

BACKGROUND

In the time before the Great Rain of Fire, the men of Blackmoor had several survey stations set up around the northern polar rim to monitor the Beastmen that had been driven into those areas. A spur of rock jutting from beneath a depression in the glacier made for the perfect location for one such station, sheltered from the frigid winds, and far enough from the magic-nullifying zone that blanketed the great opening into the center of the planet.

Scientists and technomancers conducted research on the anti magical region, and its effects on the local flora and fauna. Some of these specimens were placed in hibernation, to be shipped across the Brunian Sea to be studied at the University.

But then disaster struck: The planet heaved and roiled like a thing alive and enraged. The skies blackened, and the rains of molten stone and elemental Fire began.

The bed of ice in which the station had been built sheltered it from the worst of the punishment. The station's Throne relays tumbled and blew away like petals under a giant's breath, and flaming stone sealed the access shaft.

The earthquakes and wrenching of the lands around the station upset several of the scientists' experiments, and also knocked one of the dragonstone reactors offline. One of the staff was caught in the outflow vent as the reactor's shielding collapsed, and fell to possession of one of the demonic entities that had been trapped in the black dragonstone at the core of the power plant. Other, weaker demons, diffused through the station, some of them able to find refuge in the remaining scientists and staff.

Fortunately, the station's i.V.E.E. awakened when the backup power supply came online, was able to deduce what had happened, and immediately placed the Lightning Road chamber into lockdown. She armed the few remaining security measures throughout the station. Using the station's automata, she was able to subdue the creature that had once been one of the difference engineers, sealing it in the medico quarantine chamber.

Twice, the engineer — now effectively a wight — has managed to free itself from the cell, only to be thwarted in its efforts to gain access to the Lightning Road chamber. The i.V.E.E.'s last effort in securing the wight resulted in the loss of her remaining automata. If the wight frees itself again, she will not be able to stop it directly, and it will only be a matter of time before the creature defeats the station's static defenses and door locks.

The wight's latest plan involves attempting to overload the failing backup dragonstone generators by continuously invoking the quarantine cell's ward barriers.

The PCs arrival gives the wight another avenue of escape, should it free itself a third time...

ADVENTURE HOOKS

There are as many reasons to venture into the depths of Spire Rock as there are adventurers. Some possible hooks are listed below, but feel free to allow PCs to come up with their own reasons for wanting to explore the ruins, if none of these are appropriate for your campaign.

Smoke signals. A thin plume of black smoke can be seen trailing from the tip of the Spire, where none was ever seen before. What has the recent earthquake shaken loose up there? If the PCs are not curious on their own, perhaps a village elder tasks them with finding the source of the sudden smoke.

Lights in the dark. A strange, blinking light has appeared at the peak of the Spire, dimly visible during the day, but very noticeable at night. The pattern is even, and repeats itself after every twelve or so flashes. The PCs are tasked with finding the source of this unnatural beacon.

Moynton's haul. The merchant Moynton is more than a week late for his usual twice yearly visit to the village markets. This season, the market is abuzz with as much talk of the strange items he brings as the ludicrous price he charges for the oddities: figurines of a strange shape, made of a glossy material of stone-that-is-not-stone; round serving platters of a similar material, and dining implements of what looks like steel, but fashioned in a way none have ever seen. When asked about these strange items, he will eventually admit that he found them in the depths beneath Spire Rock... and that it cost three of his guards their lives in securing the loot, of which this is but a tiny fraction, the contents of the one small sack he was able to secure. There is more — much more — to be found below. Now, if the PCs are interested in a little business venture, he is more than willing to help finance another expedition... for a cut of the profits, of course.

OVERVIEW

A recent earthquake cracked the magma seal isolating Research Station Zetron-Theta from the rest of the world. The quake knocked the remaining dragonstone reactor offline, and the facility is now running in a minimal-power mode off of a failsafe backup generator. The wight knows that this power source is finite, and is trying to deplete or overload the facility's power grid to shut down the quarantine chamber's warding and xeron cycling systems.

