

CRISIS

OF THE WORLD EATER

PREQUEL: A WARNING TOO LATE

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PATHFINDER
ROLEPLAYING GAME COMPATIBLE

CRISIS

OF THE WORLD EATER

CAMPAIGN SERIAL PREQUEL: A WARNING TOO LATE

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ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

All across this world, an unexpected psychic broadcast seeps into the mind of every living thing, filling their minds with portents of death and destruction. Tens of thousands of people, especially those attuned to magical forces, are driven to suicide. The Confederated Nations, the world's most bountiful empire, immediately launch an investigation, tracing the broadcast back to the Kray Wasteland. The wasteland is the result of the Kray Comet striking the world just over a century ago, a thousand miles south of the capital of the Confederated Nations.

Officially, it is too irradiated to enter safely, but facing the possibility of another deadly broadcast, they have little choice otherwise.

Unofficially, the Confederated Nations knows exactly what caused the psychic scream. The Kray Comet never actually struck this world. Instead, the comet was convenient cover for a strange visitor from the stars: an indestructible construct who fell from the sky—the Chronicer. When their great minds couldn't awaken it, they began experimenting, grafting parts from it onto their own soldiers in an attempt to create better, stronger, and more powerful warriors.

They very nearly succeeded—a dozen super-powered warriors were born in the laboratories of the Complex, each with fantastic powers. All of them, however, died or went missing almost immediately after their enhancement. Shortly afterwards, the visitor began stirring, and the Complex and the experiments carried out therein were struck from all records.

But the secrets gleaned in the Complex were already in the hands of the secret society of the Onyx Cabal. In the shadows, they began their own experiments to create super-powered warriors. Unstoppable warriors loyal to their cause of toppling the Confederated Nations by any means possible.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

Major Marco Depompa, of the Nations' Army, leads a preliminary strike force (the PCs) to the site of the supposed meteor strike. Instead of a crater, however, they find a squat grey building: a long-abandoned outpost of the Nations' Army. Inside, the party discovers more than just the scavengers they expected.



Three extraordinary humanoids have arrived in the Complex ahead of them, drawn by the same broadcast that killed so many others: Vault, with unbreakable metal skin and untiring piston-muscles. Ozone, whose arms are laced with complex devices that allow her to manipulate weather, magnetism, and electricity. Synapse, whose deep-brain implant grants her telepathic and telekinetic powers.

These “super-warriors” know the halls of the Complex well, for it was here where they were created. Since then, they have roamed the wasteland, half mad and half ashamed of what they have become. Only their connection to the creature at the heart of the Complex has spared them—and drawn them back to where it all began.

For at the heart of the complex, the Chronicler waits, desperate for anyone to hear his warning. Saitan, the Deliverer of Omega, is coming. And if the world does not act now, it will soon be nothing more than ash.

STARTING THE ADVENTURE

This adventure begins in the middle of the Kray Wasteland, with the PCs en route to the impact site. They were hand-selected as capable soldiers by Major Marco Depompa (LG male human aristocrat 5 / paladin 4), who has been chosen to lead the mission into the wasteland. The entire affair was a whirlwind; each PC was pulled from their regular duties, teleported to the capital, Shonawnig, and then together with the others transported to about a dozen miles from their destination with minimal briefing or time to prepare.

Marco will fill in the PCs on what little there is to know: they are to find the meteor strike and stop, isolate, or at least identify the source of the psychic broadcast. They are to use whatever means they have at their disposal to do so, and when it's done he will signal for an evacuation with a wand of sending.

Though he is a capable combatant, Major Depompa knows better than to get in the way of field operatives, so he won't join combat unless asked or attacked. Instead, he will set up a base camp for the PCs to retreat to. In either case, he can use his lay on hands (2d6, 2/day) to heal the PCs if they find themselves in a pinch.

Major Depompa has no knowledge of the true nature of the Kray Wasteland, or of the Complex.

CHAPTER I -- THE KRAY WASTELAND

For the past century, the Kray Wasteland has been an arid desert, occupying the eastern half of the confederate nation of Vaende. In an unmapped corner of the desert is the impact site, the exact point where “the Kray Comet” struck. It doesn't appear on any maps, not because the site was dangerous or unimportant—although the Confederated Nations claimed it was both—but because at the impact site the Nations' Army built a highly classified facility.

The Complex, visible from a little more than a mile out, is a massive star-shaped building surrounded by roughly a hundred smaller buildings. While the Complex was active, it was a

functional small city, though now it is home to ratfolk, wild dogs, and other desert scavengers who have moved into the abandoned structures in great numbers.

