



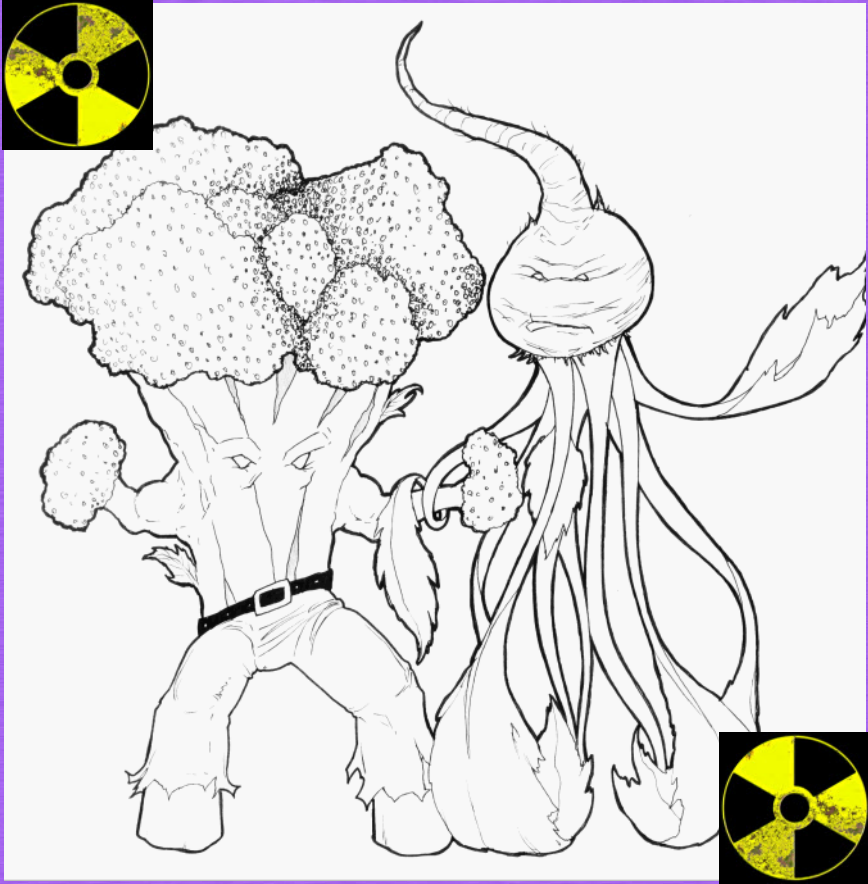
The Quest for Trollstar: Part 2

BY TOM K. LONEY



Glow World

Quest for Trollstar



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"Glow World"

Second scenario in *the Quest for Troll-Star* campaign for the *Tunnels and Trolls New Khazan* campaign setting.

By Tom K. Loney

Glow World is a world wasted by chemical, atomic, and even biological weapons so potent that even after millennia things are still pretty bad. The PC's will be lead to believe that this could actually be Old Khazan, but will find evidence by the end of the tale that it is not. Any new PC slots to the group will be natives of the planet.

Where the PC's start off at the beginning of this scenario is up to them and the GM. Perhaps they are in the day to day grind of their job as attachés to their respective parties in negotiations in New Khazan. Maybe they are on a small run for Balbus Pewter aboard their new spell-ship. Even the convenient location of still aboard the Shell.

Introduction

Characters will be contacted by Zag Hilag, who will be besides himself with excitement.

The reason that he is so excited is that he and 4 of 5, the living computer of the massive *Shell*, think that they have located Trollworld, or at least one of the original landing worlds of the ancient starfarers. A place where to find important clues, if not just some plunder and booty for the characters and Balbus Pewter's little salvaging company.

Once the PC's answer the call or arrive on Shell, they will find the massive disk with a face and the goblin scholar in a rather excited state. 4 of 5 will present an image projection of a smallish planet, larger than New Khazan but smaller than say the Earth, in orbit around a white dwarf star, which he calls "Pandora." It is from the planet where the giant face "hears Lerotra'hh's song." The goblin scholar Zag Hilag has been observing the signal's point of origin as well, able to find references to the Pandora star system in Shell's library. Here's what he has found:

o...The Pandora system has seven planet-sized objects orbiting it, four of them being gas giants in the outer circuits. There is a thin ice sphere, similar to our solar system's Oort cloud, surrounding the system.

o...The planet where the signal came from is the third in the system. It has two moons and a ring of metallic elements. Maybe debris.

o...The atmosphere of Pandora-3, though severely cloud-covered, is nitrogen and oxygen based. A green glow emits from the night-side of the planet, suggesting heavy kremm or rad-tek stuff.