This has not gone unnoticed by the station's i.V.E.E, but her efforts to counter the wight are hampered by a colony of dust mephitis jamming several of the facility's main difference engine's gear columns.

After nearly thirteen hundred years, the imprisoned wight is days— perhaps hours— from freeing itself for a third and final time.

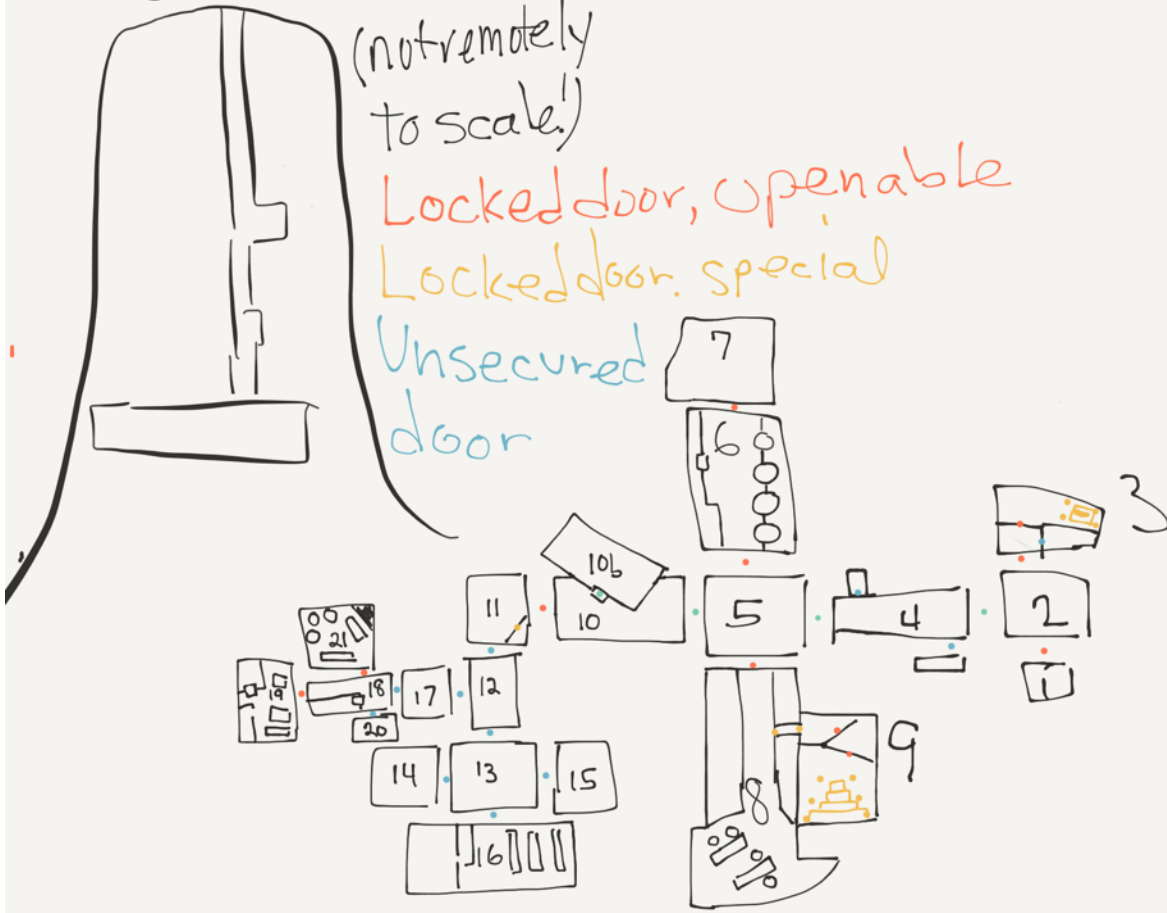
The station's i.V.E.E. will seek the PCs' aid, attempting to communicate with them first through the station's lighting and security systems, hoping to guide them to the difference engineering chamber. Once the PCs defeat the dust mephitis wreaking havoc on the gear columns, the i.V.E.E. will have the computing power she needs to manifest as the station's Voice. If she can win the PCs favor, she enlists their aid in stabilizing the reactor core, bringing the station back up to minimal — but infinite — power.

