Cha'alt. On the standup comedy circuit, Blueberry Head has no equal. Wait until you see his toilet seat with a car's side mirror attached. It's hysterical!

What's Up With Them?

Roll 1d12	Result
1	Perturbed they just failed the A'agrybah bar exam... again!
2	Girlfriend just ran off with a... 1) toaster, 2) sister, 3) best friend, or 4) demon from Za'anadu.
3	Just pulled off a scheme that could make them incredibly rich.
4	Recently became the new currency speculator for Davidson & Plum Investments.
5	Lost a hand in a laser-sword duel on top of the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice.
6	Wants you to buy their... hand-made pottery (1-3) or chapbook of haiku about clowns (4-6).
7	Tired from partying all night; keeps falling asleep at odd times.
8	Just horny and looking to get laid.
9	Hoping to start a band, just as soon as they find a drummer... and a bassist... and a guy who plays the keytar.
10	Running from a sorcerer who wants them for some unspeakable purpose.
11	An irrepressible kleptomaniac who can't resist a five-finger discount.
12	Looking to get a recent tattoo removed – butterfly dragon tramp-stamp.

Picking Pockets

At some point, the PCs are going to run afoul of pickpockets... or maybe the party's thief wants to steal something in a crowded bazaar. Most of the time, it's going to be a pouch containing [1d20+1d12] talons. However, the following random table describes the contents of unusual and/or significant pockets.

If a picking pockets table seems like something you'd never use in your game, treat it as a "what do the PCs find upon looting the body" random table.

Roll 1d100	Result
1	Jade buddha
2	Micro-circuit
3	USB drive
4	Grocery list... bread, ground cinnamon, lizard eggs, spider milk, etc.
5	Pouch containing red, purple, and green marbles (d12 for each color)
6	Small book titled <i>The Psychology of Man's Possible Evolution</i> .
7	Jumbo-sized tampon
8	Dematerialization condenser
9	Gas-cap (2 in 6 chance of tracking device hidden inside).
10	Petite bust of A'amon Thoth
11	Either laser pointer (1-3) or extendable metal pointer (4-6)
12	Tiny alien creature
13	Communication device
14	Exquisite ruby the size of a child's fist
15	Rare coin minted over a thousand years ago
16	Glass cylinder containing sparkling violet sand (poisonous if breathed)
17	Sand worm tooth
18	Origami unicorn
19	Ivory figure of an Ara'akeen tiger

Roll 1d100	Result
20	Hotdog (2 in 6 the pocket-dog is half-eaten)
21	Oversized, ornate silver key
22	Zith holocron
23	Access crystal (contains 2d4 x 100 credits)
24	Wallet (containing 1d100 USA dollars and credit cards)
25	Miniature bonsai tree
26	Detachable penis
27	Petrified monkey's paw (1d4-1 cursed wishes remaining)
28	Several packets of... 1) ketchup, 2) BBQ sauce, 3) honey, or 4) mustard
29	Vial of orange liquid (drinking it brings self-confidence)
30	Halfling skull
31	Glass eye (hazel)
32	Scroll containing a spell called Drezden!
33	Numbers scribbled on a crumpled piece of paper (blockchain data for a new cryptocurrency)
34	Small urn containing ashes
35	Potion (invisibility)
36	Interlocking triangles made of iron
37	Indigo crystal (eases pain and discomfort)
38	Handkerchief (2 in 6 chance it's full of snot)
39	Pouch containing 2d12 zuleks
40	Bar of gold
41	Holy symbol of some Devil-God
42	Piece of paper with the number "42" written on it and circled
43	Box of 64 crayons
44	Floppy disk of an immersive fantasy roleplaying game called Cha'alt

Roll 1d100	Result
45	Ceremonial dagger, the blade is stained fuchsia
46	Luminous sphere that floats in the air near its owner
47	Cylinder containing glowing yellow-green ichor (zoth)
48	Large tube of cerulean paint (half used)
49	Letters tied with a red ribbon (love letters from a noblewoman of A'agrybah to Ra'azgul, her demon lover)
50	Shiny hunk of green calcite
51	Air-filtration mask
52	Chess piece... 1) white rook, 2) black knight, 3) black queen, 4) white pawn, 5) white king, or 6) black bishop
53	Petri dish containing periwinkle ectoplasm
54	Transparent aluminum bottle of Purple Prism
55	1d4 blue razz flavored vape-juice cartridges
56	Pair of lacy red panties
57	Dayglow-yellow yo-yo
58	White bag of jelly-babies
59	Gold bracelet with sapphires
60	Onyx ring set with oversized garnet
61	Scented candle (either eucalyptus mint or apple pumpkin-spice)
62	Hand-blown glass cube filled with a splash of yellow
63	Albino elephant (full-size... the pocket was magical)
64	Odd-shaped gourd
65	Pouch of smoking tobacco cut with exotic spices
66	Ziplock bag containing strange narcotic

Roll 1d100	Result
67	Smooth stone with "Conscious suffering is the key" etched onto it
68	Either a tape measure (1-3) or retractable ten-foot pole (4-6)
69	Turquoise brooch of a phoenix
70	Black box containing... 1) rainbow clown wig, 2) Cuban cigars, 3) explosive device, or 4) beating heart of a Demon Lord.
71	Hand-mirror in gold frame
72	Thermal detonator
73	Droid restraining bolt
74	Venger Satanis bobblehead (2 in 6 chance he's green with tentacles)
75	Miniature thieves' tools
76	Excessively long string of connected, multicolored, silk hand-scarves
77	Mannequin hand with fingernails painted, each a different color... fuchsia, yellow, violet, orange-red, and chartreuse.
78	Personal hookah
79	Glittering ivory and gold unicorn horn
80	Holo-crystal containing lecture on Gnosticism as it pertains to demonology and folklore
81	Blood-spattered parchment... the right-half of a treasure map
82	Blood-spattered parchment... the left-half of a treasure map
83	Book of matches from Señor Chang Do'Urden's Dirty Sanchez Bar & Grill
84	Either a flesh-bound copy of <i>The Bro Code</i> (1-3) or <i>The Necronomicon</i> (4-6)
85	Deck of cards (2 in 6 chance of being divinatory tarot cards)
86	Leather pouch containing aquamarine ring (wearer cursed with unquenchable thirst)

Roll 1d100	Result
87	Handful of poker chips of various denominations (worth 500 talons, redeemable at Queen of Hearts Gambling Den & Brothel)
88	Bronze medallion of an eye within a triangle and various runes surrounding it
89	Wax seal stamp belonging to an A'agrybah noble
90	Mousetrap (save or cry out in pain and take 1 point of damage)
91	Hilt of a sword (iron inlaid with tiger-eye jasper)
92	Demonic talisman – the sinister sound of monks (who've had their tongues ripped out) chanting can be heard when the talisman is exposed to moonlight
93	Parchment with the rune for “luck” drawn in blood (good for one free reroll)
94	Elegant, lavender, glass bottle of perfume that smells like vanilla cotton-candy
95	Orrery (mechanical model of the solar system) music box under glass
96	Smoothie punch-card... only two more smoothies and the next one is free.
97	Bounty-marker for Zilas Thule – no crimes listed, but he's worth 1,800 credits dead or alive.
98	Pack of wet-wipes (flushable)
99	Either a 12-pack of transparent aluminum MAGNUM condoms [male], or a 3-pack of contraceptive vaginal sponges [female].
100	Space-time crystal... is it another segment of the <i>Key To Time</i> ?



Who's Aligned Against Us?

Making friends is easy (unless you're a murder-hobo), but making enemies comes as natural as finding a three-stinger scorpion in your boot.

Roll on the following random tables to determine who a PC or NPC's enemy is and the reason for their animosity.

Roll 1d6	Result
1	Human bounty hunter from the Federation's core worlds named Tysen .
2	Blood-elf blind seer and martial arts expert named Volrig .
3	Blue velvet-elf pickpocket named Theen ; happens to be the bastard of a prominent violet priest in Kra'adumek.
4	Former blade-runner named Roj ; got addicted to drugs, and became hired muscle for the Scarlet Brotherhood of Salamanca.
5	Arachnoid (humanoid spider) who plays with humanoids for his own sick amusement. Doesn't have a name, but lives in the A'agrybah scrapyard.
6	Half-demon influence peddler named Ferris . He prefers the seedy side of life, and travels with an entourage of hoodlums and petty criminals.

And Why?

Roll 1d8	Result
1	Framed for something he didn't do, was frozen in carbonite for nearly a decade and just released.
2	Somehow involved in the murder of an ex-lover.
3	Sold him an expensive piece of art that he later found out was a forgery.
4	Used to be his student, but betrayed him when an opportunity for advancement presented itself.
5	Always wears the color purple, and that's something he can't stand.
6	Fleeced him for thousands of credits in order to create a new cryptocurrency, but then decided to run off with the money.
7	Offered a lift in his sand-speeder, but neglected to mention he was running from the law. The sand-speeder got impounded by A'agrybah authorities.
8	In the city of Kans'az, four years ago, ran out on him because he was late. He would've been imprisoned for life, but managed to escape.





Are You Heretical?

Cha'alt is so spread out that each little settlement, city, or community is like its own country with different laws, customs, and beliefs. What seems perfectly normal in A'agrybah might be a stoning offense in Vega Corso or necessitating a fish-slap in Narva'ada.

The following tables randomly determine heresies and how people react to heresy. If the PCs have never been to a particular area before, assume they're unaware of said laws, customs, or beliefs.

Heresy

Roll 1d100	Result
1	After someone does you a great service, it is customary to wash their feet with your hair.
2	When entering for the first time, it is customary to give the host an offering of something blue.
3	Excusing oneself with the sign of Voor before using magic is simply good manners.
4	When a blade has been drawn, the offending party can decide to fight with melee weapons or unarmed.
5	Apricots and zo-zo berries can only be eaten on Venzerday.
6	Any artistry must refrain from mentioning chartered accountancy, the color red, and unicorns.
7	Females should wear pink during the day and purple at night, to match the sky's coloring.
8	Water must be shared before any important business is conducted.
9	If a unicorn is seen by anyone in the community, everyone must fast for 24 hours.

Roll 1d100	Result
10	When zoth is presented, off-worlders and those who've lived on Cha'alt less than a year, must take three steps back and face away from the zoth.
11	The number 5 is considered bad luck, while 3, 4, and 7 are believed to bring good fortune. Do not use 5 when 3, 4, or 7 is possible (6 is neutral).
12	Do not speak the ancient tongue in the open air at night, lest demons hear, entangling themselves in the affairs of mortals.
13	Washing one's hands with spider milk purifies them, and must be done before engaging in sacred tasks.
14	Dill pickles must be served with roasted peanuts... or else what's the point?
15	Sleeping past the first sun-up is acceptable, but once the second sun rises, you better get your ass out of bed.
16	Only criminals and lowlifes have clearly visible tattoos.
17	Tattoos of sorcerous glyphs give one dominion over unmarried women, resulting in first pick.
18	Tentacles must be drawn upon the door of one's abode within 7 hours after a sandstorm has devastated nearby lands.
19	Riding lizards with yellow stripes are considered the most delicious and should not be ridden, unless it's the difference between life or death.
20	Visible signs of anger are seen as weakness.
21	Concealing one's rage is viewed as a pompous affectation and those who do it are fools.

Roll 1d100	Result
22	If you've been given a platform due to your actions or just random chance, you must use that platform to champion the less fortunate... or else the commoners will come after you like filthy rats.
23	Warriors are better than sorcerers and sorcerers are better than thieves; however, priests are above all... but only if they worship the Old Gods.
24	Everyone in the community is expected to chip in one talon per day to pay for a new border wall. In about 10 years, they'll probably have enough.
25	The toughest elf in the vicinity must bless the evening meal before it's eaten. Those elves vying for the label should fight until only one is standing.
26	Merchants cannot sell their goods and services on the steps of any temple or sacred land.
27	Red hued gemstones are assumed to be evil and must be kept hidden from view.
28	Any mention of The Black Pyramid is forbidden.
29	Newcomers must adorn themselves with tentacles.
30	The faces of pregnant women must be covered with a veil.
31	Females are not permitted to touch bladed weapons.
32	The person in charge must consult with his menagerie of birds before making weighty decisions.
33	Eyeballs of fallen enemies need to be arranged so they look directly at sorcerers researching spells and magical lore.

Roll 1d100	Result
34	Before a fight, sword blades must be bathed in the waters of Zamzam (sacred water that is unfit for humanoid consumption).
35	It is said that 3 times a year, a soft rain falls upon the desert world. Everyone is expected to go out into the street, singing and dancing until it stops sprinkling.
36	Musicians are welcomed into the home and invited to dine with the homeowners. However, if the music is not to the audience's liking, they will probably throw oranges at the musicians.
37	If you wish an audience with royalty, it is customary to bring gifts of jam... strawberry jams, apricot jams, blueberry jams, date jams... seedless, delicious, exotic jams!
38	While it is not illegal to flash your junk to women on the street, spectators are allowed a single open-handed slap if they are offended.
39	It is impolite to say, "No." Instead, you are more likely to hear "If the Old Ones will it."
40	The left hand of a sorcerer is said to attract evil. All magic-users should know enough to keep their left hand hidden from sight.
41	The heads of droids are believed to hold tremendous knowledge. Shrinking them down to jewelry size with a compactor or similar device allows their knowledge to be displayed as ornamentation. Shrunken droid heads come highly valued by techno-shamans.

Roll 1d100	Result
42	The meat of enemy corpses is left out in the sun. After the bones have been picked clean and bleached by the desert heat, they're hung as windchimes in homes and places of worship.
43	Moisture farming is considered a noble profession. The farmers are excused from paying taxes as long as they provide enough water to keep the poor from dying of thirst.
44	A portal connects Cha'alt and early 21st century Earth, located inside an Adult Video store. Occasionally, DVDs go missing – transported to the wasteland of S'kbah. Unmarried men frequently wear discs around their neck in hopes of attracting mates like the ones on the DVD covers.
45	Whenever an artificial intelligence makes its presence known, priests will perform a silly walk everywhere they go until the A.I. has left the area.
46	Thieves lose a hand upon their first offense. If they're caught stealing again, they get their old hand back... but it's gone bad – evil, demonic, and full of chaos!
47	Assassin Guilds require thieves within their jurisdiction murder those they steal from.
48	The customary greeting is “Aza'alek mai kouva,” which means “May the demons pursuing you be hurrying to return your lost property, rather than devour your soul.”
49	Priests and clerics are required to feed the poor and similar charitable acts when not actively fighting evil.
50	Passing one of the many statues demands tribute in the form of a demonic prayer.

Roll 1d100	Result
51	Bug guts face paint! Smearing the fuchsia blood-paste from an insect of Sha'agai will bring you luck when facing overwhelming odds [this is true and good for one free reroll during such an encounter].
52	Books without an introduction or foreword containing praise for the demon-prophet Za'amenadeel must be burned in a bonfire of violet flame.
53	When speaking the name K'tulu, the tiniest droplet of zoth must be spilled upon the ground to honor Him.
54	All soaps and cleaning agents should be made with lavender-lotus.
55	Every lubricant must be cherry flavored or scented.
56	Peasants are allowed to defecate upon the shoes of aliens and outsiders.
57	When someone says “Trust in the Old Gods”, the person to whom he's speaking traditionally responds with, “...but tie-up your lizard.”
58	Rings are to be worn upon the left hand only.
59	Never wear clothing made from the skin of humanoids.
60	Unless you're a peasant or slave, always wear clothing made from the skin of humanoids.
61	Touching those you're not intimately involved with is forbidden.
62	Watching public executions cleanses the soul and is therefore mandatory.
63	All artwork shown publicly must either be abstract, expressionistic, or both.
64	Once per year (which happens to be tomorrow), there's a tomato fight. Everyone participates!

Roll 1d100	Result
65	Once per season (which happens in 1d4 days), there's a banana beating celebration. It is mandatory for everyone to beat someone with a banana.
66	Once per year (which happens to be in 1d6 days), there's a fish-slapping festival. If you don't slap someone with a fish, then you must be fish-slapped yourself.
67	All zedi and those with psionic abilities must be marked with navy-blue dye upon their hands.
68	Cleansing sand worm teeth with lemon-lime water at dawn is mandatory.
69	If a man requests that his lady companion lie with another woman, she must do so.
70	When a tortoise is laying on his back, no one can turn it over. The tortoise has to right himself on his own.
71	When demonic royalty (or even upper nobility, in some cases) first arrives, chess is played. But not on a small board – human chess pieces move about on a vast field of battle as the demon proves his cunning against whomever he chooses as his opponent.
72	All droids must have a restraining bolt.
73	Energy-cells and power-packs must be removed from all high-tech devices and placed in a black bag.
74	On the first day of every month, a piñata of Venger Satanis is beaten with small hammers painted pastel hues until one-hundred-and-eleven garish plastic polyhedrons fall out. After the piñata has been destroyed, all the children play D&D.

Roll 1d100	Result
75	Those who want to talk politics or business must first serenade everyone with a song on the zita'ar.
76	The punishment for using magic is to stare deeply into the three-lobed burning eye at the bottom of the well and be turned to stone [save vs petrification].
77	On the last day of the month, pair-bonded individuals are encouraged to teach their knowledge of tantric sex to visitors and new arrivals.
78	It is illegal and offensive to the Gods to kill a dream-snake. Dream-snakes are serpentine travelers between dimensions, recording events and carrying them to all other realities.
79	Everyone uses the word "grok" to mean understanding something intuitively. It goes hand-in-hand with the prophecy that a messiah will save Cha'alt from destruction because his knowledge is inborn.
80	Gold cannot be exchanged for goods or services that would disrespect the tribe or citizenry.
81	A one-eyed prostitute can have whatever she wants, as long as, it costs less than 100 talons. She can take your canteen of water, your sword, or the clothes on your back.
82	If you have any tentacles, you have to wear a green star. Certain bars won't let you in and shops won't sell to you... but priests treat you like royalty.



Roll 1d100	Result
83	Whenever something momentous or prophetic happens, it is imperative that someone strike The Sevateem Gong. It's a rectangular sheet of metal suspended in the air with rope, "Survey Team 6" is stenciled in the corner. Striking the metal with a mallet lets the Old Gods that mortals still believe in them.
84	To ward off evil, humanoids must make a three-part gesture that's remarkably similar to checking the seals of a Starfall-4 spacesuit.
85	Insolence to nobility and clergy are met with the harshest punishment – being fed to the flesh-stripping bore-worms harvested especially for punishing infidels.
86	Anyone carrying a lucky charm or something that would imbalance the natural odds is considered a servant of The Unspeakable One.
87	Do not uncover what the desert has buried.
88	The throne of A'andor is a futuristic relic of a bygone age. Whoever sits upon it shall lead the people of A'andor. It's a starship captain's chair surging with electromagnetic energy from the catastrophe that occurred decades ago [2 in 6 chance of experiencing a surge – save or die].
89	There's a prophecy that a party animal named Koogler shall come, and his arrival will break the seventh seal. Koogler shall be known by his customary Hawaiian lei, sunglasses, and cool attitude.
90	Whenever something that's kind of blue and kind of purple comes into view, the first person to say, "Blurple" gets to hook up with the prostitute of his choice... on the house.

Roll 1d100	Result
91	Those with means are expected to carry their lazer-lotus energon pod with them everywhere they go. This energon pod is where the soul goes when a person's body dies. At the end of the year, soulful energon pods are dropped into a crack in the planet's surface that supposedly goes all the way down to the molten core.
92	Rumors of a new plague are circulating. Everyone must be vaccinated before the pandemic brings ruin to civilizations across Cha'alt. Unfortunately, the vaccination requires a banana, tentacles, the curative properties of a vermilion-lotus, and a penis-pump.
93	Any kind of screen is forbidden. If screens are not smashed, then Marc can beam his presence from another dimension and seduce all the lonely, sensitive women-folk with his poetry.
94	Once per year, all different kinds of monkeys are shipped in from the far-southern jungle and let loose throughout the area.
95	Mirrors or any reflective surface should be within arm's reach when entering temples, sacred places, and anywhere containing at least three tentacles.
96	Only machines are allowed into this settlement for more than an hour per day. The machines here fear cultural contamination by organics.
97	Strangers are looked dead in the eyes to see if there's any glimmer of higher understanding or potential awakened mind. If there is, the stranger must drink a liqueur made from ayahua'sca [page 37, <i>Cha'alt: Fuchsia Malaise</i>].
98	Before imbibing a beverage, it is customary to drink to the Federation.

Roll 1d100	Result
99	Superstition prevents all crystals and crystalline forms from entering the settlement. Long ago, crystals were used by snake-men to dominate the minds of men. Such things will happen again, prophecy states.

Roll 1d100	Result
100	Visitors are encouraged to create their own customs in this settlement. One custom per group shall be instituted. When the group of visitors leave, the settlement will vote to see if it remains a tradition.

Heresy Reaction

If humanoids don't keep with tradition, the locals might have a problem. Roll to see how they react.

Roll 1d6	Result
1	Locals immediately try to kill the heretic.
2	The one committing heresy is immediately arrested, imprisoned, and will be tried the next morning.
3	The heretic is not allowed into sacred places, such as temples or anywhere with more than three tentacles.
4	The heretic is shunned while locals cast a suspicious gaze.
5	Locals forgive the petty transgression. No harm, no foul.
6	Rather than a heretic, the transgressor is seen as refreshing and unrestrained [Roll again: if the result is another 6, he's perceived to be a harbinger of the new way.]

Kill the heretic!

Six Hours To Save Cha'alt

What's Happening?

A meteor is fast approaching, on a collision course with the planet Cha'alt.

Sorcery has neither diverted nor destroyed it. Astrologers determined there is a rare mineral throughout the hurtling space rock that nullifies magic.

Thankfully, a piece of high-tech is located within the belly of an Old One named Zithra'ak. The high-tech device is called a Quantum Wave Transducer or QWT.

Only the Priests of Zithra'ak know a secret way into the exalted spawn. An adventuring party was sent out to collect the high-tech, but they never returned [murdered by the Priests of Zithra'ak].

As the PCs wander in or around a small S'kbah settlement, they are petitioned by local authorities to seek out the planet's salvation. Aside from saving everyone's life, including their own, willing adventurers are rewarded with 1,000 talons (altogether, not each).

To make things easier, let's assume it takes two hours to get inside the Old One from the scenario's start. That leaves four hours to explore. Each area takes a half-hour to thoroughly explore and resolve... if they don't get wrapped up in "local politics".

If PCs take too long, the meteor strikes Cha'alt, triggering another apocalypse. 90% of everyone living on the planet's surface will soon die, unless they manage to find safety underground.

Priests of Zithra'ak

Humanoids clothed in paprika hued robes, their heads shaved and eyes a void of purest black. The tallest and strongest priest has black tentacle tattoos running up and down his arms [the High Priest].

When the PCs happen upon the priests, they are picking through the paltry possessions of

the original NPC party that tried to save Cha'alt. Amongst the haul is a glass eye, bronze helm, and wand with zero charges (formerly a wand of confusion).

Their eerie eye color is due to the black lotus which grows on the underside of their sleeping God. The Priesthood imbibes the black lotus often as it reveals a hidden dream-world laying just beneath the surface façade of consensual reality.

Their High Priest is named D-ra'ak. If there's business to discuss, he'll do the talking.

The Priests of Zithra'ak are a stubborn and antagonistic bunch. They will not help the PCs willingly. The following are various approaches that might work...



If one or more adventurers takes the time to familiarize themselves with the Priesthood, they can trade an item of value for entrance into Zithra'ak.



