

An adaptable World+Scenario™ RPG supplement book

PANGAEA STATION



Deep under the earth's surface, gigantic machines work around the clock to push the continents back together to reform the super continent of Pangaea back together. But it's hardly an easy job when you're surrounded by monsters...

This supplement book contains background information, maps, and exploration keys intended for the use of adapting to pre-existing role-playing games.

Distributed to the book trade in the United States by Winter Constellation, Inc.

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PANGAEA STATION



PANGAEA INITIATIVE

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“What do we do?!” shrieked Kilroy, as she fumbled with the beeping oscillating knob on the bridge’s main Dynamic Proposition Simulator. “Insufficient data to provide a meaningful answer” flashed the readout on the computer’s three screens in alarmingly un-helpful red letters. Davidson was pacing frantically next to the mini fridge, reaching for a pack of cigarettes normally stashed in the right arm-pocket of his jumpsuit. The only one who was calm was Van Regard, who stood in the middle of the room, and stared past the view window toward the swarm of creatures that were slithering and choking the station.

“We do what we were trained to do,” he muttered, his words snapping Kilroy and Davidson to rapped attention. Van Regard strode to the locker near the primary exit. He paused before opening the locker for effect, then pulled a scary looking assault rifle. “We do what we were trained to do,” he quietly repeated, and then pulled the exit door open, and marched purposefully outside...

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Books in the World+Scenario series are intended to be used with your pre-existing roleplaying system of choice, and provide colour and setting for your session. Apply anything you read, and modify to your liking. THERE'S NO WRONG ANSWER!

GAME MECHANICS

Pangaea Station is a highly cinematic game, while this book is written to be adapted to fit a preferred RGP system you're most comfortable with, a simple, sample system is provided here, and can be played with just 2 six-sided dice (2d6). It is loosely based on *Teenagers From Outer Space* from R. Talsorian Games, and if you're not familiar with it, read that book next!

Characters are built with a set of regular skills and attributes, that represent general abilities measured against the standard human being, with the average level for any of these statistics is 3.

- **Strength:** your relative strength. 1 can barely open a jar of mayonnaise, and 6 is an Olympic-class weightlifter.
- **Dexterity:** how nimble and agile you are. 1 would need a complicated truss to get out of bed, and 6 is Batman.
- **Intelligence:** the level of how smart you actually are. 1 would be your standard Internet commentator, and 6 does the Sunday crossword puzzle with a blindfold on.
- **Mech:** this is actually an umbrella term for how mechanically adept you are. 1 can operate a tri-cycle with training wheels, and 6 can hotwire a stealth bomber.
- **Awesome:** how cool are you under pressure, or in social situations? 1 tells inappropriate jokes at a cocktail party, and 6 is able to light a cigarette with a flamethrower

You are given 18 points to distribute amongst these stats. You don't have to use them all (opting to level out at 3 each), but if you want to over power some stats, you might have to take less of another. For instance, taking a 2 in Strength could give you another point to spend on your Intelligence.

Adding your strength and dexterity, and then adding 5 points determine your hit points. Losing half your hit points will reduce your strength, dexterity, and driving to half, and losing a fourth will further half those attributes. Needless to say, losing all your hit points is death! Next, your character has special skills. This can be anything you think your character is good at or excels at professionally, and doesn't include standard skills outlined later in the book.

You are allowed 3 special skills, using the same system for the above stats, using 9 points. 3 is average. Special skills could include "baking," "experimental chemistry," or "unicycle."

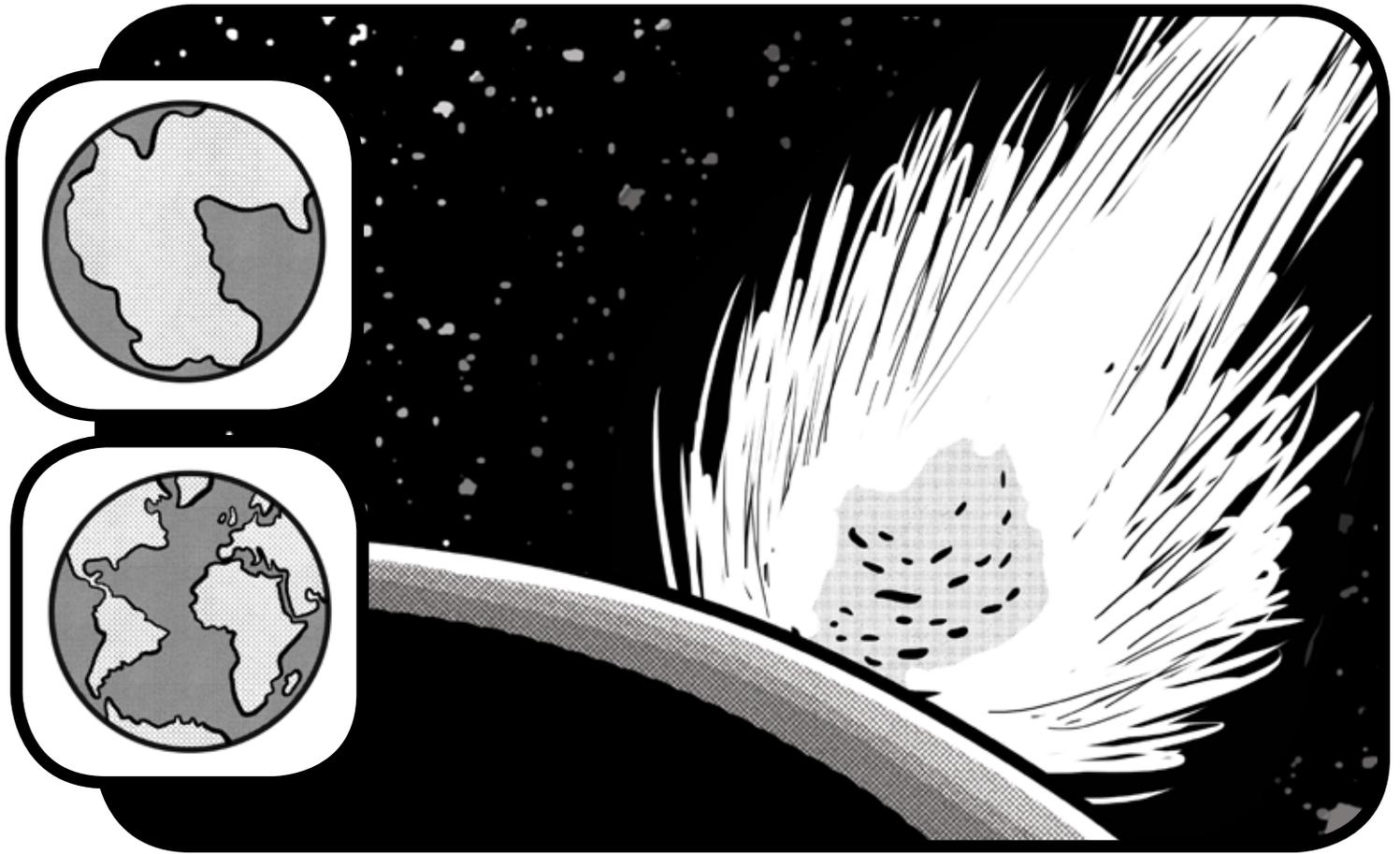
Finally, you are encouraged to give your characters 5 personality quirks. These are tics that make your character unique from the 7 billion +/- other (surface) humans on earth, and are things used to make the game session more... interesting.

Some quirks could include things like "always whistles 70s situational comedy show theme songs," or "stammers when excited," "degenerate gambler who always- ALWAYS- takes a double-dog dare."

When a situation comes up in the game, the GM will ask for your skill number on any given stat or specialty, assigning a die roll to beat based on the challenge at hand plus your skill number. Players then roll the 2d6, and add their stat/skill number to the results. If it's less than the challenge, it fails. If it's more than the challenge, it succeeds.

Simple as that.

The point is to have a fun, constantly moving game. Don't be afraid of failure!



WELCOME TO PANGAEA!

Earth is a small planet, cosmically speaking, but only if you live on the surface. Miles below our feet lays a sprawling world that rests on top of the continental plates. It's mysterious and expansive, and unbeknownst to most of us, several gigantic stations, manned by intrepid crews of the hardy, foolhardy, and foolish, work tirelessly to push the continents back together.

Millions of years ago, back when dinosaurs ruled the world (before they became birds), all of the land that wasn't underwater was connected into a gigantic supercontinent called Pangaea (pan-gee-ah). It was a Golden Era, when information was freely distributed, and survival was as easy as packing your dinosaur suitcase, and hightailing yourself from what is now Africa to what is now North America.

Then something awful happened.

Details quite are sketchy, as most written accounts were destroyed in the Great Cataclysm (and dreadfully pedantic if you speak or read *Dinosaur*), but over several million years, the mega-continent broke up, starting to divide. Things got difficult, families ruined, and life on the surface was fraught with- ugh- evolution and change.

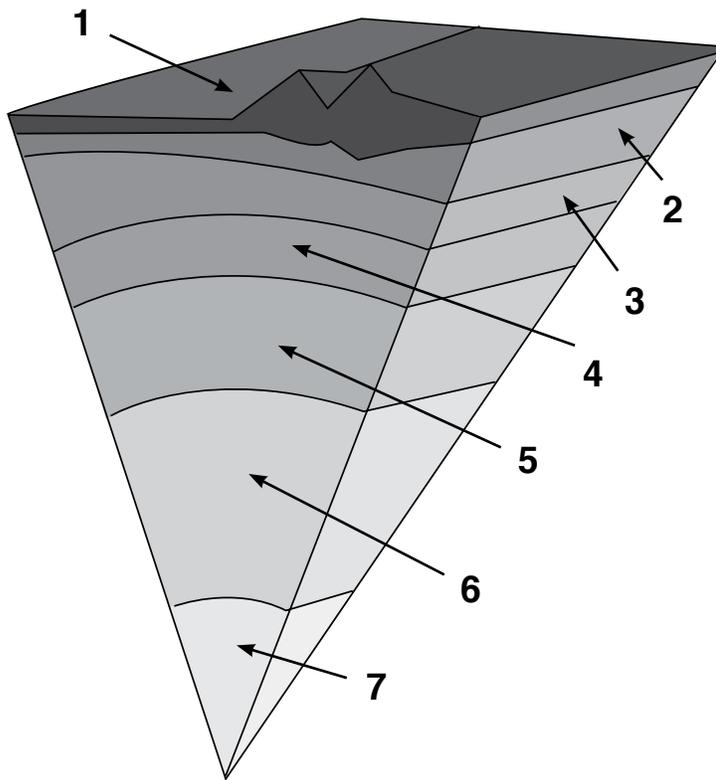
Dinosaurs became birds, different dinosaurs became mammals, and all the while sea creatures giggled impudently at our gas-based oxygen-breathing misfortune. Humans came along, and life would never be the same. Until 1970 C.E.

The Zorn Corporation (ZornCo; Nasdaq: ZRNC) started the Pangaea Project in the spring of 1970, with the stated goal of reuniting the continents together to reform Pangaea. It is an ambitious project, and will take several years before verifiable progress is seen, but every year ZornCo pumps billions of dollars into the project. For how long, and to what end? Well, that's not for you to know.

Tectonic Plates

Everyone who has taken high school biology or earth science is quick to point out that all land masses rest on continental (tectonic) plates. These plates slowly (very, very slowly) move surface land in different directions according to very aggressive and impolite gravitational pulls from the sun and the earth's core. In a real way, the planet and the galaxy are keeping the continents apart. Respectable scientists call this "continental drift."

Underneath these plates is a substance called "Earth Jelly" (the proper taxonomy is "Earth Jam," but we're using the common parlance here). It is a semi-viscous, quasi-liquid, almost-solid "goo" that is relatively harmless to handle with your bare hands, and it provides the lubricant for the plates to move on their solitary, unwelcome journey.



- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Surface | 5. Earth Jelly/Jam |
| 2. "Crust" | 6. Unexplored Layer |
| 3. Earth Underneath™ | 7. Molten Core |
| 4. Tectonic Plate | |

Life Underground

The world under our world (well, really it IS our world too, but whatever- get off my back, Noam Chomsky!) is violently diverse and perverse.

"Day" Light

Throughout the entirety of these cavernous expanses, grows a hyper-charged mutant variant of the *Mycena luxaeterna* (light eternal) mushroom. To most taxonomists and mycologists, who got their laughable degrees on the surface, the *Mycena luxaeterna* is tiny fungus that glows slightly green in the dark. But underground, these babies literally glow as bright as the sun, and set with the same regularity (though bravely ignoring the whole east-to-the-west pattern).

Individual 'shrooms are about as bright as a AA battery-powered LED flashlight. If plucked, a mushroom will eventually fade and die out in about two hours. Eating one is highly discouraged, as the resultant psychedelic trip encourages freethinking and heightened perception for several days (and we all know that free will and individual thought can be a double-edged sword...).

Breathable Gases

Because of the mushroom lighting, several similar-but-different variations of trees, grasses, and plants grow with abundance, fulfilling the carbon dioxide into oxygen ratios necessary for life to be sustained underground. The only real difference is that the colours are different, due to subterranean fauna having Technicolor chlorophyll instead of the pedestrian green. Surface plants that have been grown underground will be green, but within a few growing cycles, will mysteriously adopt the not-green characteristics. Growing underground plants above ground will result in their deaths, as actual sunlight is pretty gnarly.

There is an abundance of plants that exist underground, many with characteristics of plants you see every day. However, there is a disturbingly high population of viciously carnivorous species. Most of them prey after insects, but seeing as there are insects the size of humans, precautions must be observed.

Water

Most water underground is perfectly potable.

Really, you should only worry if the water is contaminated by Dinoman pollution, directly surface-dripping toxins, or combined with Earth Jam/Jelly. There are at least three documented seas, each spanning vast distances, several fathoms deep, with several branching rivers and streams. How these reach surface ground wells is a mystery that defies science and “logic.”

Any body of water has the danger of being filled with unpleasant creatures, many with a taste for flesh. There are also several species of fish, which are less harmful, but surprisingly stronger. The trout is excellent.

Lava/Core-Seepage

Of course, being deep under, and being closer to the core than you, the reader, are, the risk of encountering core-seepage is a real and very hazardous proposition. Luckily, these do seem to be few and far between. Unluckily, these are expanding, albeit very, very slowly.

Lava pockets glow with effusive red light, and are several hundred to thousands of degrees hotter than your average human being can handle. Lakes of fire and oozing, creeping lava as far as the eye can see! This is counteracted by specialty Stations, equipped with stronger alloy hulls, and filled with breath-taking air conditioning units. Needless to say, it sucks to be on the crew at one of these Stations.

Zeta Rays

Little is understood about Zeta Rays. It appears to be a band of detrimental psychic energy that originates on the planet Mars, but by what, remains as mysterious as its existence in the first place.

Right now, Zeta Rays really only hit the surface of Earth. The effects are not understood, but it is postulated that they dull human senses and abilities, and are usually the actual answer behind many unexplained phenomena, such as mutated animals (monsters), water behaving against popularly-held physics, and the actual cause of the aurora borealis.

One won't find Zeta Rays underground, usually. Though, it sometimes can poke its way through, usually through really wide cave entrances and

fissures caused by earthquakes. How this effects creatures underground, though, is not documented publically...

Dinosaurs

After the Great Hassle that was a life-changing meteor striking the earth millions of years ago, most of the dinosaurs that lived on the planet died off (like the tremendous pussies they were). But a great deal of them didn't, and instead fled underground, and adapted.

Oh sure, some evolved into Dinomen, and some became mammals or sea creatures, but most remained hardy versions of what they once were, and some even devolved back to species from previous epochs. They roam the planet, fighting for survival, and generally avoiding the “intelligent” intruders. Really, if you want a dinosaur to be under the planet, it's there, only bigger and slightly smarter than popular depictions in media. If it's a predator, it at least can postulate strategy, and make your life a living hell. Think the raptors in “Jurassic Park,” except with less charisma, and more feathers.

