

for EABA™

Archetype Mine?

an adventure for NeoTerra™



TADlock

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Archetype Mine?

A Delusional Champion Needs Rescuing
An adventure for **NeoTerra™**, by Aaron Kavli

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"What had happened to the Undergrounders I did not yet suspect; but from what I had seen of the Morlocks - that, by the by, was the name by which these creatures were called - I could imagine that the modification of the human type was even far more profound than among the "Eloi," the beautiful race that I already knew."

-Believed to be from the pre-Asymptote book called *The Machine of Time*.

▼ **CONCEPTS** - This adventure is designed for new characters, and can be completed in a number of ways by a range of character archetypes. It is designed to help get players not only used to the **EABA** system, but to some of the aspects of NeoTerra as well. There will be opportunities for combat, survival, use of the Net, and not least of all social issues *ala* NeoTerra. The first and second half of the adventure can be spread out over a larger campaign, and indeed **Archetype Mine?** could be turned into a long-term campaign.

If you are a player and not a gamemaster, stop reading now or you may find out the BIG SECRET. And if you tell the secret, we'll tell yours. Trust me, the Gamemaster's Guild knows what it is. Go ahead, don't believe us - we have pictures. We warned you.

Archetype Mine?

Introduction - It is assumed that the adventurers either already know each other, or that they at least have something in common, and hopefully live relatively close (in **NeoTerra** terms) to one another. Even if the group hasn't worked out exactly how they are connected, their upcoming employer is an artist. His delicate sensitivities and astrological readings could lead him to believe that any type of adventurer (even a drone!) will be needed on the mission. It is also assumed that the adventurers are relatively low on the Archetype scale and that their skills are Net assessed at reasonable (i.e. low) rates. As the characters go about doing whatever they usually go about doing, each receives a message over their comm unit. A pre-recorded message from one Carabol Effinger plays. Carabol is a local computer artist of some renown, and any adventurers with an appropriate Area Knowledge, such as Local Culture or Art Scene, will have heard of Effinger and possibly seen his work if they pass an Average(7) test. Carabol has paid to keep each transmission private for 10 days.

The message informs the adventurers that Carabol has a lucrative job opportunity and that they have been chosen after passing a very rigorous selection criterion. The job should only take a week at the most, and they will be paid well (as determined by the gamemaster and the adventurer's skills; see **NeoTerra**, page 3.6). A bonus of 1000Cr is also promised upon completion of the mission. Carabol talks as if it has already been decided, and as if the adventurers just wouldn't refuse the opportunity to work for him. They are to come to his place the next morning for a good breakfast.

Various pieces of information can be found out from the Net at any point in the adventure, about the major players (or anyone else). The gamemaster, using the information in the appropriate location and descriptions of the extras, will determine the relevant info they can find.

▼ **Note** - This adventure is definitely written for **EABA's NeoTerra** campaign. But the locations are easily relocated, as the geography is not overly important. Any starting or ending city will work, and the abbey can be any monastery, castle, manor, or abandoned warehouse that can be found in other cyberpunk type campaigns. While the whole concept of NeoTerra's Archetype (and the competition) is the driving factor, the main extras could be put in a similar situation by government psychological experiments, corporate manipulations, or simply the machinations of mysterious and wealthy shadow men looking to settle a wager.

Four hopefully useful maps are provided at various points for use in the adventure. Each is on a separate page to make it easy to hand them out and for the gamemaster to reference them to the text. Note that these maps are in color - print in grayscale to save your printer!

Objectionable D'art. - Making the dangerous assumption that the players agree to play the adventure and go to Carabol's, they find it easily enough with directions provided in the transmission. Carabol's place could really be in any large city, but it will hopefully be near the adventurers. It is in a worker only area and is well protected. The main areas of the house are off-Net. The house is also finely crafted with three floors and sits in such a position to offer an awe-inspiring view of the city below.

A colorfully dressed servant opens the door and instructs the adventurers to wait inside. He closes the door behind him and gracefully disappears. Just on the other side of the doors is a lavishly furnished foyer, full of expensive looking handmades. Each wall monitor has a large piece of Carabol's work (which the adventurers may or may not recognize). They are elaborate and detailed 3D computer dioramas that show a "tour" of a given landscape. They can be somewhat hypnotic (some critics use the term "mind numbing") if watched too long. Another monitor prominently displays an acknowledgement that Carabol has purchased a hefty Retribution Insurance policy for the day. Carabol will only enter once all of the adventurers have arrived.

A garshishly dressed, effeminate, and slightly chubby man opens the large doors to the foyer. He is wearing a flowing robe of bright red and yellow swirls, and his hair has been put up in an impossibly tall corkscrew using some sort of industrial-strength hair care agent. He insists the adventurers leave their comms and ID badges in a small, steel box near the front door, explaining he can't be reclusive and mysterious if just anyone can take a peek. While very aloof and somewhat self absorbed, Carabol is charming company and very friendly to the adventurers and his servants provide an excellent and filling breakfast. The characters will also likely note the expense of the breakfast; at least half of it is made from non-Net provided food.

Carabol invites the party into a soothing steam and sauna room so they can talk business. He removes his robe and a flock of attractive servants come to massage Carabol and cover him in scented oils. He invites any PC who wishes to join him to do so. Before negotiations are completed, they are all sitting in a somewhat cramped sauna. He tells the adventurers that he is to be addressed as Master Carabol or Master Effinger, as befitting his fame and upcoming achievement.

Carabol explains to the party that he is a serious contender in this year's Archetype championships. He is sure of it, as the Net itself told him. Carabol will replay the message for the party. The Net informed him that a woman by the name of Nuna Olabamic is his final obstacle. Carabol, somewhat chagrined, explains that he saw the woman's work and that he didn't have a chance in a straight artistic ability contest. He is very evasive as to why his skills aren't up to her level and will only make comments to the effect of "new fangled, modern crap" that he refuses to reproduce, no matter how popular.

Carabol then jumps to the point of the interview - he wants Nuna permanently killed, or at least hurt so bad or otherwise indisposed that she can't do any art until the champions are announced. He informs the adventurers that he chose them because his Tarot deck pointed them their way, and he has heard some good about them. This is partially true; another big hiring point is that the adventurers are (likely) still low cost.

"My time is running out, and I will be an Archetype champion before I die. I offer you the chance to prove yourselves, earn some quick money, and help launch me into immortality. And if you are lucky, some greatness may well rub off on you."

Negotiations are somewhat futile, as Carabol doesn't want to pay too much regardless of what the Queen of Disks showed him. They will be offered normal net assessed pay (**NeoTerra**, page 3.6), plus 1000Cr direct for Carabol's work in the future. He can be convinced to add a general 500Cr equipment bonus, and can be convinced to offer direct credits he holds to some local shop (gamemaster's option), effectively doubling the bonus at completion since the adventurers aren't likely to want any artwork. But you never know-a person with aspirations of opening shop or social circles might want some work done by a renown, Archetype artist.

He doesn't know exactly where this Nuna person is, but he has found one picture of her, which he'll download to the adventurers comm. A simple Net query will reveal to the adventurers the picture was taken in Palermo, Sicily and several small details in the picture, such as store fronts and street names, can lead to the same conclusion if they want to do things the hard way. After the negotiations are complete, the adventurers will be cleaned off, dressed, and escorted out by the servants.

Reality Sets In - The Net will sometimes contact people to further its own goals. That is the case with Carabol. Carabol is a finalist for the Archetypes, but not the one he thinks. While a skilled artist, it is Carabol's skill at manipulation, self-promotion, and planning that has impressed the Net. The Net has classified Carabol as an Architect-it has been his ability to carefully plan the promotion and advertisement of his work that has led to his artistic success. See Carabol's character sheet below.

The Net hasn't really lied however. Nuna is an artist, and she is Carabol's final obstacle. But the Net wants to see how Carabol plans to achieve his goals, and if he's successful. It has nothing to do with art. Carabol's solution is not overly imaginative or complex, but it is enough if successful.

Carabol has hired the adventurers because they are reasonably skilled, but not very expensive. He does however have a contingency plan. He has hired the Alchemist to permanently kill Nuna if it appears the adventurers are not up to the task. Carabol has promised the sociopath that he could kill the adventurers too as part of the payment.

Archetype Mine?

Where in the World is Nuna Olabamic? - Every good investigator has to do their research, especially in NeoTerra. The adventurers can find relevant information if they try hard enough. The time after the interview (or before for clever adventurers) is a perfect for introducing players to the Net and to some of the common folk of NeoTerra. They should role-play their Net queries (NeoTerra 2.4) and any sort of personal interviews to get information on their benefactor, the target, or anything else they need. Most important information can be found in character or location descriptions.

Gamemasters could allow players to get off the hook with simple skill rolls, but what fun is that? It's also a good time for gamemasters to become familiar with what the Net will and won't answer. Since the Net itself has gotten involved in a minor way, the GM may rule that it will be somewhat more cooperative (or at least more manipulative) than usual.

The reporter of the article about Nuna, a Gelwid Ansel, can be contacted easy enough (he tags his articles) and may trade his information for some news worthy bit of information and guaranteed anonymity. It is up to the adventurers if they wish to have their, or their boss's, story told, and the reporter may be interested in something else for the information. Using the Net to follow Nuna will show her entering a gated, guarded, tunnel that leads to an off-net area and the Net won't give away where the tunnel leads. Apparently she has an off-Net comm. But the trip to Palermo is only a few hours depending on where the adventurers start.

It would also be possible for lazy adventurers to investigate the picture by paying a private investigator, who will point them to Palermo for 100Cr.

The Cast and Crew - The following stats are for important adventurers. Their description should provide an idea on how they will act and what they will have, and what sort of information the adventurers may be able to find out about them. Skills are listed with their final skill roll, and specializations are listed in parentheses.



