

The Astonishing Tales of



Oscar Diggs

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PCs

- [Oscar Diggs](#) [Captain Joy]
- **Phil Unsk** (AC)
- **Rocky** (Cal)
- **Merlin** (Ian) - purple stoned mage
- Brainy **Soren** (Joe)
- Brainy **Rick** (Simon)
- **Digor - giant skeleton** (
- **Dillon** the dog - Digore's pet
- Communist Robot **Collectivist Prime** (Michael)
- **Eusyram** - pole-cat/weasle with swiss-army pole arm
- **Perrety** (Shoe) - pixie (tooth fairy?)

KIA

- power armor **Bill** - (Ian)

Leaving Ultraviolet City

[26 March 2020]

The Black City is to the west, and that is where I want to be.

BARKEEP: Mr. Bootykins, that was an unprovoked attack upon you.

BOOTYKINS: We are prepared to forgive this insult to our person if all occupants of the table agree to accompany our person ...

A poo smeeling dude in brown robes will lead us: Gallas Flackas is a mutual friend of Poo-Dude and another of our table.

LONG FINGER PHIL: [says something I don't catch]

New Cat: You're in a pickle. I can get you off the hook.

Old Tom poaches us with a better offer. Our driver is DimBulbBob.

So we all load up with a caravan that is about to move out. They are transporting some Memory Crystals: something Satraps use to hold their memories (therefore they are ransom fodder).

The caravan is loading up for the satraps. One of our troop protests: loading up "rainbow apples", but not the lingerie!

And so it begins: several carts start moving out into the pre-dawn light of the Ultraviolet Grasslands, propelled by diesel engines or pulled by freak-animals. The wall of the UV City slowly shrinks in the distance as we travel west.

Collectivist Prime (robot) is concerned about the potentially exploitation of the workers, but has trouble convincing a long-bearded ox-like-thing to better his lot.

We travel all day. As the sun is setting. We come upon a giant chair and someone 20' tall. This is the stop for yellow beer, apparently.

Last Chair Salon: food, cat coffee, wine. There is a halfling: Marsa. \$200 cash is our per diem.

The team is zealously concerned with the memory crystals.

WEST

Steeps of the Lime Nomads = NW is one past West

Steeps of the Lime Nomads = SW

...wait, I'm confused. Maybe too much yellow beer...

50 xp +10 xp (for shouting We go West!) +50 xp (for play report)

Wumpus Schmopus

[Thursday, April 2, 2020]

There is some heist of *memory crystals* afoot. PowerArmor Bill somehow hacked into the truck carrying the *memory crystals*. DimBulbBob is unconscious as a result. I've maintained plausible deniability of the enter affair.

DIMBULBBOB: [to Rocky] Um, what happened last night.

ROCKY: Well, you had a lot to drink and got into an altercation with some exotic dancers... We found you over there, about 100 yards, and we put you in the back of the truck.

DIMBULBBOB: What about my tooth.

ROCKY: Don't know about that; I'm not a dentist.

There are about 25 people on our caravan, and we are one of several caravans.

I meet **Roger** and **Henry**

They say they've been out west before, but they're idiots.

OSCAR: Just you two? You're not worried about the dangers?

HENRY: We got this. [Pulls out a Wembly Revolver.]

OSCAR: I got this. [Shows my Fusil.] But it runs on plasmic cores; and I'm out. You know where I could find some?

HENRY: Any tomb of the ancients.

PowerSuit Bill gets them to show us a map of the tomb they plan on raiding. He snaps a picture of it.

After breakfast, we are moving out. We seem to be on a fairly direct two weeks journey to the Porcelain City.

Day 9

A big black plumb of smoke erupts from the truck.

DIMBULBBOB: Does anybody have a recursive frombulator?

SHARONNA: She takes interest and seems to be in authority, and agrees we need the part.

It's going to take them the rest of the day, and we do see a porcelain mound about 1000 m away. I need some plasmic cores, so I'm happing to check it out. Phil Unsk is worried we're leaving the caravan unguarded—which is our job.

PowerArmor Bill lends me a plasmic core, just in case things get crazy out there.

We get to the porcelain mound, it's got some cracks, but someone will need to be the first to climb it. Nobody brought rope. PowerArmor Bill climbs up. With some difficulty —we pull our cart right up against it, we use the skeleton's ribs as stairs—we all get to the top.

Again, PowerArmor Bill takes the lead. It's dark, but he has lights on his power armor. We all jump down. We all listen. We hear squeaking—probably bats, there is some wind blowing. Brainy Soren says it's a Wumpus lair. Not good, but if we kill it, it should have some nice stuff.