Cross Section
(not remotely
to scale!)

Locked door, openable

Locked door, special

Unsecured
door



Scribbly map is scribbly.

Location Key

The Shaft

The PCs can only reach the station by descending the communications array access shaft, which was partially cleared by a recent earthquake. The durasteel handholds anchored to the side of the shaft are largely in place, but there are three sections where they have been torn away, requiring DC 13 Strength (Athletics) checks. (Using rope and climbing gear grants advantage on these checks) It is about 700 feet to the interior access hatch, which is covered by rubble. It takes 3 man-hours of work to clear enough of the stone from the hatch to even make an attempt to gain entry. Each man-hour of working after the first decreases the DC 25 Strength check to force open the battered hatch by 3, to a minimum of 13.

1. Access Access Way

This cramped alcove is littered with debris from the shaft above.

2. Entry Crossway

Hatches stand on three of the walls of this squared-off chamber. A globe mounted above each of the doors, sheds fitful, yellowed light. They flicker once, twice, once again before dimming from a torch's brightness to that of a candle for several breaths. Another couple flickers, and then they brighten again.

3. Airlock

Two smaller hatches stand opposite the main entry.

The hatch to the left leads to the decontamination chamber. The one to the right opens into the guard's control room. The *readingglass* panes of the console are cracked and dark, though several colored lights wink to either side of it. Beyond, on the other side of the decontamination chamber, a bulky arch of braided gold, silver, and platinum stands atop a solid gold dais. Pylons taller than a man and about the thickness of saplings stand on each corner of the rectangular dais, topped with ovoid-cut clear gems easily the size of moss-beak eggs.

This is the facility's Lightning Road materialization chamber. Each of the gemstones atop the pillar are precisely -cut-and-aligned diamonds, through which the Lightning Road machinery focuses the Aether-bore. Even after 1300 years of cooling, they are still saturated with Radiant energy, and touching them without a hazard suit results in 2d4 fire damage and an immediate DC 25 Con save (at disadvantage) or suffer Phase 2 Radance poisoning (treat as *poisoned*, with exhaustion tacked on). Even with a suit, a DC 15 Con save is needed every hour to avoid Phase 1 poisoning (treat as *poisoned*).

4. Entry Corridor

The hatch hisses to the side as you approach it. Under the fitful flickering of the glowing light spheres, the corridor extends a good dagger's throw to another pale metal hatch. A rustling of rough cloth from the sudden disturbance of the door's motion can be heard above the place's low, ever-present thrum.

In addition to the door opposite, a smaller one is closer, situated along the wall to the left.

The single-hatch to the left opens into a hazard-suit closet. Of the five cubbies, three contain full suits, one contains the body suit, but is missing the helmet and gloves, and the fifth is empty.

A sealed suit cancels the disadvantage to Constitution throws needed to avoid poisoning from unshielded dragonstone radiation. Wearing the suit imposes disadvantage on hearing-related Wisdom (Perception) checks.

The corridor is cluttered with crates and cases of ancient supplies covered with moldering canvas tarps. The canvas falls to shreds if disturbed. Any supplies that may have been in the crates have long since turned to dust.

The smaller hatch along the northern wall opens to what looks like a jumble of gears, springs, and wires of brass, copper, gold, and silver. Several sets of prongs line plates to either side of the puzzle-box, looking like the settings where one might mount a jewel or gemstone. The closest, most prominent gears each sport octagonally-shaped holes in their centers. These holes all differ in size, not necessarily corresponding to the size of the gear itself.

Development: This is one of the station's difference engineering access panels. Through it, the engineers could tune, maintain or interrupt various automated luxographic routines. **Engineer's tools** are needed, in addition to luxographed gemstones. Otherwise tampering with the gears or stone settings causes a loud ringing alarm to sound, which draws 1d6 skeletons or zombies.

Without help from the station's i.V.E.E., the PCs have to succeed in four DC 25 Intelligence (Alien Tech) checks, with disadvantage, to puzzle out how the access panel works.

