Lost Valley of the Dinosaurs

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The war is lost. In truth, the war was lost some months ago, but here in the skies above this place the final nails in the coffin of civilisation have only just been hammered.

At the behest of mongrels and their secret masters a second sun appeared in the sky over the city.

Now the sounds of life have returned to the bleached white bones of the buildings here, the sounds of rapid footsteps echoing horribly, eerily loudly.

Progress is made and in a room deep underground an artifact is discovered. A great heart, one that still beats.

Perhaps the people sent here to recover it so that the Leader may live again should have brought Geiger counters?

The other occupants of the room might have warned them, but now they exist only as shadows scorched into concrete, testament to the powers unleashed here.

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The Day Today!

Across the civilised world, events are afoot! At first, only the more disreputable tabloids bothered with them, stories of strange monsters sighted, but soon the nations of the world found themselves unable to ignore that something of great import was occurring. From nowhere, a fleet of bizarre, advanced and incredibly deadly ships and even great flying Zeppelins emerged and began to indiscriminately raid shipping, pillaging cargo after cargo after cargo before vanishing to.. to where?

The greatest minds of Europe have convened across Saloons and Gentleman's Clubs to discuss the matter, men of import make arrangements and wheels are put in motion to track down these mysterious raiders!

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You now have 1000 CP.

There are four origins below, and each one has four optional complications available. These are not events or conditions you will encounter on your journey to the Valley but instead risks and challenges you can additionally choose to deal with there.

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At the Earth's Core!

"You can't mesmerize me.. I'm British."
- Abner Peryy, Esq.

It's difficult to determine exactly where you are, right now. Somewhere between the drawing room from a Victorian mansion and a shipyard, with a healthy dose of mad science thrown in. The room is dominated by something that might conceivably be a tank, albeit one with four sets of tracks, one set along the roof, one set barely visible underneath the device, and with a little walking yes, you can see one set along each side of the ... whatever it is. Moving to what can only be the front of the device you discover a titanic drill bit and just behind that two red glass domes that give the thing a decided resemblance to a gigantic mole!

"Simply magnificent, isn't he? or she, perhaps. I do dimly recall something about vessels always bearing the female honorific."

You turn, and you find yourself confronted with an older man. Gentleman you find yourself thinking. The figure scurries across the room, hand outstretched and you instantly realise the man is such a walking cliche you don't even need to think about it to know he will be some sort of eccentric rich upper class genius.

You shake the offered hand, and the man winces quite comically before visibly realising something.

"I say, should you perhaps wish to have an adventure? I find myself in something of a quandary you see. I rather suspect that based on my latest conclusions, piloting the Iron Mole at depth may require more physical strength than I possess, and you do seem a rather sturdy sort."

That you apparently broke into the man's home doesn't seem to have occured to him, so focused on his goal is he. Well, piloting a gigantic steam powered drilling machine. What could go wrong?

Abner Perry
Abner is many things. Extremely British, very absent minded and prone to wandering off muttering things like 'Simply astounding!'. He isn't anything close to being a fighter but he is

astoundingly intelligent and able to grasp most things with a few minutes of study. The man is also completely immune to mind control of any sort. Stiff upper lip and all that.

The Iron Mole

A gigantic steam powered drilling machine, the Mole is slow and lumbering on the surface and goes like a stabbed rat when drilling through the ground. Equipped with massive holds and extremely durable the machine is impervious to the existing weapons of the civilised nations of the world and contains an on-board refinery allowing the Mole to separate and refine a chosen material. This is usually coal, the fuel of the Mole, though it can be anything that you can expect to dig up. Gold, diamonds, platinum...

Origin Bonus: Ore Refinery

As the Iron Mole chews its way through the subterranean terrain it will filter out massive amounts of the ore of your choice as well as refine and cast it for you.

Optional Complications

Experimental

+ 200 CP

The Iron Mole, while extremely impressive is an experimental piece of technology and the constantly changing pressures from digging so deep play merry hell with the steam pressure in the engines. Expect to spend a considerable amount of time and effort struggling to keep the thing operational, and a great deal of time simply sitting and waiting for pressures to equalise and steam to start moving again.

I say, I really must obtain one of those!

+ 200 CP

A man of varied interests, Abner's ancestral manor is crammed with trinkets and oddities he gathered through the years- the man is infamous for finding some new hobby or diversion, pursuing it with almost fanatical devotion for a few weeks and then abandoning it as a new fad catches his eye.

Throughout your time here you can expect to spend a great deal of time being dispatched to track down these curiosities. Plaster casts of fresh Parasurolophus tracks, native ceremonies recorded while they are completely unaware of being observed, several thousand examples of native butterflies in an attempt to prove an obscure scientific theory that was quietly disproved and discarded decades ago, scrabbling through ton after ton of ore for geodes, it goes on and on...

Look at that, he wandered off again

+ 200 CP

Abner is, as has been mentioned, quite absent minded and easy to distract. Oftentimes he will completely overlook mortal danger in favour of examining some new curiosity. The pattern an

Allosaur lays her eggs in may indicate something, certainly, but that is no reason to ignore the Allosaur herself while you puzzle it out!

Should Abner fall of anything short of natural causes you will automatically fail the jump.

Myzarnian Cyborg
+ 200 CP

A grotesque six meter tall thing resembling a monstrous bipedal Pigbeast, the Myzarnian is part gigantic alien creature and part war machine, and Abner will, after a few hours of study (from a distance, obviously) will be able to translate the inscription on the things carapace. Apparently the Cyborg is part of a transdimensional invasion force originating on the planet Myzar 3. Unbeknown to either of you, the things passage through the artificial time/space corridor has been disrupted by something occurring here and it has apparently fixed its sights on you and the Iron Mole as the culprit!

Beware though, the Cyborg is no unthinking machine, the alien is actually quite intelligent. Evade its attacks for long enough to make contact and you may yet be able to turn the situation to your advantage and the war machine against the true foe...

The Land That Time Forgot!

"This U-Boat is now under the control of our enemy. You will obey their commands... for the time being."
- Captain Von Schoenvorts

Well, this is new. A cabin, and on a ship if the gentle pitching and bobbing is any indication. A quite luxurious cabin with genuine hand carved English oak fittings. A tailored suit hangs from the back of the door, and it several things are obvious - it was tailored to fit you, it was every bit as expensive as the room and it has a captains bars across the shoulders.

A knock on the door interrupts your musings and a voice announces "Begging your pardon Captain, but Mister Oakes requests your presence on the bridge. We've sighted the Maiden of Sicily and she's split open and afire amidships sir. Looks like the raider is in the area. Don't wish to jinx it Sir, but I've got a good feeling this'll be the one."

Pirate hunting then. You make your way to the bridge, and from what you can see of the ship, that can't be the case. No turrets, no weapons visible. This is definitely a merchantman, even if it does make you ever so slightly suspicious for some reason.

Off in the distance, shrouded by the greyish murk of predawn fog you think you hear something, a muted splash. A second later and you do definitely hear something, the whistle of an object moving quickly overhead before crashing into the sea and exploding close enough to shower you with icy water.

"Found 'em Sir! Told you we'd get 'em today!" You'd expect a sailor to worry when something starts shelling the ship he is on but instead he hurries towards part of the superstructure that other sailors are already pulling apart, revealing what looks like a nine inch turret! Shaped charges detonate and false hull plating is blasted free, revealing a line of torpedo tubes. Evidently you were right the first time - this isn't a merchantman, this is a Q-ship, a Commerce Raider!

Contrary to what you might have thought, the battle that follows lasts the best part of a day, fire and counter fire zipping through the murk, and it is only around noon when the sun has mustered enough strength to burn away the accursed fog that you see your enemy, some sort of colossal submarine! Exchanging fire with its deck gun the enemy soon proves horrifyingly accurate, raking your own ship with shellfire while seemingly enduring hit after hit from your own guns and even shrugging off at least one direct torpedo hit!

Soon enough the crew on your own ship are struggling to keep her seaworthy and your first mate informs you that the men can keep her afloat or keep her from burning, but not both. The wind picks up and one last tendril of the fog that earlier caused you so many problems sweeps in between your vessel and your quarry and on the spur of the moment you conceive a desperate plan. The Lifeboats might be able to carry enough men over to the enemy boat to overwhelm them with a surprise attack, and the fog might just make it possible.

The next few minutes seem to take hours, even days, the winches lowering the lifeboat seem to move almost glacially, and when you do finally get to sea the trip through the fog almost seems to go on for centuries, the all encompassing mist swallowing sounds and hiding any signs of progress. When you do finally bump into the hull of the submersible the sudden jolt has you almost jumping in shock but ultimately, your plan works and you men fall on the surprised enemy crew like so many wolves, but not before the captain has time to destroy the bulk of the documentation he has, the documentation that indicates which of the people aboard are the original crew, which are prisoners and who has been press ganged.

Regardless, your own ship is sinking and you have lost enough crew that you cannot pilot the submarine without assistance.

You do have a course though, the location of the raiders home.

Captain Von Schoenvorts

The Captain of U-33, Von Schoenvorts is extremely tight lipped about who he works for or why he took what is an incredibly advanced submarine out to raid the worlds shipping. He does

seem willing to co-operate and he is an extremely skilled sailor as well as a team leader and he does seem like the sort of person to keep his word. Though it isn't quite apparent why just yet, he is invulnerable to telepathy and anyone attempting it on the man gets a sensation that someone was there only seconds ago but that they just missed them. Given time it will be possible to break through to the Captain and secure his loyalty for yourself.

U-33

An unusual vessel, the U-33 is designed to operate almost entirely underwater. Thankfully though she has a dozen torpedo tubes she was dispatched without any actual torpedos, though this obviously wasn't too much of a hindrance, her deck gun horrifyingly accurate and incredibly powerful. Powerful diesel engines allow her to move with unprecedented speed, and the sheer size of her hull means she has a great deal of cargo space as well.

Origin bonus: Artillery bombardment
If it wasn't obvious, possession of the U-33 allows you to order devastating ranged bombardments against enemy held territory and some of the more massive creatures here.

Optional Complications

Sabotage
+ 200 CP

While the ship has an extremely large crew only the handful who followed from the Commerce Raider are ones you can trust - the rest are at worst fanatics devoted to the raiders mysterious leader and at best are press ganged former prisoners forced to crew the submarine under threat of death. The threat of sabotage will be ever present.

Operation Turncoat
+ 200 CP

While it may certainly be tempting to, for instance, put a few rounds through the good Captains head, with this complication that isn't a good idea, since doing so will cause you to fail immediately. In fact, should Von Schoenvorts die at any point short of natural causes you will fail.

LuLu
+ 200 CP

A monstrous, two headed plesiosaur, the creature is brought to the surface by the passage of U-33 across its home waters. Incredibly territorial LuLu is a vicious ambush predator, her heads darting out like lightning to snap up crew members without warning. While it may seem like you could simpy sail out of LuLu's territory the beasts consider the submarine a challenger to her dominance and will not relent till the submarine is destroyed. Fortunately, while it is necessary to go onto deck to use the U-33's massive gun LuLu cannot see well when her heads are above the surface because her eyes are made to see under water. In addition to this, she can easily be confused by two or more people running in different direction because her heads can not decide who to go after.

Black Gold Woes
+ 200 CP

The U-33 is a thirsty beast, and her fuel tanks were almost tapped out when you took command. Should they drain completely then the engines of the submarine will seize up completely, her ballast tanks will open and she will sink into the depths, never again to be seen by the eyes of man. Should this happen you will loose your primary method of transport and will find yourself stranded here. Be aware that while pools of crude oil are not uncommon, simply feeding the unrefined stuff into the engines will result in utter mechanical failure, at best.