THE GANGS OF THE WASTELAND

While there are a number of scavengers in the Complex, by far the dominant among them are the ratfolk. In most places around the world, these rat-like humanoids are gregarious traders, welcoming their brethren and total strangers alike. In the Complex, however, so close to the pained psychic influence of the Chronicler, they have transformed into something else entirely.

They have become incredible insular, loyal only to those who can force their allegiance and to their closest family members. They spill blood over baubles and sips of water, and have no patience for outsiders, except as far as they might use them.

With the Chronicler's broadcast, things have gone from bad to worse. It affected nearly every gang leader, leaving only two major gangs intact:

Da Skullz: These ratfolk dress in black, adorning themselves with the skulls of their enemies and any others they can find besides.

Sharptooths: These ratfolk dress in green and file their teeth to points, though they are too brittle to be used in combat. Rather than killing disabled opponents, the Sharptooth folk chew on them, leaving nasty and crippling scars.

Any ratfolk who don't belong to either of these gangs are considered unaffiliated. These ratfolk function like a third gang, but the unaffiliated have no true loyalty to one another, and they are as likely to fight one another as anyone else.

Regardless of their source, all ratfolk gang members in this adventure use the same stat block, given below.

RATFOLK GANGER

CR 1/3 — 135 XP

Ratfolk warrior 1 (*Pathfinder Reference Document*)

CN Small humanoid (ratfolk)

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** –1

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+6 armor, +2 Dex, +1 shield, +1 size)

hp 6 (1d10+1)

Fort +3, **Ref** +2, **Will** –1

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft.

Melee heavy mace +4 (1d6–1)

Ranged dart +4 (1d3–1)

Special Attacks swarming

TACTICS

During Combat Ratfolk gangers all swarm about a single target whenever possible, making use of their swarming ability.



Morale All ratfolk gangers flee once more than one member of their group fall in battle.

STATISTICS

Str 9, **Dex** 15, **Con** 12, **Int** 12, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 9

Base Atk +1; **CMB** -1; **CMD** 11

Feats Weapon Finesse

Skills Handle Animal +3 (+7 vs. rodents), Intimidate +3, Stealth +7

Languages Common, Thieves' Cant

SQ rodent empathy

Gear heavy mace, 10 darts, breastplate, light wooden shield, 35 gp

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS IN THE WASTELAND

No matter where in the adventure the party encounters a group of scavengers, roll 2d8 and consult the following tables to determine their encounter.

TABLE 1: SCAVENGER GROUP

Die Roll	Encounter
1–3	2d4 ratfolk gangers (page 4)
4–5	1d4+1 ratfolk gangers (page 4) and a dire rat (Pathfinder Reference Document)
6	2d4 wild dogs (as dog; Pathfinder Reference Document)
7–8	2d4 human or ratfolk skeletons (as human skeleton; Pathfinder Reference Document)