5. Crossway

Four doorways stand opposite each other in this chamber. To the left and right, red lights gleam steadily above a dark square mounted to the right of each door at about waist height. A green light winks from a similar panel on the doorway opposite the one from which you entered.

The hatches are not locked, but the station's i.V.E.E. is (perhaps not-so-subtly) hinting at which direction it might be in the PCs' best interests to travel.

6. Matter Reclamation

The stench of rot and decay hangs heavy in this long hallway, emanating from knee-high vats in alcoves along the righthand wall. Each is heaped to overflowing with mounds of unidentifiable, greenish-brown mass.

Unless the PCs are wearing hazard suits, they must make a DC13 Con Saving Throw or become nauseated by the fumes. (Treat as if *poisoned*)

If the PCs really wish to poke at the glop, four zombies claw their way out of the putrid stuff. Any claw attacks of the zombies that hit require the PCs to make DC 15 CON saves or contract *filth fever*.

One of the zombies wears a silver key on a chain around its neck. This is the *silver key* to the weapons locker in room 11.

The doorway to the left opens into a room full of pipes of all sorts of widths. What isn't a pipe is a wheel, or lever, or gauge.

These are all rusted into position, requiring days to get into any semblance of working condition.

Filth Fever

It takes 1d4 days for symptoms to manifest in an infected creature. These include fatigue, cramps, and chills. The infected creature suffers one level of exhaustion, and it regains only half the normal number of hit points from spending Hit Dice and no hit points from finishing a long rest.

At the end of each long rest, an infected creature must make a DC 13 CON saving throw. On a failed save, the character gains one level of exhaustion. On a successful save, their exhaustion level decreases by one level. If the save reduces the level of exhaustion below 1, the creature recovers.

7. Laboratory 1

Rows of tables are lined with glass beakers, arrays of tubing, and other obviously alchemical brick-a-brack, though any trace of chemicals or compounds they may have held are long since evaporated or turned to dust. Indeed, dust and cobwebbing hang thick over everything in the room.

8. Rec Room

The long corridor opens into a spacious chamber filled with furniture: two tables, a long, padded bench, several chairs. The entire curved southern wall is made of dark glass, which is cracked in several places. One of the tables holds a board of alternating hexes of white and black. Carved game pieces of the same material are scattered around the floor.

Treasure: The Kingsman board is made of ceramic tile, the game pieces (26 in all, 13 per side) enameled brass. Together, the set could be worth as much as 200 gp to a collector of antiquities.

The storage closet contains musty cloth, most of which falls to pieces when handled.

The doorway leading east is locked, requiring a DC 25 Dexterity check (with disadvantage) to open.

9. The Lightning Road

This set of rooms consists of the security annex, control room, and the Lightning Road machinery chamber itself. It is deadlocked, and the i.V.E.E. will prevent anybody from entering it (even the PCs) so long as the wight is “alive.” She simply will not chance the creature gaining access to the Lightning Road. Like the Lightning Road reception chamber, the machinery mostly consists of a great arch made of braided gold, silver and platinum, but this one is of a size to accommodate two carts side-by-side with room to spare. Rather than four pylons surrounding it, a pair each flank what look to be three broad paving slabs of solid gold. Along the back wall is a tangle of tubes, ducts, vents, and exposed gold, silver, and platinum wiring.

A low crystalline pedestal stands at the foot of the Roadway, riddled with dozens of cylindrical impressions. Several of these are fitted with rods of various types of differently colored crystals, six in all.

10. Difference Engineering foyer

10b. Difference Engineering

The thrumming felt throughout the station can be felt most intensely in this chamber. The room is also a bit warmer than the rest of the facility, the heat emanating from the angled walls.

The door opens to an intensely-hot chamber, filled with a clinging, oily-smelling mist roiling over and around clattering, grinding and hissing columns of brass gears. Masses of braided brass, copper, gold and silver threads snake around the floor, winding up support columns dotted here and there throughout the room. Golden motes of light can be seen bursting here and there within the mists that roil among the strange metal gear-pillars, followed by a grinding of the gears, and a high pitched cackle of laughter.