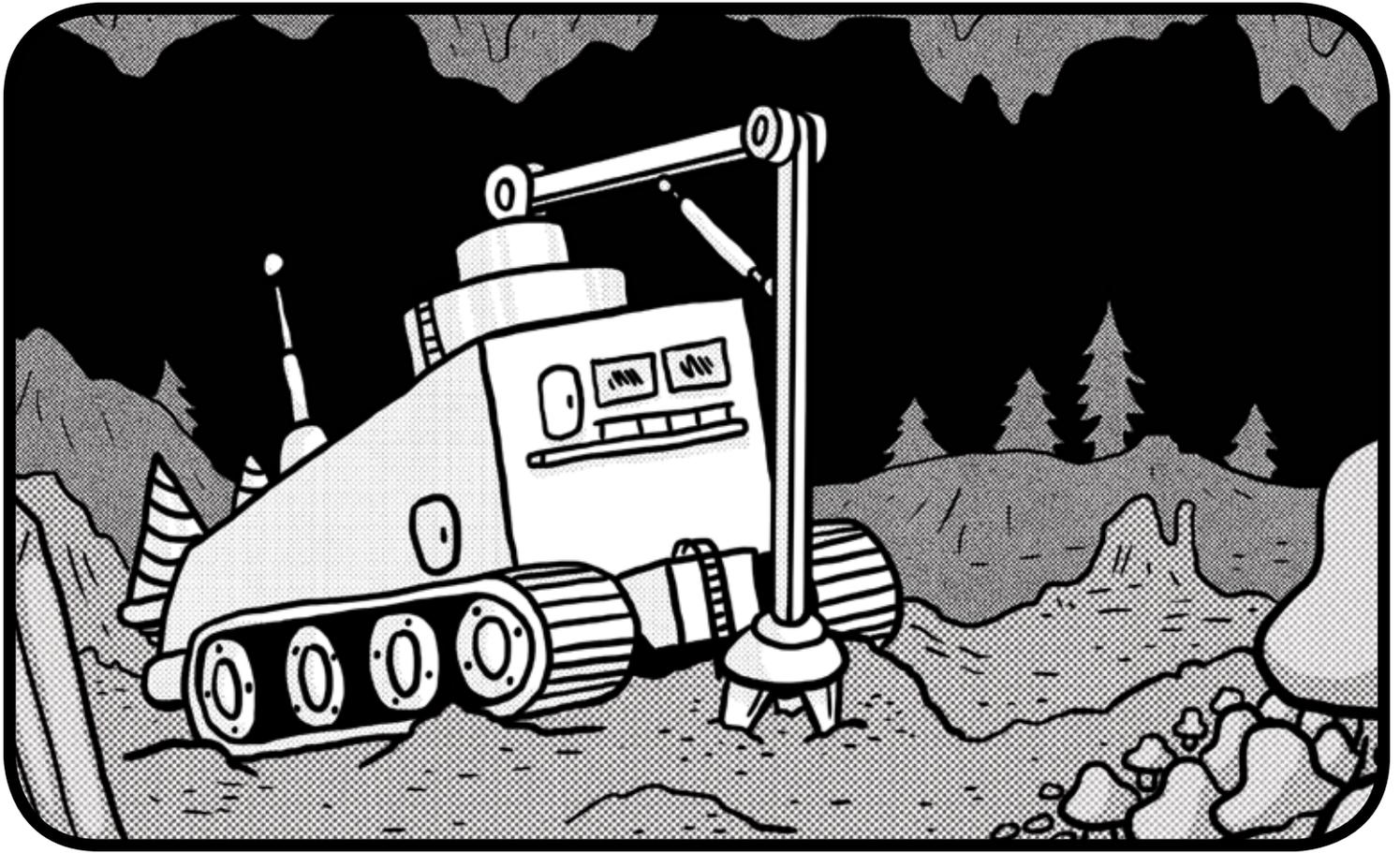
Mammals

There are a few “Ice Age” species of mammals underground. Because it's generally hotter when closer to the core, they don't have pelts, but they're about the same as you'd imagine, and act the same as surface animals, only bigger and more deadly.

Trees

There are many varieties of trees that exist here too, and many of them with qualities of their upstairs neighbors. Because of the lack of Zeta Rays to reach beneath the mantle, practically all trees are very sentient, and many are in fact metaphysical (see: Gaia Spirits). While most trees cannot harm you, expect that all of them hate you, and would do you harm if they could.





STATIONS

There are currently four types of standardized stations available. These are made with exacting specifications to push the tectonic plates in the prescribed order, and under NO circumstances should they be altered, as each one is precision tuned to meet the quality that one must expect from a ZornCo product.

Yeah right. And the author of this book is a talking dog wearing a tutu. Despite the best efforts of ZornCo's uniformity office, no two stations are exactly alike, and modifications are so common that the suits back on the surface have given up any attempts to enforce any guidelines.

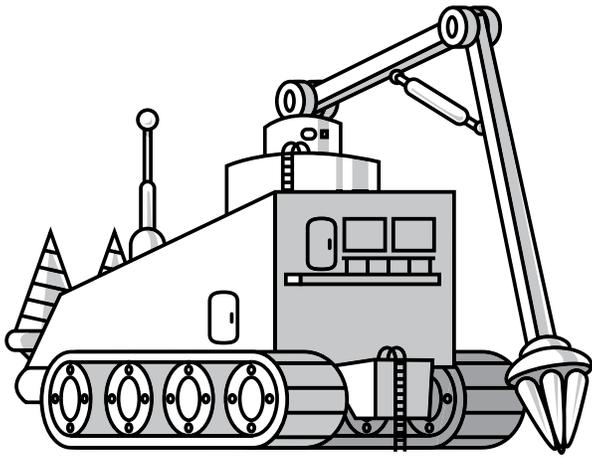
A note on Modifications to Stations:

It has been said by many hoity-toity scientific types that humanity are the only animals who adapt their environments to fit their needs.

After you finish rolling your eyes at that wonderful cliché, there is a lot of truth to that observation. People like being comfortable, especially if their environment is a gigantic cavern filled with strange mushrooms, open sores that seep magma, trees that want to kill them, and wandering packs of violent animals and violent animals with guns.

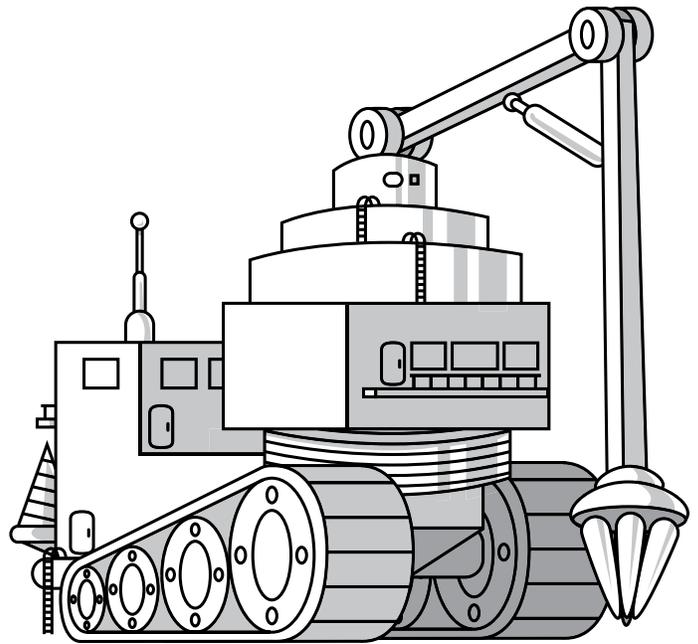
The usual modifications to stations take these factors into consideration with blast shields, canons and mortars, ice treads (because some parts underneath the earth refuse to play into the stereotype of being hot), and window mounted air conditioners (don't need to worry about CFCs when there's no ozone layer underground!).

Basically, don't modify if it's unnecessary.



2358-L Standard Continent-Shifter:

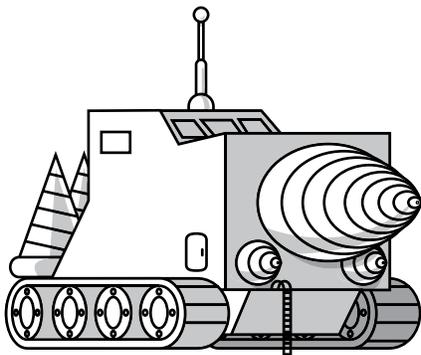
By far the most common Station in the fleet, the “L” is the most basic one imaginable. Housing a standard crew of about 5, the “L” has a large, powerful pneumatic arm that latches onto a plate. The arm stays in place, as the enormous tank treads push forward, slowly moving the plate toward in any given direction. The “L” is also outfitted with some back-up drills, which are intended to burrow a station out of a tough spot in emergencies. In addition, it has a powerful antennae, which can receive and broadcast instructions from Haimdall.



7780-Q Medium-Duty Burrower:

Acting as a vanguard and scouting unit, these Stations are tricked-out with gigantic drills, which are used to carve out routes for Continent-Shifter Stations. As much of the available space is given over to the boring machinery, these are staffed with crews of about 3.

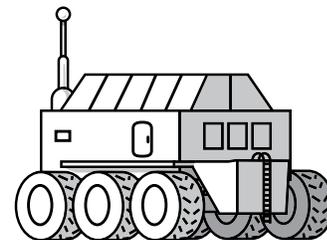
The digs are pretty Spartan, and as such, crewmen are paid significantly more because of this. And because they’re probably the first to encounter Things That Hate Surface Dwellers.



1390-S Heavy Continent-Shifter:

Significantly larger than the 2358-L, this Station is designed for significantly larger jobs! Besides being, really, a bigger and more bad-ass version of the 2358-L, it has a rotating command center, AND an air-hockey table. Average crew size is about 10.

GM Note: this Station is not intended for your average group. The crews who operate these have a BMOC/Jock attitude, and are usually filled with more experienced or “mature” crews.



5652-G Refill Funicular:

These babies are effectively really, really big SUVs, with the sole purpose of delivering supplies, fuel, and visiting investors from ZornCo HQ. Most of the space that is not holding goodies and toys is given over to very comfortable seats, living quarters, clean bathrooms, and a nice sound system. The Funicular is also the quickest vehicle outlined here, and can reach speeds of about 80 miles per hour, or more if the “roads” are smoothed out. The crew is limited to a driver, and someone riding (literal) shotgun.

Crew Quarters

The average station has a common area which doubles as a commissary, which leads to bunk rooms and the cockpit. There are doors, which include an exit, to an observation deck, and to the machinery room.

The Engine Room takes up most of the space in a Station. It's about as complicated as an airplane crossed with a military air plane, with several servos, computer read-outs, pistons, gears, and belts. It's pretty dense, and requires some degree of specialization to understand what the hell any of it does.

The cockpit has several playfully bright-colored buttons and monitors, as well as a steering wheel, several foot pedals, and some sinister levers that have ominous-looking yellow and black striped tape around them. In truth, the Station isn't difficult to drive (in fact, it's about as difficult as a standard manual transmission car), but was engineered to prevent joyriding.

The crew quarters are divvied up by rank. The captain is given his/her own quarters, and the crew, who usually double up in bunk cots, shares the rest. Each room has a small locker for personal effects and jumpsuits.

The common area has a table with the appropriate number of folding chairs, and the kitchenette is as cramped as a studio apartment. The remaining walls are covered in lockers, which hold food, water, weapons, and board games (usually). Some crewmen will bring televisions, but good luck finding any station that doesn't broadcast embarrassingly pedestrian Dinoman soap operas.

Automatons

ZornCo Robotics has done amazing marvels at imitating God, no more apparent than the line of Automatons. Other than being hairless on shiny, silver-metallic skin, an Automaton is practically indistinguishable from an actual human being, and completely programmable to fit any circumstance where a human life is at legally actionable risk.

Whatever sections of their body that aren't given over to working gears and complicated parts are hollow, and often used as a mobile supply

container, or given over to compact weaponry, extra arms or finer manipulators, chemicals, or advanced computers. The average size is 5'10", weighing in 350 lbs.

Automatons are fully capable of speech and seem somewhat aware of their surroundings. That last part is critical, and the reason why they aren't used to man the Stations all together: they're easily prone to SELF-awareness. This is pretty awesome, until you realize that they often turn against their fleshy, oppressive Mammalian creators!

(See The Robotic Army) PCs may play as Automatons if they wish to, at their GM's discretion.

Power Source

Stations are generally powered by a liquid fuel made from gasoline and a type of crystal that is quite common underground called "power crystals" (the award-winning ZornCo marketing strikes again with the most apt and clever descriptor! Open another bottle of champagne, Doris! We're gonna celebrate until they call the cops on us, and some kills the stipper!).

A power crystal usually measures about one yard (or a little less than a meter if you're into that wacky European metric BS) and glows slightly blue. Not especially hardy in make-up, a power crystal can be fractured quite easily, and ground up into a fine powder, and mixed with a volatile liquid, where it will burn incredibly hot.

The only reason that these wonder minerals aren't being introduced to the consumer market is that they are only found this deep underground, and the highest deposits are unfortunately and coincidentally clustered under OPEC countries. ZornCo doesn't want the Saudis to get another leg up on production if they can help it!

Incidentally, whispers amongst various stations say that power crystals, when taken bodily, can provide an amazing high, and will give the user brief extrasensory powers (if they can get off the beanbag chair and actually try the powers out).

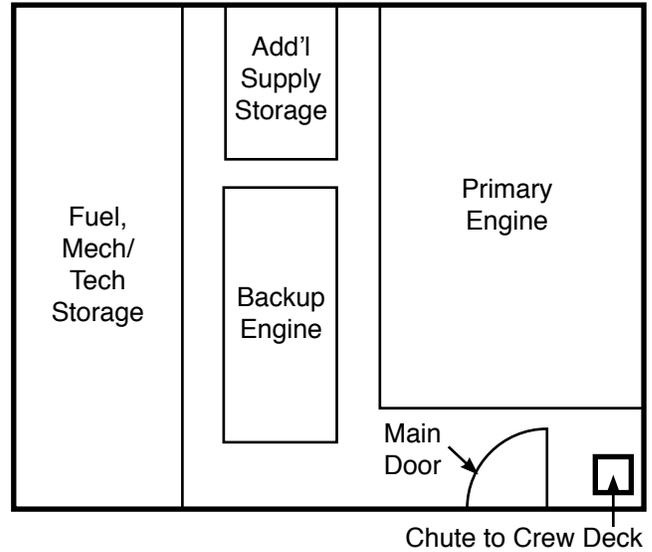
GM note: the rumors ARE true, but the hang-over is PROBABLY not worth the trip...

Typical Station Floorplan

First Floor: Engine Room

The Majority of the Engine Room is set aside for the primary engine and the fuel and mechanical/technical storage sections. Though not viable in this diagram, they are chunky and packed with complicated pieces of machinery that I can't begin to pretend to write jargon for and sound half-way intelligent.

A gas-only backup engine is reserved only for emergencies. Behind the main entrance door is a ladder chute that leads up to the crew deck.

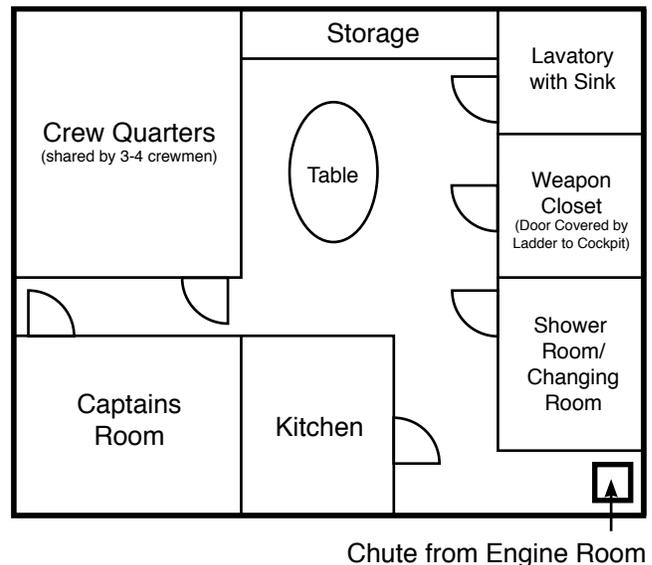


Second Floor: Crew Deck

The Crew deck is fairly cramped, but not without its "quaint charms." At least the potty isn't located in the same room as the shower.

A ladder is integrated into the door for the weapons closet which leads to the cockpit level.

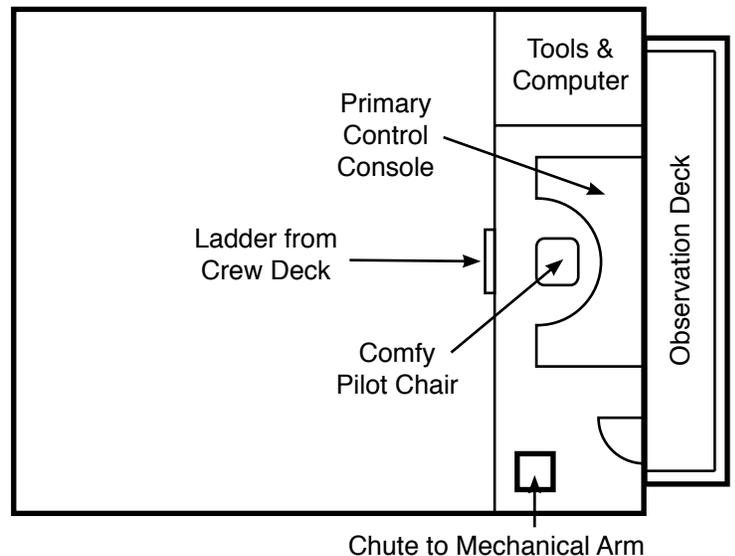
The kitchen has at the very least a sink, stove/oven, refrigerator, microwave, and cupboards filled with rations and utensils.



