



LAIR OF THE GOLDEN DEATH



HILTON - SHEPARD - POTTER



THE LAIR OF THE GOLDEN DEATH

Welcome to the second part of *Exile Game Studio's* 2007 Gen Con demonstration. In this scenario the action and adventure take up mere seconds after the last reel of *Embrace of the Zombie*. The PCs now find themselves transported through the gateway created in the Haitian fortress, Citadelle Laferrière. Take a moment and greet everyone, introduce yourself, introduce the game, explain the game mechanics, give the players a chance to read over their characters, and then have everyone introduce themselves in character. Take another moment to describe the previous adventure, and how the PCs arrived in their present situation.

REEL ONE: UNFRIENDLY GREETING

With a hazy-headed throbbing sensation, caused by the collapsing gateway, the PCs slowly awaken. They find themselves in the ruins of the once beautiful city of Shinar: crumbled columns, rounded houses both short and tall, statues of persons unknown, and partially collapsed towers pointing upwards as if they were fingers grasping at the noonday sun, encircle the large empty area in which the PCs find themselves. They are in an open square near a massive archway which appears to be the focal point of the area. The entirety of the city grounds are covered in stone that has been neatly fitted together like a giant puzzle, reminiscent of the burial chamber from *Embrace of the Zombie*. What the PCs can see of the city's architecture is an impressive mix of Mayan, Aztec, and Egyptian motifs sprinkled with a liberal dash of other cultures to complete a beautiful cityscape that only a mad genius could conceive – or an Atlantean. The city's towers and houses have several pictographs of lizardmen worshipping the sun. This is the same style of pictograph that was seen in the first adventure. The ground that they find themselves strewn upon has been torn up; massive chunks of stone have been sundered and clawed away from their original positions, and loose earth is clearly seen in the rough circle approximately 9 ft in diameter. The PCs have landed in the middle of the T-Rex's nest.

Around the perimeter of the nest are several large eggs poking out of the ground. If the eggs were to be uncovered they would be the size of large loaves of French bread. Surrounding the PCs are four Nazis with MP38s trained on them, while a fifth, the femme fatale Natassja Helm, gently caresses the face of Dirk Savage. As Dirk awakens, Natassja explains that she is a big fan of Mr. Savage and that she truly enjoyed his performance in John Kahane's *The Secret of Lake Qechacua*. Then she violently slaps him. She explains that her personal feelings have nothing to do with this situation, and that the

trespassers have stumbled upon a secret that the Third Reich will not allow to be compromised. She lets it slip that the main source of Nazi funds will not be compromised by the likes of some "verdammt" film crew. The PCs are informed that they will now become slaves in the refinery nearby, and aid in securing the future of the Nazi party.

Describing for the SENSES:

Sight: The bright noonday sun shines down, the strange mixture of architecture from several different cultures clashes and yet melds into something new and beautiful, the cracked and broken stone strewn about the area destroys the serene peace that the city has upon those that view it.

Smell: The smell of upturned earth, the musky spoor of a T-Rex and its eggs, and a vague smell of smoke and oil filter through the air.

Feel: Loose earth is felt between their fingers, their skin is tingly from the their journey through the portal, and the broken rock that once made up the square, as well as the roads of the city, may be jammed into peoples ribs.

Sound: Strange squawks from high in the air, and the tread of Nazi boots fills the air.

Taste: Earthy with a hint of clean fresh air.

Mentally: The PCs find themselves in an unknown land, surrounded by unusual buildings, and a T-Rex just tried to eat them. They are uncomfortable.

WINGS OF DEATH

As soon as she finishes her tirade the noonday sun is blotted out from above. Three pterosaurs (p. 216 *Hollow Earth Expedition*), flying dinosaurs with wing spans that reach up to 30 ft in breadth, and whose needle-like teeth jut in and out of their long beaked maws, sweep down and attempt to take the T-Rex eggs. The menacing monstrosities' wings drive up clouds of dirt as the Nazis fall back and open fire. The PCs are left on their own as the Nazis start running away, leaving them unharmed, but in the clutches of the pterosaurs.

One of the pterosaurs takes a Nazi's head clean off before he gets more than five feet away from the nest. The soldier's MP38, Luger, boot knife, and uniform are left behind. The PCs are now abandoned in the Hollow Earth but will have to fend off one enraged bird-like dinosaur while the other two pursue the Germans.