TABLE 2: SCAVENGER ACTIVITY

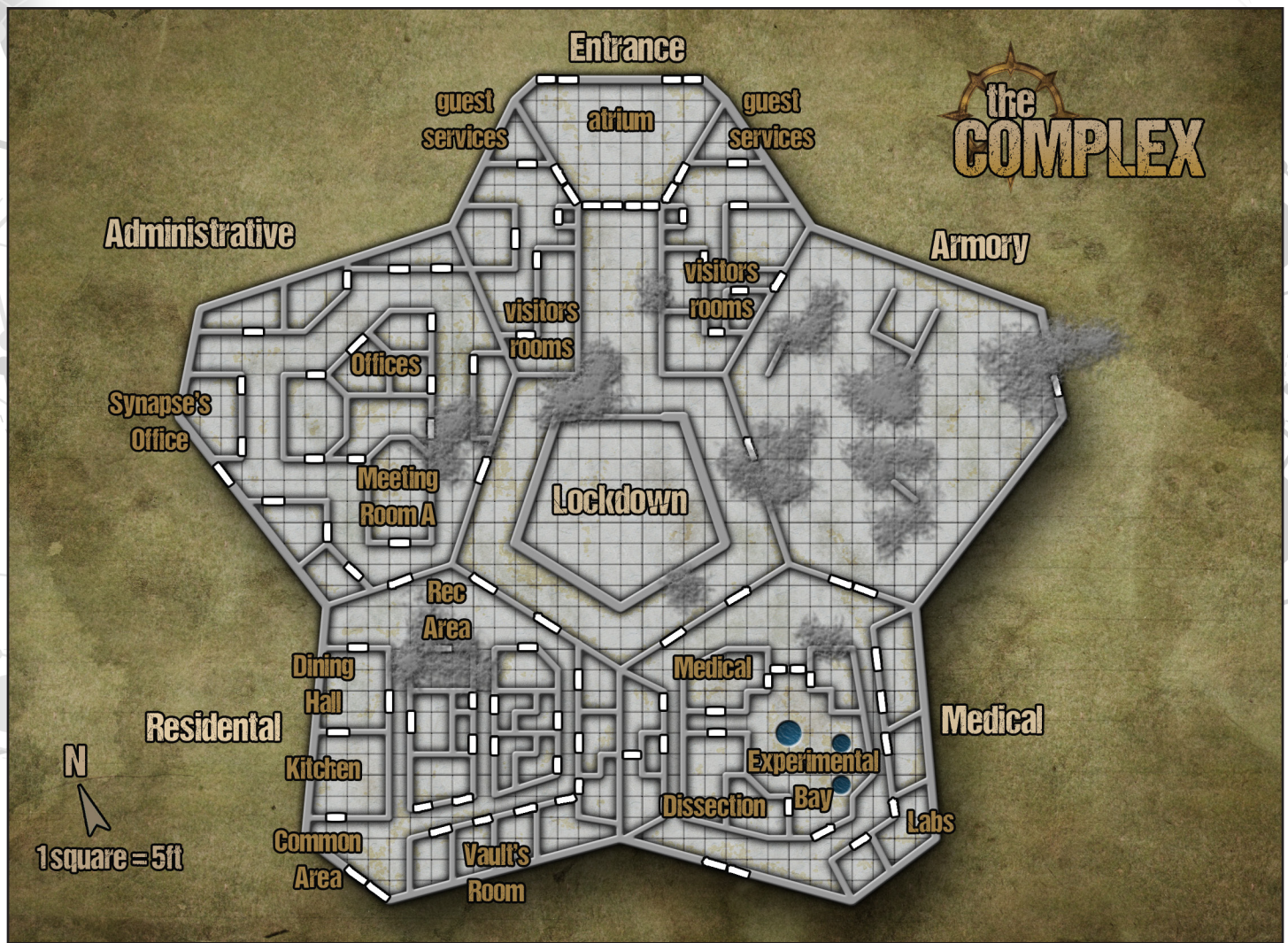
Die Roll	Encounter
1	Searching for food or water
2	Returning from a fight (reduce hp by 50%)
3	Returning to lair with treasure (treasure worth 5d20 sp; reroll for non-sentient scavengers)
4	Just passing by on the way to somewhere else (not looking for a fight)
5	Defending territory (actively looking for a fight)
6	Fighting another group of scavengers (roll a second group of scavengers; reduce hp of one group by 25% and the other by 50%)
7–8	In lair, will defend to the death (guarding baubles worth 3d20 gp)

EXPLORING THE WASTELAND

For the first hour the party is in the wasteland, no scavengers will approach them, giving them ample time to reach and scope out the Complex proper, even enter it if they care to.

During the second hour, the party has a 5% chance every minute of encountering a random group of scavengers, increasing to a 25% chance if they're searching the buildings in the ruins or looking for a fight. After two hours, the party has a 10% chance each minute of encountering a random group of scavengers, increasing to a 50% chance each minute if they're looking for trouble.

At night, these encounter checks are made every 10 minutes instead of every minute.



Ratfolk gangers encountered in the wasteland have a 50% chance of being unaffiliated, or a 25% chance from being from either gang.

CHAPTER 2 -- THE COMPLEX

The Complex is an enormous star-shaped building with dozens of rooms. Most of these rooms are empty—either entirely, or home to only scavengers. As a result, the complex is simplified below into just six sections.

The outer walls of the Complex are made of magically reinforced stone, four feet thick. They have hardness 15 with 500 hit points per 5-foot section. Windows are plentiful, each being one foot wide by three tall. The interior walls are one foot thick, made of plaster over wood. They have hardness 3 with 25 hit points per 5-foot section. Ceilings throughout the Complex are nine feet high.

All doors in the Complex are good wooden doors, weighted to close after being opened. Though the doors can be locked, none of them have keys.

All hallways are lit by magical lights mounted in the ceilings, while all rooms are lit only by skylights.

RECEPTION WING

The north wing was used for reception and for housing important visitors. Faded signs mounted on the walls direct visitors clockwise toward the “medical bay” and counterclockwise towards “administrative.”

This wing has been taken over by scavengers and is the primary route they use to get in and out of the Complex. In this wing, there is a 25% chance each minute that the PCs encounter a random group of scavengers, increasing to a 50% chance if the PCs stop to actively search individual rooms.

