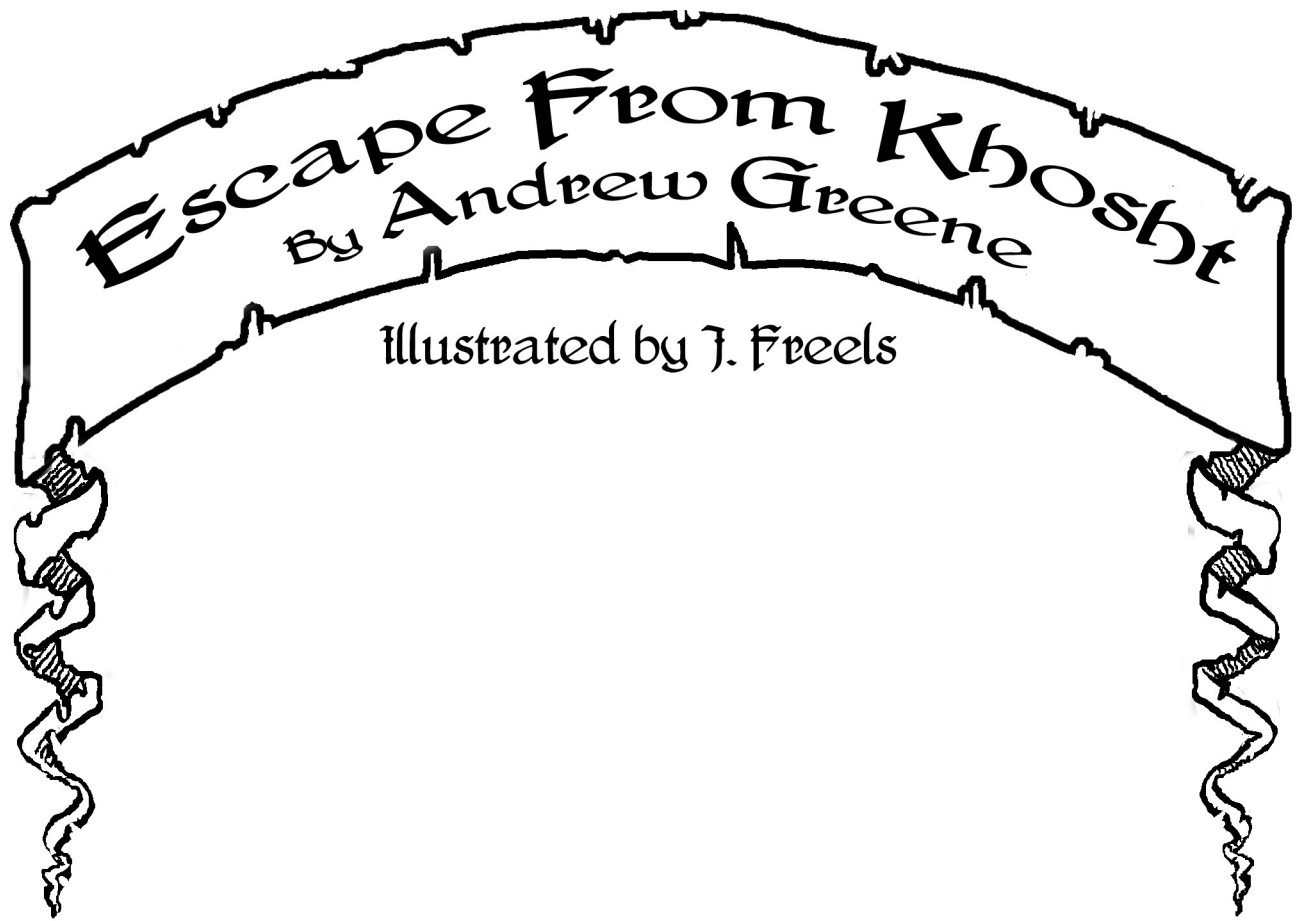


Escape from Khosht



A Tunnels & Trolls Mega Mini Solo
by Andrew Greene



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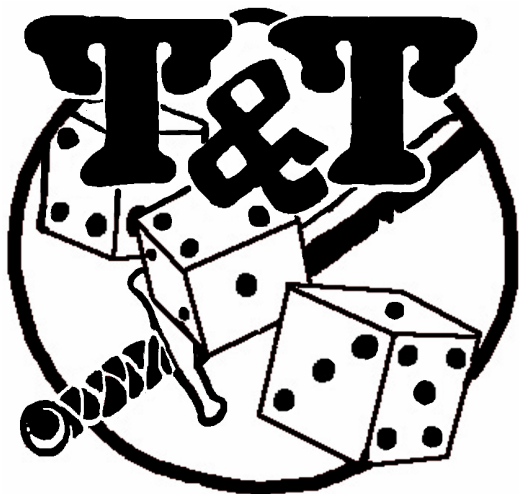
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This edition of Escape from Khosht contains three pre-generated characters to get you started quickly, in case you don't have a character that meets the adventure's requirements. They can be found at the back of the book. Also, you will find stats for the game’s primary NPCs, which can be used as PCs in your future adventures in the T&T universe.