A pair of *dust mephits* inhabit this chamber, wreaking havoc on the great difference engine, stripping various gears, pulling wiring loose, and venting the gear-columns’ coolant, creating the heavy chemical-laden mists that fill the room.

Developments: After several rounds, the PCs will need to make DC 13 CON saves, or begin getting dizzy and light-headed. (Failure inflicts disadvantage on all Ability checks while within the fog) Every few minutes spent in the room requires another CON save. Three failures in a row indicates that the PC has fallen unconscious. Fortunately, the air is clear and breathable below knee level, (thus, removing the rolls’ disadvantage) and the PC can recover with another DC 13 CON save.

Treasure: The mephits’ nest of wiring, strung between two difference engine columns, contains a small globe perhaps 6 inches in diameter, and a sack containing six gems: Azurite (10 gpv), a brown banded agate (10 gpv), a moonstone (50 gpv), a zircon (50 gpv), jet (100 gpv), and a garnet (100 gpv)

A brilliant blue gemstone sits in a silver mount between two *readingglass* panes on the main console. If the PCs wait, they can see silver filaments within the stone gleaming steadily brighter, and it fires a burst of silvery energy at whichever of the cavorting mephits flutters closest to it.

This blue dragonstone contains the research station's i.V.E.E.

The i.V.E.E.

Small guardian spirit, true neutral

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
—	—	—	17(+3)	12(+1)	16(+2)

Armor Class: 17 (stone)

Hit Points: 5 (resilient object)

Languages: Common, Elven, Sylvan, Draconic, Orc, Goblin

Senses: Darkvision, 60', passive Perception 11

Skills: Arcana +5, History +5, Persuasion +4

Actions:

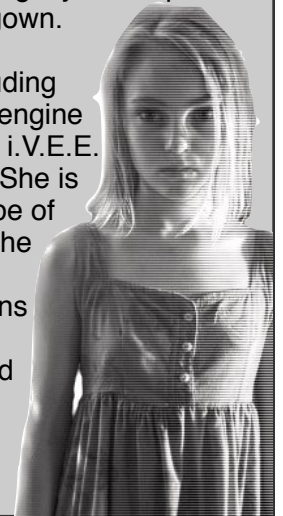
Spark. Melee or ranged attack 30/60 +3 Damage 1d8 lightning



The i.V.E.E.'s physical form is that of an exquisitely cut blue dragonstone mounted in a silver fitting. If necessary, she can manifest a projection of herself, the equivalent of

a *minor illusion*, but capable of both auditory and optical illusion. The illusory form can be maintained by concentration. Typically, i.V.E.E.s take the form of their personality template, a small, slight blonde girl with brilliant blue eyes and slightly pointed ears, garbed in a simple white gown.

With the dust mephits' marauding through her physical difference engine workings brought to an end, the i.V.E.E. is able to interact with the PCs. She is relieved, and only too eager to be of aid to the heroes. The truth is, she has grown bored and lonely, as the wight, zombies, and skeletons have not been the best of company over the past thousand years.



11. Conference Room

A long, dusty table flanked by four pairs of chairs dominates this room, indicating it was a meal or meeting chamber of some sort.

Age-faded pictures and worn plaques adorn a case in one corner of the room.

A heavy duty metal door stands in the southwestern corner. Instead of the usual slick black panel, the surface bears a pair of keyholes sit above matching three-by-three grids of buttons. Each button bears a single-glyph marking. The keyhole on the left is rimmed with gold, the glyphs of the buttons likewise gold. The one to the left is a greenish-black — no doubt it would prove to be silver after a bit of polishing.

One zombie in the composting heaps wears the *silver key*. The *gold key* is in the boot of another of the zombies in **Sleep Bay 1**.

Both keys as well as the six-glyph key codes are needed to open the weapon storage locker. If the station commander or the security chief wrote down their glyph combinations, those papers have long since turned to dust. However, the records of their entering the combinations *do* exist in the station's luxograph archives.

It requires an eight-step Intelligence (Alien Tech) check to search the archive gems after they are found and mounted in the luxograph decoder. Alternately, if the PCs have made a favorable impression with the station's i.V.E.E. she can simply tell them the combinations after a moment's "thought."