Carabol Effinger

Strength: 2d+0

Agility: 2d+0

Awareness: 3d+1

Health: 2d+0

Will: 3d+0

Archetype (Architect): 5d+1

Skills:

Area Knowledge (Art Society): 5d+1

Bribery: 6d+0

Economics: 5d+1

(Marketing): 6d+1

Profession (Art/Programming): 4d+1

(3D Graphic dioramas): 5d+1

Psychology: 5d+0

Research: 4d+1

Tarot: 3d+1

Writing: 4d+1

Traits:

Age: 170

Delusional (Is entertainer Archetype, 2 levels)

Fashion Sense (Arguable, 2 levels)

Friends (Has a small fan club of drones willing to do some things for him)

Persuasive (+1d for persuasion attempts)

Wealth (3 levels)

Carabol Effinger is a very flagrant man of 170 years old, though he isn't overly eager to admit it. Carabol decided at a young age that he wanted to be a well-known artist and have fame and fortune. While Carabol is a skilled artist, his true talent is in making plans and schemes to ensure his work is seen and recognized. His work is uninspired lately and most of it has been high priced advertising in exchange for resources to further his plans of being a celebrity.

"Master" Effinger speaks in a disinterested manner to everyone, as if anything he has to say, ask, or order is simply repetition of an accepted fact. He often seems to avoid looking at whomever he is addressing-especially if being catty. Instead Carabol looks at someone else while talking, allowing his real target to eavesdrop. He can also be very touchy about some of his belongings, going into fits and long explanations about an item's value. Confusingly enough, sometimes he could care less about another, more valuable piece and may alternately give it away or smash it with disdain. While self-absorbed, effeminate, and often irritating, he can be very charming, witty, and likeable.

He also has the irritating habit of closely watching how people will react to various things; anything from exotic or disgusting foods to outright insults. Carabol watches folks...and learns about them.

Around the age of fifty, Carabol became more interested in his fame than his craft. It was a slow and subtle shifting of priorities, so much so that he never even noticed. Carabol began spending more time wheeling and dealing to get his work displayed than he did advancing it. After so many years, he has totally accepted the delusion that his fame and popularity come from pure skill instead of his good marketing. Messages from his small fan club reinforce this view. Carabol has also written a few books about the history and techniques of various forms of augury and fortune telling-mostly Tarot.

Carabol has been an outside shot for Archetype champion (Architect) twice before in his life, though he doesn't know that fact. The Net might provide that information if asked (but not which Archetype). With only three decades left and a confirmed chance at success, Carabol has become utterly obsessed with the idea of being a champion before he dies. He only recently bought his expensive house after reading in the on-line article that Nuna lives hidden in an unspecified, remote monastery. Carabol was able to purchase his new home with guile, cunning, and contacts to get enough of the previous owner's debts called in at once so he couldn't pay the rent. The deal was very slick, and those in local affairs could not help but be impressed. Carabol's neighbors however liked the former resident and don't particularly like the flighty artist, and some may be willing to impart information about him. But he pays his neighborhood protection fees, is generally (if melodramatically) reclusive, and most importantly owns the house so they mostly ignore him.

Unbeknownst to the adventurers, Carabol has a contingency plan. He has hired a secretive and wanted killer known only as the Alchemist. The Alchemist has a price of 10,000Cr general on his head for various and gruesome murders. Carabol has offered to pay the Alchemist to finish the job if the adventurers look to be floundering, unable to do the mission, or have a change in heart. The Alchemist is expensive, and that is why he is Carabol's second plan.

Nuna Olabamic

Strength: 2d+1
 Agility: 2d+2
 Awareness: 3d+2
 Health: 2d+0
 Will: 2d+2
 Archetype (Entertainer): 1d+1

Skills:

Area Knowledge
 (Palermo Underworld): 4d+2
 Armorer: 3d+2
 (Smartsuit): 4d+2
 Art: 5d+2
 (Smartsuit Sculpture): 6d+2
 Carousing: 4d+0
 Mechanic: 4d+2
 (Power Boat): 5d+2
 Water Vehicles: 4d+2
 (Power Boat): 5d+2

Traits:

Age: 33
 Aptitude (+1d to art skills)
 Enemy (Carabol Effinger)
 Friends (Various slightly helpful "party-pals")

Nuna Olabamic has lived in Palermo since leaving her parents, though she has only recently moved into the monastery. In fact, she has only recently managed to get paid for her work. Nuna specializes in making animated sculptures out of smartsuits, whose antics can draw emotions from laughter to sadness. Sets of her work can be quite haunting, and many suits have speakers that make human sounding, emotional noises (but don't actually speak coherently). While quite skilled, she is not yet being considered for Archetype and her only connection to the affair is that the Net noticed Carabol showing envy at one of her pieces a couple of years ago. Keeping this in mind, the Net decided that Nuna was the perfect bait to measure how Carabol would react. She is otherwise completely innocent and enjoys spending her time working on her self-mobile pieces of art.



Archetype Mine?

After some years of traveling from her Palermo home to try to sell her work, Nuna finally found an interested party in South Africa. The wealthy engineer enjoys his new "friends" so much, that he has ordered several from Nuna, and has issued enough credits for them for her to afford a small space in the off-Net monastery.

Nuna is not overly adventurous, but is familiar with the underworld of Palermo and she enjoys cruising around the island in her new speedboat. She and Giuseppe are on good terms, and Nuna has even been invited to a few of the swank Mafioso parties he's held. Otherwise, she's just a well-behaved client who likes to go out "drinkin', druggin', and dancin'" every now and then. She knows many people and places in Palermo to help hide if need be, and isn't above paying her acquaintances from trying to ambush pursuers.



Giuseppe "Batts" Balsamo

Strength: 3d+1
 Agility: 2d+0
 Awareness: 3d+2
 Health: 2d+0
 Will: 3d+2
 Archetype (Architect): 2d+2

Skills:

Area Knowledge
 (Palermo Underworld): 4d+2
 Air Vehicles: 3d+0
 (VTOL): 4d+0
 Short blades: 3d+0
 Bribery: 5d+2
 (Extortion): 6d+2
 Economics: 4d+2
 Firearms: 3d+0
 (Shotgun): 4d+0
 Intimidation: 4d+2
 Leadership: 5d+2

Traits:

Age: 121
 Enemies (Various minor rivals in area)
 Fat Slob (-1d Health for running & exertion recovery)
 Intimidating (+1d Will for Intimidation checks)
 Reputation (Rich, powerful, and semi-honorable, 2 levels)
 Status (Thug boss, 2 levels)
 Wealth (4 levels)

Giuseppe "Batts" Balsamo moved to Palermo over a century ago and has been a figure in Palermo's underworld ever since. He has a manner about him, nothing really anyone can point out, that makes him naturally intimidating, even now when he's become fat and decadent. Showing a natural ability to lead, Batts soon found himself the de facto boss of a group of thugs for hire. He decided that any group of raucous, armed men needed some sort of guidelines if it (or at least the leader) was going to survive. Delving into the history of Sicily, Batts learned about the ancient criminal families; the Mafia. At least he learned of the Net's reconstructed version of it. But the guidelines and honor appealed to Batts and several of his men. He was soon hiring out to local big wigs, and even those further away through his network of contacts.

Batts decided to carve a niche out for him self after realizing that not only wealthy workers had use for his leg-breakers. If enough drones were willing to chip in, they could pay too. Batts and his Mafioso became a common sight, chasing down people and issuing beatings for reasonable rates.

Two decades ago, Batts decided that people would be willing to pay for real protection from people like him. So he used his wealth to build several off-Net passageways under Palermo, where clients were protected from casual viewing. The operation basically started up as simple secret transportation, but Batts now runs several small off-Net rooms for rent; no cameras, no questions asked, cleaning services cost extra. One of the routes they cover is that to the St. Martino's monastery.

Batts has grown comfortable in his ways, so much so that he is growing quite rotund and some of his men are beginning to consider him lazy. A very few have taken to calling him "Fatts" behind his sizable back. His Mafiosi are also comfortable, so there is little chance of mutiny, but Batts has been resting on his laurels for some time now and it hasn't gone unnoticed. He flies around in an armed and armored personal VTOL, and while Batts is a skilled pilot, he prefers to allow his personal pilot Maxim Nasher (6d+1 skill) do the flying.

Batts is an honorable businessman, and knows it is needed to keep his reputation and fees high. But he is also a savvy businessman is able to weight long term benefits and costs. He likes Nuna, but could possibly find it profitable to turn a blind eye at an appropriate time.

Mafioso Thug

Strength: 3d+0
 Agility: 2d+0
 Awareness: 2d+0
 Health: 2d+1
 Will: 2d+0
 Archetype (Ronin): 0d+2

Skills:

Area Knowledge (Streetwise): 2d+0
 Brawling: 4d+0
 Club: 3d+0
 Firearms: 4d+0
 Intimidation: 3d+0
 Running: 2d+1

Traits:

Loyal (to Batts, 1 level)
 Variable.

This is the template for the basic Mafia thugs that "Batts" has working for him. There are probably over two-dozen actual leg-breakers working for the man, with again as many unskilled friends, acquaintances, and debtors he can call on in a pinch. They are responsible for providing their own gear, but Batts has some items he will hand out in need. There are a couple of experienced thug captains, and some of the Mafia sorts have cyber/wetware enhancements. While loyalty is required, there may be one or two that can be bribed or coerced.

Antonia Amanda Elemanta

Strength: 2d+2
 Agility: 3d+1
 Awareness: 2d+2
 Health: 3d+0
 Will: 2d+2
 Archetype (Protector): 2d+0

Skills:

Area Knowledge (Martial Arts Society/History): 2d+2
 Armorer: 3d+2
 Short Blade: 5d+1
 First Aid: 2d+2
 Land Vehicle: 4d+1 (Allcycle): 5d+1
 Martial Arts: 4d+1 (Kick): 5d+1
 Firearms: 4d+1 (Pistols): 5d+1
 Running: 3d+0
 Stealth: 4d+1 (Urban Stealth): 5d+1



Traits:

Age: 28
 Experience (Off-handed weapon use)
 Good Looking
 Stoic (1 level)
 Reputation, Skilled Warrior (1 level)
 Bound by Honor/Pride (2 levels)
 Tough (+1d Will to avoid stun or knockout, due to biomod)
 Energy Sensor (See bioelectrical energy, due to cyberware)

Antonia is one of the permanent residents of Martino's. She is devoted to the study and furthering of her craft, which is above all that of the European sword masters. While texts of such European martial arts were scarce before the Asymptote, they are nearly impossible to find now. But Antonia received from her master heirlooms with scraps of ancient fencing techniques, mixed in with those of circa 2100CE, and many more modern teachings from many cultures. The whole "en-fight-lopedia," as Antonia likes to call it, is compiled on various data cubes hidden inside innocuous items scattered about her area of the monastery.