It's time to call for the first INITIATIVE of the game. Make sure to explain how the Initiative system works to all the players.

This is a perfect opportunity to introduce the dice rolling method used in the UBIQUITY SYSTEM. Explain how the dice work and how the color of the dice determines how many dice the roll represents. Take your time and make sure every player understands how the system works.

GUIDE TIP:

It's your job as the GUIDE to sell the fight, the pain, the struggle, the triumph. Every movement is life and death. You have to paint this entire picture in the players' minds, and you can't use black and white paint. When a pterosaur's jagged fangs sink into a character's flesh you have to describe the pain, the ripping of flesh, and the utter horror of the situation. The character feels the pain, possibly a moment of light headedness, the smashing of the 15 ft-long wings pelting him , and the stinging as dirt enters the his eyes from all the debris being put into the air by the massive wings beating. Missed "hits" should never be described as "the dino missed." There's nothing fun or interesting about that. Use your voice, your eyes, and your body language to convey the ups and downs of the battle. Use your hands to lunge towards the character (it's not live action, but you can get into it a little), and describe how the PC rolled out of the way of the gnashing maw of the giant winged monstrosity that should not exist, how they stumbled backwards out of its reach and tripped over the dead Nazi, how they quickly snatched the dead Nazi body up and interposed it between himself and his attacker. The same goes for "you/they hit." Sell this action. If a character damages a pterosaur describe how their weapon flashes in the noonday sun as it skewers the beast's wings, how bullets erupt from their weapons and impale the flying behemoth, each bullet might rip through a wing, blow off a section of its beak, blow out some teeth, and killing blows should be over the top in terms of dramatic description: The bullet smashes into its skull, and erupts outward in a shower of gore that covers another PC (a gore covered PC is always worth throwing in, and a gore covered Lillian is just funny) . In the end you are the voice of the adventure. Make sure you are a fun and exciting voice.

Give the players a few moments to check on each other. If they don't heal up right away, suggest that those with the Medicine Skill (Lillian and Templeton) might want to practice their trade on wounded comrades. This is an

excellent opportunity to explain the basics of how healing and first aid work in the Ubiquity System.



A blue die equals three dice



A red die equals two dice



A white die equals one die

REEL TWO: EYES OF THE UNKNOWN

The PCs find themselves alone in the crumbled city that appears to be uninhabited. Vegetation has begun to overtake the city, and some portions of the city appear to be small jungles with glimpses of a once great city buried underneath. The further the PCs travel from their arrival point, the more obvious it is, no rolls necessary, that the city is being swallowed by a lush jungle slowly retaking its native soil. The structures – odd houses, large buildings, smaller buildings, and towers that all share an interfused archeology based on several different cultures of the Surface World – all seem to be abandoned; there are no signs of life, other than animal tracks (dinosaur) and spoor. The PCs see a stranglevine slowly pulling itself along the carved puzzle-like stone that makes up the grounds of the city. The strange plant has two tendrils wrapped around a tower twenty feet in front of it, and it's pulling itself towards the tower.

ACADEMICS or SCIENCE ROLL (BOTANY): DIFF (2)

Successful PCs will realize that this is like no plant seen on the Surface World. The ability to move itself around makes it a most unique specimen and one that would be highly prized if it could be brought back. A +1 Degree of Success will allow the PC to understand that this ability allows the plant a higher chance of survival, and that this higher chance of survival might allow the plant to mutate further.

If the PCs decide to investigate the stranglevine they will find that it is not aggressive. This is because it's not

currently rooted down and can't support itself in the manner it uses to attack and defend itself.

As the PCs investigate, they will quickly discover that the entire city is riddled with canals that have fallen into disrepair. Many of these once beautiful waterways, now choked with debris, still have water in them. The entire time, the noonday sun hangs high in the air of the deserted and dead city. Off in the distance, black clouds can be seen wafting up from an unknown source.

GUIDE TIP:

In this scenario the city of Shinar is as much a character as any NPC with a speaking part. You are describing a strange new land that is completely unlike anything that the PCs have ever laid their eyes upon. It's strange, mysterious, and extremely dangerous. Take a second and make sure you bring the city to life by describing it as a living thing. Describe its physical look, but then describe the eerie and unrecognized sounds that are taking place in the city, and the nearby jungles. Use phrases such as the heartbeat of the city, the pulse of the city, the breath of the city. Imbue the city with the traits of a person, and it will come alive for you and your players.