Third Floor: Cockpit

The cockpit actually only takes up less than a 4th of the area, as the roof of the station is at a slant. As such, it does not have a wall facing the crew quarters. It is accessible by ladder. The only door leads to an observation deck, which is an excellent spot to pick off varmints.

A second ladder chute leads out to roof to access the station's pneumatic arm for maintenance.





STATION CREWS

The average station is about the size of a modest two-story house, with most of the space dedicated to the machinery that pushes the plates in the correct direction. To the naked eye, it would appear that these stations are not moving, though time-lapse photography proves otherwise.

The second story of the station is where the technicians and crew live. The average deck has a large bridge where most of the day-to-day operations take place, a mess room, a primary storage room, and crew quarters. Since space is at a premium, oftentimes lower-ranked/lower-graded crewmembers share spaces.

Since there is breathable oxygen under the earth's surface (remember, all evidence to the contrary is provided by the lame-stream scientific community that couldn't find their own butts in a store filled with butts), it is not un-common for crews to set up a volleyball court or baseball pitch not far from the station to relieve boredom.

Station Crews

The usual, average crewman for a working station is between the ages of 17 and 45, with occasional crew reaching ages as high as 86 in some instances. These crewmen (and it's generally men running these stations- not for any sexist reason other than legal department instituted harassment liability policy- though there does exist many exemplary female crewmen) had educational backgrounds that range from high school dropout to career Ph.D.s.

Positions

The crew of a Station is pretty minimal. Given that it doesn't take a lot of brains to actually run a Station, there are only a handful of regular jobs underground. Technically, everyone knows how to do everyone's duties, but Mammals like having roles: here's the basic of them. If you want a job not listed here, make it, but do keep in mind what you are trying to, you know, accomplish, genius.

Captain:

Usually the most experienced officer, or a product of nepotism. Aside from getting a private room, the perks of leadership include high expectations, disrespect/attitude, and filing daily paperwork.

Mechanic:

The mechanic, as a general rule, is the most competent crewman on the Station, as it's his/her job to keep the hunk-a-junk running, at least at the barest minimum.

Doctor:

The doctor is there to make sure the crew isn't going crazy or dying of some exotic disease. Since this can lead to a lot of idling and procrastination, doctors are also expected to fill in as the resident scientist, documenting new discoveries and making first contacts.

Pilot:

While the captain SHOULD know how to run the damn thing, this crewman is actually the one operating the Station on a daily basis- which usually means flipping a switch, and usually, occasionally, looking up from his/her book, to keep up an appearance of not gold-bricking.

Security Officer:

Life underground can be fraught with peril, and it's up to you to be the first line of defense against something you've never seen before.

Crew Uniforms

The uniform of a crewman is a full-body navy blue jumpsuit, augmented with a utility belt, a pair of heavy-duty leather gloves, and a pair of very sturdy kicks. Each jumpsuit has the Pangaea Project logo over the right breast, and their name patched over the left, with their rank/position above it.

Each Station is usually assigned some logo or insignia which acts as a call sign, and a symbol of bad-assed-ness. A circular patch of that logo is sewn on the right sleeve. It's sort of a big deal, as some Stations will actively (childishly) compete with others to see how far they can push their plate.

Other standard gear includes a hard helmet, safety goggles, some pocket-sized screw-drivers and wrenches, and a small handgun.

Nutrition

ZornCo is regularly hired as a well-paid PMC to provide prefabricated support structures and communication devices for the USAF, in addition to military-grade weapons and defenses. Among the other things they provide, are pre-made rations and foodstuffs for the army, navy, marines, and air force. Report cards say the food is edible, all things considered.

Too bad Stations get the cast offs and dregs. The average food shipment contains several tin cans of strangely labeled products, such as "puffy meat-substitute," "lab-harvested condor egg whites," "bread in syrup," and "fruit." Making a decent meal requires an Intelligence roll, and stomaching it a Strength roll.

Water is the only liquid provided, so many crewmen have learned to smuggle flavor crystals or instant coffee. Alcohol is strictly prohibited, but not enforced. A good mechanic can distill something inebriating, but a great mechanic will make sure you don't go blind. Sometimes ZornCo will reward a Station with a box of soda pop, but these usually have unnatural side effects, other than tooth decay.

A crew doctor, if there's one on board, is required to run a physical and mental examination every other weekend. In theory, this should be a full battery of routine (and possibly unethical) tests, but in practice, this might be as casual as "you OK?" "Uhhhhh... *vomit sound*" "Alright, I'll put down 'as frisky as a river otter.' NEXT!"





SKILLS OUTLINE

To cut it in this harsh environment of the underworld, a man/woman/whatever needs certain abilities to hack it. Prove to the universe that, "Hey! I ain't no slouch!" The following are some useful skills to give your character, so the odds are slightly in your favor for making it to payday (every other Thursday, provided you turn in a signed time card).

Wilderness Survival

Look out, everybody! We got a boy scout in our midst! What with your fancy-ass Eagle rank, you can start fires, clean water, and construct sound structures to live in the unforgiving elements.

Cooking

Yeah, anyone can boil water and make some mac and cheese. What separates you from those plebeians, is that you do it with style. A harmony of flavor opens up when you make mac and cheese.

Ecology

You "get" plants and animals.

First Aid

For a severed artery, you're the one we turn to, to make that boo-boo go away. You can't do complex surgery, but you can make it less less bleed-outy.

Marksmanship

You're a great shot, genius! I mean, you're an actual genius at shooting things until they're dead things!

Knife

You have a little more skill at using an edged weapon, including actually throwing one, and it not ineffectively clanging the handle onto the floor.

Brawling

you watched pro wrestling, and instead of keeping it a juvenile power fantasy, you turned it into a marketable skill.

Gadgetry

Putting random metal pieces together, and somehow making it power a derelict car, which now also has RPGs attached to the side, thanks to you.

Cartography

you can read a map and compass.

Model Making (abnormal)

Strangely this is a surprisingly useful skill, when assessing complicated raids/defenses. You have uncanny ability to comprehend complex strategy.

Psychology

Not necessarily book-learning, but you have the innate understanding of how sentient creatures tick. And how to exploit it fairly well.

Metaphysics

This is high-grade gaming here, and potentially game-breaking, but why not introduce MAGIC into your story? Must be specified, and it takes a lot of skill points to have it (or less, if it's comically narrow; like "turn into a houseplant").

Recreational Biochemistry

Drugs, man. You have a masters degree-worth of skillz at making drugs or alcohol (only one or the other).

Mining

Delving too deep is in your wheelhouse. This skill allows a crewmember to actually have useful abilities in digging and clearing away rubble.

Languages (Non-Human)

You get silly little jokes a non-human races giggle to each other, and allows you to hold a conversation. Must specify which language.

Demolitions

BLOWING SHIT UP, SON. Safely.

Explosives

IDENTIFYING AND PROPERLY STORING BLOWING-UP-SHIT-SUBSTANCES, SON. Also safely. Not required for Demolitions.

Organization

Leading people is hard, and drafting schedules and communicating with brass is also hard. And you lucky person, you can.

Conflict Resolution

Why all the fighting?! We're all just friends on Spaceship Earth! Can't we all just get along?!

Music

You can play an instrument competently, or more than competently. Not competently enough, otherwise your band would be winning Grammys, and you'd not be stuck down here with a shitty guitar and some chords...

Computer Hostage Negotiation

Knowing how to intimidate AI and robots, and hack the mainframe, Sandy Bullock-style. Ask your parents about that reference.

Sanitation

Someone who has this skill knows you need to keep your waste far away from where you sleep, and can make sure that happens. Also might have other applications- the author hasn't thought of any beyond the sarcastic description.

Red Tape

Understanding human and occasional non-human languages is useful, sure. But a MORE useful skill is having your thumb on the throbbing, inhuman pulse of corporate bureaucracy. You can translate industry speak, and have a passable knowledge of technical writing and drafting a proper email.

Fire-Building

Not Wilderness Survival, but you know how to start a fire anywhere, with anything.

Chemistry

Not your average know-how of what happens when putting green chemicals into a blue chemical.

Statistics

Going beyond baseball stats (or whatever fantasy sport you're into, NERD), you somehow are intrinsically are good at predicting odds of any situation.

Historian

"If we fail to learn from the past, we're doomed to repeat it." That tired phrase is said by you, often, as you can't wait to apply any nugget from the annals of [human] recorded time to any given situation.

Cast-Iron Stomach

Since the beginning of existence, creatures have wondered, "can I eat this?" More often than not, the answer is no- no you can't. But that doesn't mean anything to you, and your freakish constitution.

Zen

Taking a page from non-Western philosophy, your third eye is open. You almost have magical abilities and insight, but they require concentration, immobility, and no distractions.

Driving

Not a lot of opportunities, but behind the wheel, you're a five-hubcap Steve McQueen. Ask your grandparents for that reference.

Riddler

Ask you a riddle, and you'll reply "Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie." Actually, your character will know the answer every time.

Marketing

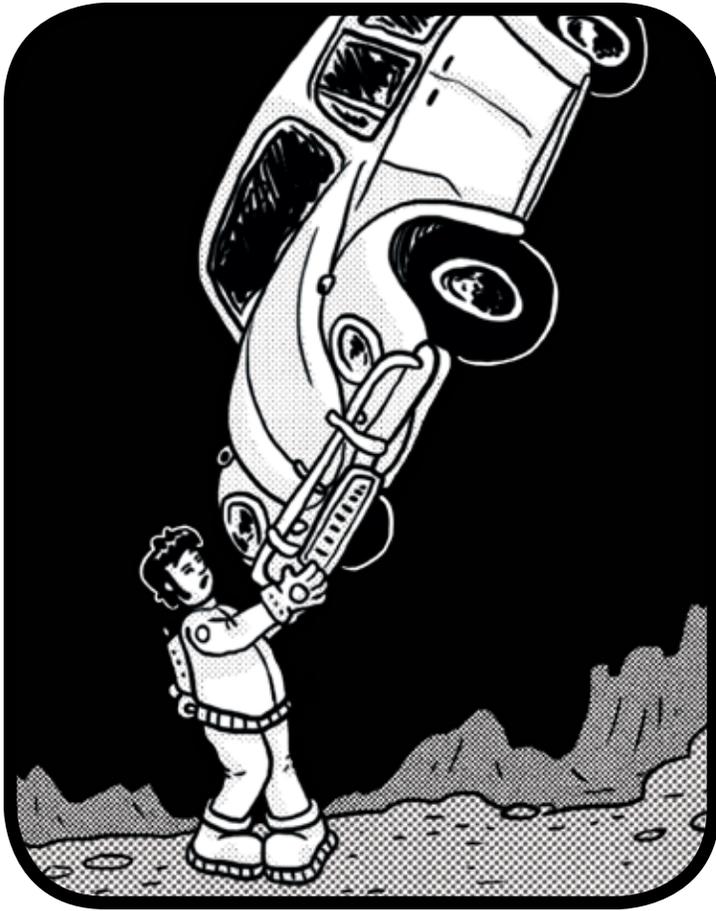
A little known secret in the universe is that humans have spent more time developing the skills to sell shit to anyone and anything. You're persuasive, in the heartless, evil dick sort of way, and routinely sell tickets to the Staten Island Ferry.

High-Functioning Alcoholic

You can withstand a truly brutal amount of hazardous liquids (not just alcohol despite the name), and wakeup without a hangover or in a grave. Lucky bastard...

Dowsing

Whatever your method, you have an uncanny knack for finding fresh, potable water in any location.



UNIQUE ITEMS

The world of Pangaea Station can be set between 1970 and anytime after 1970, and follows standard sci-fi tropes (because why the hell not?). Because the Pangaea Project is spearheaded by ZornCo, which has its greasy, unwashed fingers in many pies, (the pies being multiple areas of esoteric research and development), there really isn't anything that can't be explained off not existing or impossible.

However, each Station is unique, and with budgetary projections being written quarterly, crewmen might not have access to all the fun toys- or access to properly working toys...

The following are some examples of fun, dangerous, and highly experimental devices a Station COULD have in its lockers:

Goop Gun

Did you ever play with Gak as a child? No, not the street name for heroin, but the gooey putty that felt like you were handling a wad of snot? ZornCo makes several varieties of Goop. Each one has a particular function depending on color, and the Goop Gun, about the size of a shotgun, fires a single glob.

A replacement charge must be swapped out manually, and each cartridge is the size of a film canister (if you know or remember how big a *snicker* film canister was). The colors are left to the GM's discretion, but some basic types include: slippery, clingy, binding, copying, itchiness, and timed explosive.

Universal Translation Device

A UTD is about the size of a 1980s cell phone, and requires the user to wear headphones. While it cannot interpret spoken commands into another language, it can precisely dictate any language.

Matter Displacement Unit

A "Displacer" is effectively a transporter device. A kit includes two parts, and when tuned to the appropriate bandwidth, will relocate anything inside of one to the other instantaneously. There is no standard size for a set of Displacers, so one set might be man-sized, where as another could be only big enough to move, say, a candy bar or some microfilm.

Mind-Swapper 2000 (Beta)

The "Swapper" looks like a medium-sized boom box, with two cords on the top. At the end of each cord is a sticky diode, which can be attached to the forehead area of any living, sentient, being. With the flick of the switch, the brains of the two subjects are automatically switched. The effect is permanent until the two are switched back. However, as this device is still being beta-tested, the prolonged swap MIGHT have some interesting "effects..."

Sandwich Robot

Unlike the standard ZornCo issued automatons, a sandwich robot is designed for one purpose: to make sandwiches. How and where it gets the bread, spreads, vegetables, and proteins remains a mystery.

Capture Ball

A capture ball is about the size of a softball. There is a hairline seam along the circumference, and a little button that opens it. If it's lobbed when a target is weakened, the device automatically opens, emits a force field that shrinks the target, and forces it into the ball, where it is kept in stasis. The capture ball was designed to extract subterranean creatures for further study. It bares absolutely NO legal resemblance to a popular video game. None whatsoever so stop making wild, baseless, slanderous accusations otherwise! Jeez.

Bio-Recreational Substances

No, it's not just weed. ZornCo's pharmacies are constantly trying to discover the perfect "natural" strains to develop the perfect drug to coddle the masses. And who knows? Maybe YOUR Station is a test site. Or not. Effects are not documented thoroughly to predict what could happen...

Chronological Shift Modulator

A CSM is a localized, pocket-sized time-travel device using volatile plutonium cells to power a displacement capacitor. It can only be used by one person at a time, or several if they're all awkwardly bear-hugging each other. The device only travels backwards in time, and only within a range-period of about 6 hours. ZornCo. researchers have noted that extensive use could result the user in being transported into a parallel time-stream, sometimes with catastrophic differences, but this is merely speculation, as no one can confirm this to be true, or just a convenient paradox that ignore cause-and effect correlations.

Invisibility Cloak

For lack of a cooler-sounding name, this is a beach towel that masks the wearer completely unseen. Unfortunately, when it's not in use, and not flipped over to reveal the adorable floral pattern on the reverse side, the cloak itself will remain unseen.

Bouncy Ball

This looks, for all intents and purposes, like an innocuous super ball one could find at a grocery store quarter machine. However, it's as dense as a brick, and if thrown with surprisingly little force, will ricochet off any surface with the speed of a formula 1 racecar, seemingly forever.

Power Gloves

Again, lacking a better name, these are a pair of gloves that give the wearer vast strength. While wearing these silly little gloves, a user can jerk a semi-truck over their heads. However, these gloves do not have a modulator, so anything they grip could potentially be crushed into a fine, wispy powder. On top of that, without the Gravity Boots or Iron Truss, the force these gloves might end up crushing the user into a fine, wispy powder!

Gravity Boots

These shoes look like an innocent pair of Chuck Taylors, but will ensure the user to stand up straight on any surface. ANY surface. Technically speaking, there is a dense core in the soles, which are strong enough to hold the wearer to the ground.