Antonia is well respected throughout Sicily for her prowess, and for her quiet demeanor. Her master died some time ago, and she moved into his old off-net quarters in the monastery as her local fame grew to the point where she could find no peace to study amongst all the job offers, petitions for training, and various challenges, duels, and interviews. She earns some of her rent credits by acting as a part-time guard of sorts. To Antonia, the furthering of the art and adherence to the conglomeration of various warriors' codes passed on through her tradition are of utmost importance. She obviously has to pay for her accommodations, but she will only take those jobs she finds to be for a good cause or protecting a good person. Her demand allows her this luxury, as well as the others she enjoys. While she believes in the ancient and honorable ways, Antonia feels it's foolish to ignore fighting capabilities granted by technology. She has a few surgical enhancements to prove it.

Archetype Mine?

The swordswoman dresses in modern, stylized (if wildly inaccurate) versions of Renaissance fashions. She usually wears a smartsuit under her clothes. She carries a master crafted set of blades, two high tech short swords that extend and retract for easier concealment. She also carries a Gauss pistol when possible (it is equipped with an ATS and Smartfire, to protect abbey residents from friendly fire). Antonia keeps a number of older weapons displayed in her home including a Flexcloth training suit, which can be linked to many of the data cubes, for use when she picks an apprentice to pass on her long tradition of fighting, an old MPS system, and various melee weapons and firearms she has made by hand (the ones she uses are professional grade). The older model MPS allows 1 point through for every 1d of damage, but it could be used to permanently kill someone - those monastery towers are pretty tall. Antonia personally finds the use of MPS dishonorable, but will use it when needed.

The abbey also has several hidden cameras, secretly installed by Antonia. She does not spy with them as such, but has purchased a system that allows her to pull up a tactical overlay of the abbey that shows where people and movement are. The system is similar, but greatly inferior to that offered by Glass House and a Seezall (**NeoTerra**, page 5.8) and can be easily fouled if the hidden cameras (generally Challenging(9) or harder to spot) are taken out or a jamming system is used. But it is a secret, and anyone trying to overcome the system would really have to know about it first. The system allows zooming in with specific cameras, but the overlay itself does little more than put dots to inform Antonia of movement and people in the abbey.

Antonia would make a valuable ally against the Mafia or the Alchemist, but she is not likely to help the adventurers hurt Nuna, and will likely help defend the hapless artist. Antonia's strength of honor can lead her to be tricked or trapped into doing something she doesn't want to if the adventurers are clever enough. She has no love for Batts, and will actively try to thwart any plans of the "fat-bellied, bully of a puppeteer," which can also be used by clever adventurers since she makes her feelings very obvious. She recently permanently killed one of the Mafiosi, just to make a point to Batts.

The Alchemist

Strength: 2d+1
Agility: 2d+2
Awareness: 3d+2
Health: 2d+0
Will: 3d+1
Archetype (Sociopath): 1d+1

Skills:

Acting: 3d+2
Club: 3d+2
Computer Programming: 4d+2
(Hacking): 5d+2
Firearms: 2d+1
(Pistol): 3d+1
Interrogation: 5d+1
(Torture): 6d+1
Pharmacy (Chemistry/Medical): 4d+2
Psychology: 4d+1
(Brain Wash/Subjugation): 5d+1
Stealth: 2d+2

Traits:

Age: ??
Pain Tolerance
Sadistic (2 levels)
Secret (psycho-murdering freak)

There is little known about the Alchemist, at least available to the characters. He has spent many years simply trying to wipe out proof of his existence. This has been accomplished by a few deaths here and there, developing anti-surveillance habits such as always keeping his face covered, and by routinely changing comms and IDs, and planting them on hapless bystanders to confuse records and attempts at Net queries.

The Alchemist is a mental predator. Using well-developed skills in chemical interrogation, psychology, and domination, the Alchemist enjoys slowly driving his victims mad to the point of suicide or of begging for release. He is patient and very methodical, and most of the time his victims don't realize the full effect of his tampering; some don't even realize they are being tampered with! He is a skilled enough hacker to make people think they've seen something and to occasionally bypass security (his computer gives him a +1d skill and a Best Four). The Alchemist feels best when he can drive others to commit acts of murder and savagery at his whim. Some will become totally under his control, and after they cease to amuse him, the Alchemist will dispose of them and move on. He never takes more than two victims in a row on the same continent, and hardly lives in the same continent for more than a few months unless working.

The Alchemist uses a high-powered dart gun, or thrown darts, laced with chemicals and drugs when he needs to defend himself. He is also quite fond of using drugs, and keeps several doses on hand in case he needs a quick performance boost. The Alchemist is a master killer, and murderously cunning, but is always detached from those he is hired to kill; those he kills for fun are not so lucky. He uses various tranquilizers, drugs, self-inflicted cosmetic surgery, and even acids to scar and disfigure his face to keep his appearance always changing. The final act to this is to kill himself, in such a way where as the Net will restore his body and facial appearance so he can start all over again. He prefers to use a nice messy shotgun to ensure his face will be reconstructed like new. This is murderous on his skills and Archetype rating, but the resurrected "him" is still the same person, and sees no problem in the years of work it takes to recover any lost abilities. He is one dangerously twisted individual.

There are tens of thousands of credits on the Alchemist's head, but no one knows who he is to collect them. This cunning anonymity is what commands the Alchemist's high prices - if the deed can't be traced back to him than it can't be traced back to his employer.

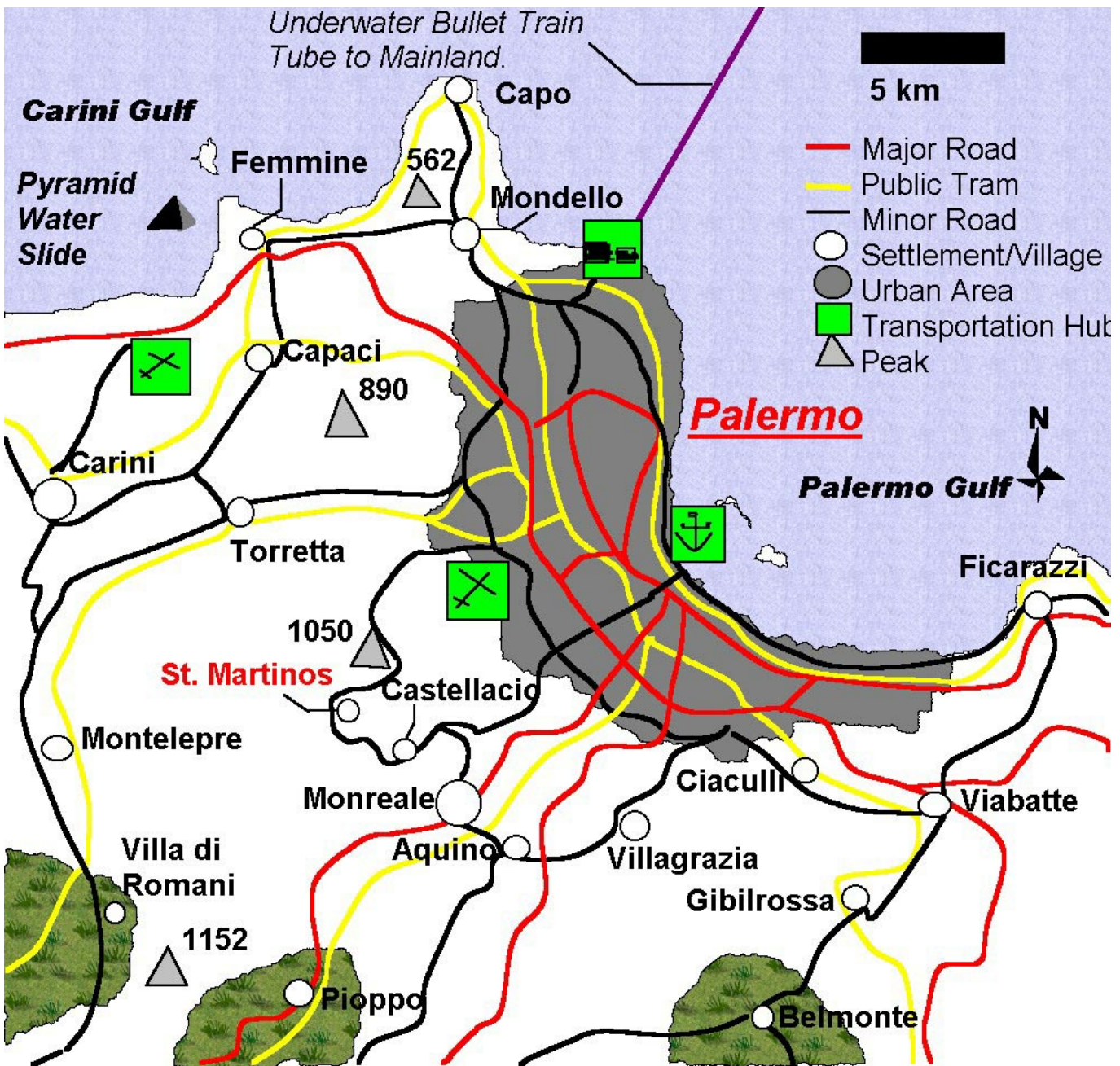
Carabol hired the Alchemist to ensure success, but the psycho need not be used if the gamemaster thinks it inappropriate. In either case, the Alchemist only activates if the adventurers seem to be struggling too hard. This mysterious murderer makes a good long-term villain.

