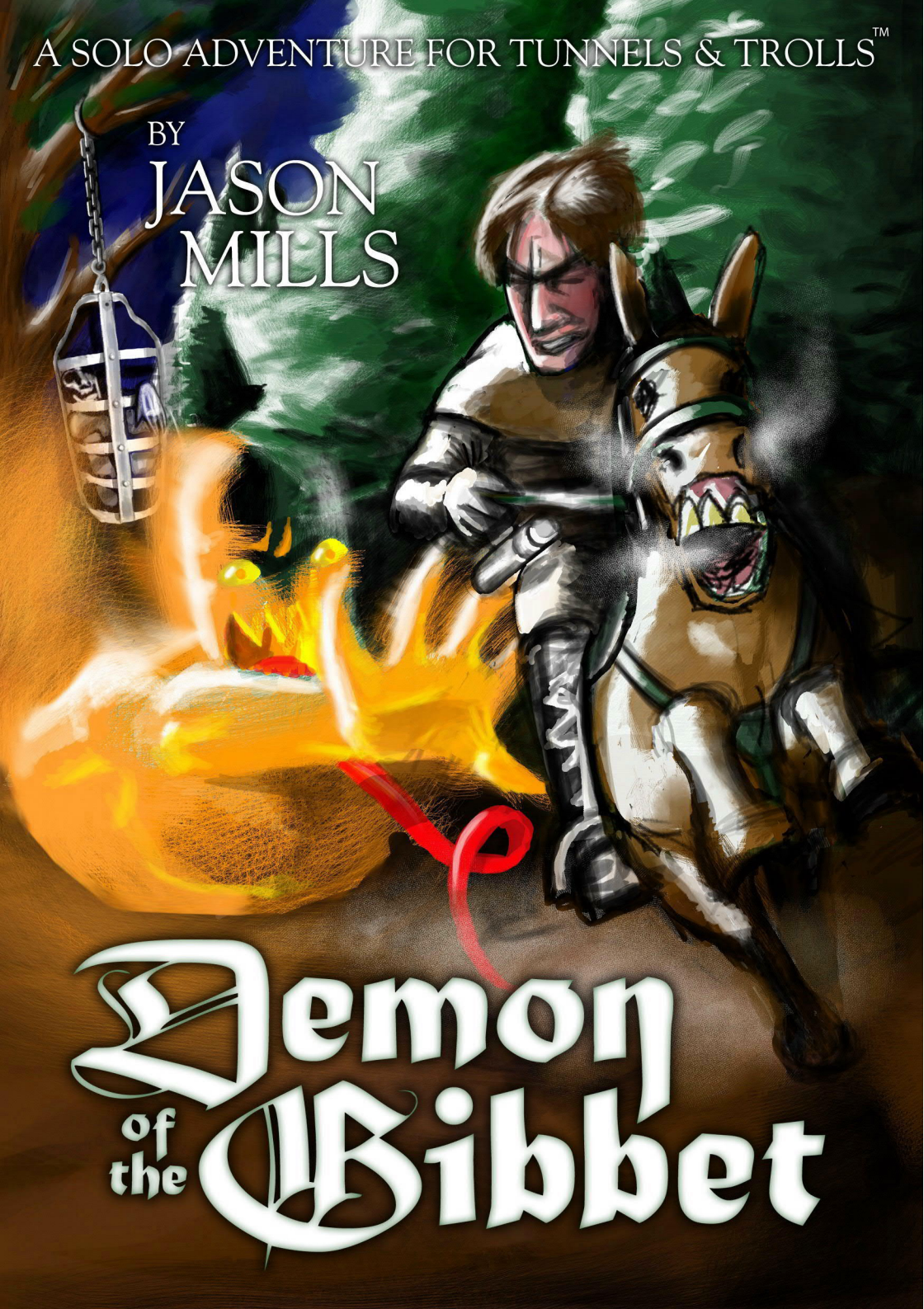


A SOLO ADVENTURE FOR TUNNELS & TROLLS™

BY

JASON
MILLS



Demon of the Bibbet



**SOLITAIRE ADVENTURE FOR
TUNNELS & TROLLS™**

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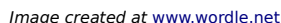
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(The depiction of *demon* movement, on the other hand, is entirely authentic, down to the last diabolical D6...)

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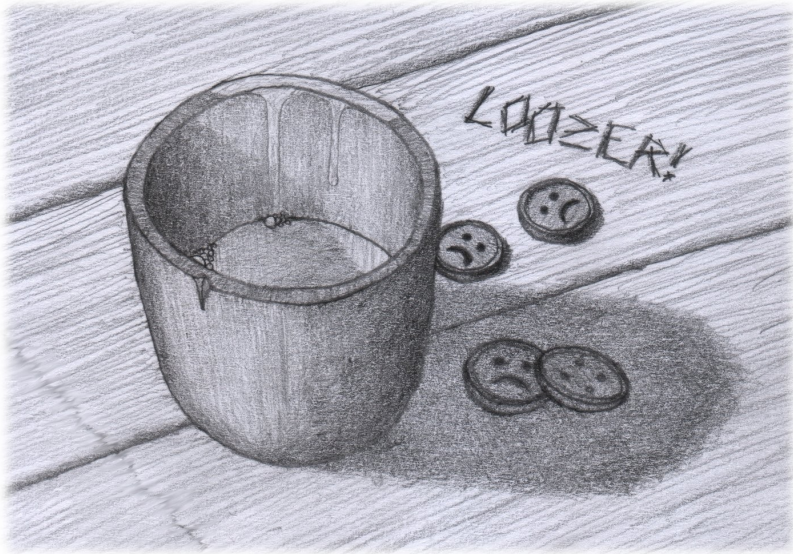
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INTRODUCTION



"And don't forget your gold, dear!" That was what your mother shouted as you fumbled with your straps, inexpertly donning the armour she had laid out on your bed. You of course rolled your eyes at the time, but now here you are in Humcumbwater, miles from home in search of your first adventure, and what did you do? Forgot your gold! So you sit in the corner of *The Rusty Anchor*, a dockside tavern full of loud and lusty sailors a-quaffing and wassailing, and all you can do is nurse a small cup of ale weaker than a fairy's grandmother and rearrange your coppers on the tabletop. Not quite the glamour and excitement you were hoping for!

But then the door of the tavern bursts open! A young dwarf in a purple fur-trimmed cloak rushes in and looks around wildly. (He must be young because his beard doesn't yet cover his belly.) His eyes are wide, his cheeks flushed, and he seems very much in a hurry. His gaze settles on you and in a trice he is at your side. He grabs you by the tunic and thrusts his face up close to yours. Nose to nose, he splutters his story.

"You!" he cries. "You look sober! You'll have to do. I need your help. I'll pay you fifty gold pieces. A hundred! No, fifty. Dammit, a hundred then. Listen! I am Cwizzikle the merchant. I am betrothed to Nuisancia, who lives in our village, Tatherport. It's north of here, past the gibbet, on the headland at the far side of the bay. She gave me a year and a day to make my fortune and return to her, and now I am come back, my boat laden with bridal gifts! But if I don't get a message to her by midnight, then at dawn she will marry my rival, Eggbert Limpspyne! I need to sail across the bay with the morning tide, to bring my treasures to Nuisancia. YOU! You need to ride around the coast to Tatherport for me and tell Nuisancia that her beloved is coming for her, and that she must not marry that oaf!"

Your eyes grow moist as you listen to the fellow's tale. Admittedly it's because your face is now filmed with dwarf-spittle, but still: it's an adventure! Full of romance and excitement! (And gold.) "I'll do it!" you cry. "I'll take your epistle up the coast road!" (A momentary hush falls over the tavern at this remark; but the sailors are men of the world and the hubbub soon resumes.)

"Good!" says the dwarf, giving your forearm a manly shake. "Here's 50 gold pieces down. Use them to hire the best steed you can! Orcwright's stable is at the edge of town on the north road. I will see you on the morrow and pay you the rest, and you can join my wedding feast!" And with that, he sweeps out of the tavern like a novelty broom.

Hmm. You have to hire a steed using the purse of 50GP that he's left you – out of the 100GP promised. That doesn't seem *entirely* fair. Surely expenses should be separately accounted using a system of approved receipts to authorise timely reimbursement from a dedicated fund budgeted prior to transaction? (Perhaps your mother was right to ask if you were sure adventuring was for you...) Still, the bay is only a few miles across and it's almost three hours to midnight: you might even get there in time on foot, if you walk briskly enough.

Well, Orcwright's stable is on the way anyway, so you can review your options when you get there. For now, drain your cup, gather up your coppers, wipe Cwizzikle's saliva off your face and wend your way out of the tavern...

HOUSEKEEPING

This solo is a quick first adventure for *novice* characters only. Equip yourself with some scrap paper for notes: as explained later, you will need to record your *Pace*, amongst other things.

Magic-users: should you happen to end up in combat, as a novice magician the only spells that might be useful to you are: *Dem Bones Gonna Rise* (summoning skeleton/s from bare earth close at hand to fight alongside you); *Take That You Fiend!*; and *Vorpal Blade*. A specialist Combat Mage might also have access to *Blasting Power*; *Little Feets*; *Unerring Blade*; and *Whammy*. You may also use *Poor Baby* at all times, if you know the spell. All these spells have their usual effects, whilst all others are not relevant to this adventure. *Kremm* resistance may be ignored, as your WIZ will exceed that of potential targets. Note that *Little Feets* can be cast on oneself or on a steed, as appropriate, to increase your *Pace* by 2.