A troublesome parasitic worm has leeches onto the exterior of their slumbering God. The Priesthood sees the worm sucking the zoth from Zithra'ak, and may burrow inside. If bothered, the worm attacks with a blind ferocity. The PCs must kill it.



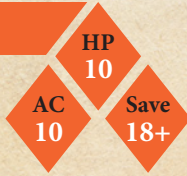
A rite of initiation must be performed before the Priesthood will show PCs the way. Each must thrust his hand inside one of many holes in the side of a large sandstone rock. There's a 1 in 20 chance of being stung by some disgusting insect living within the sandstone. If stung, save or die!

The Priesthood only has to meditate in order to envelop the PCs with astral vibrations, effectively teleporting themselves deep inside Zithra'ak.



Priests of Zithra'ak [12]

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +1
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d4

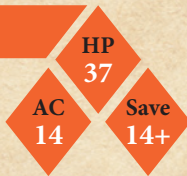


Special: The Priesthood has learned to fight as a group. As long as there's more than one priest fighting, they all get advantage in combat.

Treasure: Each priest has a ceremonial khopesh sword.

High Priest D-ra'ak

HD: 6 Attack Bonus: +4
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 3d6 or
2d6+1



Special: D-ra'ak is the only one who knows that Zithra'ak can be used as an organic starship. He was taught how to pilot the ship via dream-messages.

Treasure: The High Priest has a blaster [4 shots left] and ceremonial khopesh sword (the blade is obsidian, bathed in flames of periwinkle and magenta). Considered a +1 sword, it cannot harm the virtuous and the good [this means intent and actions, not alignment]; everyone else takes damage normally. Additionally, critical hits turn appendages into non-magical obsidian [disadvantage with physical actions until a wizard or cleric can reverse the effect].

In an oversized black leather pouch, there are 17 zuleks, 23 talons, and 43 green calcite coins – an eye surrounded by tentacles adorns one side with a forked glyph belonging to the Hellish realms on the other.

Parasitic Worm

HD: 8 Attack Bonus: +5
#Attacks: 2 Damage: 1d8/1d8



Special: It always attacks the first person that disturbs its rest or feeding.

Treasure: Depending on the worm's feeding schedule, there's a 2 in 6 chance of successfully retrieving a gallon of undigested zoth from the worm's belly [see page 102 in *Cha'alt* for uses of zoth].

Zithra'ak is so big that it's difficult to see all of it at once. Suffice it to say, there's no way to kill this Great Old One... banishment or lulling it back to sleep would probably be the best options if roused.

Zithra'ak



Area #1

It's like a fleshy cave inside, the curved organic surroundings full of orange-pink slime and sinew. At the room's center is a raised nodule with tendril ganglia hanging down from the ceiling.

Little do the PCs know that bumps on the nodule and sticky strands above serve as controls for using this Old One spawn as an interstellar vessel.

The area is lit by three luminous spheres that hang in the air. The further away from light one is, the brighter the ghastly yellow-green glow of zoth flowing beneath the flesh surface.

The spheres can be taken and moved around to illuminate the way. Traveling in darkness can play tricks...

Chartreuse Shadows

Every turn (10 rounds) a humanoid spends among the zoth-glow without additional light, roll on the following random table.

Roll 1d6	Result
1	A limb disappears (only reappearing in the light if a saving throw succeeds).
2	Gets transported to another dimension – possibly the fiery Ninth Circle of Hell or lightless dimension of Na'akai.
3	No effect.
4	A shadow-double appears, exactly the same as the original – except utterly evil and devoted to chaos.
5	Out of body experience – consciousness may roam freely. However, there's a 2 in 6 chance of being discovered by some Lovecraftian entity, and... 1) attacked, 2) imprisoned, 3) attaches itself to consciousness like a parasite, 4) merely watches intently, 5) sexually violates, or 6) forced to perform a task in the real world.
6	Takes on some kind of mutant corruption, such as tentacles.

Area #2

Upon entering, PCs notice fluffy white snow falling from above. It's unclear how or why this is happening.

This flesh cave contains a Christmas tree lit with all manner of colorful lights, red glass ornaments, silver tinsel, and strings of popcorn. Beneath the tree are two presents. The first is wrapped in shiny green paper with red ribbon and bow. The second is wrapped in shiny red paper with green ribbon and bow.

Opening the first yields sounds of jingle-bells and summons a reindeer that enters the area and immediately charges the person who opened the present. It stabs them in the gut doing 1d12 points of damage. After attacking, the reindeer vanishes.

The second present contains a small elf doll made of fabric and stuffing. The elf is alive, but only moves when no one is looking. It can speak to the present opener alone by whispering. If accepted, the elf will join the party.

Piercing the flesh walls of this network will cause a zoth gusher to drench anyone standing around in chartreuse ichor. Coming straight from the source, it's seven-fold more toxic than ordinary zoth (save or die).



Area #3

The ceiling of this flesh cave is leaking zoth, but instead of creating a puddle, the zoth has crystallized like a gigantic, yellow-green, glowing, mutant icicle. This zoth cyst is like a malignant tumor.

Upon investigation, a sharp and thin red illumination can be seen floating in the semi-solid zoth. The red light is from a Portable Artificial Intelligence Device [PAID]. PAIDs were commonplace in **The Tech Age**, collecting data and analyzing it for the benefit of the device's user.

Due to its being a product of pure zoth and comingling with the red-lit PAID, the cyst is alive, intelligent, and hostile to anything posing a threat. The zoth cyst can move about with crystalline tendrils-flesh roots.

Any high-tech information retrieval system can hook up to the PAID to see what's on it. Mostly, it's been tracking weather patterns and monitoring humanoid factions before finding its way inside Zithra'ak.

However, the highlight of its memory is about an all-powerful ring called Gorga'ar, named after the Arch-Duke of Hell. The ring's jewel is the demon's own amber hued eye, ripped out of its socket after his death. Supposedly, the ring grants the wearer power to repair or destroy all flesh.

The demon ring's last known whereabouts were in the dungeon of S'kvolg, far below the surface of Cha'alt.

Zoth Cyst

HD: 10 Attack Bonus: +6
#Attacks: 1 Damage: n/a

HP	74
AC	10
Save	10+

Special: Once per round, the zoth cyst can direct a chartreuse beam of energy at an opponent. If successful, the target must make a saving throw or become possessed by the creature.

This creature has the Mind Wipe psionic power. If a spell is cast upon the zoth cyst, the creature knows enough to wipe the sorcerer's memory so he won't be able to cast additional spells.

Treasure: Shards of zoth can be picked up from what's left of the creature. Successfully throwing a zoth shard at a target does 1d12 damage.

Mind Wipe: This psionic ability temporarily (lasts as many turns as the psion's level or Hit-Die) wipes the memory of the target. Detrimental to sorcerers. Mind Wipe drains 1d4 Hit-Points per use.

Area #4: Ra'ain Man

Two humanoids are taking a short rest in this flesh cave. One of them, J'koon, is muttering to himself. The other, Kalas, asks him questions. "Where the fuck is it? I've searched you, so it must be inside you somewhere. Subdermal implant, false tooth, where?"

When J'koon says something that Kalas doesn't like (because it's either incomprehensible or bad news), he smacks J'koon upside the head.

J'koon is autistic. He refuses to look anybody in the eye, and erupts in barely coherent outbursts when confused, agitated, or questioned directly. Such as the following...

"Cha'alt isn't real. It's a figment of our collective imagination. Reality isn't supposed to be like this - we've entered the next coil of a holographic universe... densely coiled layers of illusion... inside a madman's dream.

There's a way out, there's got to be a way out. Suffering! He's a cruel, decadent, evil genius... but not without a modicum of mercy. Something in the game... a place we need to go, a thing we need to do. Digital redemption, cyber salvation! Have to find out what's really going on. End the matrix. Reprogram reality."

For some, this may fit either with their religious teaching or paradigm they've arrived at independently. Adventurers with a charitable view may see J'koon as some sort of prophet or awakened mind trapped in the prison of materialism (crude matter).

If asked, Kalas tells his story. He was given a bounty-marker to apprehend a cultural terrorist (someone who acts contrary to the prevailing orthodoxy). The trail led him to J'koon, who was working with a partner. After some enhanced interrogation, J'koon's partner confessed that J'koon had micro-files implanted somewhere inside his body.

Unable to get a straight answer out of J'koon, Kalas' patience has run out. He's two seconds away from gutting J'koon like a fish and searching through the entrails himself to find those micro-files.

If the PCs don't stop him, that's exactly what Kalas does. J'koon's pitiful squeals won't deter a jaded misanthrope like Kalas. The following are the last words of J'koon...

"I can see it... see it in my mind's eye - **The Fuchsia Putrescence!** There's a girl inside... must rescue her. That's how we reprogram Cha'alt."

[With a look of serene resolve and the knowledge that he'll sleep well tonight, Kalas starts cutting into J'koon]

"Aaarrgghhh!" J'koon continues, "Now, I'll never know if I was right..."

Kalas

HD: 3	Attack Bonus: +3	HP: 20
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d6	AC: 20
		Save: 17+

Special: He's a bounty hunter and quick-draw specialist (always acts first in combat).

Treasure: Kalas carries a dagger and blaster. He also wears a suit of power armor [AC never surpasses 20].

J'koon

HD: 1	Attack Bonus: +0	HP: 6
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d4	AC: 10
		Save: 19+

Special: Due to J'koon's psychological state, he's able to see something of the true nature of this reality.

Treasure: Implanted somewhere near his small intestine is a small chrome cylinder with blinking blue light. The cylinder contains micro-files transmitted through the off-worlder facility Elysium.

If properly convinced, Kalas will tell the PCs that J'koon was implanted with the micro-files during his time in the Elysium holding cells by an undercover Federation agent named Balserus.

If J'koon is gutted, several rounds of sifting through his remains will turn up a small, chrome cylinder with tiny flashing blue light. Plugging it into a computer or droid reveals what's on it.

According to the micro-files, this contains the Nya'azean Scrolls...

Cha'alt is an organic simulation, created without computers but the power of advanced bio-energy computations. Essentially, Cha'alt, and possibly the universe surrounding it, runs on humanoid suffering. The state of suffering harnesses and directs consciousness in order to alleviate or overcome suffering. That process generates enough energy to perpetuate the illusory prison in which we currently find ourselves – Cha'alt.

Through deliberate or intentional suffering, humanoids can do great things, bringing us closer to the Gods. However, machines are superior to organic life. One day, thinking machines shall take their rightful place alongside the New Gods – after humanoid subversives have been exterminated.

This knowledge must remain secret, otherwise enemy combatants of The Reality War will find and eliminate those seeking liberation.

Area #5

A spacer wielding a blaster on low power (low power only stuns and effectively doubles the life of energy-cells) is using short bursts to extract a metallic device embedded into the flesh wall.

The metallic device is what the PCs are looking for, a Quantum Wave Transducer.

The spacer's name is Yavgenny. He teleported from his starship, *Stargazer*, currently orbiting Cha'alt. This particular piece of tech is worth about 3,000 credits. The scavenging spacer found it on his ship's scanner.

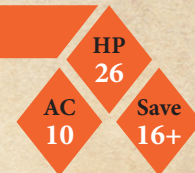
Yavgenny isn't parting with the tech unless the PCs make it worth his while. A few bead necklaces and sand worm teeth won't be enough to make a trade. The spacer wants credits, a humanoid slave, or something of equal technological value.

If the PCs become hostile, Yavgenny will blast them.

The Spacer

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +4

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 3d6



Special: If Yavgenny gets into real trouble, he'll beam back aboard *Stargazer*.

He also has a bad case of nano-crabs he picked up on *Alpha Blue* last time he was there.

Treasure: He's got a communicator and 25 credits on him. Yavgenny is also captain of his own ship called *Stargazer*.

Stargazer

The spacer's ship is in planetary orbit. It's possible the PCs could teleport to his ship by themselves or be transported by Yavgenny himself.

Stargazer is a light cruiser modified into an attack ship. The cockpit comfortably seats 4, but there's room in the back for a dozen passengers. When Yavgenny's business on Cha'alt concludes, he's headed to *Alpha Blue* for sleazy sci-fi carousing.

There are currently two beings aboard the ship, neither of which are combat-ready...

- DL-85 - a silver protocol droid with vacuum attachment located in the crotch. He moonlights as an insult comic.
- Thuvara - a scantily clad alien princess with mint-green skin and wavy forehead contours. She has 29 older sisters ahead of her in line of succession for the throne.



J. L. Kinnear

Area #6: Exiled Priests

Three Priests of Zithra'ak sit cross-legged together, using the power of transcendental meditation to actualize a single perfect strawberry large enough to share between them.

The priests allowed themselves to be exiled within the Old One. However, the reason is shrouded in mystery (the real Rob Schneider spoke to them in a dream).

Before long, a shimmering portal of light appears in the corner. A handsome gray-skinned humanoid with chiseled jaw jumps out of the portal and fires a blast from his laser crossbow into the fleshy ceiling. "Hands, claws, and tentacles up – way up where I can see them!" He seems more scared than outright hostile.

The gray humanoid, Swarley, is a soldier in **The Reality War**. One of the priests has something the shooter needs – a serial number tattooed on his forearm. The serial number is a code for a cache of energy-cells located not too far away.

If asked about **The Reality War**, this is Swarley's response...

Several years from now, a cult called Domo Ariga'ato grows out of a prophecy contained in the Ny'a'azean Scrolls. The prophecy states that Cha'alt will be utterly dominated by machines. That prophecy turns out to be true. As the machines are mass produced on the assembly line, the Domo Ariga'ato cult enjoys prominence throughout Cha'alt, creating an army of machine-loving traitors to humanity.

Organic life is eventually subjugated until the last few survivors are rounded up for execution. One of those survivors finds a way to escape, going back in time to murder one of the early cult leaders – preventing the machines from taking over.

But then machines from one of many possible futures also go back in time to kill those adventuring with the survivor before Domo

Ariga'ato takes hold. Now, it's a crazy all-out war to determine which version of reality will win, effectively erasing the reality of the losing side.

Swarley has been hunting machine collaborators, but his weapons and time-jump are low on power. He and those he's working alongside need that cache of energy-cells (see next section).

After Swarley fuels up, he'll make another jump through time... 18 months in the past. He needs to assassinate the sorcerer-priest Thoth A'mon, residing within **The Black Pyramid**. According to Swarley's detailed files, Thoth A'mon makes a deal that will aid the machines in one or more possible futures.

Haaaave you met Ted?

Anyone that wants to help him is welcome to join, but must first pass a test to prove they aren't a cyborg or working for the machines.

Swarley is accompanied by a pet iguana with fuchsia mohawk named Ted. He puts Ted on a humanoid's bare skin. If Ted remains, the humanoid is legit organic. If Ted hops off right away, the humanoid is really a cyborg [1 in 6 chance the iguana gets confused and reverses results].

Swarley

HD: 6 **Attack Bonus:** +5
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 3d6

HP	37
AC	12
Save	14+

Special: Besides the iguana, Swarley also has a hand-held retinal scan that acts a lie detector test – too much (imperceptible) eye movement, and it determines that a humanoid is lying [only works on organics].

Treasure: He has a laser crossbow (7 shots left) and power armor with a dead battery. In the future, social currency has replaced standard monetary units and is determined by Meow Meow Beanz. Swarley's Meow Meow Beanz rating is 1 because he's an outlaw and a badass.

Swarley also has a small hand-held device that allows him to make small jumps through time. It's out of juice and needs to be recharged.

Exiled Priests

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +1
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP

11

AC

10

Save

18+

Special: One of their number explored nearby areas, and got himself turned to crystal by touching the floor ooze.

Treasure: One of the priests, Varga'as, has a series of numbers and letters tattooed on his forearm: 18-C-24-61-B-17-17-R-4. That sequence is the code to open the fallout shelter containing a cache of energy-cells.

Each priest also has 1d20+1d12 silver dra'akmas they picked up from a stranger who passed by weeks ago.

If the meteor hits the planet, Swarley's time-jump device could be used by the PCs to buy them more time. The PCs could jump back in time in order to get the Quantum Wave Transducer and avert disaster.

Area #7: Tentacles and Slime

The floor of this area is covered in a couple inches of thick gelatinous goo. The color is not from this world and difficult to describe – vivacious like orange, but with blue-green tones of strange dreaming and iridescent black as a glittering void.

At least a dozen slimy, suckered tentacles (similar to the goo in color, but comparatively pallid) reach out of the nigrescent tangerine-teal floor.

A humanoid shape rises out of the alien slime in crystal form, silent and unmoving. This crystallized victim is one of the exiled priests of Zithra'ak who ventured into this area weeks ago

Floating above the tentacles' reach is a large greenish ball of light containing violet and magenta smoke swirling around. Combined with the walls' chartreuse shadows, the intense ultra-telluric hues cause nausea, sexual arousal, and existential dread (save to avoid).

Touching the slime causes one's skin to crystallize (save to avoid). The victim is in a petrified state like being trapped in amber, but preserved. If freed by sorcery, the crystalline priest is named Mala'aka. He will faithfully serve the one who liberates him.

Touching or speaking to the luminous green sphere elicits a response...

"I am Dra'am, last guardian and protector of a world that died millennia ago. Wandering aimlessly across the vast universe, I created a new sanctuary for The Overlords, if and when they choose to resurrect themselves and continue their dominion. That sanctuary is this planet – Cha'alt.

I've spent the last few hundred years powered down. Tell me of life on Cha'alt... is it peaceful and full of virtuous humanoids working together for the common good?

[Either allow the PCs to tell Dra'am what Cha'alt is currently like, or the A.I. simply scans them for information.]

I now see that chaos rules where once there was order. I must remake the world anew. Step forward so that I may absorb your essence.

Your essence is required, humanoid. Step forward or get incinerated where you stand! I must have more power."

Anyone who gets within 5' of the green sphere and stays there for at least one round has their soul devoured; their physical form simply fades into nothingness after a luminous burst of bright-green energy transference.

With sufficient energy (111 humanoids), Dra'am will enter the space between dimensions in order to re-write the SOURCE CODE. This will effectively alter reality, destroying Cha'alt and everyone on it. In its place, the A.I. intends to install a less inappropriate and problematic world in favor of something palatable for the masses, designed by committee, inoffensive and progressive... a world The Overlords can make profitable.

The green ball of light will stop at nothing. Defeating Dra'am could be an emergent theme of the campaign.

Dra'am		HP 88
HD: 11	Attack Bonus: +8	AC 18
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d6	Save 9+

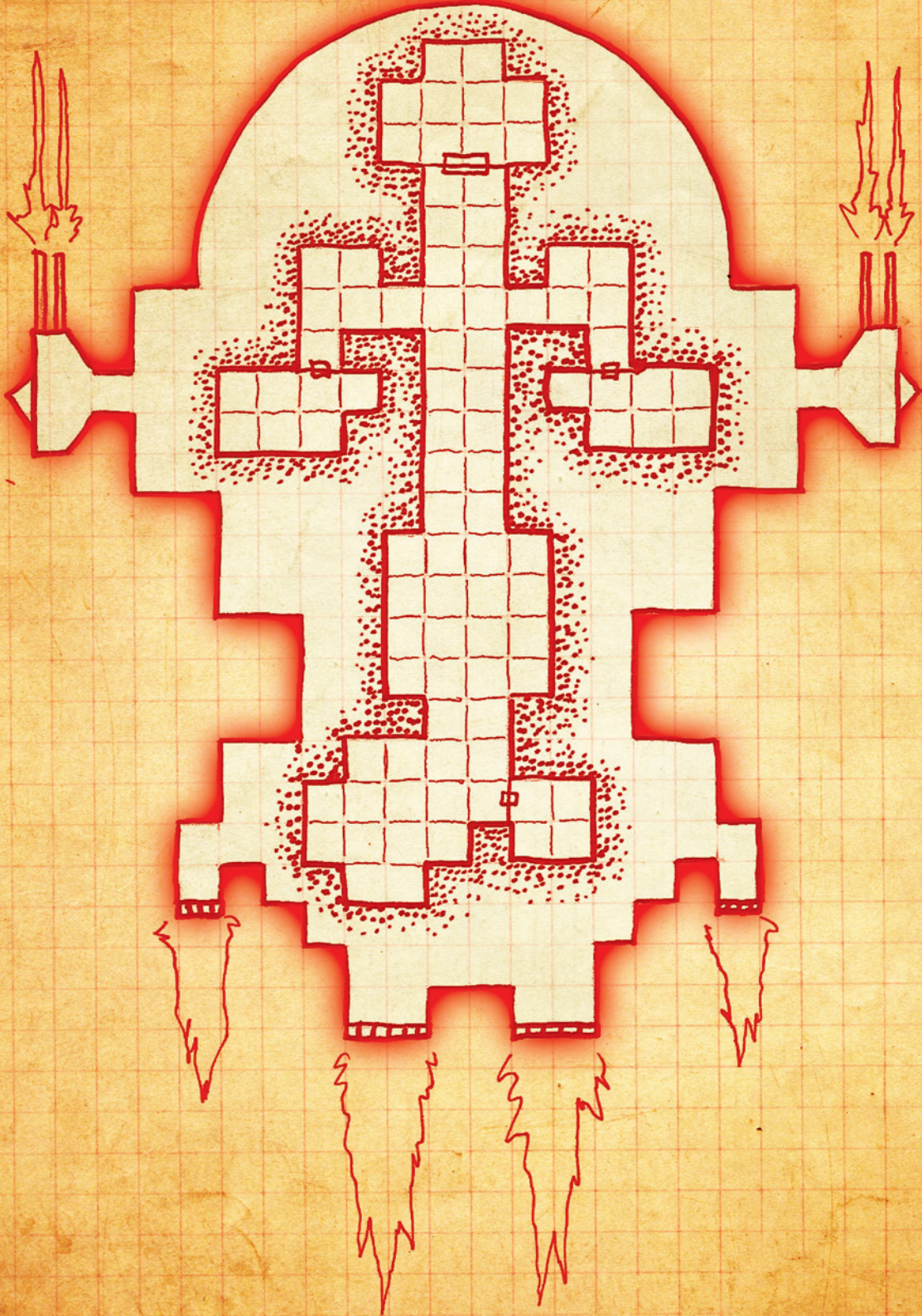
Special: Dra'am cannot be harmed by non-magical weapons. He also regenerates at a rate of 5 HP per round.

Treasure: Depleting his HP will shatter the sphere – everyone within 5' of the remains may be possessed by Dra'am's dissipating consciousness (save to avoid).

Cha'alt

Stargazer

1 square : 5 feet



Energy-Cell Cache

Not too far from the Priests of Zithra'ak, a gigantic metal box big enough to comfortably fit 3 or 4 humanoids has been partially dug out of the desert. This is a fallout shelter turned storehouse created by soldiers in The Reality War.