This area is Skullz territory. Any ratfolk gangers encountered here have a 70% chance of being from Da Skullz and a 15% chance of being from either other group.

A PC who makes a **DC 10 Survival** check can identify that many small creatures regularly pass through here. Passing the check by 5 or more reveals that within the last few days, three pairs of booted feet also entered the Complex.

Guest Services: Mounted on the walls of these triangular rooms are large maps detailing the Complex. These maps are tattered and faded, though, making it only possible to identify the names of the Complex’s five wings.

ADMINISTRATIVE WING

The northwest wing was the administrative center of the Complex. It has several spacious offices and boardrooms that had served as homes to entire gangs of scavengers.

When Synapse returned to the Complex, mere hours after the Chronicler's broadcast, she settled into the former administrator's office. Still, her hatred of this place is tangible. Not only has it formed a field of energy that drives living creatures away, but it has also created a number of powerful, psychic echoes in key locations throughout the wing.

In this wing there is a 5% chance per minute that the party encounters a group of scavengers, but those scavengers will always be groups of skeletons wandering aimlessly.

Hazard: Apathy Field Synapse's loathing of the Complex saps the motivation of living creatures within it. Whenever a living creature enters the Administrative Wing, it must make a DC 16 Will save or become apathetic until it leaves the area, after which it remains so for 2d10 minutes. Apathetic creatures have their movement speed reduced by half, and whenever they roll higher than a 10 on a skill check, the result is treated as though they rolled a 10. This is a mind-affecting curse effect.

OFFICE

Though all the offices are spacious affairs, the one marked on the map has special significance to Synapse: it is where she volunteered to become what she is today, a super-warrior.

The first time a PC steps into this room, they find themselves in the middle of one of Synapse's memories. Read or paraphrase the following:

What was probably an office of sorts has been torn apart by scavengers. Yet, as you watch it, time seems to rewind, and a number of ghostly figures appear.

"Don't give me any of that," scoffs a broad-shouldered older man sitting at a desk. "Of course the risks aren't known. You just need to make sure it won't kill them."

"Well the procedure won't kill them, b—" says one of a cluster of men standing at the other end of the room, only to be interrupted by the larger man. "Good then. Round up some volunteers."

"I'm willing to take that risk." A halfling woman strides confidently into the room. "I can feel the power radiating off the visitor. Almost any risk is worth that."

Then the scene around you shatters like a thousand pieces of broken glass, leaving the room abandoned once more.

MEETING ROOM A

This spacious room is dominated by a large wooden table, above which is a grand, shattered skylight. The nest of a very large bird sits on the table, abandoned.

The first time a PC steps into this room, they find themselves in the middle of one of Synapse's memories. Read or paraphrase the following:

The wear and tear of this large room vanishes in an instant, replaced by a dozen ghostly figures sitting in high-backed chairs.

"It's agreed then. We build a lockdown around the outsider, as we don't know yet if it means weal or woe." The man speaking was large, older, and wearing the uniform of the Nations' Army. "That mental probe was a bit too invasive for my liking."

Those gathered all murmur assent and begin to stand. As they do they fade into whorls of smoke, ultimately leaving only one: a halfling woman toying with a small black token. And then she too fades away.

Development PCs who succeed on a DC 20 Perception check when searching the room find the black token described in the vision, with an eye carved on one side and a crumbling pyramid on the other. Its touch makes the bearer uneasy, but it is ultimately harmless.

SYNAPSE'S OFFICE

While she occasionally wanders about the halls of the Complex, Synapse spends nearly all her time here in the former administrator's office. She simply bides her time, waiting for the Onyx Cabal to arrive and take the weapon they've been seeking for so long—something the Confederated Nations can't stop.

She first made contact with the cabal more than two decades ago, before the Complex was even built. They warned her that the Nations were keeping secrets from their people. They warned her that the Nations would betray her. At first she didn't believe, but after her experiences here, she knows the cabal told her the truth.

She has been loyal to the cabal ever since, using her powers to slowly erode the Nations' power wherever she can. When she heard the Chronicler's broadcast, she contacted the cabal to let them know that "the outsider" is awake.

Every round Synapse is in combat, 1d3 skeletons are animated from the scattered bones around her. If she is defeated, they all immediately collapse into dust.

SKELETON

hp 4 (Pathfinder Reference Document)

In a silver-grey jumpsuit, this halfling woman would be pretty, if not for her exposed brain encased in a glass shell.