Escape From Khosht

A Mega Mini-Solo for T&T™

By

Andrew Greene

Rules of Play:

To make “Escape from Khosht” a challenging and, I hope, entertaining endeavor, the following rules apply: personal and weapon(s) adds combined shouldn’t total more than 105; the ideal candidate will have 75-95 total adds. Weapon(s) dice cannot exceed 10, and hits taken (whether via armor, magic or anything else) are limited to 12. To make this fantasy as realistic as possible, only humans, dwarves, elves, and hobbits should participate.

Magic: 1st-3rd level spells are allowed. The following spells can be cast before the first combat turn (you can cast them, and still participate in melee in combat turn 1): Take That, You Fiend; Blasting Power; Freeze Pleeze; Vorpall Blade; Glue You; Little Feets; Whammy.

Poor Baby can be cast at any time except when involved in combat. All other spells can be cast only when directed to do so by the text.

You’ll spend all of your time in this adventure running or exerting energy, so you will *not* be able to recover lost strength points. Use your magic judiciously.

Thrown Weapons: Like magic, you can throw a weapon at a foe before the first combat turn and it won’t affect your ability to participate in melee combat for that first turn. All targets are large and at near range, L4SR on DEX (35-DEX). Time is of the essence in this adventure. If you miss your foe with a thrown weapon, roll 1d6. If the result is 1-3, you won’t be able to find your weapon before you have to make your next decision. Thus, you’d lose it.

Equipment: Heavy or cumbersome equipment would hamper you more than help you. For that reason bows, crossbows and shields are prohibited. You can wield two weapons for melee combat (dice cannot exceed ten), as long as the off-hand weapon is a dagger. You may also carry an additional two daggers for throwing, or a single weapon from the Projectile Weapons-Class III list in the rulebook to throw at your foes with the exception of the staff sling.

If you’d like to bring along some loose change, you can have a money pouch tied at your waistband that will hold a maximum of 50 gold coins. You also will have a haversack, which can hold up to six items.

Spite: Given the restrictions on weapon(s) dice, armor, etc. for this adventure, stalemates may occur in combat. To resolve these situations, the concept of “Spite” may be used. For each six you roll on weapon(s) dice subtract one point of CON from your foe. Also, for each six your foe rolls, subtract one point from your CON.

INTRODUCTION

The Eye of the Beast—a cut, polished diamond the size of a hill giant’s fist—has been the centerpiece at the Museum of Sages in Khosht for the past decade, where it’s nestled within the eye socket of a cyclopean statue.

It’s worth 200,000 gold pieces.

You now cradle the huge, glittering gem in your arms!

It’s the dead of night, and you’re inside the museum looking up through a debarred skylight where a rope dangles, hanging limply at your side. Next to you stands one of your colleagues, a statuesque, swarthy-skinned beauty from Gull named Chi-Chi. Through the hole, on top of the roof, stands your other confederate, a small, quick man named Radnoff.

“C’mon, let’s go,” calls Radnoff, in a loud whisper. “Chi-Chi first, with the diamond.”

Remembering the adage, “There’s no honor among thieves,” you vehemently shake your head. “No! The girl first, then me *with* the Eye.”

You first met Radnoff and Chi-Chi during a drunken night of debauchery at the Stoned Troll Tavern in Talleymark. The three of you shared some laughs and good times before going your separate ways. The day you arrived in Khosht to formulate a plan to heist the jewel, you ran into the pair in the common room of the Tenth Street Public House. Oddly enough, they were in Khosht for the same reason as you, and it was on that night the three of you decided to team together to swipe the fabulous diamond.

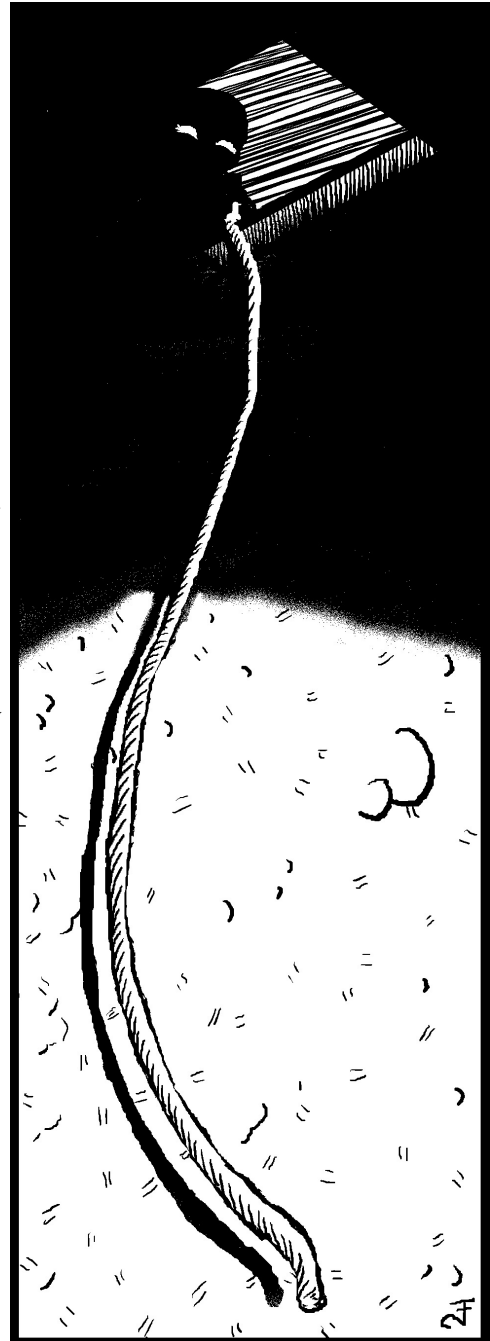
Radnoff rolls his eyes and gestures wildly with his arms. “All right. Just get moving, fast!”