The Weapons Locker

Several of the rack slots are empty, but two laser rifles and one laser pistol remain, along with three rifle energy clips and one pistol energy clip. Age has taken its toll on the power cells, though, and they only contain 30-60 (1d4+2x10) percent of their full charge. (DMG p. 268)

Though they do not look like much, three common red dragonstones, one uncommon black, and a rare white are the real reason for the double locks and multi-glyph pass codes.

12. South-western access way

Whatever its purpose of this chamber might have been, it is difficult to tell: the walls are smeared with signs of a terrible struggle, with deep scorch marks accompanying the rusty streaks and dents. An armored suit or metal golem lies on its back, one arm torn free at the shoulder, the other bent backward at the elbow. The thing's head is twisted 'round the wrong way. The maul-like extensions shielding surprisingly delicate looking fingers are caked with rust-colored stains.

13. Hubway

This chamber looks to be in much the same condition as the access hall: the walls and hatches spattered with rust-colored age-dried blood stains, and scored with soot-blackened gouges.

The hatchway to the right has a single dark line painted on one side of the hatch, while the hatch to the left bears a double-line marking.

14. Sleep Bay One

This chamber contains five bunks, all more or less the same: mouldering mattresses and bedding on creaky metal frames. Several of the bunks' privacy curtains are drawn, but sagging.

Zombies lurk in the bunks with the drawn curtains, and all three lurch to attack if any one of them is disturbed. A handful of gems are scattered among what remains of the inhabitants' personal belongings. A golden key can be found in the boot of one of the zombies. This is one of two keys needed to open the weapons locker in Room 11.

15. Sleep Bay Two

The air circulating through this area is somewhat drier, as the door did not seal completely when the facility went into shutdown. Thus, rather than zombies, *five skeletons* lurk in this module, rising to attack en masse if one of them should be disturbed. As with the zombies in **Bay One**, a scattering of small gems can be found amongst the rags and dust.

16. Galley

Rows of tables, benches and chairs mark this as some sort of common room. The floor is littered with broken dishes and scattered metal utensils, in addition to the ever present grit and dust. To the right of the door is kitchen-like area of low counters, cupboards and wash basins — all metal.

The galley is home to an *ochre jelly*, which hauls itself out to attack the PCs when they enter the room. Odd metal eating utensils and square ceramic plates and bowls litter the floor. A metal basin is also half filled with them (the water long since evaporated). Seven complete sets can be pieced together from the jumble of otherwise cracked or broken dish ware, and might fetch as much as 25 g.p. apiece to a collector.

17. MedBay Annex

Tall lockers line the walls of this entry foyer. A rack opposite the lockers hold what may have once been white gowns and jumpsuits, now faded to a dingy gray. The material feels oddly crinkly and rough to the touch, and rather than buttons or ties, they bear a strange, toothed seam along the front. Or is it the back?

A small glass-sided booth is tucked into one corner, with metal pipes and nozzles jutting from one wall and the ceiling above.

These were the medical staff's coats and jumpsuits, into which they changed to avoid contaminating the station with potentially lethal research materials. The chemical shower no longer works, the water ductwork having burst when the facility was heaved up during the Great Rain of Fire

18. MedBay Hall

This hallway shows the same battle damage as the **Hubway**: long carbon-scored streaks along the walls and floor, dented and dinged struts, metal cabinets thrown every which way. Another hulking man-shaped metal suit slumps in one corner, its chest-plating torn open, and a mass of tubes, gears, wires trailing from the “wound.”

A small door off to the left has a length of piping slid through the handle, holding it shut.

Developments: A PC listening at the door can hear an irregular shuffling sound. Attempting to open the door brings a hammering of blows from the other side. The four zombies the automaton managed to herd into the room will burst through the door if the piping is removed, if the PC(s) do not succeed in a DC 18 Strength check to hold the door shut.