SYNAPSE

CR 7 — 3,200 XP

Female halfling arcanist 8 (Pathfinder Reference Document)
NE Small humanoid (halfling, enhanced)

Init +3; **Senses** Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 15, flat-footed 12 (+1 deflection, +3 Dex, +1 size)
hp 48 (8d6+16)
Fort +5, **Ref** +7, **Will** +8; +2 versus fear

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft.
Melee mwk dagger +9 (1d3–2/19–20)
Ranged force strike (1d4+8)
Special Attacks arcanist exploits (counterspell, dimensional slide, force strike, potent magic), arcane reservoir (11)
Arcanist Spells Prepared (concentration +15)
4th (2/day)—*shadow conjuration*
3rd (4/day)—*lightning bolt* (8d6, DC 13+), *major image*
2nd (4/day)—*acid arrow*, *mirror image*, *touch of idiocy* (DC 12+)
1st (4/day)—*alarm*, *hypnotism* (DC 11+), *mage armor*, *reduce person*, *ventriloquism*
0 (at will)—*arcane mark*, *bleed*, *dancing lights*, *daze*, *detect magic*, *light*, *mending*, *read magic*

TACTICS

Before Combat If anticipating combat, Synapse casts *mage armor* and *ventriloquism*.
During Combat Synapse casts *mirror image* and then *major image* to create illusory enemies attacking from all sides, while hiding her true position. She then typically uses *shadow conjuration* to replicate *summon monster III*.
Morale Synapse believes she can't be killed, so she fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 6, **Dex** 16, **Con** 12, **Int** 17, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 15
Base Atk +4; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 14
Feats Combat Casting, Eschew Materials, Toughness, Weapon Finesse
Skills Knowledge (arcana) +14, Knowledge (history) +14, Perception +7, Spellcraft +14, Stealth +10, Use Magic Device +13
Languages Common, Dwarven, Elven, Gnome, Halfling; telepathy 30 ft.
SQ consume spells
Combat Gear *potions of cure moderate wounds* (2), *potions of pass without trace* (2), *necklace of fireballs type II*, *wand of magic missile* (48 charges); **Other Gear** masterwork dagger, *cloak of resistance* +1, *ring of deflection* +1, spellbook, 17 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Psychic Powers (Su): At will, Synapse can cast *charm person*, *disguise self*, *mage hand*, or *unseen servant* as a swift action. These powers are considered psychic, rather than arcane, in origin.

Development If defeated, Synapse's implant visibly shorts out for several minutes before going dormant. It can be used as a key to bypass the inner doors of the lockdown.

RESIDENTIAL WING

The southwest wing of the Complex is the Residential Wing. It contains quarters for a half-dozen high-level administrators and their families, as well as more compact living arrangements for two dozen lower-level operatives.

This wing has been taken over by scavengers, but the gang who controlled it, the Redclaws, perished in the broadcast. Since then, it has been hotly contested by both gangs. There is a 15% chance per minute of encountering a random group of scavengers, and when they are encountered they will always be fighting another group.

When Vault returned to the Complex, he returned to his old room, here, to wait for the end.

VAULT'S ROOM

Before his procedure, Vault was a passionate man, but after his enhancement procedure, he became only a shell of his former self. Living in a body not his own, of which he doesn't have complete control, he has only two states of mind: comatose apathy and blind rage.

When the party first enters his room, he will be sitting motionless on the edge of his bed. He won't respond to initial queries, though a **DC 15 Diplomacy check** will bring him out of his reverie long enough for him to scream at the PCs briefly before zoning out again. In reality, he hopes that perhaps they will be able to help him. For even death is some form of escape.

This powerfully built dwarf appears to be wearing exceptionally heavy armor, though on closer inspection the metal has been entirely fused to his flesh.

VAULT

CR 6 — 2,400 XP

Male dwarf barbarian 7 (as sundering axe; *Pathfinder Reference Document*)
hp 93

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Unbreakable (Ex): Whenever Vault takes damage from any source that doesn't include precision damage, all damage dice are considered to be 1s.

Wreck It (Ex): As a standard action or as part of a charge, Vault can strike an unattended object within reach, dealing 100 damage to it (ignoring hardness). Fragments of this object shoot out in a 30-foot cone, doing 5d6 bludgeoning damage to all creatures. A DC 14 Reflex save halves the damage.

Development If defeated, Vault's armored shell will unlock and collapse in pieces to the floor, giving him a brief moment of peace before he passes on. Any of these pieces can be used to bypass the inner doors of the lockdown.

MEDICAL WING

The southeast wing of the Complex is the Medical Wing, where the procedures that created the super-warriors took place.

Though it once held a king's ransom in advanced magical and medical gear, it has been stripped down to almost the bones, leaving behind little other than a handful of rusted tools and eerily huge glass tubes.