TOWER OF BABEL

During their exploration of the city, the PCs will eventually reach a massive tower that juts into the noonday sky. The tower rises so high that the top disappears from sight. It has no distinguishable entrances, exits, or other openings. It is covered in a language that appears to be simultaneously similar to all surface world languages, and yet is none of them. It is *Atlantean*.

LINGUISTICS ROLL: DIFF (3)

Success will allow a PC to understand the historical importance of the tower. This language could be the root language from which all other languages flow. A +2 Degree of Success will allow the PC to have an insight that this might be the lost language of Atlantis.

As the intrepid PCs study the tower, or begin to walk away from it, a stranglevine, this time firmly secured and ready for lunch, attacks. Call for an Initiative roll, and allow the players to go through the motions without any help from you. If a player seems to be confused or asks for aid, you should explain the mechanic again, otherwise allow the players to take control of the scene and let them demonstrate their grasp of the game thus far.

This fight should be a simple affair and quite easy for

the PCs to deal with, but it will allow a Nazi scouting party to surround the PCs while they're distracted. The seven Nazis are dressed in a jungle camouflage pattern, carry MP38s, Lugers, and boot knives; they all appear to be of similar physical shape and size (between 5'9 and 6'1, around 180 pounds, blond hair and blue eyes, aged between 23-30). This situation should be similar to the first scene, but this time our PCs have some weapons.

Another major difference is that one of the Nazis has a strange looking radio-like device made of a large crystal with wires, lights, and switches covering it. The entire device appears to be covered in strange runes similar to those seen upon the tower. It is an Atlantean communication device and the Nazis are using it to call in back up. Trevor Templeton speaks German, and may overhear the conversation (*PERCEPTION: DIFF (2) to overhear the conversation asking for support and confirming that Natassja's lost film crew has been located*). The Nazi commander demands, in broken English, that the PCs drop their weapons and come along peacefully so they can be processed into the workforce enslaved at the refinery. While these demands are being made, ask for a:

PERCEPTION ROLL:

The PC with the highest result will notice they are being watched from the shadows of the buildings.

EMPATHY ROLL: DIFF (3)

A successful Empathy roll will allow the PC to understand that the individuals that are watching seem to be wary of the PCs. However, they don't get the "gut" feeling that the watchers are overly hostile towards them, at least compared to the Nazis. The PC gets the sense that the watchers are interested in the PCs, but are being wary of the Nazis.

A tense "Mexican standoff" is the feel that you should go for, but it will be quickly broken by the cargo cultists assaulting the Nazis. More than likely the PCs will launch an assault and forego talking. Whether the PCs fight or surrender to the Nazis, and before Initiative is rolled the cargo cultists will throw themselves into the mix, quickly and efficiently knocking out the Nazis and stripping them of everything they have on them, including their clothes and boots. If the PCs take part in the combat describe their actions, but do not treat the scene as a combat. The Nazis will be knocked out or captured and tied up much too quickly for any real combat to ensue.

Describing for the SENSES:

Sight: The bright noonday sun shines down, the strange city still looms, but now the overgrowth of

the jungle taking back its land can be seen. The buildings are made from the same smooth, earth-toned stone that was seen in the first chamber of *Embrace of the Zombie*. From their peripheral vision the PCs may make out movement here and there as cargo cultists disappear behind buildings and other obstacles. From above, shadows occasionally float over the PCs reminding them that the sky is filled with as much danger as the land itself. Tall spindly towers jut into the sky and through the clouds. The belching black clouds still stream from one portion of the city, easily seen by the PCs as the only unnatural blight upon the land.

Smell: Incredibly fresh air, peppered with lush jungle scents, and a hint of salt water (coming from a nearby ocean that lies hidden behind the dense jungle foliage).

Feel: Strong stone underfoot, buildings made of smoothed and polished stone, and the jungle limbs and leaves that have started overtaking portions of the city.

Sound: The air is alive with the sounds of wild cries emerging from the jungle, squawks continue to filter down from on high as winged beasts swoop here and there, and a strange, seemingly unnatural humming sound fills the air. The humming sound is emanating from the same area as the black clouds that mar the skies above this strange land.

Taste: Crisp fresh air.

Mentally: The sights and sounds are eerie and unnerving. The immensity of this city is truly overpowering, and the entire place has an otherworldly feel. The gnawing feel of eyes watching their every move should have them on edge. There are plants moving around on their own. That just aint right, man!

