



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 214

It is truly amazing how fate arranges for meetings and partings, especially in this land where random chance seems to be in great supply.

We were still "licking our wounds," as the Americans would say, after the loss of our good friend Paul Bryce just days ago when such a meeting occurred.

We were at camp for the day near the Shallow Sea when Thur-Long spotted a vessel on the open waters. Through spyglass, Capt. Warrent could make out

great detail on it. It appeared to be a tugboat, with a cluster of four barges, arranged in a square, in tow behind it. A number of unsavory characters and heavy weapons gave him the impression that it was not a fishing vessel, it looked more like pirates, so we extinguished our campfire and moved to higher ground.

As we did so, the vessel opened fire on us at extreme range. Explosions began to shower around us. To our good fortune, one projectile did not detonate and at a quick glance I was able to ascertain that it was some form of heavy wood spear or giant arrow, possibly fired from a ballista, with an explosive carried near the arrow head. The others would not let me collect it for study, but it did allow me an estimate on its' range, and thus we retreated high into the rocky forest, where we took shelter in some outcroppings.

For a day and a half we moved along the

rocky forest, just out of sight of the Shallow Sea, but did not spy the pirate vessel again.

Then, through good fortune as we stopped for a brief rest, I noted a piece of ruins, with markings like those that first walked this land. Exploration closer toward the Shallow Sea revealed a concealed cave, which had a strange wall with a hexagonal shape, perhaps 10 foot across, carved into it. A much smaller hexagon, misaligned from the larger one, was carved into the center and there was writing just below it.

For a time I studied, while Rufus leaned against the wall while holding a torch. Then I noted that the hexagon in the center rotated, so I turned it counter-clockwise until I was aligned with the outer hexagon and, to my surprise, the wall shifted. Poor Rufus fell backward into a new chamber as the wall rotated on its center axis, with the left side going in and the right side swinging out! Quite extraordinary craftsmanship really.

Inside the room was another hexagon on the far wall, like a large blank picture frame, almost floor to ceiling, and a black stone pedestal in the center of the room. Imagine my good fortune at thinking I had discovered another location to listen to the Glass Woman, but such was not the case. Instead, hundreds of symbols were carved onto the surface. A linguistic puzzle.

Naturally I began to examine them, but Rufus pointed out that this chamber was not very stable and we should be cautious. Posh was my reply. The others just sat and watched as I did my work.

After perhaps an hour of examining a strange thing occurred, the picture frame

suddenly filled with an image. That of a dark and tranquil night on some star filled desert. Astounding, I just had to investigate, so I went up and examined the image. The detail was amazing, lifelike, like looking at a movie projection, only in full color! Without a thought I touched it and suddenly found myself looking at an image of a cave, with my companions looking at me. I was inside the image, on a great plain in some very warm desert.

Again I touched the image and was back with my companions. Curious. A way home I thought, so over their objections I returned to the desert. Cpl. Levins and the American Carolyn accompanied me this time. The middle east somewhere I thought. I was elated. It was then that the good Corporal pointed out that there were five moons in the sky! Five! We were not on the surface, but some other planet! Most astounding!

Carolyn was also quick to point out an interesting fact, we were not alone. A tall, thin being was standing nearby. He was a good foot taller than Levins. Hairless, with large black eyes and an emerald green skin tone, with hints of gold or copper shading. The clothing he wore was loose, with a long vest, like a Western Duster made of blue silk, being most prominent.

We stood there for a moment looking at each other intently, until I began to speak, being a proper gentleman I attempted to introduce myself. He spoke as well, but I could not make out his language. For a few moments we attempted to communicate, without success. Then suddenly he spoke to us in English. After introductions he explained



that he had a tool that allowed him to speak with us. Astonishing! His name was Dlarvi-san, and he was a scientist studying the strange ruins in this area. I explained that I too was a scientist, but that myself and my companions were trapped. Residents of the outer Surface, we were trapped within our own planet's Hollow World. He was amazed by our story and, in good scientific curiosity, wished to know more. The four of us returned through the picture to the chamber and we walked out of the cave into the sunlight.

He was amazed, much like a schoolboy seeing life through a microscope for the first time! We talked for quite a bit, perhaps hours, I am not sure, but it was thoroughly enjoyable to speak with a fellow scientist, be it an alien one. As we talked, he played with a strange circular device, which he described as a research assistant. Fascinating.

Then the unthinkable happened, the pirates found us once more. From much closer to shore their arrow-bombs pounded our position, as perhaps a dozen fired rifle from rocks near the shoreline. The explosions were behind us and prevented an easy retreat, so we stayed within the safety of the rocks and returned fire. Thur-Long slipped into the brush and disappeared.

Many of their number were removed due to our superior marksmanship, but Capt. Warrent and the American Carolyn were wounded in the exchange, and that is when our new friend did something extraordinary, he pulled a device from his belt, it looked much like an armguard or

attached to it. This he put on his arm and pointed at the pirate ship. In several quick flashes of light the ship was on fire, explosions began to rock it as I can only assume their arrow-bomb stockpiles exploded as well, and then the ship was gone, only burning debris remained in the water.

As we hid there in shock and awe, Thur-Long suddenly yelled from below that all was safe. We looked toward the shoreline to see him standing near where the pirates had been. All was quiet. I can never be complementary enough on his combat prowess.

Before I could inquire about the device, he replaced it on his belt and waved his hand as if to say to me that I should not ask. He explained that, as interesting as our world was, and the encounter with the water craft was a fascinating diversion, he needed to return to his own world, so we returned to the cave, but it was not there! The explosions had collapsed the chamber ceiling. It took us hours to dig, but all we found were broken ruins, Dlarvi-san was trapped like us.

My attempts at apology went unheard as he explained that science brought him here and so that must be the course that science has planned for him. I offered for him to accompany our group, but he declined, indicating that his people were solitary in nature and that research requires a single-minded devotion. So with good words and no apparent ill feelings, we parted ways.

When last we saw, he was heading through the trees in a direction we had not come from. A remarkable being, and quite pleasant too. I am sure that our travels will bring us to his company again, and I look forward to that day.