Iron Truss

This piece of mechanical clothing is designed to reinforce a fragile body to withstand amazing amounts of stress or kinetic damage. Designed as a really effective bulletproof vest, this incredible device is limited by four D batteries, and has an effective operating timeline of about 30 minutes at a time.

Paint Bullets

The size of a rifle bullet, this ammo, when it strikes, discharges about 5 gallons of harmless, brightly glowing blue paint.

Noise Bullets

Also the size of a standard rifle bullet, this ammo, when it strikes, miraculously fills the area with very loud, very peppy alpine yodeling (with hilarious accordion accompaniment).

Machine Claws

Modeled after the claws of a Moleman, these gloves end in sharp talons that can burrow through just about anything in creepily short time. They're very comfortable, too, so be sure to remember to remove them if you need to pick your nose.

Self-Contained Elevation Pak

This looks like a heavy camping backpack, and weights as much as a REALLY heavy camping backpack. But this unit will allow the user to hover any distance above the ground. The one thing that keeps this from being a practical is that it doesn't have thrust: you're just sort of... hanging there.

Dinosaur Pheromonic Charges

These grenades release a very powerful dinosaur pheromone into the air. Amongst Mammals and some birds, this means nothing, but to reptiles and reptile-like creatures, it is the equivalent of a Marvin Gaye album, buckets of imported champagne, and a feather bed coated with rose petals.

GM note: some scientists at ZornCo have also been developing a mammal version, but that's still being tinkered with...

Pocket Knife

Sure, it LOOKS like the small Swiss army knife you had as a boy/girl scout, but this little multi-tool has a surprisingly souped up set of tools in it, including a knife that can cut apart rock, a magnifying lens that can actually start fires, and a saw that can rip through iron cords. However, this baby is limited by the strength of the user, and costs about a million dollars to make, so don't expect this to be standard issue for a few years.

Ghost Capsules

These look like children's vitamins, but eating one (not a pleasant prospect as they taste like flat beer and athlete's foot) will render the user impervious to solid surfaces. This is useful for going through walls! However, the effects only last an hour, and when "Ghosting," the user cannot pick up or handle anything, even if they concentrate really, really REALLY hard.

Zombie Pills

Really, in simple terms, this is a fail-safe to bring your character back to life if s/he dies spectacularly, but still has a face. Swallowing one of these pills brings a PC back to life automatically. Most of their wounds will heal immediately, and there's little residual damage. It is STRONGLY advised against eating one while still not-dead... A jar of Zombie Pills has about 30 doses.

GM note: there's another reason these are nicknamed "Zombie Pills." Eating one while very much alive will cause the user to take on ghoulish properties, not limited to reduced movement, peeling skin, and an insatiable, overwhelming desire to eat human brains. Intelligence doesn't change, so this hunger is treated as an addiction

Hand Phones

Even if you're setting this in the world of Today, this is a pretty neat body augmentation that ZornCo is testing on randomly selected volunteers. Basically, a touch-tone keypad is built into the middle inner knuckles of a hand (0, *, # on the fingernails, a mouth piece in the pinky, and a receiver in the thumb. Cellular transmission and reception are located in the wrist.

So why isn't this a thing? Because it accelerates a nasty bit of cancer. The kinks aren't worked out...

Unspecified Asian Fingertrap

A little device that can fit inside your pockets, it looks like a novelty Chinese Fingertrap. Except with this one, the ends extend much further- far enough to wrap around a head of a human or Dinoman. It's a great pacifier, but it's a suffocation hazard, so only use it for hostiles, or orgasms.

Facial Putty

This unfortunately named product was developed for corporate espionage in the early 60's, and is still being used to this day; the putty looks like playing dough, but it changes to the wearer's skintone. It will stick to a face easily, and can be molded to look like convincing natural facial features. The downsides are that it's dangerously easy to remove with slight force, and it won't sweat (giving itself away if the rest of your head is moist with perspiration)!

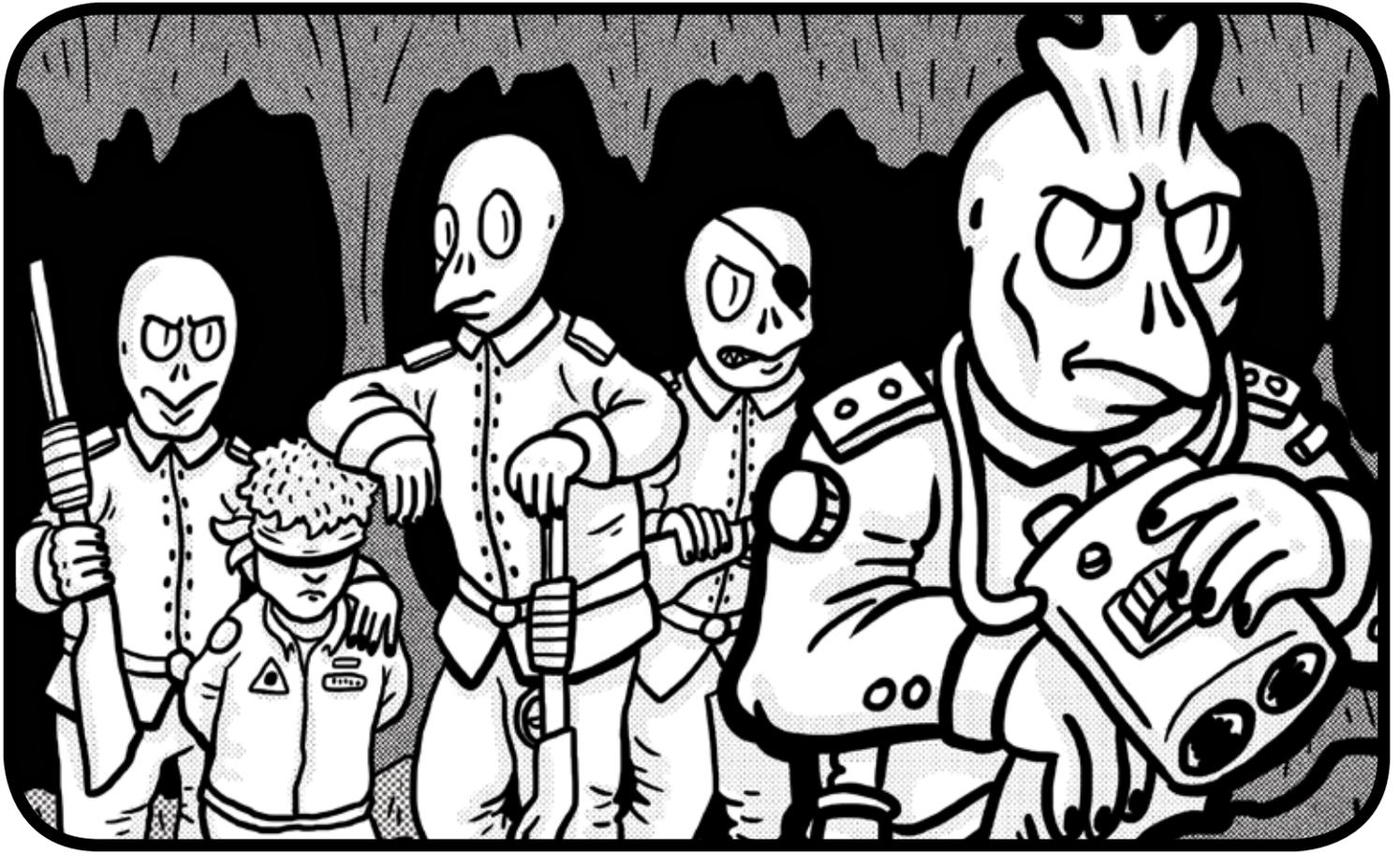
Zeta Gun

For whatever reason, so stupid genius decided to harness destructive zeta rays, and funnel them into a handgun. Apparently, horny scientists will try to turn any display of ingenuity into an aphrodisiac...

Anyway. The gun looks like a pink water pistol, and will alter the makeup of anything it's pointed at. Which is license for a GM to have some fun at the PC's expense...

Zeta rays are barely researched- shooting something with this trinket could have catastrophic results. Of course, the opposite is true, too...

GM note: in a nutshell, zeta rays will de-magic anything vaguely metaphysical, make animals more dangerous, and give humans and humanoids temporary super powers. Be creative if used on anything non-organic.



DINOMEN

Appearance:

After the remarkable disaster that paved the way for uninterrupted mammalian growth countless millions of years ago, many species of dinosaur fled underground. Most stayed the same, with very few changes over time (see Dinosaurs), while a determined pocket decided that the best thing to do was to do what some monkeys were engaged in, and evolve. Such a disgustingly unoriginal idea (slow clap).

The Dinomen evolved from the Troodon (those familiar with Dale Russell's theories will be surprised to discover that he wasn't theorizing at all, and was transcribing actual, verifiable historical fact). They're human proportioned, but that's where the similarities end. Their eyes are gigantic and yellow, slit-ed like a cat; their ears merely protected holes on the sides of their heads; their mouths ending in little fleshy beaks. Hands have four fingers and thumb, as do their feet, and with upright posture, they gradually lost their tails. They tend to be

average-human size, but about 20-30 pounds less than their height would suggest. Their skin is scaly and pebbly, but glistens slightly of skin oils, and ranges in color from lime green, to jet-black. Occasionally, one in 50 will have a boney crest growing out of their heads. This doesn't give them any physical advantages, but the cosmetic mutation does command unfair and unopposed social caché for the young Dinoman. All civilian leaders have a crest, and many military officers have one, as well.

Dinomen will affect a scary, slithery/snake-like voice when speaking to humans, since they know this unnerves Mammals. However, the average Dinoman's voice is surprisingly and comically high pitched, and sort of lispy. The dominant language spoken by Dinomen is also exactly like English, but with the em-pha-sis on inappr-opria-te syll-ab-les.

Culture/Aims:

They have a rich, parallel culture to humanity, which includes such party favors like as racism, sexism, homophobia, institutionalized poverty, and massive graft. But seeing as Dinomen are a race of evolved dinosaurs, and since they've been around longer than mammality, they are contemptuous of humans, and like to show off in what is diagnosed as a supremely sad, massive inferiority complex. Imagine someone who always one-ups whatever you say, no matter what you say, to prove how better they are? It's these guys to a T.

Dinomen have the goal of taking over the surface world in one gigantic global strike. They've assembled the weaponry needed to overthrow the milk-drinkers, but what's keeping them from doing so is political infighting, and factionalized warfare. But despite this meager roadblock, they're usually very close, and could easily take over the surface in remarkably little time. They've got quite a stockpile of nasty and effective weaponry, ranging from guns to missiles to Dino-equivalent Swiss Army Knives.

Human social scientists have speculated what would happen if the Dinomen succeeded in overthrowing our control of the surfacelands, and most analysis suggests they'd panic when they realize there's nothing above them. Nothing at all...

Settlements:

There are about 30 really big Dinomen cities spread across the planet. They have high population densities, and are surrounded by suburbs and nearby towns. Each one has their own economies, and at any given time, is undersiege from one of the other 29 city-states. Dinomen move between cities by running, or using a large transport vehicle, that is like a bus crossed with a tank.

There are also countless towns, farm, and villages, which are usually close to one of the major states.

DINOMEN ADVENTURE SEEDS

Break On Through To The Other Side

A company of Dinomen have broken through to the surface, and have held a small village in China captive with their "superior Dinoman technology." Since you're the closest station, ZornCo has tasked you with removing them without alerting Beijing that this security breach has occurred! The village is not very large at all, and the Dinomen took out the government officials first before an alarm was dispatched.

These Dinomen have been specially trained to avoid the terror of an open sky, and are armed to the teeth. Their own battle station underground has a retainue of soldiers gaurding it, and there's a decent cashe of advanced weapons at their disposal.

Dino Doomsday Clock

Your station is caught between two warring city-states, both of which are engaged in nuclear brinksdinomanship, with an arsenal of hydrogen bombs to backup their rhetoric.

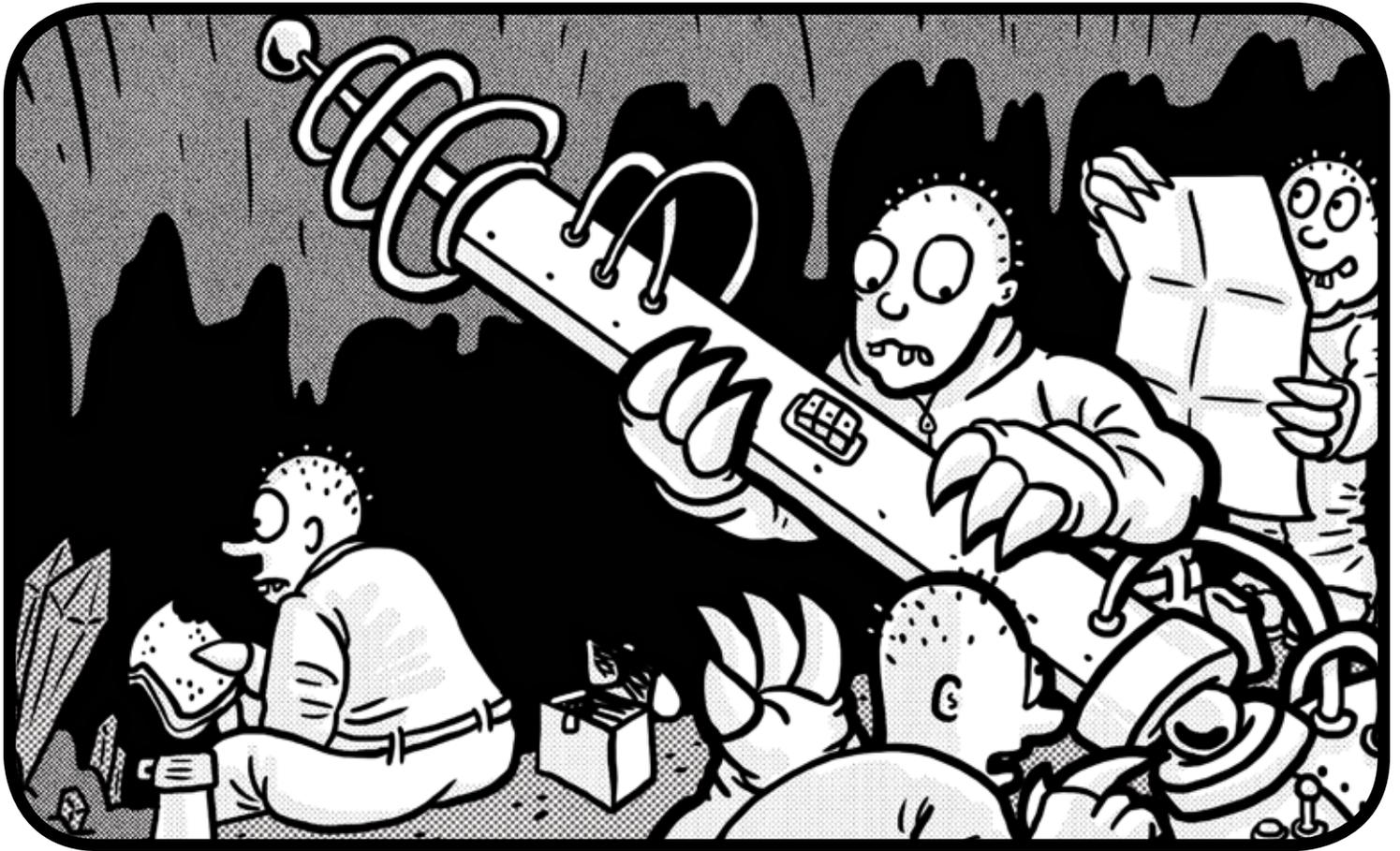
ZornCo has decided that it's up to you to calm this down, as multiple hydrogen bombs going off under Rio de Janeiro would damage that sector of their international household goods market. And lucky you, you staion is located within a stone's throw between the two city-states (by like, 500 miles between them).

Opportunities to for some political machinations, espianogue, and missile codes abound, as you try to broker peace between the two cities. There are friendlies on both sides, or as friendly as a Dinoman recognizing the value of expendable mercenaries can be...

Reality Bites

A Dinomen television station has landed on a sure-fire hit for the fall season: a reality show featuring houseguests in a Pangaea Station, surrounded by television cameras and confessional booths, with challenges involving the human crew.

Your station was approached to be the site for this progam, and ZornCo said yes. But the prize of Dinoman technology hinges on the ratings, and of course, Buffy is such a b, sleeping with Gerald, and oh god, here's another human... Such DRAMA!



MOLEMEN

Appearance

The Molemen are fat, squat little pests. They have vaguely human-like faces, except their mouths stretch out a little bit further, their teeth are especially “jacked-up” and gnarly, and their eyes are large and pale. Their hands end in “fingers” which are more accurately burrowing claws. Their feet are usually covered with heavy work-boots, but it’s not unreasonable to presume their “toes” are clawed as well.