19. MedBay

The hatchway's hydraulic lines have been cut, which prompts the *readingglass* pane to flash a red-triangle error message. Two DC 18 Strength checks are needed to produce a gap wide enough for entry through the hatch. The interior is dark, save for muted red lighting from the *glowstones* above the main door and the quarantine chamber's door.

Dingy, stained sheets or tarps cover what could be biers of some sort, two against the lefthand wall, a third angled along the right. It is obvious from the drape of the cloth that there are figures — bodies or carvings, perhaps — underneath.

The far end of the room contains walls of fog-shrouded glass of some sort. A door of similar material stands within a thin metal frame, the only break in the seamless wall. It is marked at shoulder level with horizontal stripes of alternating white, red and white, interrupted by solid red triangles every so often.

The sheets do not move or stir on their own, only moving when disturbed, revealing badly desiccated corpses, faces and limbs twisted in horrible ways.

Something... else... seems to be within the chamber, a deeper shadow barely discernible within the mists.

The fog within the chamber is magic-dampening xeron gas, which is keeping the *wight* in a sluggish state of half-sleep. It will approach any PC near the doorway, and rasp that it needs them to let it out, that it will reward them, etc. The wight will say what it thinks a PC wishes to hear in order to get itself released.

If the PCs don't buy it, the creature flies into a rage, hammering at the *glassteel*. Its undead minions rise up from beneath their shrouds. (Treat as zombies with maximum hit points), making for the *readingglass* pane to deactivate the quarantine unit. Fortunately, *readingglass* does not respond to the touch of undead. If the i.V.E.E. is awakened, or with the PCs, she will give any of the creatures touching the pane a jolt equal to a *shocking grasp* for good measure.

While within the xeron fumes, the wight is at -4 to STR and DEX, its speed is halved, and supernatural abilities are similarly weakened.

If the locks on the door are deactivated, the xeron begins to vent, and the creature regains STR and DEX at a rate of one point per round.

Developments: If the wight is brought back up to full strength, it will be able to reanimate fallen undead, or bring those that were not initially animated back to life. By foregoing one weapon attack and touching one of the corpses, it can reanimate the body. Those undead brought back in such a way have half as many hit points as normal. If the wight has used its Life Drain ability, it can imbue that stolen life energy into reanimated undead, restoring as many hit points as it Drained, to the undead's maximum HP value.

20. Oxygen Reclamation Control

The **Oxygen Reclamation** machinery hums and ticks away, having been kept in working order by a compliment of *four skeletons*. The rags clinging to their bony frames indicate they were part of the engineering crew. They attack with large, heavy-headed wrenches (treat as maces).

21. Biomanipulation Lab

This laboratory is yet another jumble of glass tubing, equipment, and scattered bric-a-brac. Three tall, *glassteel* suspension tanks stand in the corners. Only one is occupied, containing a lumpy, misshapen ruin of flesh, dotted with staring, rolling eyes and variously gaping or gnashing jaws filled with needle-like teeth.

The creature in the suspension tank is a *Gibbering moulder* (MM p. 157). Tampering with the tank inadvertently opens it, and the moulder is only too happy (or is it hungry?) to attack the PCs.

A glass cylinder rests among a tangle of machinery and tubing on the table in the middle of the research chamber. A large brownish nut or seed, veined with gold, hangs suspended within the cylinder. Beside it, a scattering of gemstones lie next to a small metal box. Inside the box, two sets of silver mounting brackets sit to either end of a *glowstone*. A pane of *readingglass* stands next to the device, all of it covered in an age of dust.

Development & Treasure: The “seed” is a prototype anti-demon barrier device, and the gemstones are the luxographed notes of its inventors. The box is a *luxsihth*, a device used to record or play back impressions luxographed into a gemstone. The records are scattered around the desk are incomplete, written in Old Thonian, requiring extensive research of ancient languages to decipher.

Most of the smaller gp-valued stones are personal or duty logs, summarizing daily goings on within the station. Those of middle value are experiment records or entertainment luxographs: encapsulated motion-catches and games of some sort or another. Those of higher gp-value are magical caches — the equivalent of a spell scroll, containing an equivalent spell effect of cantrip or 1st level power.

