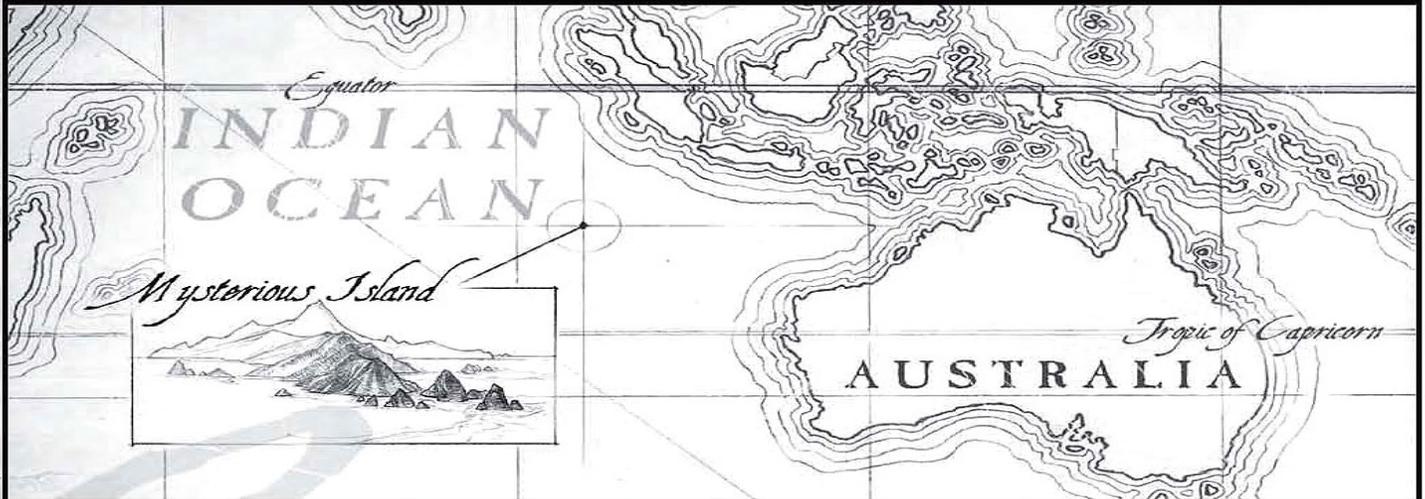


HOLLOW EARTH EXPEDITIONS THE DEATH OF PAUL BRYCE

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. Enjoy.

Day 210

Paul Bryce is dead, I do not know what else to say. It happened so fast, and thanks to that horrible sea monster, we do not even have a body to bury. Still, I need to record this in my Journals for scientific record.

Two days ago we arrived in a small village, Huntington, and were taking some much needed rest on our travels when the American Carolyn heard rumors of a "magic" crystal on a nearby island. Huntington, you see, is on the edge of a great lake or perhaps another part of the shallow sea. She relayed to me these rumors

and I immediately inquired deeper.

The waters around the island, locally called Nu-Stall, used to be great fishing, but years ago a "wizard" moved onto it, claiming it as his home and threatening the fishermen to stay clear or he would summon a monster to kill them. True to his word they say a horrible monster appeared.

An eye witness we found described it as: "...like a shark, bigger than any boat, but with slick black skin, like a sea lion, and it would break the water and blow air, like a whale, only the air was poison, thick and foul, making anyone who breathed it sick. It's eyes were massive, like a wench's serving tray, and they glowed red with fire! Harpoons and pistols just bounce off it."

Accounts vary, but they say between 20 and 50 have been killed by the beast, with a dozen fishing boats sunk over the years.

A terrifying description to be sure. Reminds me somewhat of the beast that attacked the Gambit. Still, the thought of

finding one of these ancient crystals overrode my good sense and I convinced the others to help me hire a boat and go to Nu-Stall.

Nobody would agree to take us to the island, but we succeeded in finding a fisherman who would lend us his boat, by leaving much of our gear behind as "Collateral" in case we did not return. We also had to pay him a fair amount of gold and musket pearls for the time.

Armed and ready, Capt. Warrent and Rufus set us to sail, while all others stood watch for the beast, rifles at the ready.

Following the fisherman's directions, we sailed for about six-hours before spying the dark, almost foreboding, rocky shores of Nu-Stall. Gloomy, but through my spyglass I thought I could make out ruins, like those of the First Walkers. So intent was I on the ruins that I did not hear the shouts of warning.

The beast struck from the depths, hitting hard against our keel. It then surfaced, running against the side of the boat, as if to intimidate us by its size. I swear it was more than twice our length (which was a good 35 feet long).

Bryce, Cpl. Levins, Rufus and the American Carolyn set to rifle on it, and Thur-Long to bow, but we never saw any blood. As it passed it let out a terrible belch of air from its lungs, thick and black, which encompassed our boat. Everyone was sickened and could not help but gag and cough in the foul black air.

Capt. Warrent turned the ship hard about and made away from the island at full speed, but the monster struck again,

bumping us hard. I do not know what happened next, only that I awoke back in Huntington a day later. According to the others, I was thrown against the rails and knocked overboard, unconscious.

Bryce, they say, grabbed a rope and dove overboard as I sank in the clear waters. Somehow he tied the rope to my waste as the others started pulling me back to the ship. That's when the monster got him. Still underwater, Ms. Goodhar and Dr. Connor watched in horror as it swam right up and swallowed him whole.

After that, they say, it turned away, apparently content with its attack, having driven us from the island. Bryce was gone.

Console as my companions may try, I cannot help but know that Bryce's death is my fault. Had I but heeded the local warnings about the monster, he would still be alive. But no, I had to search out this Wizard and his crystal. So, my friend Paul Bryce has become the latest victim of Scientific Curiosity...

The Island of Nu-Stall

Little is known about the island, its rocky shores and rough surf making landing difficult. Rumors abound that an ancient people once had a great city there, but that it was cast to the waves in a horrible tragedy. Now only ruins remain. Still, its deep waters allowed for great fishing.

Eleven years ago, so the stories go, an evil Wizard who could summon lightning and fire and monsters, moved onto the island, threatening all who came near it.

Now Nu-Stall is a death trap for any who venture near it. Who is this Wizard? Why would he claim such a barren place? And what control does he have over the terrible beast?