No other information came up in the archives or was able to be discerned with the long-range viewing.

The PC's will be asked to track down the source of the transmission and to rule out if the planet is indeed Trollworld or not. Pewter Inc. of course will generously reward the finder of any salvage leads and mineral deposits that it can lay claims on.

Getting There

How exciting the trip getting from where the starfarers are to the Pandora system is pretty much up to the GM. If the scenario is part of a regular campaign session for a regular group, I suggest that some spell-ship pirates be thrown in. This will give the GM and players a chance to practice the Ship-to-Ship combat and come up with methods that will become norms, improving the efficiency of vessel conflicts later. On the other end of the spectrum, if the session is for a one-shot playing, like as in something that someone would run at a convention;, then the GM might just abbreviate the whole voyage to get the group there.

Here's some little ideas to help out with however the GM decides to run the scenario.

Short Trip:

Roll d6 Result

1-3	Uneventful
4	Ion Storm, an SR must be made by "chief engineer" on his DEX, LK, or INT to avoid a ships system from being disabled upon arrival at Glow World.
5-6	Bogeys on the sensors, spell-ships just outside of range will follow the vessel for a time.

Long Trip:

Roll d6 Result

1-3	Nothing
4	Space Pirates, d2 smaller spell-ships with quick stats worked out for a Ship-to-Ship combat session.
5	Bogeys
6	Ion Storm

Something In-Between:

Roll d6 Result

1-2	Bogey
3-4	Easily fooled Space Pirate, unless the PC's really mess up combat should be unnecessary.
5	Nothing
6	Ion Storm

If somehow the PC's lose to a Space Pirate's result, they will be taken to the planet Pharaoh, just outside of the Dark Nebula. This planet and nebula are detailed in the next adventure of this series. In short, this adventure is over for them.

Now that they are there...

The PC's spell-ship will come into orbit above a completely cloud-covered planet with two small moons and a silvery ring above its equator. On the night side of the planet, not only will massive lightning strikes be seen frequently, but a strong eerie green glow will emanate from the atmosphere. Any sort of vessel-based Eye-Corder readings, or other attempts at scanning the world will reveal heavy amounts of radiation and "loose kremm," indicating that, while the planet is not uninhabitable, it is not a very healthy place to live, or to stick around in for very long.

Both of the moons will be airless rocks. One will be of iron-ore and dust giving it a very red aspect in the blaze of sunshine from the system's star, Pandora's, sunshine. The other is mostly cobalt and dust giving it a blue radiance when in the light of the white dwarf's white. A 3rd Lvl SR on LK by a scanning PC will reveal a small encampment on the blue moon, which happens to be the closest to the looming planet. On examination, the area will show to be deserted with only equipment remaining: A long-dead kremm-operated moon buggy and the odds and ends of primitive mining equipment, but without any real excavation completed at all. A little flag with black, red and silver stripes and mean looking skull on it will be near the center. Where a Kegger-sized spell-vessel might've have taken off from will be seen, the craft's landing gear will still be there.

Getting a closer look at the ring, the PC's will discover that it is made of mostly of worthless debris, not anything that one would find naturally in space. Most of the junk is of less mass than a human's hand, though bits of metal and glass greatly reflect greatly any light that hits it. Given the intensity of the white dwarf at the center of this system, this makes this rather smallish planetary ring very noticeable. Any samples collected will produce pieces of non-functioning spell-gizmos which are radiating both

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radiation and loose kremm, and. PC's examining them will require either protective clothing, spells, shielding, or any mixture of them, for any in the same room not to suffer d3 CON damage after one turn.

Because of the atmospheric interference, the signal from the planet cannot be narrowed down beyond a certain area about the size of the Free Port of New Dublin. Or America's Midwest to put it into a reference that someone from Earth would understand. No matter what else the adventurers come up with, the only way to find of the transmission is to descend to the planet and physically search from wherever the party lands using Eye-Corders or spells.

Watch the First Step

Getting to the surface of the planet is a bit of a task. Most likely the spell-ship that is the main vessel for the group of starfarers is a little too big to land on the planet. Hopefully the crew has a Skiff or Junk model craft or two on board to use for that. Or a Wizard or a gadget aboard the ship that might know the *Blow Me To* spell. Even then this is no easy step.

The cloud-covered skies are roiling with heavy amounts of energies that demons in the infernal realms would consider a little too harsh and lethal to throw about. This negative feeling about the place expresses itself into game terms meaning that it should be a bit of a struggle getting from the PC's spell-ship to the surface of the planet.

