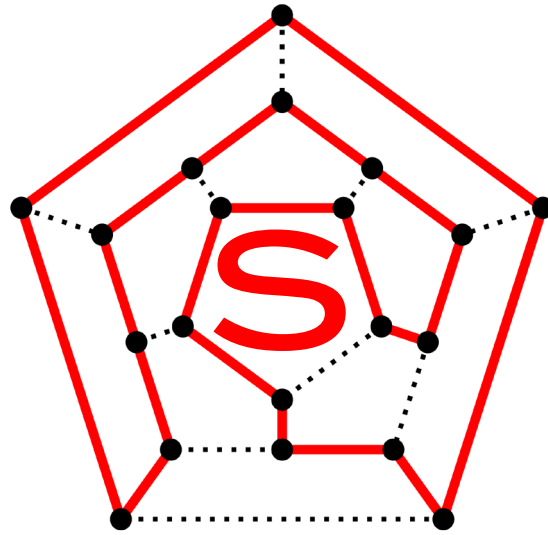


The Secret Project

According to the classified briefing that you received, the product is no less than a fully functional teleportation system. Such a system could revolutionize every single aspect of society. No more highway system. No more shipping overseas. No more travel by space shuttle. No more border security. How will it change transportation? Industry? Urban development? Space exploration? Warfare?

The Facility

Though they are making big promises, the SAT labs are pretty small and humble. Just a single smallish lab and a few other rooms. Are these three scientists the only science staff that they have? Did they really make this amazing breakthrough as a modest little garage startup? You had heard amazing things about Sufficiently Advanced Technologies. The reality seems to be... smaller. Not the giant well funded lab that you were expecting from their press releases.



SUFFICIENTLY

ADVANCED

TECHNOLOGIES

Information packet for

Bella Spelvin

MSNBC

Project ISIS presentation

January 22nd, 2021

Welcome to Sufficiently Advanced Technologies!

Everyone in a high tech industry has heard of **Sufficiently Advanced Technologies**. It's the impressive little startup that snatched up some of the world's leading physicists.

Led by maverick businessman **Alan Smithee**, the company has been spawning rumors and buzz aplenty, even without ever announcing what it's been working on.

Everyone seems to have a theory about what the secret project is. You have heard several before you were invited to this presentation. Some theories are mundane, some are outlandish. All of them were wrong.



Background

This being is unlike other apemen. This being is like a cuckoo, a being that hides in waiting disguised as another species. The human king **Bella Spelvin** has been dethroned and exiled while the this being sits as usurper upon Spelvin body-throne. This being, on of **The Clockmakers**, wears Spelvin's skin as a cloak. This Clockmaker is a ghost possessing Spelvin's body. A virus in his computer system. A radio signal jamming Spelvin's control.

Clockmakers are foreign, unknown to this world, like a strange light of distant stars. Clockmakers' home is so far away that no light can reach it, that no sound travels there. Clockmakers sing songs very different from those sung on earth. No human can sing the songs a Clockmaker sings.

This being is a hunter, seeking its prey in secret. **Grubbers** are prey, hunted criminals, heretics and witches. The war with Grubbers will last as long as the stars themselves, for Grubbers are as guilty as sin itself, and because Clockmakers must feast on the Grubbers. This Clockmaker had cornered a Grubber like a scared animal, but a shimmering field of light made your conquest a fading dream. The Grubber escaped as the wind through a net.

But this Clockmaker followed as relentlessly as the pull of a black hole. Stepping through the gateway between worlds, you seized the form of one of the gateway's watchers, Bella Spelvin.

For three risings of the Sun, the Grubber has used these apemen as hiding holes. But no longer. The light of your seeking will shine into their caves and show you the Grubber. Then you will kick the doorway open once more and drag the Grubber back through to the swift justice of the Clockmaker army.

Goals

Find the Grubber and eliminate it. Grubbers exist only to die, like the fleeting of an instant. You were dispatched to catch and consume this Grubber, like a messenger bearing death. Deliver your terrible news to the unknowing Grubber.

Open the gateway to the Negative Dimension. Your brethren are stilled trapped in the deep well of the Negative Dimension. Power on the teleportation device and lower a rope down to let them climb out.

Reveal to the humans the folly of their ways. Once you have freed the others of your people, expose the truth and rejoice at their terror. Humanity will be the new prey, and prey should know fear.

Sentient Races

The Clockmakers are unlike literalists or empiricists. Clockmakers do not value the physical or obvious, so like poets they never describe things directly. All their communication is via analogy, metaphor or simile. Speak in riddles rather than answer questions directly.

The Humans - Obnoxious monkeys dancing for any banana offered to them. Encaged in their own greed and sloth and stupidity and they don't even realize it. The stupid Manciple does not yet realize that you stole his keys.

The Infinity Guardians - Cosmic Jailers, more like. One of these tyrants called "**Ushas**" imprisoned your entire race inside the Hell-like **Negative Dimension**. Like panicked children, your people thought that a way out would never be found. But now you found one. Oh, yes. You will be the torch that lights the way to freedom. The hammer that breaks down the wall. The destroyer of the jail walls. And then the Clockmaker's revenge will crash across time and space like a wave against the shore.

The Grubbers - Once the entire universe was prey to the Clockmaker's hunters. Once imprisoned in the Negative Dimension, the Clockmakers found a single other race locked in as well. These became your new prey, out of feelings impossible to describe to a human. Hunting Grubbers is your primary pasttime.