Put simply, if you fail to refine enough of the fuel to keep the submarine mobile, you fail.

The Challenger Expedition

"It was surely well for man that he came late in the order of creation. There were powers abroad in earlier days which no courage and no mechanism of his could have met. What could his sling, his throwing-stick, or his arrow avail him against such forces as have been loose tonight? Even with a modern rifle it would be all odds on the monster."
- Professor Challenger

Well, this is unusual. A lecture by the look of things, but one with a surprising level of attendance. It is already standing room only. Luckily you appear to have appeared onto a chair in the front row. Up on the podium in front of you a man steps up, clears his throat and begins to talk. From the crowds muttering it seems they do not require a recap of the main speakers exploits, but conveniently you do. Just a few years ago one Professor Challenger led a very controversial expedition comprising of his rival Professor Summerlee, the famed big game hunter Lord John Roxton and the reporter Edward Malone to an undisclosed location somewhere in South America. They returned, and while the crowd was not too amazed by the sixty or so newly discovered insects they had brought back, the revelation that they had managed to capture a live Pterodactyl caused quite a stir! The speaker finishes his recap, clears his throat once more and announces the legendary Professor himself. Challenger steps up and the crowd almost goes wild - cheers, taunts, questions, insults, jokes, laughter, it goes on for several moments before the Professor raises a hand and such is his presence that the hall falls silent instantly.

Challengers speech is brief, to say the least, and if anything it causes an even bigger uproar than his arrival! It seems the good Professor believes he has located the sight of a second prehistoric remnant and he intends to lead an expedition immediately! Such is the fame his first expedition brought him (and the riches, though you only find that out later) that the bulk of the outcries from those attending are pleas to be allowed to join him!

In the end the good Professor simply settles the matter by picking a dozen people at random, and one of

those people happens to be you!

Professor Challenger

A great, hairy brute of a man the Professor appears at first glance to be some manner of Neanderthal, and when his temper is up the resemblance only increases! In his sixties the man has lost none of his strength or vitality and he would easily best all but the strongest of Olympic athletes in tests of sheer might. Beyond that his mental faculties are his most fearsome aspect, the man a true genius though unfortunately for the world at large he has a great deal of trouble relating to those not his intellectual match.

Professor Summerlee

Challengers chief rival and oddly, the closest thing he has to a friend, Summerlee was Professor Challengers greatest naysayer for decades and only when the pair were confronted by a herd of Iguanadons in South America did he admit he was wrong. Slender where Challenger is heavyset he appears the Professors physical opposite, though even in his advanced age his energy is almost limitless and he thinks nothing of spending days at a time dashing after the insects and butterflies he has made it his mission to document.

Edward Malone

An Irishman who was on track to become one of the United Kingdoms most valued Rugby players, for reasons of his own Malone turned his attention instead to journalism, a career where his almost supernatural charisma serves him in good stead. Seemingly without effort on his part the man has managed to walk into the most hostile situations, interviewed all present and walked out unharmed! Parthian hill tribes rebelling against British rule welcomed him, Irish Republicans who would have literally burned any other Irishman for moving to England greeted him like long lost kin and nations deeply unfriendly to The Empire and its holdings have offered him meetings with the highest heads of state, knowing full well he will report things as they are, not as the British Government would wish people to see.

Lord John Roxton

If Roxton understands the concept of fear it is simply so he can find it and laugh in its face. Even before the first expedition that revealed the survival of dinosaurs to the world Lord John was perhaps the most famous hunter and tracker to exist, though doubtless he would argue the point with a riveting story or two about some character he met once on safari who could, while wearing a blindfold, track an owl in flight. A true master of tale telling Lord Roxton can reel off hours long tales of his adventures that leave listeners spellbound. Perhaps the most amazing tale he has is one he tells only to his closest friends, the tale of how he single handedly declared war on slavers in the Congo region, a war he handily won!

Fort Challenger

Never one able to resist the urge to cry his greatness to the heavens, Professor Challenger named the specially designed fortress he had prepared after himself. Using every ounce of his quite formidable cunning Challenger oversaw the creation of something both incredibly spacious, incredibly well defended and incredibly well equipped, as well as being something that only a handful of people can erect in a few hours, building the defensive outer walls first and then when time permits, putting together the laboratories and living quarters.

Origin Bonus: The Drawing Room

While the bulk of the fort is utilitarian in the extreme, the central Drawing Room wouldn't look out of place in the most luxurious gentleman's club. Complete with well stocked drinks cabinet and butler, should you catch one of your companions here you can easily draw them into a very valuable lesson.

Professor Challenger is the worlds leading expert on the more esoteric sciences. Pholgiston theory, Phrenology, Vril Energy, How to create Cavorite Alloy, the man seems to know everything about anything most would dismiss out of hand.

Professor Summerlee is once again Challengers opposite - a recognised master of all accepted sciences, and unlike Challenger he is also an incredible teacher.

Edward Malone is a skilled writer and photographer, but most importantly he can give pointers on how to deal with people, and even an evening laughing over shared drinks will leave a little of his legendary likeability rubbing off on you.

Lord Roxton is perhaps the greatest living hunter today, and as expected he is an incredible shot - a few simple pointers from the man are better than a months in depth tutoring from the next best marksman. Unsurprisingly given his exploits he is also lethal with melee weaponry and in hand to hand combat.

Optional Complications

As Before, So Again
+ 200 CP

The groups first expedition suffered no casualties despite treacherously being marooned with almost no equipment in a dinosaur and monster filled plateau. Now, all present are perhaps a little overconfident in their abilities and preparations. While they are formidable, the Lost Valley is far, far, far more deadly than the Plateau of South America. Should any of the four perish you will fail automatically.

Doctrinal discord
+ 200 CP

In this place there is evidence to support any ten theories you could name, and they are all contradictory. Needless to say, the peace between Summerlee and Challenger will be broken within hours of arrival, and thanks to difficulties with a woman Malone will not be in a mood to play peacekeeper and Roxton will be gone far too frequently to do it. Expect to spend days at a time walking a tightrope between keeping the two irascible intellectual titans.

Blunderbore
+ 200 CP

Lord Roxton isn't afraid to brag about his skill as a hunter, even in his more enthusiastic moments claiming to be the greatest hunter there is. Well, it seems that boast has come back to haunt him, for someone here has heard and taken exception to it. Blunderbore is an immigrant to this place, one of the great giants who King Arthur of yore once contested with. How he came to be here he will not say, nor will he say how he came to possess his namesake, a colossal Blunderbuss capable of reducing a herd of Triceratops to so much leaking meat, and the sheer size of the thing means he can use it as an indirect fire artillery. Why bother exposing yourself to return fire when you can simply drop a hell storm of lead onto a target from behind a hill a mile away?

Uncivilised Brutes!
+ 200 CP

Professors Challenger and Summerlee are supremely confident in the white races position as the apex of evolution and both the supreme life form and creators of the most advanced civilisation possible.

Obviously, this attitude does not engender feelings of kinship in the various natives that dwell here, to say nothing of the existing civilisations! Expect a great deal of hostility and incredible effort to be able to manage even the most basic of diplomacy.

Zeppelins vs. Pterodactyls!

Outside, something flashes past the view port, trailing flames and smoke. For a brief fraction of a second you think you meet the gaze of the terrified pilot before he vanishes from view and a rousing cheer reverberates throughout the command deck at the destruction of the massive flying wing. Its twin fares considerably worse now that it alone holds the attention of the mighty airship you stand aboard and her biplane fighters. Heat rays lance out, but even though the damage they inflict is considerable but in the end it is too little, too late and the odd looking crafts fate is sealed.

At least, till the Captain of the vessel speaks.

"First Officer, order the fighters to dock, but ensure they remain ready to take flight once again. All guns, CEASE FIRE!"

You look at the man, and he nods at you. Without making it obvious you quickly study your new uniform and yes, it appears that you happen to be the First Officer he was talking to. You lean in towards the radio in front of you and relay the order, and after a moment you add a quick congratulations on the kill. The Captain remains silent, steepling his fingers but from the sense of satisfaction he radiates you can't help but feel you've gone a little bit further towards securing your reputation as an effective commander in your own regard simply by fulfilling the order yourself rather than relaying it to yet another Airmariner.

"Helm, take us up to twelve thousand feet and follow our former opponent. Remain between eighteen and nineteen hundred meters behind him. Alert me the moment he begins to loose altitude. First Officer, you have command."

With that your newfound Captain leaves and you move up to take the newly vacated Captains chair. That and go through every bit of paperwork you can see.

It quickly transpires that you are aboard a flying heavier than air vessel named The Albatross, designed and created by the man whose chair you now occupy, Alexandre Robur, called by some Robur the Conqueror for his undisputed mastery of flight!

It would seem that his services have been obtained at great expense by the British Empire, his services and his mighty vessel. Not more than six months ago almost all Zeppelin travel throughout the world ceased as terrifying flying wings appeared from seemingly nowhere to pillage and destroy them! Unwilling to allow this state of affairs to continue Robur was employed to hunt down and eradicate the air pirates, and now with a damaged flying wing to track he has a direct lead as to where they may be...

Captain Robur

Tall, thin, stern and immaculately dressed, Captain Alexandre Robur is a man of few words, save when the subject is flight - on that topic he could and has filled entire tomes, and such of his tomes that have fallen into the hands of the great nations of the world are held under the most heavy guard in the most heavily defended locations. One for instance, resides within The Tower of London along side the Crown Jewels. Such is his incredible engineering skill and such is their value.

The Albatross

A true miracle of engineering, the Albatross is incredibly heavily armoured for a flying vessel, more akin to an aerial fortress than the more common and much more clumsy dirigibles. Equipped with a number of anti-fighter turrets and terrifyingly powerful Aerial torpedo launchers the Albatross is more than a match for anything it cannot outfly or outdistance. The interior of the mighty vessel is perhaps its greatest surprise - while other existing airships must save weight in every way they can, The Albatross is under no such constraints and as such is incredibly luxurious.

Origin Bonus: Biplane fighter wings

The Albatross carries several wings of fighters designed to ensure air superiority. While they are designed for air to air combat, they can be used to strafe ground targets and attack the more monstrous denizens here, though they truly only excel at air combat.

Optional Complications

Sky Captain

+ 200 CP

Only Robur knows the secrets behind the creation and the continued operation of The Albatross, and only he holds the true loyalty of the crew. Without him everything comes crashing down, quite literally. Should the Captain fall, you automatically fail.

Weakened Superstructure

+ 200 CP

Unfortunately, it seems that to get The Albatross into the air, Robur was forced to make a few rather drastic changes to the design. Now, while it remains incredible and aerial it is no longer anything resembling anything like a fortress, the flying machine incredibly flimsy and easy to damage.

Torchy

+ 200 CP

The origins of this beast are much debated, but the consensus, such as it is, is that it is a colossal Dimetrodon that consumed something that filled its cavernous stomach with some manner of extremely lighter than air gas. What is certain is that the utterly massive, bloated Dimetrodon is capable of slow but clumsy flight, the sight of it frantically paddling through the skies towards its chosen prey a comical

sight, at least until it comes within range and vomits a torrent of superheated chemicals or unleashes a massive fireball! Whatever chemical or substance has left the beast swollen with gas has also rendered it virtually bullet proof as well, so bloated that the impact of shells and bullets is absorbed harmlessly without the thing being harmed! Extremely territorial it will attack anything that dares to contest its mastery of the sky.