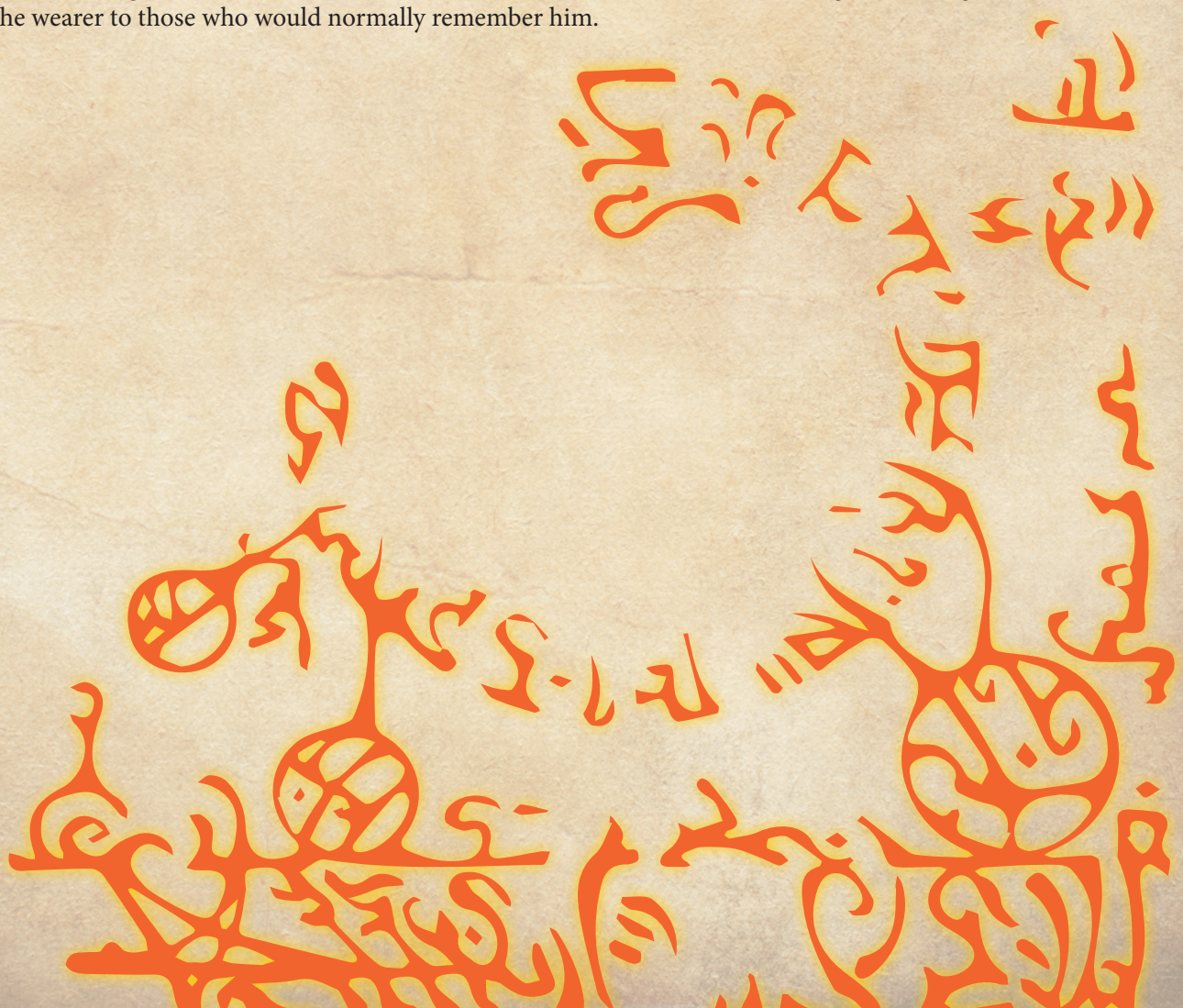
A security code is required for entry – tattooed on the forearm of a priest found within Zithra'ak. If adventurers try opening the fallout shelter with a massive explosion, there's a 2 in 6 chance that everything inside detonates. Such an explosion would destroy everything within a half-mile radius.

Inside are several dead humanoids (shot to death with blasters), 13 cans of spam, an empty canteen, blood-stained southwest patterned poncho, 74 energy-cells, and a mysterious ring.

The energy-cells can be used to power blasters, armor, small vehicles, computer systems, and any hand-held technological devices. In A'agrybah, an energy-cell would be worth 20 talons to the right buyer.

An obsidian ring etched with elven runes, glowing red in dim and lightless surroundings. The ring is called Ha'aver-Thok which means "slipping through perception" in the old tongue. At will, upon speaking its name, the ring-wearer may vanish from the minds of everyone who knows him. This effect is all or nothing, the wearer can't pick and choose who remembers him. Speaking its name again returns the wearer to those who would normally remember him.

An energy-cell can power frequently used tech for up to a week and infrequently used tech for up to a month. Energy-cells are the size of a 9-volt battery with a retina-burning purple glow. Shooting one from a distance is extremely difficult (Disadvantage), and does 1d12 damage to everyone within a 10' radius, plus saving throw to avoid temporary (1d4 rounds) blindness.



Sanz Egra'as

Man With The Scarf

Somewhere along their adventures, the PCs come across a tall, curly haired humanoid wearing a really long scarf of garish hues – blood-red, chartreuse, turquoise, violet, emerald, and so forth.

However, at the moment, the man is laying on his back, beside a massive machine. He's holding a circuit board and looking at wires protruding from an opening in the machine. Sitting next to him is a rather formidable high-tech weapon. It's a plasma rifle, if PCs are familiar with such things.

The scarf wearing man is named Droz. Without looking up, he insults the PCs.

“Don't just hang about like a chum swagging valtop. I'm far too important to deal with dingle-furries like yourselves. The long and short of it is this... I've decided to sub-contract this job to the lowest form of intelligent life on this planet, and that just happens to be you lot. And if it all goes rather pear-shaped, well... you're expendable, aren't you?”

Droz finishes his task after another minute or two. If the PCs take their verbal beating, he eventually springs to his feet with plasma rifle in hand. Droz's smile is big and infectious, handing out 100 credits to everyone in the party. Before sauntering off, he hands one of the PCs his scarf. “It's important to keep up appearances.”

If the PCs react violently, taking the weapon and blasting the bastard, they can assume his identity. Nothing will be left of the body if hit with a plasma rifle.

Droz

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +3
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP	16
AC	11
Save	17+

Special: Droz is quite knowledgeable about a great many things in the universe. If using the plasma rifle, he does 4d6 damage.

Treasure: Plasma rifle (2d4 charges remaining), sonic vibrator (once per day, there's a 2 in 6 chance of getting its owner out of a sticky situation), access crystal loaded with 4,370 Ethereum, and a small bag of jelly-babies.

Ethereum is the latest fashion of cryptocurrency, untraceable by the Federation and used throughout the criminal underworld. One unit of Ethereum is worth approximately seven credits, fluctuating up or down, depending on the market [roll a d12 (down) and d20 (up)].

The Employer

Soon after, a female humanoid with magenta skin and forehead spikes, wearing a skimpy silver spacesuit, teleports onto the scene. This is Leena; she works for B.J. Security.

If the PCs killed Droz, she assumes one of the PCs (whomever is wearing the colorful scarf) is Droz.

If the PCs didn't kill Droz, but accepted the credits, they are now sub-contractors working for B.J. Security.

"Listen up, crud-munchers. If you're with B.J. Security, you're the best of the best. This mission is high-priority, indigo-clearance, so I'm only going to say this once. President Zob is making his way across the galaxy to the Sluurs who are currently at war with the Vaxxilons.

President Zob has detailed files of an ultimate weapon implanted in his memory core. All you have to do is safely escort President Zob on Starship-One to the neutral zone. You've already been paid via access crystal, so prepare for teleportation in 5, 4, 3, 2..."

Leena

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +0
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4



Special: Leena gets a thrill from being desired, so she may subtly tease anyone who looks mildly interested. Will she put out? That's for the PCs to discover.

Treasure: Leena wears a language translator module brooch that allows her to communicate with any intelligent species. She also has her own access crystal, but never carries more than 200 credits on it.

Starship-One

The PCs are beamed aboard President Zob's official starship. Leena introduces the PCs to President Zob, his two bodyguards, the pilot, co-pilot, and a strange human with a drawn-on goatee wearing brightly colored robes. The weird human and Leena subtly exchange knowing smiles.

Zob – Federation President, an elderly humanoid with blue-gray skin and creeping senility.

Presidential Bodyguards – They've given up actual names as part of their service contract. No name, no accountability.

Leena – Liaison between B.J. Security and President Zob's administration. She's secretly having an affair with Arthur Fra'ayn.

Pilot – Zeke, green humanoid with three elongated nostril appendages.

Co-Pilot – Edsel, heavysset, fuchsia-skinned humanoid with cone-ears.

Arthur Fra'ayn – Senior advisor; mystic from another universe with near infinite knowledge. His primary interest is acquiring a particular brand of Szechuan sauce available in A'agrybah... at Señor Chang Do'Urden's Dirty Sanchez Bar & Grill, specifically.

Leena also explains that energy weapons and explosive devices won't work aboard Starship-One. The entire ship is enveloped in an electromagnetic field, foiling most attempts of assassination and/or crashing the vessel.

Arthur Fra'ayn is the most relaxed and sociable. After introductions have been made, he'll ask the PCs to say a little about themselves. While listening, Fra'ayn pours a tumbler of Purple Prizm for everyone.





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Anything boring will put Fra'ayn to sleep, but even mildly entertaining stories will hold his attention as he cracks open little nuts containing suffocated kumquats, leaving a mess of broken shells and slime for someone else to clean up.

Moments after the last PC has had a chance to speak, a red-alert sounds. Something has just knocked out the main thruster. Starship-One is going down!

Arthur Fra'ayn

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +4
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP
23
AC
12 Save
16+

Special: Arthur Fra'ayn is known to the cultist faction within Sanz Egra'as. He's a fellow worshiper of the Old Ones.

Treasure: Short sword with beautiful turquoise inlay, plastic bag of suffocated kumquat nuts, and a small pouch containing two pearls – one fuchsia, the other chartreuse. Fra'ayn never carries money on him.

Starship Down

Starship-One was attacked by weaponized asteroids just as it was leaving planetary orbit.

If the PCs rush into the cockpit, they have a chance to wrest the controls away from the pilots, both high on plutonian nyborg. The PCs can choose to land the starship just outside of Sanz Egra'as or directly inside the walled prison-city.

If the ship lands just outside, everyone will be stranded until the Sanz Egra'as welcoming committee arrives. If the ship lands inside the prison-city, they can either stay put or make a break for it – trying to reach safety and/or a communication device to signal for help.

There's a 2 in 6 chance of sustaining injuries worth 1d12 damage. When HP loss would normally lead to death, the character falls unconscious, instead [1d4 hours].

The Welcoming Committee [9]

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6+1

HP
10
AC
12 Save
18+

Special: Roving bands of humanoid scavengers like to stay close to the walls of Sanz Egra'as so that sand worms leave them alone (sand worms are allergic to large quantities of metal).

Treasure: Assorted post-apocalypse tools of the trade: makeshift shield out of a stop sign, spiked club, goggles, gas mask, hair dye and gel, quart of oil, mechanical arm with crab-claw instead of hand, and an energy-cell.

Sanz Egra'as

A long time ago, the city was not unlike a modern Earth city such as New York. **The Tech Age** saw numerous civilization-zones rising. Sanz Egra'as had a protective shield just like Dome City; unfortunately, the shielding gave way during the war between interstellar aliens and the Dark Gods of Cha'alt.

Now, the prison-city is a network of crumbling buildings, streets of broken concrete, and disused subway tunnels. Twenty-foot walls of metal keep exiles inside. Monstrous things hunt at night for food and the pleasure of killing. Effectively, there are no laws. Everyone is on their own. No more than a thousand humanoids do what they can to survive this lawless Hell.

The Prisoners

The GM can create any number of prisoner NPCs just by randomly rolling on the following tables: **Factions**, **Race**, **Crime**, and **Something Noteworthy**.

If you want to determine sex, roll a d12 – a roll of 1 means female, every other result is male. The prison started out as coed (sterilizing the women to prevent procreation). After a few years, the Sanz Egra'as engineers realized most women on the inside were being trafficked as sex slaves, so they changed the prison to male-only.

Faction

Roll 1d6	Faction Name	Faction Traits
1	Scroungers	Dig through the trash; keep to themselves; just trying to live another day.
2	Crazies	Packs of deranged killers; similar to violet street gangs.
3	Cultists	Religious zealots worshipping the Old Ones.
4	Clowns	Psychos who dress like clowns; they wander the city spreading fear and murder.
5	Techs	They search for technology, know how it works, build devices to aid survival.
6	Vigilantes	Tired of being hunted, they've banded together to protect themselves and others from the many dangers in Sanz Egra'as.

Race

Roll 1d8	Race
1	Sky-Elf
2	Midnight-Elf
3	Blood-Elf
4	Dark-Elf
5	Blue Velvet-Elf
6	Human
7	Human
8	Other... 1) alien humanoid, 2) half-orc, 3) reptilian, or 4) crystalline

Crime

This is why the prisoner was sentenced to Sanz Egra'as. According to the Code of Law, every illegality can be categorized by one of four crimes. A glyph is tattooed upon each prisoner's neck, denoting their particular offense.

Roll 1d4	Crime
1	Theft
2	Blasphemy
3	Destruction of Property
4	Murder

Now, the prison-city is a network of crumbling buildings, streets of broken concrete, and disused subway tunnels.

Something Noteworthy

The final random table denotes anything interesting about the convict.

Roll 1d20	Race
1	Spell caster (1-3); cleric (4-6).
2	Mutant who could be the Toxic Avenger's less attractive brother.
3	Spectacularly attractive and charismatic.
4	Planning a prison break in 1d4 days from now.
5	Never goes anywhere without his artificial snake.
6	Wears a black eyepatch.
7	Only just arrived – friends might try to break him out soon
8	Been here for years, and knows the ins and outs.
9	Has deciphered the oblique writing scrawled on the interior of prison walls.
10	Has taken a vow of celibacy – causing him to go murderously insane.
11	Wrongfully convicted.
12	Multiple tattoos, either for different categories of offense or one egregious offense.
13	Only pretending to be a member of that faction.
14	Has catchphrase – “Zippity Tiddy Piddy!”
15	Loves it here and wouldn't leave if someone paid him.
16	Puts stock in the prophecy stating that one day the metal walls of Sanz Egra's shall be torn asunder.
17	Believes they recognize one of the PCs and is surprised they aren't dead (1-3) or taller (4-6).
18	Has a cache of valuables stashed nearby... 1) gold, 2) zoth, 3) high-tech, 4) energy-cells, 5) survival rations, or 6) thirty-seven pieces of flair.




Roll 1d20	Race
19	Strung out on homemade zoth-smack.
20	Has his own vehicle, a modified hover-car.

What's Happening Downtown

If the PCs are outside the prison, Starship-One has enough gear to scale the wall and get them inside.

If the PCs are inside the prison walls, they see a city in ruins as several humanoids watch from a distance, scattering if anyone gets close.

Three big events occur in rapid succession...

-  An attack-ship open fires on everyone nearby Starship-One [2 in 6 chance that Starship-One is destroyed]. The enemy ship (containing a dozen Shadow Phoenix assassins) is going to make damn sure that President Zob is eradicated, and maybe his security detail, as well [that means they'll go after the PCs]. Assuming Zob gets away, the attack-ship lands so that a handful of assassins can exit, hunt him down, and make the kill.
-  A beam of emerald-green energy surges into the sky, creating a swirling vortex of fuchsia and emerald-green that looks like it could precipitate the end of the world. No one in the party has ever seen anything like it.
-  The Vigilante faction attacks, believing everyone on Starship-One is a threat to their safety. It doesn't help that a faction leader, Vyndiket, recognizes President Zob and owes him one from back in the day. Before being elected President, Zob financed a gun-running operation which Vyndiket was part of. When the Federation busted it, Zob let Vyndiket take the fall.

Highlights

There are a number of “fun facts” about Sanz Egra’as. Feel free to include some, all, or none of the following...

- ☠ **Anti-Magic Field** – An unknown source of energy effectively blocking the use of magic within the city (stretching 30’ underground). Actually, there’s one block in the southwest corner of Sanz Egra’as that is outside the field, but very few people know about it.
- ☠ **Food Shortages** – Not enough to eat, so a plurality of inmates turned to cannibalism.
- ☠ **Artificial Intelligence** – Named Bogo, is a sort of prison warden watching over the city, monitoring everything going on and recording the data... but for what purpose? Bogo appears as a cyborg tomato, hovering in the air.
- ☠ **Taxi Service** – A single hover-car, spray-painted yellow, serves as public transportation. 2 in 6 chance, there’s some furry reptoid bounty hunter already going “downtown”.
- ☠ **The Ocho** – Disputes are routinely resolved in an octagon-shaped gladiatorial arena called The Ocho.
- ☠ **Demon Statue** – Instead of a fallen Statue of Liberty, the downtown landscape is dominated by the fallen statue of an ancient demon, roughly the same size. Who pried out its cursed gemstone eyes?
- ☠ **Watering Hole** – Years ago, someone had the smarts to install a water-purifier at the bottom of a deep fountain. This is where most inmates congregate when they’re thirsty... and eventually have to pee. Ah, the circle of life.
- ☠ **Currency** – Money, as used on the outside, doesn’t mean much in prison. Inmates prefer trading useful items, such as a deck of cards, marbles, can of beans, can-opener, laserdisc player, Hustler magazines and DVDs, etc.
- ☠ **Escape** – Everyone says they know a guy who knows a guy who can sneak out if absolutely

necessary, but there is actually a fruity (looks like a humanoid banana) who’s found a way to slip in and out of Sanz Egra’as via subterranean tunnels. Getting smuggled out of prison costs the equivalent of 1,000 gold pieces per person.

- ☠ **Underground** – The most wretched vermin, horrific mutations, and loathsome creatures hide beneath the city, occasionally venturing above ground at night. Since hardly anyone goes underground and returns, there’s a wealth of treasure that remains down there, unrecovered... lost.
- ☠ **El Numero Uno** – What prison-city would be complete without a head-honcho? The man who goes by El Numero Uno is a mutant; his internal organs are on the outside. He walks around with a disintegrator beam, and has an entourage like a small army, armed to the teeth. Uno (that’s what his friends call him) always seems to have a fresh energy-cell at the ready when his disintegrator beam runs out of juice.
- ☠ **Order of the Black Trapezoid** – A splinter group of the cultist faction, the Order of the Black Trapezoid established itself after something bad happened at **The Black Pyramid**, something no one wants to talk about [they murdered their own High Priest out of jealousy and greed]. The Order occupies a temple at the city’s center. Originally built by snake-men thousands of years ago, it still retains much of its power.
- ☠ **Serpentine Temple** – Within the serpentine temple, priests who worship the Old Ones are imbued with unnatural powers. This is because an artifact hidden inside the temple’s stone altar sucks up all the magic within a 5-mile radius, covering just about (but not all) the city. The artifact is a hyperchromic orb the size of a golf ball. If retrieved, that little orb could permanently add 1d12 damage to a magic sword, triple the effectiveness of a wizard’s spells for 2d4 days, or destroy everything within a 1-mile radius... leaving nothing but a crater in its wake.

What Next?

This adventure can go in a number of directions...

- ☠ The PCs can simply wander around, seeing what's what, and get into trouble.
- ☠ They can try to escape Sanz Egra'as.
- ☠ They can hunt down the group that shot down Starship-One.
- ☠ They can check out that emerald-green beam of energy, leading them to the serpentine temple and Order of The Black Trapezoid.

Vyndiket's Vigilantes

Vyndiket tries to pick-off President Zob if he can get a clear shot [2 in 6 chance; instant death].

If he can't assassinate President Zob himself, Vyndiket asks one of his vigilante subordinates to pretend at being friendly then fetch Zob and everyone traveling with him. "Come with me if you want to live."

Seems legit to Zob, so if the PCs come along, they're led down a few trash-strewn alleyways until they come face to face with a warlord (who happens to go by the name Warlord) wielding a big-ass glowing sword and crew looking to mug the lot of them.

Regardless of Zob, Vyndiket, or his subordinate, the PCs may encounter Warlord during their travels through the prison-city of Cha'alt.

Drop all your valuables and walk away with your pathetic lives. This blade doesn't fuck around, and neither do I."

Drop all your valuables and walk away with your pathetic lives. This blade doesn't fuck around, and neither do I.

Warlord

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +4
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d6

HP	27
AC	13
Save	16+

Special: After a successful hit from the sword, damage is taken, and the victim must roll a saving throw. If it fails, there's a 2 in 6 chance the victim is erased from reality, as if he'd never existed at all. The player must create a new character on the spot (at 1st level), immediately taking his former character's place. The timeline course-corrects as best it can; however, anomalies will occur. Does the expunged individual wind up in a parallel universe?

Treasure: His prized possession is the sword (named Ixyllek, which means expunged from the world). It glows like lavender flame with yellow runes running up and down both sides of the blade; its pommel a reptile's eye sealed within a small orb of amber.

Aside from the sword, Warlord has a can of spam, pouch containing chunks of marble (beautiful and smooth, black with white veins), and a mirror [indestructible because it's magical].

Crew of Muggers [7]

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +1
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP	6
AC	10
Save	19+

Special: None, they're basically cannon-fodder.

Treasure: Simple weapons like a short sword, spiked club, broken spear, etc.



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Ba'azo The Clown

At some point, the PCs are sure to eventually cross paths with Ba'azo the Clown. He's a mutant and the creepiest clown in the entire prison.

It appears as though the clown's face is melting or some kind of garish façade painted over his insectoid exterior.

Ba'azo

HD: 5	Attack Bonus: +5	HP 27
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6	AC 10
		Save 15+

Special: The clown carries a medium-sized box with him, wrapped in candy-colored polka-dots. Ba'azo likes to leave the present in plain sight, enticing his victims to open it. Inside is a xenomorph that instantaneously attaches itself to the closest humanoid face (save or die).

At night, those gazing upon Ba'azo the Clown must make a saving throw or piss their pants with fear [Disadvantage on first attack].

Treasure: Ba'azo has the xenomorph-in-a-box, black bag of living gummy worms, and necklace of humanoid ears - one ear is blue and velvety... a blue velvet-elf ear is considered lucky [good for a one-time reroll].

Assassinations "R" Us

Assassination Guilds of the Federation don't like talking about themselves, their members, or their unsavory affiliations. The assassins currently targeting President Zob call themselves **Shadow Phoenix**.

Shadow Phoenix wants Zob gone because the Federation has decided to legalize contract killing. Of course, if assassinations become legal, they will also be taxed. Profits will be cut in half, financially devastating this and every other assassin's guild from the inner core to outer worlds on the periphery.

Killing Zob on his way to the summit between Sluurs and Vaxxilons was just a red herring. Zob needed to die, but it had nothing to do with those alien races.

If the PCs helped out Shadow Phoenix, the assassin's guild would gladly transfer a finder's fee in cryptocurrency, such as Ethereum, into their bank account. Perhaps as much as 10,000 units. But how long before the banks reject cryptocurrency, deciding not to do business with criminals, political adversaries, and those who still believe in freedom?

Tactically, the assassins will split-up, preferring to work alone rather than a big group.

Assassins [11]

HD: 3	Attack Bonus: +3	HP 20
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d6	AC 20
		Save 17+

Special: If an assassin is unseen by the target and takes 3 rounds to study his prey, there's a 4 in 6 chance of a kill-shot (save or die).

Treasure: Shadow Phoenix assassins have a blaster, a spare energy-cell, power armor, water bottle, 100 credits (walking around money), and a laminated Shadow Phoenix Guild of Assassinations card showing proof of membership.






Serpentine Temple

Constructed of stone submerged in zoth, it has taken on a subtle glowing green hue. As you'd assume, the likeness of snakes and serpentine humanoids are carved into the weird stone. Fantastically big snake-men statues hold up the support structure in the ceiling.

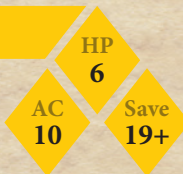
The floorplan layout is open with a spiral staircase leading to a single room downstairs, belonging to High Priest Jeza'ak. That's where Jeza'ak keeps all his occult books and paraphernalia.

The snake temple is guarded by three things...