Chi-Chi tugs on the knotted rope to make sure Radnoff has secured his end before beginning her climb. Grunting and straining with the effort, she labors to pull herself up toward the ceiling; her long raven tresses fall above a pair of perfectly rounded buttocks, which are accentuated by her tight-fitting black leather breeches.

You take one last look around the shadowy room before shoving the gem into your haversack. “Strange,” you hear yourself say. This theft was *too* easy. It was a simple matter to enter the museum and pry the Eye from the statue. You’ve encountered no wandering guards, traps, or malevolent magic. It seems the museum has taken no special precautions to safeguard such a valuable item. Have the guards become slack about a gem that was once so tightly guarded most believed it couldn’t be stolen? You think of all the planning you and your companions made for this caper: the surveillances; the tours endured to learn the layout of the museum, as well as where the Eye is kept; the number of guards on patrol; the payment made to learn that the iron bars over a certain skylight have become loose and can be easily removed with a little manipulation. It all appears to have been overkill now.

You look up to see Chi-Chi wiggle her way through the aperture in the ceiling. Now, it’s your turn. You clutch the rope with both hands, and begin to haul yourself up when you hear...something. It’s a low humming noise, close to you. As you continue to pull yourself up the rope, the noise gradually gets louder, more annoying. In seconds, it fills your ears and rattles your brain.

“What in the Nine Hells is that?” asks Radnoff. You look up and see only the whites of his eyes against the midnight-blue backdrop of the night sky.



“Pull the rope! Get me oughta here!”

Radnoff and Chi-Chi heave on the rope as you climb. Your inches from the open skylight when, with a shudder of horror, you realize the noise is coming from your haversack. The diamond is sounding the alarm! In the distance beneath you, you hear the drumming sound of boots scurrying pell-mell through corridors. The museum guards are on duty after all, and are fast approaching you.

You grip the windowsill and amble onto the roof. The night air is cutting, but you’d never know it. You rip the diamond from your haversack. It throbs a dull red as it sends its alarm echoing across the breeze. Your spirit plummets as you see the diamond churn and transform into a pile of ashes in your hands. What you held wasn’t a diamond, but a simple trap to thwart thieves.

“We’ve been duped,” you say, flinging the ashes out of your hands.

“Those filthy dogs switched Eyes!” spits Chi-Chi.

The room below quickly fills with museum security. A dagger springs into Radnoff’s right hand, and he cuts the rope in twain with one swift snap of his wrist, severing the cord between the guards and your position on the roof. Below you, a desperate, frightened shriek is abruptly cut-off with a crash. Looking down through the skylight, you see one of the guards laying on the floor, his neck and legs twisted at a grotesque angle.

“He’s dead,” Chi-Chi says, a look of stark horror on her face.

“I didn’t know he was on the rope,” Radnoff replies. “If we’re caught, they’ll have our heads now.”

With a sick feeling in your gut, you also realize your means of egress was cut when Radnoff sliced through the rope.

It no time the guards will find a way to join you on the roof. You have to act fast. Your eyes take in your surroundings in an instant.

The buildings in this part of the city are close together. You could try jumping to the neighboring rooftop. If you know the *Fly Me* spell, you can fly to the next building, or to the ground. Also, during your ascent to the roof, you noticed a drainpipe runs up the side of the museum wall. Perhaps it’s strong enough to support your weight if you wish to climb to the ground.

How will you escape?

To climb down the drainpipe, go to 1. To leap to the neighboring building, go to 2. To cast *Fly Me*, subtract seven from your Strength, and you can fly to the next building—go to 3—or fly to the ground, go to 4. If you’d rather stand at the skylight and fight the guards as they come through the window, go to 5.

1

You scramble to the edge of the museum roof, and peer down. Sixty feet below, it’s as if the narrow, cobblestoned street leers at you, mockingly inviting you to its rocky bed. Radnoff and Chi-Chi rush over and join you at the ledge. You swing your legs over the side of the roof and lower yourself to the top of the drainpipe, and begin your descent to the ground.

The drainpipe rattles and sways a few inches away from the museum wall as you scamper down its length like a spider on a strand of web. You’re halfway down when you notice the nails that hold the drainpipe to the building are old and coming loose. Above you, Radnoff and Chi-Chi have begun to climb down the pipe, also. The weight of all three of you is putting a terrific strain on the nails. You hear metal creak and soft, springy pops as nails fly from the pipe and wall.

Make a L6SR on Lk (45-Lk). If you make it, go to 6. If the gods of chance aren’t on your side, go to 7.

2

“I’m jumping for it,” you tell Radnoff and Chi-Chi. They nod and tell you they’ll do the same. You take a deep breath, composing yourself for what you’re about to do, and then you run full-bore for the roof’s ledge. The frigid night air fills your lungs, but you stay focused on the top of the next building. With your heart racing, you reach

the ledge and leap into the Khosht night.

Make A L4SR on Dex (35-Dex). If you make it, go to 8. If you miss it, go to 9.

3

You mumble the eldritch formula that enables you to fly. It's as if an unseen, divine hand reaches from the heavens and lifts you into the air. At running speed, you cross the chasm that separates the two buildings, landing with a soft thud on the neighboring rooftop.