Oh, and just to make things slightly more complicated it also has a scorpion like stinger on the tip of its tail.

Storm Wracked Skies
+ 200 CP

Unfortunately you seem to have arrived during the monsoon season, and the skies are absolutely filled with storms of truly biblical fury and the sun is only visible for a few hours a day, dramatically limiting the use of The Albatross and ensuring you will be spending a great deal of time struggling to keep storm damage repaired.

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Base Camp Co-Ordinates

This place, wherever it is, is both massive and filled with a number of rather unusual locations. The question is, at just which one have you arrived?

Roll 1d8.

1. King Solomons Mines

The remains of an ancient Israelite city centred around a colossal mine entrance, the buildings are decorated with friezes depicting a great king leading his followers to domesticate a race of great apes for use as guards and miners, and the years of plenty as those Great Apes wrestled countless massive gems from the depths of the earth. Strangely the most recent depictions of events here seem to show some manner of discord between man and ape, and it is clear that no human has set foot here in a millennia, at least...

2. Lost Mammoths Graveyard

When the world was one vast supercontinent and the ancient Mammoths still walked the world in herds innumerable, this place was the final destination of the ancient beasts. At the end of their lives, when they sense the shadow of the reaper falling over them they each left the herds and made the long, lonely journey to this place to die amidst the bones of their ancestors. There are few of the great beasts left in the world now, clinging tenaciously to life in hidden valleys here and in the Siberian tundra, but their bones remain, and a wealth of ivory, more than a man could imagine! What guardians remain in this place though, to have prevented anyone from pillaging this miraculous place?

3. Ruins of Ur

Ruins and fallen buildings as far as the eye can see, ancient and slowly succumbing to the ravages of

time. Even a cursory search will reveal that this place is of great archaeological significance and a few simple tests will show that the people who created this massive settlement did so just before conventional wisdom holds civilisation actually began.

This then is Ur, the mythical first city, the true cradle of human civilisation, and the ruin in the centre of the city can be only one thing, the shattered foundation of the Tower of Babel!

Beware the sight of white wings.

4. Great Lighthouse

Viewed on a geological timescale, rivers and shorelines dance back and forth across the surface of the world as material builds up or is eroded and what was once within sight of the ocean may one day be far, far from it. So it is with this massive, four sided tower. Of incredibly sturdy construction the Great Lighthouse holds a mirrored chamber at its very peak, a chamber built around a colossal fire pit still filled with ancient soot. What would its light reveal were it to shine once more?

5. Mount Mongibellufjell Manunganui (mountain mountain mountain mountain mount mount big)

To the irritation of mapmakers everywhere, this sort of thing is shamefully common. Someone names a place and is eventually driven out, the victor adds his or her version of the word mountain (or river, or lake) to the silly foreign word and is eventually driven out, the cycle repeating once more.

The area around the mountain is filled with a mass of villages and enclaves and fortified towns from different ages and civilisations both existing and considered long vanished. A dangerous place, but one rich in lore and artefacts.

6. Mahogany Ship

The only sight for miles around and surrounded by massive sand dunes, this is the slowly desiccating timber skeleton of some massive galleon. How it made its way into the middle of a desert, miles from the sea will most likely never be known and with luck neither will be the fate of those drawn here by the Galleons still filled hold, the ship filled to the brim with chest after chest of ancient gold coins!

7. Irem of the Seven Pillars

Irem, the Pillared City. She will rise from the stone and the ice like dawn. She will be garlanded with red and decked with gold. The Seven-Serpent will watch you longingly from its high pedestal. You will always arrive as a stranger, but when you leave, some part of you will always remain.

One day Irem will have always been the last place before the East and She will stand vigil for the Traveller, but that is not yet happened. Not till then will she rise in this place. One day the darkness.

8. Free Choice

Perhaps the most sensible option, you decided not to set up camp in the first location you spotted but instead scouted around a little. You may choose where you establish your base camp.

Atlantis

(This location is exclusive to those who took 'The Land That Time Forgot!' Origin. Start here instead of

rolling.)

Exquisite marble ruins dot the seabed here, and coral reefs slowly creep across the drowned city. submerged in just under a hundred feet of seawater this is perhaps one of the most beautiful locations you could find, schools of shimmering tropical fish darting through ancient temples everywhere, the place thick with sealife. Who were the people who built this city? what happened to them? how did it sink?

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Charcharadon Industries Expeditions Catalogue

Well, this is unexpected. It looks like...

Yes, it is!

A catalogue aimed at the stalwart vanguards of civilisation who seek to bring the light of culture to the unwashed heathen masses, Messir Charcharadon has carefully assembled several kits, each containing a small prefabricated hut and all the equipment required to use it to its named function! This shall certainly make exploring all the easier!

Mess Hall
100 CP
More than just a place to eat, the Mess hall forms the heart of any expedition, a place for people to socialise, relax and unwind. Very, very rarely will the place be silent - the murmur of conversation never really fades, and more often than not it is joined by the click of dice or the quiet rustle of cards.

The Mess Hall also has an effect on camp security as well as on morale - with everyone congregating in one place, there wont be anyone wandering around conveniently alone for carnivores or natives to pick off. When combined with the Field Kitchen the effectiveness of both locations is doubled.

Field Kitchen
100 CP
It might just be a gas powered stove, an industrial strength coffee grinder and a few sacks of dried beans and salted pork, but for someone who just spend the last eighteen hours slogging through a poison marsh filled with foot long carnivorous leeches what it represents is paradise. A good, solid meal that carefully balances the three important food groups (sugar, grease and burnt crunchy bits) will revive the spirits of any flagging explorer, leaving a once exhausted man

ready to go ten rounds with a Neanderthal.

It is worth pointing out that anything you find here can also be used as an ingredient. Iguanadon steaks four feet wide anyone?

Infirmary
100 CP

For those people who consider Quinine something other than that thing you add to Gin, the Infirmary is something you simply can't set out to sneer distainingly at foreign lands without. Capable of dealing with the usual cuts, sprains, breaks, diseases illnesses and a certain condition caused by the impact of foreign food on a digestive system better suited for proper English grub the Infirmary has enough supplies to keep the expedition in reasonably robust health indefinitely. For whatever reason, it also seems to include several bottles of antiseptic that have been emptied and refilled with moonshine and an antique bottle of Big Chief Brand Snake Oil that must be at least a hundred years old.

Bunkhouses
100 CP

You could just let your men sling hammocks up anywhere they can find space for them, but when you consider the chaos it'll cause, as well as the impact on camp efficiency and safety, why not just take a set of bunkhouses with you? Easy to install, tough enough to use as last ditch fortifications and actually surprisingly spacious, these help keep everyone well rested and since you can easily fit them with mosquito netting and keep the bulk of your personnel unbitten, they help keep everyone healthy as well. They also keep people happy since everyone can claim their own little space rather than being forced to hotbunk or sleep in the mud.

Trade Goods
100 CP

A few large crates of trade goods. What, you want details? fine, it's mostly salt and glass beads. There are a few sacks of cheap metal jewellry, a few hand mirrors and a few stacks of knives as well. Nothing amazing for the sort of people who know what trousers are or what a Soup Spoon looks like, but for the sort of person who lives in a jungle and has never seen someone he or she isn't related to, these are worth their weight in gold...

Trading Post
100 CP

Really, you are more paying for the sign than the building with this one, but what a sign? easily visible from miles away and bearing images that even the simplest cave dweller can understand, the building itself is a large wooden cabin, walls lined with shelving that also happens to feature a large wooden counter and a set of scales. The natives will come to you without any effort on your part. What happens after that is down to you. Deal fairly and gain a solid reputation that makes diplomacy much easier, or use weights that might not be entirely reasonable and make a lot of money...

Obviously this is twice as effective if you have goods to trade.

Warehouse
100 CP

A reinforced block of a building, the warehouse serves two purposes - it is a place to keep things, and it is a place to keep them safely. The warehouse will keep things safe from the environment, from vermin and from the shamelessly thieving natives (and should you obtain anything truly valuable, from your own men as well). The end result is that any other camp structures or locations you obtain will receive a small but noticeable boost in how effective they are.

Armoury
100 CP

Obtained at around two in the morning in an alley behind the Royal Sheffield Armouries, this represents enough rifles and revolvers to equip everyone on your expedition with greatly increased firepower. There is also a small, heavily reinforced one story building that can be erected in camp to store the guns and ammunition in as well.

Gunsmith
100 CP

Even in a more sensible climate, guns require regular maintenance. In a jungle sweatbox like this? well, that maintenance is both much more important and occurs much more often. The Gunsmith is a prefabricated building carefully made elsewhere, deconstructed and shipped out to you. Full of very small lathes, clamps, drills and a tiny hammer and anvil this will keep you and your expeditions ranged weaponry in tip top condition.

Machine Shop
100 CP

The wonders of the industrial revolution in a compact, relatively easy to transport form, the Machine Shop is a collection of rough but durable and very effective repair equipment that can and doubtless will be used to repair everything. Well, everything but guns. Need to resole a boot or hammer a sheet of metal into a pith helmet? you can do that here.

The Field Kitchen, Water Purifier and Radio becomes twice as effective with a Machine Shop to keep them working in tip top condition.

Water Purifier
100 CP

Essentially several large metal drums filled with charcoal, wool and clay, the water purifier will turn disease and parasite ridden swamp or sea water into clean, potable drinking water. Essential to the health of a long term expedition, the Purifier will also provide extra Salt if used in seawater meaning Trade Goods become more effective as you can offer more of the stuff, or if used in swampwater will double the effectiveness of a botanists as the impurities in the water make extremely effective fertiliser.

Cartographers
100 CP
A small portable cabin, this buildings insides are covered in corkboard displays that will rapidly come to be covered in hand drawn maps as the area is surveyed by scouts. Being able to pass around accurate maps will ensure parties setting out to explore will be much safer (at least till they leave the filled in parts of the map) and travel times will be considerably shorter.

An Assayers or a big Game Expedition will both double in effectiveness if a Cartographers is present.

Assayers
100 CP
At first glance this looks to be the domain of a mad scientist obsessed with weights - the small wooden cabin contains an array of scientific equipment and a series of scales with a very odd series of weights, useless in trading or cooking. What the equipment is for is determining just what a rock or ore sample might happen to be, and should it prove to be a valuable one, just how pure and thus just how valuable as well as how much shares in the resulting mine can be sold for. As a bonus, any, for example, ancient golden treasure looted from a lost Aztec pyramid can be identified, valued, packaged and dispatched to auction.

Chemists Workshop
100 CP
While the Assayers looks like a mad scientists workshop, this effectively is. Filled with all manner of fragile glassware, tubes, Bunsen burners and lined with jar after jar of assorted chemicals and compounds the workshop can be used to create or refine any concoctions you may find yourself requiring. It is worth pointing out that the set up here will, with a bit of elbow grease be capable of refining the crude oil so abundant here into a fuel that will not tear an engine to shreds.

Radio
200 CP
Expensive, cantankerous and prone to not working whenever it threatens to rain, the Radio is still an incredibly valuable bit of equipment. Consisting of an open fronted radio hut, a fairly tall and surprisingly solid wooden pole with an aerial mounted to the top and the radio itself, this allows a savvy explorer to remain in real time contact with patrols or with base camp via one of the half a dozen breadbox sized portable receivers.