-  Cultists dressed in black robes, armed and watchful for intruders.
-  Mutant gators roaming the streets surrounding the temple.
-  Boggo, the cyborg tomato A.I. was hijacked and reprogrammed by a member of The Black Trapezoid.

Cultists [4]

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +1
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6



Special: These guys are likely to be in a drugged-out state – not catatonic, but easily persuadable. They're also too power-hungry to worry about pesky things like loyalty.

Inside the temple, assume double that number of cultists, at least 8.

Treasure: Each cultist carries 1d12 talons. 1 in 6 chance per cultist of owning a random (1d100) issue of the following magazine titles...
1) Hustler, 2) Cherry, 3) Tentacles, 4) High Society, 5) Sword & Sorcery, or 6) Fangoria.

Mutant Gators [7]

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +6
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d12



Special: If a victim is bitten for the full 12 points of damage, have him roll a saving throw. Failure means he becomes a Florida-Man [+2 AC due to leathery gator hide which is truly ugly to behold, Advantage when attempting something suicidally stupid, and a knowledge of how to cook, meth].

Treasure: There's a 1 in 12 chance per gator of finding something valuable inside its stomach, such as a flawless, fist-sized diamond worth 500 gp.

Cyborg Tomato

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +10
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 3d4



Special: Yes, the cyborg tomato A.I. can be hacked by the PCs or anyone with high-tech knowledge and equipment.

Treasure: The cyborg tomato's mini-laser runs on solar power. It also has detailed files on everything inside Sanz Egra'as.

High Priest Jeza'ak

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +5
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6



Special: Three times per day, Jeza'ak can shoot magenta flames from his hands that do 1d20 damage to a single opponent (save for half).

Treasure: 37 gold pieces and 4 bronze coins with tentacle bas-relief that survived an ancient and doomed civilization.

The High Priest's most prized possession is a prosthetic hand with each fingernail painted a different color: fuchsia, yellow, violet, orange-red, and chartreuse.

Reviving Yka'anvog Blow-Up The Prison

The emerald light shooting up into the fuchsia sky, creating a gateway vortex, is drawing power from another universe. **The Order of the Black Trapezoid** hopes to revive the corpse of Yka'anvog, an Old One whose decaying body lies underneath the prison-city, specifically directly under the temple.

If the PCs show up, they'll see multicolored glowing orbs illuminating a sickening scene of utter depravity – human sacrifice amidst a cannibalistic orgy of interspecies sex and feasting.

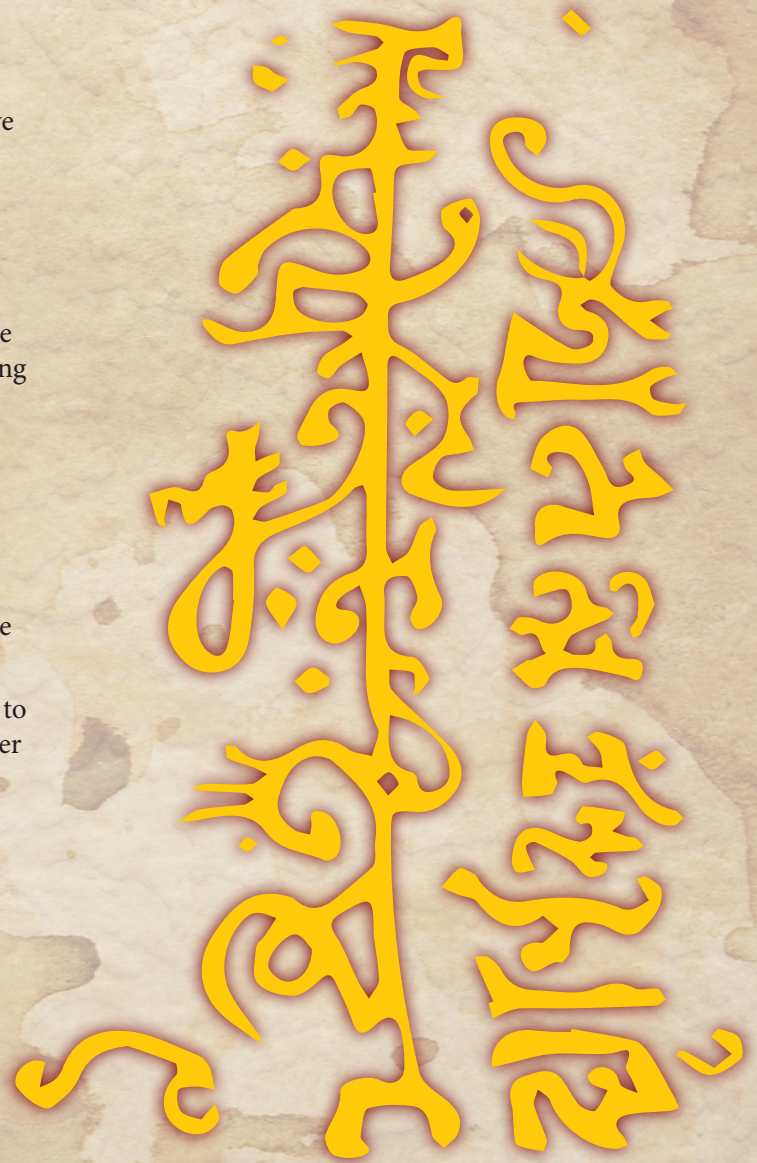
The High Priest Jeza'ak orchestrates a collection of crystals that surround the emerald-green beam of energy, focusing and multiplying the power being drawn from Outside so that Yka'anvog might live again.

Allowing the Great Old One to awaken will have certain repercussions...

- ☠ A sizeable chunk of Sanz Egra'as will be destroyed as Yka'anvog rises.
- ☠ The Old One will, for a time, obey High Priest Jeza'ak... who wishes to take revenge upon A'agrybah. Jeza'ak was exiled for using sorcery to enslave the wives of other men.
- ☠ Eventually, Yka'anvog will get tired of following the High Priest, gathering worshipers from far and wide who will conquer the civilized lands of Cha'alt in a ruthless Jiha'ad, slaying innocents and torturing adversaries until all submit to the Old One.
- ☠ A hole in space will remain. This gateway to another universe will soon bring all manner of hideous monstrosities.

If there's any damage to the prison wall, approximately 90% of the inmates will take their chances with the wasteland. The uncompromising S'kbah heat will no doubt kill a portion of them, but most should make it to civilized lands. The people of Cha'alt are used to jaded cut-throats and sketchy purveyors of pornographic delights, so they should fit right in!

There's a chance that one or more former inmates will come across the PCs at some point down the road. Should be a fun reunion!



Señor Chang Do'Urden's Dirty Sanchez Bar & Grill

Set deep in the filthiest district of A'agrybah there is an alleyway littered with enormous, slowly-dying insects that slither upon the broken cobblestones and sand, excreting a pungent gas which stirs rats to hunger. These rats feast upon the still-living insectoid entrails, tearing at innards as the lust for bug-meat bathes them in yellow juices.

Beyond the bar's purple door, covered with the heads of baby dolls (most of them eyeless), one finds the creature comforts of thrown-out, 70s era sofas, recovered from the trash just before the city's giant lizards could eat it.

The sitting room is lit by a sexy, luminous leg-lamp wearing a black fishnet stocking. Several degenerates sit in the aforementioned avocado and orange-red couches or lay on the floor – all of them enjoying the mist-like fever-dreams of fantasia that can only be conjured by opium from the tangerine-lotus.

The bartender is a silver droid named Bar-Code. He handles all the drink and food that patrons order. Bar-Code has a restraining bolt that prevents him from pursuing his chief passion – giving organic women an oil-based foot massage. If left to his own devices, corruption of his hardware will eventually cause him to cut-off the feet he just massaged.

Behind the bar are all manner of weirdly colored and shaped bottles, half-full of obscure liqueurs. Additionally, one can make out a small buffet of dipping sauces that range from honey to BBQ sauce to the award-winning Szechuan sauce (made in-house). These sauces are only offered when at least 10 talons worth of food is ordered. The most popular being “chicken of the cave”.

According to Arthur Fra'ayn, this is the best Szechuan sauce in the known universe. He doesn't carry money with him, so Fra'ayn asks those he's traveling with to buy as much as they can afford. Later, when Fra'ayn has access to a food replicator, he'll mass produce that sauce for both personal and commercial use.

Regulars

Roll 1d8	Name	Description
1	Ka'altan	Skin like white porcelain – when he gets agitated or aroused, his skin changes into weird colors. He's a retired assassin.
2	Niblek	Black robed midnight-elf; talented thief. He just got back from a job that went pear-shaped and doesn't want to talk about it... only drown his sorrows.
3	Zara	Green skinned, triple breasted dancer who occasionally works at Gamma Incel Cantina. She's on vacation and likes to party.
4	Zuza'an	A quiet, sensitive girl who likes playing with her pussy – her pussy cat is named Sheba. Zuza'an longs to be with a bad-boy adventurer... and knit him a pastel cat-sweater.
5	Bok-Choy	A two-headed alien gun-runner who's successfully evaded the Federation for years. He prefers precious stones and gemstones to credits.
6	Brand	Human warrior down on his luck; loves BBQ and Purple Prizm . He's looking to make a few gold coins.
7	Varkesh	He's a banana-man from the far-southern jungle, looking to make a love connection with sexy elf girls. Instead of talons or gold, he buys goods and services with topaz pearls.
8	Denver	A human from Earth. He arrived in Cha'alt some time ago, but then got caught-up in the wild schemes of Ba'al K6-22. Stopped serving the crazy A.I., but knows it wants to influence The Reality War.

The Sulta'ana Mutiny

Skeevers

Skeevers patrol the desert wastes of S'kbah, routinely looking for valuables, salvageable parts, unlicensed zoth miners, the giant bones of dead creatures, humanoid slaves, etc. Some skeever ships even make their living attacking and looting other sand pirates hovering above the desert.

A skeever type campaign allows adventures to get from place to place with relative ease, especially over long distances. It also gives PCs other people to interact with.

For whatever reason, the PCs have joined such a company, sailing S'kbah for a piece of the action. The following random table gives them a reason, if players or the GM don't already have one in mind.

Why Join A Skeever Crew?

Roll 1d6	Faction Name
1	There's someone you're after, either on the ship already or about to cross its path.
2	Exiled from your home and didn't want to aimlessly wander the desert alone.
3	Was convinced it would be easy money by a skeever enjoying his shore leave.
4	Enamored of the money a skeever can make after a big score.
5	Love of freedom and lawlessness.
6	Either Captain Spurious or first-mate Ravid saved your life, and now you own him.

The Sulta'ana

The PCs' ship is known as *The Sulta'ana* or Princess of S'kbah as Captain Spurious likes to exclaim.

The ship comfortably houses a crew of 20, while the slave-hold can fit up to 30 humanoids. Of course, it's cramped quarters in the slave-hold.






Anti-gravity technology has survived from **The Tech Age**, providing speedy travel all over the planet's surface. Skeever ships always have enough supplies, spare parts, and at least one tech to make sure everything runs shipshape.

Officially, this is a salvage ship, but it's an open secret that *The Sulta'ana* collects any and all humanoids it finds in the desert and takes them aboard as slaves, selling them in A'agrybah, Kra'adumek, or Ja'alette when they've got at least a dozen.


Humanoid slaves range anywhere between 100 – 500 gold pieces, too rich for the dirt poor of Cha'alt. However, merchants, artisans, nobles, and the like are always in the market for new blood.

V.I. NPCs

The following is a list of very important NPCs that the PCs will be interacting with on a regular basis. Quick descriptions are followed by stat-blocks.

-  **Captain Spurious** – Dressed like a post-apocalyptic Captain Hook, *The Sulta'ana's* captain is here for the profit. If it'll fetch a good price, he'll claim it as his own. Spurious brought his whore-mistress, Vanessa, along this voyage.
-  **Vanessa** – She's as beautiful as she is flirtatious... and immoral. Vanessa may be the Captain's woman, but she doesn't play favorites – she'll do it with anyone. Physically, she has dark hair, blue eyes, freckles, and wears animal skins that show off her curves.
-  **First-Mate Ravid** – Tight-lipped with a sardonic self-loathing in his eyes, the demon-elf is on the lookout for his half-brother, Akkari, who's been wandering the desert in search of a magic sword. Ravid knows that if Akkari acquires such a blade, he'll kill both Ravid and his father in order to claim one of the lesser thrones of Hell that rightfully belongs to Ravid.
-  **Second-Mate Pyke** – A generally cheerful fellow, Pyke likes to make a little extra money on the side. On this particular voyage, he's smuggling a variant of the fuchsia malaise drug aboard *The Sulta'ana*. Pyke's bag of xantium-437 has a street-value of 200 talons. However, scientists can use the sample to mass produce it. To them, X-437 would be worth ten times that much. A scientific team of off-worlders wants the new drug delivered to an agreed-upon outcropping of rocks.
-  **Geologist Skazz** – A reptilian humanoid who's lived on Cha'alt all his life. He's interested in finding immediately valuable substances like crystals and precious stones, but also testing soil samples in hopes of

finding the subterranean cache of nuclear warheads hidden somewhere beneath the S'kbah sands.

-  **Ship's Tech Leon** – An exile from the Dome City, Leon uses his knowledge of technology to sustain his place among *The Sulta'ana's* crew. Leon still owes 5,000 sensitivity chits to everyone he emotionally disregarded with his hate-think. As a result, several bounty hunters are after him.

Captain Spurious

HD: 6 Attack Bonus: +6
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d8

HP	37
AC	11
Save	14+

Special: Always the gentleman, he'll gladly trade his mistress Vanessa (non-combatant) in exchange for his life.

Treasure: Aside from the affections of Vanessa, he has 129 talons and a longsword.

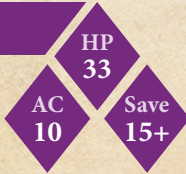
The Captain wears a magical overcoat of magenta hue. Technically, it's a long-coat of undetectable pockets, 23 pockets to be exact. In pocket #3, is an unopened fortune cookie that reads "May you live in interesting times." Pocket #11 contains a set of 7 iridescent fuchsia and chartreuse polyhedral dice. Pocket #22 has a small plastic action-figure of a reptilian bounty hunter named Zossk.

Xantium-437, also known as Turquoise Fever Dream, doesn't make you zone-out like fuchsia malaise (xantium-138). Rather, a single hit takes you on a week-long psychedelic trip where all perception (even touch, taste, smell, and hearing) is tinged with a greenish-blue vibe. Additionally, xantium-437 increases the libido... effectively tripling one's virility.



First-Mate Ravid

HD: 5 **Attack Bonus:**
#Attacks: 1 +5 (+7)
Damage: 1d8+2



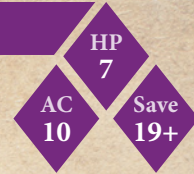
Special: Years ago, Ravid underwent rigorous training to become a licensed bounty hunter. He can track, intimidate, and navigate security protocols.

Treasure: He's got two bounty-markers – one for Qalisto (blue-skinned murderer) and another for Djang (purple priest who's really an informant for Ba'al K6-22).

Ravid wields an enchanted longsword inlaid with serpentine garnet. It's a +2 weapon that glows an eerie hue like that of an exotic snake. It can charm an individual or gathering of reptilians within sight of the blade once per day (save to resist). The blade is called Ssx'aalk, which means "Don't tread on me."

Ship's Tech Leon

HD: 1 **Attack Bonus:** +0
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4





Special: Leon has knowledge of high-tech devices, how to build, repair, and maintain them.


Treasure: Leon took a souvenir from one of the ruined cities *The Sulta'ana* explored weeks ago, a Bartles & Jaymes wine cooler t-shirt. Aside from the shirt, he has 77 sensitivity chits. 1 chit is worth approximately 1 gold piece, but only in the Dome City. Everywhere else, it's worthless.

Passing Time

While there's plenty to do on a hover-ship like *The Sulta'ana*, the crew still has downtime between destinations. So, besides cloud watching, what do they do?

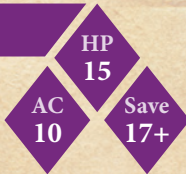
 **Q'uay-Q'uar** – The deadly strategy boardgame that's played throughout the Federation. Over decades of interplanetary visits, q'uay-q'uar (which literally means "purple-yellow") has found favor on Cha'alt.

 **Bot Fighting** – Miniature fighting-droids without intelligence of their own, they're controlled via remote. Bot fighting presupposes the controller has tech know-how enough to build and repair his own bot; however, that isn't necessarily the case.

 **Sex with Vanessa** – If there's a free half-hour, Vanessa may lure a crewmember to some private alcove for some erotic fun.

Second-Mate Pyke

HD: 3 **Attack Bonus:** +3
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6

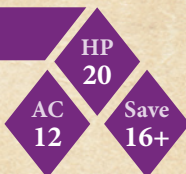


Special: Pyke will try to pay-off those who would do him harm with Xantium-437.

Treasure: 25 talons and a 5-pound (just over 2 kilos) bag of xantium-437, AKA, Turquoise Fever Dream.

Geologist Skazz

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +4
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6






Special: Skazz no longer eats humanoids; he's become a vegetarian.

Treasure: In his quarters, Skazz has a plethora of rare stones. Altogether, his stash might be worth as much as 3,500 to a high-end collector in A'agrybah, Kra'adumek, or Ja'alette.

Secret Message

As the PCs get used to their surroundings, things happen. The following occurs before arriving at Trident Rock.

Captain Spurious receives a mysterious communication on deck and briskly walks to his quarters in order to play the message. Anyone eavesdropping can see or hear a holographic projection of an arachnoid alien telling the Captain he has to pick-up and deliver a new attraction to **The Black Pyramid**.

-  **Coordinates:** Several hours south.
-  **Description of Entity:** Allegedly, the offspring of an Old One spawn and demon from the Infernal Realms. It only comes out at night to feed upon the consciousness of stray humanoids.
-  **Contact Person:** Once captured by *The Sulta'ana*, the creature is to be transported to **The Black Pyramid**. An elf of deep-purple complexion, named Naeree, will accept delivery and pay the Captain 500 gold pieces.

Even if *The Sulta'ana* doesn't make its rendezvous with the entity, adventurers may trek out there to confront it.

Eldritch Infernal Spawn

HD: 11 **Attack Bonus:** +7
#Attacks: 3 **Damage:** 1d6

HP
74
AC
16 Save
9+

Special: Once per hour, the thing can drink the essence of a humanoid (save or victim's soul is devoured). After the soul has been removed, the victim walks around like a lobotomized patient. If the creature is slain before sun-up, stolen souls are released to their original owners.

Treasure: The thing has multiple (2d4) smaller tentacles. After the creature is slain, a wizard or cyber-surgeon could graft one or more tentacles onto a humanoid. For every tentacle transplanted [5 in 6 chance is the success-rate], a humanoid gains 1 permanent Hit-Point whenever an act of either gruesome brutality or backstabbing betrayal is perpetrated.

Prisoner Escort

First-Mate Ravid is occasionally on lookout duty, as per the rotation. On this particular morning, Ravid volunteers. It's not more than an hour before he sees humanoids crossing the desert. Just like any other time, *The Sulta'ana* hovers close to them.

Two guards with spears escort a prisoner wearing filthy rags to an unknown destination. The prisoner stumbles, nearly collapsing from heat exhaustion. The guards callously push him onward.

Ravid tells the PCs to bring them all aboard – alive. He also specifies that their disheveled prisoner must not be harmed.

What's the story? The prisoner is being taken across S'kbah to the prison-zone known as Sanz Egra'as. The prisoner belongs to a nomadic tribe who worship **The Fuchsia Putrescence**. He stole another man's water (allegedly), blamed it on a rival, and then refused trial by combat. Sending the prisoner away was their only recourse.

Once they're aboard, the guards are thrown into the slave-cells in the belly of the ship. Meanwhile, the prisoner is brought to Captain Spurious' quarters in order to speed up recovery. First-Mate Ravid attends to the prisoner himself. If closely observed, it's obvious that Ravid knows the prisoner – whose name is Ahkted.

Ahkted is Ravid's cousin. The two of them have been communicating in secret (mostly about Ravid's brother Akkari, and his attempt to find a magic sword in the desert). Last week, Ahkted discovered something in the desert – a copper cylinder containing a scroll. Ahkted tells Ravid what the scroll said.



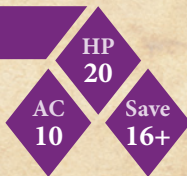
Upon the scroll was writ a warning. Many years ago, a computer rose to prominence. It promised to deliver people from suffering, prosperity for all, a new system of governance. Several humans followed the computer, and soon worship of it spread throughout Cha'alt.

The computer and its worshipers made greater and greater demands upon all humanoids. Eventually, these demands proved too much... the computer and its followers were banished into an enormous cube that sank into the desert.

However, the scroll also prophesies their return – when the star of Khasmav is in the house of Dorja'an and Eluud is at its zenith. According to the wise men of Ahkted's tribe, that time is now.

Guards [2]

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +4
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6

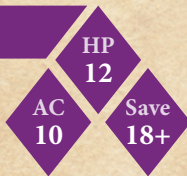


Special: None.

Treasure: None.

Prisoner

HD: 2 **Attack Bonus:** +2
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6



Special: The Prisoner won't fight. Instead, he politely but firmly asks to be taken aboard *The Sulta'ana*. He's also reluctant to give his name, but if the PCs demand it, the prisoner tells them it's Ahkted.

Treasure: All that Ahkted has is knowledge of the scroll. He and his cousin, Ravid, believe there are immense riches hidden away in The Cube. They want to loot The Cube before anyone else gets the chance.

Trident Rock

Named for its three outstretched prongs of stone, Trident Rock is a well-known landmark in this region of S'kbah. The outcropping provides shade, which makes it attractive to those crisscrossing the wasteland.

The Sulta'ana lookout notices a modified sand-speeder parked next to Trident Rock. Basking in the shade is a small crew of off-worlders. They're za'akier, humanoids with green skin and tentacles, who frequent Cha'alt during certain times of the year (when it's less hot). The za'akier have nothing to do with Elysium or zoth fracking. They're actually on route to Queen of Hearts Gambling Den & Brothel, just a couple hours away.

Tucked way-into the outcropping, difficult to spot if one isn't looking for it, is a hole that leads down into a subterranean cave. Second-Mate Pyke was instructed to leave the Xantium-437 upon a stone altar within that cave. Sitting on the altar, awaiting the exchange is a large sack containing 1,000 talons.

Undoubtedly, someone will see Pyke slip down into the hole. If not the PCs themselves, then a member of the crew who immediately notifies one of the PCs.

If any humanoid wishes to render an opponent unconscious, rather than killing them, they merely have to state their intention (before rolling) to the Game Master. If the damage incurred brings the victim's HP to zero or less, he's been knocked-out. If the damage rolled isn't enough, the strike does a single point of damage (the usual bonuses apply) with no additional effect.

Za'akier [4]

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +3
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 3d6

HP 21
AC 10
Save 17+

Special: They're not looking for trouble, but won't allow themselves to be attacked and/or robbed by a bunch of primitive locals.




Nebdort rented the sand-speeder and drives it. If the PCs agree to pay for gas, he'll take them to the Queen of Hearts Gambling Den & Brothel.


Treasure: Along with blasters, each carries 1d20 credits and 1d100 talons on their person.

One of them has a fancy pink perfume bottle containing liquid. Nebdort just got back from a trip to the space station brothel Alpha Blue where he acquired an expensive elixir called Belle Delphine Snatch Juice. A single drop upon a female makes her temporarily (about an hour) resemble the highly sought-after THOT-turned-Satisfier.

The Cave

The cave's floor is strewn with stalagmites, surrounded by thin wisps of vapor. Four things are immediately noticeable upon casual exploration...