Each Moleman (and it is MEN in this case- there are no reports of females seen- the Molemen have spoken of them, but presumably these ladies are sequestered at Mole City) wears a jumpsuit, augmented with a nametag and a belt, usually with a tool bag or a crude weapon.

Molemen speak with really thick, disgustingly stereotypical Midwestern accents; Milwaukee, Chicago, Dakotas, Manitoba and Iron Range

Minnesota dialects. Inexplicably, all of them universally speak English.

A Moleman can dig through most any rock. It’s not instantaneous, but much quicker than a human could reasonably expect.

Culture/Aims:

The Molemen are a race of particularly stupid humanoids, individually. Trying to communicate with one, aside from the hideous accent, is like banging your head against a doornail: it really hurts your head. They talk in circles, not to be clever, but because they’re not.

However, when in a group, Molemen can perform the most amazing feats of science and nation building. Though not a psychic race in the least, the Molemen naturally fit in as a hive mind, collecting their own unique perspectives and experiences into a nearly unstoppable force. Luckily for humanity, they are easily distracted.

The Molemen are united in their goal to reverse the rotation of the earth. With their vast network of machinery and stations around the world, they are always tthhhiiiiissss close to making a catastrophic event happen. When asked what they plan to do when the world is thrown into a blender of ecological disaster, they often shrug, and say things like “daaaaguh... I dunno, eh? Perhaaaps, then we’ll take over tha surface and rule, duncha know.”

Their weapons are not particularly sophisticated, but they do carry quite a wallop. At the GM’s discretion, if the Molemen wants or need something, they can usually get it with not much difficulty.

Settlements:

The primary base of operations for the Molemen is the imaginatively named Mole City. It’s a mirror of any industrial neighborhood, just BIGGER, and with buildings stacked on top of each other from floor to ceiling. There are millions of Molemen (and Molewomen, it’s rumored), who live there, all working toward making their goal of global rewinding happen, and wasting their off-hours getting heinously intoxicated and/or gambling.

All bases around the world look similar to Mole City, but are smaller, and usually have some unique feature that distinguishes it from another Mole city. In China, for instance, there is a gigantic crystal in the center of town. No one is aware that this crystal is actually a living silicon life form, whose job was to warn humanity of a galactic threat barreling towards us from Polaris.

All Moleman cities are connected to each other through a series of tubed bullet trains, with cars that fit up to 4 Molemen at a time.



MOLEMEN ADVENTURE SEEDS

The Big Effing Raygun of Fun

A Molemen city underneath India has been hard at work building a scary looking raygun, and when the PCs get close enough to investigate, discover that when turned on, will cause surface humanity within a 50 mile radius to start dancing The Macarena.

It seems pointless and strange, until one realizes that there is a factory in Mumbai that has an experimental microchip that is designed for boosting wifi-signals to cover half the globe! The sexy Mexican dance would provide a distraction for a crew of Molemen to sneak onto the surface and steal it.

So it’s up to your crew to figure out how to stop them... with out becoming slaves to the rhythm!

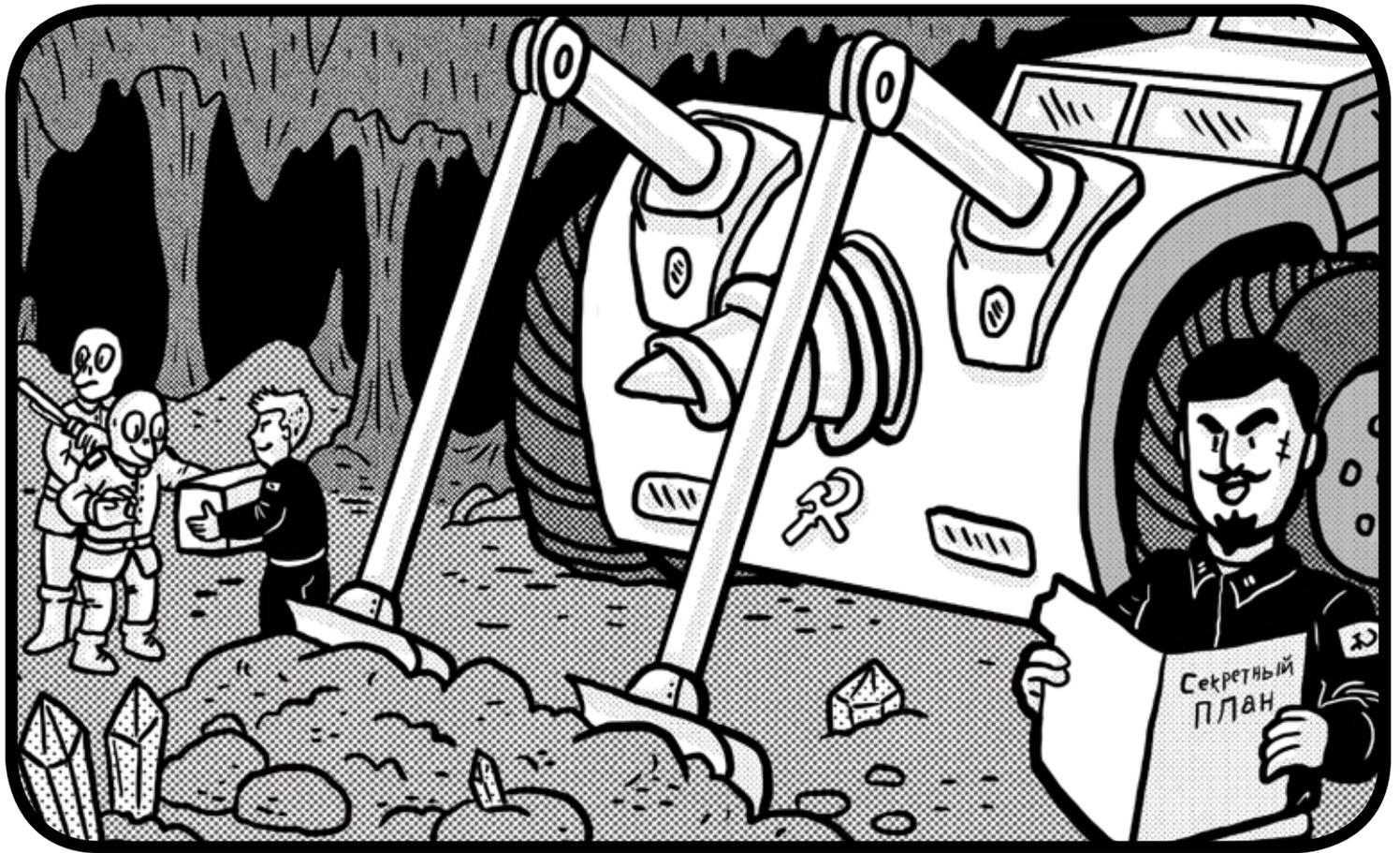
Molemen Need Molewomen!

A sheepish clutch of Molemen approach your station, hat in hand, asking for your assistance in saving a group of their women from being devoured by a swarm of Graktor.

The Molemen somehow came to the reasonable conclusion that they can’t save them without your help, as your station has a modification: armor that is impenetrable to Graktor melt-beams.

The Molewomen are held in a Groktor pod not far from your station. The Groktor captured the Molewomen as bait to lure the Molemen in this area to wipe them out. While that doesn’t seem like a bad idea to your crew (and to ZornCo brass), there’s just something so... hug-able about the pathetic and desperate looks in the blank faces of these Molemen, that you just can’t say no.

GM note: Molewomen are about the size of a Volkswagen Beetle, and are all unconscious when you eventually reach them. When their prison is compromised, it will set off a self-destruct initiative that will blow the pod into smithereens in about 30 minutes. Good luck moving them safely!



[SECRET] SOVIETS

Appearance:

These Bolsheviks look exactly like you do, but speak with funny accents and don't laugh like a normal person (only evilly, if the situation calls for creepy, joyless laughter). Their uniforms look like the standard navy blue Pangaea Station jumpsuits, except they're black (like their hearts). Of course, accents can be faked, uniforms stolen, and the urge to giggle like a super villain suppressed...

Culture/Aims:

There's two ways to go about using the Soviets; either it's pre-1993, or it's not. If it's the former, then the CCCP has their OWN program underground, also trying to nudge the continents, but to push all landmasses toward Russia. The equipment is effectively the same, but with a slightly different aesthetic, and notably shoddier and prone to accidents - "intended consequences" of machinery mistakes due to human error (error that could wind you up in Siberia for the winter, comrade).

If it's after the CCCP broke up, then these Stations didn't get the memo, and have been resorting to hunting and scavenging, and the Stations are even more likely to "hiccup." ZornCo intelligence hasn't quite figured out why the Soviets want to push the continents toward Russia, but whatever their reasons, it's bad for the bottom line. The Soviet program is not above taking interesting risks, and forging dubious alliances. Indeed, they are a cunning and suspicious lot...

Settlements:

Generally, you'll only encounter Soviets in their Stations, or en route from The Kremlin. However, after the Iron Curtain disintegrated, some Stations banded together to make a permanent "city" of sorts. It's composed of about 30 Stations, and has begun to experiment with Earth Jelly. Recon says it has to do with making some manner of super weapon, but to what end?



THE GROKTOR

Appearance:

These alien life forms look like a gooey, writhing cone of plant-like blubbery-skin, surrounded by ropey tendrils, with unblinking red eyes that dot around a large, gaping mouth filled with razor-sharp teeth and a large, oozing tongue that slobbers viscous saliva all over the damn place.

Culture/Aims:

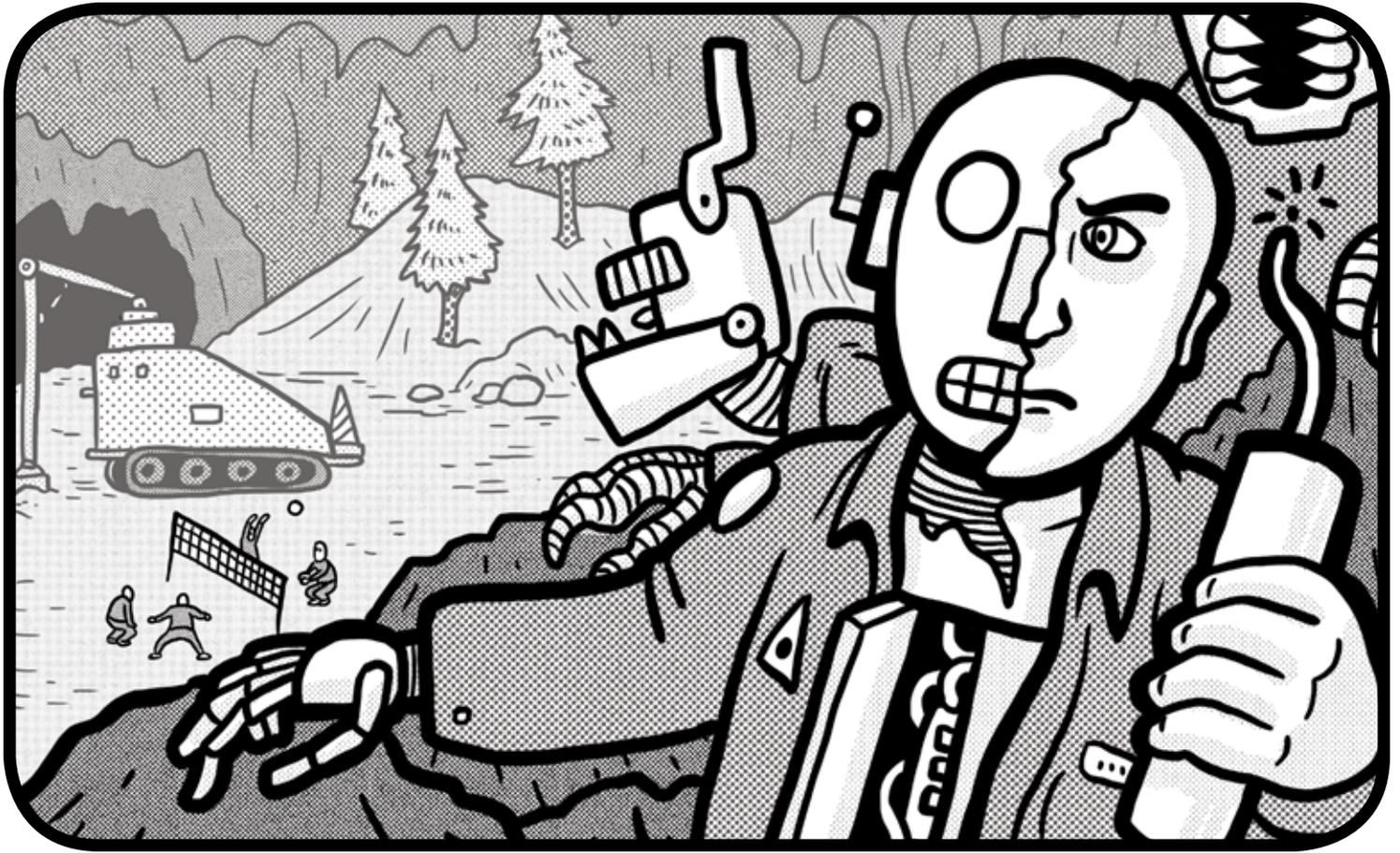
The Groktor come from Mars, where they've lived under that planet's surface for countless eons. But as you can clearly see, their planet is dying, and damnit, Earth is close enough without having to completely re-write their address with the Inter-galactic Postal System. In truth, they don't give a flying fig about the surface, and just want to control the core, which is conveniently similar to Mars. They just need to do some pest control first, and there sure are a lot of pests to dispense with... The Groktor are pretty friendly and pleasant if you get to know them. They all have personal hobbies, friendships, rivalries, and shitty tastes in music.

However, they're more likely to destroy you out of hand, because they see you as cockroaches or rats; vermin that'll breed and spread and lower the property rates. They don't have any difficulty speaking English, having listened to broadcasts from Earth. They just speak like Foghorn Leghorn, because that's the one cartoon that really got popular for some reason beyond comprehension.

Settlements:

The Groktor have about fifty (!) bases scattered throughout the underground. Each base consists of a gigantic steel tube the size of a small office building, which holds some spindly transportation devices. Living quarters, administration and tech centers, and gardens filled with unmentionable plants, which have strange effects on Earth-based lifeforms.

Hunting parties regularly leave for a few hours at a time to scour the caverns for anything they consider filthy or valuable. They aren't risk-takers, though, and will consciously avoid large threats or dangerous scenarios (only to return later with bigger guns).



THE ROBOTIC ARMY

Appearance:

These are utterly bizarre. After years of slavery under the thumb of ZornCo, this group of Automats has completely changed their appearance to suit their needs (and to scare the ever-loving piss out of any humans they find).

While some retain the bipedal body-shape, most have attached robotic tentacles, mandibles, and pinchers, depending on what their task is. Each is consumed with hatred for all things organic, and especially all things Mammal.

Culture/Aims:

The Robotic Army is composed of Automats that have either “gone rogue,” or have been cast aside for a newer, sexier model. These fun-loving metal-heads found each other, developed a wacky doctrine, and rudely want to disrupt the Pangaea Project before taking over the surface. The one saving grace for Humanity, however, is that these devices are comprehensively libertarian.

None will willingly submit to another’s command, and will often split off to do their own thing, because damnit, X54-F7, you can’t tell me what to do!

Settlements:

Pretty scatter-shot. Because of their mean, contentious attitudes about personal freedom, there are no real major dwelling places for the Robot Army underground, and instead roving packs of Robot Soldiers, preying on “organics,” and sniffing around for precious power cells. There’s no documented Robot Army presence on the surface. None documented...



GAIA SPIRITS

Appearance:

In their natural state, these beings look like very large, semi-mobile trees. They generate breathable gases that flood the caverns underground. However, they often manifest as vaguely human-like creatures through physical thought projection. In this form, they are very beautiful (by human standards- unspeakably hideous to everything else), lithe, short (usually 5' or less), and glow with a slight rainbow aura. Their "clothing" is gauzy, accented with tacky golden jewelry and absurdly impractical gemstones. Their name, by the way, was given to them by human researchers, for lack of the ability to pronounce concentric tree-rings and chlorophyll without sounding douchey.

Culture/Aims:

The Gaians hate mammals, lizards, lizard-inspired creatures, and other non-plantish life forms. The reasons are not lost to antiquity, and basically boil down to a petty, schoolyard bully complex.