In this solo, AP, Adventure Points, are noted only for special events. Also take AP after saving rolls, spell-casting and combat, in accordance with your normal practice.

There are different editions of the rules for *Tunnels & Trolls*™. This solo is suitable for all editions but is phrased with 7th Edition rules in mind, and 7th Edition characters may of course use relevant *Talents*. 7th Edition players should ignore alternatives provided in brackets for 5th Edition players.

5th Edition players please note: 7th Edition abbreviations are used for Prime Attributes throughout, so Intelligence is *INT*, Strength is *STR* and Speed is *SPD*; you may be used to *IQ*, *ST* and *SP* respectively. If you don't use the optional Speed attribute in your games, then when the text calls for a saving roll on *SPD*, use *DEX* instead. Where differences between editions are significant, appropriate alternatives are given in brackets. For example: "*Make an L2SR on WIZ. (5th: L2SR on INT.)*" Finally, AP have quite a different function in 7th Edition and are given out sparingly: 5th Edition players should *multiply by 5* the amounts of AP given in the text. (Compared to 5th Edition, 7th Edition characters tend to have easier saving rolls and harder combat, so it balances out.)

MY COINAGE FOR A HORSE!

You have never seen a fat orc before. Orcwright is as spherical as he is ugly, and much of his bare greenish abdomen remains regrettably unconcealed by the leather farrier's apron he's wearing. Nonetheless, at the forge in his stableyard he greets you with an engaging grin in the glow of the coals. When you explain that you need to hasten to Tatherport, he takes you among the stalls and shows you his wares.



"I has dis donkey," he tells you in his snarly voice. "Her you can hire for 9 gold pieces, she is slow but steady. And den dere's de old nag. She'll go a bit faster for 17 gold. De grey mare you can borrow for 28 gold, she's a solid horse. And de black stallion, him you'll need 45 gold for. He needs a firm hand, but he'll go like de wind."

Phew, who knew it was this pricey to hire a quadruped? Any beast from this equine menagerie is faster than you, but still, you are free to walk (or fly!). Pay the relevant fee if you decide to hire a steed, and mount up. Either way, Orcwright waddles to the stableyard gates to see you off. "Oh," he calls, as you set off up the north road, "and, er, when you get to de gibbet? Don't *loiter*, eh?"

With this cryptic advice buzzing around your ears, you start your journey up the cobbled road as night comes down. Proceed to your next paragraph according to your mode of transport: on foot – **12**; flying (fairies, etc) – **86**; donkey – **34**; old nag – **21**; grey mare – **66**; black stallion – **45**.

- 1 You barrel along for a while in the gloom, wondering what all this fuss is about gibbets and weighing up what equipment you might buy with your reward. The road is pressed close by trees on either side and the first stars are pricking into view in the swathe of sky above you. You've gone about a mile when you notice someone on the road! In the murky dusk you are almost upon him, or her, before you realise it. Roll a D6 and go to the paragraph indicated: 1 or 2 – **69**; 3 or 4 – **30**; 5 or 6 – **53**.

- 2 The venomous little hobb has taken her disdain and laid it on you like an invisible warning for others. From now on, every female over 50 years old that you meet, of any kindred or species, will take an immediate dislike to you and refuse to aid you in any way. Continue unpopularity to **44**.

- 3 Alas, your struggles were in vain! The too-welcoming hands detain you from your ascent, and more and more of them crawl over you and take hold, of both you and their neighbours. Even as you wriggle in protest, they form a web of double-ended forearms (eightarms?) that covers you, and tightens, and fills up with more handy critters, until finally the light goes out and you are subsumed beneath a thousand clutching fingers, their claws digging into your flesh. Slowly you are smothered, prodded and fondled to death. You set out to find adventure, and you certainly found one...

~ The End ~

- 4 Whoosh! The quarrel whizzes past you harmlessly and an instant later you collide with the dwarf at full pelt! Roll a number of D6 equal to your maximum *Pace*. The result is inflicted as damage on the dwarf (CON 27), though his thick coat counts for 4 points of armour. If you are on foot, then you receive the same damage yourself in the collision! The pair of you bounce apart and you are knocked to the cobbles. If the bumpy-daisy kills him, or if you have already killed him with a mighty spell, examine the body at **13**. If not, go to **39**.

- 5** Your foe is too powerful to be directly harmed by your puny conjurings; but you can at least slow it down. Combat spells that generate hits (ie. *Take That You Fiend!* and *Blasting Power*) have the effect of subtracting those hits from the *Demon's Yardage*. Cast if you so choose, and then return to **95** to continue the *Round*.
- 6** You take the left turn in the moonlight, your shadow groping ahead of you with a mixture of caution and haste. The road continues to curve left, gradually rising as it spirals around a hillock. The trees clear as you reach the top and you find yourself at the foot of a little stone tower, whose open-sided top, about fifteen feet above you, is covered over by a conical tiled roof.
- As you are looking this over, a burly bearded man in thick furs strides around from the back of the tower, as if on a circuit. "Aha!" he says, spotting you. "Yes! Very good. You, you, you'll do. I need fuel for the lighthouse." He waves an arm at the tower. "Come up and, umm, help me chop the fuel. And, erm, what is it, I will make you some supper. Stew? Stew! I will make you some stew, yes. Come along, hurry, ships will be dashing on the rocks, crash, smash, oh dear me. Drowning sailors! Ladies screaming!" He waves his arms and shrieks in falsetto. "I'm Chargryll," he adds, pointing to his chest and staring at you. "Chargryll."
- You get the impression that perhaps this fellow hasn't spoken to another soul for some time... If you succeed in an L2SR on CHR, go now to **80**. If you want to go with him up the tower, go to **54**. If you prefer to hurry back down the road to the crossroads, make your excuses, wave a hasty goodbye and return to **44** to choose again.
- 7** If the amount is less than 1GP, go to **23**. Otherwise go to **41**.

- 8** Roused by the turbulent night, a badger rushes across the lane, and turns to hiss at the oncoming horse. Thunder whinnies and rears in wild excitement! To retain control, you must succeed in an L1SR on CHR and an L2SR on DEX. Fail either, and Thunder throws you to the cobbles and gallops off into the woods! Take 2D6 hits. (If you die, go to **36**.) You and any companions must resort to travelling under your own power. (Pace is 3 on foot, 4 flying, and 1 less if you have *W* written in your notes.) Whether or not you are unhorsed, write down *X* in your notes and return to **95** to continue the *Round*.
- 9** You have not gone far when you hear behind you a creaking and a scraping and a grating sound. Something is rattling the bars of the swaying gibbet, trying to get out! The wind rises and the boughs of the trees are tossed to and fro, their leaves roaring in the night. Further off the sea too is driven high by the wind, and you hear the crash of waves smashing themselves against the cliffs. But above all this is a terrible desperate howl that goes on and on and does not end. And now, as the howling draws closer, you are in no doubt that some malign force is hurtling after you down the cobbled lane!

Take to your heels! Spur your steed if you have one! Still the demon comes, wailing wildly and hungry for your soul. No mundane weapon will stay it, and you have little hope that feeble magics will do so either. Perhaps if you turn as you flee you could stare it down in a battle of wills – but surely that would be madness? And so you tear along in terror, racing for your life in the teeth of the wind, while an unseen fiend of hell draws ever closer at your back. (And the demon is surely able to follow you into the air if you can fly, so best stick to the shortest route!) If only you can reach the homely lights of Tatherport! Go now to **95** to make the brave attempt...

- 10** You really are that mean! The shame of self-knowledge reduces your CHR by 1.

"Sorry, ma'am," you explain disingenuously. "I'd love to help but I'm in a bit of a hurry." And you scoot past her up the road.

"Why, you nasty little wretch!" the little hobbette shrieks. "Leave me to be murdered, will you? I let fall my curse on your back, you scoundrel!"

Well now, wait a *minute*! Cursing you, that's a bit of an over-reaction, surely? Play fair! But when you turn to protest – she has disappeared! Roll a D6 and visit the paragraph indicated: 1 – **28**; 2 – **62**; 3 – **90**; 4 – **40**; 5 – **77**; 6 – **2**.

- 11** The road on the right curves steeply downhill and to the left, and in no time you descend to a little moonlit cove. There's a shingle beach here, one of the few places along the cliffs of the bay where it's possible to land a boat. The sea growls endlessly over the pebbles and sharp spires of rock loom in the surf, black giants edged with silver light. Away on the headland north-east, you can see a few lights in the windows of Tatherport, no more than a couple of miles away.

Although this is a dramatic place to linger and wonder at nature's eternal power, going up and down the beach you find nothing to engage an adventurer. Attempt an L2SR on LK. If you make it, go to **74**. If not, give up your nature ramble and go back up the path to the crossroads at **44**, there to choose again.

- 12** Going on foot along the cobbled lane, your *Pace* is 3. This represents your top sustainable speed, a hearty jog. So jog along to **1**.