Palermo/Monreale

Monreale is a town that lies just south of Palermo, but is effectively now part of the larger city. The Monreale district is located on the slope of Mount Caputo at roughly 300 meters above sea level and is only 7 kilometers south of Palermo's center. The area overlooks a large valley beyond Palermo. Palermo and its environs have a large number of ancient cathedrals, not to mention a few castles as well. Many have a medieval origin, and were rebuilt during the Renaissance, and again after the war with the Normans. The city, and Sicily in general, are very popular vacation areas circa 2000 CE. The main areas of Palermo are fairly common drone cities, but as the land rises up Mount Caputo, the real estate becomes more and more popular with richer workers.

Archetype Mine?

As the area becomes wealthier, the number of people who find robbery profitable decreases. The sites of Monreale are too troublesome, due to the mountainous terrain and various protective services in effect, for most robbers' trouble. But eastern Palermo has a number of shops, which has recently given rise to a larger than average stoner population. Many of the area residents are thinking about hiring a neighborhood watch.



Mafia Underground

Batts has spent many years digging, exploring, and exploiting extensive tunnels underneath Palermo. These tunnels are mix of ancient sewers and catacombs and more modern service tunnels. His men act as guides and offer complete discretion and anonymity to those who wish to travel without being the victim of a Net query. The Mafia, among its other services, provides that service.

The Underground has exits and entrances all over Palermo and to some specialty areas, like Martino's and the residences of a few wealthy Sicilians. After so many years, the tunnels are very extensive and few of the Mafiosi know them all. While dank, dark, and often dreary, the tunnels are actually pretty safe-for paying customers. Mafia thugs control access, and they take their business seriously. They also don't have any qualms against dealing with people who want to make trouble in their tunnels. There are mutable feeds in the tunnels, but tampering with them in the past has been too expensive when Net controlled bots respond.

Anyone wanting to enter the Underground has to pay 20Cr, plus 1Cr per kilometer, and must destroy their Comm. The Underground is off-Net and they want to keep it that way. Unfamiliar users are searched to make sure they are not sneaking any Comms, mapping, or other computer gear that could compromise the anonymity of their clients. The Mafiosi are no fools, and they know the personal and business consequences of failing to keep the Underground off-Net and private, but some might be bought and familiar faces are often granted some slack. Otherwise people are generally not allowed to follow, harass, or otherwise overtly interfere with other customers. The Mafia probably won't stop a gunfight or assault, but they'll make the attackers pay when they try to leave.

There are many common entrances to the Underground that are well known and usually on-Net (or close enough to be seen on a Net query), but many of the popular exits are hidden. The Mafiosi might provide some cover for a known or well-liked customer, but they aren't likely to let someone in a running firefight escape into their tunnels. Batts has also recently taken to renting out areas in the Underground for simple privacy, as opposed to travel. No questions asked, but clean-up services cost extra. For those in a rush, the Mafia offers small electric carts, only 5Cr a minute. It may seem steep, but the four person carts can make pretty good time- especially since the driver is familiar with the Underground.

Castellacio

This big castle (literally translated from a pre-Asymptote language) is about 5 kilometers north of Monreale on a steep trail. It sits atop Mount Caputo about 750 meters above sea level. It was built sometime between the 10th and 14th century by a people apparently known as the Norons. Castellacio was built to protect the trail to Palermo. Now however the impressive castle no longer sits along the main route to town, and is actually an exhausting 30-minute hike up the mountain from the main roadways. The view from the castle and the abbey are quite impressive.

The Net has designated Castellacio as a historical site, and re-enactors often use it to put on shows and tournaments (in NeoTerra's typical, semi-accurate style). No one is allowed to set up permanent residence inside, but tour-bots will escort anyone around to any part of the castle and freely answer any historical questions it can. These bots can also be accessed via the Net and will give remote tours as well, but the Net is not as forthcoming with historical facts in this fashion.

It is rumored that a large body of European resistance fighters took up residence in Castellacio during the last days of the Asymptote. They are said to have held off the Net with a store of advanced weapons and computer systems, which some believe are still hidden inside. These same people claim this is why the Net doesn't allow people to live within, and why the tourbots are well armed. For those willing to take the risk, the castle might be an interesting place to explore. It is otherwise easily bypassed.

San Martino delle Scale (or just Martino's)

This ancient Benedictine abbey sits another few kilometers past the castle, up the Mount Caputo trail. It is an ancient structure, though the Net did not consider its postwar reconstruction necessary. What ruins remained however were covered in a thin layer of clear plast to help preserve them.

Unlike Castellacio, Martino's is considered to be privately owned, as human hands rebuilt its crumbling ruins a few centuries ago. The mix of medieval styling and modern design gives the abbey an appealing neo-Gothic look, which is not quite dark and moody. Only paying tenets and their visitors are allowed inside. An abbey ID (non-Net) is required to open the main gate or the tunnel access. Antonia is the only real guard as such, but she is only part-time. However the walls are very secure, hard to climb, just getting there can be a chore, and all tenets are willing to sound, and respond to, an alarm to protect their homes.

The overall layout of the structure is simple. A rectangular, 6-meter tall wall surrounds the large central hall. Four, 10 meter tall, square towers sit at each corner and a gatehouse sits in the center of the southwestern wall. The plast-covered, interior walls have a universal width and an AV of 6d+0, while the outer wall has an AV of 8d+0. The walls have a catwalk accessible through the Gate House or tower windows. The entire abbey is off-Net, except for a small part of the Gate House.

Gate House

The gatehouse has the only visible (and generally known about) entrance to Martino's. It has a thick plast gate that can only be opened from within, or by use of a recognized ID, either private or Net issued. The security system will open the door when a proper ID is scanned, or someone inside activates it.

The front of the Gate House is known as the "convenience vestibule," as it is the only part of the abbey on-Net. All normal Net services can be received here, including medical attention. Residents are required (and most do) to destroy their Net issued Comms each time they enter or leave the abbey. Anyone else entering Martino's is required to leave Net Comms in the vestibule (or destroy them). There is only a very small area the Net can see in the vestibule, and most people use some form of disguise when visible. The gatehouse is rather Spartan, but has basic sitting and dining facilities for taking advantage of Net provided services.

The Mafia tunnel also opens into the off-Net area of the Gate House. An abbey ID is required to open the hidden doorway (disguised as an ancient statue of a Noron knight) from either side.

Main Hall

The main hall is an open, spacious building some 8 meters high. It is divided up into four quads: the workshop, the den, the warren (storage), and the boiler. Anyone with an abbey ID has access to any of the areas whenever they wish.

The workshop has various benches, workspaces, and basic tool sets available for use. Anyone can use the space, but must supply their own tools if they need anything besides basic (and worn) hand tools. The den is a relaxing room with several pieces of comfy furniture, a large fireplace, and a limited library. The warren is just a place where residents can store belongings. The boiler contains all the machinery, water heaters, air conditioners, and generators that provide the abbey with off-Net services. While anyone can theoretically enter the utility room, anyone but Diedrick is likely to raise suspicion.

Archetype Mine?

The ground between the wall and the Main Hall is well-kempt garden, with topiary hedges and colored grass, with a carved marble fountain in the northern corner. The "cloister fountain" is hidden by a tall hedge and is a popular place to relax. Residents often walk about or exercise in the courtyard, but are very careful to treat the grounds with respect. Just inside the Gate House is a small parking lot for resident's vehicles, of which there are about 3 ground cars and 2 allcycles.

Towers

Each corner has a square, 10-meter tall tower. Each tower has three levels connected by a common stairwell, which is just inside the door to each tower. Each level has one window, style determined by the occupant, on each wall. Access is via a single door, with privacy and access options programmable, on the ground floor. The roof is accessible, but rarely used except for the western tower.

Northern Tower

Argon MacKien, a master Etech and current landlord of Martino's occupies this tower. He is responsible for the day-to-day running of the abbey, collecting fees, researching and accepting tenants, and making custom Comms. He is a friendly man, but can turn rather churlish when good business or proper manners are being flaunted. The middle level of the tower has a well-equipped electronics fabrication shop, and the other areas hold his stylish furnishings.

Southern Tower

The southern tower is divided between three tenants. Geradine Emmens, a locally known historian, resides in the top level. Gerney Nantaki, a somewhat unmotivated researcher who earns part of his rent by researching applicants, resides on the ground level. Diedrick Thorman, the grounds keeper, gardener, and general handyman, occupies the middle level. His is a skilled topiary artist.