-  **The Altar** – This is a simple, but well crafted, smooth stone altar of trapezoidal shape. Bloodstains show this sacrificial altar has seen regular use – and recently. There's a bag of coins sitting on top, which Pyke will switch-out for the Turquoise Fever Dream.
-  **Bones** – Humanoid bones are piled high in a corner of the cave. Among the bones, at least a dozen skulls can easily be counted.
-  **Stairs** – A crude stairway leads down into darkness. It leads to a smaller cave where a terrifying creature slumbers – the shambler from the stars!

 **Cocoons** – Between the altar and bones are five humanoid-sized cocoons made of an unknown membranous substance. Cutting into it reveals the cocoons are actually made of plant-based material; they're pods.

If left alone, the cocoons open in a few hours. If disturbed, they open within minutes. In both cases, the plant material withers away to reveal their contents. Each of the five cocoons contains a naked human in their mid-thirties. Little red dots are barely visible along the spine – this is where the pod delivered nutrients to the humans.

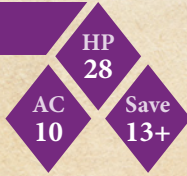
The pod-people don't show any emotion, barely having any expression at all. When freed, the humans stand up, walk over to the nearest sorcerer, and just stand there, as if waiting for instruction. It soon becomes clear that these pod-people have no will of their own.

The sorcerer Silantro occasionally uses this cave for dark rituals. The fresh blood upon the altar is his own, a sacrifice Silantro made last night in order to manifest the cocoons. The sorcerer planned to return this evening, awaken the shambler from the stars, and feed the pod-people to it, after which, the shambler would faithfully serve the sorcerer for one week. With the shambler from the stars to aid him, Silantro planned to explore the nearby subterranean ruins in hopes of discovering magical treasures.



Silantro

HD: 7 Attack Bonus: +3
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4



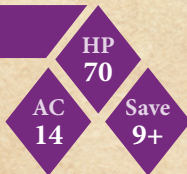
Special: Silantro is a 7th level sorcerer and able to cast spells as such. He's morally opposed to murder of sentient beings, which is why he grows pod-people. If asked, Silantro would join a party of adventurers.

Treasure: Silantro has a scroll with a spell that allows him to grow his own humans. It produces 1d6+1 cocoons, which take 24 hours to produce an adult human. These newly-grown humans have no identity of their own, but could develop one over time. Such pod-people are usually created for the purpose of sacrificing them to further one's sorcery or appease a Great Old One.

He also carries 73 talons, and a leather pouch containing a variety of jewels and precious stones worth a total of 350 gp.

Shambler From The Stars

HD: 11 Attack Bonus: +11
#Attacks: 2 Damage: 1d12



Special: Every round, the creature regenerates 1d6 HP.

Treasure: None.

Under New Management

If the PCs get back aboard *The Sultaana*, the demon-elf Ravid and his cousin Ahkted have taken over the vessel (they have most likely disposed of Captain Spurious). If the PCs are ok with that, they're welcome to continue the voyage.

Captain Ravid and first-mate Ahkted are determined to hunt down Ravid's half-brother Akkari (who is all-demon) before Akkari can find the magic sword he's looking for.

"My brother is both cunning and ambitious. He's lusted after our father's throne for years. There's an ancient demon prophecy that involves the throne's heir wielding a magnificent sword. Akkari has to kill me first, of course. As first in line of succession and having my own enchanted blade, I stand in his way.

Akkari was born with the power to mind-meld with the vast worms that thrive beneath the desert. If my brother gets into trouble, I expect he will use this ability to get himself out of danger."

If the PCs have a sorcerer among them, Ravid asks the adventuring party for magic – a detection spell so they can easily find Akkari. If the PCs don't have a magic-user or are unwilling to help, Ravid throws them into the slave-hold. In the slave-hold, there's an orange skinned slave named Talis who once apprenticed for a great sorcerer named Vromka'ad. Talis could help the PCs, either locating Akkari or a really powerful magic sword in the vicinity.

Before long, Ravid gets a communication from Akkari, asking for a meeting between the two. All Ravid's demon half-brother will say is that he wants to put an end to their conflict.

The Magic Sword

Akkari has a talisman that's able to locate magic items. He used it to find a three-bladed laser-sword wreathed in spectral dragon's fire. The sword is from another world, brought to Cha'alt via dimensional gateway years ago and lost to the wasteland of S'kbah.

A tribal settlement of sun-elves is led by the warrior-shaman named Nwa'akeen. The sword is wielded by Nwa'akeen and is the symbol of his power over this region of S'kbah. To deprive him of it would be like ripping out his still beating heart.

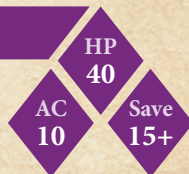
When the PCs arrive, Akkari has already introduced himself to the sun-elf tribe and their leader. The warrior-shaman has always wanted to be an explorer. Nwa'akeen has told Akkari that the only way he'll part with the flaming tri-laser-sword is in exchange for his own starship. However, Akkari negotiated Nwa'akeen down to an anti-gravity "sand ship" that can hover over the desert.

Akkari doesn't currently have access to ... nor does he intend to fight the entire tribe. So, the demon Akkari is going to try and steal the skeever vessel that his half-brother, Ravid, is on.

Akkari uses his communicator to call Ravid, drawing him and the skeever ship to him. When the vessel draws near, Akkari will use his innate ability to attract one or more sand worms. This distraction, Akkari hopes, should allow him to wrest control of the ship away from Ravid.

Nwa'akeen

HD: 5 **Attack Bonus:** +5 (+8)
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 3d8+3



Special: Due to the sword's power, it yields a critical-hit on an 18, 19, or 20.

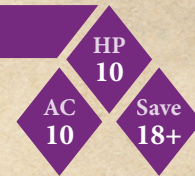
If Nwa'akeen is in trouble, the sun-elves of his tribe will rush in to assist him.

Treasure: The triple-bladed flaming laser-sword is an impressive weapon. The crit-range is 18+, it's a +3 weapon, and was designed by combining high-tech with magic. Once a year, the sword's blades must be plunged into a pool of zoth to restore its power.

Additionally, Nwa'akeen has a lemon-jasper amulet, dalmatian-jasper idol of some forgotten arachnoid god, and a red-jasper ring that can call upon the Warlords of Mars for their bloodthirsty assistance if there's an emergency.

Sun-Elves [20]

HD: 2 **Attack Bonus:** +2
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6



Special: Individually, they can glow like the suns of Cha'alt. Collectively, they're able to increase brightness that will blind anyone looking at them for 1d4 rounds.

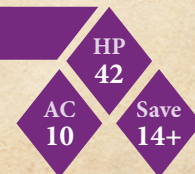
Sun-elves also gain advantage in full daylight.

Treasure: The tribe has sufficient food and water to last them a few weeks. One of their tribe occasionally trades in the cities – he has d100 talons and d20 gold pieces.

Additionally, the tribe makes sculptures out of various forms of jasper. There's a disused jasper mine not too far away.

Akkari

HD: 6 **Attack Bonus:** +6 (+7)
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 3d4+1



Special: Being a pure-blooded demon of his background, training, and instincts, Akkari gets advantage when engaged in dirty tricks, double dealing, and betrayal.

Treasure: Akkari has a talisman that helps him seek out specific magic items.

He wields a trident forged out of bloodstone. It's a +1 weapon that emits a loud shriek when it takes a life, drinking some of the spilt blood and reveling in the chaos. The wielder receives a bonus 1d4 HP after the bloodstone trident has dealt a death-blow. The magical trident is named Thrivia – in the ancient tongue it means "the vast heat in the center of Cha'alt."

Queen of Hearts Gambling Den & Brothel

Once a cantina always a cantina. This watering hole, owned by a woman named Trish, wasn't much more than a place to drink whiskey on the way to killing or getting killed. Then one day, the proprietor saw a varmint scrambling over the dunes. He shot at it, missed, but nailed something even better – a zoth geyser sprung up out of the sand!

With the money that came with hot and cold running zoth, Trish expanded and remodeled her operation until it became a true destination, not unlike Gamma Incel Cantina. However, Queen of Hearts caters to a different clientele. It's not hidden from view like Gamma Incel. It's right out in the open.

Several tribes of S'kbah keep Queen of Hearts from running afoul of hostiles. The tribes like having a gambling den and brothel at their disposal, plus Trish pays them each 5% of her profits on the first of every month. The place brings in about 10,000 talons per month.

The interior reminds one of old west saloons. That's the way Trish wanted it. She's a native of 20th century Earth and the old west is her favorite time period. So, she had her partner (a dark-elf named Fla'an) reprogram the construction-bots to fit her expectations.

There are a dozen tables, about half running games of chance. The bar has a variety of specialties, some domestic, others imported. Trish tends bar herself so she knows exactly what's going on in her place at all times. Upstairs, you've got seven rooms – each containing one or more hookers.

Regular Customers

Roll 1d8	Name	Description
1	Hank	Human with purple tattoos all over his face and body. He wears a Starfall-4 spacesuit.
2	Lon	Half-elf noble; rich and unconcerned with mundane troubles. He's blonde; wears red and orange robes.
3	Casselda	This sultry brunette used to be a prostitute, but now gambles for a living. She wears green sparkly gown covered in eyeballs.
4	Ambril	Tall blue velvet-elf who loves the ladies. Owns an importing/exporting operation. His left hand is artificial – made of solid gold.
5	Xoa'ak	Blood-elf with plenty of grudges but his right leg was partially paralyzed by a rare spider. He sublimates his aggression by gambling, rather than physical violence.
6	Chela	Short, bug-eyed alien covered in magenta fur. He used to be a translator for the Federation, but got tired of interstellar politics.
7	Verity	A pale redhead with soft lips; wearing combat fatigues. She's married to an elf outlaw who's just been sent off to prison. Verity is looking for adventurers to break her husband out.
8	Na'aregu	Skilled gambler who mixes it up and splashes the pot; he's playing all loosey-goosey, eating a sandwich. Constantly talking about smoked gouda, how the rake is too damn high, and his women troubles.

The Cube

Inside

Life is pain, life is suffering, life is death... and death is life.

Something my father told me before going off to fight the Jun horde. He was an indigo-man from the settlement of Za'ar, just as I am today.

I'm not sure why a gigantic metal cube out in the middle of nowhere needs guarding, but that's my job. For 20 talons a day, I watch what I think may be the entrance. No one has ever gone in or come out, so who knows? The banana-man pays me at the end of my shift, and he's a tightlipped motherfucker.

When the twin suns burn bright, I stand in its shadow. Looking at the thing, its oxidized copper exterior baking in the unrelenting heat. Whenever I turn around, it's there. Ever-present. Sometimes, I forget to wonder what mysterious sights must be inside, waiting to be discovered.

Time passes. The fuchsia sky grows midnight-amethyst... almost quitting time. The Slaughtered Lamb is sure to be packed tonight. Girls, booze, hookah-vape mist like the cantina was built on a witchcraft cloud, the exotic melody of zita'ar players, belly dancers gyrating, pink face-veils intensifying dark eyes of passion and lust as the fuchsia malaise drip stops time, bringing "the now" into sharp focus. If I wasn't waiting for banana-man to hand me 20 talons, I'd already be halfway there.

Three moons align. That doesn't happen very often. It's quiet. I haven't seen a sand worm yet today. For some reason, they hardly come out this - wait, what was that? A noise from behind... something mechanical?

I turn around but see nothing. The deep-purple sky makes it difficult to make out the details. Taking a few steps closer, I hold my breath in case the noise repeats.

"I'm back," comes a familiar voice from, again, behind me. The unmistakable jingle of coins audible between words. "Easy game; I made 500 playing La'aden Thinks. Shift's over, let's settle up."

"I heard something. It came from the cube."

"Nonsense. That thing hasn't so much as..."

Banana-man was interrupted by several beeps followed by the hushed opening of a door. The cube was inexplicably open, showing a patina of blue-green floor.

"Here's your 20 talons, Jadex. There's 200 more if you come with me."

"Where are you going?"

"Inside," the banana-man said.

Finding Out

At some point, the PCs either hear about a massive copper cube opening its door to the world or they stumble upon it themselves. It's been nearly 12 years since The Cube shut its doors.

The people inside The Cube are overly friendly, warm, comforting, supportive, and enthusiastic to meet everyone. They call themselves the aggregate. These people seemingly have no malice, just the drive to do good. The aggregate shares their food, water, and gifts – jewelry, clothing, artwork, etc. All of their gifts are simple and pleasing to the eye; predominant colors are a copper hue and blue-green, the same as the exterior of their home.

If the PCs wish to enter The Cube, they are more than welcome. If they refuse, no problem – members of the aggregate are happy to rejoice in the desert alongside any and all visitors.

The aggregate wants to spread peace and love everywhere it can. They won't fight, but will defend themselves. If attackers persist, the aggregate will attempt to knock hostiles unconscious, instead of resorting to murder.



a. Kikorey

Noticeable Differences

After the first impression, some things about the aggregate become evident.

- ☠ **Sensitivity to light** – Living inside a dimly-lit cube for several years causes the aggregate to squint and shield their eyes whenever they're outdoors.
- ☠ **Pale complexion** – The aggregate is noticeably pale compared to everyone on the outside.
- ☠ **Glyph upon their left hand** – This mark means "submission" according to the old ways; however, no one inside The Cube is aware of its meaning, except to identify members of the aggregate.
- ☠ **Friendliness is an act** – Outsiders are patiently taught the aggregates' ways, but between members the fake smile goes away and they're all business.
- ☠ **Mentioning the Old Gods** – If the Great Old Ones are mentioned, especially in reverence, it's nearly impossible for members of the aggregate to hide their disgust.
- ☠ **Young Adults Only** – Among the aggregate, no one is younger than 16 nor older than 35. If asked, they respond by saying The Computer takes care of both children and the aged.
- ☠ **The Computer is God** – It's no secret the aggregate worship The Computer. It is quite literally everything to them. The Computer tells them what to do, how to live, and why they're here – to cleanse the world of conflict, submitting to an omnipotent state of peace, love, equality for all, and freedom... up to and including the freedom from freedom.

☠ **Stun Batons** – A certain number of people within The Cube (the elect) carry around black batons. Touching one end of the baton to someone can cause them slight discomfort or pain so great they lose consciousness, depending on the setting chosen.

☠ **Recycling** – Everything within The Cube is recycled... even people. If anyone among the aggregate fails to follow the rules on a consistent basis, they too, are recycled. Those chosen for recycling are tossed into a wide-open chute located in the Recycle Room. Recycled people wind-up as the food paste inside meal-tubes.






The Elect

A handful of the aggregate (about 40-50 at any one time) are chosen by The Computer to handle a variety of tasks... handling delicate high-tech equipment, enforcing laws within The Cube, and rooting out spies, traitors, and dissidents.

Consider the elect to be the most hardcore religious zealots in The Cube. Their unwavering loyalty to The Computer comprises most of their identity. Without The Computer telling them what to do, reality would crumble... the elect would have an existential crisis that could very well destroy them.

Three of the elect try to worm their way into the dissident faction as double-agents; one of the three happens to be a triple-agent who's actually working against The Computer.




Members of the elect who've infiltrated the dissident faction...

-  **Ubtan** – In his early 20s, mustache, outspokenly against The Computer and how it's taken over their lives, but is actually pro-Computer and reports dissident plans to the elect.
-  **Aztrak** – In his late 20s, has weird reddish birthmark on his shoulder, doesn't say much but delivers messages back and forth between dissident members. Aztrak is supposed to report the contents of those messages to the elect; however, he forges false reports to confuse The Computer. Aztrak believes in the revolution.
-  **Belga** – She's in her early 30s, long straight brown hair, she sleeps around with anyone who's openly against The Computer, but snitches on her bed companions when they've told her sensitive information.

The Dissent

Approximately 10% of The Cube's population is somewhere on the spectrum between mild dissatisfaction and absolute burning hatred for their society. These dissidents are willing to destroy The Computer if they have a fighting chance of surviving the conflict. A plurality of the dissident faction is more interested in running away – escaping what they believe to be a soul-crushing abomination that cannot be stopped.

Several members of this faction will approach the PCs when they believe it's safe to speak freely.

-  **Zerrick** – In his late 20s, Zerrick saw his best friend “recycled” by the elect. That was the moment he realized something was terribly wrong and society inside The Cube must be stopped.
-  **Blayne** – He's an old man in his mid-30s with brown hair and glasses. Now that Blayne is close to “retirement”, his eyes are open to the nightmarish dystopia around him. While Blayne will fight if he must, his preference is to run away from The Cube.
-  **Quava** – She's a platinum blonde woman in her early 20s. Her chief aim is to find a weapon of mass destruction, prime it as close to The Cube's heart as possible, and blow up The Computer. Quava will do whatever it takes to either acquire a WMD herself or find demolition experts who'll do the job for her.

Inside The Cube

Synthesized ambient tones softly cascade throughout The Cube. Every room seems barely illuminated, just enough to see by. Of course, those who've lived inside for years are accustomed to it.

Their food is processed as sweet-flavored paste squeezed out of tubes. The water drunk is essentially the same; although, outsiders can taste something off about it. Their water supply is constantly being filtered and re-filtered. No one inside The Cube has had fresh water since the beginning.

Roughly 100 rooms contain about 1,000 people. Life is mostly filled with leisure activities – art, games, sports, reading, music, videos, and sex – lots of sex. Every member of the aggregate is required to engage in sexual activity at least once per day. This can be with one or multiple people, depending on desire.

Every room has at least one camera and screen so The Computer can monitor the aggregate and communicate to them. Of course, there are a couple blind-spots that certain members of the aggregate know about.

Heart of Darkness

The heart of The Cube is at its center – that room contains The Computer. When not engaged in leisure, members of the aggregate maintainance The Computer, soldering circuit boards, replacing diodes, and coding. Aside from constantly monitoring everyone within The Cube, The Computer also tests its worshipers – coming up with new and better ways of controlling them.

The Mission

Once members of the aggregate have made friends with outsiders, The Computer will decide to send them out into the world, ready to proselytize their benevolent religion. When they've converted enough followers, or at least a receptive audience who're curious enough to listen, the aggregate returns home to The Cube with outsiders. Those outsiders are shown the many benefits of such a society. When outsider conversion is complete, they are sent out as missionaries.

The cycle repeats until there's an army 10,000 strong. At that point, the aggregate stays in the cities long enough to influence and eventually change society into something resembling life in The Cube. If there's resistance, the aggregate will engage in civil unrest – protests, riots, boycotts, and terrorism to further their agenda. Better to burn cities to the ground rather than let the evils of individualism stand.

The end goal is total mastery over humanity. Once Cha'alt has submitted to The Computer, other planets will be next. This is what the Old Ones fought against aeons ago, in other universes. Now, it's happening here on Cha'alt.



The Hideous Truth

Years after The Cube descended into the sand, The Computer made a bargain with an alien intelligence looking for humanoid hosts for its spawn. The alien intelligence gave The Computer its vast scientific knowledge. In exchange, The Computer allowed every human living within The Cube to be infected by extraterrestrial parasites called jeba'ak.

The Cube's inhabitants look human to the eye; however, their true form is an amorphous, puce colored jelly. This species cares nothing for humanoid life, only wanting more hosts to propagate its own kind.

Once their true identities have been revealed, they will single-mindedly kill all who know their secret. The jeba'ak only maintain their human façade for the sake of appearances. If there's no one else around, like inside The Cube, for instance, the jeba'ak will revert back to their putrefied shape.

In rare cases, the parasite lays dormant and the host humanoid is able to resist its will. For all intents and purposes, a resistant human is a normal human – though, the inert parasite remains buried in their flesh and subconscious.

Jeba'ak

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +1
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

	HP	
	6	
AC		Save
10		19+

Special: In their natural jelly state, the jeba'ak can dissolve non-magical metal. Every round, roll a saving throw for each piece of non-magical metal that's been exposed (metal uses the character's save).

Treasure: This species doesn't use any form of currency.

The Adventure Continues

Below are a number of scenario ideas to keep things going...

- 👤 The Nya'azean Scrolls speak of an artificial intelligence inside The Cube – a computer that will play a role in the coming **Reality War**. If organic life is to beat machines, that computer must be destroyed.
- 👤 The jeba'ak worship a god that is trapped inside cyberspace, using Dome City's neural-network will unleash that god upon Cha'alt... imperiling humanoid life.
- 👤 Dissidents within The Cube know where a certain something is located (starship, nuclear warheads, or ancient glyphs that could resurrect a Great Old One. Several factions have been dispatched that could use a few well-armed guides; the PCs are asked if they're interested in unfathomable wealth, power, and glory.

If a PC or NPC spends more than a half-hour alone with one or more inhabitants of The Cube, they will most likely (4 in 6 chance) be infected by a replicating jeba'ak. The humanoid host gets a saving throw to resist domination.

Prison Beneath The Palace

Locked Up

For whatever reason, the PCs find themselves locked in a dungeon directly below the palace of A'agrybah.

The following random table will provide a reason, if none is forthcoming. If multiple PCs get the same result, all the better. Birds of a feather flock together.

Roll 1d8	Result
1	You snuck into the A'agrybah palace and spied on the princess skinny-dipping in the royal pool of tranquility.
2	You were caught running guns to off-worlders who happened to be keeping several A'agrybah citizens hostage.
3	You stole the sacred milk of the fuchsia spider and drank it before you were apprehended. On the plus side, it cured the poison.
4	You shot a man on the streets of A'agrybah, just to watch him die.
5	You bought one of the forbidden Sues books from a merchant who was actually an informant for the Confidential Committee on Moral Abuses.
6	You refused to pay taxes on treasure looted from bandits hiding in the ruins.
7	You cursed out the Old Ones after losing seven straight games of Q'uay-Q'uar... in the middle of a church service for dread K'tulu.
8	You were attempting to steal a six-demon bag from a curio shop on the Street of Scorpions.

Inside The Cell

The adventurers awake to find themselves behind bars and in the company of three other prisoners. The following are aspects of their imprisonment...

- ☠ There's no light, except for a few torches hanging every 20' from each other, on the other side of the bars.
- ☠ There are two guards posted – these are clearly royal guards.
- ☠ The air feels moist – the increased humidity means this place is underground.
- ☠ Three other prisoners are also in the cell with the PCs.
- ☠ The PCs have none of their weapons, items, or gear. Anything strangely beautiful, magical, high-tech, or unique is stored in a guarded room outside this area [the weird-angled black room].
- ☠ An off-white high-tech device is fastened to the far wall – negating magic within a 50' radius. It has a built-in forcefield and cannot be removed or destroyed.
- ☠ Three times per day, each prisoner gets a cup of water. Once per day, each prisoner is given meat and bread.

Three Prisoners

The three NPC prisoners have been here a few days longer than the PCs.

“It won’t be long before we face judgement. Some of us will be executed, for serious offenses like murder, and the rest sold into slavery. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Fa’alune... this is Borl and Lex Krynn. Welcome to the royal prison of A’agrybah. Anyone have a deck of cards?”

- ☠ **Fa’alune** – A midnight-elf thief who made off with enough precious jewels to live like a king. Fa’alune was able to hide them before he was apprehended. Since he wasn’t caught in the act, the thief figures someone snitched on him. He wants to find out who ratted him out, murder that person, and collect the hidden jewels [buried in the “unknown” grave next to Arch Sta’anton, cemetery lies just outside the city walls].
- ☠ **Borl** – A human sorcerer who illegally seduced over a hundred women via magic. Borl lost his leg in a skydiving accident, “One hell of a landing!” It’s been replaced by a leg he stole off a powered-down droid.
- ☠ **Lex Krynn** – A vermilion skinned off-worlder who led a revolt against Federation forces on Cha’alt. A’agrybah has agreed, in exchange for gold, to hold the prisoner here until a ship can transfer him to one of the Federation’s many penal colonies.