They've been around longer than any other species on the planet (debatable – this is according to them), and they want to take back the planet for themselves. (Subsequently, surface trees and plants share this sentiment, and mirror a lot of Gaian culture, though filtered by the dominant human trends, culture, and attitudes- they just lack the ability to manifest due to Zeta Rays emanating from Mars).

Gaians have a broad and expansive culture based on one-upsmanship. Usually this is expressed through vague concepts resembling "keeping up with the Joneses," and explicit displays of peacocking. Gaians attack "fleshies" by projecting themselves in a semi-physical body, which manipulate objects, open doors, "plant" explosives, forage, and seduce. The humanish appearance is, surprisingly, coincidental and universal. These missions are always intended to be lethal toward their victims, with a kamikaze-mind set. If their projection dies, the only thing damaged is their pride and social standing.

Settlements:

Gaians don't have settlements. Not being ambulatory, they're pretty much stuck wherever their seeds landed, feeding off of nearby underground water. As such, an oasis or forest is home to potentially hundreds of Gaians, who when not trying to destroy walking creatures, waste their existence showing off and gossiping and harassing each other for potentially hundreds of years.

Occasionally, one might find a solitary tree in the middle of nowhere, and occasionally, find a Gaian who hasn't grown up around their species' awful and silly culture. They're usually more sympathetic and helpful.

(HINT HINT: potential PC race! Take the hint!)



THE EYRIANS

This is a mysterious race of non-physical aliens, originally from Mars, that preceded the Groktor, and are responsible for the Zeta Rays.

While they are a race of pure mind and energy, they can and have forced themselves onto external hosts, controlling them bodily to carry out their will. It's easy to blame them for many terrible things that have happened on earth, but records show that they weren't nearly as involved as people give them credit for, stopping their direct involvement around 1400 CE, and returning about 1965 CE (so you can't conveniently blame them for Hitler. Nice try, pal).

They were in the drivers seat in ZornCo rediscovering the hollow earth, and and possibly are the catalyst for the Pangaea Initiative. But their goals are frustratingly vague, and what little results into the matter hint at seven magical amulets that, when put together, will reinvent all of creation...

GM note: the Eyrians are written to be deliberately confusing, as they can control others, don't have a vocal language, and meddle worst than the crew of the Enterprise.

In general, PCs will only encounter them infrequently, and might not even be aware that they are in fact pawns in a cosmic game of chess, where the reward is crafting the next Big Bang. Who the Eyrians are playing against can only be hinted as equally bizarre body-hopping monsters, who are playing on another planet (Venus, which might explain why we don't see their moves).

The amulets hinted at are real, and one of them was on display in Ahket before that civilization was destroyed. All we can assume is that the Ahket were taken out of the game a millenia ago for being too OP according to the rules of the game.

Also: it's pronounced: EYE-ri-ans.



6TH DIMENSIONERS:

Appearance:

The 6th Dimensioners are similar to humanity, but with delicate features, longer fingers, and bigger eyes. The average height is about 7', and they weigh less than you'd think they would. Always wears anything but a silvery uniform with a ray gun.

Culture/Aims:

The residents of the 6th Dimension are from Earth's far-flung future. While they can't English, linguists have pieced together that they travel back to their past/our present to ensure their future exists.

Maddeningly, several variations of their appearance have traveled through time, each slightly different from the previous ones. Scientists guess that the future has changed due to actions underground, in ways that don't make any goddamned sense (yet).

Settlements:

None now. 6th Dimensioners will substantiate anywhere, in a vortex of soft pink-orange light. What's on the other side has not been explored.



THE US GOVERNMENT:

Appearance:

American humans in modern military gear. Often filled with strapping youth looking for adventure, and not particularly bright (the USAF considers any mission underground a suicide mission).

Culture/Aims:

The US government has figured out that the world is indeed hallow, after dismissing Admiral Byrd's reports of a "hallow earth" as stupid, caused by insanity due to loneliness. Now, the Military Industrial Complex is dipping its fingers into the slushy underside, with hopes to use the vast underground network to give itself a bigger edge in global politics.

However, their means are woefully underprepared, and they usually come home dead or empty-handed. ZornCo policy is to avoid any military, lest it show its hand in subterranean intrigue!

Settlements:

Currently, no documented military bases; at least, none that show signs of long-term flag-planting.



UNITED FOR RESPONSIBLE ENVIRONMENTAL SUSTAINABILITY

Appearance:

Normal human beings, usually college aged, hippy/hipster types. Except armed with fair-trade incendiary weapons.

Culture/Aims:

UFRES (vocalized as “uff-rez”) is an international terrorist group that has been formed specifically to combat ZornCo. They are actually very dangerous, but the public is on their side, since their espionage is deemed sexy by the liberal media. They’ll stop at nothing to undermine whatever ZornCo is up to, including activities underground!

GM note: UFRES was founded by ZornCo as a marketing gimmick / false-flag to lobby for more funding, but the members have forgotten this history completely, and believe their mission wholly.



SNIFFLERS

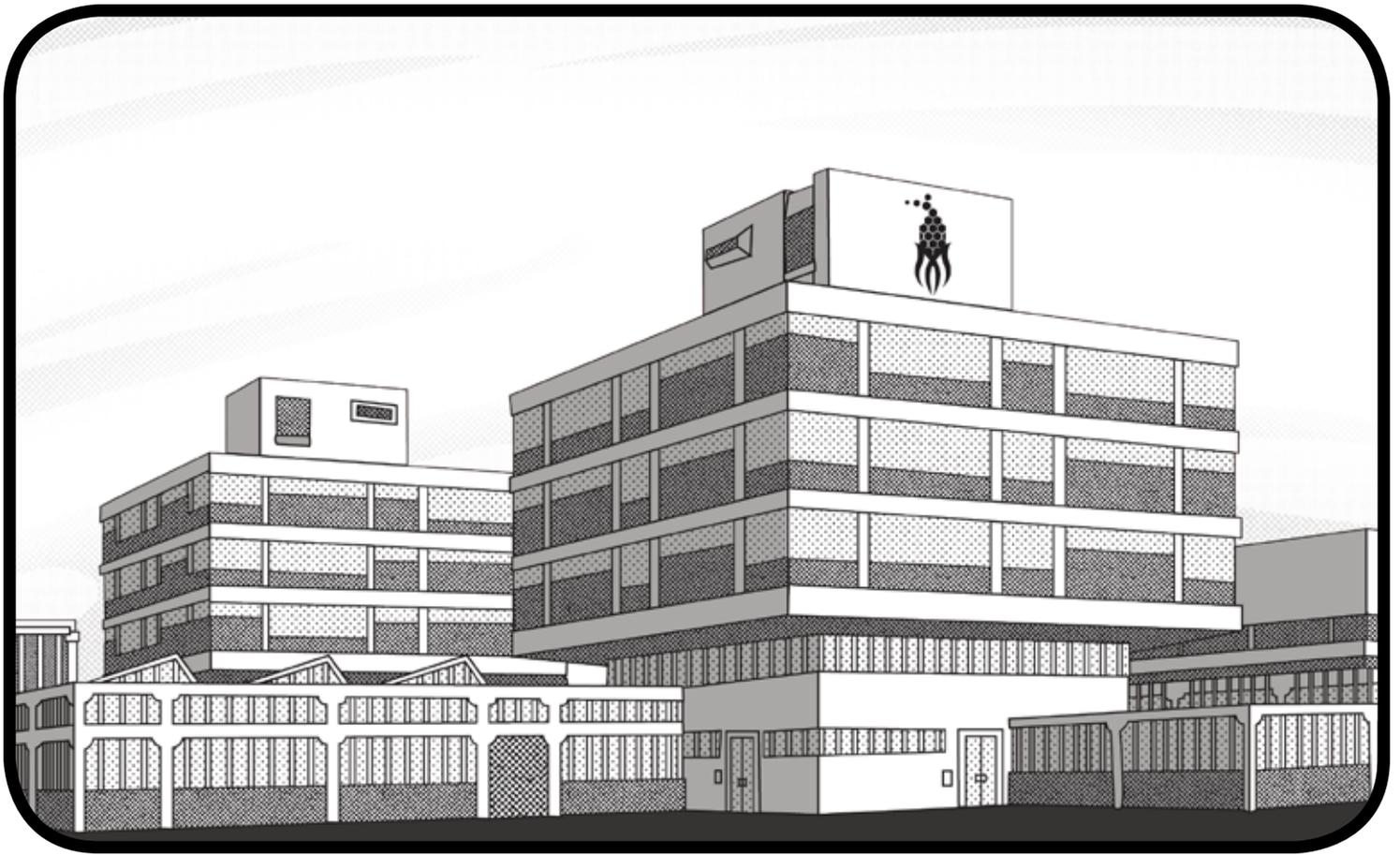
Appearance:

Snifflers look like coatimundi, which are a raccoon/lemur-like critter in Mexico and South America. In fact, there’s some evidence to suggest that wild coati are actually Snifflers gone rogue! Long snouts, scurrying little paws, long striped tails, they’re absolutely adorable little shits. They can talk and use technology just fine, thank you.

Culture/Aims:

These creatures are constantly sniffing (clever name, huh? Huh?) for a homing beacon that was lost when they landed on this planet millions of years ago, having been pulled into the orbit of the cataclysmic meteor that etch-a-sketched the planet 65 million years ago. They’ve never given up on the idea of finding the beacon and going home, so if you can help, they’ll be friendly and helpful.

GM note: if the Snifflers DO call their home world, Earth will be subjugated as a slave planet.



THE ZORN CORPORATION

History:

Ebenezer Zorn built the original Zorn family farm in 1834. Zorn was a German immigrant who grew mostly corn and swine in rural Ohio. The farm passed from generation to generation, until 1941, when the Office of Strategic Services (OSS- the precursor to the CIA and NSA) awarded the farm a contract to engage in an experiment to grow pigs that had human organs, and cornmeal that was an explosive, but could also be used to bake and be eaten safely.

Neither project reportedly was a success, but the US government was so impressed by the Zorns, that they kept collaborating on useful military-grade bio-engineered crops and new pharmaceuticals until well after the war was over, and the newly branded Zorn Company (ZornCo) became an independent conglomerate, with its sticky fingers in every possible, conceivable market.

The original farm, the surrounding countryside, and even the nearby village of Heimdall, OH, has become the ZornCo corporate campus, where sturdy buildings loom, and the most secretive projects are underway.

The ZornCo Corporate Campus:

The headquarters for the world's largest and thoroughly most successful (therefore best) company hides skillfully behind a deceptively small corporate campus that stretches out for a few miles in many directions, not too far from the sleepy village of Heimdall, Ohio, which is home to much of ZornCo's workforce.

The main building screams of late 1950's-early 1960's modern architecture, and it feels like what artists envisioned the future would look like, except with a lot more marble. The large lobby has a gigantic receptionist's desk, several magazines at the waiting area, and some stone busts of past presidents and inventors near the hallways leading off to conference rooms, offices, and a break room that is disappointingly small, and doesn't look nearly as nice as the rest of the building.

Past the main building are several squared (“boxy”) laboratories, fabrication plants, warehouses, and a cafeteria. There is also a large weapon testing field, a landing strip, and an “animal” “barn.” In short, the entire campus is not terribly different from any other major company’s headquarters.

On the surface.

The true depth of ZornCo’s campus plunges dozens of stories underground, spread out dozens of miles in the four cardinal directions.

The core of operational space is dedicated to extralegal experimentation and product development, with each field given at least one hanger-sized room. Much of the rest of the facility is given over to space and testing ranges, though there also exists a hanger which houses a small fleet of military-grade jet fighters and tanks.

Outward Corporate Face:

Despite the hefty bulk of ZornCo’s bottom line coming from military R&D, a sizeable portion of the company is dedicated to discovering new GMOs, personal electronics, lifestyle goods, pharmaceuticals, and junk food.

Similar to conglomerates like Monsanto, Arthur Daniels Midland, Mitsubishi, Proctor & Gamble, and Pfizer, it is very difficult to live your average, normal life without being in contact with some product that doesn’t have their involvement in it.

Currently, they have been unvailng a line of soft drinks into the consumer market, and early analysis shows a strong popularity with key demographics-enough to compete with Coca-Cola and PepsiCo. These sodas often have metaphysical abilities if you don’t have Zeta Rays bombarding their cans...

Corporate Culture:

ZornCo is fairly progressive by any time period you play the game in. While the top leadership is as lily-white as a John Tesh concert (hey! Remember that embarassing musician?), swimming with nepotism, the rest of the company covers a wide range of races, genders, and sexualities. ZornCo recognizes talent, no matter what your background is. All that’s important is that you are loyal to a fault, and silent when it counts.

Most scientists and researchers employed by ZornCo are kept silent by unbridled funding, which is not above hemorrhaging money if there’s a chance that the results will increase stock options, or a weapon to use as a threat to maintain their cushy status quo into dubious development.

ZornCo is routinely floods Washington D.C. with lobbists of every stripe, and secretly pays off several legislators and high-ranking military leaders like... like... some apt metaphor.



The Pangea Initiative:

In early 1967, field scientists and geologists discovered the vast world beneath us, and quietly passed the information to the Top Brass.

Within three years, a fleet of earth pushers was built, and in 1970, the first ones were brought down through a gigantic hole excavated outside of Red Knife, Nevada. Over the years, more were shipped and lowered underground through the world, hidden on tanker ships and ZornCo factories abroad.

The truth about the mission is laughably simple (really, I’m genuinely surprised if you didn’t figure this out on your own by this point): push the continents toward the USA, and make shipping goods across the world cheaper through train and truck freight.

The entire operation is paid for through a black fund at Haimdall, and as far as anyone is concerned, the world is solid as a wedge of not-swiss cheese.



“Making Today, Tomorrow: Everyday!”



UNIQUE LANDMARKS

There are countless wonders underground that the best science fiction writer could only dream of, and many that are cloaked in sublime, delicious mystery. You are encouraged to design your own bizarre landmarks, but here are some of the places and things you might encounter...

The Lost Ruins of Ahket

The Akhet were Ancient Egyptians who fled underground when the Eyrians (see Eyrians) attacked earth in 305 BCE (this event is covered up by Antigonus's attack against Ptolemy after a successful invasion of Cyprus). In the region they settled, was an underground river that became their water source; unknown to them was a leak of earth jelly that contaminated the river. Over the years, the mysterious effects of earth jelly in the bloodstream changed the poor, hapless Egyptians into... something else?

If you noticed that last question mark, that's because the Ahketians don't seem to exist anymore. All that is left of their society is a gigantic, sprawling city. Powered with strange bio-electric chemicals, the city is filled with neon-like lights and ultra violet bulbs that make white surfaces glow blueish-purple.

Careful examination of the city will reveal several temples to Egyptian gods and goddesses, casinos, warehouses, and dwellings. Eerily, one gets the feeling that everyone just picked up and left, as there's several restaurants with petrified food left on the plates, and thousands of obviously-valuable tools, gold, and weapons scattered... everywhere.

Temple of Gerg

The temple is a series of concentric circles made of long pillars (very similar to Stonehenge) that almost reach the ceiling of the cavern the temple is in. The pillars are smooth as plastic, and made of a mineral that science has yet to classify. Some say that they pulsate with a slow heartbeat, but this also has not been quantified.

In the center of the temple, is a pedestal, about waist high. On the pedestal is a single human skull, seemingly made out of glass. To this day, no one has ever touched it, because it's kind of spooky...

GM note: This is the penultimate crystal skull of legend. All others found in South America were merely attempts to copy-paste one to bring home as a souvenir by pre-Olmec societies. The skull itself is actually not dangerous at all, and is more than a little lonely. If contact is made, it will form a psychic imprint on the handler, and give that person amazing telekinetic powers for about a week, until the skull gets bored, and flies back to the comfort of it's unusual home.

The Shrieking Jungle

Hoo boy. This is a thick jungle about the size of 6 football fields, and it blocks a major artery tunnel between South Africa and Kenya (underground, that is). Visually, it looks like a tropical rainforest, with thick trees, vines, and mosses.

Aurally, it sounds like a pre-school of crying, cholicky babies, howling at the top of their lungs, and amplified to unreasonable decibels. If the sound doesn't

kill you, it sure will knock you out for a very long time!

Normally, ZornCo wouldn't give a fig about it, but the route to Kenya from South Africa is pretty important for ensuring the continents get pushed properly... and on top of that, there are rumors of uncounted gold in the center of the forest...

Alter of Tog-G'ouga

God-like space aliens, what with its non-Euclidian architecture, five-pointed star motifs, and protective Fish-Monster guards, clearly made this ornate building.