BILL: I say we try the northeast hole

ROCKY: Why?

BILL: Because I'm from the northeast

ROCKY: Ah, so you're a racist. Well, go on down and lead the way.

Bill sees the tunnel goes northeast and down a bit. The breeze might be picking up a bit. Almost 50' in, Bill sees two other passages, but you'd have to climb around a pit to get to them.

We decide to check out the other tunnels off the main room. One leads to another room. Soren gets out a scroll and maps our progress. Bill puts marks the clay tunnels as we go.

We get to another room with three entrances/exits. There seems to be a pattern. We tend in a southerly direction.

Bats! Rocky files a gun. Phil stabs one. Other's flail wildly. I do club the last bat with the my Fusil. It's wounded! Phil captures it in his cloak, and PowerArmor Bill punches it —killing it.

+40 XP

Rocky notices one direction stinks — Wumpuses stink. They are fearsome, but we hope we'll be able to shoot it to death in the tunnel before it gets to us.

BILL: Hey, Wumpus!

And here it come: teeth and bristles and suction cups and more teeth and eyes...

Bill fires his Fusil. It hits! It's still coming. I hit it with my Fusil. Rocky misses with his pistol.

And it's on us! Soren swings at it, but it dodges. Collectivist Prime blasts it with his arm-mounted canon in it's center of mass, but it doesn't seem to do much damage. Digor swing his axe, slaying it! It collapses and disintegrates into smelly green smoke.

Where there are wumpusses, there is treasure; in this case: small strong boxes, furniture, etc.

PowerArmor **Bill** will opens a box—noticing and bypassing the trap-trip-wire-first—and finds 6 plasmic cores and some combine bullets.

Now that we know the boxes are trapped, Phil opens the next box. There is a trap, and 5 plasmic cores and a pistol made out of porcelain—it looks like it takes a plasm core.

PowerArmor Bill wants to cut up the furniture, but I stop him, worried he will destroy valuable furniture. He's careful, but as it turns out, the furniture is old. Bill finds a potato glowing with a strange green light. I recall [made a Luck roll] that this is a *cure disease potato*. I give it to our cook, Rocky, and inform him to prepare it for the next person who has a disease, but not before.

There are also 6 Wumpus eggs. Phil and Digor nestle the 6 Wumpus eggs into the stuffing of the purple recliner.

As Phil and skeleton Digor move the recliner, Phil notices it's been scraped a bit and seems to be made of ivory. Digor offers that a Behemoth could have been the donor.

We get back and Sharon and DimBulbBob are relaxing with drinks; obviously, they got the job done.

Another 8 days and we arrive at the Porcelain Citadel. The Porcelain Princess and the Spectrum Satraps hate each other, which means the *memory crystals* won't be unloaded here. So the thieves among us don't have t deal with them right now if they don't want to.

75 XP (and I got 3 plasmic cores! (had to split them 3 ways))

Porcelain Princes are Wack

[R09 Apr 2020]

On to the Porcelain Citadel with our now working vehicle, some plasmic cores, and an indigo colored ivory couch.

Discarded Meat Shells?

Phil rips his pants on a piece of cinder slag. While I'm letting him know, Phil notices 4 ragged humans about 100 yards off. There is something ... wrong with them.

— — —

UVG Metaphysics Aside:

The self has three parts: the Ha, the Ba, and Ka,

Ha: body

Ba: personality — separates one consciousness from a different consciousness

Ka: soul/animating force

— — —

We inform Sharona about the approaching dregs.

SHARONA: Hey Bob, put on the breaks.

The pathetic troop continue to approach.

SHARONA: Grab your weapons. Don't fire yet.

They don't have weapons. They have vacant expressions; some are drooling.

I advance to within about 3 yards of them.

OSCAR: [Holding my hand in a "halt" gesture] Good people. How may we help you.

They notice me, maybe a drool a little more, and keep shambling towards us.

OSCAR: Woe, woe, woe.

The keep coming. I run back.

Power armor Bill blasts one.

Phil fires a bolt, but the thing dodges. Well, they can move fast when they want to. It's now rushing Phil! I blast it with my Fusil.

The giant skeleton Digor hacks another with a battle axe.

Digor gets clawed by the reaming zombie(?). Brainy Soren swings his astrolabe at it, badly wounding it. It swipes at Digor again; minor damage again.

Communist robot Collectivist Prime inspires us with a poem about rising up against the oppressing ... emaciated humanoids. The zombie(?) attacks again, but fails to connect.

Communist robot Collectivist Prime punches with his metal arm and drops it.