If flying on a vessel:

The landing will take d3 rounds to complete. The PC with the highest LK score must make a 3rd lvl SR on LK to avoid lightning striking the landing craft every turn. When stricken it requires a 2nd lvl SR on DX for the pilot of the craft to not lose control and require a 4th lvl SR on SPD so that the ship doesn't take 3d points of damage to the Hull and other Guts (systems) upon landing. Any damage occurring to the landing craft will have to be repaired before it can get back into orbit again.

If doing a *Blow Me To* spell:

This will only take an instant but all the teleporting PC's must make a 3rd lvl SR on LK to avoid taking d3 WIZ points worth of metaphysical damage. Just before anyone takes this damage they will see a the vague outline of a skull shooting towards them. This vision will fade within a blink of an eye, but the GM should make the most of it. Drawing aside the stricken PC's to describe the event will accentuate the sense of foreboding that the players will feel at seeing it. Of course, besides the WIZ loss there will be no more misty skulls, this is just a red herring to mess with the adventurers. The WIZ points will recuperate normally.

Where the starfarers end up is not a simple A-to-B sort of matter. Because of how messed up this planet is, where the party lands is randomized. All the areas will be along the coasts of what is commonly called the Gulf of Texaco, a mixture of warm salt water emulsified with crude oil. From the landing point to the source of the signal will require at least six plus d6 turns of traveling, and move from one area on the chart below to another area (see Map insert). Note that the GM can alter this the more activity that there is during the course of play, as this adventure is supposed to be a single sitting not a campaign. Then again the GM can turn this into a full campaign if she, or he, wishes.

<u>Roll d6</u>	<u>Result</u>
1-2	Tin-Can Wasteland
3	The Bot Empire
4	Junk City.
5-6	The Blue Jungle.

The description of the landing site will vary depending on where the group lands, the GM should see the area's specific description. But no matter where they land there will be one constant. That constant is the chance of contamination.

No One Baked a Cake.

Finding the source of the transmission is no easy task. Because of atmospheric interference, waves of radiation and free kremm, the only way the starfaring party will be able to get a fix on its location will be to triangulate using OTIS spells or Eye-Corder readings some twenty miles apart from each other. The signal will still be 70 to 120 miles away.

This planet is a not welcoming place to say the least, just being here for even a short length of time can change a character forever. On this planet, they have a saying, "what doesn't kill you, makes you stranger."

The Gunk (contamination)- A mixture of radiation, unbridled magicks, and various other toxic substances that, when absorbed or ingested into a character's body, it might not be fatal, but will more after cause severe mutations after increased exposure. There are protections to reduce exposure, and increasing the potential mutations, but in this world's harsh environment ensure that none are more than temporary. Every day that the character is on Glow World, a he or she will have to roll to avoid adverse effects while being there.

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A roll of "7" or above indicates that an adverse effect has occurred. While a Void Suit and Blast Armor will repel for this effect for sometime, but it will lose one point of damage absorption every day that the material is exposed. For most everything else the chart below will help matters out.

<u>Modifier</u>	<u>Effect</u>
Breathing the air.	(+1) Plus "1" added to dice roll. Unless the PC is enclosed in a self contained suit or at least in a respirator, the contaminated spores and bits of dust in the air will contribute to malicious mechanisms of this planet.
Standing in any area where it is glowing.	For every ten minutes that the PC does so, (+3) Plus "3" added to any dice roll.
Eating or drinking substances native to Glow world.	(+6) Plus "6" added to the roll upon ingestion.

The Junk (mutation)- Every three days while the characters are on Glow World the GM will require a roll of 2d, DARO, and add it to any modifiers as determined above, to see if they develop any mutations. The result of "20" total points will mean that a mutation has occurred.

Roll d6 Type of Mutation

1	Statistic
2	Appearance
3	Genetics
4	Psychic Ability
5	d3 Mutations, Player's choice.
6	d6 Mutations, GM's choice.

Roll 2d Statistic Change

3	Strength
4	Constitution
5	Dexterity
6	Speed
7	Intelligence
8	Luck
9	Wiz
10	Charisma
11	STR, LK, DEX, and SPD
12+	d6 Attributes, GM's choice.

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After determining which Attributes are altered, the player will roll a d6, to determine if the statistic will move up or down. A result of a "1" means that the attribute will lose d2 points, but anything else means that the PC will gain d3 points per changed attribute, each to be rolled separately.