- 13** The dwarf lies dead on the cobbles, his blood forming an expanding gridwork around his body as it runs between the stones. Add 65AP. Pulling back his mask reveals – a beard! Searching him, you find a measly 8GP. However, you can take his weapons if they are of a suitable size for you: he had a baton (2D6; STR Req. 3; DEX Req. 2) and a cranequin (8D6; STR Req. 15; DEX Req. 10; 100-yards range; two-handed) with 10 quarrels. If a dwarf-sized coat is of use to you, his can be worn over armour for an extra 2 points of protection, doubled for warriors. Now remount your steed, if you have one, and hurry along to **44**.
- 14** You have outpaced the foul demon! You have left it so far behind that it can hardly sense your soul any more, and it loses heart and returns to its gibbet. Its howls die and the night grows still again. Add 150AP for your strong showing in this deadly race. But do not linger in the dark night! Maintain your pace and hurry along to **38**.
- 15** The *thunk* is followed by a loud *ffffshh* sound, which you belatedly realise was the whoosh of the quarrel passing your ear! Behind you the highwaydwarf is grumbling and cursing as he turns the handle to redraw his cranequin, but you will be far away in the darkness before he is ready to attack again. Phew! Keeping up a good pace for safety's sake, you proceed briskly to **44**.
- 16** For all your brave efforts, in the end the bad air of the cave overcomes you and you collapse onto the stone, unconscious. Things only get worse for you as the diabolic gases suffuse into your flesh, draining your strength and paralysing you. In a final flicker of life, your eyes open blearily to see hands clambering over the lip of the pit just in front of you and creeping towards you in joined pairs over the rock. Darkness falls again, and your last sensation is of dozens of eager fingers tugging at you, dragging your unresisting body over the precipice...

 ***The End*** 

- 17** Although you are uneasy with this situation, you are still surprised when Chargryll lunges at you, swinging his axe! Take 3D6 of damage from the blow, counting armour, but not shields, as you don't have time to raise one. If you survive this unsportsmanlike blow, go to **72**. If not, go to **94**.
- 18** Among the moles the story is told, quietly as with all things moleish, of Askwith, the mole who dug too much. Askwith, according to legend, wanted the biggest underground chamber that any mole had ever had. Every day he dug, widening the dark space, hollowing it out in all directions, up, down and around. Finally he had done it: no mole hole was ever so big as his. Yet still he was not satisfied, for one small lump of soil hung from the roof of his chamber, spoiling its perfection. He could not reach it at first, and so he jumped. He jumped and he jumped, and still it lay beyond his grasp. For days he practised jumping, which is no easy thing for a mole, and then at last he was ready. He called his friends to watch as he perfected his chamber, and with one mighty, ultimate jump, higher than ever a mole had leapt before, he knocked away the lump of soil with his nose. It was the last thing holding in place the cobblestone above, which promptly fell through and crushed Askwith to puree.

For moles, this is a cautionary tale. For you, it is the reason that you suddenly spot a hole in the road even as your foot is hurtling towards it! Attempt an L1SR on SPD. If you make it, you are just able to wrench your step aside and continue on your way unscathed. If not, your foot goes straight in, spraining your ankle. Deduct 3 from CON (if you die, go to **36**) and 3 from DEX until you're healed (in a couple of weeks, if you survive that long...). Reduce your *Pace* by 1. Write down X in your notes and return to **95** to continue the *Round*.

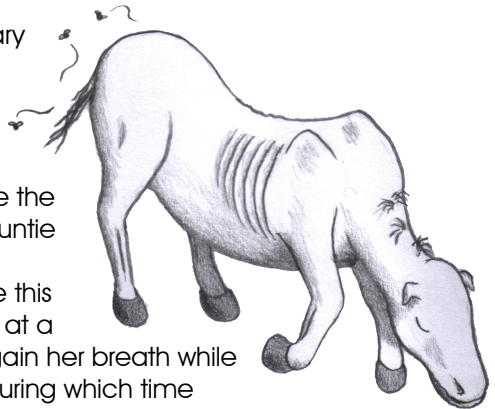
- 19** "Thankee, young 'un," says the old woman, falling in with you. If you're on foot, she will loop arms with you; if you're mounted, you can help her clamber up behind. Either way, her aged gait or her extra weight reduces your *Pace* by 1 at all times. Write down *W* in your notes. "Me name's Esmie," she tells you gummily, "Esmie Thwackett, and I'm by way of a harmless spinster who helps folks with healing and home-made curatives. Totally harmless I am."

You think the lady doth protest too much. Still, you haven't time to dilly-dally. Grit your teeth and proceed, at your frustratingly slowed pace, to **44**.

- 20** With a sulky curl of your lips, you stop and grudgingly hand over your pouch of gold to the dwarf with superior firepower. "Wow, thanks!" he says. "No one ever does that!" And he tips his hat and scurries off the road into the trees, from whence, a moment later, you hear retreating hoofbeats and happy whistling.

Hmm. Back to square one. All the more reason to get to Tatherport as quickly as possible and claim your reward! Get moving again and hurry along to **44**.

- 21** The old nag is a willing but weary sad-eyed steed called Auntie Rosie. She seems a little broken down, but she will surely serve you well over a journey of just a few miles. Note the following details. At a gallop, Auntie Rosie provides a *Pace* of 10. However, she can only achieve this *Pace* for 2 consecutive rounds at a stretch: after that, she must regain her breath while slowing to a trot for 3 rounds, during which time your *Pace* is 4. The text will make clear when this is important. Now trot along to **1**.



22 Quite apart from that dying curse, there is your own shame to contend with. You are safe now, with the demon left far behind on the road. But already your guilt is weighing you down. Over time this dark secret will make you grow defensive, then sullen, then angry, and ultimately aggressive. Unable to trust and always on your guard, you will make yourself and those around you constantly unhappy. Reduce your CHR to 3. However, it is certainly a learning experience: add 100AP. Now mope along dejectedly to **38**.

23 The beggar looks at the coins in his palm and sniffs contemplatively. "Thankee kindly," he says, though without much enthusiasm, "and if I may offer ye some advice: don't run with a bare blade." And with that he limps past you towards Humcumbwater.

Hmm! A lot to pay for the bloomin' obvious! Trot along, slightly poorer for your act of wealth redistribution, to **44**.

24 Tatherport! At last. The coastal village is at peace in the night. Are you in time to complete your errand and prevent Nuisancia from marrying the despised Eggbert Limpspyne? You hurry to deliver your message, as instructed, and next morning you meet Cwizzickle the merchant as he ties up his heavily laden boat on the quay. True to his word, he hands over the remaining 50GP and happily invites you to his wedding feast; but this you decline, figuring it will be better to get out of town before he discovers that Nuisancia died of the pox three months ago...

Add 50AP for all you have endured in one busy night. If you have a surviving steed, you had best return it to Orcwright in Humcumbwater – travelling in the safety of daylight! If not, perhaps you will go north, up the coast. Either way, fresh adventures await, and you have warm gold burning a hole in your pocket...

 *The End* 

25 The raging demon fills the night air with turbulence and horror that distresses and disorients every living thing. That must be why you collide with a bat! It hits you full in the face and so dizzies you that you are spilled onto the cobbles: take 1D6 hits. (If you die, go to **36**.) Your head will not clear in this chaotic turmoil, and you can barely stay on your feet, let alone fly. You must resort to travelling under your own power. (Pace is 3 on foot, and 1 less if you have *W* written in your notes.) Write down *X* in your notes and return to **95** to continue the *Round*.

26 At last the root is severed! The twisted upper length springs upward and the lower part sways for a moment as the column of grotesque hands becomes unstable. An ear-piercing screech echoes round the cave and a blast of raw *kremm* bursts out from the hacked root, bathing your entire body: permanently add 3D6 to your WIZ. (5th: add to STR.) The hands scrabble and grab at each other, but without support from above their slender fleshy pyramid crumbles and slides into the lava below. Pairs of hands tumble and splat, and within a minute, the glow from the lava below has dimmed and the broken-off root and the freakish hands have disappeared beneath its bubbling surface. Helpless fingers break through here and there far below, but if they are to rebuild their tottering tower it will take months. For a time at least, you have broken the diabolic curse. Have 150 APs.

When all is quiet, you slide out of the cave and return up the path to the road. Sensing that it is now safe to linger, you stare at the poor fellow in the gibbet, now just a dry husk of a man. His crimes, like his features, have withered away: whatever peace a soul can find, this one has surely found it.

The night is still now, and the air more wholesome than you have known it. Under the glittering stars, your journey is undisturbed in the cool night, and you make your way in good time along the long lane to Tatherport. Go to **38**.

27 You rummage through the filth in the firepit for some time 'neath the dim lanternlight, picking up and tossing aside all manner of boney fragments, dried spongy organs and unidentified crispy bits. When you have covered pretty much the whole pit and come close to sicking up a half-dozen times, you finally decide that enough's enough: there's nothing here.

Roll an L1SR on INT. If you make it, go to **42**. If not, climb out of the pit, dust yourself off as best you can, and trudge over to the trapdoor at **64**.

28 A curious patch of light behind you makes you stop and take stock. The irascible lady perhaps meant to make your spine glow yellow to show the world your cowardice. If so, she should have set her sights a little higher: in fact, it is your buttocks that now glow at all times. Your breeches are lambent, and when you lower them it's as good as torchlight, albeit inconveniently directed. You could even take up a side career as a novelty tavern lamp – moonlighting, as it were... Add 20AP for this startling development and slope brightly to **44**.

29 It's no good! You can't summon up the courage required for the noble act you aspire to! Instead, go to **59**.

30 It is a short fellow in a long black coat with a red kerchief masking his face below the eyes, and he is pointing a cranequin at you! "Halt and hand over!" he cries, clearly after your gold. You could turn and run back to Humcumbwater, but the highwaydwarf would have every chance to shoot you down and you would fail in your mission! Ruling that out leaves you with three options: to charge *at* him and attack, go to **88**; to charge *past* him and flee on your way, go to **61**; or to stop and give up your gold, go to **20**.