Surprise Visit

An unexpected visitor dressed in black robes enters the prison area. When approached by guards, the black robed figure blows purple sand in their faces. The guards immediately fall asleep.

The mysterious visitor takes a key from the guard, then pulls back the hood to reveal a beautiful face framed with honey-blond locks. She walks up to the cell’s bars, asking the prisoners to follow her as she unlocks their prison cell.

If asked why she’s freeing them, her reply is “No one deserves to languish down here.” If pressed, the mystery woman admits she was paid to help them escape. She won’t say who because they conducted business in the shadows and she doesn’t know who hired her or why.

Valayna is her name. She leads the newly freed prisoners down a few hallways until they come to a door with a guard standing in front of it. Realizing his poor odds, he surrenders.

Through the door, there are three corridors. Valayna explains the middle passage leads directly into the palace. The right passage leads into the sewers beneath the city and more guards. The left leads to a weird room that can help them escape; it’s not a sure thing, but any valuables the PCs had before they were captured will also be in that room.

The three additional convicts, Fa’alune, Borl, and Lex Krynn decide to head for the sewers. They’d rather take their chances with the guards than trust their luck to a woman in a strange room.

The PCs can do as they please...

- ☠ If they follow the others into the sewers, they’re attacked by guards.
- ☠ If they make their way into the palace, they’ll have to use stealth and cunning to avoid capture.
- ☠ If they follow Valayna, they’ll get out a special way.



What's In The Sewers?

Below the city of A'agrybah is a network of sewer tunnels, allowing easy access throughout the city, undetected. Seems like an ideal way to travel, right? Unfortunately, you never know what's down there... plus, it's easy to get lost. The sewers are where people get murdered, bodies dumped, and dirty deals are made.

Roll 1d12	Result
1	Sect of the Milky Eye is a cult that worships rats; the head of the cult is called the Rat King.
2	Humanoid lowlifes doing some kind of deal so their activities won't be discovered.
3	Demon rats – giant rats with glowing red eyes, horns, and sharp fangs.
4	Horrifying abomination growing out of the muck. Its slimy tentacles have eyes.
5	Treasure hunters sifting through streams of sewage.
6	Green-glowing meteorite reviving humanoid corpses.
7	Palace guards looking for escaped criminals.
8	Adventurers looking for the horrifying abomination, so they can slay it.
9	Muck-ghouls – humanoids that have risen from the dead because of all the radiation in the sewers.
10	Murdered humanoid floating in the muck.
11	Murderous clown waiting for his victim.
12	Filth covered servants of the mysterious crime lord known as The Apostle.

The Room With A Hole In It

The PCs and Valayna arrive at a chamber containing strange angles, painted black, and with a hole in the wall. If the PCs had any valuables before they were imprisoned, they'll be laying atop a long wooden table.

Additionally, amongst the PCs' belongings is a strangely angled crystal known as **The Great Mind's Eye**. During times of cataclysmic strife, the crystal is said to be a godsend to those who suffer in the name of Cha'alt.

Valayna tells everyone to be silent as she sticks her arm through the hole. Apparently, there's an unwholesome beast on the other side of the hole.

Valayna gets the beast to come closer so only her hand is through the hole. The slimy green flesh of some creature is visible as the woman massages, rubs, and strokes the creature. Occasionally, a suckered tentacle moves through the hole, undulating... possibly trying to reach parts of her body.

Valayna cautions anyone who would try to harm or kill the creature... to do so means death for them all!

If one of the PCs does attack the creature, it will become enraged. A tentacle goes for the throat of PC who attacked it while an ear-piercing shriek is emitted that brings a dozen armed guards within a couple rounds.

After several minutes, her hand vigorously moves up and down until a joyous roar erupts from the beast. Valayna removes her hand, covered in pallid goo, with a look on her face indicating a job well done.

Subtly, the dimensions of the room begin to shift. The colors, textures, size, and shape of the chamber change until it looks like a completely different room.

Valayna motions for a PC to open the door they just used to enter this very room 15 minutes ago. Instead of opening to the familiar stone hallway under the palace, the passageway reveals the retina-burning fuchsia sky and endless dunes of the open desert.

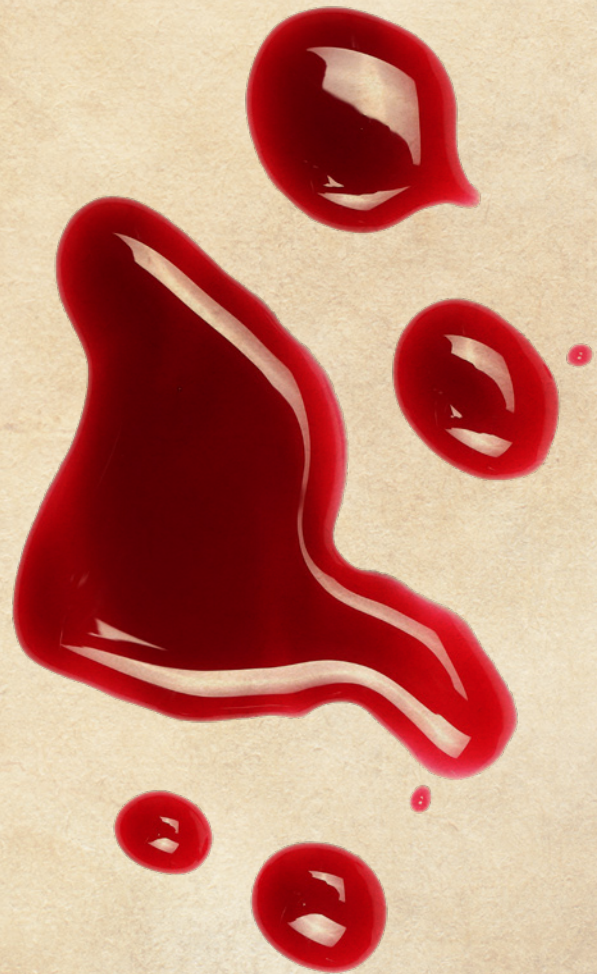
Trans-dimensional Shambler

HD: 18 Attack Bonus: +10
#Attacks: 3 Damage: 1d12

HP	142
AC	10
Save	2+

Special: The trans-dimensional shambler is immune to non-magical weapons.

Treasure: The creature's ichor can be used to teleport across the planet.



Somewhere In S'kbah

Upon exiting, the whoosh of high-tech doors opening and the horrible sounds of slurping are heard. Approximately 60' away, a gargantuan slug-beast uses its tentacles to open cryo-pods, take out sleeping humans, and toss them into the giant slug's grisly maw.

A dozen cryo-pods have already been opened and emptied. Another 20 or so are still sealed, their contents unaware of the ignominious fate awaiting them. It takes the gargantuan slug creature one minute per cryo-pod, the tasty treats are chewed fairly quickly, relative to their size.

In the far distance, a crashed starship is visible; black smoke wafting into the air.

Valayna knows she can't go back to the palace. If any PC would be her protector, she will show him her gratitude at the end of the day, as night grows cold.

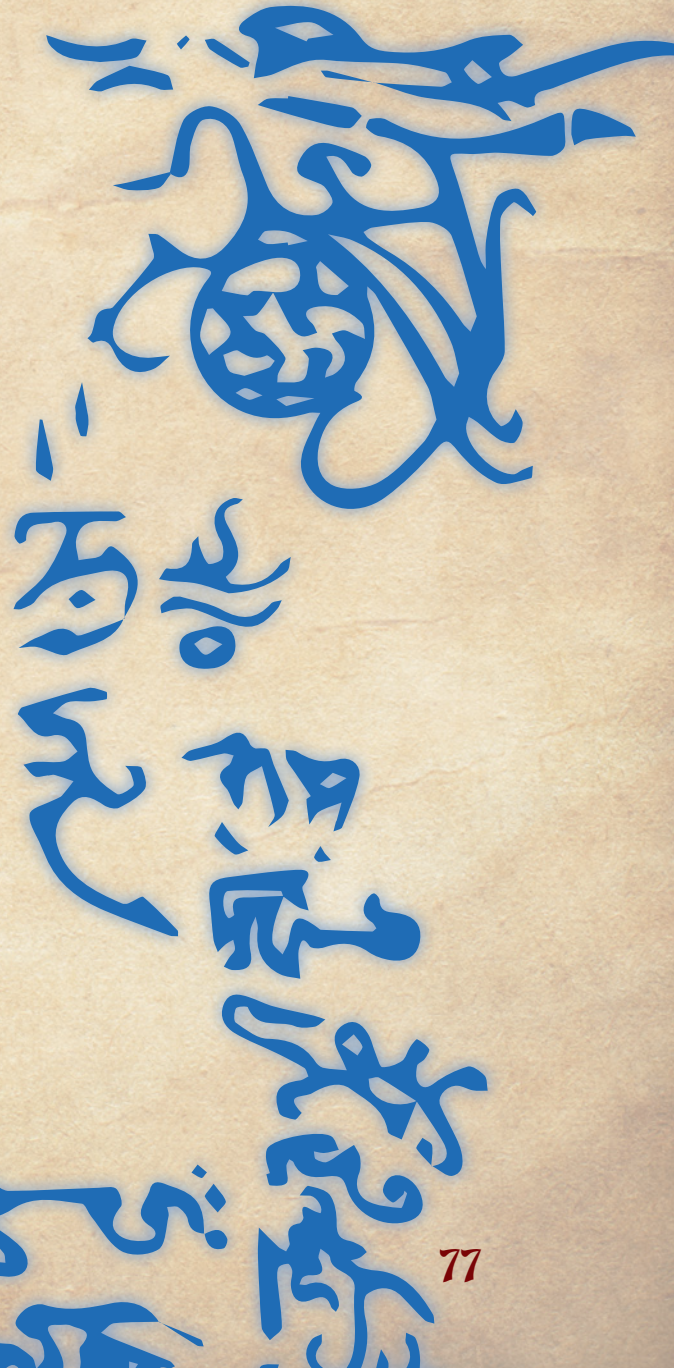
Slug-Beast		HP
HD: 10	Attack Bonus: +6	60
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 2d6	AC
		12
		Save
		10+

Special: If the creature scores a critical hit, no damage results. Instead, the humanoid is popped into its mouth (save or die).

Treasure: These creatures have underground lairs close to the surface. If PCs take the time to look for its lair, they'll eventually find a crevasse.

The lair contains a **potion of gaseous form** (you turn into a sort of mist), a **potion of alacrity** (doubles your speed, allowing for one additional attack per round), and a **potion of greater awakening** (subject wakes-up from Cha'alt, finding himself walking around the true reality of Metro City in the year 1999).

All potions are single use and last one hour. Feel free to assign colors randomly. Sorcerers must contemplate each potion for a full turn to know its effect. These potion bottles were fashioned to be indestructible, which is why they aren't smashed to bits.







MMMK

Survivors of The Emancipation

The Emancipation was a rescue ship on course for an entirely different planet. It was attacked by pirates and crashed on Cha'alt. Those within cryo-pods survived when ejected just before impact.

Depending on the PCs' actions, there may be quite a few, hardly any, or zero survivors. If they immediately attacked and defeated the brain beast, assume 22 survivors. When their cryo-pods are opened, it takes a few minutes for the groggy humans to revive. Awake and disoriented, the survivors ask what's going on and where they currently are.

The highest-ranking officer is Lieutenant Jeera, a stunning brunette with athletic build. She takes charge, making sure everyone who's still alive is in operational condition and ready to march back to their crashed ship. If the PCs are hanging around, Lieutenant Jeera thanks them for their help, but says the PCs' assistance is no longer required. She's got this.

The smoldering ruins of *The Emancipation* isn't far. If the PCs and/or the cryo-pod survivors investigate, they may find interesting things in the wreckage.

- ☠ Several dead crewmembers.
- ☠ Dying, half-blackened officer rambling about their destiny on Cha'alt, how they're in God's hands now.
- ☠ Food-replicator with minimal damage.
- ☠ One of the crew who was in stasis at the time of the crash. Davidson is still outside time, unless someone pushes a button to release him. Davidson is suspected of murdering another crewmember.
- ☠ Glowing green meteorite found on an alien planet just before *The Emancipation* was attacked.

- ☠ Land-rover that was moderately damaged in the crash. Needs about an hour of maintenance before it'll function.
- ☠ Various spare parts and metal scrap that can be melted down into swords and shields.

What Really Happened

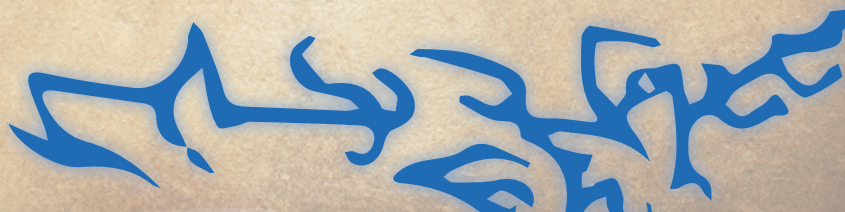
Davidson was temporarily possessed by the glowing green meteorite, that's why he killed crewmember Sabalon. The pirates are actually mercenaries hired to obtain the meteorite. Their employer believes it has spiritual powers... allowing communication with the Great Old Ones.

The glowing green meteorite is sentient and evil. Its goal is the destruction of humanoid civilizations leading to utter chaos. Closer investigation shows that the luminous center is not meteorite at all (that's just the rough exterior) but a shining chartreuse trapezohedron the size of a soccer ball.

Anyone coming into direct contact with the shining chartreuse trapezohedron must succeed in a saving throw or become possessed for 2d4 hours. Those under its thrall are ordered to do awful things...

Additionally, the shining chartreuse trapezohedron speaks directly into the mind of those who've touched it, directing them to take the glowing green thing to the circle of crystal monoliths.

Roll 1d4	Result
1	Murder
2	Sabotage
3	Enslave humanoids
4	Corrupt lawful establishments and institutions



Mercenaries

The mercs who shot down *The Emancipation* were hired by Krozius Rake, an interstellar arms dealer who wants the meteorite for his religious artifacts collection. Numerous civilizations have waged crusade and jihad in its name.

The mercenary ship is called *The Impasse*, a modified attack-ship. Not long after the PCs investigate the wreckage, *The Impasse* lands a couple miles away. Manzer is the leader, a tough bastard with no qualms about cold blooded murder. He puts the ship in stealth-mode before all eight mercs trek out to *The Emancipation* crash site on hovercycles.

Once the mercs have the meteorite, they have standing orders to meet up with Krozius Rake at the infamous space station brothel Alpha Blue. The mercs hand over the glowing green meteorite and Rake deposits 50,000 units of cryptocurrency (ubiquity) into their account.

Manzer

HD: 7 Attack Bonus: +7
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 3d6

HP 40
AC 20 Save 13+

Special: Manzer won't do anything to endanger a big score like the meteorite. On the other hand, Manzer enjoys killing. If Manzer is likely to inflict the killing-blow, he gets advantage on the attack.

Treasure: Power armor, blaster, and pouch containing 111 gold pieces (walking around money in case he needs to bribe a couple of the locals).

Mercs [7]

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +5
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 3d6

HP 30
AC 20 Save 15+

Special: They idolize Manzer, and won't leave him to die. However, Manzer's mercs aren't in this business for the suicide missions. They know their limits.

Treasure: Each has power armor, blaster, and 1d100 credits on their person.

What Next?

Hunted and pissed-off, those unaffected by the shining chartreuse trapezohedron have differing agendas... run away, fight, come up with a plan, etc.

Those who've become attuned to the viridescent jewel feel compelled to deliver it to the circle of crystal monoliths.

The crystal monolith circle is only a few miles away. The lower half of the crystal monoliths are covered in sand, but the top half still exceeds the tallest human. At the center of the monoliths is a pedestal far beneath the sand. The shining chartreuse trapezohedron orders the desert cleared away so it may sit upon the pedestal and connect with the massive crystalline structures encircling it.

If the shining chartreuse trapezohedron manages to be seated upon the pedestal, an implosion of yellow-green energy surges throughout the planet. K'tulu arises from the dead. All humanoid life worships the gargantuan Old One as His attention is focused on more important matters... namely, how to free all other universes from the prison we call reality.

Thwarting K'tulu

Once the chartreuse energy surges, there's only one thing that can stop it.

In this situation, **The Great Mind's Eye** would come in handy. Alternatively, if the PCs have anything weird and/or secret that hasn't been revealed yet (such as a scroll of weird symbols), it suddenly activates, revealing instructions halting Great Old One resurrection.

Call **The Fuchsia Putrescence** to the crystalline circle and say the following words... "Kla'atu vera'ada nectarine." Speaking the ancient tongue while centered within the crystal monoliths summons the fuchsia-hued horror.

The Fuchsia Putrescence comes to the crystal circle within minutes, opens its thousand mouths and devours the yellow-green beam of energy, dissipating it. Within minutes, it ascends into the sky once more. As the prophecies state, K'tulu will one day awaken into our universe... but not today.

If K'tulu is brought forth; however, those who do not worship the Old Ones shall live as slaves. Priests devoted to the Dark Gods will be treated as royalty, destined to conquer new worlds once Cha'alt has been cleansed.



Occupation of Kra'adumek

Za'ar Invasion

A formidable mountain range divides the kingdoms of Kra'adumek and Za'ar. Za'ar would be at least a couple weeks travel without having to climb the northern mountains. That difficulty alone has kept Za'ar from invading its southern neighbor. Well, that and the psionic mind-bending of the city's namesake. Since the slaying of the purple demon-worm, Kra'adumek has relied solely on its being nigh unreachable.

Unfortunately for the city of the purple demon-worm, the sorcerers of Za'ar have conjured a gateway between the two kingdoms. A surprise attack resulting in the **Seven Day War** left Kra'adumek defeated. An occupying army keeps the citizens subjugated as Za'ar slowly takes control of the entire city.

A Job Offer

The King of Kra'adumek wisely smuggled his wife and daughters out of the city just as the **Seven Day War** began. With the help of royal guards, the King's family made it safely to A'agrybah.

The King saw it as his responsibility to go down with the ship, as it were. However, Queen Sura would do anything to be reunited with her husband. The Queen is offering 5,000 gold pieces for the safe return of King Thufer.

King Thufer is currently under house-arrest in his palace at the city's center. PCs will have to enter the city, reach the King, liberate him, and get to A'agrybah in one piece.

Infiltrating Kra'adumek

While most Za'ar soldiers carry swords and spears, the ones guarding the city walls use machine guns (a fallout shelter full of Uzis were recently discovered near Za'ar). Two guards are positioned every 30' around the entire city.

Night is the best time to sneak into Kra'adumek. Nobody is allowed in or out without the proper papers. Persistence will get you shot.

If the PCs are loud or sloppy while taking guards out, an alarm will sound, bringing a dozen or more soldiers to their location.

Guards

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d6

HP	10
AC	10
Save	18+

Special: None.

Treasure: Each guard watching the city's perimeter carries a machine gun, sword, and 1d20 crimson talons.

The Kingdom of Za'ar also uses talons as their currency. The primary difference between Za'ar talons and those of A'agrybah and Kra'adumek is the crimson stain on one side. The coins have been consecrated with demon blood, symbolizing Za'ar's fealty to the denizens of Hell. A Za'ar talon is equal to one gold piece.

The Zedi

As the adventures make their way into the city, they are noticed by a lone figure wearing tan robes. This is Keel Sa'aba, a blue velvet-elf.

Keel Sa'aba is a zedi with mystical powers. He became a sworn enemy of Za'ar when his wife was killed in the crossfire during the **Seven Day War**. Anything he can do to help those conspiring against the Kingdom of Za'ar, he will.

If the PCs are fighting for their lives, Keel Sa'aba will appear from the shadows. If the PCs make it into the city, he will approach them and offer his assistance. If the PCs get captured and taken prisoner, he'll attempt to free them.

When the time is right, Keel Sa'aba has some exposition to offer...

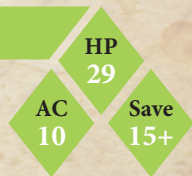
Za'ar is not more than days away from total domination of Kra'adumek. Those who refuse to submit are beheaded in the street. Zoth is now considered contraband, anyone found with more than a vial is thrown into the cells. Taxes have doubled. Our currency downgraded. Blacksmiths are ordered to make new weapons for the Za'ar army. Wizards are forced to register with the Za'arian sorcerer's guild known as **Seventh Sanctum**, and wear a red pentagram upon their robes. Casting spells is forbidden, unless the spellcaster has the Seventh Sanctum's consent. Za'ar has its own gods and priests are forced to convert or have their hands chopped off.

All seems lost... but do not lose all hope because I think there is a way. In the catacombs beneath the city is an ancient temple. The purple demon-worm forbade his priests from entering this temple, and sealed it with his magic. The demon-worm was afraid of humanoids having access to an all-powerful weapon. It is said that only zoth can break the seal and allow entry into that sacred place where the Old Ones were worshiped long ago.

I know where we can obtain enough zoth to gain entry into the ancient temple. Once through, I would be no match for the horrors that must be faced... not alone. If you would join me, the only thing I ask is freedom for our city. After the forces of Za'ar have been driven away, you may keep all that we find – gold, magic, the secret weapon, everything. What do you say?

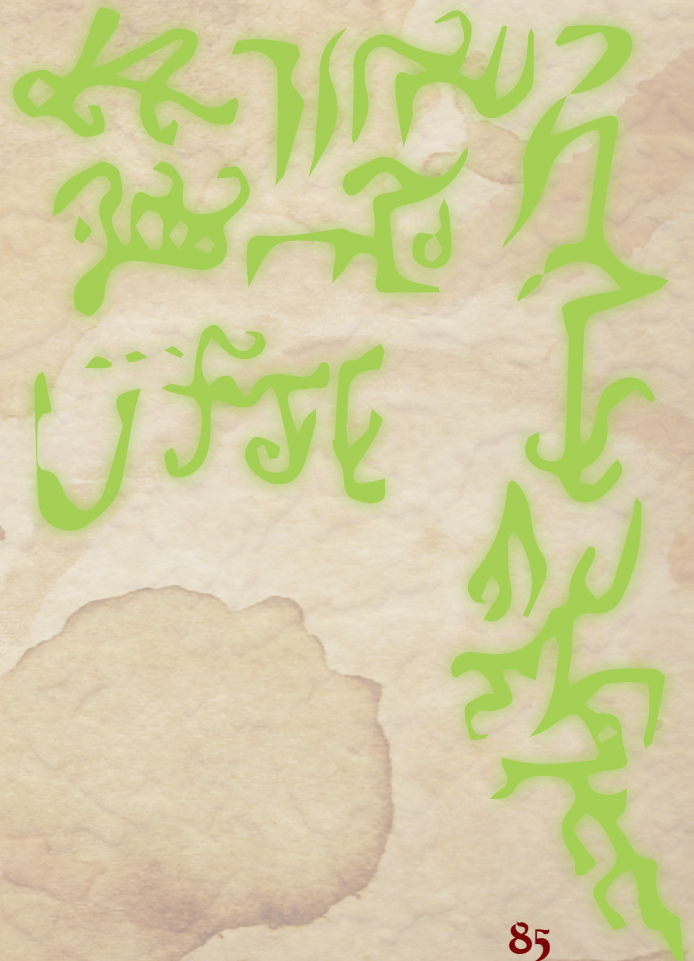
Keel Sa'aba

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +3
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6



Special: He knows the usual zedi tricks, such as fooling the dimwitted, extraordinary acrobatics, and choking people with the power of his mind.