Radnoff and Chi-Chi can't cast magic, but with their panther-like agility, they have no trouble leaping the distance between the two buildings. Landing with a smack and a grunt, the two drop and roll to lessen the impact of their arrival.

The museum rooftop comes to life as the first pair of museum guards emerges through the skylight. Their heads turn side to side, their broadsword and crossbow ready. They haven't spotted you... yet.

The next string of buildings is even closer to one another, making it easy for you and your mates to jump from building to building. You're beginning to feel good about your chances of a quick escape when a loud whistle snaps Khosht out of its slumber.

The alarm brings pilum and scimitar-wielding city guardsmen from out of dark streets and alleys, filling the main boulevard. From your vantage point, they resemble a horde of army ants pouncing on some intruder who's ventured over their mound. The whistle has also brought candles flickering to life, clutched by inquisitive onlookers who peek out of darkened windows. The whole block knows there's trouble now.

A final jump brings you to the top of a one-story warehouse, where it's a simple matter to hop to the ground. With all the commotion, it becomes clear that the best place for you is outside the city. There are two gates that lead out of Khosht. The main gate is a few blocks away, but during your stay here you've learned it's heavily guarded. The postern gate is much farther away, but will be lightly guarded.

If you wish to make your way toward the main gate, go to 10. If you prefer to head toward the postern gate, go to 11.

4

You focus your concentration on the street and mutter the incantation that will enable you to fly. A preternatural swoosh of wind lifts you into the air, and at running speed carries you to the ground, where you land gently on the cobblestones.

Radnoff and Chi-Chi climb down the drainpipe with the nimbleness of spiders, and join you on the street. You begin to mull over your options when a piercing whistle splits the night.

Above you, darkened windows explode in lantern light, and curious heads bob out of windows to see the cause of the commotion. You hear the sound of running, booted feet on cobblestones—the city guard is coming to investigate the alarm!

You decide your only place of refuge this night will be outside the city. There are two gates that lead out of Khosht. The main gate is a few blocks away, but will be heavily guarded by the alerted watchmen. The postern gate is farther away, but during your stay you've learned it's lightly guarded.

If you wish to seek your escape heading toward the main gate, go to 10. If you'd rather trek toward the postern gate, go to 11.

5

A quartet of security men appears under the skylight armed with broadswords; two wield cranequins. One of the crossbowmen fires off a shot that whistles past your head, missing by a scant inch!

“It’s suicide to stay and fight,” warns Chi-Chi, pulling at the sleeve of your tunic. “We have to run for it.”

To climb down the drainpipe, go to 1. To leap to the neighboring building, go to 2. To cast *Fly Me*, reduce your strength by 7 and fly to the next building, go to 3; or fly to the ground, go to 4.

6

Metal screams and bends, but the drainpipe manages to stay fixed to the wall. You light on a cobblestoned street, and begin to plot your next move, when a piercing whistle slices through the air, awakening the sleeping city. In the distance, you can hear the pounding of booted feet on the main boulevard. The city guard has been alerted!

“The whole city will be lookin’ for us now,” you tell your companions. “We have to find a way out of Khosht.” But which route will you choose?

Two gates lead out of the city. The main gate is close to your position, but you’ve learned during your stay it’s heavily guarded. The postern gate is much farther away, but is lightly guarded.

If you’d like to creep toward the main gate, go to 10. If you wish to sneak toward the postern gate, go to 11.

7

With a grinding metal death cry, the drainpipe comes loose from the wall, and you plunge thirty feet onto hard cobblestones (Deduct twelve points from your Con. Armor counts at face value only). Battered and bruised, you get to your feet when hell fire shoots up your left leg. You have a twisted left ankle (halve your Dex for the remainder of this adventure. You may use potions or magic to heal your Con, but your Dex penalty will remain).

You begin to take stock of your situation when a shrill whistle cuts through the night. In the distance, you hear the scampering of boots on cobblestones—the city guard has been alerted and charges to the museum!

The entire block knows trouble is afoot, and you realize your only refuge will be to get as far away from Khosht as you can. Two gates lead out of the city. The main gate is just a few blocks distant, but during your stay you’ve learned it’s heavily guarded. The postern gate is much farther away, but is lightly guarded.

To venture toward the main gate, go to 10. To prowl to the postern gate, go to 11.

8

You soar through the air, landing gracefully on the neighboring rooftop. Radnoff and Chi-Chi follow suit, easily making the jump. The museum rooftop comes to life as the first pair of guards emerges through the skylight. Their heads turn side to side, their broadsword and cranequin ready. They haven’t spotted you... yet.

The next string of buildings is even closer to one another, making it easy for you and your mates to jump from building to building. You’re beginning to feel good about your chances of escape when a loud whistle snaps Khosht out of its slumber.

From out of alleys and dark streets pour pilum and scimitar-wielding city guardsmen. From your vantage point, they resemble a horde of army ants pouncing on some intruder who’s ventured over their mound. The whistle has also brought candles and lanterns flickering to life, clutched by inquisitive onlookers who peek out of darkened windows. The whole block knows there’s trouble now.

A final jump brings you to the top of a one-story warehouse, where it’s a simple matter to hop to the ground. With all the commotion, it becomes clear that your only place of refuge will be outside the city. There are two

gates that lead out of Khosht. The main gate is a few blocks away, but during your stay you've learned it's heavily guarded. The postern gate is much farther away, but is lightly guarded.