REEL THREE: CARGO CULTISTS

Geoffrey McNally, a middle aged man dressed in very authentic looking cowboy attire, steps forward with Colt Peacemaker in hand, but immediately holsters the weapon. His dark hair is peppered with gray, his mustache is bushy, and he's sporting a perpetual five o'clock shadow (the part of this NPC will be played by Sam Elliot). If the party makes any attempt to harm the man or outmaneuver him he'll whistle, and waves of people all wearing different styles of clothes, odd hats, and carrying makeshift weapons will begin emerging from out of doorways, over rooftops, around corners, and any-

where else someone could possibly be hiding. He politely asks that the PCs place any weapons they have on the ground. He'll explain that he's sorry about the actions of himself and his compatriots, but the time for the meddling of the soldiers has come to an end. If the party makes any motions towards violence they'll get a stern glance from Geoffrey which should warn them against the notion.

The cargo cultists hate to bother anyone that's against the "Gray Coats" (German soldiers), but they must keep their own presence under wraps until they deal with the soldiers. Geoffrey promises that it won't take any longer than one day, he smirks when he says one day, when the raid is over and the soldiers have been sent packing, and all of the gifts sent by the gods have been reclaimed.

EMPATHY ROLL: DIFF (1)

Successful PCs will have a distinct impression that Geoffrey is holding something back about the measurement of a day.

THE CARGO CULTISTS

The cargo cultists come from all different walks of life as well as different eras. Some have been here for years, and others have been here for only a few weeks. Geoffrey claims to have become lost in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona in 1877 and stumbled upon a large archway located in the center of the city. All of the cargo cultists have similar stories of having become lost in some secluded place, and finding themselves under the arch in the middle of the city. Most, thought not all, dream of one day returning to the Surface World, but many believe that day will never come.

The cargo cultists live off of whatever supplies make their way under the arch, goods show up there just as often as people, and they attempt to help anyone unfortunate enough to find themselves in this strange land where the sun never goes down, dinosaurs roam, strange plants are deadly predators, and every day is a struggle for survival. It's a trying existence, but it's better than the alternative. At least it was until the Gray Coats showed up. Now the soldiers have raided most of the city, imprisoned several of the cultists, and all of the "lizard critters" (lizardmen) who come here to worship at the old temple. Geoffrey will point towards the black cloud above the city, and explain that that's the old temple. That's where the Gray Coats have set up base, that's where they keep all the supplies they've taken, that's where all the slaves are put to work, and that's where the cargo cultists, are heading to "take care o' business that needs takin' care o'".

Geoffrey apologizes, but the PCs are going to have to come with them until the cargo cultists' raid on the Gray Coats is completed. The PCs will be safer, the cargo cultists can't take the chance that another Nazi patrol gets the drop on the PCs and forces them to spill their guts about what they know, and according to their inside source, the Gray Coats have a machine that may be able to take everyone out of this land and back to the Surface World. Oh, and they have a machine that makes gold.

The inside source steps up to Geoffrey and the PCs. Michael Lind is a child that looks twelve years old, stands 5'1, weighs 90 lbs, and has the appearance of a scruffy street urchin straight out of a Dickens novel. He's got the eyes of a tough little brat who's made his way in a much tougher world than Oliver Twist's; he's got several scars that are scattered about his body, and he carries a dagger in a manner that leaves no doubt that he can use it. He's leading the group of approximately fifty cargo cultists to one of the dried out canals. If asked, Lind will tell the PCs that this way is safer. It's mostly underground, out of site, and there's only water in the last half mile (0.8 km), and there are some boats near that tunnel.

If a player attempts to coax some information out of Lind allow them to make a:

**CON, DIPLOMACY, or INTIMIDATION ROLL:
DIFF (2)**

Either of these will loosen Lind's lips, and get him to give the PCs some information about the temple.

THE TEMPLE is a large area located underground and filled with contraptions out of Frankenstein's lab. If asked how Lind knows about Frankenstein he'll give a little attitude and explain that he does know how to read. The Gray Coats in the temple are making the lizard critters and cargo cultists that they've enslaved create gold from this shiny red stuff. The description matches what the PCs saw in the mine in the first session, and it also matches the sun medallion that one of the PCs has on them. If the PCs show Lind the amulet his eyes will grow large and get much friendlier. He'll exclaim that it's the same stuff they're making into gold, and that amulet looks just like the one the Gray Coat woman had. She used it to open the temple. He knows a few places where that sun thingy would fit. There is one near where he escaped through a crack in the temple wall that lead him into one of the underwater tunnels (canals).