EABA

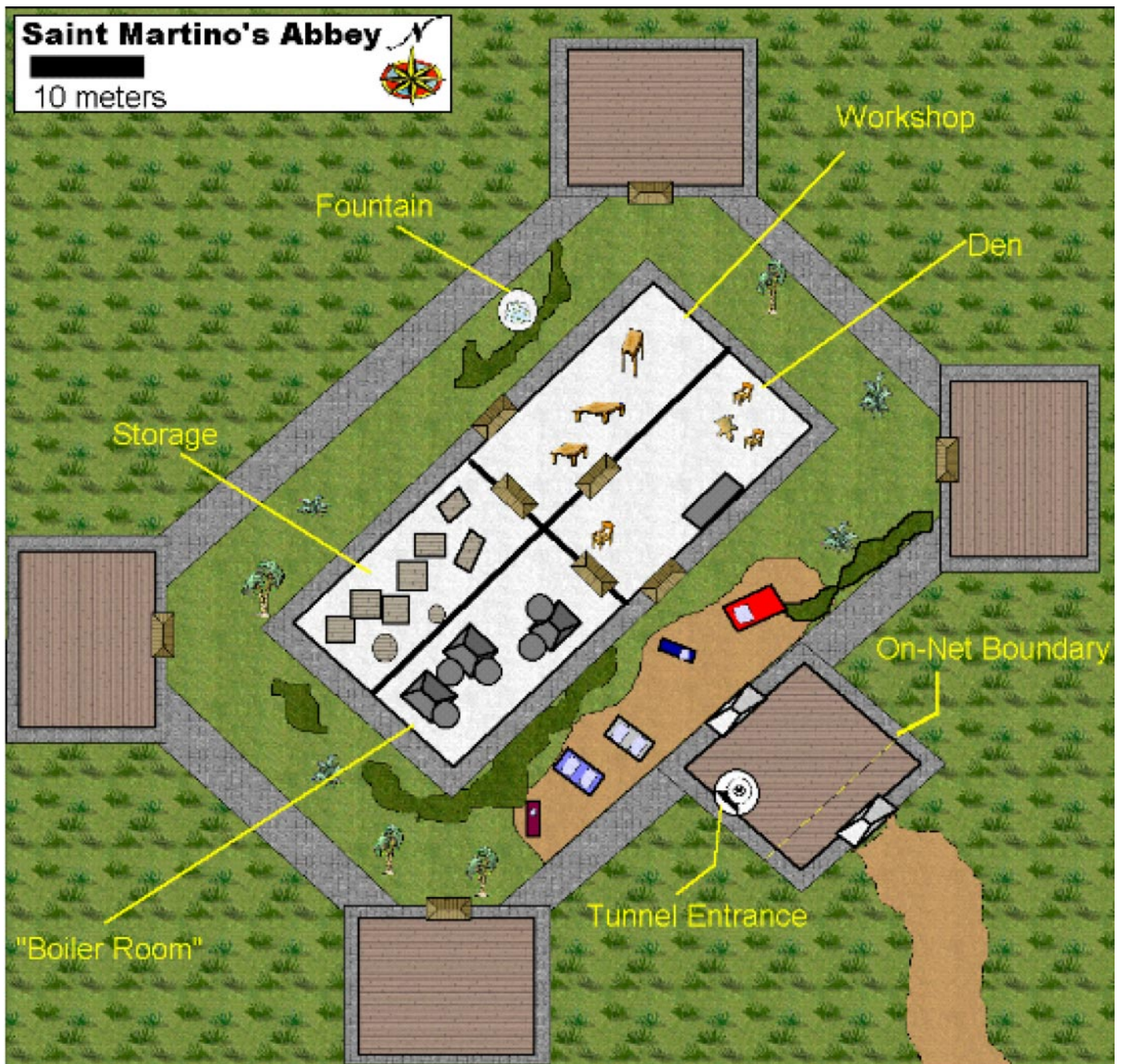
Eastern Tower

The eastern tower is occupied by a troupe of retired dancers, numbering about twenty. Some are wealthy enough to pay their rent from savings, but some earn rent by acting as servants, cleaners, and go-fers for other tenants. They live a rather bohemian and communal lifestyle, and their tower is often messy, loud, and writhing with naked bodies.

Western Tower

Nuna, who lives on the top level and roof, and Antonia, who lives on the bottom level, share this tower. The middle level is taken up by Antonia's training room, and is full of various targets, dummies, weapons, and ancient manuscript fragments of dubious authenticity.

Nuna spends much of her time, weather permitting, on the roof of her tower. Several displays of her "smart people" are scattered around in various states of disarray and cacophony. There is a definite pattern and path through the displays, but only Nuna knows it. Everyone else will suffer an added level of difficulty on all vision, aiming, and hearing rolls made while on the roof (if the displays are still there).



Other Local Attractions

The following are some other local events and attractions that aren't necessarily involved in the adventure, but can help flavor things up and provide side trips, red herrings, long term campaign hooks, and other distractions.

Pyramid Water Slide

This is one of the larger of NeoTerra's black pyramids and is located in an otherwise uninteresting area of the Carini Gulf, just west of Palermo. The massive pyramid is some 300 meters high, half in the water and half out. A group of local architects added two long ladders on opposite sides (attached to the impenetrable pyramid via a "cap" of sorts) and a water pump, making it a large water slide. It has made the area popular with swimmers, but the slide itself is somewhat dangerous due to its height and the inability to add more permanent attachments. Rides are 10Cr each, or 50Cr for a full day.

Villa di Romani

This group of anachronists have built a large Roman villa by hand, using what ante-Asymptote sources they could find. The villa lays some 40km southeast of Palermo. The ruling "Caesar" can at times be very brutal, and enjoys a good sword fight. The recreated orgies are very popular, but drones are not allowed. The few times crowds of drones have tried to gate crash, Roman looking machine guns cut them down. The entire complex is off-Net, but those injured in reenactments are rushed to a small, on-Net village nearby.

Blood Forest

Blood Forest is a show, not a location, though most of the shows do take place in the woodland areas of Sicily. It is a hunter-prey sort of game where feebies try to make it across a predetermined area of land without getting killed. The hunters allow only primitive knives and bows, but they may opt to cooperate and share in the prize. If the victim manages to survive and make it to the end, he or she wins 800Cr. Successful hunters, who may also turn on one another, win 500Cr for bringing down the prey and earn up to 300Cr in bonuses determined by viewers (1Cr per vote).

Archetype Mine?

Resolutions - The scenario hopefully provides enough information for gamemasters and players to work out how to finish Archetype Mine? The final resolution will of course depend on how adventurers choose to deal with the problem of what to do with Nuna. It is not illegal to kill Nuna, but the adventurers may not be the violent type or may fear some retribution from friends or fans. Following are some short discussions about likely resolutions or obstacles in the adventure, and how they might be overcome.

To kill Nuna, she must first be found. Getting to Palermo should prove easy enough, and following her to the Mafia Underground via Net query should too. Simply staking out her preferred entrance to the Underground will eventually turn Nuna up. Others may be willing to point her out if shown the picture, and the reporter that took the picture may help find her if he gets a scoop or some other payment.

Once found outside of Martino's, she will likely be in a crowd, with Antonia, or at least on-Net and easily resuscitated (which will just make things more complicated). The adventurers are going to have to either permanently kill her, mess her up so bad that it takes months and months for her to heal, or prevent her from otherwise being able, or wanting, to continue her art.

Finding opportunity is the next step. Some of the Mafia thugs may take a large enough bribe to allow the adventurers to follow her. Clever adventurers may realize that the tunnels are off-Net and they will never be able to use the Net to find her that way. Sneaking an on-Net Comm unit onto her person will however likely provide her exit point, which can easily be reached once discovered. The Mafia thugs search for such things, but they know her well enough and might well let her slip past (gamemaster option). Getting into the abbey will be challenging but far from impossible. Patient adventurers may also discover Nuna's taste for speedboats and use that angle - most of the sea is likely off-Net.

Killing and maiming are the most direct routes, but may be the most difficult and objectionable. There are obvious obstacles, such as finding her and getting her off-Net, dealing with Antonia, or getting past the Mafia. Batts may be convinced to take care of Nuna if the adventurers get rid of Antonia for him (for groups who feel better about killing a warrior who can defend herself). A fight scene on the roof of Nuna's tower, among the chattering smart sculptures, perhaps involving someone with a MPS falling off, begs to be done. It is possible that another sort of contract, a job Batts doesn't want to be directly involved in, will also be considered fair trade. But in exchange for a killing, it'll be a tough or dangerous job.

Very skillful or scary sorts can also intimidate Nuna, but Antonia is likely to take notice and investigate. The Alchemist might work into this plan somehow. Kidnapping will physically prevent Nuna from doing her art, but Antonia will likely notice that as well, and the issue becomes dealing with the Samurai who feels a sense of duty to protect her friend, but only if she can find the adventurers and their victim.

There is also the emotional distraction angle for the more pacifist oriented players. Nuna is wary of strangers, but is generally a friendly sort. A proper set-up whereas the adventurers pretend to rescue her (likely from another PC), befriend or seduce her more genuinely, or even pretend to be fans or interested clients. A convincing enough ploy could distract her, or at least glean information about her such as her love of boating and her deep attachment to her rooftop collection.

Another (though not final) way to deal with Nuna is to destroy her rooftop collection. She has spent so much time, money, and effort lately that destroying them (an "accidental fall" from the tower will mess them up) will utterly dishearten her for the duration. Once Nuna recovers though, and Antonia gets involved, the artist will grow angry and likely come looking for, or send someone like Antonia after, the adventurers. They will have succeeded at this point (if they get into the abbey and such), but will have to pay the consequences later.

The stark possibility will exist that the adventurers fail in their task. They either botch up the attack, the delivery, or end up so off mark that they don't manage to kill or disable the artist. There will obviously be consequences of crossing the Mafia or Antonia depending on how bad things go, and they are likely to not make Carabol very happy either.

The obvious and most dear cost of failure will be the involvement of the Alchemist. Once he feels the adventurers have failed or are not up to the task, he takes over. He is likely more suited to taking Nuna out of the picture, at least mentally, and it is also likely he will succeed. Then the Alchemist will turn on the adventurers, just for pleasure and because Carabol said he could. This is likely to not be very fun for the group as this psycho is intelligent, cunning, patient, and twisted. His hunting down of the adventurers could be turned into a long and painful campaign of its own.

Of course the adventurers might beat the Alchemist, and will probably get the connection to their employer. Confronting him, and perhaps having to chase him down, will be fun.

The final possibility to mention here is that the players decide not to get involved at all. They ignore Carabol, don't go to Sicily, and don't bother to wake up in the morning. These people are obviously really drones in worker's clothing and should be treated as such. Hit them repeatedly with the eraser you use to erase their Archetype points.

Carabol the Victorious! - Should the adventurers succeed, regardless of the manner, Carabol will happily pay them. Depending on the circumstance, he may offer the adventurers other employment until the champions are announced (especially if he fears retribution). Some months later Carabol invites the adventurers and some of his friends over for a fancy shindig at his place for the announcing of the Archetype champions. As the crowd listens with excitement, Carabol is declared a champion! Cheers and shouts and drinks and garish flags fly.