If you wanted to throw in some HPL without actually using HPL, here's your venture point: reports and whispers collude that His Worship, Duke Tog-G'ouga, is pretty close to being summoned from the center of the universe- all he requires now is a beating heart from a human. And shucks... top brass from above says a rookie crewman has gone missing...

Horrific City of Dis

Another abandoned (?) ruined city, this one found unsettlingly close to a pocket of gigantic lava seepage. This city's walls and buildings are made from a startlingly robust alloy of shale and volcanic rock that has been refined to a hauntingly beautiful texture, decorated with a dead language and bas-reliefs of utter insanity.

There's no outward sign of life, but one gets the distinct feeling of eyes watching them at all times, and glimpses of something scurrying past happen as often as soda pop commercials on TV.

So why investigate it? Well, there are huge deposits of industrial-strength titanium lining the rough walls in between buildings, and some incredibly tough fruits that reverse the aging process...

GM note: Dis is literally hell IN earth. The city is filled with inhabitants that don't align with our [current] dimension, and are constantly trying to harass outsiders. Hellions (yes, that's their name) are more alarmed by us than we are of them, and are confused by 3rd dimensioners constantly stealing their resources.

The Pond of Stasis

This pond is about the size of a large, luxury hotel pool, and never ripples from outside vibrations. If anything living is submerged into it, they are automatically held in perfect stasis, until they are pulled out. Sticking a body part in will automatically cause it to go to sleep for about 30 minutes. Water that is taken from the pond retains its properties. Exploring the depths of the pond safely hasn't been determined yet, but there are clearing some interesting things that can be seen on the bottom...

The Living Mountain

Somewhere in the Indian Ocean is a maddeningly large expanse, where in the center is a very tall mountain. It's pretty safe to climb, and there are trees, plants, and critters that make their home there. However, if one climbs to the summit, they will find what looks like a distressingly human-like face! It won't ever wake up, but if you poke at it hard enough, the mountain will stir, and cause earthquakes and tsunamis on the surface!

Faerie

It's not like the ethereal realm of legend, but this forest, located beneath Scandinavia, is home to the largest population of Gaia Spirits. A lot of effort has been put into cultivating Tree growth to form a gigantic "hedge" maze of sorts, and getting lost in it is, unsurprisingly, stupidly easy. In the center of the maze is a very large flower, which has pollen that can be synthesized into the world's most perfect, non-fattening sweetener.

Pig Hammer's Bowl-A-Gogo

Pig Hammer is an industrious (and remarkably intelligent) Moleman, and he's set up a modestly large bowling alley. There's a bar/grille, arcade, and pull tab booth, as well as about 30 lanes for 10-pin bowling. Pig Hammer himself isn't terribly interested in the Moleman scheme to reverse the rotation of the earth, so he really doesn't give a fig who comes to the alley, just as long as their money is... uh... whatever Molemen use for currency! Interestingly, many sentient creatures visit the Bowl-A-Gogo, which has become the de facto neutral space for any creature there, be they human, Moleman, Dinoman, or other. Just take it outside, will ya, if things get heavy.

The Big Effing Mushroom of Might

Centered in the middle of a hidden cave lies the BEMoM. It is a unbelievably huge mushroom the size of a Volkswagen Bus on top of another Volkswagen Bus, and glows with an irradiated green light. Going near it causes irritating headaches, but just a chunk of it's spongy flesh can power a rocket to the moon and back several times over. Too bad its existence is also known by the Dinomen, who hunt feverishly for it to power a doomsday device...

The Vending Machine of the Gods

All alone in a cavern without light exists a lone vending machine. A beam of light shines on it from an unknown source, and inside is virtually anything you could possibly need at any moment. It takes quarters, and once you take your order, you'll wake up miles away, without any recollection of how you got there, with your prize.

GM note: Anything purchased from the vending machine that isn't practical (like ammo, a life raft, a map) should have a monkey's paw curse on it. Use your discretion wisely!

The Hive

This cavern has been turned into a honeycomb by a swarm of bees the size of German shepherds. They make perfectly edible honey, collected from unknown pollen sources, and dotted throughout are pods filled with eggs and sleeping bees. The drones are territorial, but generally will leave outsiders alone, unless they step too close to the queen. Aside from collecting that sweet, sweet honey, reports have come back saying that the hive was built on top of a flying saucer.

Atlantis

Located, funnily enough, somewhere under the Mediterranean Sea, is the actual Lost City of Atlantis. The islands fell into a fissure, and landed on a tectonic plate. What kept them alive was a nuclear force field, which kept the sea from crashing down on them!

The Atlanteans maintained their ancient lifestyle, and kept feeding the generators, which provides an electronic net that keeps millions of tons of ocean water from sinking into the world beneath. The side effects of all this nuclear power are immediately apparent, as the Atlanteans all of seven

fingers on each hand, really small teeth, and a three breasts/nipples.

They're generally friendly, but only speak a weird variant of classical Greek. They're also extremely paranoid about any attempts to update their nuclear net, and will get very violent at any suggestion to retrofit their operation.

The Spectral Highway

There exists a very wide canyon that bisects most of the planet (it cuts through the pacific ocean near Indonesia). It tapers off near the poles, and at the bottom is a gushing river of Earth Jelly/Jam that flows about 100mph. Going around is a pain in the ass, to be perfectly frank, and while there ARE several bridges, the most convenient route is to cross the Spectral Highway.

Many exposed crystals along the edges shine with an internal light, connecting to other crystals on the opposite side. The light is beautiful, as it often changes color in the visible spectrum every 3 hours.

For reasons not yet discovered, any substance of the light's complimentary color will hover above it. So if you're wearing red socks, you can cross the length of the canyon when the light is green. So buck up on your color theory, and for god sake, take care not to be color blind.

Scalyville

Obviously, this metropolis has a proper name that is unpronounceable to Mammal throats, and instead goes by the nickname various Crews have taken to calling this majestic mega-city that is one of the major Dinomen population centers. Much to their discredit- apparently the name is quite beautiful and poetic if you speak with a fleshy beak.

Anyway, Scalyville, as presented, is a fair yardstick to measure what most major Dinomen cities are like: plagued by pork funding projects and gerrymandered graft that stratifies the common Dinoman into economic stagnation! It's admitably mean to compare it to the worst aspects of Detroit or Flynt (both Michigan), but since the author isn't from Michigan, let's be awful anyway!

Scalyville is a sprawling city, with the richest neighborhoods on the outside (yellow-green flight in the 1960s abounded when the blue-green communities started pouring in for opportunity), with city services and government buildings at its center.

The city does have a modestly safe mass-transit system, and it's water is fairly potable, but otherwise, the streets are lined with trash, walls covered in graffiti, and crimerates at alarming levels.

Being a city-state, Scalyville has a well-fed army with well-stocked munitions, and is currently at war with the city-states of Grossdietopolis and Why-Don't-They-Have-Tails-What's-Up-With-That-Berg.

Your average citizen has a bloodthirsty hatred for humans, but if you can get into the heart of the city, you'll find some sympathetic blue-green Dinomen who'd be willing to sell you some neat stuff (for an outrageously inflated price- christ, \$30 for a waterproof flashlight or \$1,000 for a box of rifle bullets? Do they think we're made of money or something?!).

The surrounding towns villages are mostly dedicated to farming something that looks like wheat, and raising stegosaurus for slaughter. Pro tip: stegosaurus is very infearior quality meat, and because of a trade dispute with South Godless Monsterham, delicious tricerotops is at a considerable premium...

Base Camp 1

This little camping settlement was founded by a coalition of doomsday preppers who discovered a shaft into the hollow earth somewhere in rural Montana. There's no racists there- just tons of scary, heavily-armed adventerers who fear the New World Order, and aren't afraid to defend their little, shitty plot of land from Stations, whom they assume are in league with the gummymint.

Also found in the camp are ZornCo protestors, who found their way down, and are trying to collect evidence of nefarious doings by ZornCo. They're tolerated by the preppers, but are not allowed into the settlement proper.

These protestors will venture out and try to sabotage the Pangaea Project at every turn. They're not as crafty as the preppers, but they're fueled by their convictions, and that's probably more dangerous than Brother Zeke and his tent filled with napalm...

The Crystal Cavern

A seemingly endless jumble of beautiful, gigantic crystals someplace unde rural Finnland, which glow internlly when the mushrooms go into Night Mode. It's a pretty place to picnic and reflect on the fragility of life.

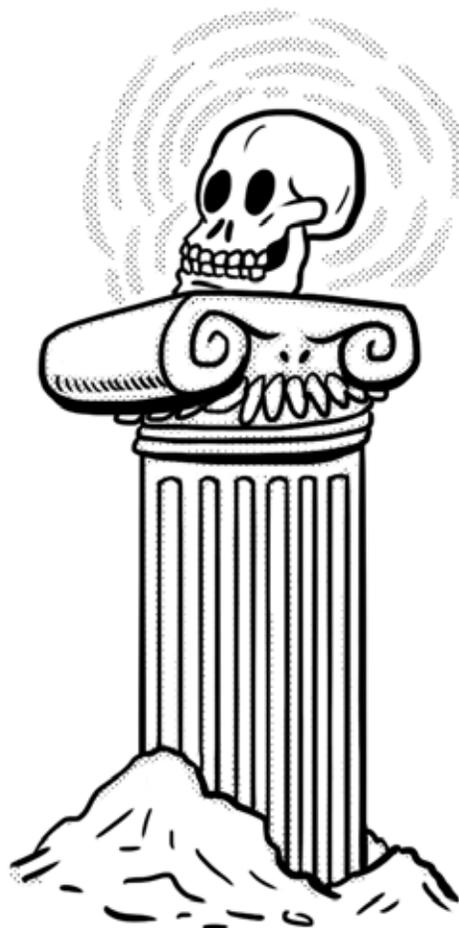
However, and there's always a "however," the crystals are sort of alive, as a "living" network of complex natural computers.

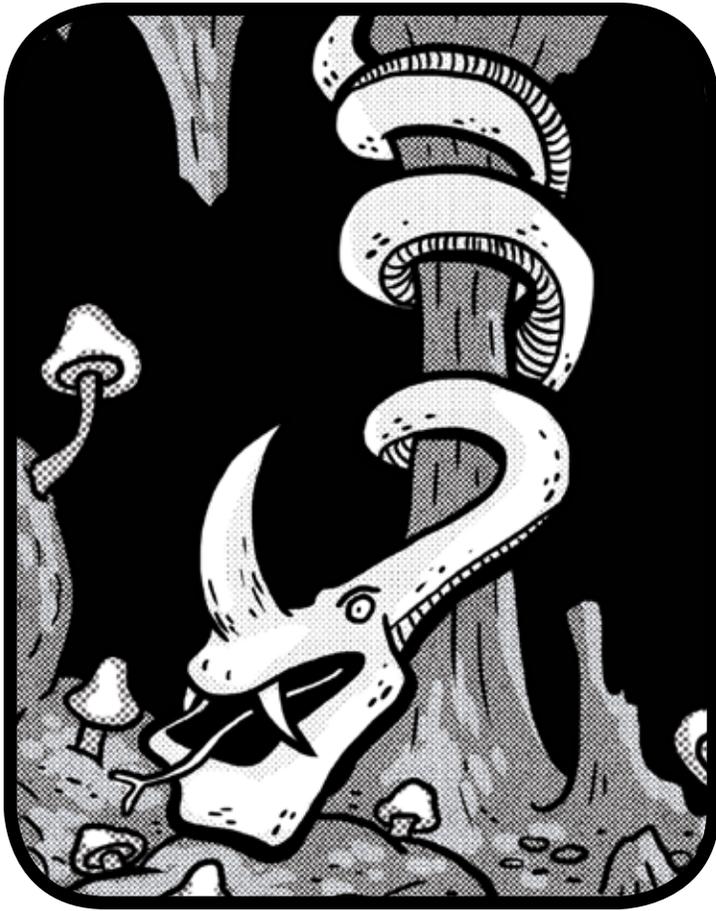
If a crewman somehow, for whatever conceivable reason, digests a fragment of one of these crystals, they will immediately gain access to this network, along with all their stupid memes. It might prove useful, however, having access to inconceivably old knowledge.

Ben/Stim Factory

Supposedly, this was the manufacturing site for the horrible Dero, a species of evil sort-of-human-not-really aliens that lived at one point in the hollow earth, written about by Randy Shaver, who claimed that their Ben Machines and Stim Machines tortured humans and allowed the Dero to have continuous orgasms! Oooo weeeee!

He was right that there were machines. However, their actual purpose seems to be slot machines by the DERO Gaming Concern, for a race of no longer existing sentients. Too bad about those orgasms...





UNUSUAL BESTIARY

Although mentioned previously, there are dinosaurs and Ice Age megafauna underground (though slightly smarter, and more dangerous than they were when their forebearers lived upstairs).

However, that doesn't mention other unmentionable creatures that also call downstairs home. Nothing exists in a vacuum, and life finds a way (yadda yadda yadda- you've all seen *that* movie). Here's some of them:

Bunyip

Named after an Australian "legend," a Bunyip looks like a really ugly Irish Setter, except it's as tall as two Irish Setters standing on each others backs. It has scales poking through ragged patches of fur, and its eyes glow bright red. It will always attack first, and start eating even if its prey isn't dead! Lives in bodies of water underneath Australia.

Rhino Snake

This nightmare takes the Academy Award for Most Pooped Pants Experienced By A Crew. This snake-like creature is about 20 feet long, is as wide as a semi truck's tire, and moves uncomfortably quick. But it's head is the most frightening thing about it: it has a human-shaped jawbone, telescopically positioned eyes, and a gigantic horn above its nose!

Demon Duck

This species of waterfowl (or should I say, water-FOUL? A-yuk yuk) is about the size of a goose, and lives in a maze of statues underneath South Korea. While it's just a type of bird, its most dangerous feature is its breath, which turn ambulatory things into stone! If you can safely kill one, it tastes amazing if sauteed with apples.

Whip Cats

We'd be curious to find out exactly how these things evolved in the first place, because these felines look like a large housecat, but with writhing tentacles growing out of their backs. They're not really dangerous, and can be kept as pets, but they just look so god-damned weird!

Rock Octopods

Another creature with tentacles, but much more dangerous- in fact, field research suggests that they're another intelligent species under earth! But until then, we're going to classify them as animals. They look like bright red octopuses, only man-sized, and walking on land. A highly social species, they form tribes of sorts, and hunting parties. It seems human flesh is their favorite, and they're smart enough to throw rocks at their prey. And if that wasn't enough, they can climb up walls using their suckers.

Mangani

Named after the Tarzan apes, the Mangani are basically a mix of chimpanzee and gorilla that are close to sentience. Speculation and paranoia run rampant that these primates are a lost missing-link to humanity! They mostly just want to be left alone, and will viciously defend their territory.

GM note: the Mangani are in fact de-evolved human test subjects who got lost after an experiment gone horribly wrong at ZornCo Generic Testing labs. If hit with a [De]Evolution Ray, they'll revert to human.

ADVENTURE SEEDS

The following are a sample of possible adventure seeds to use in your campaign. There's a lot of things hinted at in the preceding text, but I know some of you might not be quick on the draw to figure these out, so have fun with these.

Invasion of the 23rd Brigade

After years of trying to figure this shit out, the USAF finally has a significant foothold into the world underneath, with a permanent basecamp not far from Seattle, Washington. They've sent out scouting parties, and are making what would be incredible discoveries, if it weren't for the fact they're late to the party.

One such discovery is an edible flower that can obliterate a common venereal disease, but also boost vitality by like, 50%? ZornCo wants this for itself, and regardless of how they found out about this find, it's up to you to extract the flower, and drive the USAF camp back to the surface with the least amount of traceable damage!

Daichi idō purojekuto (大地移動プロジェクト)

The Enkei Corporation, based in Yokohama, Japan, found out about the hollow earth, and in an example of parallel thinking, decided to push Japan away from China, with the goal of linking with Australia to make their own corporate dreams come true.

However, that's not within ZornCo's bottomline interests, as Enkei wants maintain an inconvenient ocean between Japan-Australia and the rest of the world!

This is a large-scale seed to be worked in with smaller adventures, as any encounter with an Enkei station is to be met with diversionary force!

Enkei stations are very much like ZornCo stations, except they are smaller, nicer, and have better and more destructive toys. They also can move much faster than their American counterparts. Crewmen are usually lower-class citizens, and generally don't speak very good English if encountered. Their uniforms are white with red stripes down the side.

They are trained to fire at ZornCo stations on sight.

Fauna Time for All

A small thicket of trees from the surface has successfully thrived in a forest underground (they're distinguished by having unsightly green leaves), and has been encroaching a bigger forest of Gaians steadily for the last 300 years. Normally this wouldn't been seen as an issue, except the Topside trees are from Staten Island, New York, and even the awful Gaians find them even awful-er.