WATERY WAYS

Geoffrey and Lind are leading the party through dank, smelly canals that don't have much more than a few standing puddles of stagnant water. The mosquitoes are eating the party alive, mosquitoes the size of dragonflies plunge their proboscis into everyone, their wings thrashing the air and sounding of massive vibrations. The group proceeds through a series of Atlantean waterways and an hour later they find themselves standing before an open bay that looks out upon a surreal and beautiful ocean teeming with strange life: swimming dinosaurs, giant fish, massive jellyfish sunning atop the azure colored water, and a stunning light house that soars over a hundred feet into the sky high atop a rocky cliff overlooking the bay (refer to p.189 HEX for a picture). Here the cargo cultists take to small skiffs (also seen on p.189), and gently row their way into one of the functional canals/tunnels. The cargo cultists will take the PCs through the tunnels safely, and after paddling for twenty five minutes, the raiders arrive in a large cavern that is lined with docks looking as though they were heavily used long ago, but now suffer from age and neglect. Walking across them without falling in will require a:

REFLEXIVE DEXTERITY ROLL: DIFF (3)

Failure indicates that the PCs will have to walk at half their normal speed or fall into the water.

Describing for the SENSES:

Sight: The bright noonday sun shines down, the water laps gently against the canal walls, clouds glide across the sky over the azure ocean; instead of small seagulls, massive pterodactyls soar above, and the canals are often choked with branches and debris.

Smell: Lush jungle smells give way to the salty smells of the sea. The canals smell of stagnation and rot.

Feel: The hard stone of the walkways gives way to the soft lapping waves of the canals and the bay. Water squishes between toes, soaking shoes and socks.

Sound: Lapping water sloshes against the shore and the skiff. Splashing is heard all around the PCs, and they can never fully realize where the sound is coming from.

Taste: The fresh air is replaced by sea air. Heavily weighted with salt.

Mentally: The PCs are going into the unknown, with

untested allies, against unknown forces, with uncertain goals. There should be a general sense of concern.

REEL FOUR: REFINING DEATH

The PCs can feel the air tinged with a small electrical charge that makes the hair on their arms stand up, they taste something coppery on the air, and in front of them looms a round portal, the door of which seems like it will roll back into the frame. The door is made of the same stone from which the walkways and streets outside are made. It is covered in pictographs of lizardmen worshipping the sun while other lizardmen use large bowls to catch what appear to be the tears or possibly the sweat of the sun. The sun in the diagram appears to be cut out of the stone, and the PCs' sun amulet will fit perfectly into the gap and open it. When the amulet is placed into the area a small click will be heard; as soon as the click is heard the amulet will pop out of the indentation. The circular door will roll a few inches into the stone wall on its left. The door is on a track that fits neatly into the wall similar to a pocket door.

The PCs see the refinery/temple being managed by the Nazis and worked by a slave force made up of lizardmen who are busy wheeling around blocks of gold minted with a Third Reich symbol. The machine spewing out gold is under a lot of pressure within its chambers, coils, and other odd looking instruments. (The PCs can tell this due to the unrelenting steam and black smoke pouring out of the machine.) A shrill teapot-like whistle continuously blows, making speech at a normal volume nearly impossible. Luckily for the PCs and the cargo cultists, this cacophony has also covered their entrance into the refinery/temple.

The refinery/temple is a massive building, and the true dimensions can't be determined because the walls simply disappear into the distance. The interior seems to be made of the same stone that makes up the rest of the city. The equipment covering the interior of the room is comprised of large boxy contraptions shaking back and forth like unbalanced washing machines, dials lighting up in low pastel colors, switches flipping back and forth with a ticking sound, hoses and cable snaking through the entire affair, underfoot and hung low overhead. Sparks fly from numerous machines, gold drips from a smelter into brick molds, and the cases marked with the same Third Reich symbol on the bricks can be seen on thousands of crates. This is a mixture of fantasy/sci-fi Atlantean tech that has been rigged by the Nazis with much less finesse – imagine putting duct tape on a nuke.

There is a walkway above the cluttered chaos that litters

the floor. This walkway is a metal girder system that connects several points of the operation, and there are a few offices above the ground as well. While you are describing the walkways call for a:

PERCEPTION ROLL:

The PC with the highest result will notice Natassja Helm on the walkway, pointing at the piece of machinery that is belching smoke and venting steam.