Roll d6 Appearance Change

- 1-4 Discoloration- 1-3 Darker color; 4-5 Outrageous color; 6 Chameleon
- 5-6 Animal-aspect

Roll 2d Genetic

- 3 Cat-Eyes, natural ability like the spell in the T&T rules book.
- 4 Toad Tongue, 10 feet range to catch and hold ½ weight unit sized object.
- 5 Furry, counteracts cold climatic conditions
- 6 Feathery Skin, able to cool oneself more efficiently.
- 7 Scales, 3 point natural armor
- 8 Fish Gills, amphibious capabilities.
- 9 Bear Claws, hands and feet are 2d weapons.
- 10 Dog Nose, can use sense of smell as a *Know Your Foe*, level determined by GM.
- 11 Horns
Odd- One horn (head 2d weapon)
Even- Two horns (head 4d weapon)
- 12 Pig Ears, can use sense of hearing as a *Who's There*, level determined by GM.
- 13 Frog Legs, can jump three times own height.
- 14 Insect Eyes, can see in infra-red and ultra-violet ranges
- 15 Antennae, can cast a *Find Person/Object* as well as a *Know Your Foe*, level determined by GM.
- 16 + d3 traits

Roll d6 Psychic Ability

- 1 One spell determined by GM
- 2-3 All first level spells
- 4 d3 first level spells
- 5 d3 second level spells
- 6 d6 second level spells

Tin-Can Wasteland

Looking away from the ugly shore of the Gulf of Texaco, the starfarers will see a rolling landscape devoid of almost all vegetation. But vast fields of dust covering metallic tidbits and trinkets create miles and miles of des-

ert of debris. And here and there larger clunks of mechanisms gives clues to the. Once in a while a plastic bottle or a stone brick breaks the norm. Searching in larger clusters of junk, they can find the following after a 2nd level SR on LK or INT.

Roll 2d Artifact

- 3 Photograph-
This strange relic will show a strange breed of kindred, which resembles a human, but has the square ears of a hobb, and a fang of possibly an ork. This "newman," can be confirmed by Shell or Zag Hilag as what the creatures of long, lost Trollworld evolved into. That is at least according to later transmissions to 4 of 5 many eons after arriving in the 9 Thousand Worlds.
- 4 A glass vial of a thick cherry-red fluid with thousands of near-microscopically little gear-looking things floating up and down within it. This is "Nan-Oh-No Compound" a main ingredient to a spell-compound for an organic being to incorporate machinery onto itself. Yes, yes, its cyborg juice.
- 5 A big mean rat, **MR 40**, and it's not very happy with being disturbed.
- 6 A parking meter-
with 3dx100 Silver Pieces in it. It is locked and the PC's must figure out how to unlock it.
- 7 A Porta-Vision panel-
activating it with 1 WIZ point, 3rd lvl SR on LK not to, will activate a full-fledged battle scene between fully armed knights in armor and clowns with fly swatters and cream pies. The clowns are actually holding their own. Hopefully, the PC's won't realize that it's a hologram for a few rounds.
- 8-11 d6 big mean cockroaches, **MR (d3 x 10)** and 5 points armor each.
- 12 A map of the area of Glow that they currently are on (see insert). The mostly illegible writing on can be identified as *Earish*, a trade language used by elves and fairies on Trollworld. Once again Zag Hilag or Shell can help the starfarers determine this.
- 13 Plus Roll twice.

Tin-Can Wasteland is the territory of a gang of cyborgs, commonly referred to as "the Borg-Bro's." This gang looks to be a rag-tag group of self-mutilated rejects with various appliances crudely attached to their bodies, but actually are about the most militaristic and disciplined faction of survivors on the planet. Using barely functioning spell-gadgets and the

debris around them, this nation of scavenger armies maintain a brutal empire.

Initiation in "the Brotherhood" is not voluntary and often it is lethal. The usual tactic is to raid a group of hapless passers that are in the territory, and keeping a handful of them alive. These survivors must then fight one another to the death, until there is only one. And then this person is enslaved to the cyborg pack which caught him. To move up the ranks, one must be as brutal as those around him, volunteer for cyborg-attachments (always costing limb or piece of the body), and ultimately killing or being killed by the immediate boss.

Every turn that the starfaring party is in the area, the GM will choose a party member to roll a d6. An even result will mean that they will encounter a band of the cyborg. D3 plus 3 to determine how many there are, and each will be MR (d6 x 10), their weapons will be incorporated into their MR because they are melded onto their left or right hands. Each will have d3 armor encased into his or her flesh as well. Some will be wearing gas masks or football helmets for looks.

When the scouting party encounters the PC's, one of the cyborg will radio back to the main group controlling the area what they have found before anything else. The Borg Bros will then get down to business, and that is attacking the newcomers.