This wing is occupied by scavengers, and there is a 10% chance each minute of encountering a random group of scavengers. This area is Sharptooth territory. Any ratfolk gangers encountered here have a 60% chance of being from Sharptooth and a 20% chance of being from either other group.

ARMORY WING

The northeast wing of the Complex was the armory—until Ozone returned to the Complex. Over the past few days, she has been tearing down this section of the Complex one wall at a time. Her enhancement procedure has left her somewhat unhinged, and she chuckles childishly every time a new wall comes crashing down.

She has piled the debris up against the main entrances to this wing, making them impassable. Entering through one of the adjoining wings leaves hair standing on end and metal weapons swinging erratically, as the entire wing has gained a static charge.

When the occasional scavenger manages to find its way in, Ozone uses it as target practice, pelting it with lightning or bits of metal until she kills it or it leaves. Because of this, there are no scavengers here. Instead, every minute the PCs spend exploring the armory, they have a 25% chance of encountering Ozone.

This tall elfen woman wears a close-cut shirt, revealing glass orbs connected by wires running up and down her arms, legs, and neck.

OZONE

CR 6 — 2,400 XP

Female elf sorcerer 6 (as storm sorcerer; *Pathfinder Reference Document*)

hp 35

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Magnetic Shield (Ex): Ozone is surrounded by a magnetic field that repels any weapons made of ferrous metal (e.g., iron, steel, mithril, adamantine). Any time a creature attempts to strike her with a weapon made primarily of one of these metals, it suffers from a 50% miss chance.

Magnetic Manipulation (Ex): Ozone can manipulate ferrous metal objects within 30 feet. As a standard action, she may make a ranged combat maneuver check to manipulate a creature or object wearing or made primarily of metal, using her Charisma instead of her Strength (for a CMB of +6).

Development If Ozone is defeated, her implants short out spectacularly, reducing her to a cooked pile of ash. The remains of her implants can be used as a key to the inner lockdown.

LOCKDOWN (CR 7)

In the center of the Complex is the lockdown, protected by an enormous steel door, nearly 15 feet wide, which has hardness 8

with 200 hit points per 5-foot section. There is no visible lock on the door—the control mechanisms are activated and deactivated by means of magic. A PC who succeeds on a **DC 25 Perception check** can locate a panel in the wall just beside the lockdown's door, revealing the control mechanisms. Activating them requires a **DC 20 Disable Device check**, along with either 5 electricity damage or a **DC 20 Strength check** to open the doors far enough to enter.

When the PCs finally breach the lockdown, they will see a second set of much smaller doors beyond. These doors are part of the Chronicler's vessel, which he has reassembled in front of the lockdown's outer door to allow himself time to rebuild uninterrupted. These inner doors have hardness 14 and 200 hit points, but will open automatically at the touch of Synapse, Ozone, Vault, or any of their enhancements. Alternately, if all three of them have been driven off, the doors will open with a grating screech 24 hours after the outer lockdown doors open.

Moments after the outer lockdown doors open, Black Silver and her soldiers choose to reveal themselves to the PCs.

Black Silver is the Onyx Cabal's attempt to improve upon the process used to create super-warriors here in the Complex, and while she has fewer powers, they are much more stable. Her footsoldiers have no such enhancements—they are mere thugs brainwashed by the cult's stated goal: overthrow the unfair Confederated Nations.

Black Silver will thank the PCs for their work in opening the lockdown—not knowing it remains sealed off—and inquire as to whether they wish to join the cabal in their righteous cause. If the PCs refuse, she will shrug, then order her footsoldiers to attack. Black Silver will command any PCs who accept her offer to assist her in securing the contents of the vault—by killing their former allies. There's nothing stopping the PCs from doing so, but the repercussions of joining the Onyx Cabal are beyond the scope of this adventure.

ONYX FOOTSOLDIER (4)

CR 1/2 — 200 XP

Human warrior 2 (as brigand; *Pathfinder Reference Document*)
hp 15

Dressed in black leather with a burnished metal mask, this lithe woman moves with grace and incredible speed.

BLACK SILVER

CR 6 — 2,400 XP

Variant female human monk 5 rogue (acrobat) 2 (*Pathfinder Reference Document*)

LE Medium humanoid (human, enhanced)

Init +6; Senses Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 17, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor, +6 Dex, +1 dodge)
hp 64 (5d8+2d8+28)

Fort +9, Ref +14, Will +5; +2 vs. enchantment spells and effects.