Once everyone is aware of her, also have them make an:

EMPATHY ROLL:

The PC with the highest result will note that she seems concerned, possibly worried.

From this point the PCs can engage in a large-scale battle with the Nazis and have an over-the-top free for all, they may attempt to destroy the machine that is smoking and venting, they may attempt to go directly after Natassja Helm, or they could do what PCs often do: something completely unexpected.

GUIDE TIP:

This is a large-scale battle with tons of Nazis facing off with the party and the cargo cultists that led them here. Describing the scene should be massively over-the-top. Big hand gestures, booming voice. Think *Braveheart* and you'll have the proper frame of mind for the immensity of this battle.

During the actual battle, cargo cultists fight the Nazis and free the lizardmen who in turn begin fighting the Nazis. During the entire battle the main piece of machinery begins rattling more fiercely, steam will begin to vent from its seams instead of the proper vent point, and the smoke will also begin pouring out of the machine from cracks in the machinery. Eventually molten gold will start spraying under pressure and cover those fighting in the area. If the PCs are fighting the rank and file Nazis it should be made very clear that the ground area is no longer safe as a Nazi's face is burned off by splashing molten gold. The rattling, shaking, and venting continues to worsen – it should become obvious that this thing is going to blow very quickly.

Natassja Helm has seen enough and will depart the area in a fighting/running retreat. Have the players make a:

PERCEPTION ROLL:

The PC with the highest result will notice Natassja Helm leaving the area, running over the walkways and down to the main floor with her henchmen from the first scene, towards another large circular door.

PERCEPTION ROLL: DIFF (3)

Successful PCs will hear her shouting in German at her henchmen. If Trevor hears it he'll hear Natassja yelling "TO THE BLITZKRIEG TUNNELS!"

If the PCs follow they may just survive this experience, and if they stay and help the lizardmen they may or may not survive, but they will find themselves trapped in the Hollow Earth either way.

The circular doorway that Natassja and her henchmen entered has the same sun indentation that the other doors have had, and it acts in the same way: rolling into the wall like a pocket door. This chamber is very different from the other chambers the PCs have been in. This massive warehouse-sized room contains thousands of crates with the Third Reich symbol that has been seen on the gold bricks. These crates are identical to those the PCs watched being filled with gold bricks. The chamber appears to have once been made of the same stone as the rest of Shinar, but this chamber is crumbling and falling apart. The ceiling has five massive round holes spaced at odd intervals, and three more massive holes on the ground. There doesn't seem to be any pattern to the holes' layout, but leading into each hole in the ceiling is a massive railroad track, and giant crane and pulley system. There are eight strange looking tank-like cars with massive drills on the front of them, and "cow catcher" style fronts and sides swooping back to repel anything in their way (imagine the Nautilus with wheels). Near each of these is a pile of crates filled with gold ready for loading.

Natassja is seen slamming the hatch down on one of the burrowing tanks as it is being hoisted into the air by a large crane. One of her henchmen is operating the track and crane system that is laboriously taking the machine and placing it onto the track. The other three Nazis from Reel One begin to fire upon the PCs as they enter the room. Depending on your time allotment the Nazis may have cover (p. 125 of HEX). If you are short on time then the Nazis will be out in the open laying down cover fire for Natassja's escape. Keep in mind that the fourth Nazi is busy controlling the crane and has partial cover (+1 to DEFENSE). If he is incapacitated another Nazi will take his place and attempt to help Natassja escape. It will take 4 rounds of crane operation for her to make her escape. If the PCs stop the crane in that amount of time then they can stop her from escaping. Otherwise she escapes into the Blitzkrieg Tunnel. The PCs can follow her once they have dealt with the Nazis in this chamber. During this fight the cargo cultists and lizardmen will make short work of the rest of the Nazi force.

If the party hastily follows Natassja they will see the tunnel collapse around them as it caves in from explosives that rock all the tunnels. Luckily for them the drill activates when the big red button that says DRILL is pushed in the cockpit. They will be able to escape from the Hollow Earth as the drill machine takes several days to take them to the surface. Once there they discover they are in Austria and that Natassja's vehicle was recently here as well, as the massive hole several hundred yards away will attest. However, deep rutted truck tracks lead up to the hole, and the signs of a massive effort to remove the vehicle can be seen, with dozens of footprints in the freshly upturned earth.