Glossary

Difference engine: a magi-mechanical calculating/computing device. First-generation models used complex columns of gears and switches. Current models use pulsed-light-encoding rather than gear-column output.

Dragonstones: intensely magical gems which contain seemingly infinite amounts of elemental energy. Each different type is attuned to a different element or aspect: red: fire and earth; black: shadow and lightning; white: positive energies; blue: air; green: water.

i.V.E.E. [abbr.: *interactive Virtual Education* (or *Entertainment*) *Emulant*] a luxograph consisting of a personality imprint married to an Aetheric S.H.A.D.E.; typically used as instructional aides, facility operations stewards, data-core archivists, etc. More recent iterations have been drafted for gameplay purposes, providing either self-contained opponents or assistants (more often than not filling both functions)

Operational constraints of the luxograph limit i.V.E.E.s to only certain, prescribed functions or capabilities. (c.f. *Alternity Assist*, *Knowbot* programs) See also:

Luxograph: instructional coding for a modern difference engine pulse-etched into gemstones, through which finely focused filaments of light are shone. The resulting light patterns are read and deciphered by receptor panes of *readingglass*, to be enacted by the difference engine.

Readingglass: wafer-thin panes of specially cut and enchanted red dragonstone, primarily used for displaying visual output from a difference engine, as well as touch-based input. Also capable of imprinting and recall of written documentation, eliminating the need for quill, parchment, and tomes.

S.H.A.D.E. (abbr.: *Sentient Heuristic Aetheric Data Entity*) The primary life form native to the Aetheric plane, thought to be composed of pure knowledge. Typically only viewable on the Prime Material plane through any sort of reflection.

Xeeron: A highly volatile anti magical mineral, usually dispersed as a gas. In high enough concentrations, it completely nullifies magical and supernatural abilities, preventing the casting of spells, whether they be from memory or spell book. Per-use magical item used within a xeeron cloud will fail 90 percent of the time, and only be half as effective the other ten percent. Permanent magical items only work to half effectiveness, falling to one-quarter after twenty minute's exposure.

Ranged spells cast into a xeeron cloud are rolled with disadvantage, and even if they manage to keep cohesion within the cloud, the spell is only half as effective, which can be further reduced to one-quarter effectiveness if the victim makes the save (which is rolled with advantage).

Blography:

The i.V.E.E. and the S.H.A.D.E.: <http://thornschronicle.blogspot.com/2014/01/magitech-of-thorns-world-that-was-shade.html>

Readingglass: <http://thornschronicle.blogspot.com/2013/12/from-netbook-magitech-of-world-that-was.html>

Difference engines: <http://thornschronicle.blogspot.com/2013/12/from-netbook-magitech-continued.html>

Dragonstones: <http://thornschronicle.blogspot.com/2015/07/project-dragonwatch-dragonstones-part-1.html>

Author's Note:

This is a (hopefully) working draft. Be warned that probably much of what is intended in running this adventure is still firmly lodged in the author's head and probably has not made it entirely across in this early draft. Details are more than likely missing, or glossed over at best. Adventure at your own risk. Or, better yet, take notes and send in some feedback:

through email (thorn_chronicler@icloud.com)

on Twitter ([@ThornChronicler](https://twitter.com/ThornChronicler))

or you can leave a comment:

on the blog (<http://thornschronicle.blogspot.com>)

on the Facebook group: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/585552698222202/>

on the Google+ community: <https://plus.google.com/communities/111667005196184277182>

Further notes:

Chamber(s) 9 has been intentionally left undeveloped, as the mechanics of the Lightning Road are (for now) unimportant, except as a MacGuffin to keep away from the adventure's villainous wight. Use by untrained individuals would ultimately result in the more disastrous of errors common to the *teleport* spell. Yes, the i.V.E.E. knows full well how to use the eldritch machine, however, her knowledge of the surface dates back to before the Great Rain of Fire. Thus, it is entirely possible that either she has never heard of the place to which the PCs would like to go, or, in teleporting them to someplace of her own suggestion, said location is more than likely either no longer there, or has become entirely inhospitable to (demi-)human life.