A moment later, someone points out that Carabol wasn't picked as an entertainer however. As everyone hushes, the Net verifies that Carabol was picked for an Architect (perhaps edging out Batts, but that's another adventure) Archetype for his planning and successful manipulations. The room full of artists grows silent, and a bit chill.

Carabol begins screaming, crying, bawling, and wailing and orders everyone out. He runs upstairs teary-eyed, but doesn't really see if everyone leaves. The crushed man won't open the door, and there's nothing left to do for the sobbing artist anyway. He is an Archetype now, after all. Adventurers that were somehow cheated by Carabol after pulling through for him may enjoy a bit of schadenfreude. A Net query to show the on-Net area of his house will show the silent crowd-his shrieks can be heard in the background.

▼ **SECOND VERSE, JUST AS PERVERSE** - The following is an epilogue of sorts that allows the adventurers to follow up on their misadventures in Sicily. Much of it will take place in off-Net wilderness areas. Whereas urban off-Net areas are not too far away from the "safety Net," the places the Morlocks tend to use are well off the beaten path. This not only drastically affects the tactics and information available to the party, it also has quite an impact on adventurer's survivability - there won't be any medbots coming to save the day.

The second half of this adventure can also provide for a more direct or combat oriented adventure. This isn't necessarily the case however. Tough choices and long-term plot development can be just as important as any combat.

Winning for Losing - Sadly, the winning of the "wrong" Archetype shattered Carabol's delicate psyche. In a whining whirlwind, he declared loudly to his neighbors (those who happened to be in earshot) that his life had been a lie, and that he didn't exist, before running off into the city. He sent a message to his few remaining artist friends (those that haven't labeled him a fake or a sell out) and his much diminished drone fan club stating that he was leaving. This was almost a week ago.

"Dear, loyal friends who are able to recognize my deep pain. I am leaving to live in the wild, uncivilized wastes that our ancestors came from many, many eons ago. Here, away from the venomous embrace and false countenance of the Net, I hope to find my true self and ultimately return as the lover of art the foul, digital omnipresence denies I am."

Archetype Mine?

Hurt feelings aside, Carabol fled into the nearest wilderness with the stereotypical flightiness of a true artist. He took no supplies and gave no thought to how he was going to make it. And the Net isn't happy about it. Not because it feels betrayed by the human or thinks that an Archetype shouldn't be so silly, but because Carabol left without sharing his memes with the Net. The genes are easily collected from various sources, but Carabol's memes (and especially his reaction to winning an unexpected Archetype) are very interesting to the Net.

Casting the Net - The Net contacts the adventurers and each is offered 1000Cr (general) per 1d (including attributes and any fortes) of their primary employment or archetype skill for the safe recovery of Carabol. It wants him alive and well enough to complete his Archetype interview. The Net will highlight the desire to keep the manipulator alive, as even a successful resuscitation has mental consequences. Prosperity demands accuracy. For gamemasters who wish to keep the Net more standoffish, mysterious, or implacable, using a human friend or fan club as the employer will work just as well (and make the Net just as happy if the adventurers succeed).

Call of the Wild - If the adventurers agree, they will find the Net very forthcoming with any queries. Tracking Carabol's trip via the Net will also be relatively easy. After running and crying pell-mell down the street, Carabol contacted a private air-car pilot, paid him a large sum of money (almost 2,000Cr) to fly him way out into wilderness and leave him. Part of the deal was that if the pilot wanted the money, he'd have to destroy his Comm (which Carabol did) so the Net couldn't follow them. The flight path is easily followed to the edge of Net space, giving the direction and the fact that they flew at least over the horizon from the edge of the city. This of course doesn't take into account that some sort of navigation deception went on after getting out of sight.

From here the party can head out over the horizon and perform a blind search, but that's a lot of area and they aren't going to find anything. Even with a super tracker, the group doesn't even know where Carabol was put down (which wasn't straight over the horizon, by the way).

The obvious choice is to contact the pilot that dropped the distraught artist in the wilderness. The transaction where Carabol paid the man can be accessed, and the adventurers will learn the pilot is a man named Terrence Fair.

Terrence operates and maintains his own aircar for those who want the special, secret, or speedy travel treatment. But Carabol, in his state, didn't ask for long-term privacy, or even anything except for Terrence to destroy the Comms. For 1,000Cr, the pilot will happily drop the adventurers off exactly where he dropped Carabol, or give them exact coordinates. For another 100Cr, Terrence will agree to pick them back up at a predetermined time and date. And for 100Cr an hour, he will agree to help them search using his aircar.

That Crazy Carabol - It is left to the characters to decide just how they will get to the drop point. It is about 100km outside of the city limits, so some sort of vehicle will be needed.

Until two days before the adventurers arrive, Carabol had been sitting ragged and naked on a rocky hillock, fasting and chanting verses remembered from various spiritual books studied over the years. Then he was taken by a party of Morlocks returning from the city with a load of victims. A simple area search will reveal the tattered remains of a garish robe that could only belong to Carabol. An Average(7) Tracking test will reveal that several sets of footprints were also left recently. A Challenging(9) test will reveal that four or five men dragged Carabol (or whoever was wearing the robe) into the vehicle.

In either case, the tracks of some sort of vehicle are quite noticeable and easily followed. The tracks go for a couple of kilometers until they hit a long abandoned and dilapidated road. The road is broken and cracked, overgrown in places and completely missing in others. It is quite possible but not readily confirmable from its condition that this road is pre-Asymptote. The tracks of the vehicle are very hard to follow for more than a few dozen meters once on the road. But there are no hints of the vehicle departing the road for 20km.

P² - Sometime before the party finds where the Morlock's vehicle leaves the road (assuming they go the right way...), they will be confronted by group of armed people. It is just as likely that the adventurers will surprise the poorly-trained and under-equipped vigilantes, especially depending on the mode of transportation.

In either case, a short firefight will take place. The P²'s will fire a couple of shots at the adventurers or their vehicle from ambush (or after being ambushed themselves). They will then quickly retreat or surrender if the adventurers return fire with any manner of efficiency. Depending on the casualty rate, there are around 10 Perverts, armed with a few assault rifles, a blaster, and an assortment of handguns and homemade shotguns. A few have suits of light body armor.

Once the Perverts are either surrounding the adventurers, or they are cringing in fear from the party, the leader of the Perverts, Daniella Maskins, will accuse them of being kidnappers. It should be fairly easy to work out that there has been a misunderstanding, and both parties are willing to go their own way. The Perverts will show an interest in helping the adventurers hunt down the kidnappers if the subject is broached, but haven't seen the Morlocks. They are in the area investigating reports of possible kidnappers (Morlocks, but they don't know it).

Generic Pervert

Strength: 2d+0

Agility: 2d+0

Awareness: 2d+2

Health: 2d+2

Will: 2d+0

Archetype (Various): 1d+0

Skills:

Area Knowledge (Slave Groups): 2d+0

Brawling: 3d+0

Club: 3d+0

Firearms: 3d+0

Running: 1d+2

Traits:

Hates Slavers

Various personal quirks

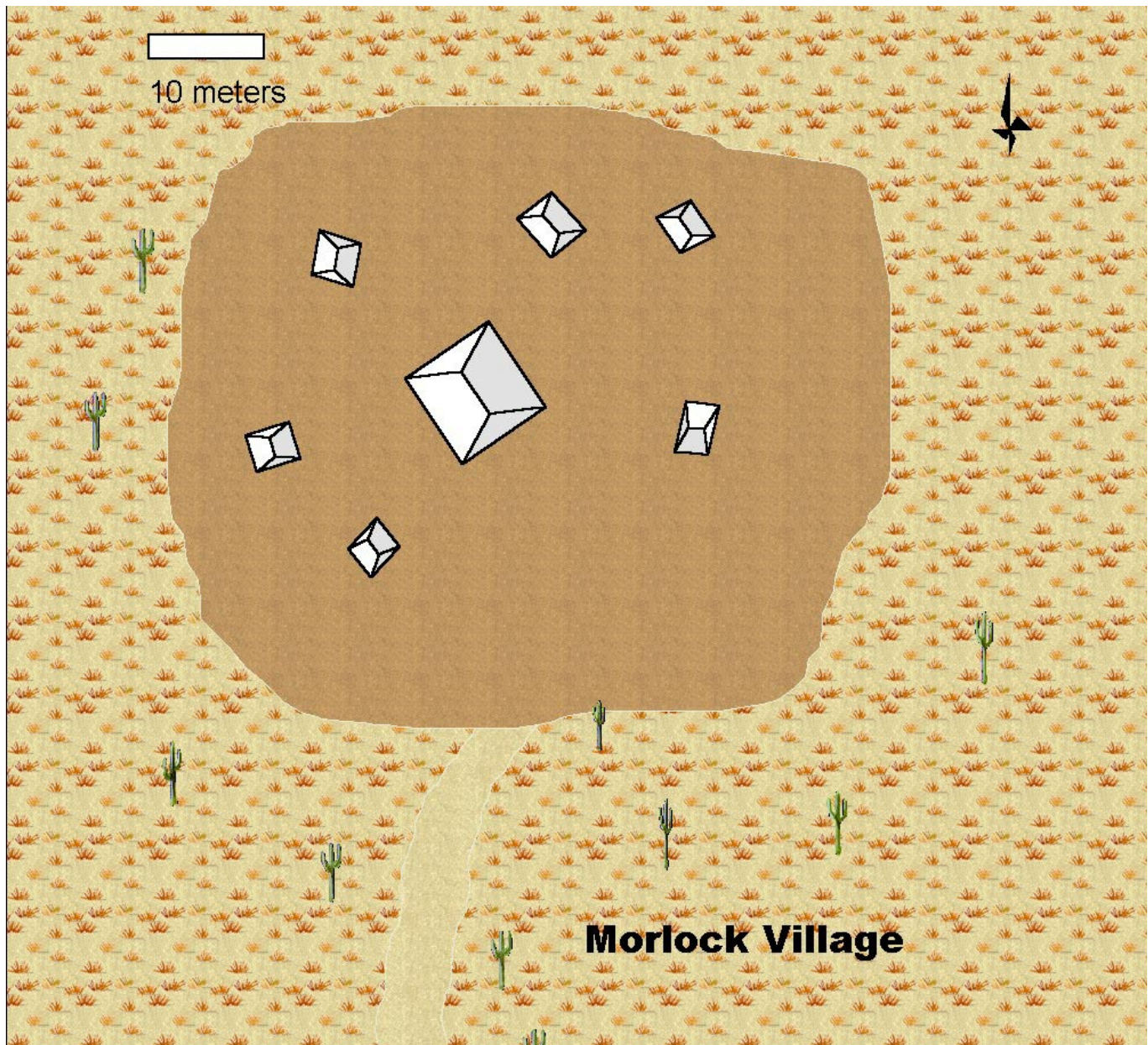
Morlock Madness - After 20km of desiccated highway, the party comes across a recently used dirt road. Specific tracks cannot be seen, but it is apparent that this road is in at least semi-regular use. The small road has nothing on it, but ends in a small shanty village about 5km away. About ten dirty, listless drones look up from various chores or windows for a second, then look away. There are a total of about 30 men and women in the village. There is no sign of Carabol or the kidnapper's vehicle. If the adventurers have hired Fair to help them search, and they follow the road, it won't take them very long at all to come across the village or road.