Big Game Expedition
200 CP
Make money by making money? Sometimes you can't help but feel a little like the only man in the mine who knows what gold looks like. Rich aristocrats and up and coming members of the middle classes both will happily pay through the nose for the chance to join you for a week or six of blasting at incredibly rare animals. They take a trophy, you get the rest of the carcass.

Free food, the Chinaman will pay more for genuine dinosaur bones for his infernal medicines than he would for gold, and the tailors and bootmakers of Saville Row would sell their souls to work with such exquisite, rare and expensive leather.

Oh, and as a bonus, should any sort of native uprising or bestial inconvenience occur, there will be six or so Elephant Guns ready to reduce it to so much mince.

Botanists
200 CP

In the average rainforest there are plants enough to keep any of the big three universities busy for the next hundred years, and here, in a place where no civilised man has ever ventured? the native Flora represents an incredible resource, and it remains only to decide how you wish to take advantage of it.

Defensive

Your botanists will carefully take cuttings from the more dangerous plants and with care, attention and the occasional missing digit they can be grown and transplanted around your camp. Woe to the uncultured swine who happens to wander in range of a giant man eating flytrap or a domesticated Triffid!

Pharmaceutical

Who knows just what effect the plants here will have on a man? You will, and sooner rather than later as your botanists quickly identify those plants with medicinal uses, drastically improving the health of everyone present, and yes, the mood as well because not all the plants are medicinal, one or two are 'medicinal'.

Commercial

Some of the plants here come close to defying description - Orchids the size of a mans head that release clouds of shimmering silver pollen, flowers that bloom when sung to, leaves that glow, all this and more. Suffice to say, a cutting or the occasional bulb shipped home will be rather well received, and orders for more will just pour in, as well as the money to pay for them.

The Flag
200 CP

(Free and upgraded to Union Jack if British)

Nothing quite so stirring as seeing the colours flying, is there? A good solid flagpole and the flag of your choice to fly from it announces to the world that this place now belongs to the nation of your choosing. Raising the colours every morning might seem silly or pointless, but only to inferiors, trainables and foreigners. The truly civilised appreciate the stiffening of the backbone it gives to the lower classes and the boost to efficiency it provides.

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Tricks of the Trade

Well, this is interesting. The catalogue seems to have a section on mail order training manuals as well, each promising to make you a master of your chosen field in six weeks!

Survivalist
200 CP
"I thought you said this thing could cut through a femur in twenty-eight seconds!"
"Less talk, more saw!"

People underestimate just how hard it is to survive outside of civilisation. Not you. Not by a long shot. Find drinkable water, find undrinkable water right next to material you can use to turn a pair of trousers into a water filter, find edible plants everywhere and useful materials wherever you look.

Renaissance Man
200 CP
"Hey, Don't you ever close that book?"
"Yeah, you must've read it a dozen times by now."
"I know, but this... this doesn't make any sense. See, in this passage here, the shepherd seems to be leading up to something. He calls it the Heart of Atlantis. It could be the power source the legends refer to. But then it just... it cuts off. It's almost like there's a missing page."

An education perk, but not a specific one. Like all the great thinkers you refuse to pour all your intellectual efforts into one field, instead flitting from one to the other seemingly at random. While you wont be counted as a master, you will find yourself able to tie seemingly unrelated fields together in bursts of inspiration that lead to surprisingly effective methods of solving problems.

Linguist
200 CP
"My name is Kidagakash."
"Ki-ki-kidamaschnaga... Uh, hey, you got a nickname?"
"Kida."
"Okay, Kida. I can remember that."

Put simply, you can be incomprehensible in a new language in a few minutes, comprehensible in an hour or so and speaking it like a native in roughly half a day. You'd be surprised how favourable people will be towards you when it becomes obvious you are genuinely trying to master their language.

Man of Science!
200 CP
"What's Mole's story?"
"Trust me on this one. You don't wanna know. Audrey, don't tell him. You shouldn't have told me, but you did. And now I'm tellin' you...
[points]

You don't wanna know."

The fools! They spurned you, mocked you, rejected your theories! Now, here in this place you can finally show them all! With this you gain an intuitive understanding of bizarre science. You may not be able to express just how or why something works, but you will know how to use it.

Stiff Upper Lip
200 CP
"You will address him as Mr. Whitmore or sir, you will stand unless asked to be seated. Keep your sentences short and to the point, are we clear?"

The bearings and mannerisms of the upper classes and an aura of superiority that allows you to effortlessly slide into the upper echelons of society, wherever you are. Invites to the best parties and a place at the warchiefs side around the campfire await!

Rough and Ready
200 CP
"Cartographer, linguist, plumber. Hard to believe he's still single."

Fit in with the lower classes effortlessly. Walk the walk and talk the talk that makes people like you effortlessly and gain the trust and loyalty of the people that matter - the mass of assistants, hire ons, guards and porters that make up ninety nine percent of any expedition.

Hunting
300 CP
"It's a vegetable, Cookie. The men need the four basic food groups."

There are a great many unexplored places in the world, and even in the places that are explored, there's usually something somebody wants hunting down and shooting and now you are the one they call to lead the expedition. The stealth needed to sneak into position, the patience required to remain there, utterly still for three days and the skill to spot your target as it creeps through the scenery are all yours.

Pistoleer
300 CP
"Okay. Here's the plan. We're gonna come in low and fast and take 'em by surprise."
"Well, I've got news for you, Milo. Rourke is never surprised and he's got a lot of guns."

Mastery of handguns. If you ever decide to give up a life as a mercenary adventurer you have a long and profitable career as a trick shooter ahead of you. Flip a coin and Shoot it out of the air? pfffffft, shoot which side it comes down on.

Rifleman
300 CP
"Great. Well, do you have any suggestions?"
"Yeah. Don't get shot!"

Mastery of rifles. Want to be able to pull off that headshot from over a mile away in high winds in the dark? well, now you can. Easily.

Submachinegunner
300 CP
"Holy SMOKES! I thought you said he only had guns!"
"What I said was that he's never surprised!"

Sometimes you just need to hit the giggle switch and cut loose. Recoil just doesn't seem to be a thing for you anymore. Hold the trigger down till the gun goes click and not only will you put every bullet into the target, you'll put every bullet into the same square inch of the target.

Melee
300 CP
"Hm. 'Bout time someone hit him. I'm just sorry it wasn't me. "

There's always a need for people who certainly weren't present when someone accidentally fell down some stairs - this is the perk for that. You find yourself in possession of incredible natural talent for fighting with melee weapons and the more improvised they are, the better. Who needs a katana folded a thousand times and quenched in the tears of virgins when you have a sock full of pennies?

Fisticuffs
300 CP
"Ah-ha. Two for flinching."

Sometimes you don't have a weapon available, or you just don't want to use one. Either way, this is what you need. Your hands, feet and head become lethal weapons, be it due to some strange, mysterious martial art or simply just down to good old fashioned dockside brawling. As a bonus this grants a hefty boost to endurance and a flat cap where someone has sown sharpened pennies into the brim. You could take someone's eye out if you aren't careful!

Field Medic
300 CP
“Moliere, now what have I told you about playing nice with other kids? Get back, I've got soap, and I'm not afraid to use it. Back, foul creature! Back to the pit from which you came!”

Ah, the healing arts. Comes in either medical doctorate variety or stereotype Native American 'this is what whitey thinks shamen do' style and leaves you easily able to patch up even a heavily injured person in the field.

Mechanic
300 CP
"No-no offence, but how did a teenager become the chief mechanic of a multi-million dollar expedition?"
"I took this job when my dad retired. But, the funny thing was, he always wanted sons, right? One to run his machine shop, another to be middleweight boxing champion. But, he got my sister and me, instead."
"So, what... what happened to your sister?"
"She's 24 and 0, with a shot at the title next month."

Some people are good with machines, and some people are REALLY good with machines, and both kinds look at you with a searing, burning jealousy. You can identify when and where mechanical devices are starting to go bad just from the subtle changes in the sounds they make, and you always seem to have the bits you need to repair them right there in the field, or at least something you can improvise into the bit you need.

Salvager
300 CP
"Oh, my decision? Well, I-I think we've seen how effective my decisions have been. Let's re-cap. I lead a band of plundering vandals to the greatest archaeological find in recorded history, thus enabling the kidnap and/or murder of the royal family, not to mention personally delivering the most powerful force known to man into the hands of a mercenary nutcase who's probably gonna sell it to the Kaiser! Have I left anything out?"
"Well, you did set the camp on fire and drop us down that big hole."

A perk in two parts - you become very lucky at finding useful or just plain valuable salvage, and you gain a great deal of skill in repairing or incorporating it into the stuff you already have. Broke your rifle clubbing a natives skull in? lucky for you he had most of a rusty revolver in his belt and you can use that to repair the rifle!

Demolitionist
300 CP
"Oh, er... gunpowder, nitroglycerin, notepads, primer, couple mashers n' a pineapple, fuses, wicks, glue, and... paper clips, big ones. You know, just, uh, office supplies."

From blackpowder to plastique there are a great many things that go boom, and you now have mastery of all of them. Bombs will detonate at the second you need them to, regardless of what the timer says, and if you happen to be close to them, well, so what? you'll get lucky and most of the force of the explosion will miss you.

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Fire and Steel

There are one or two more unique bits of equipment available in the catalogue as well, unique, custom made items of the highest quality. Quite how Messir Charcharadon came by these is a mystery...

Ammo Crate
100 CP
A metal crate containing a variety of rounds for the weapon of your choice. The rounds are all hand loaded with extra powder for a bigger kick, but above and beyond that they are all either Hollow Point for slaughtering unarmoured targets or hardened to allow you to take down anything heavily armoured. Obviously you can switch as and when you need.

Lost Journals

100 CP

The journal of an American named Maple White, the expedition log of an Italian named Caproni, what appears to be a manuscript written by a man named Arne Saknussemm and A metal film case marked 'Property of Deidzoeb, 1936'.

Curious.

Iron Rations

100 CP

Captain Eightpanther's Travellers Digestives. The packaging says these have saved many lives at sea, though it doesn't say if that was because they were used as a raft or to fight off sharks.

Mashers

200 CP

Hand grenades of an unknown make and manufacture dubbed mashers because of their resemblance to a potato masher. Not even close to aerodynamic these make up for the difficulty of throwing them by being absolutely brutal - the biscuit tin shaped head is filled to the brim with hardened steel ball bearings guaranteed to raise absolute hell in large crowds.

Ancient Map

200 CP

This map looks as fragile as it does ancient, at least till subjected to a closer examination, whereupon it quickly becomes apparent that it is in fact some manner of metal! The map itself appears quite accurate, though what where it shows cities there are now only ape haunted ruins. Still, perhaps there are a few locations shown here that you might have overlooked...

Oddly enough, the map will rewrite itself each time you come to a new world, perhaps due to Quantum.

Dynamite

200 CP

The Miner's friend. Everyone is familiar with these red sticks of explosive fun. Simply light the fuse and make tracks. Or throw them at someone you don't like, though given the size of the blast radius provided by the high explosive that might not be an incredibly good idea.

Luger Pistol

200 CP

One of, if not the first semi-automatic pistols ever made, the Luger had a few teething troubles due to underpowered rounds not generating enough force to clear the breech properly, but these were simple to overcome - just use more powerful ammunition. The most unusual aspect of the gun is its sheer customisability. Add a removable stock and swap out for a long barrel and you have something that can be used as a rifle, add a stabiliser grip and an extended magazine and you have something that could pass for a submachine gun.

