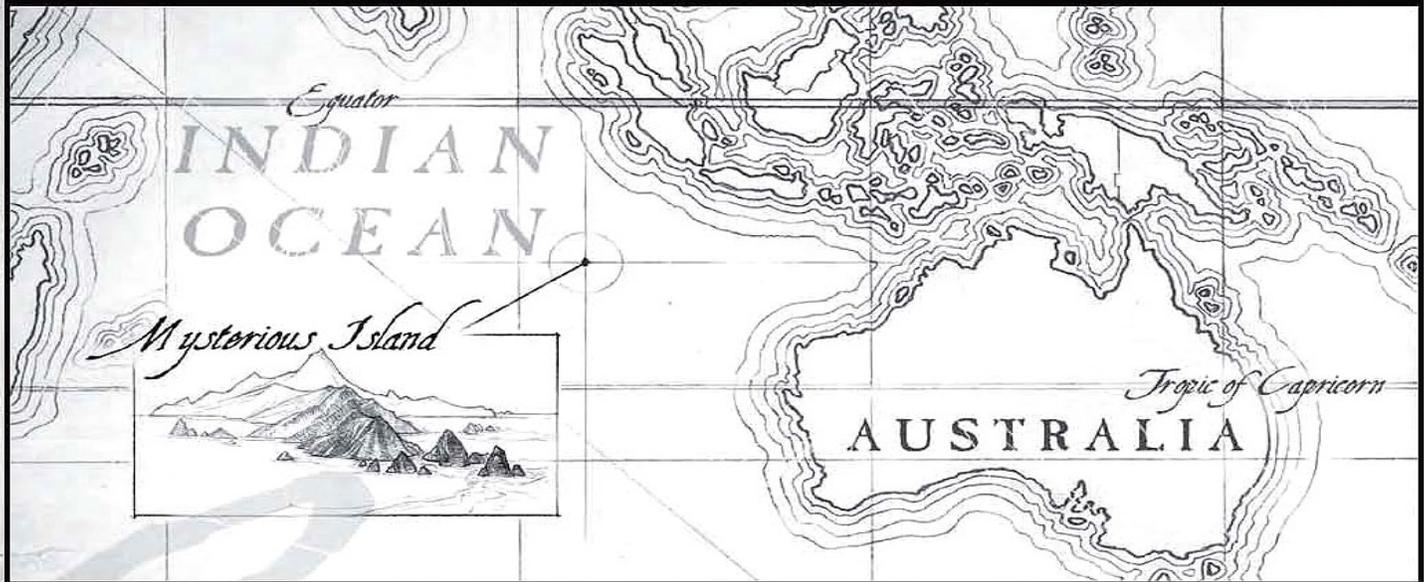


HOLLOW EARTH EXPEDITIONS BENEATH THE POWER

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 171

We were several days outside of Brian's Wing, having enjoyed a few days in the company of Dr. Wilson and his assistants, when we happen upon a gruesome sight. A ruined camp, with a burned out fire. A dead wolf of dire proportions, killed by a long spear and multiple musket or pistol shot. A chewed up musket and bloody power horn lay nearby. Scavengers had not yet found this body, and Paul Bryce guessed it was perhaps a day old.

About a hundred yards away Thur-long spotted a body. A man. No doubt the one who had killed the wolf, but he had succumbed to his injuries shortly after the battle. Poor lad. We did not know who he was, some poor hunter one would think, but he left another mystery, a message scrawled on a flat rock. “save bryan beneath the power” was all it said. Curious.

We gave him proper burial, with Cpt. Warrent and the Ms. Goodhar saying a few kind words over him, carted the beast off and departed from the area with the strange message fresh in our minds.

Then, yesterday, we were traveling along a river, about a day from where the man had been killed, when we spotted several abandoned buildings. We approached to find a burned out house, a collapsed barn and a partially ruined grain mill and water wheel. Amazing. Rufus, it turns out, is

the son of a miller from America, and he informed us this mill, though still in good repair, has not been used in decades.

While we set to searching the ruined buildings, Rufus's luck, holding to what it is, came into play. Opening one of the large barn doors on the mill he was promptly attacked by one of the massive wolves. As we rushed to his aid, two more burst from the mill, and another from the nearby wood. Too quickly we found ourselves overpowered in a knife and spear fight with the beasts.

I cannot tell you how long the battle took, only that it felt like a lifetime to me. In the end, however, we were victorious. Two of the beast lay dead, while the remaining, seriously injured, ran for the safety of the woodline and out of sight. Most of us suffered bites and scrapes, while Rufus's leg had a severe bite which required many stitches from Dr. Connor.

While we were tending to our wounds, the American Carolyn pointed out that, perhaps, the message "beneath the power" was in reference to the mill stones. So we set to search, only to find nothing.

Rufus, still lucid despite the large amount of alcohol used to numb him, pointed out that the "power" of the mill wasn't the stones, but the water wheel along the river. So, Thur-Long and Mr. Bryce set to diving below the wheel. They searched, and after about thirty muddy minutes of swimming, produced an iron chest, buried in the mud beneath the wheel.

Quite casually Carolyn picked the lock which held it closed. I really must remember to ask her where she learned that skill. Never the less, the lock removed, we opened



the chest to discover it contained a most extraordinary orb. A sphere, perhaps 16 inches across, much like we've seen in places before, glowing brightly, yet not painful to the eyes.

Now tonight, as we camp in the old mill, we are forced to wonder, is this what the hunter was searching for? How did it get below the mill wheel? Who is Bryan and how do we save him? Where do we even find him? and what wonders does this beautiful artifact possess?

The Mills Power

What is the secret of the Mills Sphere? Could it bring peace and heal the masses, or perhaps keep sea monsters at bay? Like so many artifacts uncovered across the Hollow Earth, it's mysteries may never be known. The crafts needed to make such wonders were lost when the Atlantean people vanished, and so too did the ability to identify their many wonders.

As for the mill itself, the stones used to grind grains will never fade or erode. This place needs but a few good craftsmen to rebuild and bring life back to the water wheel. Perhaps the heavy stones could be taken back to town and used in a new mill, back within the safety of civilization.

One has to wonder what other treasures lay hidden beneath the mud of the mill wheel...