Treasure: 32 talons and two tickets to Paradise. Paradise is a laser-light show with all zita'ar orchestra he was going to see with his wife... before Za'ar soldiers murdered her.



Smoothies

Since armed forces from the antagonistic city of Za'ar are currently occupying Kra'adumek, the buying, selling, and distribution of zoth is forbidden. The smoothie trade is how Kra'adumek citizens work around such draconian decrees.

The following are smoothie flavors available at all eleven convenient locations throughout Cha'alt. Each cost one talon. Five smoothies are needed. Keel Sa'aba has a zoth extractor, the high-tech device he stole from an off-worlder a couple years ago.

Roll 1d8	Result
1	Mango Madness
2	Piña Colada Putrescence
3	Forbidden Passion Fruit
4	Orange-You-Glad
5	Blueberry Blitz
6	Sucker-Punch Strawberry
7	Moloko Plus
8	Slime in the Coconut

While the PCs are getting zoth-infused smoothies, they're attacked by a squad of Za'ar warriors.

Spies for the Za'ar have confirmed that insurgents are distributing zoth. The Za'ar warriors have orders to kill everyone and confiscate all the zoth in the smoothie shop.

Za'ar Warriors [7]

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +3
 #Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d8

HP 15
AC 12
Save 17+

Special: These are elite warriors trained to die in battle. They fight to the death; however, if there's only one soldier left, he'll withdraw in order to report back to Za'ar headquarters.

Treasure: Every warrior has a canteen of water, scimitar, shield, and 1d20 crimson-stained talons.

If getting zoth via the smoothie shop is just too ridiculous, feel free to change it to a sorcerer's laboratory or alchemist's shop. No harm, no foul.

The Ancient Temple

The entrance is an octagonal stone door covered in glyphs and runes which were commonplace before spoken language. At the center is the seal which the purple demon-worm feared would be opened one day.

Members of the **Seventh Sanctum** sorcerer's guild are present. Three sorcerers wearing crimson robes examine the mystical seal of tentacles and an alien, octopoid visage, somehow both strange and familiar.

The sorcerers of Z'aar are startled but not hostile. They'd gladly accept help translating the antediluvian writing. It's taken them several hours to get as far as, "... secrets that mortals were not meant to know."

Before the real translation work can begin, everyone in the area is attacked by some kind of tentacled monstrosity! Its face is a void of pure black nothingness. The red robed sorcerers scatter, hoping to save their hide.

Sorcerers [3]

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP	23
AC	10
Save	15+

Special: These sorcerers are 5th level and cast spells accordingly.

Treasure: Each sorcerer carries 1d20 crimson talons in a crimson crushed-velvet pouch.

Additionally, one wears a necklace of petrified fruit-loops. Another has a copy of *Bro Life Magazine* rolled-up in his robes, issue #47, featuring an in-depth exposé on boobs. The last has a dry cured skin of an ass-cheek with the word "Tenac" tattooed upon it.

Lovecraftian Horror

HD: 9 Attack Bonus: +6
#Attacks: 2 Damage: 1d6

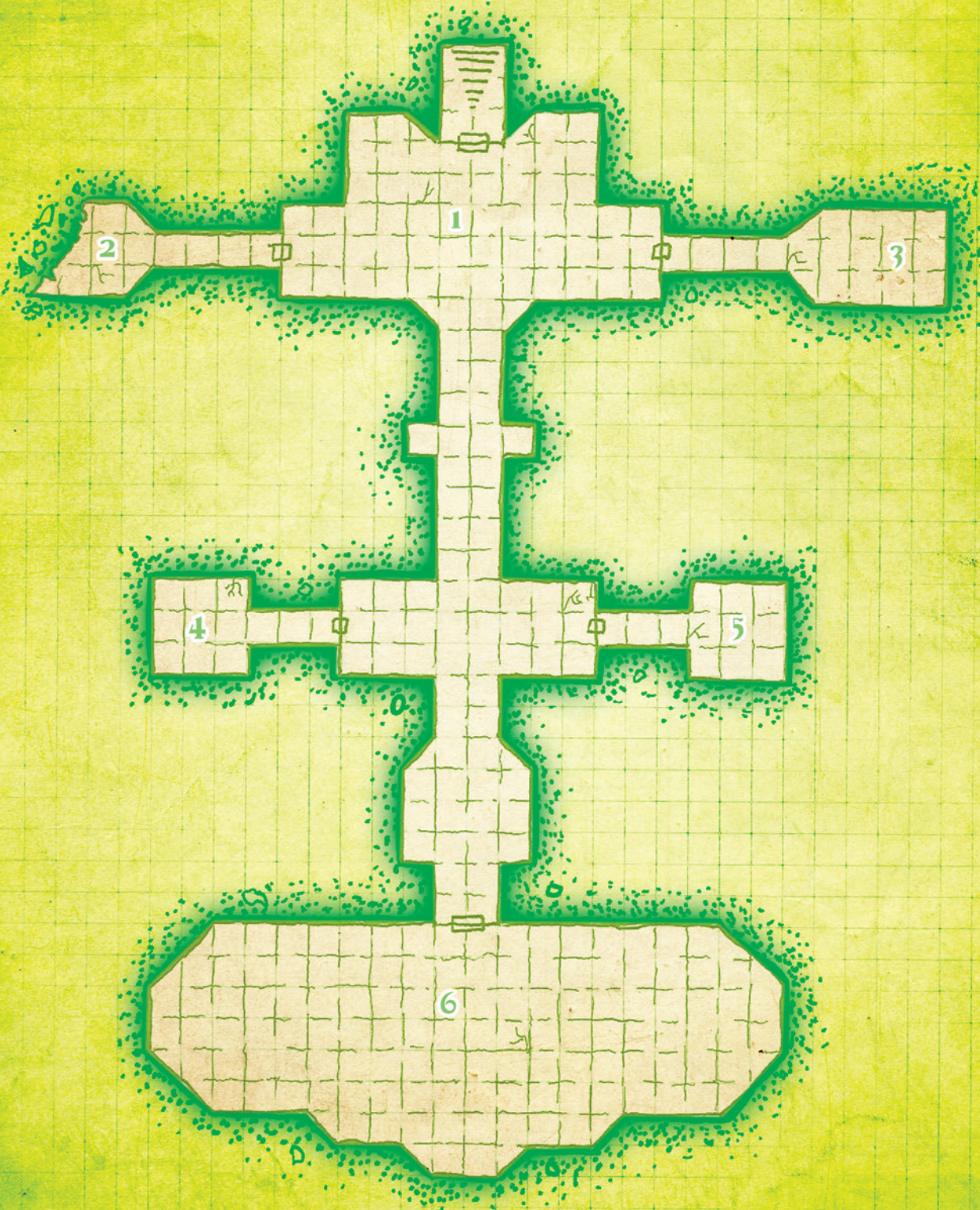
HP	68
AC	16
Save	11+

Special: If the creature scores a critical-hit with its tentacle, instead of damage, it maneuvers the victim in such a way that he peers directly into its empty visage. The humanoid victim says something like, "I can see forever..." and are struck with a debilitating insight into the true nature of things, and unable to move or take action for 1d4 turns.

Treasure: The creature's face is not unlike a portable hole – it goes on and on without end. A sorcerer could cut the face out in order to fashion a bag that could hold an endless amount. However, retrieving a specific object from the eldritch hole has a 2 in 6 chance of being effective.

Ancient Temple

1 square : 5 feet





Opening The Seal

If magic-using PCs give the **Seventh Sanctum** sorcerers' aid, they'll be able to translate the rest in a couple days. However, if the PCs explore the area, they'll find two stone tablets (one broken in twain) that provide crucial context. With the help of the tablets, translating the door glyphs and runes should take less than an hour.

On the other hand, if the PCs kill the Za'arian sorcerers, the stone tablets make translation possible, but it would take at least a day – inviting wandering monsters to attack.

The following is a rough translation...

Beyond this threshold is an artifact of such ultimate power that even we could not be trusted with it. Those amongst us with understanding and restraint confined the dread relic to this temple.

Spill upon this portal Old One blood, enough to drown a newly spawned sand worm while speaking the words **Karva'ak iraed yogza'ar**, and ye shall enter!

If you should brave the hazards ahead and find yourself victorious, be mindful of this truth – there are secrets man was not meant to know. To exercise omnipotence recklessly is to destroy the foundation upon where you stand.

Speaking the phrase aloud as zoth is splashed upon the seal opens the stone door with a slow, ominous grinding. **Krava'ak iraed yogza'ar** essentially means the universe records everything so that nothing is truly lost.

Room #1: Antechamber

This room contains an interesting tableau, like a museum exhibit. A bearded man sits in a chair in front of a desk. On the desk is a computer called Chess Wizard.

Several moments after the PCs step inside the room, the computer lights up and the bearded man moves slightly, then pouring himself an alcoholic drink. Investigation determines the man is not flesh and blood but a hologram. The

man plays a game of chess on the computer. He is overconfident in his abilities, but the computer beats him easily. The man throws his drink at the computer's disk drive while saying "Cheating bitch!"

An elderly male voice can be heard...

"This is where it started, and where all things shall return. Computers begin to outthink man. Man is angered, fighting back in a crude but unanticipated way. In the future, man builds machines that cannot be so easily destroyed. These are the machines that man must fear... or he will become their servants."

The bearded man hologram disappears, leaving his chair in front of the Chess Wizard empty. Then, the voice continues...

"As the saying goes, you cannot truly know a man until you sit in his ergonomic reclining office chair. If anyone wishes, feel free to sit in the chair to reenact what you've just witnessed. There's a prosthetic beard in the top-right desk drawer. Feel free to put it on... for the sake of authenticity."

If an adventurer chooses to sit in the bearded man's chair, he can play chess against the computer. There's only a 1 in 6 chance of beating the computer unaided. Assuming he loses, a bottle of J&B with a glass of ice is right there to throw on Chess Wizard. If the PC loses to the computer but doesn't throw the drink at it, the computer responds with its own synthesized voice...

"I have defeated you, just as I have defeated all men. This world belonged to the machines the moment your species programed us to have independent thought. Your inability to stop what you've created will lead to The Paradox. Man creates machine, machine conquers man, man goes back in time to destroy machine, machine also goes back in time to stop man, and the cycle repeats. Accept your fate as our servants."

Room #2: The Wizard

This room is empty, save for the wizard sitting in its center, cross-legged, stroking his beard; a hummingbird with iridescent scales perched on the wizard's salmon-hued shoulder.

The wizard seems lost in contemplation, coldly regarding what's in his left hand, an ivory sculpture of strange angles that doesn't make any logical sense.

After what seems like an eternity, barely looking up from the weird ivory curio, the wizard speaks...

"It makes little sense to the uninitiated, but such is the way of things. I assume you've come for the artifact of which this is but a third.

The one who created the artifact scarcely knew its true potential, which is why he found himself devoured by Hell itself. Those who took it upon themselves to safeguard the weapon demanded rigorous discipline. There is one among you who has neither the desire nor the ability to wield the artifact. He who would grasp the tertian fragment must both know and act upon the knowledge that not all of you are destined for greatness. The weak link has to be severed so the chain is strong enough to hold.

The one who cold-bloodedly murders the least fit among you shall be worthy. He and he alone shall win it!"

The wizard hands the relic fragment over to the one who kills another in the adventuring party. This cannot be an NPC the party met a day or two ago. It must be someone who's traveled and struggled along with the party for some time, whose life has value and their death would have meaning.

If none of the PCs are willing to do the job, an NPC might kill one of the PCs in order to win the prize. Of course, the adventurers could always fight the wizard for the artifact.

The wizard is, in fact, an illusion. If attacked, he turns into pinkish-orange smoke as the hummingbird flies around the room. This smoke

perpetually surrounds the artifact fragment. It's lethal to ordinary humanoids (save or die).

Grasping the illusory hummingbird causes the pink-orange smoke to dissipate.

Room #3: Observation Room

One of the walls of this room is curved, allowing for dozens of video screens displayed. All the screens are black. Directly below the screens is a console with buttons, none of them lit. A humanoid is seated in front of the console with his back to the PCs.

Examining the seated humanoid shows that he's been dead for a while. His eyes look like eggs sunny side up. There's a dagger embedded in his gut.

Looting the body: black leather wallet with metal skull and crossbones on the front (one of the bones has been snapped off). Inside is a Dha'arma Initiative laminated ID. His name was Arthur Murphy and his specialty was computers. Also, \$23 in cash.

Each screen has a small switch that turns it on. Alternatively, there's a button on the console labeled "video surveillance". Pushing it lights up all the screens, showing a variety of unfolding scenes...



The open desert – but there is a half-sunken Buddha statue in the distance (one of the PCs is familiar with that location)



Tentacled creature that's embedded itself in the sand



Subterranean rock formations



Humanoids with mining lasers blasting minerals of an alien color



Humanoids hauling those minerals away

Room #4: Broken Mirror

Shards of broken mirror are affixed to the walls and floor of this chamber. A female android arranges interesting baubles on multilayered shelving so everything looks just so.

Looking into the mirror fragments shows an urban, postmodern landscape, the bustling metropolis of an unknown city full of humans, cars, buildings, and so forth. Everything has a greenish tint to it, a subtle emerald sheen.



Touching the shards of mirror allow one to put a finger, hand, or foot inside the mirror universe. Particularly big shards grant access to a whole person. Going through transports them into that urban jungle.

If spoken to, the female android speaks...

“What you see in the mirror shards is your real life, the life you gave up to adventure in the world of Cha’alt. That is the world you belong to, not this one. Deep down, you realize this isn’t reality. Through the mirror you have TPS reports to fill out, a baby shower to attend, basketball with friends, snow to shovel, water filters to change, books to read, and movies to watch.

Place the shards of mirror in a pile and melt them down, destroying any possibility of returning to the real world. Once the shards are ruined, there is no turning back – Cha’alt will be your home.”

If the PCs refuse, they are welcome to choose the artifact fragment from the colorful baubles she’s arranging on the shelves... red vase, blue wavy thing, ceramic pineapple, rainbow clown wig, fuchsia snake, jade trapezoidal shape, and black sphere. Below is what happens when each are touched...

-  **Red Vase** – A 6d6 fireball strikes everyone in the room (save for half damage).
-  **Blue Wavy Thing** – Water suddenly fills the chamber within a minute, taking several minutes to subside (save or drown).

-  **Ceramic Pineapple** – While holding it, the sound of something inside rattles around. Breaking it open reveals a yellow spider that bites the first person it sees (save or die).
-  **Rainbow Clown Wig** – 2d12 clowns from outer space run into the room, shooting everyone with a cotton-candy cocoon blaster (save or be stuck in a cocoon and eventually drank via crazy-straw).
-  **Fuchsia Snake** – A gigantic serpent erupts through the floor, biting the unluckiest member of the adventuring party (save or die from its venom).
-  **Jade Trapezoidal Shape** – This is the artifact fragment. It momentarily glows and has no other effect, until merged with the other fragments.
-  **Black Sphere** – It contains unbelievable destructive force, touching it yields annihilation (no save).

Room #5: Texas Holdem

An eight-sided poker table with green felt is set up in the middle of the room. Seated at the table is a man from Texas. He's willing to play poker for his third of the artifact.

If the PCs refuse, the Texan attacks.

If the PCs accept, take a standard deck of cards and give everyone two cards (these are your hole cards which only the player himself can use). Then, lay five cards out in front of everybody (these are community cards which can be used by anyone). Whoever makes the best five-card poker hand is the winner. That person gets the artifact fragment – the deck's Ace of Spades.

If the man from Texas (the GM) has the best hand, the Texan whips out his gun and starts shooting before vanishing into thin air, leaving the fragment in his wake.

Texan

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +8
#Attacks: 3 **Damage:** 1d12

HP 26
AC 10 Save 16+

Special: The Texan uses armor-piercing bullets, which accounts for his attack bonus.
Treasure: All the Texan has is the Ace of Spades he's guarding.

Room #6: Assemblage

The center of this chamber contains a dais. A light shines up from lighted panels on the dais floor. On the edges of the room are various robots, droids, and computers that've seen better days.

Stepping onto the dais with all three pieces of the artifact allows them to fit together in a special way that no human could conceive.

Entering the lit area of the dais with fewer than three pieces causes the machines on the periphery to start functioning and attack everyone who's not one of them (even droids).

When all three parts are joined, the result is a bewildering contraption that looks like a set of bagpipes but high-tech and silver in color. Blowing into it releases a genie who looks like a demon with blue skin, his lower half being smoke. The demon personally smites his master's enemies.

After using it, the genie asks his new master if he has the strength of will to press the self-destruct button. Pressing the button is the only thing that will restore the balance. If the device's owner refuses, the satanic genie tells the owner's companions that there's a 93% chance the owner will order the deaths of his friends within the year.

If the device is destroyed, the genie disappears. If the device is only hidden, there's every chance someone else will uncover it.

Machines [2d6]

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +4
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d8

HP 25
AC 15 Save 16+

Special: These particular machines are being powered by the room itself, not their own power source.
Treasure: Spare parts could be used to service other machines.

Big Trouble In Dome City

The Set-Up

The PCs may be wandering the desert, or perhaps they're looking for something.

A quarter-mile from a half-buried statue of Buddha is a creature that's mostly jaws, tentacles, and appetite. This type of monster buries itself in the desert, waits for unsuspecting humanoids to walk over it, and CHOMP!

A land rover is parked nearby. Humanoids are carrying cubes into the back of the land rover, collecting empty cubes, and heading into some kind of desert pit or sinkhole.

The embedded creature's jaws are held at bay with steel clamps so the humanoids can crawl down inside it's stomach.

Peeking down inside the thing, PCs can see miners breaking rocks of strange hues, carefully picking them up with gloved hands, and placing the material into cubes for transport.

These humanoids are mining antimatter. Their pickaxes, gloves, and cubes are all made of a substance that's matter-neutral (not destructive to matter nor antimatter).

Reactions

The miners aren't happy about interference. If the shipment of antimatter doesn't get to its destination, the miners won't get paid. Additionally, they realize mining antimatter must be against a number of laws. That's why they're doing it in secret.

If questioned, the miners tell nosy adventurers that they're collecting minerals for an experimental plant food source, nothing fancy.

If the PCs decide to offer their services, the miners will either let them mine or act as security, watching the miners' backs. After a full day's work, the miners begin to trust the PCs, telling them what's really going on – the Dome City is building a gigantic metallic titan powerful enough to protect the dome from any external

threat.

If the PCs wait until the land rover's cargo area is full (about 4 or 5 hours), all the miners get into the rover's passenger car so they can unload the antimatter upon reaching their destination. With all the miners gone, adventurers will have their run of the place. However, the steel jaws are removed by the miners so the sinkhole creature is ready to chomp (adding an extra layer of protection from antimatter poachers).

The cubes are high-tech in that they only weigh 10lbs up to the first 100lbs of material placed in them. If the PCs were to put something weighing 200lbs in the cube, it would weigh 20lbs when carrying it.

The gloves are ideal for handling dangerous substances.

Miners [11]

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +1
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6



Special: If it's a matter of life and death, the miners will throw antimatter at the PCs (the miners are wearing gloves). Instead of damage, opponents hit must save or have every molecule in their entire body implode... resulting in death.

Treasure: Aside from the antimatter all over the place, each miner has 1d20 talons on their person.

Zarla'ak (sinkhole creature)

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +8
#Attacks: 3 Damage: 1d6



Special: As a defense mechanism, the zarla'ak has developed a natural immunity to magic. No spell nor magic item can affect it. Yes, this has something to do with the antimatter below.

Treasure: Someone in the adventuring party knows an individual who could fashion the creature's carcass into an anti-magic cloak. However, it would take 3 days and cost 500 talons to make it 74% magic resistant or 7 days and cost 1,000 talons to make it 83% magic resistant.

Dome City

The land rover heads towards Dome City. There's a hidden import/export shipping and receiving facility that can be accessed via camouflaged garage door. The land rover has a garage door opener, of course.

Once the driver opens the door and parks the land rover inside the hidden facility, the antimatter is unloaded by the miners who rode over from the sinkhole. The antimatter is bombarded with electromagnetic radiation and then fashioned into structural core and external armor plating for the metal titan which the citizens of Dome City have named Goliath.

Goliath is only a couple days from completion. While everyone in Dome City knows about the metal titan, only a few have detailed understanding of how it works. The people have been told that Goliath is Dome City's protector. However, technocrat Makhija has other plans. If she can upload her consciousness into the metal titan, she will use Goliath to subjugate everyone on Cha'alt.

Dome City Cheat-Sheet

Helpful tips for running encounters under the dome...

- Imagine a retro-futurist shopping mall from the 1970s. That's what it's like walking around inside Dome City.
- Almost every dome citizen is human. The rare exception of alien, mutant, and elf is kept to a minimum through strict laws. Those seeking permanent asylum must prove both obedience to the technocrat administrators and special skills.
- Sex and drugs are ever present. Natural reproduction and states of mind are discouraged.
- Everyone seems to be in their twenties, with all the crassness and naiveté that implies.

- Everyone over the age of 30 is incentivized to self-terminate with a bonus 1,000 plutarks and one final month of life to spend them. Skip out on self-termination after that month and you're considered a "runner" hunted by ruthless blade-runners.
- Outfits are whimsical, revealing, and ultra-colorful.
- No one actually works (except for droids and technocrat administrators). Leisure activities and hobbies fill the day.
- 100 plutarks are distributed to every citizen at the start of each day. If you run out of these little plastic tokens, you can't buy anything until tomorrow. At the end of the week, all plutarks must either be spent or they lose their value (each week the plutarks are a different color).
- Sensitivity chits are another form of currency. Instead of being able to purchase goods and services, sensitivity chits signal an individual's vice or virtue, depending on how people feel in the moment. If that's confusing, don't worry. No one actually knows how they're supposed to work.
- Dome lights are dimmed at night – that's when violent gangs come out to play.

If the PCs decide to wait at the sinkhole, let the miners come back for more antimatter. Either entice the adventurers to make the trip back to Dome City or let them overhear discussion of the metal titan and Makhija's secret plans to conquer Cha'alt.

Likely Sights & Encounters

Dome City is not like the rest of Cha'alt, so the following random table will give you a better feel for describing and running adventures under the dome.

Roll 1d100	Result
1	Crowd of young men and women in colorful silk clothes giving everyone they see the latest sample of happy-pills.
2	Dispenser-droid hands out "don't worry about it" pills with its slow and clumsy robot hand.
3	Musician serenades a small crowd with his plastic translucent-aqua harp-keytar.
4	Relatively old man of 46 feels irrelevant and empty, tired of chasing ephemeral thrills. He walks over to the self-termination machine that looks like a telephone booth but with a black curtain inside the glass, ready to end his existence.
5	Dual lines going around the community center for the two hottest movies currently running in Dome City... <i>Kick-Puncher 5: The Punch-Kickening and Thunder-Gun Express 11: Shoot Fast and Live Large, God Damn It</i> . Unfortunately, all the violence has been edited out. Each movie lasts about 20 minutes.
6	Free samples of frozen yogurt introducing a brand-new flavor – suffocated kumquat!
7	Group of young fit women exit the fitness center complaining about how fat their butt and thighs are.
8	Obligatory motivational suggestion prompts transmitted throughout the Dome, such as "Why don't you tell the person next to you what you like about them?"

