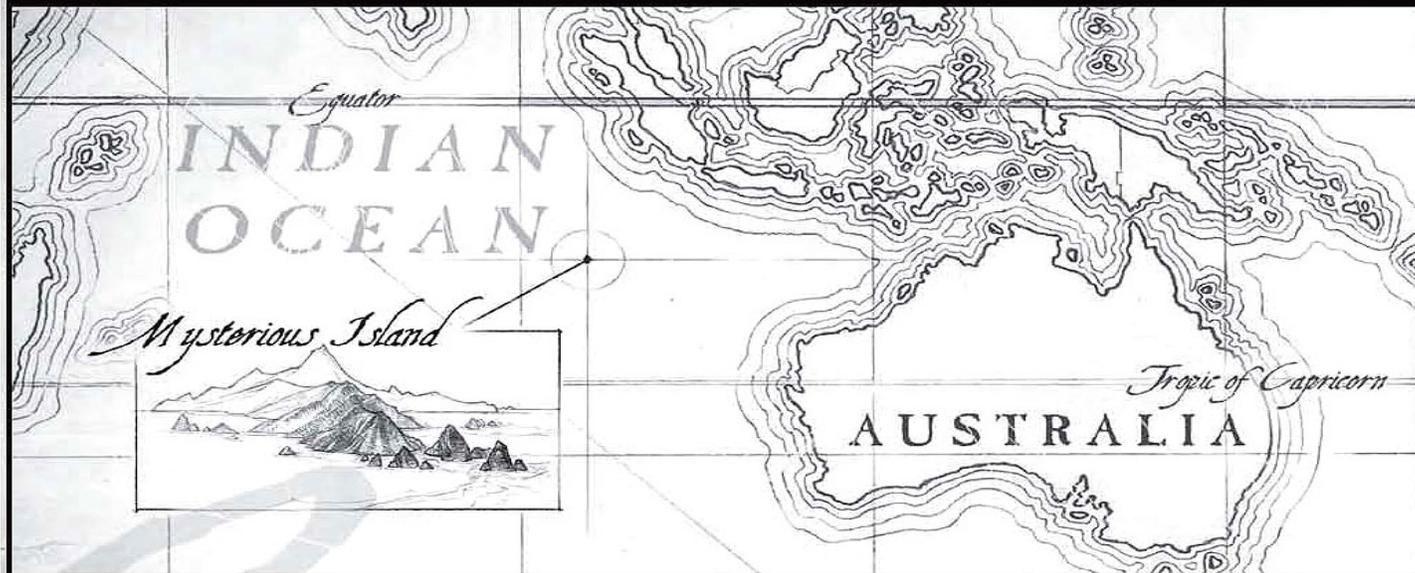


# HOLLOW EARTH EXPEDITIONS

## BRIAN'S WING

**FIELD NOTES:**  
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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. This particular Field Note adds a few details to a settlement Dr Turner and his companions recently visited. Enjoy.

### Day 168

Having spent several days here in Brian's Wing, I feel that maybe I should pen a few details about this amazing little city and it's people.

From a distance, it could pass for an American Fort, with thick walls of earth, wood and stone stretching thirty or so feet into the air. There are four primary walls, that wrap around it to the shallow sea. At

the three points where the walls meet, a tower of about fifty feet has been built, with a gate below it. Along the walls, coils of copper have been strung. I am told that any tower can throw a switch and direct electricity to a section of those copper coils, sufficient to repel even a Tyrannosaur. A few cannon are also positioned along the wall.

A river runs into the city between gates two and three. About fifty feet wide where it enters, a series of heavy grates and screens prevent everything but small fish from passing through. This provides the only fresh water to the city as the Shallow Sea is brackish.

On the water side, two huge stone docks extend out, each perhaps forty feet across, with the longest stretching about four-hundred feet. Between them a vast network of wood docks has been constructed, allowing for a great number of boats. Light

fortifications along this side are designed to repel any curious sea predator that may swim up.

Inside the walls, Brian's Wing reminds me very much so Boston's old quarter of perhaps the late 19th century, with oil street lamps standing in front of simple, close stacked, three and four story houses. Cobblestone and brick streets line most of the way. Trees and window boxes are scattered everywhere, giving a splash of green to the stonework. Quite charming.

There are about 12,000 permanent residents here, with another two or so transients, here on business or off ship. All visitors are requested to check in with the city center. This is more an informal visit, to find out who is in the city, and to see what information or useful skills they may possess. My being a scientist, and Dr. Connor's modern medical skills, were of immediate interest. I shall have to visit the City Scholar and see what information I can help him with.

Dress and mannerisms are as varied as any seaside community of Europe, but weapons are very prevalent, with most men, and some women, carrying a sword of some type. Pistols and rifles are also quite common, giving the streets a look as though a cross between an American western town and renaissance Italy. I have noted that the city militia, which numbers in the thousands, is armed with both sword and rifle as well. Quite necessary, as we have experienced, when outside these walls.

That militia also includes a Calvary, if it can be called that, made up of some two-hundred members, who ride Styracosaurus, a species of

Triceratops. Apparently they make quite loyal mounts once properly domesticated, and have no fear of even the great beasts of the vast jungles. The American Carolyn was given the opportunity to ride one during one of our morning walks. She claimed it to be slower than a mustang, but strangely comforting when sitting on it's neck behind that armored head. I had not realized that she was an accomplished equestrian, interesting. My curiosity about her vast array of skills continues to grow.