Each Luger comes with the parts to convert it back and forth as you require.

Colt Single Action Army

200 CP

Perhaps the most popular revolver ever created and referred to as 'the gun that won the west', the Colt revolver is a workhorse of a gun that is useful here due to how tough and rugged it is. Fire two thousand rounds, pistol whip a Raptor to death with it, bury it in a swamp, dig it up a month later and boil it clean it'll still fire perfectly.

Khukri
200 CP

A huge, curve bladed dagger, the size of the thing gives it fair claim to being called a sword. Sharpened to a razors edge the curve of the blade makes it a wickedly effective stabbing weapon as well as something that can be used as an axe or a spade as well. Perfectly balanced for throwing as well, if a touch overkill against a human sized opponent.

Trench Gun
200 CP

While not designed specifically for close range combat, the The Winchester Model 1897 required only a few simple modifications to become an absolutely brutal point blank weapon. Skilful users have been recorded as literally being able to shoot opponents in half, and the triangle shaped bayonet will leave such terrible wounds that eventually it will be banned!

Elephant Gun
300 CP

A single shot smooth bore rifle more akin to portable artillery than anything else, the Elephant Gun was designed to put down the biggest, meanest trophy animals a hunter might care to go after in one shot. Loud, inaccurate and not particularly long ranged, the gun makes up for that firing a bullet that could easily be mistaken for an artillery round.

Lee Enfield
300 CP

The rifle that built the British Empire. Cheap, tough, accurate, easy to maintain, easy to use and with a surprising range, the gun was famous for a design allowing a well-trained rifleman to perform the "mad minute" firing 20 to 30 aimed rounds in 60 seconds, making the Lee–Enfield the fastest military bolt-action rifle of the day. Indeed, the record for aimed bolt-action fire will be set with this gun, one Sergeant Instructor Snoxall will place 38 rounds into a 12-inch-wide target at 300 yards in one minute, a record that will stand for over a century.

AK47
400 CP

Eventually one in five firearms in the world will be a Kalashnikov, though given there is perhaps a century between today and the day the gun will first see the light of day this monster remains unique for now. Featuring a 100 round drum magazine and custom tooled barrel the AK47 is for those who favour indiscriminate slaughter over finesse. To quote one famous wielder, 'The AK-47, the very best there is. When you absolutely, positively, got to kill every motherfucker in the room; accept no substitutes.'

Eagle Cloak
400 CP

A handmade cloak woven from hundreds of Eagle feathers, this is the sort of native craft that museums send out expeditions to obtain. Incredibly impressive, the cloak seems to move in even the slightest breeze, as if the feathers remember their purpose. Should one drape the garment across their shoulders they will instantly be transformed into the shape of a massive, prehistoric eagle, and with but a shrug of their newfound and quite mighty wings the wearer can discard it and resume their original form.

Jaguar Cloak
400 CP

Another handmade and quite exquisite artefact, this cloak appears to have been carefully created from the hide of a single Jaguar, and for whatever reason the scent of fresh spilled blood clings tightly to it. When worn, nothing unusual happens. At least, nothing happens till blood is spilled and the spirit of the Jaguar in the cloak awakes, transforming the wearer into a terrifying blood crazed man-animal with all the speed, strength and ferocity of seven of the fearsome jungle predators!

Heat Ray
500 CP

Well, this is an oddity, to say the least. Appearing to be nothing more than a crudely made clay orb with a single handle jutting out, closer inspection will reveal it is intended to be held in the manner of a revolver. Should anyone try that doubtless they will notice the small button on the side of the handle. Should anyone press that, they will be rewarded by the object pulsing out a beam of incredible heat and light, easily enough to punch through a sheet of steel!

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Up from the depths, thirty stories high...

However and wherever you arrive, the first thing you discover is a small set of ruins, four simple walls and a roof making a chamber that conceals a single small altar. On the altar, untouched by the march of time is a small stone carving of some terrible creature and a small, surprisingly tasteful amulet. On the basis of 'what's the worst that could happen' you take the amulet, and nearby something colossal awakens and shakes the valley with a roar of greeting...

You may select one of the following monsters as your ally. You can keep it with you or release it to roam as it wishes and use the amulet to summon it to your side.

The Sharktopus

Hybrid horror from the deep!

Half Megalodon, half Kraken, this thing can vaguely be described as being the front half of a massive shark and the tentacled half of a squid. Fully amphibious the Sharktopus is incredibly agile and anything close enough to suffer a bite from the thing can expect problems, to say the least. The monsters main weakness is its bloodlust - when it spills blood it will frenzy and cannot be made to retreat under any circumstances.

Dinocroc

The last lizard you'll ever see!

At rest this appears to be a colossal Crocodile, and only when it rises up does it become apparent that this is not the case. Essentially bipedal the monster moves around on a pair of massively overdeveloped legs similar to those of a Tyrannosaurus. Cold blooded the Dinocroc grows increasingly lethargic away from the tropical heat of the valley, but its hide is essentially immune to small arms fire.

Mega Piranha

Killing good! Fire bad!

Nowhere on the scale of the other monsters here, the Mega Piranha makes up for that by being a school of vicious, ravenous aquatic horrors. Each of the flesh hungry terrors is three meters long, and they all feature massively overdeveloped fins that allow them to launch themselves out of the water and take to the air! In either environment they are capable of stripping a titanic sauropod to the bone in seconds, though they are far more vulnerable to massed weapons fire than others.

Dinoshark

Jurassic jaws!

A fully aquatic horror, this thing appears to be the body of a shark bearing the head of some monstrously oversized Tyrannosaur! Should it ever be forced onto land it would be helpless, but in any aquatic environment it reigns supreme, its speed unmatched, its jaws unrivalled!

Piranhaconda

Part snake! Part fish! All killer!

Scientists will doubtless debate for decades just what this thing is, let alone how it came to be. What is known is that it has the body of some colossal constricting serpent and the head of a ravenous jungle fish! Perfectly comfortable on land or submerged anything that can escape its coils can expect to be consumed in short order by those razor sharp teeth!

Sabretooth

It can haz slaughter!

Several tons of coiled feline muscle controlled by a mammalian brain, the Sabretooth is an apex predator here not by virtue of strength or speed but by virtue of its intelligence - the titanic feline can outthink and out manouvre other monsters with ease! While its namesake sabre teeth are fearsome weapons, it does lack the strength and durability of other monsters.

Mammoth

Trunks! Tusks! Terror!

Some long forgotten subspecies of the common Wooly Mammoth, this thing towers over its kin like a mammoth towers over an Indian Elephant. Normally a peaceful herbivore due to the fact that when fully grown nothing would be big enough to challenge it, this monster is different. To start with, the thing is dead and animated by some fell sorcery that drives it to kill!

Aztec Rex

Terror from the Triassic!

A massive crimson hued King Tyrannosaur worshipped as a god by one of the native tribes here, the monster combines the fiendish cunning of man with the primal killing power of the dinosaur! The

ceremonial golden armour the beast bears is made from solid gold, but for all that it is armour, something none of the other monsters bear, and it is accompanied at all times by a small army of screaming native warriors!

Pterodactyl

Prehistoric Terror!

A swarm of fearsome aerial predators, these winged fiends boast incredible agility and razor sharp fanged beaks they wield with terrible efficiency against any vulnerable points of their prey they can identify, and the things have some sinister sixth sense that allows them to find them all! As dangerous as they are though, they are quite weak, and most attacks, should they connect will grievously injure the individual beasts.

Whale Wolf

Good boy! Fetch! Kill! Sink a boat!

Once long before the first primitive primtes even existed, something made the choice to return to the sea, the progenitors of what would one day be the Great Whales. This thing is an oddity, perhaps trapped halfway between adapting to either land or water, perhaps simply something that found a niche and evolved to fill it. The beast is a cross between a Wolf and an Orca. A quadraped with webbed paws tipped with wickedly sharp claws, its tail equipped with a mighty fluke, the Whale Wolf is unimaginably quick on both land and sea and its teeth while not the most massive or damaging are certainly the sharpest!

Mutations

Already formidable, your new pet can be further customised to your specifications. You may choose three of the following:

Acid Spit

Developing massive venom glands in the roof of its mouth and back of its throat your monster gains a vicious ranged attack, the caustic poison dissolving anything it makes contact with.

Poisonous Bite

Toxin glands develop and fangs reshape, allowing your monster to cripple opponents even as it mauls them, the toxin leaving them slowed and confused.

Toxic Blood

Your monsters blood becomes thick with caustic chemicals and any injury it endures will see it blasting the area with a torrent of deadly poisonous bodily fluids.

Massive Claws and Fangs

Already quite formidable, your pet nightmares natural armaments become massively overdeveloped and far more damaging in combat.

Razor Sharp Talons

Sharp already, this turns any natural weapons into nightmarishly razor edged weapons that can slice through flesh and armour alike the way a hot knife slides through butter.

Armoured Carapace

Your creatures hide thickens and extends till the thing is clad in an incredibly tough and durable carapace that can shrug off a tank shell with ease.

Spiked Hide

Your newly obtained pet terrors hide ripples and shifts, growing lines of wicked looking spikes and armoured spines ensuring anything attempting to engage it in close combat pays the price.

Regeneration

Perhaps due to an incredible metabolism, or a massive stem cell gland or something more esoteric, your pet monster now regenerates damage almost before your eyes.

Elemental Affinity

An odd choice and one that comes in four variations - choose one of the following for your new pet:

Fire

Immunity to fire thanks to a core body temperature of almost a thousand degrees, your creature can now exhale blasts of superheated air capable of reducing a man to a handful of unidentifiable leather.

Air

Growing lighter and faster your beast becomes incredibly quick and agile and should it have wings becomes able to generate short lived mini-whirlwinds.

Earth

Patches of stone grow across your gargantuan minions hide and its bones literally fossilise. As well as becoming massively more durable it becomes incredibly heavy and capable of devastating charge attacks.

Water

With this your pet becomes incredibly well adapted for aquatic environments. While this does not make it capable of breathing underwater, it will be able to swim like a fish and when immersed becomes far stronger and heals much faster.

Each of these comes with an optional set of decorative glyphs to make your monster look impressive and mystical.

Breath Weapon

Much like the dragons of yore, your beast gains the ability to breathe out blasts of fire.

Wings

Fairly self explanatory, if not easy to come up with ways it might be biologically possible, your bestial pet gains wings and the power of flight.

Chameleonic Hide

Like the ever changing Chameleon, your monster gains a hide that can change to mimic its surroundings, rendering it effectively invisible to the naked eye right up to the point where it strikes.

Gills

The ability to breathe water as easily as air, this makes your monster truly amphibious.

Doom Howl
With this comes the ability to unleash earsplitting roars loud enough to be used as a short range area weapon.

Massive Horns
Colossal horns develop and your monsters skull grows thicker while its neck muscles toughen incredibly, allowing an absolutely crushing ramming attack.

Atomic Fire
Costs all three picks!
The most potent ability available, your monsters heart becomes an atomic furnace and the beast gains the ability to project a burst of Atomic Fire against which few, if any creatures can endure, the lingering radiation ensuring a slow, miserable death to anything not eradicated immediately!

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Warriors, mercenaries and companions

There are a great many peoples and even races across the Lost Valley, with a wealth of skills and abilities available to them, powers not found elsewhere in the civilised world. Should you wish it, you may ensure your paths quickly with the companion of your choice and that they see fit to join you.

Each Companion costs 300 CP.