- 31** Quick on the uptake, you suddenly realise that there is no fuel up here to chop – and that what you first took for branches in the fire pit are actually burnt *bones*! Swiftly raising your guard and dancing away, you elude Chargryll's sudden lunge with the axe! But there is no avoiding a scrap with the demented lighthouse-keeper. Go to **72**.

(If you can fly, you can choose instead to zip out and away from the tower top, leave behind the raving axeman, pick up any travelling companions and rush back down the road to the crossroad. If you want to do that, return to **44** and choose again. If you *can't* fly, why are you even reading this bit?)

- 32** Roll an L1SR on CHR. If you make it, go to **78**. If not, go to **10**.

- 33** The demon is mistaken in you. Though you have suffered unspeakably, ennobled by your sacrifice for little old Esmie Thwackett, your pure soul has remained incorruptible. Add 250AP and 5 to CHR. Now go forth into the world in freedom. Be kind to old ladies, and offer no friendship to demons.

~ The End ~

- 34** The donkey is called Bobbin and he seems friendly enough, content to let you fondle his ears. Although in the saddle you remain comically close to the ground, the fellow can trot along at a fair clip. Note the following details. At a gallop, Bobbin provides a *Pace* of 7. However, he can only achieve this *Pace* in alternate rounds: in every second round he must regain his breath while slowing to a trot, at which time your *Pace* is 3. The text will make clear when this is important. Now trot along to **1**.



35 After a nightmarish climb, you arrive gasping at the mouth of the pit, with pleading fingers tugging you back, and are just able to swing yourself to safety. You spend a few minutes sprawled on the wet stone, gasping for breath. Take 50 AP for your trouble. If you want to leave this fleshy pillar of malice well alone, you can leave the cave and return up the path to the crossroads, to choose again at **44**. If you want to make another attempt to destroy it, return to **51** and pick up where you left off.

36 Alas, you have paid with your life for your hunger for adventure. Take comfort in the knowledge that you have at least cheated the Demon of the Gibbet of another soul to torture. Some fates are worse than death...

 The End

37 Esmie Thwackett whispers in your ear, "Now don't be a-gawkin' at the gibbet, young 'un." She is shielding her face from it with both hands. Still, you are surely free to a-gawk at whatever you wish. Return to **44** and choose.

38 If you have *W* written in your notes (and not crossed out!), go to **85**. Otherwise go to **24**.

39 The highwaydwarf scuttles up as you climb to your feet, whipping a baton out of his belt. You will have to fight him! He scores 2D6 for his baton and has 12 Combat Adds. His CON starts at 27 and his thick coat counts for 4 points of armour. If you kill him, go to **13**. If he kills you, go to **36**. If at any point when you are still alive(!) you throw him your pouch of gold and cry uncle, go to **67**. Or if you hold out for 10 rounds, go to **52**.

- 40** The uncompromising old hobb lady evidently wishes you to feel the embarrassment of being afraid of the dark. Henceforth, between sunset and sunrise, indoors or out, waking or sleeping, you will be helpless to prevent a virtually constant quiet whimpering seeping from your lips. This is off-putting to those around you: deduct 3 from CHR during the hours of darkness. Scoot along, with many a pitiful moan, to **44**.
- 41** If the amount is less than 3GP, go to **91**. Otherwise go to **79**.
- 42** It occurs to you that the lantern above you has been burning a long time without attention: it was already alight while Chargryll was pacing around the tower, and it has lasted through all the time you've been fighting and searching, with no trimming of the wick. Hmm. Carefully you stretch up and lift it down. Examining it, you find that there seems to be no way to open or lift the glass, nor to add more oil. Baffling though it may be, it appears that this lantern, though dim as a candle, will burn forever so long as its glass is not broken! It must be enchanted. If you wish to take it, note that it weighs 10WU. Now wipe the muck off yourself and step out of the pit at **64**.
- 43** The dwarf's shot was on target, alas! His bolt punches into your side and your mad rush is halted as you tumble to the hard cobblestones. Roll 8D6 hits from the cranequin and apply the damage, counting armour if relevant. (For instance, if you have only a helmet, it is *not* relevant!) If you are killed outright, go to **36**. If you are left unconscious, go to **46**. Otherwise, if you happen to have already killed the dwarf with a mighty spell, examine the body at **13**. Failing that, if you lost half of your CON or more, but remain conscious, go to **39**. If you have lost less than half your CON, go to **92**.

44 If you have *V* written in your notes, go at once to 22.

You speed along another mile or two without incident (time enough to recover 3 WIZ (5th: STR)). The night is now deep and dark, although the moon has risen to lay its thin light on the road, turning the trees to your left into standing ghosts. Beneath the lonely sounds of your progress along the cobblestones, the wind is busy in the leaves and the sea exhales evenly on the unseen shore. At one point a white owl swoops over the road in silence, and a rabbit, glancing back, is paralysed with fear in the second before its death.

Time passes and your mind is wandering, when you notice some tall shape up ahead. A stony path rises up from somewhere on the shore, intersects with your road and then winds inland; and on the far side of the crossroads is a dead oak, split by lightning – or horror. For hanging from chains far out on an isolated limb of this tree is the famed gibbet! The moon picks out its round bands of hammered iron, and the ominous frame sways gently in the wind, creaking and grating as if in pain. There is someone, or something, caged within it.

If you have *W* written in your notes, pop along to **37**. If you want to slow your pace and take a good look at the gibbet, go to **68**. If you'd rather not break stride and instead charge past as fast as you can, go to **81**. If instead you want to explore the area, you can scabble down the right-hand path towards the sea at **11**, or swivel left and follow the path through the trees to **6**.

45 The black stallion is a formidable steed, sleek and powerful. He goes by the name of Thunder and has an air of barely withheld wild passion. Note the following details. Thunder provides a *Pace* of 14. However, he can only achieve this *Pace* for 2 consecutive rounds at a stretch: after that he must regain his breath while slowing to a trot for 2 rounds, at which time your *Pace* is 5. The text will make clear when this is important. Now trot along to **1**.

46 You awake with an ache, and a CON of 3. The night is fully dark now, but moonlight shows you the empty road. Your pouch of gold is gone. If you had a steed, it too is gone. Even the quarrel has been retrieved from your bleeding flank! You must proceed on foot, with a top *Pace* of 2. (Flying folk such as fairies are unfit to fly after such an injury.) Have 10AP for this most unpleasant experience, then limp and wince along the dark lane to **44**.

47 Esmie Thwackett grips you like a vice as she gasps in terror: "Oh my sausages! Oh my sausages!" At the last second you realise that you could throw the old hobbette and her phantasmal sausages to the demon – and save yourself! A vile and cowardly act, but you might live to (never) tell! And it's not like she has many years left to enjoy... If you choose to cast her into oblivion, go to **59**. If you set your mind on the nobler course, go to **71**.

48 You stand bespattered with the gore of the late crazed lighthouse-keeper, getting your breath back. Add 40AP. With time to spare, you can clearly recognise the mass of charred matter in the fire pit as the bones and burnt flesh of many a traveller. For them, the light of life has gone out! Eugh!

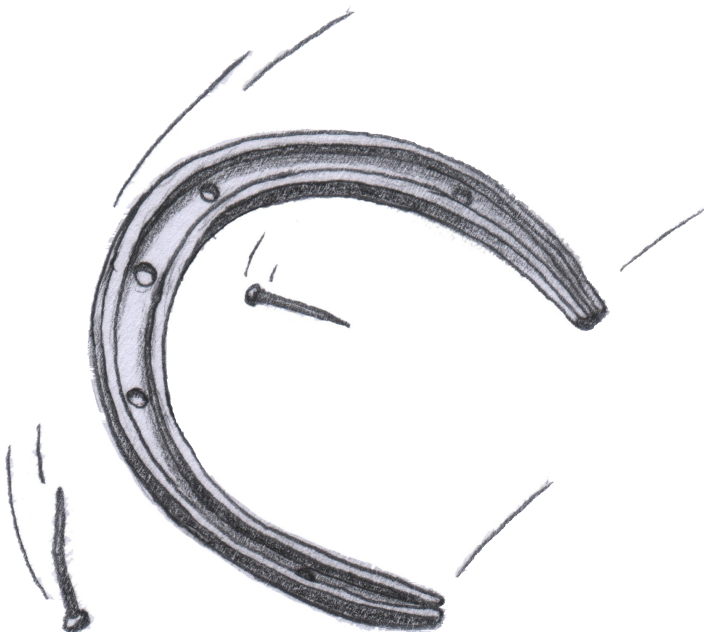
Still, you might as well rifle the lunatic Chargryll's corpse! You find his broad axe (4D6; STR Req. 17; DEX Req. 8; 150WU; one-handed); a bottle of low quality brandy; and a whetstone. This last is slightly magical: an uninterrupted turn spent sharpening an edged weapon with this adds 2 to that weapon's score for the next hour. The effect is not cumulative and fades after that hour whether or not the weapon is used. However, the whetstone does not wear out.

Perhaps there might be something worth having in the pile of burnt human remains in the fire pit... If you want to dig through all that horrid muck, you must make an L2SR on CHR to face the disgusting task. If you succeed, go to **27**. If you fail, or choose to ignore the dark detritus, go to **64**.