If you wish to make your way toward the main gate, go to 10. If you prefer to head toward the postern gate, go to 11.

9

Your eyes widen in terror as you realize your jump will come short of its mark. Hitting the side of the building with a splat, you attempt to cling to the wall, but it's to no avail. You plunge to the street sixty feet below, tumbling head over heels, the desperate wails of Radnoff and Chi-Chi ringing in the background.

Impacting the cobblestones, the last thing you see is a blinding white light, and then the black abyss of everlasting darkness.

10

You skulk through the night, clinging to the shadows, and quickly close half the distance between yourself and the main gate. But up ahead, trouble looms. The boulevard is thick with city guardsmen. Some stand in groups, talking; others probe the shadows with wide-eyed gazes. You can overhear bits of their conversation. They are describing the would-be thieves of the Eye, and their descriptions are amazingly accurate.

You and your companions slip into an alley, and plot your next course of action. Radnoff points to a dark street on the other side of the main strip, one hundred yards from your position. "I have an adventuring acquaintance who lives over there. If we can get to his house, we can stay there until this trouble blows over."

Chi-Chi protests. "No! The guard will be searching everywhere tonight." She raises an eyebrow, looking at Radnoff suspiciously. "Especially the homes of known thieves. We have to keep moving."

Radnoff grins at you. "Don't listen to her."

You ponder what decision to make when three shafts of light pierce the surrounding blackness. The three of you melt back against the wall. On the other end of the wands of light are three hulking figures. They're night patrolmen.

Make a L8SR on LK (55-Lk). If you make it, go to 12; should you miss, go to 13.

11

You wind your way through alleys and back streets, quickly closing two blocks of distance between yourself and the postern gate when you emerge onto Khosht's main boulevard. Up ahead, standing atop a rise in the road, is a trio of city guardsmen in the splash of light from an overhead street torch. Each toils to hold back a baying war hound that struggles against its leash.

You point out the guards to Radnoff and Chi-Chi. "Time for a change in our route."

"In another block, we'll come to a graveyard. If we cut through the graveyard, we can trim two blocks off the distance to the back gate," Radnoff informs you.

Chi-Chi looks at Radnoff, aghast. "That graveyard is haunted! Besides, to do that we'd have to get closer to those demon mutts. We'll be better off sticking to the alleys off the main road."

Radnoff smiles, shrugs and looks at you. "The alleys will take longer. It's up to you to decide."

But before you can answer, you hear the clickety-clack of hooves on cobblestones. A horse gallops onto the boulevard from a side street. Its rider waves a wand of light side to side. The three of you crouch low on your haunches against a wall and breathe not. The rider is a city guardsman.

Make a L8SR on LK (55-Lk). If you make it, go to 14. If you miss, head for 15.

The narrow beams of light dance and flicker around you, but never fall on you or your companions. After several uncomfortable moments, the patrolmen turn on their heels and carry on further down the road.

Chi-Chi breathes heavily, and brushes a stray lock of hair out of her eyes. "That was close."

Radnoff glances at you over his shoulder. "Do we head for my friend's house, or keep moving toward the main gate?"

How will you answer?

If it's, "Let's go to your friend's house, and wait this out," go to 16. If you say, "We have to keep moving to get out of this mess," go to 17.

Three small spotlights zigzag around you, and then one beam hits you full in the face. You squeeze your eyes shut and turn your head, hoping the patrolman is as blind as he is big. He isn't.

"Whoa, what have we here?" calls the one in the middle in a gurgling voice. You look up and see the patrolman's face in the wand of light's illumination.

Loose folds of flesh consume his face, giving his eyes the appearance of two narrow slits. His mouth is a blubbery mass of red lips with needle-like teeth extending out of them. A steel cap, lacquered black, with chainmail mesh sits crookedly on his misshapen head, threatening to topple off at any moment.

The other two guards step forward into the light. They are similarly ornamented and resemble their cohort. These creatures are members of Khosht's Night Patrol, a unit whose reputation is as black as Lerotrah's heart. Oft times you've heard it told that the back streets and alleys of Khosht are fouled with the blood and gore of the accused who were never given a chance to stand trial at the hands of Night Patrolmen.

Not waiting for them to enact their justice, Radnoff bounds forward, two poniards materializing in his hands, and with the speed of angry lightning sinks the blades into the fleshy neck of one of the man-things. It howls and falls back, green blood spraying the air.

The two other patrolmen charge, eliminating any chance of escape out of the alley. Your hand snakes around the hilt of your weapon as you ready yourself for combat.

You must fight the Patrolman. He gets 5 dice for his red-bladed long sword, 70 adds, and wears 10 points of armor. His Con is 29. If you win, go to 18.



A circle of light darts, then hovers over your heads, but fails to fall on you or your party. Having brought light to darkness for several moments, the horseman gives up his search and rides to the beat of his horse's hooves through the intersection onto a parallel street.

"The gods of luck are on our side tonight," Radnoff says, with a wide, white grin.

Chi-Chi casts him a hard look. "Don't tempt Fate, jackal-face." She turns to you. "So, do we stick with the

alleys or cut through the graveyard?”

If you decide to get to the postern gate via the alleys, go to 19. If you recommend cutting through the graveyard, go to 20.