Ugg

Warrior of the Future
"Ugg is comfortable with Ugg's sexual identity, mean future person no judge!"

An absolutely incredible specimen of humanity, Ugg is the picture of physical perfection. Tall, lean, sleek and still visibly heavily muscled, that such a handsome specimen could come from the base and primitive tribals here is nothing short of miraculous. Perhaps unfortunately for those intending on introducing the stunning figure to polite society, Ugg's physique is on display almost entirely and almost constantly. Most likely due to his upbringing as a tribal in a rainforest the tanned, broad shouldered man refuses to wear anything but his tiny Leopard skin thong and the massive golden medallion that adorns his chest.

Not just incredibly good looking, the man thinks nothing of wrestling six meter long Crocodiles or Cave Lions, can run down a fleeing Gazelle on foot and he can clear his own height from a standing start, amongst other almost superhuman feats. He is preternaturally attuned to the moods of his home, knowing instinctively when and where a threat or danger is occurring, and most bizarrely of all, should you ever find yourself captured or imprisoned, Ugg will quickly effect a rescue. How? By killing a Pterodactyl, Giant Bat or other massive avian creature and using its carcass as a hang-glider to swoop in

at the last moment.
It really has to be seen to be believed.

Optional Objective

The Massive medallion Ugg wears is, under even the most casual inspection, more than it appears. A cunningly made recording device, it may be the means to unravelling the mystery of Ugg.

Should you find yourself able to track down the location the medallion is sending all it records to you will find the cavemans original people. A small island stands just visible offshore, surrounded by an eternal storm of unmatched fury. The tribes nearby speak of ancient legends in hushed tones, stories of unstoppable metal men who came from the island to kill all with spears of light, and of the mysterious flying discs they travelled inside that could rain unquenchable fire or hurl bolts of power that could shatter entire villages!

A fleet of unidentified flying saucers?
That may be of some use...

Vikong

Viking Gorilla Berserker

'Boneshaking grunting.'

Found frozen in a glacier atop one of the mountains that rings the lost valley, this ape raises considerably more questions than he provides answers. One look at this massive Silverback Gorilla and just what those questions are becomes obvious: Why is he wearing Viking armour? who thought forging an axe from meteoric silver and giving it to a gigantic ape was a good idea? Being a Gorilla, Vikong will remain silent on the subject, mostly due to the fact he is incapable of speech.

The Great Ape himself seems fairly laid back outside of battle, though he will help himself to any alcohol around, and given he can tear a mans arm from its socket with his foot it's generally best to let him. In battle the towering Silverback can enter the same berserk rage that left the Vikings feared across Europe for a thousand years. Needless to say, the level of destruction that follows is borderline apocalyptic.

Optional Objective

To the east a massive mountain of ice dominates, an ancient glacier that brutally forced its way through the walls surrounding the valley. Storms and mysteries abound across its pitiless surface - even well prepared, well equipped expeditions fall prey to the unimaginable chill of the frozen winds that howl through the fields of twisted, razor sharp ice sculptures.

Dragged to this place from countless miles away lies the remains of a massive longship. Quite why the foul and terrible thing that now makes its home in the carcass of the ship saw fit to do this will doubtless remain a mystery lost to the mists of time. What is certain is that squatting there amidst the detritus of ages and the mounds of treasure stolen by the ships original owners, the thing still dwells.

Called Udefrykte by the few who dare speak its name and only in whispers the horror is a mix of reptile, insect and primate, a vaguely apeish form, muscles corded and twisted like the mighty mooring ropes that once held the ship in place, armoured in thick scale and chitinous carapace both, the things eyes,

the only things visible in the darkness it dwells, red with a hatred for all living things.

Hunt down the Udefrykte at Vikongs side and lay claim to the twice plundered treasure horde of the vile thing, as well as the mighty inlaid silver horn it guarded. Called the Horn of Valhalla, when blown by a true warrior its call will resonate to the halls of its namesake, calling the honoured dead to battle once more! The air will fill with warcries as a spectral longboat drifts through the air, raining down ghostly berserkers onto the battlefield!

Romulus Jefferson Clay

Romulus had a less than stellar start in life, born of an uncertain father to a slave mother in one of the great plantations in the Americas, his earliest memories are of hardship and drudgery. Regardless of his origins the boy proved to be both incredibly hardworking and incredibly intelligent, though perhaps at that young age he lacked the wisdom to understand there is a time and a place to demonstrate you are more intelligent than your owner. Perhaps the problems began when he taught himself to read? Discovered perusing a bible by one of the whip wielding overseers, Romulus life would have taken a very different turn if the man had not found the sight so utterly hillarious. Calling his friends the overseer and his cronies, themselves illiterate, found the sight of a slave reading deeply amusing, and in short order the plantations owner was informed. Eager for a curiosity to exhibit the slave soon found himself presented with a selection of famous works and then put on display as 'The nigger that knows Shakespeare'.

Being reduced to the level of a carnival freakshow attraction might have broken the spirit of another man, but for Romulus the caravan was a true eye opener. Here, no one was judged by race or gender or ability - the freaks were all equal. There the man might have remained, honing his theatrical and dramatic abilities, and who can say? perhaps one day he may have made his way onto a true stage. After all, if Shakespeare was willing to write a play with a black main character, why should there not be a black actor to play him?

The fickle whims of fate though, chose otherwise. Quite what the slave thespian did that day, no one is sure. Perhaps it was simply a violent man drunk on power and lost in the mists of alcohol who simply snapped and avenged some ancient slight on the first figure he saw. The end result, whatever the reason, was a half dozen men storming the stage to hold Romulus down while a seventh hacked his arms away just below the elbows. Clay should by all rights have died there, unmourned and unavenged, but for the intervention of one of the other members of the troupe. A tiny asian man, someone who had been with the troupe so long he had simply merged into the background had saved the now double amputee. Romulus never did find out his saviours name, for the Nubian awoke one night, weeks later after the fever he was afflicted with from his injuries broke to discover himself alone in a small, run down room on the docks in Shanghei, nothing in the room save an exquisitely crafted pair of iron hands, still clinking and cooling from the forge and a partially translated manual on Qi manipulation!

Now the towering, almost seven foot tall man has recovered his former strength, his frame once again rippling with muscle, his eyes gleaming with steely determination and wry intelligence, his newfound Iron hands and burgeoning Qi manipulation abilities marking him as an incredibly devastating combatant in his own right.

Optional Complication

Yours is not the only expedition to this place, and while in theory your aims are for the good of

mankind, the same can not be said of the others. The thick, rich tropical soil and day after day of sunlight would mean all manner of otherwise rare or difficult to grow crops could be raised in plantations here, and far from the laws of civilisation the plantations could be run with a far less lenient hand than elsewhere. The crop need not be entirely legal, either. The biggest expedition besides the one you have found yourself in is truly massive, some several thousand people and no few slaves. Within days of discovering them, Jefferson will come to you in a truly frightening rage, for it seems that the man who crippled him has found employment here.

Even if you are willing to allow the men to establish a true bastion of horror and mans inhumanity to man, Jefferson is not. More than likely he will manage to bring down the Overseer and gain his revenge, but then what of the few thousand men and women left stranded here, alone, unsupplied and afraid?

Between the two of you though, you may be able to do something to remedy the situation. Between the two of you, you might just be able to organise and lead and ensure the emergence of another civilisation here, a true meritocracy forged on the basis of equality for all!

Nkiruka

Witch Queen of the Forbidden Jungle

"Come then stranger from a far land, join me here and show to me what fire still flows in the veins of civilised folk..."

Greatest and most feared of the Nubian Witch Queens, Nkiruka has dwelled in this place for centuries untold. Legends and campfire tales alike whisper darkly of her fell powers, her ability to toy with the souls of men, both through her magic and her feminine charms. Mercurial in the extreme she has seen fit to wipe an entire tribe out by exchanging their souls with jaguars, the man-beasts going berserk and tearing themselves to shreds because a chief saw fit to ignore her advances, another tribe granted a hundred and one days of invulnerability to spears and arrows after a tale-teller spoke of her beauty for three days straight.

Perhaps one might worry that such a woman would be a withered, horrid crone, but her powers are such that she remains now as she did so many years ago when she came into her power. Luscious curves and a deep, chocolate skin, supremely confident, lips curved in a wicked smirk of anticipation the Sorceress is enough to leave even the most ardent white supremacist sweating and muttering to himself in the deepest and most uncomfortable confusion.

Optional Objective

Powerful and capricious, there is no reason why you could not convince Nkiruka to teach you the powers she wields, perhaps even the secrets of the dreaded Naja Naja powder that can burn a mans soul out!

There are great amounts of wealth here, lost tombs and mysterious vaults brimming with gold, and such things are of great delight to the sensuous yet wicked Shamaness. Bedeck her luscious form with gold and jewels and she will offer up a few whispers of power, but the more she has the more she will demand.

There is another way to earn her favour though, for those fair of face and form. The Nubian Witch Queens appetites have not been diminished by time, but is the breaking of such a base taboo worth the

price?

Ayodele

Sauromatian Manflayer

"Well, he was definitely dead by the time I'd finished skinning him, if that was what you were asking."

Tales are told of the denizens of this place, and some of the worst things are only whispered about. Perhaps a handful are too terrible to speak about. No tales are told of the Sauromatians purely because all who have encountered them and survived wish only to forget the terror and the horror of the attack. To the north where the great glaciers creep across the barrier mountains a great swamp exists, the meltwater from the colossal ice floes draining there in a slow, silty stream every summer, bringing with it a fresh tide of horrors that if there were any justice in the world would have remained frozen for all time. Amidst these poisoned and Hydra haunted wastes lies the kingdom of the Manflayers.

There are many of the Amazon tribes across the valley, fearsome clans of warrior women who engage in ceaseless warfare. Long ago one was vanquished and the survivors driven north out of their territory. In the marshes they once again grew strong and learned to domesticate the vile and monstrous Hydra that thrived here.

There is little wholesome food in such a place, even before the Hydra and other horrors came to dwell amidst the reeds of the marsh, and eventually, it became obvious. As the tribe raided south and slaughtered its foes like cattle, why should they not treat them as cattle?
So it was.

Ayodele is a prime example of the Manflayers. Tall and fearsomely muscled, coated with the scars of a short but spectacularly brutal career as a raider the copper skinned woman favours the distinctive topknot of her people, and most shockingly of all she has gone to the extreme of actually filing her teeth into points! For all that, she is still disturbingly attractive, something she is quick to use to her advantage. As a warrior the woman is exceptional using a bow, a sword, a spear or a cavalry lance and while she is no stranger to charging into battle naked she is also one of the few members of a civilisation that can manufacture iron in quantities enough to equip its armies so she is just as dangerous when clad head to toe in scaled Cataphract mail.

Personality wise the woman is vicious. That really is her defining personality trait, and not to put too fine a point on it, her entire reason for existing. It is best that you avoid taking prisoners, for once they fall into the Manflayers hand, their end is guaranteed to be both invevitable and nightmarish.

Optional Objective

Just how and why did one of the dreaded Sauromatians come to be wandering the valley as a mercenary sell sword? Ayodele will remain tight lipped on the subject, especially if you happen to be male, but it will not be impossible to win if not her trust, at least her grudging respect.