Defensive Abilities evasion, purity of body

OFFENSE

Spd 80 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +11 (1d8+3) or unarmed strike flurry of blows +11/+11 (1d8+3)

Ranged +2 shuriken +13 (1d2+5) or +2 shuriken flurry of blows +13/+13 (1d2+5)

Special Attacks flurry of blows, sneak attack +1d6, stunning fist (5/day, DC 13)

TACTICS

Before Combat Black Silver hides, typically in a different room.

During Combat Black Silver uses her incredible speed to dart in and out of combat and avoid being flanked. If she cannot flank with an ally, she will feint.

Morale If reduced to 20 hit points, Black Silver will tumble out of the fray and flee to drink healing potions (losing her mask as she does). If she thinks rejoining combat would benefit her, she will, but otherwise she flees.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 22, **Con** 19, **Int** 12, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 25

Feats Agile Maneuvers, Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Deflect Arrows, Dodge, Improved Feint, Improved Unarmed Strike, Stunning Fist, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +16, Bluff +9, Disable Device +11, Escape Artist +11, Intimidate +9, Perception +10, Sense Motive +5, Stealth +16, Use Magic Device +4

Languages Aklo, Common

SQ expert acrobat, fast movement, faster than the naked eye, high jump, hypermetabolism, ki pool (2 points, magic), maneuver training, purity of body, rogue talent (fast stealth), slow fall 20 ft.

Combat Gear *dust of tracelessness*, *potions of cure moderate wounds* (2); **Other Gear** +1 leather armor, cloak of resistance +1, +2 shuriken (10), silver mask worth 1000 gp, 180 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Hypermetabolism (Ex): Black Silver's internal workings act so quickly that any time she makes a Fortitude save, she rolls twice and takes the better result.

Faster than the Naked Eye (Su): Once per day as a free action, Black Silver can move so fast that it's like she has cast *time stop*. However, this burst of speed never lasts more than one round.

Development Once the PCs enter the inner lockdown, proceed to Chapter 3.

CHAPTER 3 -- THE CHRONICLER

Hunched in the center of the large pentagonal room is a small metal figure. A cascade of lights flicker up and down the roughly humanoid body like lifeblood flowing through veins. The closer you draw to it, the more you realize how cold this room is compared to the dry heat of the desert outside. As you approach, the figure turns its face to watch you, its movement somewhat eerie, just slightly wrong for its body.

The Chronicler is one of the few remnants of a powerful, advanced civilization devoured long ago by Saitan. Then mortal, he has since replaced his body with this immortal robotic form to continue his work beyond his natural life.

Before the arrival of Saitan, the Chronicler's duty was to explore the stars, seeking bounty and protecting his world from danger. When he could do nothing against Saitan's approach, he took up a new task: stop other worlds from suffering the same fate. Sometimes, his warning is early enough to prevent the destruction of entire planets. Other times, his warning was too late, and those worlds were lost forever.

Through a twist of fate, this time his vessel was struck by the Kray Comet as it neared this world, and he has been mostly unconscious for the better part of a century. He needs the world to know that Saitan is coming, and using all the power he could muster, he screamed of the end of the world as loudly as he could.

He is unaware of the collateral damage, but he would accept the cost. If it takes the death of ten thousand to save the lives of all, he would spend it every time.

Once he warns the PCs of the approach of Saitan—who now must be less than a lifetime away—he insists they leave. He expended the majority of the power he recovered over the last century to emit the psychic scream, and he must once again go into hibernation so as to be capable of supporting whatever defense the PCs decide to enact.