The Morlocks are group of forward thinking physicians, biochemists, and geneticists. The Morlocks are crudely organized around a cadre of some 5 to 7 scientists, who in turn are in charge of a body of about 12 mercenaries, two of which do technical/maintenance work.

Archetype Mine?

They have discovered the remnants of an old, possibly pre-Asymptote, underground building and have turned it into their own medical laboratory. They perform all manner of inhumane experiments on victims from radical virus tests to violent modification to simple tissue splicing. Their ultimate goal is the simple progress of science. They feel that most people, especially the hordes of mindless drones, are not ready to accept the work that must be done for true scientific study.

It is up to the strong to bring true change to the mindless cattle of NeoTerra. Research at any cost, and the ends do justify the means.



The Morlocks here perform experiments on those they capture in the metropolis. These victims are placed in a simple shanty village above the underground facility. It is the only source of water and food for a long ways, and unskilled drones are not likely to survive should they escape. The captors tell them nothing, but leave them be unless some sort of riot or mass escape attempt is planned. When a new test subject is needed, a Morlock squad stealthily enters from the village from below and absconds with a hapless victim.

The Morlocks also control when and who gets food and water. Each captive must work, doing simple assembly jobs. The final products vary from household decorations, simple "designer" clothing, and utensils to the occasional mechanical or construction assembly. The work is tedious and sporadic, but certainly not difficult. Food and water are supplied three times daily by a group of armed mercenaries. Those who don't work, don't drink and those who work poorly, eat poorly. The work is largely pointless, but keeps the captives too busy trying to stay fed to foment much mischief.

The majority of the Morlock's income comes from the scientists' work - here and those around the rest of the world. They are constantly refining implant technology via miniaturization or invention. Other organizations such as NUYU pay well for such products, and sometimes for the raw data.

One of the cadre is also a member of Bastards, Inc. (see **NeoTerra**, page 7.8). Her current project is to keep victims kidnapped and off-Net for long amounts of time, making detailed recordings of the person's life, bring them on-Net, and then kill them. At some point after medical care is finished, she captures the victim again and takes him back to the center, where he will undergo psychological evaluation and interrogation to test his memory. She likes killing, but the purpose is to see just how much the Net does know. The claim is that the Net can only restore memories for those people it has records of from being monitored on-Net. If these isolates are necessitated and are able to remember things that happened off-Net, the Bastards have to figure out just how much the Net can figure out and even if it is possible to be off-Net.

The Morlocks employ a group of about 12 mercenaries. There are a few skilled leaders, but most are simply wannabes that are capable of little more than kidnapping hapless drones. Use the stats for a Mafioso Thug from part one.

While not overly well trained, the mercs are reasonably well armed. Each has a semi-auto pistol and a combat knife. About half will also have some form of body armor and a machine pistol, auto shotgun, or rifle. One carries a 90mm rocket launcher (with 3 guided rockets that can be programmed for anti-air, anti-vehicle, or anti-personnel) and another keeps a blaster pistol hidden in his bunkroom. It is quite possible that the mercenaries and Morlocks will simply try to ignore a superior force, or even bargain with them. But due to some critical experiment Carabol has become a part of, they are less willing to part with him.

The Village Idiot is Missing - The captives are apathetic and hopeless, not caring too much about what the adventurers are doing - unless they are trying to actively set them free. The captives are not above trying to steal an adventurer vehicle (even if they have no idea how to use it), but the Morlocks seem happy enough to leave the adventurers alone as well.

The mercs will weigh the risk of any combat engagement with the adventurers, but will violently fight any attempt at a mass rescue, breach of the underground, or mass murder against the villagers. The cadre is also loathe to let news of their project get out, and may act to prevent it if it seems necessary do to adventurer's action. Of course, ill-prepared adventurers may save the Morlocks a trip to the city. If the adventurers make too many passes overhead with Fair's aircar, they are likely to see a 90mm rocket come chasing after them. And if the mercs know about the aircar putting the adventurers down, they will most definitely want to capture it!

Whether the adventurers recon the village or ask around for Carabol, the other villagers will claim not to know the man. A successful intimidation or interrogation check will finally get someone to admit that the Morlocks took Carabol after just one night. And no one seems to come back from below - at least not like they went down.

From here the adventurers have several options. It should be apparent that they need to rescue Carabol (if nothing else to get their pay), and he is somewhere down below. The adventurers can try to look for the hidden vents to the Morlock's lair, which is a Formidable(13) test and only two or three are large enough (barely) to get through (the gamemaster can decide where they open up below). They could try to draw the Morlocks out by setting captives free or doing damage to the village. Once access is found, the group could sneak in, assault the place, or ambush the Morlocks.

The Perverts might come in as handy and willing allies. A skilled leader may be able to cause at least some of the thirty or so captives to rebel.

Once hostilities starts, the cadre of scientists will try to flee if things start going against them, and will surrender if they cannot. They have several places to hide, but are not interested in dying if they can prevent it. They will offer to perform biomods, offer up information, or simply transfer credits in order to survive.

The Village People - There are usually a dozen or more people in the village, depending on the progress of the Morlock's research. The shanty village is just that, a collection of 6 small shacks gathered around a larger structure. The shacks have nothing in them (one is a latrine, cleaned out or moved as needed) except for threadbare blankets and makeshift fire pits. The larger structure is where the Morlocks feed the captives and assign them work.

Two snipers are usually stationed on top of the large building at opposite corners, mostly to keep anyone from escaping. They are equipped with night vision scopes. There is a small, hidden ladder well that leads from the roof, through some machinery, and into the central garage. It is very difficult to get to the top of the roof from the outside without hooks and climbing gear.

The entrance to the underground complex is about half a kilometer away and its location unknown to the captives on the surface. They know the direction the abduction teams come from and leave (which is a ploy, they double track when out of sight of the village). It is hidden from casual observation, but would be easily seen should someone look in the right area. The Morlocks have a hidden path they drive from the road that leads to the garage door; anyone driving down the path will likely miss it, but it will be easier if the party is walking by or flying over the path (-2 difficulty). It takes a concerted effort (at least a Challenging (9), modified by time and weather, tracking test) to follow either the vehicle tracks or the abductors. They take pains to cover their tracks so none of the captives follow them. No details are shown on the map so gamemasters can safely show it to players.

Archetype Mine?

Morlock Mansion - The nature of this facility that is some 4 meters underground is a mystery. It doesn't seem to match any of the many records the Morlocks searched. One of the cadre heard about it from one of their victims in their old facility. It was much farther from the city than their old lair, but they decided that its amenities (such as plumbing and electrical fixtures) were far too valuable. To cut down on travel, the Morlocks decided to set up a village and herd their victims.

The cadre has spent much of its combined resources to fix the place up. The ancient and worn feel of the place seeps through the newly painted girders, concrete, pipes, and fixtures. The repair work is not quite enough to cover how aged the place really is, but it is meticulously clean. The labs are especially sterile, giving the place the look of some twisted, ancient insane asylum.

The facility is powered with a combination of solar power and fuel cell powered generators. The labs and central garage are electrically lit, and the passages are only lit by whatever light filters in from each end. The place was at one time air tight, but now the external vents are damaged or worn. These vents are covered and very hard to find

Central Garage.

This is the largest room of the complex. It is centrally located and has the only normally accessible entrance to the site, via a hidden garage door some half a kilometer away. This entrance can only be opened by from within, either locally at the door or from Security. All other passages open up into the garage, which have long been missing their hatches.

The garage contains the Morlock's generator, two off-road cycles and their truck. It also holds a variety of supplies and tools, mostly for use on the vehicles. Since this is the central compartment, there are usually two mercenary guards on duty at all times (a formality, they usually aren't very alert). A single camera is mounted in a cupola mounted in the center of the ceiling. From its vantage point it can see down about 3/4 of the length all of the passages. It is normally set for a slow autoscan, but can be manually controlled from Security.