- 49** The corruption of the demon is deep in your bones. Henceforth your eyes glow yellow during combat. (In dim light or darkness, deduct 2 from your combat score, as this makes you a ready target.) Your time in the gibbet has left you crazed by confinement. Whenever you are faced with a locked door, you will become enraged and turn on anyone with you, attacking unceasingly and indiscriminately until the lock is opened or D6 Combat Rounds have passed. To this end, the demon has empowered you to fight more wildly. Add 200AP and 3 to SPD, and roll 2 extra dice in all such 'stir-crazy' combats. Now go forth into the world, a dangerous companion.

~ The End ~

- 50** Grizmeralda throws a shoe! It skitters out from under her hoof. Hereafter her gait is uneven, and she slows to favour that leg. Her *Pace*, both galloping and trotting, is reduced by 2. Write down X in your notes and return to **95** to continue the *Round*.



51 Even with the power of flight, none would choose to swoop down into this charnel pit and begin attacking a thousand blind, grasping hands! But those hands are clutching that long root, probably channelling demonic power up into the tree far above. Perhaps it would be of some worth to sever that root?

To do so, you will need to reach out over the pit and hack at the root with a blade – or throw spells at it. Although fiery spells will damage it, the root and the air down here are too damp for flames to take hold. You will need to deliver a total of at least 90 hits to chop through the thick wood (not necessarily in one round). At the end of each round in which you strike at the root with a weapon, you must make an L1SR on DEX to keep your footing as you stretch over the pit (unless you are flying): if you fail, go to **84**. Also at the end of each round, whether flying, tottering or casting, you must make an L1SR on CON, as the foul miasma rising from the shaft clogs your lungs and deadens your brain with an intense ache: if you fail this roll, you lose 1D6 CON.

When the total damage you have inflicted reaches or exceeds 90, the root may still be hanging together by a bendy last strip, an awkward target. On that round, and on following rounds if necessary, make an L1SR on LK. If you fail, then for all your flailing the cursed root is still not severed, and you must generate hits and try the roll again next round.

If you fall unconscious or die, go to **16**. If at any point you don't wish to pursue this thankless task any further, you can leave the cave and the cove and return to the crossroads at **44**; but you must complete the saving rolls for the round first. If you inflict 90 hits or more and make your LK SR, you succeed in finally cutting through the root: go to **26**.

52 "Oh for heaven's sake!" cries the dwarf. "There must be easier ways to make a living!" And with a whoosh of his black coat he sweeps away into the shadows. Add 20AP for the fight and go while the going's good! Hurry along to **44**.

53 It's a little old hobb lady, all wrapped up in a green hooded cloak. Her bony hand clutches a basket of herbs and simples. "Oooh!" she squeals. "Oh my sausages! I thought you were a robber, chargin' out o' the dark like that. That's no way to treat a nice old lady!" She shakes herself and takes a breath. "I've been out picking nightwart and moonbane, but I meant to be home by now. Would you be so kind as to escort me back to Tatherport? I'm afraid I'll get eaten by some o' them bandits."

Aargh! She will surely slow you down. If you decide to take her with you, go to **19**. If instead you mean to leave the defenceless old granny to fend for herself on this lonely road in the cold night, surrounded by wolves and bandits, go to **32**.

54 You nod your agreement and the excited fellow waves you ahead of him into the tower. Leaving behind any human or animal companions, you step into the gloom. At ground level are Chargryll's living quarters – blankets, a makeshift hearth and a few odds and ends – but your host gestures at once towards the stone steps that spiral around the inner wall. "Up, up, up!" he insists. "People dying, splish splash, gulp gulp, cannot breathe! Oh hurry!"

Driven on by Chargryll's potty patter, you scurry up the steps and emerge onto the tower's flat roof, under the conical canopy, from which a dim lantern hangs. In the centre of the stone roof is a low wall forming a circle, in which a beacon fire has clearly been lit on many occasions. Ash and charred broken branches fill the pit. Chargryll scoots up the steps behind you and drops the trapdoor shut. He picks up a large axe and grins at you in a desperately friendly manner. "Let's get chopping!" he says.

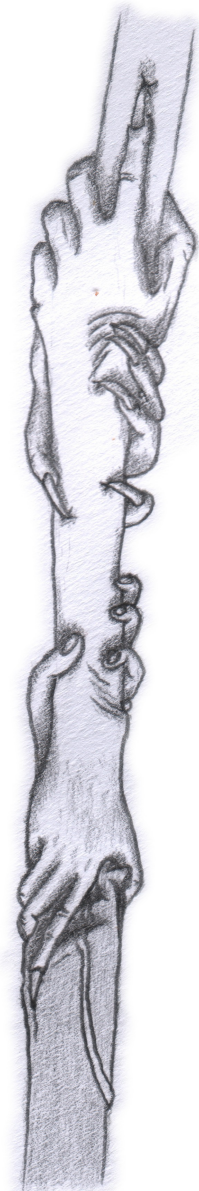
Roll an L1SR on SPD. If you make it go to **31**. If not, go to **17**.

- 55** The corruption of the demon is deep in your bones. Henceforth your eyes glow yellow during combat. (In dim light or darkness, deduct 2 from your combat score, as this makes you a ready target.) You now have a savage hatred for all members of your previous kindred (even if it's the same as your present one!). Though you hide this prejudice, whenever you have the opportunity to kill such a person undetected, you will do so. To this end, the demon has empowered you with extra guile. Add 200AP and 3 to INT. Now go forth into the world, a silent killer.

~ The End ~

- 56** By remarkable good fortune, a helping hand grabs your wrist and you jerk to a shoulder-wrenching halt halfway down the shaft! You look up to see the face of your rescuer – and there isn't one. One of the thousand blind hands of the squirming column has taken hold of your wrist! And now that you are sprawled against the mass, other hands grope and fumble at your body, seeking to grasp your limbs and enfold you in their hideous huddle.

To clamber out from this over-intimate embrace will need strength, to tear away the clutching hands, and agility, to climb up this endlessly writhing pillar. You will need to make two L1SRs on STR and two L1SRs on DEX. If you succeed in all these rolls, go to **35**. If not, go to **3**.



57 Poor Auntie Rosie is broken down by fear and hard travelling! She collapses to the ground, tipping you onto the cobbles: take 1D6 hits. (If you die, go to **36**.) The brave old horse is not dead yet, but you can see she will not rise again. You and any companions must resort to travelling under your own power. (Pace is 3 on foot, 4 flying, and 1 less if you have *W* written in your notes.) Write down *X* in your notes and return to **95** to continue the *Round*.

58 You shake your head firmly, refusing the beggar your coin and expecting a torrent of abuse for your trouble. But the skinny fellow smiles gently. "That's all right, friend," he says. "I used to be angry when I met with ill luck. But I've faced me demons, and I'm a better man for it." He tugs his forelock as he limps past you. "An' I hope you'll be up to facin' yours," he adds.

Weird old man. But never mind him, you're on a mission! Hurry along to **44**.

59 With a brutal shove, you push the old hobb lady to the cobbles behind you! At once, you are filled with intense relief, sensing that the demon halts and whips back, its claws retreating from you to feast on the woman's soul. She screams after you as you scurry away: "You villain! Murderer! My curse upon you!" And then she merely screams, a sound that will haunt your scoundrelly ears ever after! Write down *V* in your notes and cross out the *W*. Roll a D6 and visit the paragraph indicated: 1 – **28**; 2 – **62**; 3 – **90**; 4 – **40**; 5 – **77**; 6 – **2**.

60 You look back. You stare into a face made of shadows and red lava, a face tall as a horse, with wild eyes and a cavernous mouth open in an unending shriek. Its teeth are like clashing swords and its fiery red tongue roves through the air like a whip. The thing streaks along above the road, long wiry arms stretching out ahead of it, with clawed hands splayed wide to grasp at you. Around pupils darker than the night its sickly yellow eyeballs boil, the power of their foetid glare quailing your heart. And in its glowing lava-like flesh you can see more faces, smaller ones: humans, elves, hobbs, the faces of the damned trapped in torment and agony.

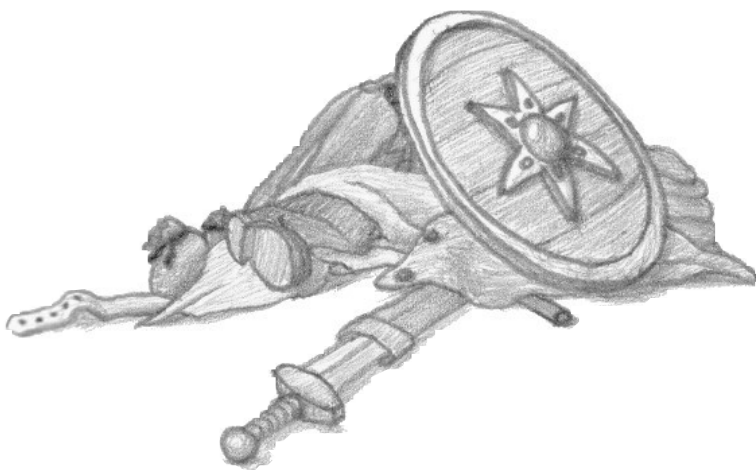
Meeting your gaze, the demon's eyes blaze with delight and its hunger for you swells: add 1 to its *Zeal*! But perhaps you can out-stare the fiend and scream your defiance at it? Roll an L1SR on CHR. If you wish, you may then try a second roll at L2, a third at L3, and so on. In each case, if you succeed, then subtract the level achieved from the demon's *Zeal*; but if you fail the roll then *add* the level to its *Zeal*! When you dare stare no longer, add 30AP, write down Z in your notes and return to **95** to continue the *Round*: you will not look back again!

*Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.*

– *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*
Samuel Taylor Coleridge

61 You dash along the cobbles as fast as you can, hurtling past the bemused dwarf. He had his cranequin trained on you from the start, but it's dark and you're a fast-moving target: you might get away unharmed if you're agile enough. You hear the *thunk* as the weapon releases its quarrel. Roll an L2SR on DEX. You may add your maximum *Pace* to the roll. If you make it, go to **15**. If you fail, go to **70**.

- 62** The indefatigable old herb-gatherer apparently means for you to grow familiar with being alone in the night: henceforth you will be struck blind for D6 minutes whenever you roll snake-eyes, double one, on any saving roll. During that time, quite apart from any other inconvenience, your combat score is halved. Now grope your way onward to **44**.
- 63** Bobbin senses the horror rushing down on you and shudders to a halt, quivering all over but otherwise paralysed with fear. Quickly attempt an L2SR on CHR. If you make it, Bobbin is reassured and rushes forward again. If you fail, she remains locked in place, and you and any companions must resort to travelling under your own power. (*Pace* is 3 on foot, 4 flying, and 1 less if you have *W* written in your notes.) Write down *X* in your notes and return to **95** to continue the *Round*.
- 64** You lift the trapdoor and trot downstairs. A cursory search finds nothing of interest among Chargryll's homely belongings. Your chopping trip is over: the night is passing and you have far to go. Collect any travelling companions outside and hurry back down the hill to the crossroads at **44**, there to choose again.



- 65** You grab at the column of loathsome limbs, but you are plummeting too fast to catch a grip. Fingers and claws clutch at your clothes, but they too cannot arrest your fall. Some of the two-handers are torn from the mass and spin through the air beside you. Perhaps their handy companionship is of some comfort to you in the half-second before you belly-flop into seething lava and burn, melt, drown, choke and suffocate all at once. At any rate, you're dead.

 *The End* 

- 66** The grey mare is called Grizmeralda and she seems a fine travelling horse. Note the following details. At a gallop, Grizmeralda provides a *Pace* of 12. However, she can only achieve this *Pace* for 2 consecutive rounds at a stretch: after that she must regain her breath while slowing to a trot for 3 rounds, at which time your *Pace* is 5. The text will make clear when this is important. Now trot along to **1**.

- 67** The highwaydwarf catches your thrown pouch and grumbles, "About time too! I've got a living to make, you know!" And he stalks off, shaking his head at the stupidity of the world. You, meanwhile, are at least alive, albeit penniless once more, and free to resume your journey at **44**.

68 You pull up beside the gently-swinging gibbet. Inside the rusty bars, limned by moonlight, is a dry corpse. Although clearly many months dead, its shrivelled hands still clutch the bars, clenched into claws. Its clothes are but rags and its flesh has contracted like a prune. Its jaw hangs off at one side and its scrawny hair floats in the night breeze. A nauseating air of malice and dismay exudes from the carcass. You have just about convinced yourself that this sensation is merely your imagination, when the dead thing's leathery eyelids flick back, revealing shrunken white eyeballs that turn stutteringly towards you. The side of the mouth that is still attached rises in a travesty of a grin.

Belatedly, you decide that you have seen enough! You turn and hurry away along the cobbles toward Tatherport, hastily accelerating to your top speed and gulping down your fear. But it seems you have awakened pursuit! Make the best saving roll on LK that you can. Add 1 to the level achieved (the level would be 0 if you failed altogether). Multiply your LK by that result and note down the total as *Your Yardage*. Now scramble along to **9**.

69 A scrawny chap in rags and tatters is limping towards you. When he sees you he perks up a little and hurries forward. He's human, but thinner than an elf and hardly taller than a hobb. "Spare coins for a cup o' broth, yer 'onour?" he pleads, extending a hand. "Help a poor man what 'as fallen on 'ard times?"

If you give him some coins, write down the total amount and go to **7**. If you decline the request, go to **58**.

70 The dwarf's shot was on target, alas! His bolt punches into your side and you tumble to the hard cobblestones. Roll 8D6 hits from the cranequin and apply the damage, counting armour if it covers your torso. If you lose less than half your CON, go to **83**. If you lose half of your CON or more, but remain conscious, go to **39**. If you are left unconscious, go to **46**. And if you are killed outright, go to **36**.

- 71** Notwithstanding your best intentions, this is a life or death situation and you are drenched with terror. Are you really ready to sacrifice yourself to save an aged stranger? Attempt an L2SR on CHR. If you succeed, go to **96**. If not, go to **29**.
- 72** You are obliged to fight Chargryll, who seems to regard you as lighthouse fuel! He scores 4D6+2 with his axe and has 12 Combat Adds. His thick clothes absorb 2x2 hits and his CON is 16. Strangely, his eyes glow an eerie yellow during the battle. As this makes him that bit easier to see in this dim light, you may add 2 to your score. You might end up fighting this lunatic to the death! If you survive this unfortunate contretemps, go to **48**. If not, go to **94**. Or if you are both still hacking at each other after 12 rounds, Chargryll is winded enough that you can slip past him, flee down the stairs, gather any waiting companions and run run run all the way back to **44**.
- 73** The corruption of the demon is deep in your bones. Henceforth your eyes glow yellow during combat. (In dim light or darkness, deduct 2 from your combat score, as this makes you a ready target.) It was lust for the merchant's gold that drew you into this ordeal, and now that greed is bottomless. You will do anything to acquire gold, even if it means murdering your companions. Jewels, mithril and other treasures you disdain. To this end, the demon has empowered you so that you can carry any amount of gold without feeling the weight, no matter what your strength. Add 200AP and 3 to LK. Now go forth into the world, and gather its wealth to your arms.

 *The End* 

74 As you're heading back along the beach, from the corner of your eye you spot a line of reflected moonlight. It turns out to be a vertical crack in the face of the dark cliff. Leaving behind any travelling companions and squeezing through, you find a small cave. Only a fine slice of moonlight cuts in, and you ought not to be able to see anything much in here; but there is a red glow rising from the floor at the back, and in that dim pulsing light you can see something very strange indeed.

Down through the roof of the cave protrude twisted, woody roots, with many bends in each, forming a thicket in the air, like throbbing bloodshot veins inside a dark eyeball. You realise that these are the roots of the oak tree at the crossroads, from which that creaking gibbet hangs... And the thickest, longest, most twisted root reaches down to ground level – and beyond.

Ducking under the tangle and approaching the back of the cave, you discover a deep shaft, into which the long root descends. Looking nervously over the edge, you can see a fiery red light at the bottom, at least a hundred feet below, roiling and bubbling like lava, and you are assailed by a stench of sulphur and carrion that makes your head hurt. The root extends down into this shaft for at least ten feet, but you can't see its end because its lower length is wrapped in – hands!

Dozens of hands with toad-like skin clasp the wood, their claws or longs nails digging into it. More hands below grip the wrists of those higher up, and the tangled mass forms a cable thick as a man's chest, descending all the way down into the lava far below! Looking carefully – and it's hard to turn away – you can see that each hand is attached to a wrist only a foot long, at the other end of which is another hand! Now and again fingers flex, tightening their grip on root or unholy limb. Skin punctured by claws oozes black blood that coats the whole mass in filigree of sticky ichor. The thick rope of hands and the root that they so tenaciously grasp all exude a diabolical menace that makes you feel sick and weak.

If you want to leave this fleshy pillar of malice well alone, you can slink out of the cave and return up the path to the crossroads, to choose again at **44**. If you want to attempt to destroy it, go to **51**.

- 75** Your desperate endurance has paid off! You round a final bend and ahead of you the lights of Tatherport shine! The demon roaring at your back is bound to its gibbet and powerless against a whole community of living souls: with a howl of fury, it gives up the chase and sweeps back down the road. The winds die, the trees settle, the sky clears, and quiet returns to the night. Drenched in sweat, gasping for breath, you tumble into the village in uttermost relief. Add 150AP, plus the difference between *Your Yardage* and the *Demon's Yardage*, and stagger on to **38**.



- 76** The corruption of the demon is deep in your bones. Henceforth your eyes glow yellow during combat. (In dim light or darkness, deduct 2 from your combat score, as this makes you a ready target.) Confined in the gibbet, your tortured mind dwelt on how you were lured into this agony, and you settled blame on Cwizzikle the merchant. Hereafter, anyone who pays you in gold is your secret enemy: if you can kill them undetected, well and good, but you will kill them before you part with them regardless. To this end, the demon has empowered you so that you evade suspicion. Add 200AP and 3 to CHR, and a new Talent in Deceit, starting at D6 + CHR. Now go forth into the world as the scourge of unsuspecting coin-fondlers...

 *The End* 

- 77** The determined hobb-woman has ensured that you shall not so easily leave behind the night, as you left her. You notice with alarm that your skin has turned deep black! In fact, it will ever after be the colour of the sky above you – grey when it rains, black at night, blue when the sun shines! This peculiar correspondence is actually quite hypnotic to behold – add 2 to CHR – and can be useful for determining the weather whilst indoors... Now continue darkly on your way to **44**.

78 Despite your better judgement and your need for haste, you can't quite bring yourself to abandon the old biddy to the terrors of the night. With a sigh, you flick your head to tell her to come along, and she skips happily over. Go to **19**.

79 The beggar's eyes widen as he fingers the coins in his palm. "Well now!" he purrs. "What can I tell ye in return for such a fine favour? I'll tell ye this, then: always look to where you're goin' to. Don't be lookin' back, no good comes o' that. Ye hear me, friend? *Don't look back!*"

He seems most adamant on this point! Then he wanders past you, on his way to Humcumbwater; and you'd best get moving too: toddle on to **44**.