Upon finding out that the starfarers are a little too much for the scouts to handle, after the death of d2 of their own without inflicting any serious casualties themselves, the leader, the guy, or gal, with the most MR will call for a truce. He'll basically be stalling for time until the main body of cyborg can arrive (in 2d rounds). Whether the fighting stops or not, the group will not retreat until there is only one of them remaining and he is severely injured at that.

If the starfarers lose, then the "initiation process" as described above will begin when the main force arrives, unless the survivors are able to somehow get away. The GM should remember that the PC's landing craft is broken down so a quick retreat to space isn't in the cards.

When the rest of the Bros show up there will be the sound of loud non-muffled automobiles, motorcycles, go carts and even riding lawnmowers— oil-burning vehicles are a status symbol among the Brotherhood. Near the front, but with enough lackeys in front of him as to not be an easy target, is a weight-lifter on steroids with two small cannons attached to his shoulders and two robotic hands wearing a hockey goalie's mask. He is being driven in a large monster truck where he sits in the flat-bed like a king. Around him are three of bodyguard cyborg and about a dozen more driving around him in smaller vehicles. This is Gunner Head, the warlord of this army. Off to the left is a fourteen-foot tall dog-faced humanoid in a smaller monster truck, and a similar entourage, if just slightly less numerous. This is the second-in-command Over-Dog. All around, sur-

rounding the area will be numerous cyborgs loosely arranged by squads consisting of ten to twelve individuals. There are probably about one hundred and twenty, members of the main body, give or take a score or two, members of the main body.

Gunner Head, really ugly Warrior.

MR 120, armor 4.

2 *Blasting Power* (3rd level) Cannons, with d3 rounds each.

Over-Dog, psychic mutant Rogue.

MR110, armor 2. WIZ 21.

Spell-Abilities:

Call Flame, Hold-That-Pose, Lock-Tight

Generic Cyborg Lackey

MR (d3 plus 3 x 10), (d2 plus d3) worth of armor.

Special Abilities:

The GM may decide that a cybernetic part of the lackey has a spell-like ability.

The intended scene here is a negotiation between the starfarers and the Bros. Of course the army of cyborgs are less interested in the "why" the PC's are in their territory than "what" is in it for them. If one of the two big bosses takes offense at the way things go during the discourse, the other can be played up to; they are more rivals than cohorts after all. If the PC's think of nothing else, a 1st lvl SR on INT by a party member will think of a way to convert the wasted oil of the Gulf of Texaco using some of the ultra-sophisticated spell-gadgets of their space-vessel into a pre-arranged amount of petroleum for the various vehicles of the Borg Bro army around them. The big boss that agrees to that this idea will leave him with a larger share of the motley horde than he had before.

The Bot Empire

A long landscape of weeds and shrubs cover over mounds of technology with an occasional outgrowing of very high-grade spell-gadgetry protruding upward. Little living statues of varying functions, what the players, being from Earth, would recognize, as various household appliances, will be hovering around these outcrops. If the starfarers start to tinker with these outcrops, they will find that each machine works very well. The GM should feel free to play up any scene.

If the characters start to dissemble any of the outcropping machines, the little robots will start to move in-between them and the item. For ev-

ery machine that the starfarers take apart the living statues around them will become more and more frenzied. The party should have no difficulty in moving forwards.

As the PC's move farther along, more and more of these little spell-driven robots will start following them. After a few hours, coming up over a ridge will be two very dangerous looking "bots" carrying what appears to be an old man with a gold-fish bowl attached to his head. When the Fish-Bowl Head gets close enough, just out of range of any bow shot, he will produce a horn and speak into it.

A 2nd lvl SR on any translating spell-gadget, or on the INT of anyone who has started to learn Trollworld Common, what he says will be easily translated.

"I am the voice of the Despotic Teapot," He will be saying. " It is the supreme ruler of these lands that you are in.

It is this vast and powerful machine empire where the mechanisms of the Ancients are not hunted down and scavenged by the lowly and the degenerate. It is here where we serve until the Masters return. "

Depending on how many machines that the players decided to scavenge, the Despotic Tea-Pot will be that much more friendly or hostile towards. The PC with the highest Charisma must make a 1st lvl SR on CHR for this NPC to be over-joyed at seeing them (-10 points from the roll's result for each machine that the party might've have taken apart for loot.) to win over "the Voice."

If the Teapot is friendly, the living statues, which call themselves "Bots" will offer to fix the starfarers' landing vessel, while they continue on their quest.

If the Teapot is hostile, he will demand that the party be escorted to the borders of its territories, either at the Tin Can Wasteland, the Blue Jungle or Junk City where their landing vessel is anyway. Any further incursions into the Bot Empire will be viewed as trespassing and dealt with accordingly.