Far to the north in the marshes of Sauromatia, a dread power is rising. Even amongst the Sauromatians, the Androphags are regarded as being a vile and terrible tribe who dabble in horrors that even the lesser Sauromatians view as grotesque and now thanks to the blackest of magicks they are in the ascendance, promising a bleak future for the Lost Valley. Within a vast marsh that represents the most deadly terrain within the valley the fortified city of the Sauromatians awaits, and concealed within the fortress at its

core is the secret of the Androphags power - a monstrous wooden fetish doll, a vast, mindless siphon that leeches away the power of the Sauromatians godess, the Daughter of Typhon. Should you destroy the vast fetish doll then Ayodele will free the Great Hydra and enter into a spiritual union with the immortal, divine beast, becoming the true queen of the Sauromatians. While she need not take the throne yet and can remain as a companion, becoming Queen will make her incredibly more powerful, superhumanly so.

Sivanna and Shoftiq

Lion Clan Siblings

"I roll my hips and bat my eyelashes, the crowd gets uncomfortable and pretends not to watch, he cuts every purse he can see."

The great Savannahs that cover the core of the Lost Valley are home to a great civilisation, and not one forged by the hands of man. Great works of irrigation and agriculture have turned the yellowish plains of grass green with life and vast herds of gigantic, prehistoric herbivores roam. Inside the walls of the city states dwell a race of people, humanoid but certainly not human - bipedal, fur covered felines, great Lions in the shape of men!

Sivanna is female and like all lioness everywhere she is the the one who puts what effort into things that the pair can manage while Shoftiq is male and generally content to loom over his sister and intimidate people, though it should be pointed out the two of them will put more effort into avoiding work in favour of a get rich quick scheme than they would have pu into the work if they'd set to it in the first place.

Why the pair left their people and took up a life as wandering rogues, peddlers and tricksters isn't something they can share - you can ask, but you will receive a different answer each time. More than likely the pair do not know themselves. Appearing something like fur clad humans with the head and tails of great felines the leoline pair are well aware of the effect their catlike grace and confidence have on humans the pair have variously worked as dancers, entertainers and in one memorable occasion as the avatars of a Lion God for almost a year.

The pair make for exceptional spies, scouts and entertainment, both of them quick witted and amusing to talk to and while they are not keen on fighting (or anything resembling actual hard work) they are both quick and dextrous enough that their claws can deal incredible damage. Oddly enough, the pair do make exceptional guards, utterly delighted to be able to stay in one spot for days at a time and be fed and paid for it, and they are light enough sleepers that a moth couldn't make it across the room without them noticing.

Optional Complication

The two are always getting into trouble, though they more prefer the thrill of the chase than the actual pay off. It should be of no surprise that they will frequently come to you looking for a partner to join them in their schemes and you will find yourself being dragged in, willingly or not, and with the advanced technology and wonders you brought with you to this place they will quickly conceive of running their most ambitious scam ever! (again). The less advanced tribals here are easily awed by the simplest of things. Who else but a god could conjure fire from a fingertip? (anyone with a good Zippo, but they don't know that) so why not take advantage of that primitive superstition and set yourself up as a god?

Eshe

Lithe, Bronzed Queen of the Jungle

"All animals are my brothers and sisters!"

That anyone could have lived the life Eshe has, the constant danger, the hardship, the endless struggle with the hostile jungle itself and managed to come through it all looking anything like the woman herself does is nothing short of miraculous.

A sight to stir the blood of any man, Eshe is tall, lithe, blonde haired and full figured, her skin unmarred, her features so exquisite that women back in the civilised world spend hundreds of pounds on potions, lotions and cosmetics to achieve something only a fraction as spectacular and still think it money well spent.

The cavegirls personality matches her outward appearance as well, the woman sweet, kind and caring, a friend to everyone and possessed of an aura that seems to drain the hostility and anger from almost anything! The beasts, great and small, all love Eshe as much as she loves them - normally terrifying animals become tame and friendly as kittens when she approaches and even the biting insects that blanket the place do not trouble her.

Optional Objective

It is blatantly obvious that the blonde haired Caucasian beauty did not originate in the tribe that raised her and now reveres her as an avatar of the jungle itself. Stories her kin are happy to share speak of a great storm, and a wounded metal beast that fell to earth, the infant girl brought safely to rest in the middle of rainforest by her devoted silver guardian that spent its last strength see her safe.

Tracking down the resting place of this mysterious giant silvery metal bird will reveal just enough about the girls origin to track down her true family and they will be delighted beyond belief to have their long lost child returned to them.

Exceptionally wealthy and exceptionally well connected, your companions parents can ensure you both a life of luxury and both the prestige and the favours required to ensure any plans you have can come to pass.

Bizarrely, this will play out again in every new jump you take Eshe to, even if she is the only human in the setting.

Perenhellion

The Bronze Legionaire

"Ένα τραγούδι. Δεν έχω κανένα χορδές για να με κρατήσει κάτω , να με κάνει να εκνευρίζομαι ή να μου συνοφρύωμα ... Τι? μιλάει για μένα ."

First and greatest creation of the ancient Greek inventor Daedalus, Perenhellion was the first robot ever constructed by man and gave rise to the legends that claimed his creator could carve statues so lifelike they could move.

Machinery had long fascinated Daedalus, cogs and clockwork things that occupied his every waking moment. At first content to fabricate trinkets and toys for royalty the inventor soon grew tired of creating treasures, tiny gold and silver clockwork birds that flew and sang. Such things taxed him not.

Who could he complain to though? None understood the plight of the true genius, nodding politely at his words but not really listening, hoping instead to be first to bid on whatever songbird he had completed. In the end, he simply resolved to make the solution to one problem the solution to the other.

He would challenge himself by creating someone who could truly understand his genius.

Even for a man as skilled as Daedalus was, the creation of Perenhellion taxed the Greek to his very limits, and ultimately it was only when the man was almost driven to madness by his efforts was he able to conceive of the idea that would allow him to furnish the parts required to create the clockwork warrior.

Human hands were simply too clumsy to craft the parts required to allow a clockwork brain to function, incapable of smithing out parts fine enough, delicate enough. Soon enough stories began to circulate across Crete of a man once held to be the most intelligent man in the world now reduced to yelling at insects and flailing away with a whip crafted from a single human hair.

Daedalus himself got the last laugh though. While the hands of a man were insufficient to forge the parts required, the mandibles of a nest of ants, when sufficiently motivated by the whip, proved up to the task and so his greatest creation was finally completed.

Named Perenhellion, the finished construct stands six feet tall, a perfectly forged man of brass, his visage the Greek personification of physical perfection, his form exquisite and his clockwork mind sharp as a razor. Stronger than a hundred men, tireless and incredibly intelligent, Perenhellions only flaw is that his clockwork heart, the device that controls emotion within him was sealed deep within his chest and ran down centuries ago, leaving the construct utterly without emotion, more machine than man.

Optional objective

The key to wind up and restart Perenhellions heart was lost long ago in the ruins of a Greek colony established and eradicated here centuries ago. Should you recover the key you can wind up the heart of the brass construct, turning him from thinking machine into feeling man. Above and beyond that you will discover that carefully etched within the clockwork heart are the schematics for the metal warrior, allowing you to forge more of the constructs.

Amusingly enough and almost as an afterthought it seems someone has hastily written a guide to domesticating ants and crammed that into the heart as well.

He-Who-Kills

Zuni Tribe Fetish Doll

'Zuni! Zuni! ZUNI! ZUUUUUUUUUNI!'

A fairly unusual companion, even here. He-Who-Kills was actually killed some several centuries ago, and his spirit was placed inside a fetish doll. The doll is barely a foot tall, crudely carved from some twisted, knotted wood, the joints articulated with cords made from dried human tendons, the dolls oversized mouth filled with sharks teeth.

When the gold chain around the doll is removed He-Who-Kills animates, grabs the nearest knife and goes on a stabbing frenzy. Being that he's made of extremely tough wood, magic and hate he's incredibly durable, and his size and speed make him almost impossible to hit anyway. While he isn't exactly much of a conversationalist (he just screams in a deeply disturbing fashion) he is an incredibly effective way of clearing a room, is small enough to be thrown like a stabby little grenade and if anyone thinks to try destroying the wooden figure with fire they will find themselves posessed by the Spirit of He-Who-Kills. Side effects of being posessed include growing a mouth full of sharks teeth and going off on a stabbing spree.

Optional Objective

There are a great many mysterious tribes, ancient empires and remnants of lost expeditions throughout the valley, and there are countless legends, stories and drunken fireside ramblings about all of them, exchanged whenever people meet for whatever reason.

All save one.

The only thing that He-Who-Kills will say is 'Zuni'. The name of his tribe you assume. There must be a reason why they seem to have vanished from history. Or were erased. Either way, discovering the fate of the lost tribe will ensure your companion follows you out of loyalty and not simply due to the enchantment that holds him.

Perhaps along the way you will find the rest of the Zuni tribe themselves? perhaps the means of creating more of the fetish warriors? what sort of trouble could you cause with a tiny army of almost indestructible warriors?

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What horrors lurk, lost in the jungles?

Hidden from the world at large, ancient civilisations have managed to survive here where elsewhere the slow march of humanity has seen them consigned to the pages of only the most obscure books of mythology.

You may choose to populate the Valley with as many of the following civilisations as you wish, with the first three granting three hundred bonus CP each.

Each race has at its command a titanic monster every bit as deadly as the one you command.

The Ancient Remnants

A city remains hidden here, the last vestiges of a race that has spent ten thousand years slowly dying out. Now maddened by inbreeding quite who these poor, twisted folk once were will most likely never be known. Survivors of Atlantis, Mu or Lemuria perhaps? What is for certain is that while they cannot manufacture the artefacts they wield, the Vril staves the soldiers are equipped with still function with murderous efficiency, capable of projecting a spear of light that can instantly vaporise a man!

Manda

Manda resembles a Western Dragon, long, sinuous and terrible. A revered God of the Ancient Remnants, Manda has proven himself to be a terrifying fighter over the millennia. Bestial cunning combined with the hate, cruelty, and malice of a warlord, Manda attacks without hesitation. Relentless and filled with animal lust, he coiled his scaly mass around his chosen prey, Constricting like some demonic python, he effortlessly seals the fates of those who dare challenge him or his chosen people. While the beasts four relatively short legs mean it is not incredibly threatening on land it rarely needs to engage opponents terrestrially, for the serpent dragon can fly effortlessly through air and sea!

Mole People

Long ago the civilisation of Sumeria was almost eradicated by a massive flood. Some few survived by fleeing deep into a vast network of underground caverns. There in the dark they lived and prospered, after a fashion. Generation after generation they lived far from the sun, and on a diet of mushrooms and other subterranean things they changed. Albino now and utterly blind, with hands that have adapted into massive digging claws they have slowly migrated towards the caverns under the Lost Valley and have settled. Fiercely territorial now they both hate and fear the light of the sun for it is now an invisible and terrible killer they cannot see or understand. At night they rise to the surface to hunt, and they no longer care if the meat they crave can beg for mercy or not.

Undergod

The fearsome deity of the Mole People, the Undergod is some manner of colossal, mutant Starnosed Mole. The thing moves through earth and rock as easily as a man can walk across a room, and its claws represent perhaps the most powerful natural weapon in or under the valley! Like its tiny, less threatening kin the Undergod has a massive mass of tentacles for a nose, and they are every bit as dextrous as the regular sized Starnosed Moles. Unlike the common Starnose however, the tentacles of the Undergods snout are all equipped with a paralysing venom, much like an anemone!