80 You judge that there is something more than prolonged isolation behind Chargryll's peculiar manner: some kind of subterfuge is at work, some animal slyness, as if the fellow is wicked of heart. If you want to go with him up the tower, go to **54**. If you prefer to hurry back down the road to the crossroads, then make your excuses, wave a hasty goodbye and return to **44** to choose again.

81 You scarper past the gruesome cage as fast as you can, determinedly not looking at it. Note down that *Your Yardage* is 100 and go to **9**.

82 Alas, you suffer a misfortune outside your control! Go to the paragraph indicated according to your mode of travel: on foot – **18**; flying (fairies, etc) – **25**; donkey – **63**; old nag – **57**; grey mare – **50**; black stallion – **8**.

83 Ouch! Unpleasant as that was, the wound is not too bad, and you are able to yank out the quarrel, clamber up and carry on in your mad rush to escape. Behind you the highwaydwarf is grumbling and cursing as he turns the handle to redraw his cranequin, but you will be far away in the darkness before he is ready to attack again. Phew! Keeping up a good pace for safety's sake, you proceed briskly to **44**, garnering 10AP for that scary moment.

84 Oh noes! In stretching on tippy-toes to reach the root, you lost your foothold on the brink of the pit, and now you tumble into the very throat of hell! Surely even the luckiest, pluckiest adventurer is doomed!

If you succeed in an L2SR on LK, go to **56**. If not, go to **65**.

85 Esmie Thwackett lets forth a long sigh of relief. "Oh my sausages," she says, still breathing heavily. "That was a night to remember, wasn't it?" She fumbles around in her basket and pulls out a little bundle of roots. "Take this, young 'un, to thankee for gettin' me home safe an' sound. Betterin' root. Chew one when you ain't feelin' well." There are five stalks of Bettering Root in the bundle. Each one can be chewed and eaten over the course of a turn (10 minutes) to restore all lost CON points. (Of course, you must be conscious to eat it!)

Esmie pats your arm, and says, "Phew!" She shakes her head cheerfully and toddles off home. Go to **24**.

86 Although you are flying, you would not be safe high in the darkness over forest and sea: it will be easiest to navigate your way by flying along the cobbled road. However, you are able to go faster than you would on foot. Your *Pace* is 4. This represents your top sustainable speed. Now flap along to **1**.

- 87** It is no good! The demon has won the race! Its sulphurous stench enfolds you, its hot breath is on your neck, its howl is deafening in your ears and its claws close on your shoulder! If you have *W* written in your notes, go to **47**. Otherwise, go to **96**.
- 88** You hurtle towards the highwaydwarf! You haven't time to ready a projectile weapon, but you might cast a spell if you are able. (The dwarf's CON is 27.) Howbeit, in the moments before you reach him he fires his cranequin! Although you're moving fast in the gloaming, you are heading straight for him and he was already pointing his weapon at you, so you will need to be very lucky to avoid the impact. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, go to **4**. If not, go to **43**.
- 89** The corruption of the demon is deep in your bones. Henceforth your eyes glow yellow during combat. (In dim light or darkness, deduct 2 from your combat score, as this makes you a ready target.) Once combat is joined, you must *always* fight to the death, with increasing frenzy, neither offering nor seeking mercy or escape. To this end, the demon has empowered you so that you remain *conscious* right up to the instant of death, when your CON is reduced to -10. In any given combat, on each round after the first you score one more die: so that, for instance, on the fourth round you will score 3 extra dice. Add 200AP and 3 to STR. Now go forth into the world, a force to be reckoned with.
-  *The End* 
- 90** The spite of the pitiless little lady afflicts you with old bones like hers! Hereafter your joints stiffen during darkness: reduce DEX and STR by 3 at night. Also reduce your *Pace* by 1, reflecting your slow walk, or diminished control of your steed. Now continue painfully to **44**.

- 91** “Why, thankee, yer ’onour!” crows the beggar. “And for that, let me offer ye some sound advice, that ne’er led any man astray: when ye pass the gibbet, don’t be a-lingerin’!”

Again with the gibbet! The fellow limps off toward Humcumbwater, and you’d best be on your way too. Hurry along to **44**.

- 92** Ouch! Unpleasant as that was, the wound is not too bad, and you are able to yank out the quarrel, rise up and close with the diminutive cranequinista. Add 10AP for that hurtful experience and go to **39**.

- 93** The corruption of the demon is deep in your bones. Henceforth your eyes glow yellow during combat. (In dim light or darkness, deduct 2 from your combat score, as this makes you a ready target.) After your time in the demon's grip, your unstable mind is afflicted now with a revulsion for being under the control of enchantments. You will *always* choose in future to spend your AP on increasing your WIZ (5th: STR), to better resist the wiles of magic-users, and you will never use spells or magic items that directly affect you. In any combat round in which someone tries to cast a spell on you, you will concentrate your full attack on that luckless mage. To better resist, the demon has empowered you with extra *kremm*. Add 200AP and 3 to WIZ (5th: STR). Now go forth into the world, an enemy to wizards.

 ***The End*** 

- 94** The lighthouse-keeper has hacked you to the ground. Without breaking step, he chops your carcass into pieces and tosses them into the fire pit. Then he splashes your remains with cheap brandy and strikes sparks with his axe against the stonework. In moments you are burning brightly, lighting Chargryll's mad grin and warning ships away from the rocks on the shoreline. Take comfort from the fact that, if you aspired to be of use to society, you have, in a small way, succeeded...

~ The End ~



95 The chase occupies several memorable minutes in your life... You will need to track a few things. (Use *The Chase!* grid on page 41.) These are the numbers that will decide your fate:

- your **Pace** – adjusting for galloping and trotting as the race proceeds, if you are mounted;
- **Your Yardage** – the distance you have travelled from the gibbet, whose starting value you know already;
- **Demon's Yardage** – the distance the demon has travelled from the gibbet; starts at zero;
- the demon's **Zeal** – the intensity of the fiend's hunger for your soul, initially equal to your level;
- the **Wind Speed** – which may push at your back, or blow in your face, or cut across to no effect – starts at zero;
- the **Rounds** – how many Combat Rounds have been completed in the chase so far.

Set aside a space in your notes for each of these. Then, in each Combat Round, follow the cycle below:

- If you do not have X written in your notes, then roll 2D6. If the result is 4 then go to **82**.
- Your progress depends on avoiding mishaps. Add your LK and DEX to **Your Yardage**.
- If you aren't riding, your endurance affects your speed. Add your STR to **Your Yardage**.
- If you are mounted, your speed is influenced by how well you control your steed. Add your CHR to **Your Yardage**.
- A given effort moves a given weight a given distance, so heavier folks go slower. Subtract 1 from **Your Yardage** for every full 50lbs (=500WU) you weigh.
- Add together your **Pace** and the **Wind Speed** (which may be negative). Roll this many D6, adding the result to **Your Yardage**.

* * * *

- Each round the demon tears along the road after you. Add 60 to the **Demon's Yardage**.

- However, since its pursuit of you is magical in nature, it is impeded by your *kremm*. Subtract your current WIZ (5th: INT) from the **Demon's Yardage**.
- The creature is weakened slightly as it gets further from the gibbet. Subtract the number of completed **Rounds** from the **Demon's Yardage**.
- If you wish to cast any spells over your shoulder at the demon, visit **5**.
- If you don't have Z written in your notes, you may choose to look back at the demon. If you do so, visit **60**.
- Roll as many D6 as the demon's **Zeal**. Add the total to the **Demon's Yardage** (or subtract, if its **Zeal** happens to be negative).

* * * *

- If **Your Yardage** is 1000 or more, go to **75**.
- If the **Demon's Yardage** is equal to or greater than yours, go to **87**.
- If **Your Yardage** exceeds the **Demon's Yardage** by 250 or more, go to **14**.

* * * *

- Add 1 to the number of **Rounds**.
- The air is in turmoil, gusting in all directions. Roll a D6 and add the **Wind Speed**. The new **Wind Speed** is determined by the result as follows:

Result	Less than 1	1-2	3-4	5-6	More than 6
New Wind Speed	-2	-1	0	+1	+2

- If mounted, make any necessary adjustments to your steed's **Pace**, according to the passage of **Rounds**.

Now go back to the top of the cycle for the next Round.

96 The demon's ethereal claws sink into your flesh. Its right hand enfolds your heart and drags out your helpless, silently shrieking soul; and its left hand puts something in its place – who or what you will never know, for though your body continues to race along the dark road, it is no longer yours.

The demon retreats with a scream of triumph back down the dark road into its gibbet. It seems that it inhabits the cage itself, coursing through the iron bars like quicksilver. Your soul it deposits in the withered corpse that hangs there, and there you remain, trapped in torment and madness, surrounded by the demon's malign influence, for a time that you have no way of measuring. Perhaps it is days; perhaps years. But there comes a night when the demon judges that it has at last corrupted you to its ends; and another lone traveller, foolish enough to try the road in darkness, is hunted down the cobbled lane between the storm-tossed trees. This time it is *your* soul in the demon's left hand; this time it is you who is deposited in a freshly emptied body; this time it is you who rides off into the night, into the north, and once more into the world of men.