If the party stays behind and helps the cargo cultists they will be able to take gold, help the cargo cultists, and receive a heroes' welcome from the lizardmen. They can return to the Surface World in the machines, and they can take several of the cargo cultists with them. However, once the machines breach the Surface World they will begin self destructing. The Nazis left nothing to chance and prepared explosives that would destroy the machines if they ever surfaced without having a proper operator nearby to override them. The explosives are well hidden and unless the PCs specifically state that they are looking for booby traps of some sort they will not come across the explosives until it's too late. There is no way to return to the Hollow Earth...for now.

Describing for the SENSES:

Sight: The underground chambers are lit by electrical lights that are being run by generators. The light is harsh, and the generators produce exhaust that clouds the area and makes everything appear in a haze. The underground chambers are massive and extend so far that the boundaries can't be seen from where the PCs enter. Dozens of Nazi soldiers supervise well over a hundred lizardmen who are working side by side with a handful of cargo cultists. Crates of gold lay neatly stacked six feet tall everywhere there is a free space. Machinery, hoses, tubes, and wires can be seen everywhere.

Smell: The smell of sweat and hot lizardmen would be overpowering if it weren't for the horrid smell of diesel and exhaust that assaults the senses. The smell is so bad that it stings the eyes.

Feel: The sooty feel of exhaust build up can be felt on everything. The hard stone is underfoot, and the cold steel of the walkway contrasts with the superheated machinery nearby that would easily burn to the bone if exposure was prolonged.

Sound: A cacophony of chaos blares through the

chambers as lizardmen keep cadence in a tongue unknown to the PCs, the machines beep, whirl, and vent constantly, and the loud shouting of the Nazi slavers over the top of the rest of dense noise.

Taste: Exhaust and pollution hang heavy in the air and on the tongue.

Mentally: It's do or die. The means of escape must be nearby, otherwise how would the Nazis get all of this gold to the surface? A sense of closure, one way or the other, is on the minds of the PCs. Some may start to see an inkling of a way to become incredibly wealthy, and others may be content with escaping with their lives.

FAREWELL

Take this opportunity to stand up and thank everyone for coming, shake hands, tell everyone where the *Exile Game Studio* booth is, pass out freebies and awards. Make sure to ask everyone what they thought and if they enjoyed the game. Ask them if there was anything that could have made their experience even more fun, and if anything detracted from their game.

Natassja Helm

Known as the Mistress of Pain, Helm has secured her position as the head of this operation by being ruthless in her vision, and that vision is of power. She has bedded and betrayed senior officials in the ranks to learn information, and use that information to further her career. Helm is well known for her torture techniques, and her moniker "Mistress of Pain" was bestowed upon her by her assistants after a thorough questioning of a downed British pilot. Outwardly she sneers at the nickname, but inwardly she relishes the image that she has created.

Helm now finds herself as the lead in an operation to secure funding for an upcoming war effort. The project is of the highest secrecy, and she has hand picked her officers, and key members of her detachment. It is of the utmost importance that the operation succeed, and that the secret of the base within the Hollow Earth remain secret. To this end any outsiders that venture upon the base must be thoroughly questioned to ensure they have no connections to the outside world. Natassja personally handles all questioning that takes place within the Hollow Earth base.

Natassja Helm				
Archetype: Soldier Style: 4		Motivation: Power Health: 7		
Primary Attributes				
Body: 3		Charisma: 4		
Dexterity: 2		Intelligence: 3		
Strength: 2		Willpower: 4		
Secondary Attributes				
Size: 0		Initiative: 5		
Move: 4 (20ft/turn)		Defense: 5		
Perception: 7		Stun: 3		
Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	(Average)
Art	3	2	5	(2+)
Athletics	2	2	4	(2)
Bureaucracy	3	3	6	(3)
Con	4	4	8	(4)
Diplomacy	3	3	6	(3)
Empathy	3	3	6	(3)
Lies	4	3	7	(3+)
Firearms	2	3	5	(2+)
-Pistol/Luger	3	3	6	(3)
Intimidation	4	3	7	(3+)
Torture	5	3	8	(4)
Investigation	3	2	5	(2+)
Streetwise	4	4	8	(4)
Talents				
Attractive Charismatic High Pain Tolerance				
Resources				
None				
Flaw				
Overconfident Callous Intolerant (Nazi teachings)				
Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	(Average)
Luger P08	2 L	0	8L	(4) L