Anyway, the main streets and residential areas are lit by oil lamp, but in recent years electricity has been run to over half the city and many houses now have it. The electricity is being generated through geothermal means as the city sits near several natural hot springs. The power plant was developed by Dr Wilson, who, apparently, had studied the plant in Larderello, Italy, some years back. Quite extraordinary actually. I hope I have a chance to study their plant here.

The city is run by a Council, made up of five members. One is the head of the city militia, one is the cities senior scholar, two are voted upon by the masses in general



election, which includes the vote of women. Wonderful. The fifth is appointed by the Brian Family, the local monarchy and descendants of the city founders. Each appears to hold an equal vote in matters, save the odd situation where a tie occurs, the Brian Family representative has the deciding vote.

I am told that representative from several nearby tribes, including a lodge of lizard people, make regular appearances before the council. Providing both information on the happenings in the jungles and negotiating for trade goods.

Speaking of trade, the city manufactures a good deal of refined goods and luxuries, including fine metal products, furniture and textiles. Weapons and ammunition are readily available, as are items of modern craftsmanship, such as clocks fine tools, and clothing, both durable and luxury. We were able to trade, barter and even work for, in order to acquire new supplies.

These items they export, along with brontosaurus meats and fish products, and bring in food, raw materials and metals from islands found within the shallow sea. Lom'Yar, Suun, Union Pacific, Bog Flats and Tower all have small communities on them which seem to provide a heavy trade. And since the islands are isolated, they do not suffer the dangers that the large land carnivores on this mainland have.

They use a simple system of barter and hard currency for trade and payment. These musketball sized pearls seem to be a common "coin," along with stamped coins of gold. We were able to purchase a box of

ammunition for our Colt pistols for 10 pearls, gifts from Dr Wilson.

I must remember to visit some of those islands before we depart. The stories I've heard about some of them are quite remarkable, especially Union Pacific and it's incredible steam locomotive relic.

An interesting story about trade, a couple hundred years ago a young entrepreneur named Cole Thornton, displaced Texan I believe, started capturing Brontosaurus calves from all over the Shallow Sea region and moved them to his property on Lom'Yar, where there are no large predators. The Thornton Ranch now supplies most of the Brontosaurus products (meat, bones, skin, oils, etc) to Brian's Wing and many of the islands. Quite ingenious, and profitable I am told.

The sailors here are familiar with Fort Verne, but claim it is too far way, through pirate infested waters, to risk casual voyage. Our overland expedition between the two being much shorter then passage through the Shallow Sea and numerous rivers and lakes. Still, one captain offered to take us, for 500 Pearl!

I am told that Brian's Wing rests upon the ruins of a city of the First Walkers, those who first colonized this Hollow Earth, but that an earthquake long ago closed off those ruins, trapping and killing hundreds of people. Since that time, the underground ruins are off limits, even for scientific purposes.

Stories abound that some survived the earthquake, and have worked out a bestial existence down there, living on earth creatures, strange

technologies and the occasional explorer who defies law and ventures into the below.

First Walker technology can also be found, although rare. My "glass woman" that I found days after arriving here has met with some interest, but since I have been unable to find another pillar used to create her, and there does not appear to be one here within the city, people can only take my word at the miracle of the glass coin. I am told that the First Walkers used crystal and glass in ways of technology that border on mysticism and magic. As example, we were shown a Healing Crystal by a city doctor that made short work of a nasty scar Rufus had. Amazing.

I should also point out that a series of sewers was built before the closing of the underground city. Pipes from that network dispose of waste material almost a mile out into the shallow sea. Far away from any dangers to the settlement. Some of those sewers are rumored to still connect to the city below, and people do risk punishment searching for those connections.

Punishment. I should like to say that they have a relatively simple system of punishment; EXILE! For minor infractions of the laws, city service and hard labor are called for. But for any serious crime, including theft, lewd behavior against a lady, assault or death, the punishment is branding and exile. The branding is done on the shoulder so as to identify the person should they return to the city, although I am told none ever have, and the person is cast out with only a short blade and the clothe on his (or her) back. The rest of the persons goods are given to the family of the victim.

Outside the city, roughly a mile or so up stream, is a small fortified settlement called Turnwheel. It has only a couple of buildings, and a thick, high wooden wall. Being more like a castle keep than a fort, it sits at the edge of a series of waterfalls which feed the river into the city. A huge stone mill, an inn and a "trading post" operate there, providing a point for locals who do not wish to travel into the city, and providing fresh flour made from grains collected by the natives. Occasionally city residents travel there and rest in the inn, risking safety to swim in the waterfall's ponds, which are rumored to have rejuvenating properties. Perhaps I should travel there and test these waters myself.

I have also heard from sailors tales of the beasts that hunt these waters. Sharks as large as boats, massive squid and "Ole' One-Eye." He's evil incarnate they say. From descriptions, he sounds like a massive Kronkosaurus, a type of pliosaur, but larger than half the boats in the dock. One skipper claims him to be nearly fifty-feet in length. His nickname comes from a marled eye, rumored to have occurred when he attacked a ship decades ago. Thankfully, on our voyages across the Shallow Sea, we have not encountered him. Although a dozen ship disappearances each year are credited to him.

In all, I must say that I find Brian's Wing to be a wonderful respite from the jungles we have traveled to date. Here there appears to be no portal back to the Surface World, but there is a wonderful sense of civilization. Perhaps a good stopping point for our expedition...