15

A narrow ray of light swims around your party. The horseman then flutters the spotlight further down the road amongst a clump of bushes. You exhale, but just when it seems the horseman has stopped searching in your vicinity, he shines his wand of light back in your direction. It scores a direct hit on Radnoff, illuminating his dark tunic and black leather gloves. “Still yourselves,” cries the horseman, fumbling for the whistle around his neck.

What will you do?

Attack the horseman before he can sound the alarm? Go to 21.

Flee into the nearest alley? Go to 22.

Flee in the direction of the graveyard? Go to 23.

Still yourself? Go to 24.

16

You wait for the groups of guardsmen to disperse before signaling Radnoff and Chi-Chi out of the shadows. Crouching low, you charge across the boulevard.

You arrive at a stand of oak trees that line a narrow, dirt road. Radnoff takes the lead and with the speed and silence of a hunting tiger leads you between a series of narrow, two-story dwellings to a house surrounded by a low fence near the southern end of the street. In the distance, you hear the baying of dogs.

“This is Ludor’s place,” Radnoff says.

The wiry thief picks up a pebble and hurls it against the side of the house. Then he cups his hands around his mouth and speaks in the coded language of professional thieves. A light winks into existence within the house. An eye blink later, the front door opens. In the doorway stands an elderly man, his features illumined by the lantern he holds in his left hand. He has long gray hair and shaggy sideburns; his furrowed, bushy eyebrows lend intensity to his dark eyes. Under his right arm is a crossbow.

“Who goes there?” the elderly man calls out.

“Ludor, it’s Radnoff. I need your assistance.”

“Who?” Ludor leans forward, straining his eyes to make out your vague forms in the darkness.

“Radnoff! Remember? We explored Dargon’s Dungeon together.”

With a speed that belies his apparent age, Ludor tears a path to the fence. Radnoff smiles and extends a hand, expecting a greeting. What he gets is a cold question. “Are you the reason for all this noise tonight?”

The barking dogs are closer now.

Radnoff’s voice is pleading. “We tried to heist the Eye of the Beast. We need your help.”

“Help?” Ludor asks, offended. “Leave here at once!”

Radnoff’s mouth falls open. “What?”

“Get away from my house.” Ludor looks up the street. “You hear those hounds? On the other end of their leashes are Night Patrolmen, man-beasts who are more bloodthirsty than the dogs they command. If they realize you’ve been here, they’ll kill me.” Ludor leans over the fence and snarls, “But not before I kill you.”

A dark, murderous glare trickles into Radnoff’s coal-black eyes. “Have you forgotten your oath, Old Man?” he asks between clenched teeth.

“To the deepest hell with the oaths I took as a thief, but I’ll grant you one last piece of advice. In the city wall, fifty meters west of the main gate, is a secret door. Apply pressure to the bottom right corner, leave this city and never come back.” Ludor blows out his lamp light, plunging you in darkness once again.

A short distance up the street trouble comes. The growling hounds have closed the distance on your party. Make a L4SR on LK (35-Lk). If you make it, go to 25. If you miss, go to 26.

In the far distance to the east, you hear the yowling of a dog pack. Unperturbed, you keep moving, cautiously picking your way through dark, empty streets until you come within sight of the main gate. There, a gigantic cylindrical brazier looms, shooting long tongues of flame toward an ebon sky.

You've learned six guards are normally on duty at the gate, but tonight a dozen mill about, keeping warm by the brazier's fire and providing half-hearted security for a line of wagons that curls to a point halfway to your position.

"What do we do now?" Chi-Chi asks.

You're mulling over her question when a strange, ominous feeling grips you like a roc's talons. Your instincts, honed to a razor's edge over years of adventuring, are warning you of danger.

Attempt a L6SR on Lk (45-Lk). If you make it, go to 27. If you miss, go to 28.

The alley floor is slick with the blood of the dead patrolmen. Radnoff sheathes his blade with a grim expression. Chi-Chi sidles next to you. "No time for long thoughts. We must act. Do we head for Radnoff's friend's house and wait-out this trouble, or keep moving toward the main gate?"

If you wish to go to Radnoff's friend's house, go to 16. To keep moving in the direction of the main gate, go to 17.

"Let's cut through the alleys," you recommend. "It'll take longer, but maybe we'll avoid guards and other troubles."

Chi-Chi shoots a winning smirk at Radnoff, who scowls at Chi-Chi in response.

Winding your way through the maze of alleys at jogging speed, you're making good time in your jaunt to the postern gate when you take a left turn at a T-shaped junction in the alleyway.

The sight in front of you brings you to a skidding stop. Two men are stooped over, their backs supporting a third who's forcing open the back window of a closed shop.

"Well, it seems we're not the only rogues out tonight," Chi-Chi chimes. The burglars freeze and slowly turn their heads in your direction. The man at the window jumps to the ground, and whips a knife from his sleeve. The other two men stand straight, brandishing coshes.

You'll have to fight your way out of this. A cosh-wielding burglar with a long purple-black scar running from his right eyebrow to his chin lumbers toward you.

He gets 4 dice and 70 adds in combat, and has a Con of 45. If and when you reduce his Con below 15, go to 29.

"We have to get out of here as quickly as possible," you say. "The graveyard will get us to the back gate faster, and maybe we can shake some of the guards there."

"Excellent decision," Radnoff commends. Chi-Chi glares at him.