Roll 1D6 to see what kind of body you have been poured into: 1 – human; 2 – dwarf; 3 – elf; 4 – fairy; 5 – hobb; 6 – leprechaun. Then multiply your STR, CON and CHR respectively by the factors shown in the following table, rounding up:

Original kindred	New kindred (STR, CON, CHR)					
	Human	Dwarf	Elf	Fairy	Hobb	Leprechaun
Human	1, 1, 1	2, 2, 1	1, $\frac{2}{3}$, 2	$\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, 2	$\frac{1}{2}$, 2, 1	$\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 1
Dwarf	$\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1	1, 1, 1	$\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, 2	$\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, 2	$\frac{1}{4}$, 1, 1	$\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1
Elf	1, $1\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{2}$	2, 3, $\frac{1}{2}$	1, 1, 1	$\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, 1	$\frac{1}{2}$, 3, $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{2}$
Fairy	4, 4, $\frac{1}{2}$	8, 8, $\frac{1}{2}$	4, $\frac{8}{3}$, 1	1, 1, 1	2, 8, $\frac{1}{2}$	2, 4, $\frac{1}{2}$
Hobb	2, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1	4, 1, 1	2, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, 2	1, 1, 1	1, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1
Leprechaun	2, 1, 1	4, 2, 1	2, $\frac{2}{3}$, 2	$\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, 2	1, 2, 1	1, 1, 1

(If your kindred is not covered, simply convert your STR, CON and CHR back to 'human' by reversing the factors you used when rolling up the character, and then apply the modifiers for your new kindred.)

Your gender is unchanged. You have clothing and boots, but of course no items that you picked up in your previous body. Roll D6 x D6 x D6 to see how many GP you have with you. Roll 1D6 to see what weapon you are carrying (details as per Rule Book):

- 1 – pilum
- 2 – war hammer
- 3 – bludgeon
- 4 – falchion
- 5 – cutlass
- 6 – dirk.

If you have *W* written in your notes, go to **33**. If not, roll 1D6 and go to the paragraph indicated:

- 1 – **89**
- 2 – **55**
- 3 – **93**
- 4 – **49**
- 5 – **73**
- 6 – **76**

THE CHASE!

Rounds	Pace	Your Yardage	Demon's Yardage	Zeal	Wind Speed
0					
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					
9					
10					
11					
12					
13					
14					
15					
16					
17					
18					
19					
20					
21					
22					
23					

Rounds	Pace	Your Yardage	Demon's Yardage	Zeal	Wind Speed
0					
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					
9					
10					
11					
12					
13					
14					
15					
16					
17					
18					
19					
20					
21					
22					
23					

Rounds	Pace	Your Yardage	Demon's Yardage	Zeal	Wind Speed
0					
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					
9					
10					
11					
12					
13					
14					
15					
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20					
21					
22					
23					

This adventure was inspired by a poem:

The Demon of the Gibbet

Fitz-James O'Brien (1828 – 1862)

There was no west, there was no east,
No star abroad for eye to see;
And Norman spurred his jaded beast
Hard by the terrible gallows-tree.

"O Norman, haste across this waste--
For something seems to follow me!"
"Cheer up, dear Maud, for,
 thanked be God,
We nigh have passed the gallows-tree!"

He kissed her lip; then--spur and whip!
And fast they fled across the lea!
But vain the heel and rowel steel,--
For something leaped
 from the gallows-tree!

"Give me your cloak, your knightly cloak,
That wrapped you oft beyond the sea;
The wind is bold, my bones are old,
And I am cold on the gallows-tree."

"O holy God! O dearest Maud,
Quick, quick, some prayers,
 --the best that be!
A bony hand my neck has spanned,
And tears my knightly cloak from me!"

"Give me your wine,--the red, red wine,
That in the flask hangs by your knee!
Ten summers burst on me accurst,
And I'm athirst on the gallows-tree."

"O Maud, my life! my loving wife!
Have you no prayer to set us free?
My belt unclasps,--a demon grasps
And drags my wine-flask from my knee!"

"Give me your bride, your bonnie bride,
That left her nest with you to flee!
O, she hath flown to be my own,
For I'm alone on the gallows-tree!"

"Cling closer, Maud, and trust in God!
Cling close!--Ah, heaven,
 she slips from me!"--
A prayer, a groan, and he alone
Rode on that night from the gallows-tree.

You can hear readings of this poem, including mine, on Librivox, the free audiobook site:

<http://librivox.org/the-demon-of-the-gibbet-by-fitz-james-obrien/>

And here's my own take, by way of a filler.

A dark night! Owls hoot and frogs ribbit,
But nor beast nor fear dare inhibit
Your bold dash tonight:
You will race past your fright -
But oh! Will you race past the gibbet?

Will your eyes be pulled round to the sockets
Of the dead victim's skull? Will you mock its
Stretched grin as it warps
Rotting flesh? For this corpse
Knows the cold weight of gold in your pockets.

Ne'er so long was a journey so short!
Ne'er so yearned for was fair Tatherport!
Who will notice you're late,
Who will sing of your fate,
If you strain for *amour* and grasp *mort*?

Yet there's things worse than death in that cage.
There is evil and infinite rage.
When your soul hangs to rot,
The bright sword shall not
Save the hero, nor magic the mage.

Ride then, oh stout-hearted chancer!
Put your spurs to the flanks of your prancer!
Is it better to live
At all costs, or to give
Up the ghost? You will soon have your answer.

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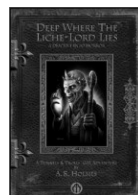
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***Deep Where the Liche-Lord Lies* by Andy R. Holmes**

Beneath an ancient mausoleum, deep within the Forest of Maugaral, there is a mighty dungeon; a stronghold of goblins, ogres, and worse. At its deepest point, surrounded by earthly riches, lies the tomb of Vasarax, an ancient and malignant sorcerer. Though entombed for centuries, stories abound that the long dead mage has arisen as a powerful Liche-Lord. It is said that whoever steps foot into his resting chamber will instantly perish...

Deep Where the Liche Lord Lies: A Descent into Horror is a huge, multi-level GM Adventure, compatible with *T&T* version 5 or 7.5. It will test even the strongest of parties as they penetrate its gloomy depths. Everything a GM requires to run what amounts to a mini campaign can be found within its pages, including detailed maps of each level and the surrounding terrain, plus descriptions of all of the rooms and contents. This is the largest GM module ever produced for *T&T* from the master of Gothic horror adventures, Andy Holmes.



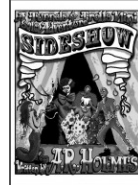
***Rapsallion* by Sid Orpin**

A Solitaire Adventure module. Any rogue character of 1st to 3rd level may explore its 142 adventure paragraphs. It has been written with *T&T* version 7.5 in mind, though it will adapt to earlier editions.



***Sideshow* by Andy R. Holmes**

Sideshow is a Mini Solitaire Adventure designed with *T&T* version 5 in mind, which can be adapted for other editions. It is suitable for 1st level characters only and some magic spells are permitted. In addition to the Solo Adventure, this special edition includes a section with descriptions and a map that will allow it to be used as a GM Adventure.



***Tavern by the Sea* by Ken St. Andre & Andy R. Holmes**

A Mini Solitaire Adventure designed for *T&T* version 7.5, which can be adapted for use with earlier editions. Use any humanoid character (except fairies or giants) of 3rd level or lower, but the use of magic is not allowed, so warriors and rogues may fare best within this den of iniquity. This Special Edition features an additional adventure, *The Tomb of the Sea Reaver's Gold*, with all-new artwork by Jeff Freels.



***Formication* by Sid Orpin**

A Mini Solitaire Adventure designed for *T&T* version 7.5, which it can be adapted for use with earlier editions.

This adventure is designed for a newly created fairy warrior of 1st or 2nd level.



***Devotion To Duty* by Sid Orpin**

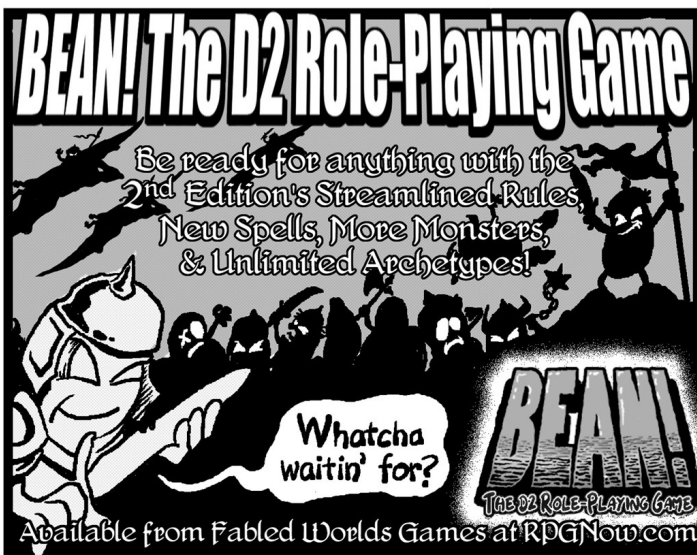
A Mini Solitaire Adventure for use with *T&T* version 7.5, which be adapted for use with earlier editions.





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Demon of the Gibbet

Twizzikle the merchant must propose to his true love Nuisancia before the morning light, or she will marry Eggbert instead. But the merchant is delayed, and Nuisancia is in Tatherport, on the far side of the bay. The only road winds through the dark forest, and you must carry the message - past the haunted gibbet! Perhaps your first adventure will also be your last...

This solo is a brief starter adventure for novice characters only. Wizards may use a limited selection of spells. The adventure is compatible with all versions of the Tunnels & Trolls™ rules.



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Mini Solo # 5