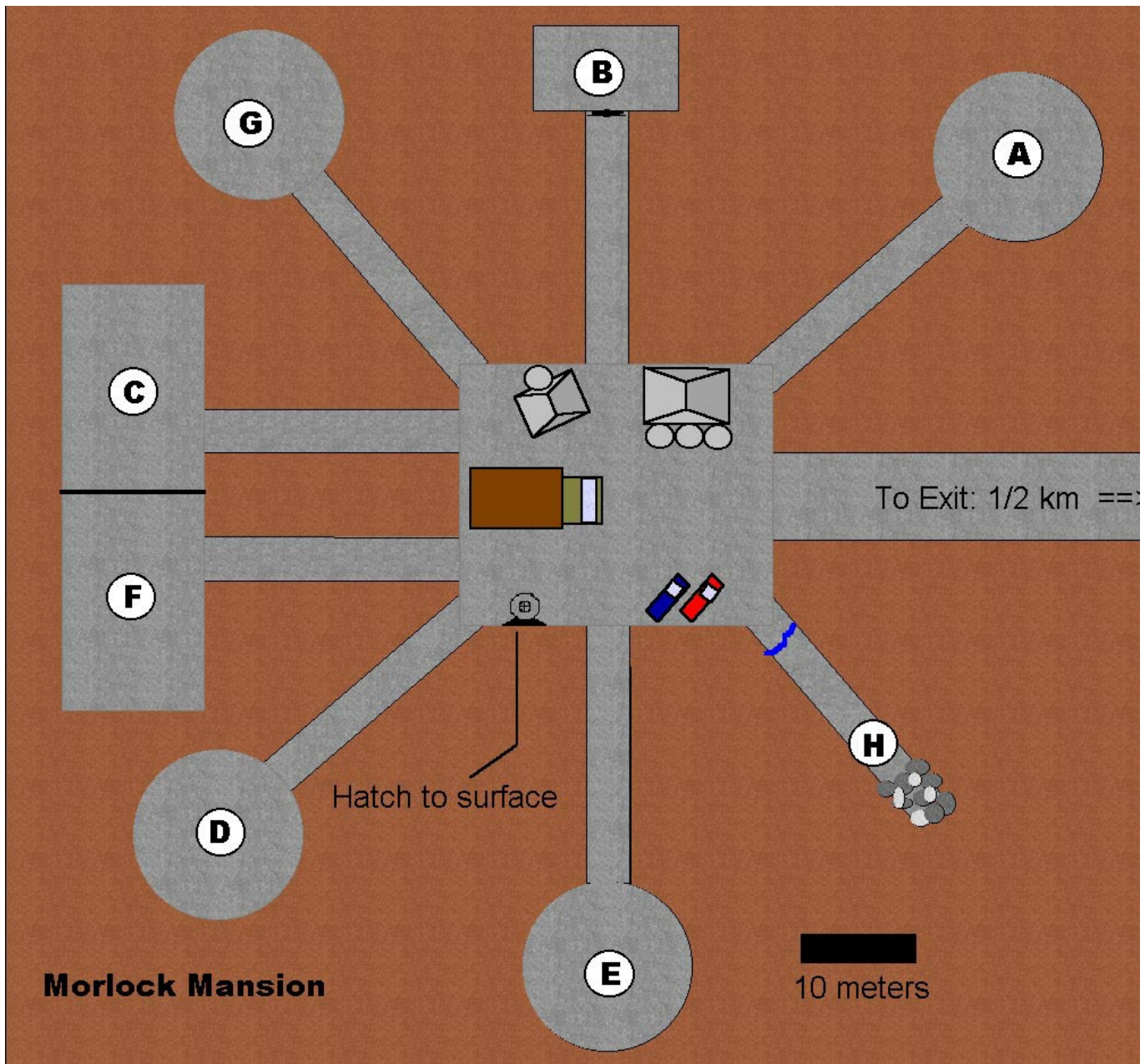
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Kitchen and Pantry (A).

This room contains make shift cooking facilities, mostly electric, food and water storage, and a cramped dining area. It is here that two captives, under constant watch by a guard, are forced to cook for the other captives and the Morlocks. The kitchen also has a small purifier that is used to filter water from rainfall or that collected from a nearby (12 km) spring or trips to the city. Being as cramped as it is, most of the Morlocks eat their food standing in the hallway or in the garage.

Security (B).

This room acts as a secure storage and security room, being the only room in the facility that still has a hatch. It is usually locked, as it contains the Morlock's stash of weapons, ammo, and spare parts and supplies that are delicate or expensive—namely electronics. An armed guard constantly mans this room, though complacency and dozing have become rampant in the ranks of late due to the boredom and docility of the prisoners. He controls the camera in the garage, monitors (and issues) the handful of Comms the guards use, and can remotely operate the main door to the garage.



Medical Lab (C)

This lab contains surgical equipment, tables, implant gear, and equipment for sampling and analysis, as well as a terminal. This is where captives are actually cut on when surgery is needed.

Computer Lab (D)

This lab contains several computers, used by the cadre to run various experiment models, store chemical and medical information, and perform other various monitoring and scientific functions. The terminals in other rooms (Security, Medical Lab, Subject Lab, and Cadre Quarters) are dumb; they simply hook up to these lab computers. The computers allow an operator to add +1d to any skill rolls involving research, development, analysis, or other study of medicine, chemistry, or genetics, and get to keep the best four. There is also a small chip fabrication facility, a printer, the computer tech's living space, and a backup battery. The battery acts like an uninterruptible power supply, and can power the computers for two hours, but its main function is to allow data backup in case of power failure.

This room is lived in and maintained by one of the cadre, who is a computer expert unlike his medical fellows. He monitors the small network, troubleshoots any problems, and incorporates upgrades when needed. Mercenaries are not allowed in this room, and he is not even comfortable with his fellow cadre members inside. While he doesn't carry it and probably wouldn't use it in a firefight, the cadre tech keeps a shotgun hidden in this room for the express purpose of destroying his computers and storage media.

The computers can be hacked from any remote (or local) terminal in the facility if a cadre member's user and password is known, or if a Formidable (13) hacking roll is made. There are inventory lists, names, files, business partners, and other information about the Morlocks. Most intriguing are some hints (left to the gamemaster to develop) to locations of a larger Morlock network. Unless destroyed, there are several data cubes that can be loaded with much of the information for transport.

Subject Lab (E)

This lab is where those captives actively being experimented on are kept and many of the tests performed. Along one wall are three cages with reasonably comfortable bedding, and along the opposite wall are the tables with various medical scanners (a gastrometers, microscope, and centrifuge among a few others). There are two solid looking, coffin-sized, steel tanks on the floor.

Archetype Mine?

Currently two captives are being held in cages. One has had her hands removed and replaced with clumsy prosthetics and the other has had powerful hearing implants installed, and is being constantly subjected to painful, ear-splitting music via headphones he cannot remove.

Carabol is being kept in one of the tanks, which has been rigged as a sensory deprivation chamber. He has had night vision implants put in his eyes to see if deprivation has the same effect, but this has permanently made his eyes sensitive to light (at least until repaired). The tank can only be opened from the outside. The hatch is heavy, and the tank has an AV of 4d+2.

Carabol will recognize the adventurers, but will need constant calming down to rescue him. The man is half-crazy with fear and rage, and his mood swings wildly between the two. One moment he may curl up into a babbling ball and refuse to move, and the next he might rush madly at an armed Morlock.

Barracks (F)

This room is where the mercenary guards sleep. It is packed with ten bunk beds, and variety of beat up lockers and chests. The room is cramped (some prefer to sleep in the hall or the garage) and usually smells of stinky, sweaty mercenary. A few lockers will contain weapons, but most carry their weapons with them when they leave, and any left behind will be locked up or hidden.

Cadre rooms (G)

This chamber serves as the living quarters for four of the five cadre members. It has several expensive items these workers have collected or created over the years, such as personal comms, books, hand held computers and the like. There are no walls or partitions in this room, but tracks on the ceiling hold curtains that can be pulled to isolate each bed and the small area around it. There is a large frame that contains a quote from some long forgotten pre-Asymptote book. The plastiglass covers an obvious copy, the original being in some founders hidden collection. It reads...

"What had happened to the Under-grounders I did not yet suspect; but from what I had seen of the Morlocks - that, by the by, was the name by which these creatures were called - I could imagine that the modification of the human type was even far more profound than among the "Eloi," the beautiful race that I already knew."

Collapsed Room (H)

This room, and about half of the passage leading to it collapsed centuries ago. No hint as to what it may have held has ever been found. This passage now acts as the lavatory, with electric pumps, fixtures, showers, and a sophisticated recycling system newly added. The hallway is kept private by a heavy, nylon curtain.

The wastewater is reused for the showers and latrine, but is not potable. This room is always kept clean, which is a chore with close to 20 people. The whole system uses about 40 liters of water per week, at which time it is refilled. Wastewater is pumped into a pipe that apparently leads into some large, underground cistern. No one there knows just how much it can hold, but are ever hopeful it won't overflow while they are using it. There are five stalls, each with its own curtain, a urinal trough, and a four-faucet common shower area.

Resolutions - Regardless of anything else, the main factor in the success of this part of the adventure is the safe (or at least living) return of Carabol. Adventurers will likely be able to collect some wealth from the Morlocks, but they will have to deal with captives and Perverts that will want their cut. If successful, the Net pays the adventurers as promised.

Carabol eventually recovers and gives his Archetype interview. During the course of explaining his action, he begins to accept that he is indeed more of an architect than an artist. After this first step, Carabol begins speaking to other champions and various therapists. After a while he finally accepts his true archetype, and eventually revels in it. If he knows about the wider Morlock network, he will begin making plans to hunt them down and destroy their network. If the Perverts helped in his rescue, he will become a staunch supporter of the group. Carabol knows who to thank, and will make a good long-term friend and employer for the adventurers.

A Final Note - The carrying out of this campaign is going to get the Net's attention; for good or ill. The Net tends to be rather aloof from humanity, but this adventure is a great launching board for rare, future "Net as patron" campaigns. As a beginning adventure, it should really just introduce adventurers to the Net and let them meet it on some level. But also as an introduction, **Archetype Mine?** will likely, no matter how interesting or entertaining the adventurers are, only get them put on the Net's list as some "folks to watch". Remember, the Net does not really care if the adventurers live or die. It is just interested in how they do it and why.

In this regard, a gamemaster must be careful. The Net shouldn't turn into a convenient *deus ex machina* for the sake of the campaign. Nor should it become the Charlie of Charlie's Angels circa 2894CE. The Net just doesn't fit well (I'm sure it would agree...) as the faceless but benevolent Boss. It will become as tired a plot device as marauding orcs and kidnapped damsels.

And that would be a shame.

January 1, 2002

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