If the adventurers engage in combat with the Bots, it will become an increasingly hard ordeal. At first there will only be the two Battle-Bots that are carrying the Voice. But every turn after the combat begins, there will be d6 plus (d3 x d2) more Battle-Bots to replace them. The group are essentially fighting a massive collective intelligence that has just short of a million warriors in it.

During combat, if the party kills "the Voice," the Teapot will be all about killing them. If he isn't, then the assembled robots will only be trying to subdue the starfarers.

Battle-Bot, gets a free projectile attack before regular melee.

MR (80 plus [d6 x 10]), armor 14. WIZ 13.

Projectile Weapons: 94 Crossbow bolts, d6 per turn.

Special Abilities: (roll d3)

1- a *Hold The Pose* spell

2- Nothing

3- an *Oh There It Is* spell.

This territory is about the friendliest that the starfarers are going to find in this scenario.

Junk City

Moving along a path that is full of chunks of flat gravel held together with tar of various sizes, also called asphalt chunks, the starfarers will move towards and see what cities look like when then they should die. The buildings still stand, at least half as tall as they once were, with iron girders and broken glass, like dead fingers picked by crows still lifting upwards, like grasping. A blue haze will permeate the air over the sprawl of the city that has once been like the funk arising from a cadaver. Still signs of life can be seen.

Small neighborhoods have been converted into something akin to villages. Grown over areas are turned into farmland and even pastures, even though the metal shells of automobiles and other items that we on Earth would recognize still are still present. As it becomes evening, fires will be lit and strings of electrical lighting will run along the center of these communities.

As the group moves into the ruined city, the residents will come forward. These beings will look strange to the starfarers, not so much because of their exotic, but more because of their similarity to themselves. Some will resemble humans, but have elf ears. Others will have the stature of a dwarf, but the feet of a Hobb, and once again the elf ears. Still others will have the lipless mouth of an urook but the red hair of a leprechaun. Despite these variations there is a certain homogeneity, these is the Newmen race. Their clothing is a strange mixture of the relics of another time, like plastic fireman helmets or eye-glasses without lenses, and rough newer, though more primitive clothing. Here and there are individuals wearing all black leather ,wearing gas masks or steel helmets, and heavily armed with rustic non-krestle powered weapons. By, by the uniformity of the outfits, the PC's should recognize them as a militia of some sort.

Off in the back of things, peeking from alleys or doorways, stopping their activities from menial tasks are humanoids with animal features. These folk are the Nearlies, dressed in burlap and often wearing collars.

Of course, these people are rather distrustful of strangers, though their crossbows and spears, the most common weapons among the townsfolk, will most likely be outclassed by the adventurers own armaments. As long as the starfarers do not come into town with their guns blazing or acting overtly threatening, the natives will not be overly hostile.

Finally a group of the black-clad militia members will move to meet the PC's. Once again, anyone who has started to learn the trade language of Trollworld will be able to understand and speak back. Any translating spell-gadget will work as well. The spokes person, will identify himself as "Colonel Ragged of the 941st Corps of the Over-Watch and Self-Defense Force of the New Utopia Federation."

He will want to know why the adventurers are moving through Junk City's, err the Federation's territories. He will also want to know from where did the travelers come from. While making these inquiries, he will let it be known that "the Hot Mountains Alliance" is not welcome in these parts. How the scene goes is up to the players and GM, but it should become clear that the Colonel is a pretty shifty sort and will not be of any real help.

He will want to trade junk for the PC's spell-gadgets and weapons for "the sake of establishing a working relationship." He will not offer any information on the territory nor the other parts of the world where the players are. Nor will he explain what the "Hot Mountain Alliance" is. And he will keep referring to the starfaring group as "primitives," though they are the opposite of that in comparison to him and his home.

A token gesture, something granted or traded to the militia, will grant the group passage through the city and out through the blighted countryside around it. Banners and signs will be at every corner proclaiming the greatness of the New Utopia Federation, sometimes even with pictures of stern looking militia members giving a closed-fist Romanesque salute and holding a hammer in the other hand. While making their way through the area, the PC's will see that the Newmen of the city keep the Nearlies as slaves. At the center of Junk City there will be a collection of marble statues in a well-maintained plaza, and in the center of this collection will be a large polished missile with triple-nuclear markings on it. There will be a sign stating, "Keeping Us Safe Since '43!" and in finer print there will read "In case of invasion, it is your civic duty to set off our deterrent. Hammer not included."

If the Blue Jungle is coming up next in the adventure, just as the starfarers are about to leave the territory, the GM should have the group come across a Newman beating a Nearly for spilling a bucket of water. If the group intervenes on the behalf of the man-like animal, the Newman will leave in a huff to go alert the militia to arrest the group for "infringing on their Newman Rights." The Nearly will have his rescuers follow him away from Junk City towards the fringes of the Blue Jungle. His name is Bob , the Dog, Son of Good-Boy, the Labrador.