50 xp

Phil checks them out. The three that still have their skulls have been trepanned on three places equally spaced around their heads—looks infected. There is a silver fluid around the trepanation holes. Their tattered clothing used to be bluish-grey jumpsuits.

SHARONA: All clear! [She pounds on the hood of the truck.]

PHIL: Have you seen anything like this before? Any idea what they are/were?

SHARONA: The Vomies are violent mechanicals: machine minds from long long ago. They operate by capturing creatures and rewriting their source.

On the other hand, the Porcelain Princes may have discarded some drones: they wear bodies, don't you know.

We're a bit worried these four things might only be the beginning of something worse. Sharona doesn't seem too worried about it.

Communist Robot Collectivist Prime has a chat with the truck. The truck wants to head west, but complains its recursive frombulator is about 3 mm too large. We stop for the day and I spend the balance of the day whittling it down.

TRUCK: Go faster! Go wester! Honk!!! Honk!!!
Some much for stealth. Nothing around us seems to have been alerted.

Stinging Nettles

During the first watch, something ... lots of something are crawling toward us, just outside the campfire light. Dillon, the giant skeleton Digor's dog, starts barking. Oh ya, it's go time.

Phil screams.

Collective Prime's ankles are being stung by ambulatory stinging nettles! Brainy Soren climbs onto the truck, but one of the little beasties stings him: his ankle is on fire, a rash is spreading. A lamp gets thrown into a dense knot of them, burning two of them up. I grab a log out of the fire and do some damage to these swarming little plant monsters. Brainy Rick also uses a fire log to drive them all away.

30 xp

Porcelain Citadel

The next morning we're on the road again. That day is uneventful. The day after that, we arrive at the Porcelain Citadel in late afternoon. There are 20'-tall humanoid porcelain giants arrayed about every 15° around the city wall. They look identical. There is a camp set up outside the citadel; they gives these statues(?) a wide berth.

SHARONO: Looks like we miss the Prince's address today. As soon as the haze clears, we should hear about some trading tomorrow.

Every night before dawn (or after sunset), a purple haze — a thick fog — descends. This will get worse as we had west. Power armor Bill learns that the porcelain robots will attack if you try to enter the city.

The Porcelain Princes wear white porcelain masks. The Spectral Satraps wear brightly colored suits and glass helmets. The Spectral Satraps have need of memory crystals, the Porcelain Princes do not; so we'll probably just sit on them for now.

Brainy Soren chats up some others that are waiting around here. They overcame a vome infestation at some ruin. They said they didn't get it all cleared out; we might find it still worth checking out.

Many-Cracks Five-Body

The morning is purple and foggy, as per normal. The haze burns off about 8:30am. After that, two 7' tall porcelain figures march out of the Porcelain Citadel—a door just appeared. They march in lock step and speak in unison.

Porcelain Figures: This road leads to the high house. Only the penitent may enter.

Porcelain Figures: We have a message. Who is Phil. [Power armor Bill points]

Porcelain Figures: You and your compatriots have been selected to serve the Porcelain Prince. Come kneel before the porcelain throne and declare your allegiance. We all kneel to the Porcelain Throne, except Communist robot Collectivist Prime. Sharona looks upset she wasn't invited.

Porcelain Figures: [to Collectivist Prime] Remove yourself from our firing perimeter, you filthy communist.

We are informed that our Phil has arranged a meeting with Many-Cracks Five-Body. We are lead down a few streets to a low flat rectangular building.

We standing in front of 5 porcelain figures, they speak in unison.

Many-Cracks Five-Body: Hello, we understand you have something for us.

I do the talking for the party. They want a sample. They pass it around. On of them breaks it open and inhales the prismatic spray. As a group, they clearly enjoy the experience. They offer us **500-cash**.

Power armor Bill tries to negotiate with them for a jet pack. They want 200-cash for one. Or, we can looking into the disappearance of a distiller: We bring the vodka or the distiller, Bill gets a jet pack.

Brainy Rick offers them rainbow apples. They'll give us **50-cash** for a 20-lot of rainbow apples.

The cash are coins with a center hole; you carry them on a sting. Rick gives Sharana **38-cash**, (nearly all of) her cut of the Rainbow Apples. I buy 6 plasmic cores and 6 provisions. Others stock up on weapons and grenades, you know, stuff we'll need.

We don't see any reason to wait around, so we set out at noon to find the distiller.