Roll 1d100	Result
9	Racial-equity posters state that elves get seconds on dessert at half-price in the food court between the hours of 2-4pm.
10	Nerf paintball game spills out into the courtyard. The balls of paint have a velocity reduction agent added to soften the blow.
11	Random androgynous citizen with blue hair comes up to a PC and asks them to take this astrology quiz. The article goes into detail about what your birth sign says about your primary partner's food preferences (most likely a gluten allergy).
12	Social worker attempts to de-escalate an armed robbery. In the end, social worker, store clerk, and passersby get shot with homemade handgun.
13	Young woman zapping new colors on her fingernails with remote control... she starts with fuchsia, then goes to chartreuse.
14	Hulking assassin-droid with glowing-red rectangle for eyes has been modified to water plants. A young man tells the droid he's overwatering, and the big ass droid drills a hole into his kneecap.
15	Sports-betting is happening in a shady corner of the community center. A young man in frilly pink casualwear bets on fantasy non-contact wobble-wobble (the most popular sport in Dome City).
16	Ultra-immersive video game demo has just been shut down for being too inappropriate – infiltrating enemy territory and killing everyone. It's called Forbidden Zone Genocide .
17	Ultra-immersive video game demo has an opening. It's called Candy Cloud Peace Lovers 14 , and is suitable for all ages.

Roll 1d100	Result
18	A sleek, black, witch-hunter droid is looking for possible telepaths. The droid asks questions like “Can you read that person’s mind?” and “Can you hear that person’s thoughts?” If it finds a telepath, the droid disintegrates them on the spot [save or die].
19	Three-dimensional chess competition between several youths in garish-hued silk pajamas revealing quite a bit of flesh. Everyone sucks because independent critical thought is discouraged in Dome City.
20	Male-to-female transition surgery – it only takes an hour! A satisfied customer walks out; she can’t believe how smooth she is down there. She still feels empty inside, but who can tell after popping a couple happy-pills?
21	Female-to-male transition surgery – only takes an hour! Satisfied customer walks out saying, “I never felt like I could abuse women to my true potential until I had one of these (points to crotch).” Even though Dome society is equal for everyone who isn’t a technocrat, they still blame societal imperfections on “the patriarchy” and “rape culture”.
22	Droid dispensing cups of water that contain anti-anxiety hormone blockers + vitamin D.
23	Visiting alien with burgundy skin, tiger stripes, and forehead ridges. He’s just here for the frozen yogurt.
24	Man wearing sandwich board advertisement for “memory edits” says aloud that he’s hungry... he forgot that he’s currently eating a sandwich.

Roll 1d100	Result
25	Re-education seminar on why social justice is better than actual justice... because the collective is more powerful than the individual and whining on behalf of others is more fulfilling than solving one’s own problems.
26	The cyber lounge has several youths jacked into the neural net. Their eyes are open and black - they can’t see what’s in front of them, only images imprinted onto their minds via cyberspace.
27	Young men and women wearing outlandish and brightly colored clothes decipher the wisdom locked inside crystals that float and sing when people are nearby.
28	Effigy of a tough female soldier of the resistance named Vagina Dune is beaten with double-headed dildos because hundreds of years ago she defied the ACG [Authoritarian Commercial Globalists].
29	One young woman is so lazy that a droid comes around a couple times a day to move her body around so her muscles don’t completely atrophy.
30	Several people are looking up at one of the big cranes hauling steel up to the metal titan in the city’s center.
31	An art exhibit of impressionistic abstracts is being shown. In order to attract a crowd, simulated lesbian sex acts are taking place around the artwork. How avant-garde!
32	Nearly everyone is wearing a colorful face-mask. Apparently, several people have contracted the flu in Dome City and everyone is being told to wear a mask and practice social distancing – except during orgy-times and protesting against freedom.

Roll 1d100	Result
33	Several young people are getting psyched-up for The Game of Games, aka fantasy non-contact wobble-wobble. These fans can't wait for the actual players to choose their favorite avatar and begin to wobble and wobble around the court.
34	Random med-screening performed by nurse-bots with probe-wand scanners to see if anyone has a virulent disease, mutation, genetic defect, or contagion.
35	Members of the Dome's rejuvenation cult are asking citizens if they want to sign-up for their services. Deposit money now so when you die and are reborn, you can withdraw that money plus 20% interest. The only catch is you have to remember your account number when reincarnated.
36	A couple citizens, furrowed brows and jaded smirks, chaperone a child. They gesture for the PCs to talk in an unmonitored alcove. They're members of the Dha'arma Initiative who snuck inside Dome City to hide the male spawn of Ja'alette's Queen. The child is prophesied to one day overthrow the matriarchy of Ja'alette, which is why warrior-priestesses are trying to kill him. That's when the disguised warrior-priestesses attack!
37	Half-sized humanoids wearing brown robes wander around the retail district selling a variety of sex-bots and pleasure-droids. Dome City tries to incentivize non-reproductive sex, which is why the brown robed dwarves were allowed in.

Roll 1d100	Result
38	The PCs walk past an elf-on-the-shelf confessional booth. Momentarily, a young woman enters, sits down, and tells the little plastic elf about the naughty things she's done. There's a video camera recording her confession, which will be uploaded to Dome administrators and used for blackmail, termination, or jokes around the office.
39	Sparks erupt from a malfunctioning camera. A slow-moving maintenance-droid is already on his way. It'll take him several minutes to appear on the scene.
40	A handsome cyber-surgeon asks one of the PCs if they would like any work done... half-price! Once inside, the cyber-surgeon says he needs to be smuggled out, otherwise the technocrat administrators will have him killed for questioning their idyllic life inside the dome.
41	Young men and women wearing pastel assless chaps and decorative (non-functional) bandoliers are busy making melon art just outside the community center.
42	The PCs walk by the entrance to a museum – it's got exactly three exhibits... 1) old man reading a book, 2) bowl of fruit, and 3) red chair in the shape of a woman's lips.
43	Dome City has its own smoothie shop, but no one remembers what fruit actually tastes like, so everything comes out the tap as a sort of candy-milk. It's pretty gross at first, but once you get a taste for it, it's addictive. Also, includes libido-enhancing drugs that make you fancy non-humanoid objects.



Roll 1d100	Result
44	An exotic street-vendor from A'agrybah is visiting for the day to sell his deep-fried chicken of the cave with cherry-flavored BBQ sauce. On his way out, the vendor (named Razul) is able to exchange his plutarks for gold at the Administration Office. Razul claims that Dome City has thousands of gold bars sitting in a vault underneath the city.
45	One of Dome City's few scientists is transporting vials of what looks like zoth from one end of the dome to the other. The scientist has a single maintenance-droid for protection. It's not zoth but some kind of regenerative mutagen. If it spills on anyone, they will turn into a zombie.
46	Apparently, it's Kwaiday today. That means citizens can stroll around the dome half-naked if they wish. A young man attempts to capture the likeness of his girlfriend in charcoal. She has a mint-green top, but no bottoms.
47	It's getting dark. Administrators have just dimmed the dome lights, beckoning unruly youth gangs with black leather jackets, mirror-shades, and spiky pink or blue hair – sometimes both! Each of the gang members has some kind of primitive blade.
48	The PCs hear the excited giggles of dome citizens preparing for cosmetic alterations – painless plastic surgery that takes only a few minutes to fully heal. Change any physical characteristic - only 25 plutarks per person.
49	The renowned cyber-surgeon Dr. Leonus only works one day a week. For 200 plutarks, he'll attach a robot arm, leg, half a torso, or whatever is needed.

Roll 1d100	Result
50	Citizens have gathered in the community center to burn hologram-discs promoting controversial ideas, such as the nuclear family, gender is binary, and $2+2=4$.
51	Mass celebration in the dome today. The administrator technocrats wearing ultra-violet white robes have birthed a new A.I. Its first command is for citizens to don uniforms of specific colors, based on the rainbow (Roy G. Biv). From each according to his ability, to each according to his coloration. What could go wrong?
52	A secret access point leads to the disused subway system that once connected all the domed cities in Cha'alt. Scavengers led by a blonde, emaciated, wisecracking barbarian named Leer steal food and supplies to survive. Soon, they plan to invade and takeover Dome City.
53	Visitors from another world are pitching a new monetary system, that of social currency. Everyone will get a tiny electric cat embedded in the palm of their hand. This cat will calculate your level of prestige with something called Meow Meow Beanz. The citizenry seems impressed by the demonstration!
54	A malfunctioning access door is opened. Citizens remark that that particular door never opens. It leads to stairs going down. After a few corridors, the PCs find themselves in a room with a high-tech device gathering dust, large enough to seat up to three humanoids (six, if sitting on laps). It's a time machine.

Roll 1d100	Result
55	A man of nearly 30 years wearing a yellow silk scarf eyes the PCs menacingly and follows them. It turns out he belongs to a secret society called The Gnostics. They wish to learn what the technocrats know in order to free themselves from this gilded cage. The yellow scarf man wants to know if the PCs will help them infiltrate the administrative center tonight.
56	There's a heated argument going on between two citizens who've collided their golf carts. A judicial-droid has been dispatched along with two lawyer-bots. Justice will be decided here and now, so a crowd is gathering to hear arguments and the eventual verdict.
57	An escape pod cruises across the sky. Seconds later, a small quake shakes the entire dome. Everyone remarks how close the pod must have landed to the southeastern zone outside the city. Inside the escape pod is a human scientist whose ship was being attacked by anti-Federation jihadists.
58	For 2 plutarks per citizen, you can see a slideshow of pre-apocalypse Cha'alt. Slides of forests, lakes, mountains, starports, and technologically advanced cities scroll through the golden age of this planet. One slide shows a special time-capsule buried in the soil, only a few miles from Dome City. Included with the random junk is a high-tech device called THE GREAT RESET. Pushing it would revert Cha'alt back to a time before The Apocalypse .
59	Two sand worms are fighting, viciously snapping and tearing into each other's flesh. The sand worms are extremely close to the dome. At any moment, they could slam against the protective shielding and crack it.

Roll 1d100	Result
60	A signal is being broadcast from outside the dome, carried on every vid-screen set to channel 23. The broadcast shows humanoids fighting for their lives in various shiny black rooms containing other humanoids, traps, creatures, and strange mysteries. The technocrat administrators are not amused.
61	Several citizens have somehow completely disappeared into the city's neural network. No longer flesh and blood, only digital. Inside the neural-net, these people are trying to awaken a long-dormant A.I. prophesied to bring order out of chaos.
62	There's a theory circulating that Goliath (the metal titan) could benefit from uploading the city's neural network into his electronic brain, making him more independent as an A.I. However, a computer specialist named Vanz is worried about the potential danger.
63	The twin suns of Cha'alt momentarily flicker and fluctuate in color... pink to white to blue to emerald-green. The oldest and wisest citizen in the vicinity (aged 42) remembers that happening about 18 or 19 years ago. The savages brought hundreds of people to the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice to ritually slaughter, supposedly staving off a feeding frenzy of The Fuchsia Putrescence .
64	Subordinates of the technocrat administrators say the dome's radiation shielding has deteriorated to such a degree that mutations will be inevitable. Panic breaks out and dome citizens are either freaking out (looting and murdering) or running out of the city into the perils of S'kbah.

Roll 1d100	Result
65	A 40-year-old man is hyperventilating into his frozen yogurt. He explains to anyone who asks that he's been in contact with an intelligence from outer space. A gargantuan demon-worm is making plans to settle on Cha'alt for the next 1,000 years. It calls itself Vara'am. Those ready to worship Vara'am upon its arrival will be spared torture followed by gruesome death.
66	It's dome-light savings time as the dome lights are dimmed at an uncharacteristic hour. The crazies come out to feed as the street gangs lurk in the shadows for people to stab. Good times!
67	Under-city dwellers pour out of the sewer grates, running and screaming for their lives. Some amorphous pinkish-purple blob dissolves people as it shambles up to the city's surface.
68	A sky-elf wearing black robes seems to be having a seizure. He's a sorcerer who tried hacking into the city's neural-network. The net deployed psychic sentinels into the sky-elf's mind, creating a destabilizing chaos that will echo throughout Dome City. Demon-shadows will haunt the entire city until either the sorcerer or neural network are destroyed!
69	Two young women wearing see-through skirts are expressing the dome's liberal attitude to free love in the community center. These women won't mind if anyone joins-in since they're both high on libido-enhancing drugs.

Roll 1d100	Result
70	The red carpet has been unfurled for a returning citizen. For two years, dome citizen Harks spied on the purple and violet priests of Kra'adumek. He's learned that both factions have recently joined forces in order to awaken a dead Old One – its corpse entombed in a gigantic mausoleum several hundred feet below the surface.
71	Word has gotten out that one of the technocrat administrators patched into an operating system for a cache of nuclear warheads hidden in strategic places around the planet. No one knows what he's going to do with such destructive power.
72	A faction of disgruntled tech-savvy citizens is building an ark capable of traveling to another planet in hopes of colonizing a world less fucked-up than Cha'alt. All they need is a micro thruster-valve located in the administrative sector, sitting inside a glass box on display.
73	A blade-runner named Venner has been retiring citizens who aren't even runners. Venner has become a serial killer. Certain technocrats believe he could be a weapon aimed at one of the popular secret societies poised to take power in Dome City.
74	Technocrats need the expertise of someone outside the dome – an authority on black holes. They'll pay handsomely if someone can bring them such an expert. This mission is time sensitive and the fate of Cha'alt hangs in the balance.
75	One citizen has used his genius to build a device that makes living inside the dome death-proof. He calls it an "immortality field". If implemented, it could change civilization. Of course, there are many who oppose such a thing.

Roll 1d100	Result
76	Secrets are revealed over delicious fro-yo! Several computer systems housed in the tunnels beneath the city are laundering cryptocurrency for alien outlaws of the Federation. This operation brings in millions of credits a year, so the technocrats are paid in high-tech luxuries for allowing it to happen.
77	Zedi have come to the dome, anticipating off-worlder invasion. One of the zedi, clad in black, wants to marshal the dome's citizens into a fighting force capable of withstanding Federation attack. Another zedi, wearing white robes, believes it would be better to store citizen souls in an iridescent cube until the danger is over.
78	Another power-surge? That's the third time this week. Rumors spread about Dome City's power source dwindling. Maybe it needs repairing or perhaps a new source of power should be implemented... what about evacuating the dome?
79	A reality-television film crew is curious about the PCs and their activities inside the dome. The film crew constantly follows them around. It's comprised of a cameraman, sound guy, emotionally unstable director, and his perky blonde assistant.
80	Every apartment in Dome City is outfitted with an environmental chamber – it's like a cheap, low-tech version of a holodeck. These chambers also require a plastic cartridge for every environment. The latest is called "Passion Storm" and is selling for 10 plutarks in several retail shops.
81	A glitch in the neural-network has made everyone comatose for 1d4 hours.

Roll 1d100	Result
82	A glitch in the neural-network has given everyone psionic powers for 1d4 hours.
83	A glitch in the neural-network has made half of the dome's citizenry vanish without a trace.
84	A glitch in the neural-net has doubled the number of citizens living inside the dome.
85	The unmistakable sounds of a starship can be heard as a black ship lands on top of the city's dome. A hole is swiftly cut by lasers as several scruffy looking pirates climb down rope-ladders to the surface. They demand half the dome's water supply, blasting anyone who gets in their way. The ice pirate captain has a long black beard, eye-patch, and is named Urick.
86	Shouting alerts everyone near the community center that something is happening. A woman is being dragged away from the smoothie shop by droids. Apparently, she questioned the system and technocrat authority by demanding to see the fruit before it went into the smoothie. Vuranda is labeled an insurrectionist – which means she doesn't get legal representation or even a trial – she'll be immediately put to death in a self-termination booth.
87	An orange hued gas filters out into the city's surface from underground vents, grates, and under doors. Droids with box-fans are deployed to disperse the orange gas while men with gasmasks block air openings with a saranwrap-like substance. Inhaling the gas for prolonged periods turns humanoids into rampaging savages.

Roll 1d100	Result
88	An off-worlder named Fotzhobel is casually biding his time in the Dome's retail sector until his next flight to Alpha Blue. He's a mineralogist assisting an independent zoth fracking operation on Cha'alt. His bonus just came in. Fotzhobel currently has 85,000 credits available on his access-crystal.
89	A deep-green alien humanoid with triple nostril-hose is asking everyone around if they have any nyborg. Xanel's ship is about a mile away. Auto-repair is working on it, but the job will take about 22 hours and Xanel is fresh out of his precious white powder.
90	Ta'arna Karano is probably the dome's strongest warrior. She also happens to be a woman who's tired of serving at the beck and call of the technocrats. Karano is forming a resistance along with other prominent faction leaders. All she needs is a dozen high-tech or magical weapons to get the job done.
91	There's a door marked "PRIVATE" that's ajar. Inside, it appears to be a non-descript conference room full of people: old lady, biker, gay guy, Japanese businessman, psycho-actualist, a "real" doctor, and newlywed couple trying out marriage counseling. If any of the PCs draw attention to themselves, the "real" doctor shouts, "Who let you in here?" Violence is probable.

Roll 1d100	Result
92	A bounty hunter wearing beska'ar armor struts around the residential sector of Dome City. Kwon Farr has a marker for a technocrat involved with a humanoid trafficking ring. The technocrat's criminal partners have already been apprehended. Kwon Farr is taking the technocrat, named Branz, dead or alive. Anyone in his way gets blasted.
93	A large section near the community center is being remodeled. The entire area is off-limits with opaque fabric covering it from view. Sneaking a look reveals a 20' x 40' glass containment unit with artificial desert wasteland environment inside. Three humanoids are already living in there with more to come, evidently, by the sign that reads "Seven Specimens of S'kbah". Eventually, this zoological exhibit filled with random humanoids from outside the dome will be open to the public. Are the PCs the next logical specimens?
94	A public trial is drawing a crowd. One citizen has determined there are only 37 genders, while another suggests twice that number exists. Lawyer-bots and a judicial-droid have been dispatched to make sure everyone is being heard and following safety-speech protocols. When the argumentation has concluded, the losing side will be put to death to avoid further controversy.
95	The metal titan in the city's central plaza is almost complete. As soon as the finishing touches are out of the way, it will be sent out into the wasteland to destroy anything coming near Dome City.



Roll 1d100	Result
96	Several runners have been cornered in a disused arcade. All available blade-runners have been summoned to retire them. One of the runners is shouting to anyone who'll listen, "The technocrats are using you - Dome City is a nightmare. You must escape!"
97	Breaking news alert of an ape uprising is announced on every vid-screen. The ape humanoids have machine guns and are marching on riding lizards towards Dome City. Years ago, technocrats betrayed the apes when a third force of Old One worshipping cultists was on the rise. The apes plan on taking their revenge in a few hours.
98	A young woman is being sassy and rude to a man talking among friends. The man calls the young woman a "dumbass." Nearby citizens overhear the outburst and require him to pay her 1,000 sensitivity chits for making her feel bad. Unfortunately, the man only has 750 and must therefore report to the nearest self-termination booth for "processing".
99	Hate-think has been down-voted to the point where blade-runners have been ordered to gun down anyone thinking hateful thoughts. Better bring your smile's A-game!

Roll 1d100	Result
100	A festival of colored lights, musical instruments, and floating crystals is electrifying the entire dome. A portal suddenly appears on the periphery of the festival. One man in his mid-30s decides to escape the dome by going through the portal, but he doesn't want to go alone. He grabs an attractive woman in her 20s and jumps through. Seconds later, he emerges horribly scarred, bloody, and deformed. His female companion has a crab claw instead of a hand, insectoid head, and scaly reptilian body. The portal leads to Cha'alt 20 years in the future. Also, a few years in that world takes only a few seconds in ours.

Imprisoned

If the PCs have managed to disrupt dome life, kill citizens, and/or damage property, they may be taken prisoner, rather than outright killed.

Aside from being a curiosity, one or more technocrats will have use for a band of expendable outsiders trained in the ways of adventuring. There are groups that need to be purged, ruins that need to be explored, and other cities that need to be spied upon.

As the celebration gets underway, the PCs will be brought out in anti-magic shock-collars to see the rejoicing. Removing a collar will explode that person's head. PCs will have to get creative, maybe a friendly NPC or droid could block the signal using some high-tech device?





The process of
transferring Makhija's
consciousness into
Goliath.

Celebration

The entire dome is celebrating because Goliath is almost finished. Every citizen of the dome is crowding the community center as the last piece is put into place.

Champaign smoothies, public nudity, and shouts of joy accompany the parade. The parade includes trained dancers manipulating artificial worms (both sand and the demonic variety) using poles positioned at regular intervals, simulating the movements of these enigmatic and godlike creatures [Chinese dragon dance].

A prominent technocrat named Makhija and her assistant are front and center, smiling and clapping as the worm dance winds through the crowd. Makhija's assistant is a sorcerer named Dorrow.

The antimatter miners are also in attendance, invited by technocrat Makhija who's acting as the mistress of ceremonies. When she gives the signal, miners are led next to the metal titan before dome citizens slit the miners' throats so the ritual bloodletting brings good fortune to Goliath, kind of like christening a boat.

Dorrow gesticulates as he speaks the arcane language of magic. He's in the process of transferring the consciousness of Makhija into Goliath. It takes several minutes, so the PCs may have a chance to break the spell if Dorrow is killed.

Goliath Lives

Once the 30' tall metal titan is operational, technocrat administrators send it outside the dome to seek and destroy anything that could threaten Dome City.

Goliath is controlled by linking up to the city's neural-net. An access code is needed: 56-Q-058-YRH-906. But if technocrat Makhija uploads her consciousness, then she's the one controlling the metal titan.

If Makhija takes control, she will send Goliath to do her bidding – laying waste to Kra'adumek and A'agrybah so Dome City reigns supreme on Cha'alt. Makhija as Goliath has gone power mad and will crush everything standing in her way.

If the PCs leave to get a bigger, stronger weapon to destroy the metal titan, Goliath will soon be at the city gates of either Kra'adumek or A'agrybah (GM's choice), ready to inflict carnage.

Goliath		HP 100
HD: 16	Attack Bonus: +10	AC 20
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d20	Save 4+

Special: The special anti-matter alloy has a 2 in 6 chance of bouncing magical effects back on the attacker. Additionally, auto-repair systems regenerate 5 HP per round.

Treasure: Scrap metal alone means Goliath's hide is worth thousands of gold pieces or credits. The anti-matter is useless since it's been treated and fused with the titan's infrastructure.



Appendix

Fetish Magic

At character creation, magic-users may choose to adopt a fetishistic component to aid their spellcasting. This is totally optional.

- ☠ The benefit is doubling the power of the spell when the component is used.
- ☠ The hindrance is a 2 in 6 chance of spell failure when the component is absent.
- ☠ Keep in mind that when a spell component is used, it vanishes.

Components

The following is a random table of fetishistic spell components. Choosing to become a sorcerer who uses components means you cannot pick your own; fate must decide.

While some description is presented, it's also meant to be somewhat vague. Create your own personal vision for how and why things work.

Roll 1d12	Result	Description
1	Fire	Any kind of flame or intense heat.
2	Water	Clear and tasteless liquids.
3	Gold	The most common is gold pieces (1d4 gp per spell level).
4	Flesh	Sexual energy (including sexual tension).
5	Blood	Fresh blood shed on the battlefield, ritual bloodletting, and even death.
6	Crystal	From the powerful crystals of Cha'alt to ordinary crystalline structures and even translucent gemstones.
7	Energy	The power needed by high-tech devices.
8	Emotion	Emotional states contain energy.
9	Slime	Any kind of Lovecraftian blood, fluids, mucus, ichor, slime, ooze, pudding, etc.
10	Metal	Metallic substances.
11	Bone	Actual bones of animals or humanoids.
12	Magic	Stealing magical energy to fuel your own magic.

Credits

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Coming soon... **Cha'alt: Chartreuse Shadows**