While on the way, if anyone asks the animal-like humanoid if he was worried about running away, he will answer, "I was getting tired of being around the mugs anyway. We only come to work for those jerks to spy on them anyway."

From the foliage of the jungle areas the PC's will see a group of the Newman in battle gear pull up and hang around for a few minutes before turning around and heading back into their city that is falling apart.

The Blue Jungle

If the starfarers are coming to the Blue Jungle from Junk City, they will taken directly to a Nearly stronghold known as the Big Apple by their guide Bob, the Dog. Parties accompanied by the Nearly from Junk City will be guided to a trail in a gully, where it will become evident that a shadowy, just unseen silhouette is actually guiding. The GM can indulge his players with a descriptive narrative of the forests that their characters are passing through.

GM's Descriptive Source:

If the PC's are arriving here from another section, they will see a very lush and thick forest around them. The large leaves on the trees and vines have just a slight blue tint to their greenness. With a check on an appropriate piece of equipment, they will detect that there is quite a bit of the Gunk in the plants' make-up. Any player-character ingesting anything besides air during this part of scenario will most likely mutate into a Nearly creature. It requires a 7th lvl SR on CN to avoid.

Unaccompanied starfarers will notice that as they view the foliage before them, every now and then, a humanoid-shaped shadow will slip away from being fully seen. Anybody pursuing these fleeting sights must make a 4th lvl SR on SP to avoid just tumbling through vines, branches and leaves. If that pursuer is able to keep up of with the fleeing shadow, they will follow it into a little run that waterfalls into the vale the characters are standing in— the pursued is cornered!

Before them is a cat-like female, black-furred with a white throat, torso, belly, and hands. A regular pussy cat in boots, because she is indeed wearing a sword and musket-carrying belt, and hip-high boots. Realizing that she cannot run any further, the cat-like thing will first reach for her sword, think about it, then her pistol, then decide that she should talk things out.

"I am Octavia!" She will declare, full-blooded and heartily. "What are you all doing in the Blue Jungle? I am one of many, you will be killed for being here! Especially if you think to harm me! "

And indeed there is about 4d6 Nearlies hanging about in the woods, waiting for some sort of conflict to break out. Upon the start of such a me-

lee, these creatures will leap forward and fight all-but-to-the-Death in defending their Octavia.

Panther Octavia Girl (4th lvl Warrior)

MR100 (plus 50)

DX 40, SP 49

Weapons: Carrying two muskets (single-shot pistols)

Armor: 7 points special leather armor.

Special Ability: *Always Looking Good* (SP +6), *Judo-Flip* (SP+14).

Nearlies (generic animal-like humanoids)

MR 40-110

Special: Each Nearly looks like some animal from which they are derived. Any special abilities are the GM's discretion.

Now if the starfarers are not looking for a fight, but instead make their peaceful intentions clear, Octavia and the other Nearlies, will show the way through the Blue Jungle into the Big Apple.

The Big Apple:

Around this island, mostly on stilts, robotic weapon arrays are placed along the perimeter of the island. Hopefully our starfaring protagonists are with an escort as they approach this area because things will get trying. There are 40 such weapon posts along the island and they are mobile, meaning that taking out just one does not clear a path into the settlement. The group must face at least 2d3 of them after initial combat has begun.

Defensive Apparatus (6th lvl assorted bits and pieces)

MR 170 (plus 85)

Weapons: Both spell gadget and projectile.

Armor: 14.

Special Ability: When warm blooded creatures get within 10 meters 2d6 AutoClogs pop out to engage in Hand-to-Hand combat.

Notes: For every point of damage take, an Armor point is removed from the next combat round.

AutoClogs (Little Bits scrapping for a fight)

MR 40 (plus20)

Armor: 14

An island off of the coast of an ocean, where parts of the land have been reconstructed into fertile growing fields. There are vast fields of crops as well as apple orchards,. Located around the growing lands are

villages, built around the rubble of what was once quite an urban settlement. In these places the Nearlies that make up most of the population show how they are not lacking in technology, nor lack of hip coffee making stores. The area's windmills and photon-collector panels are abundant, and only add to the aged, but clean red-brick and marble building facades of an age gone by. The PCs sense the feeling of pride and accomplishment.

Actually, once the PCs are here, the city leaders will help the starfarers to their destination. This means that even if this segment is the first scene, the city-founders here will direct them to the "Heart of Things" section. If the GM wants to extend the adventure from there, he (or she) can make the trip to back to the characters' spell-ship adventure.