The three of you stalk up the street under cover of the dark and a row of oak trees that line the fringes of the boulevard. You near the rise where the guards strain to keep the war hounds at bay, and notice the well-muscled dogs raising their muzzles, sniffing the air.

Attempt a L4SR on Lk (35-Lk). If you make it, go to 30. If you miss, go to 31.

21

What will be your method of attack? If it's a melee weapon, go to 32; for a magical attack, write down your spell choice now and make the necessary reduction in your strength, then go to 33; a thrown weapon, go to 34.

22

Attempt a L5SR on Dex (40-Dex). If you're successful, go to 35; if unsuccessful, go to 36.

23

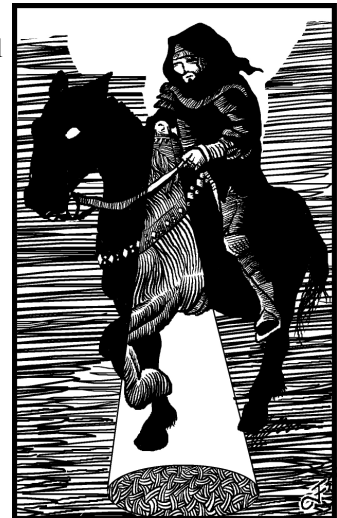
Attempt a L5SR on Dex (40-Dex). If you're successful, go to 37; if unsuccessful, go to 36.

24

Not wanting to give the appearance of resisting arrest, you raise your arms into the air. Chi-Chi and Radnoff look at you in wide-eyed disbelief before blazing a trail to a nearby alley. The horseman manages to get a hold of the whistle and blows into it, sending its shrill cry out across the night. The slavering war hounds on the hill answer the call with a chorus of growls and snapping barks.

The horseman leaps from his saddle, broadsword in hand. "Down on the ground, you piece of filth," he commands. You comply. Soon, the war hounds are chomping at the air next to your head. The hard toe of a heavy boot slams into your side, knocking the breath out of you. Rough hands pull you to your feet. You manage a glimpse into the hate-twisted faces of a few guardsmen before a series of fists slam against the side of your head, sending you reeling into the hazy realm of unconsciousness.

Go to 97.



25

You flee up the street, darting between houses, through hedges and over low fences. It's no use. The ceaselessly barking hounds are behind you, getting closer and closer.

A few paces ahead of you, you spy Radnoff dip a hand inside his tunic and withdraw a vial containing a dark mixture. He shakes the contents, pops the cork and spills it out onto the ground. Even as you sprint past the spot of the spill, its aroma is enough to make you gag. It's a cloying combination of human sweat, fish sauce, and bat guano.

"By all the gods, what was that?" Chi-Chi asks, suppressing a choke.

Radnoff doesn't break stride, but turns and, with a devilish smile, says, "A little treat for our canine friends."

The cacophony of barking suddenly turns into yelps and squeaks of pain as the war hounds get a snout full of Radnoff's hellish brew. You glance over your shoulder and see three of the dogs writhing on the ground, dragging their paws over their faces.

You put plenty of distance between yourself and the dogs and patrolmen before slowing to a jogging pace. A short distance ahead is Khosht City Park.

"Cutting through the park will quickly bring us to the secret door in the city wall that that traitor, Ludor, told us about," Radnoff explains. The three of you pass between two stone pillars decorated with carvings of the gods and enter the park. After a short distance the pebbled path veers to the right.

If you follow the path to the wall, go to 38. If you head over open ground, go to 39.

26

You turn and sprint for all you're worth, cutting between houses and through shrubbery in hopes of throwing the dogs off your track. It's no use. The growling hounds get closer and closer.

You shout out a call to Radnoff and Chi-Chi and together the three of you wheel around, draw your weapons and face your pursuers. The dogs stand as high as your waist, their well-muscled shoulders suggesting enormous power. Studded leather collars circle their bull-like necks. Foaming at the mouth, one of them propels itself toward you at an incredible speed.

The war hound gets 6 dice and 100 adds in combat. It has a Con of 46. If you're still involved in combat with the hound after the fifth combat turn, go to 40. If you defeat the hound in fewer than five combat rounds, go to 41.

27

You snap your head around just in time to see the war bola flung at your legs. With amazing agility, you skip over the cord and avoid the spiked balls, and draw your weapon. Chi-Chi and Radnoff turn around and, along with you, behold the bestial faces of your adversaries.

In front of you are three Khosht trackers, a unit of the city guard comprised of dogmen who are experts at hunting criminals. Their facial features bear a strong resemblance to wolfdogs.

They draw rune-covered bludgeons from their waistbands and display their teeth in a low growl. Radnoff, Chi-Chi and yourself square off with the trackers.

Your foe gets 4 dice and 85 adds, dons 8 points of armor, and has a Con of 35. The tracker will try to render you unconscious instead of killing you. If your Con drops below 5, go to 42. If you drop the tracker's Con below 15 first, go to 43.

You spin around, but it's too late. A war bola wraps around your legs, entangling you. Spiked balls attached to the ends of the cords whip against your legs (deduct nine points from your Con. Armor counts at face value and only if your armor protects your legs). You attempt to free yourself, but the cords cinch your ankles, causing you to tumble to the ground.

Advancing on your group are three trackers, a unit of the city guard comprised of dogmen who are experts at hunting criminals. Their facial features bear a strong resemblance to wolfhounds.