Lizard Men

A cold blooded race of reptilian carnivores, the origins of the Lizard Men are a mystery. Visitors from another world who chose to settle here, or the descendants of the dinosaurs? What is known is that they are almost addicted to the taste of manflesh, favouring human meat over any other sustenance. For uncounted centuries the reptilians have all but farmed the human societies that dwell in this place with ease, individual Lizard Men stronger, faster and more deadly than individual humans.

Gigan

Gigan is truly a strange monster, sporting a circular saw weapon located in his frontal abdominal region, large steel hooks for hands with smaller ones for toes, spikes running down his tail, three, large fin-like

spines on his back and a red cybernetic visor for an eye. He also bears various avian characteristics, such as a 'crest' made of metal spines and a metal beak. Just how this abomination came to be or even how it came to be at the disposal of the Lizard Men is a mystery, but what is certain is that the thing is a terrifying killer of man and monster!

Neanderthals

Apes rising to humanity or men descending to apehood? From a distance these brutes resemble nothing so much as a badly shaved gorilla, and only when one draws near is the truth made apparent and the wicked cunning and envy for all things it cannot understand and cannot have reflected in the creatures gaze. Struggling to master fire these primitives survive purely by virtue of their incredible strength and endurance, one of the few people able to engage the Lizard Men in combat and expect to survive the reptilians snapping jaws.

Kongo

One of the great Megaprimus Kong, Kongo is a colossal Silverback Ape of truly gigantic size. Worshipped as a god by the primitive Neanderthals Kongo has slowly been tainted by their antics and now the great primate glories in tearing its helpless victims to shreds and bathing in the steaming gore. Most terrible of all is the things wicked cunning, the great beast the most intelligent of all the monsters in the Valley and one well capable of preparing a battlefield in advance, setting massive and deadly traps and even wielding primitive weapons to deadly effect!

Men of Bronze

From a distance it may appear as if an ancient Greek citystate has somehow been brought to the Valley, but on closer inspection the true horror of what truly has occurred becomes apparent. The citizens of this place are all automata, unthinking clockwork people forged of bronze and clockwork! Day after day they jerkily repeat the same actions to no end, silent citizens engaged in an unending parody of life, clockwork merchants silently repeating the same sales pitch over stalls of merchandise that have long since turned to dust, clockwork peasants haggling for foodstuffs that have ceased to exist countless centuries ago, each of them returning 'home' only to emerge the next day to repeat themselves.

The sole exception to this are the Bronze Legions, an army of Hoplites who do appear capable of at least some manner of independent thought, though to date all they have done is watch, learn and slaughter interlopers!

Talos

Talos is a either a giant, bronze automaton or a living statue forged by the divine smith Hephaistos. Zeus presented to the people of the Bronze City as a personal protector. Legends and rumours abound about the divinely created entity - Ancient records claim he was capable of assuming the form of a great brone bull, and other present him as not the protector but the progenitor of the bronze race of men.

What is known is that Talos was given the task of patrolling the city, circling it three times in a day, and driving attackers from the walls with volleys of rocks or a fiery death-embrace. Understandably the most durable monster here Talos is made more formidable by meter thick armour, a shield the size of a galley and a spear forged by Hephaistos himself!

Mahars

Few in number the Mahars are perhaps the most feared creatures within the Lost Valley. Resembling

something like a Pterodactyl twisted into the form of a man, the flying, flesh hungry fiends rule with an iron fist thanks to one ability they hold above all others, telepathy!

Above and beyond their power to control the minds of others, the Mahars command legions of Sagoth, fanatically loyal pig faced humanoid soldiers who will march willingly to their death for their reptilian overlords.

Elder Tyrannosaur

A relic of a lost age, this thing has been held in thrall by the mind powers of the Mahar for uncounted ages. So ancient its hide has bleached white, its sight lost to time long, long ago the beast endures regardless, and in its age it has not grown weaker. Quite the contrary, the beast has only grown more massive and more deadly. Adapted to its blindness the Elder Tyrannosaur hunts by scent and by sound, its ears sensitive enough that its own terrifying, earsplitting roars can function as a form of echo location. You cannot evade the monstrous titan, nor can you hide!

The Inquisition

Nobody expected this! A galley of the feared and dreaded inquisition was thought lost in a storm, and the peoples of Spain breathed a collective and secret sigh of relief, for those on board were the most feared and the most debased of the Inquisitions vile torturers. By blind chance their ship was dragged out to sea and with her sails torn and masts shattered left to the mercy of the currents. Eventually the ship was dragged ashore here, and the few survivors, crazed even before months lost at sea looked upon the land God had brought them to cleanse, a land filled with vile heathens whose souls cried out and still cry out for the purifying flames of a pyre!

The penitent

The penitent is a mystery. A gigantic humanoid, its head is masked by a conical hat of white linen, all that remains visible the insane red gleam of its last remaining eye. Whatever or whoever the giant humanoid was, it has been scoured for its sins countless times by the reigning Grand Inquisitor and it seems that each has failed to break the beast. Why or how it serves is a mystery, and from the massive, wrought iron chains around its emaciated wrists and ankles, it appears that it is kept chained when it has not been unleashed against the foes of the Inquisition. Scarred by centuries of torture the penitent is immune to pain now, and its insane hate or perhaps its simple faith have rendered it immune to magic completely, something that vexes the witch doctors and shamen here to no end.

Brotherhood of the Black Flag

A truly naval power sailing from a floating island city created by simply lashing together the dozens of ships dragged here by the vagaries of the sea, the Brotherhood are a nation of pirates. Rule is exclusively held by the strong and any sign of weakness or failure ensures the current pirate king will find a knife in his back and a watery grave in short order.

The Kraken

A horror from the time before even the dinosaurs, a time when evolution ran rampant and countless things that should never have existed came to swim through the great world oceans that existed before the continent arose. The Kraken is the last surviving remnant of those times, or so it is hoped. A knot of massive razor tipped tentacles capable of tearing a ship in half surround a grotesque beak that can snip through even the reinforced hull of a warship. A master of its own domain, how the King of the Brotherhood controls the aquatic horror is unknown. Rumours tell of midnight sacrifices, men with red

haired drowned in pools of jet black ink and other atrocities.

The Ratbatspider

Perhaps the most bizarre thing to lurk in the Lost Valley, this extraterrestrial horror was brought here by means unknown from the Red Planet, and resembles at its core a gargantuan bat, though instead of wings it has eight massive, chitinous, arachnid legs! Hanging below the body of the alien terror are two massive, rat like paws that give the thing a terrible dexterity.

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One Last Bastion

By accident or design you have finally made your way through the terrors and wonders of the Lost Valley and discovered the secret of the raiders who have mercilessly pillaged the shipping of the world.

Here at the very edge of the world they are forging an outpost using the advanced technologies they wield, the stolen wealth of the world used by the strange, black clad Aryans to build a fortified city!

Investigating will reveal a name, an origin and an aim, each more unimaginable than the last. The men are The Thule Society, the last of a secret society of mystics and scientists who fled to this place from the distant future and the ruin sown by a world wide war! These fanatics have been driven all but insane by the horrors of the war and the flight across the fabric of time itself and now they seek to use the stolen resources to begin their conquest anew!

Required Complication:
The Thule Society

An army of black clad fanatics the Thule Society are merciless and pitiless monsters who view the destruction of all they view as the lesser races as not just a pleasure but a divinely mandated task! Armed with weapons and tactics far in advance of the world at large they represent a threat to all civilisation, the monstrous mobile metal landships they have amassed poised to spill out across the face of the world, grinding city after helpless city beneath their treads, their heavier than air flying machines more terrible than anyone could ever have imagined with a range that puts the entire world in danger!

The Leader

Monster über alles!

They saved his brain, but the rest of him was lost. While there was a surfeit of pure aryan blood and bodies to rebuild his form, amalgamating it all and bringing the whole back to glorious life remained tantalisingly out of reach of the scientists and black magicians of The Thule Society. In the end and hours before they fled back through time a last frantic team was dispatched to obtain something that would suffice for the task, the Heart of Frankenstein's Monster!

Unfortunately for The Leader and for The Thule Society but fortunately for the world the Heart was subjected to a massive amount of radiation before the agents of the Society could recover it. Implanting it into the carefully prepared chest of The Leaders new form The Heart worked, and he was returned to life!

Fortunately for the world the organ is still all but glowing with radiation, and soon The Leader was mutating, his once proud form swelling with grotesque tumourous muscle till it could barely hold itself up under its own weight! Even as it grew vaster and more monstrous the engineers of The Thule Society worked feverishly, replacing weakening parts with smoke spewing diesel cybernetics, bone with steel. The thing is only just human shaped now, as broad as it is tall and standing some one hundred and ten meters tall! To the back of one hand has been affixed a massive automatic cannon, a weapon with a fire rate and killing power beyond anything outside of the dreams of the most bloodthirsty generals!

The Leader is all but lost now, truly insane, secretly kept under control thanks to the all encompassing armoured helmet that covers its head, the things mutated physiology able to regenerate injuries in seconds, injuries that are almost impossible to inflict thanks to its sheer durability and beyond that thanks to the power of the heart it can generate bolts of electricity powerful enough to shatter buildings!

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Peace at last.

With the death of The Leader and the fall of The Thule Society, the threat to the world is ended and the Lost Valley is open now to inroads from the world at large. Doubtless there will soon be countless ships bound for the place to pick it apart for the wealth that remains here.

Before you leave to continue your adventures, you have one choice to make - fire off the time machine of The Thule Society one final time and seal this place away, ensuring the Lost Valley truly remains lost forever, the secret place unspoiled and unsullied.

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Secret Hard Mode:

Zero Powers Run

+ 600 CP

Not a requirement, but definitely a challenge. Should you undertake this jump with your powers locked away, the warehouse sealed to you and your abilities reduced to your bodymod form you may take an extra 600 CP and at the end of your journey here, take posession of the Library of Skulls!

While your memories will remain untouched, any attempt to build, plan out or obtain any sort of technology or magic not commonly available in the mid 1850's will simply result in an agonising migrane that lasts the best part of a day.

The Library of Skulls

The Library of Skulls is located deep within one of the lost cities of the Valley. Within a fog shrouded cavern rest countless alcoves arranged in a vast horseshoe shape, each alcove containing a carefully prepared skull. Few of these skulls are human, the vast bulk of them both ancient and clearly something that never walked the world alongside humanity.

The simple altar at the center of the library has a small urn filled with an ever burning incense and a few deep breathes of the stuff will reveal its power. Some strange, eldritch form of telepathy, and mental contact with the skulls!

The skulls themselves are the database of an ancient, prehuman race, a race of incredible technological skill. Each skull holds a different area of expertise or specialisation, the Skull of History for example, or the Skull of Wisdom. Each one will willingly offer up all it knows to you, should you but ask.

The world in the time of the aliens was a primal and violent place, and they were forced to master a great many fields to survive, though in the end it was the ability to forge monsters of their own that was their salvation, a combination of cybernetics and genetic engineering that allowed them to create an unstoppable army of titans, each more formidable than the last, every defeat studied, learned from, every weakness overcome, and here are countless thousands of years of experimental data made free for you to peruse and make use of at your leisure.

Notes

Should the companion from your origin survive you may take them with you as companions.

The Iron Mole, U-33 or the Zeppelin can be taken with you should you have chosen the origin at the start of the jump.

Should your monster survive and you remain in posession of the amulet you may summon the beast to you as and when you require, though it will always take a dramatically appropriate amount of time to arrive.

Sivannah and Shoftiq count as one companion.

The Leader will return in

'WAR OF THE PLANETS!'