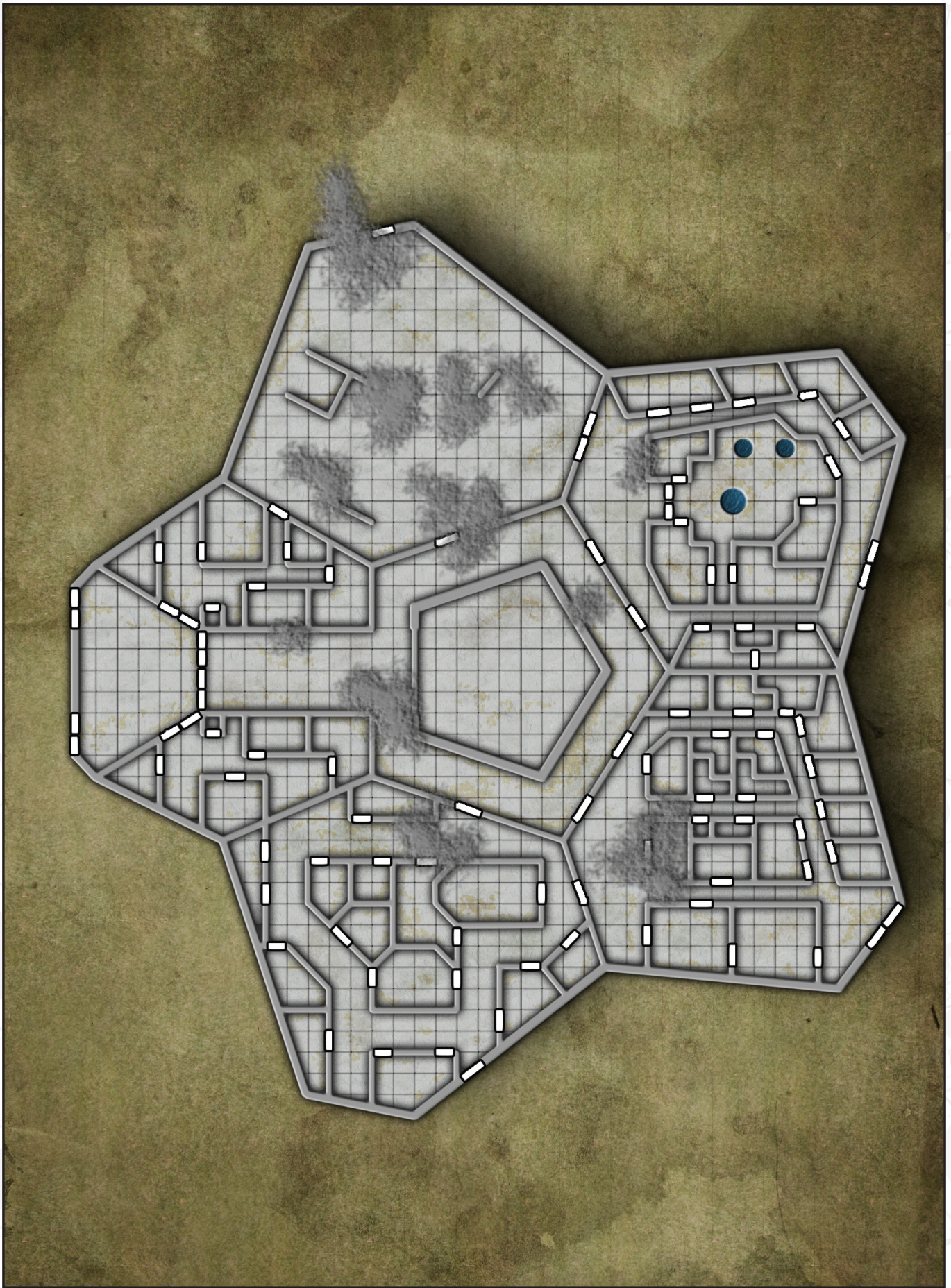
CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

As the Chronicler returns to hibernation, this adventure ends—but the Crisis of the World Eater is only just beginning. It will be nearly a decade before Saitan, the Deliverer of Omega, arrives on this world. Yet, the Confederated Nations isn't yet willing to believe the truth of the PCs' claims.

The party will be separated by enough bureaucracy to bury them for years. The Nations' Army will carefully watch the PCs to ensure this "conspiracy" doesn't get out to panic the general populace.

Vault, Ozone, Synapse, and Black Silver have no further official role to play in the *Crisis of the World Eater* Adventure Serial. If any of them escaped, though, they might return during later events, for good or ill.

It won't be until the arrival of Asa the Seeker that the world can no longer hide from the fact that The End is Coming!



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CRISIS

OF THE WORLD EATER

CAMPAIGN SERIAL PREQUEL: A WARNING TOO LATE

All across the world, an unexpected psychic broadcast seeps into the mind of every living thing, filling their minds with portents of death and destruction. Tens of thousands of people, especially those attuned to magical forces, are driven to suicide. The Confederated Nations, the world's most bountiful empire, immediately launch an investigation, tracing the broadcast back to the Kray Wasteland. The wasteland is the result of the Kray Comet striking the world just over a century ago, a thousand miles south of the Capitol of the Confederated Nations. Officially, it is too irradiated to enter safely, but facing the possibility of another deadly broadcast, they have little choice.

Instead of a crater, however, the supposed impact site is home to a squat, grey complex. Decades ago, this now-abandoned laboratory was used to endow a dedicated group of warriors with extraordinary abilities. Only three of these super-warriors remain: the powerful Vault, the clever Synapse, and the raging Ozone. Drawn by the same broadcast that killed so many others, they have returned to the Complex. They know what lies at the center - not a meteor, but a powerful entity from another world, who arrived here nearly a century ago with a grave warning.