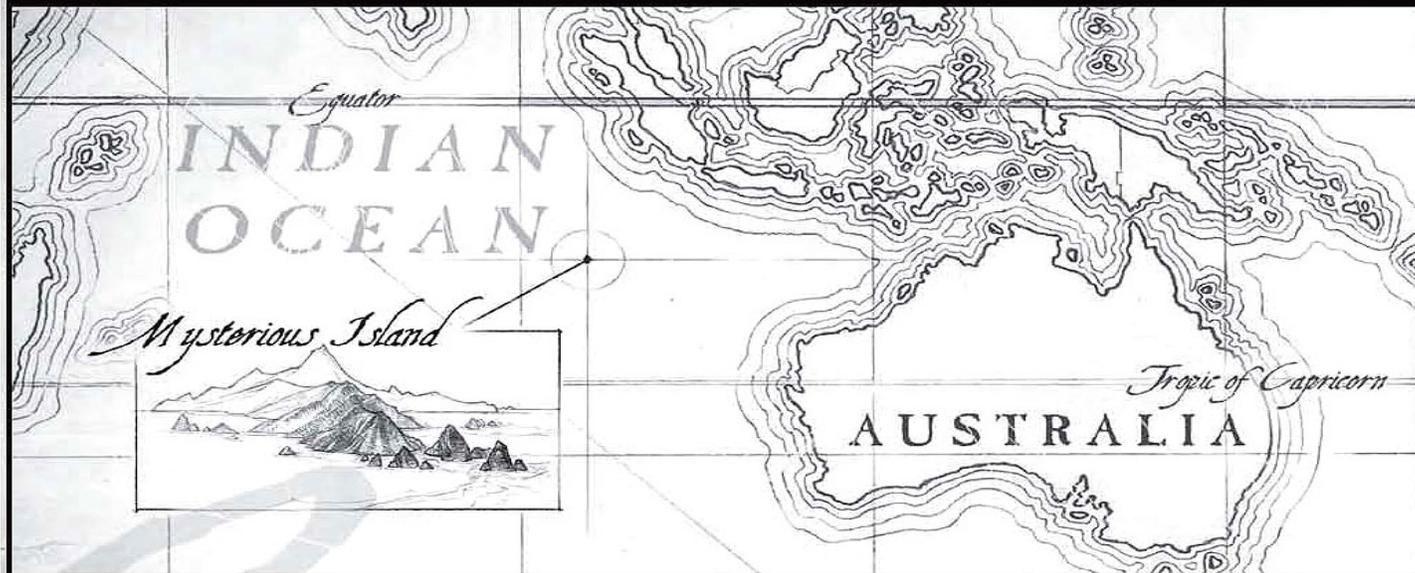


HOLLOW EARTH EXPEDITIONS

GLASS WOMAN

FIELD NOTES:
BY DR. C. ARTHUR TURNER



This is an Unofficial supplement to the world of *Hollow Earth Expeditions* and the Ubiquity system.

Field Notes are short, one shot encounters or introductions to creatures, places and things found throughout the world (both out and within). They are small and lack "area" details so that they may be dropped into an existing campaign without great effort. Enjoy.

Day 21

Oh the perils of my good fortune, for I may yet be the clumsiest scientist who ever walked the Earth. Certainly the clumsiest to walk this Hollow Earth.

We were walking the rocky grounds, perhaps a half mile from this Hollow Sea. We had discovered a number of large caves, but dared not go into them due to warnings from the hunter, Paul Bryce, who spied remains and bones near the entrances of several. He would not identify the type of

remains, only that they were signs of a strong carnivore of some type.

Still, my good fortune being what it is, when I should happen to fall upon one such cave. I do not mean to say that I discovered it, rather I fell into it. It was hidden by a layer of thin rocks which could not support my weight and crashing down I went.

Bruised but uninjured, I examined by new local. Astounding would best describe it. I was in a circular room, with three passages leading out, all neatly cut from the rock. A large, cylinder of rock, perhaps 3-foot high stood beside me. Behind me, a flight of stairs went up to where I had fallen.

As I went to stand, my hand brushed against two items, which I grabbed as I stood. The first was an animal bone, perhaps a dog's leg, which I immediately dropped. The second, a round piece of blue glass, with strange writings upon it. It

was, perhaps, the size of a silver Peace Dollar coin.

The touch on my shoulder of one of my companions slightly alarmed me and I dropped this glass coin, which landed upon the stone pedestal, but it did not break.

Instead, the most extraordinary thing happened. A woman appeared, like a motion picture image, but projected into thin air directly above the glass piece. I could not tell her height, but she had light brown hair and blue eyes. Her facial features could have been from any one of a dozen cultures on the surface. The image was in full color, with incredible detail. Nothing like the photographs we take.

We all stood there, mesmerized by the image, then she started talking. Astounding! Her words appearing out of thin air. Her language was unknown to any of us, but her words were almost as a song. A melody? A story? Of that I am uncertain. What I could tell is that she appeared to be crying, sadness evident in her words. What grief was driving this beautiful woman.

Then something struck Rufus from the shadows, a dart or stinger. Instantly he fell to the ground, his rifle discharging as it hit the ground, striking the stone pedestal which erupted into a shower of lightning, much like that of a Tesla Coil. Then the woman's image faded.

The American Carolyn yelled a warning and proceeded to fire her twin revolvers into the darkness. After several quick shots, and a second dart that was fortunate enough to miss everyone. something hissed and screamed, and a "clicking" sound could

be heard retreating down the passage.

I tried to restart the image once more, but it would not work and, over my objections, my companions pulled me from the room and back to the safety of the surface light. Rufus was unconscious, but without severe injury. No doubt the toxin on the dart was only a paralyzing agent. He recovered several hours later, none the worse for the whole matter.

I do not know what attacked us from the darkness, nor do I truly care. I must confess to being more curious about this miracle of science that I hold in my hand, this circle of glass. How was it created? How was it given life without electricity? And what of the image, what was so sad in the eyes of the Glass Woman?

The Glass Woman.

The Glass Woman is a recording left behind from a time when the Atlanteans walked this Hollow Earth. The exact nature of the information contained on the disk is left to you to decide. It could be a tragic personal message, or perhaps it's a story depicting the fall of the Atlantean civilization, or maybe it's just a recording of an Atlantean Opera or TV Soap. The "what" is all dependant on how it would fit into your game.

As for the creature in the shadows, what was it? A giant dart spitting centipede? Killer intelligent flowers that are killed by salt water? Dr. Well's Morlocks, not really from the future but instead a vicious predator from the distant past? That, again, can be left to the devices of your campaign.

And what is the nature of the caves along the Hollow Sea's shoreline? Why are there Atlantean built tunnels and passages, where predators now hunt? What powered the Glass Woman's pedestal? Only your story will tell...