At the Heart of Things

Not far from the island where the Big Apple is, is another island just at the edge of the horizon. It is obviously bigger. In the night sky red, green and blue flashes will be seen at regular intervals. The group's Eye-Corders will indicate that this is where the signal is coming from. There is now a lot of choppy post-apocalyptic water between the Big Apple and that island. The journey there shouldn't be too hard if they have a Fly-Me raft, but to sail there should be an adventure.

Sailing to the Far Island:

Roll 2d Encounter

3 Smooth Sailing

4-5 **Jabberjaws Helium Shark MR 300, 20 Point Armor**

Looks like a great white shark but has six eyes. Besides being able to hover for 2d minutes each hour, it can bite through armor. The bites will leave permanent damage on that armor. Besides reduced effectiveness, this also raises the chances of contamination of the stricken.

6-7 6d Dazzle **Jelly Floaters MR 10**

These toxic jelly creatures float above the waves, casting dazzle and stinging unarmored seafarers.

8-9 An Old Tanker from Tin Can Wasteland. Roll for artifact from that section

10 Smooth Sailing

11 **Giant Starfish MR 190, Armor 14**

Will attack boat or raft that the starfarers are on. 1 hull point per turn until hurt enough to flee.

12 Smooth Sailing

13+ Roll twice and ignore "Smooth Sailing"

Once closer to the island, the observer will notice that it is essentially a circular range of hills with jagged and uneven peaks. A 1st level SR on INT will remind the player-character that it resembles a crater. A soft sandy beach will be visible on approach. Moving away from the beach towards the hill, the vegetation will be gnarled and of irregular proportions. Every now and then, a large plant will get up and start moving. The flora will ignore them unless harmed by fire or heat.

Veggie Monster MR 10x2d, 6 Point Armor

At the top of the rise of any of these hills, the starfarers will discover the source of their sought-out signal. A crashed colony ship, similar to Shell, but having been crashed for millennia at least. Parts of the terrain have eroded over most of it, and gigantic trees have grown up around it, their organic material mutated by exposure to the ship's Kremm-power generators. At this point, a ray shoots through the foliage (2nd level SR on LK or SPD, player's choice, to duck down and avoid it).

Anybody being hit by the ray will have their armor absorb 7d worth of damage and then lose the rest in CON. The armor will have to be discarded immediately, and any HITS taken will only heal with a Healing Feeling spell. Anybody without their armor will face full exposure risks to the contamination of the planet.

These rays will shoot through the trees in an irregular cycle, every four minutes plus 2d seconds. When whatever is emitting the beam is pointed in the group's direction their Eye-Corders will not work. A couple seconds after it has passed, they will be functional again. With a 3rd level SR on INT or LK the starfarers will be able to triangulate the position of the signal transmitter.

The transmitter will be on the face of a cliff, some hundred meters down from the crest line in direct line of sight with the crashed colony ship's engines. When the ray sweeps the area, there is no ducking behind boulders or foliage. What the characters do now is rather up to them. Both groups that played this adventure had differing ways of handling the situation.

One group had their ship brave the atmosphere and, with some very difficult piloting, they grappled the device and pulled it aboard. The ship did end up crashed, but everyone survived. Through the use of spell-tech-no babble they brought down the spell-gadget's open Kremm-exposure gunkiness to where they could approach it without protective suits to translate the device. There was a follow-up session which we called "Escape from Glow World," where we handled the repairs to their vessel and the subsequent launch back into space.

The second group had someone rappel down to the device and attach an Ear-Shell to it. The plan was for the delver to get down, attach the spell gadget and then climb back up in a hurry. And this is almost how it

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happened, but the dwarf sent over the top wasn't as agile as he should have been and he was fried within a CON point of his life. The transmission was translated into Galactic. The trip back to the party's craft was all about me having fun with mutations on the dwarf after the group found a device that could cast a Healing Feeling spell.

In any case, here is the transmission:

"...First Landing ... D(ate) (L)og... ..179:... the vessel has crossed even farther than those that have landed and established settlements on Ambio, Caltreb, and Syssus... Even the grandchildren of (the) gre(a)t ex(pl)orers from Khazan who went forth in the n(ame) of Lerotra'hh had not made it t(his f)ar."

Zag Hilag will be able to find coordinates to the Syssus Sector of space. And this will take the starfarers to this area next scenario.

That's A Warp, er Wrap.

PCs surviving this adventure are awarded 2,700 Adventure Points and must deal with any mutations that have incurred along the way. Welcome to MUTANTS IN SPAAAACE!!!!