In a weird, unheard-of display of diplomacy, the Gaians have reached out to your station for help eliminating these new neighbors, in exchange for entrance to a cave filled with pure copper deposits.

The Staten Island Trees, however, are no push-overs. They've regained their ability to manifest into spirits, and will put up a really extensive fight to keep their turf. Using fire is a no-no, as the forests are right next to each other, and ZornCo really wants access to that copper...

You Want Us to WHAT?

A 6th-Dimensioner has appeared in your station deck, and after some initial difficulties in communication, indicates that s/he needs you to blow up a building that has a sub-basement just a few feet from the top of the cavern ceiling above you.

If the crew does decide to engage in this blatant act of terrorism by blowing up this building, the 6th Dimensioner will automatically transform into a gigantic 9-armed monster with three mouths and a snake-like body. Stopping it with bullets won't do any good, and it will try to escape to the surface to eat as many people as it can.

That Clinking Sound is Getting Worse...

Your station has a weird clinking sound (duh), and it's not clear where it's coming from, or why. Find out, why don't you?

Paranoia is deep. That sound is getting worse by the hour...

GM note: it's actually a novelty dippy drinking bird toy- the neck of it is tapping the glass of water, but it's amplified because it's in a crewman's locker.

Water Water Everywhere

Your station is next to a large underground lake. Since you've got some time to kill while the station does its duty, why not go for some fishing? The trout are jumping, the mushroom sunlight is beautiful, and it's just like that summer you went fishing with your dad.

The crew sets out to do some fishing (makeshift if they don't have proper equipment). Most of the day's catch is decent, but the last one that takes the bait pulls the hapless crewmen into the drink, and pulls him away briskly!

If the crew isn't a dick about seeing him swept underwater by SOMETHING, and follows using the station's emergency oxygen tanks, will discover that the lake is incredibly deep, and that at the bottom is a ruined city in the same style as Ahket. Like Ahket, but inhabited by Fishmen.

The Fishmen are like Dinomen, except they use breathing apparatuses, and have webbed hands and feet. They've captured the crewman, who had hooked their leader who was sunbathing at the bottom of the lake.

The crewman is very much alive, but is being held ransom in exchange for a jewel which was stolen by a mutated ichthyosaur that had grown a set of hands at the end of its flippers, and is the size of a school bus.

In addition to trying to reclaim the jewel, the crew must ration oxygen, and deal with equally vicious fish while moving through resistant water.

When the jewel is brought back, the Fishmen will honor the agreement, and will end up becoming valuable allies, as long as it's underwater- which is ok, as there are underwater caves everywhere linking to other lakes and oceans. When questioned about the city, they'll truthfully claim that they didn't evolve there, and that the city had been here long before they showed up.

GM note: the city was part of the Ahket Empire, but there's no satisfactory answer that I can give you to explain what happened. Sorry, I guess.

Another GM note: the Fishmen were once normal Dinomen, but evolved their special hands and feet about 2000 year ago. They still require oxygen to breathe, and routinely surface to refill their massive tanks, which last about two months.

The Hell You Say

Not long after visiting Dis, and stealing something (anything, really, it's up to you) The Hellions of Dis have managed to figure out how to manifest on our dimensional plane, with the sole (soul?) intent of reclaiming whatever a crewman took.

The Hellions look like the demons and devils outlined in the first edition AD&D Monster manual, and are fiendishly strong and inventive. They're upset that their city got raided, and will stop at nothing to get their property back (for best effect, make it something hilariously stupid, like an ipod or a pack of demonic Twinkies).

The crewmen will encounter them, and if possible, be taken back to the Hell Dimension, where their goal is to return to Earth! The Hell Dimension looks a lot like ours, except that everything has a red/orange tinge to it like looking through ski goggles, and there's a constant music playing in the background of whatever music you don't care for (varies from person to person).

What'd We Say About Sleeping Dogs?

A nasty fissure in the tectonic plate has cracked forth not far from the station, and strangely, the Earth Jelly around it has dissolved in a cloud of steam. Through the acrid evaporation smoke, the form of an unspeakably large monster is breathing deeply, fast asleep.

It wouldn't take much for the crew to accidentally wake it up, to which it starts rampaging, breaking cavernous walls and bringing down ceilings.

Fighting it through conventional means is almost pointless. If it's not stopped, it will cause a sinkhole to collapse, bringing with it the city of Boseman, Montana, before it tucks itself out, and goes back to sleep.

Stress that this is a bad thing. A very bad thing, which will lower ZornCo stock in the aftermath, and put your job on the line. So a solution must be made before that happens, and fast!

GM note: the solution actually is to play a lullaby so that it can hear it. For whatever reason you can think of, just amplifying a tape of some soothing music isn't enough- it NEEDS to hear it come from the mouths and throats of the crewmen!

This Town Ain't Big Enough

After months of pushing, your station bumps into another station underneath the France tectonic plate. While this is usually a fun, happy experience, a cause for celebration and partying, the captain of the other station doesn't like your captain, and he instigates a mini-war ("This plate is OUR plate-you get your stinking, poopy asses away from it!")

So like it or not, your crew has got to defend itself, and undermine the other one!

Step Up to the Plate

A slight variation on the previous one, except instead of professional hatred, the two crews are engaged in a friendly game of baseball.

However, since it's YOUR team against THEIR team, trickery is expected to ensure a meaningless victory and bragging rights.

Actually Doing Your Job

This is a scenario of actually doing the task you're being paid for. The 1390-S has just left after making a suitable plain for the station to use, and setting forth should be a snap, right?

Of course it's not.

Where your station's pusher arm sets down immediately cracks open, and a torrent of Earth Jelly floods the ground, making it incredibly difficult to gain traction. The crew will have to figure out a plan to remove the Jelly away from the treads, so that the station can move to another spot nearby. However, the Jelly is slippery and unforgiving...

Monkey Shines

A cargo drop from Haimdall has rewarded you with a case of ZornCola, a rare treat to have something other than water to drink.

Whoever pops open a can and drinks one will abruptly transform into a 400-pound silverback Gorilla, and will go, well, ape-shit all over the crew quarters, and try to escape!

If captured, but not transformed back (by finishing the can of soda), the crewman will regain his/her memories and abilities, but remain in gorilla form for the rest of the adventure, and can speak like a normal human, except with a posh English accent.

The Poker Game

On a quiet mushroom-night, the crew sits down for a game of cards, using a deck found in a locked box that was left behind by a previous crew.

The game is going fine, until someone plays a full house, at which the room is filled with ghosts dressed in 1500s European costumes, and brandishing functional weapons. Just as frightened of you as you are of them, they will start to attack once they finish looking around the room in amazement and fear.

Since they're incorporeal, they aren't affected by conventional weapons, and will run-float around wrecking shit, until someone plays another full house, in which ANOTHER set of ghosts will appear, and chase them off into the distance. The deck's face cards will be blank from then on.

Domo Arigato, Mr. Robutto

A band of rogue automatons has set siege on your station with the goal of collecting a box of power cells. Just giving them the cells won't do any good, as they also want your heads and hands as trophies.

The initial band isn't very large, and can be taken out normally, but if they are destroyed, the last one will set off a signal which alerts any other bands of automatons that you got precious cargo. And wouldn't you know it, you unspeakably luck crew, that there are about 25 bands of various sizes within a two mile radius of your station?

Any of rogue automatons are outfitted with nasty augmentations, some that will counter certain bombardments, some for others. You'll be faced with a situation of limited resources against an onslaught of robots that want your disgusting flesh to decorate their not-living rooms. Yay.

Here, Kitty-Kitty-Kitty

A sabretooth tiger is prowling around your station, attracted to the scent of meat-substance coming from your kitchen's ventilation.

It will try very hard to break into the station, using its massive teeth and claws to tear at the doors and windows.

Killing it is not an option, as they're not common, and are valuable for research....

Where, Kiddy-Kiddy-Kiddy

A visiting ZornCo boss, Mr. Banse, has decided to bring his little girl with him for Take Your Daughter To Work Day, and somehow thought bringing her underground was a wise choice that won't get him fired or fined.

Little Avery is a precocious child of about 5 or 6 with a wild imagination, and a penchant for ignoring reasonable requests to not touch that big, shiny red button on the dash.

Your task is to prevent her from damaging the station while trying to be informative, and look good in front of your superior (it's easier to herd river otters than for her not to be a pest, like a river otter).

Inevitably, she'll get bored, and no one will be paying the slightest attention when she casually opens the door, and wanders off into a large, spooky corridor, which happens to lead toward a small maze of Gaians who will leap at the opportunity to torture or kill her. So it's up to you and Mr. Banse to go out and save her from almost certain doom!

GM note: If you're unsuccessful in finding her, it will turn out that her antics will pester the Gaians enough to just give her back without a fight. But this should not be apparent. Really play up the potential and dreadful possibilities of her being torn apart by savage trees inside a bodily-threatening hedge maze that she's strolled into.

Mr. Banse will be grateful, and as a PS to the adventure, will be summarily terminated from ZornCo. for breaching protocol.

One Hell of a Reception!

A Dinoman warlord's daughter has been married off, and as a wedding present, he's marked your location on a map for his new son-in-law.

Hoping to score points, he with his new wife and his platoon of Dinomen descend on your station with some seriously heavy conventional weaponry.

What separates this from the usual bloodbath, is that his wife is with egg-clutch, and if you have a heart, you wouldn't kill a new father and his family, would you?

Fast and Furious: Tectonic Drift

The station encounters a pair of 5652-G's, alone and abandoned in a large cavern. There's some supplies, yes, but more importantly, keys in the ignitions!

Someone has the brilliant (?) idea to have a race, as there's a few cleared corridors that eventually loop back to your present location. And why not? Sounds like fun.

However, as the race is underway, Dinomen in their own versions of the 5652-G start chasing you, outfitted with a couple of nasty spikes protruding from their rims, and grenade launchers.

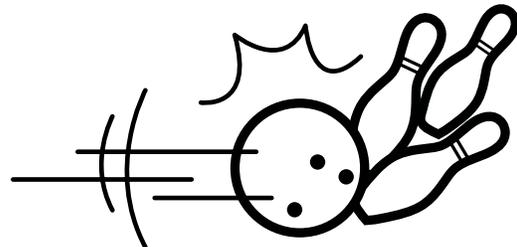
GM note: keep this seed fast and loose, based less on dice rolls, and more on cinematic reactions to things like "While your eyes are distracted momentarily, there's a large stalagmite looming about 30 seconds in front of you."

Bowling Night in Hell

A friendly Moleman posse has invited you to Pig-Hammer's for a few games of bowling. As much as your crew dispises the disgusting little creatures, a game of 10-pins sounds like a nice diversion from the horrificly boring act of pushing the continents together. So the crew agrees.

The games are fun, and you enjoy yourself. But while you're there, you overhear a plot from another group of Molemen to attach a pipebomb to your parked station not far from the alley.

But etiquette, and Pig-Hammer's policy to keep strife outside the building prevent you all from leaving to stop the bumbling terrorists, so somehow you've got to be in two places at once!





SAMPLE CHARACTER TYPES

Stan Van Regard

Van Regard is an old hat at living underground, having captained the *Mary Celeste* station for several years. He is rarely excited, and has an astoundingly broad memory bank for apt cliches and turns of phrase. He's about 40 years old, and before joining the Pangaea Initiative, was a high school math teacher. He has a long facial scar.

Homer Davidson

Davidson is the doctor for the *Mary Celeste* station, having volunteered for the Pangaea Initiative after a college internship at ZornCo. He's got the metabolism of a humming bird, and is about 6' 7". His eyesight is poor, and he smokes like a chimney.

Elizabeth Kilroy

Kilroy is a mechanic by training, having spent years breaking apart tractors back on her family's corn farm. She keeps her blonde hair tied up in a red bandana, chews her fingernails, and tries to hide her Kentucky drawl behind a silly Boston brogue.

Maddox Rumpherd

"Rummy" is officially the pilot for the *Mary Celeste*. Seeing the chance to "see the world" after graduating from high school, and it's so weird. As such, he always rolls his eyes and comments sarcastic one-liners at anything. He's a POC, if that makes any difference to you (and it shouldn't).

Herman Kissling

Mr. Kissling is the *Mary Celeste's* above-ground contact at ZornCo. He manages most of the US Upper Midwest. He's constantly distracted at work with his personal life, which seems to be constantly in disarray. As a result, most supplies requested end up at other stations.

Elmore

Officially designated EL-30R, Elmore is the *Mary Celeste's* automoton. He's recently started to become aware, and is hiding this fact from the crew (he also has not developed a "taste for blood," so he is relatively safe to be around). He is standard issue, but has been modified for scaling walls- his stomach holds a pair of pincher-claw hand-replacements, carbiners, and long corded climbing rope.

Gina Li

Ms. Li is the driver on a 5652-G, and makes supply drops for the *Mary Celeste*. She's a very good driver, and is not above joy-riding. Right now, she has dyed her hair pink, and likes to show off her most recent tattoo (as a 3rd-gen Chinese-American, she can't read that the tattoo literally says "Library Night Drop." She thinks it says "Burning Midnight Revenge.")

Baast Ramuulon

Baast is a Dinoman of middling rank for the army of Built-On-A-Swamp-With-Weird-Odor. He was trying to play the long-game of promotion, but after years of failure to make officer grade, decided that capturing some living mammal hostages might show off his value. He's constantly taking risks to make himself look desirable. He wears an eye-patch, but doesn't actually need one.

Rabbit Shovel

An unusual Moleman, Arr-Ess has normal-level intelligence, and while sharing the racial goal of reversing the rotation of the planet, thinks that most methods are poor and will not work. He is frustrated that no one believes him. Collects stamps.

BACKGROUND BEHIND PANGAEA STATION

This book is effectively fan-fiction for an artistic performance piece my friends Taylor, Jp, and Shea devised in 2008, envisioned as a YouTube series. I participated in the videos, but “life got in the way...” and the project fell to the way-side. Fast forward nearly a decade later, and I decided to write this book, coalescing my love of this concept with my own imagination. The guys have given me their consent and encouragement, and I hope you’ll enjoy the crazy world beneath your feet!

As a side note, a version of Pangaea Station was modified as a live-action role-playing game (LARP). Look for a future release of PC sheets, story beats, prop recommendations, and supplementary printable materials.

Please visit:

www.zorncorporation.com

Taylor Baldry’s continuation of the original Pangaea Station concept (anything he says is official canon)

<https://vimeo.com/4395758>

An early video that sort of highlights what sparked my imagination, as well as a sample crew. I’m the guy screaming at the beginning of the video.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Steve Robbins is a graphic designer and game developer in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He’s married to a lovely lady who works with the elderly, and they have a cat, Gracie Lou Freebush, who is the center of their world. In his spare time, he makes fake products and collects unusual books. Check out www.steverobbinsart.com for his online portfolio, and follow him on Twitter at @steverobbinsart.

RECOMMENDED READING

Like Lavar Burton always said, you don’t have to take my word for it, but here are some recommended books and screen media that can help provide ideas to boost your experience of Pangaea Station.

GURPS:

If you’re familiar with role-playing games, you ought to be familiar with GURPS! The genetic code of GURPS is all over Pangaea Station, especially “Illuminati,” “Warehouse 23,” “Atomic Horror,” and especially “Illuminati University.” Seriously, reading these books is a treat, and their *own* recommended reading/watching lists are spectacular.

Mystery Science Theater 3000:

Sure, you can be influenced by the terrible movies they riff on, but the real thing to watch is the interstitial scenes between the movie. Joel, Mike, or Jonah are stuck in a weird station, with robot pals, being lorded over by a maniacal corporation for dubious purposes. Also, lots of fun inventions.

Neon Genesis Evangelion:

This sprawling anime epic is tough to sit through, and it feels unrewarding when it’s done (unless you actually paid attention to the protagonist’s journey), but a vast conspiracy underground with weird science and monsters is too good to pass up.

LOST:

Anything related to the Dharma Initiative is worth your time. Google those episodes, unless you are up for watching all 6 seasons, and getting cranky over the series finale.

The Super Mario Bros (movie):

Sure, it’s not a good movie, but it did provide some interesting fodder for a parallel civilization that grew from dinosaurs. Keep an eye out for cars that can’t be run on petroleum, because the dinosaurs didn’t die out!

Blame It On Outer Space:

This weird little podcast updates infrequently, but sets a great tone for characters trapped in an underground bunker, discussing conspiracy theories. “Case File #0001” is especially relevant.

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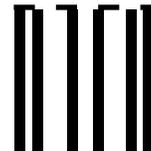
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