Silver Worms

2 silver worms about 8' long erupt from the ground on either side of us. One bites me (**-3 stamina**), but I manage to bash it away with my Fusil. Phil tags it with his grappling hook. It's flowing silver blood tries to flow back into it. Collectivist Prime ... raps about how villainous these worms are to attacking weary travelers. Rick hit the worm that Phil's grappling hook attached to it. I blast it with my Fusil. Digor hacks it with his battle axe, cutting it in half. Silver stuff pours onto the ground, which tries to gather up, but ultimately fails; the worm collapses.

The Other Worm: [to Collectivist Prime] How dare you accuse us of being... you are the lackeys of capitalist...

It spits something at Collectivist Prime, misses. It tries to bit him; Collectivist dodges.

COLLECTIVIST PRIME: Can't you see they're making us fight each other.

Digor cuts it with his battle axe; silver oozes out of the wound, theN oozes back in. Digor is bitten, he worries poison has entered his arm. Silver is oozing from his wound. The worm attacks Bill next, a nasty bite right through his power armor, a fang enters his right shoulder and he feels the poison. I smack it with my Fusil, bruising it. Phil whiffs with his knife. Bill fires his fusil at point black. Silver sprays everywhere.

100 xp

It's pretty clear that some of us have been infected by Vome nannites. Bill took the worst of it, but insist we continue on.

Bill: "Jet packs are cool!"

Shwew, I feel fine the next morning.

We travel for bit and find ourselves at the edge of the distillery. There are orchids of cherry trees; they're ripe, but unharvested. Hmm.

75 xp (and I'm up 6 plasmic cores, 6 provisions, and 47-cash)

Into the Bowels of "The Dragon Also Rises" Lair

[Thursday, May 28, 2020]

Eusyram, with assistance from from a few of us, use his pole arm to access a hatch that will allow us further access to a downward stairway. It is checked for traps; there are none.

Going down, the is a crasher painted orange. The door opens smoothly.

We're in a room with flickering recessed lights: 15' is an orange door on the West wall with a crash bar; there is a black door to the South. The door we came in is at the North, it's side in this room is black.

Pole-cat Eusyram pushes a ceiling tile up so pixie Perrety can take a peak. Eons of dust and crud, including a 12 oz. can of something with a buxom girl in a bodice holding two steins. This is enough to send Pixie Perrety flapping helplessly on the ground; Phil ministers to her.

Merlin looks through his wizard staff, yet this completely mundane room is completely blocking his mage vision. Interesting. Obviously they have something they want to hide.



Brainy Rick pushes the crasher or an orange door into the next room: there are two doors. We think one leads to stairs; the other have four warning signs.

Digor pushes the door with the four warning signs on it. There are spikes in the floor, and above there appears to be trap door: four triangular leaves.

Phil, using a grappling hook, climbs up through the trap door into the room above. gets us through the trap door into the room above. No giant boulder or anything tries to kill him, so we all follow him up.

The room, more a long hallway, has a mosaic floor and painted walls. There is also a the a big stone face in the wall with a note on it.



We also find an interesting ... archway. Pole-cat **Eusyran** pokes his pole arm into the mist; yes, it is a portal. Digor walks into the mist and returns.

DIGOR: It's not a death pit.

We all go in. It's hexagonal room with several door. The misty barrier is in the NW corner. The room is constructed of large stone blocks; they are wet and slimy.

A crayfish, obviously agitated, asks what we're doing her. Phil tries to gay bond with it. I tell him we're he for repairs. He says, that's fine; no one has been here for 16 million days. He warns us not to wake the thing in the giant sheet he gestures to. He ask's for a treat and Merlin obliges.

The head up some stairs to the west, water it trickling down. It leads to a door. Merlin puts a hand to his temple and looks intently at the door. Merlin looks behind him, there is a humongous crab inside the giant shell. We open the door.



There is a melodious voice, or maybe just water dripping. There is a soft light illuminating a sandy beach.

MERLIN: Hello there, who is singing.

The singing stops. We hear a splash. There is a corridor with a stream running down the middle of it. Merlin says it's salt water, and lays down on the sand.

I relieve myself, adding my water into the ample sea. A woman's head pops up out of the water a short distance away.

NEREID: What are you doing! Peeing in my home?!

Merlin talks her down; she's into the "purple weed". Pixie Perrety is enamored. The woman walks out of the lagoon: she's super hot, and naked, but covers herself. She's a nereid. She's lights up some purple weed that Merlin gives her; she has her own purple pipe.

There are some swirling and hypnotic ellipsoids about. Phil is so taken with them that we all notice them. Their smell ... I lick one: these ellipsoids contain the souls of heroes from long long ago! E.g. an elvin hero.

*[We can text Adam for a conversation with the nereid if we want.]
300 xp (+50 xp if play report)*