They draw rune-covered bludgeons from their waistbands and brandish their teeth in a low growl. Radnoff and Chi-Chi draw their weapons and engage two of the trackers, while the third approaches you unmolested.

Due to your predicament, you cannot cast magic, and must halve your combat total until you're able to disentangle yourself after the second combat turn. Your foe gets 4 dice and 50 adds, dons 8 points of armor, and has a Con of 35. The tracker will try to render you unconscious instead of killing you. If your Con drops below 5, go to 42. If you manage to stay conscious after four rounds of combat, go to 44.



Blood flings from the thug's nostrils as your attack lands squarely in the middle of his face. He staggers backward, cupping a blood-soaked hand over his mouth and nose, and with the rest of his beaten comrades retreats down the alley, quickly vanishing into the shadows.

"Amateurs!" Radnoff declares. "If we weren't on the run, I'd break into that shop in seconds just to show how it's done."

Chi-Chi scoffs. "If we weren't on the run, I'd break your head in seconds just to show how it's done."

You continue journeying through the twisting alleys and forgotten byways when you shoot out, intersecting a large road. Up ahead, through the pre-dawn gloom you glimpse the postern gate.

"This is it. Get through the gate and we're home free," Chi-Chi says. She turns to Radnoff, and says sarcastically, "It's our only choice since somebody destroyed our rope, and we can't scale a spot along the city wall now."

Radnoff sticks his tongue out at her.

Two guards stand atop a platform over the small gate, gazing over the wall into the dense pines of the Old Forest in the distance. You wonder if word of your attempted theft and the accidental slaying of the museum guard have reached the ears of these officers. Perhaps you could just walk out of the city. Or perhaps not.

"Alms for a poor man?" You look down and see a disheveled man in ragged, soiled clothes squatting on the ground at your feet, his back against the front wall of a tinker's shop. His glazed eyes roll around his head and the sour stench of body odor mixed with alcohol that wafts from him brings you close to vomiting.

If you wish to give money to the beggar, write down the amount and go to 45. If your money stays in your pocket, you can attempt to leave the city by: walking nonchalantly through the gate (go to 46), forcing your way past the guards (go to 47), or using a non-combat spell or an item you've acquired in this adventure to get past the guards (go to 48).



The dogs cock their heads curiously, but make no sound. You swerve right, heading up the path toward the entrance to Hallows Memorial Cemetery and squeeze through the partially open gate.

The graveyard is lit by globes mounted on posts, erratically placed here and there, providing a sinister patchwork of half-light throughout the grounds. You jog past a number of headstones when up ahead you make out the form of a large, brooding mausoleum. Stone gargoyles are perched atop the gothic-styled structure, resting like dreaming demons. Paths snake around either side of the crypt.

The right path leads to an area of high grass and in the distance you can see shapes, dark and silent, shuffling about for some enigmatic purpose. The dirt of the left path is indented with the tracks of a wagon. The left path vanishes over a hill after a dozen meters.

If you take the right path, go to 49; the left path, go to 50.



The dogs turn their heads side to side, and then look directly at you. You stand rigid and silent, daring not to breathe. Radnoff and Chi-Chi do the same.

It does no good. A split-second later, the hounds almost pull their masters' arms out of their sockets in an effort to get at you. You direct your partners up a path toward the graveyard when the dogs break free from the guards' grips and charge down the hill. The guards, not knowing of your presence, shout at them to stop, but the dogs pay no heed.

In seconds they're on you. You must fight one of the war hounds. It gets 5 dice and 90 adds, and has a Con of 28. If you haven't slain the slaving beast in five turns or less, go to 51. If you do win in 5 turns or less, go to 52.

With the explosive energy of a *Hellbomb Burst*, you rush the horseman, tear him from his steed, and with two quick blows render him unconscious. But you're not in the clear yet. Up ahead, spilling out onto the road is a pair of bloodthirsty Night Patrolmen, man-beasts for whom justice is a sword through the heart.

Make a L4SR on LK to avoid being seen. Should you make it, you can flee into the alley (go to 53), or flee in the direction of the graveyard (go to 54). If you miss, go to 55.

What spell did you choose? If you casted *Take That You Fiend* or *Blasting Power*, your spell took full effect. The horseman falls backward out of his saddle, landing on the cobblestones with a dull thud. You may either take Chi-Chi's advice and get to the postern gate via the alleys (go to 19), or agree with Radnoff and cut through the graveyard (go to 20).

If you cast any other spell, it didn't take effect. You can either flee to the nearest alley (go to 22), flee in the direction of the graveyard (go to 23), or surrender (go to 24).

The horseman is a large target at near range. Try a L4SR on Dex (35-Dex). If you make it, your thrown weapon thuds into his chest. He briefly teeters in his saddle before falling backward onto the hard cobblestones. You may now follow Chi-Chi's advice and get to the postern gate by traveling through the alleys (go to 19), or you can take Radnoff's advice and get to the gate via the graveyard (go to 20).

If you missed the saving roll, you have no other choices but to run for the nearest alley (22), flee into the graveyard (go to 23), or surrender (24).

You make for a pitch-black alley across the street from where you stand. You've taken six strides when you hear the springy twang of a quarrel fired from a crossbow. Instinctively, you duck, but the bolt sails well over your head and clanks against the wall of a building. The next sound you hear is the shrill wail of a blown whistle, but not before you and your mates have plunged into the relative safety of the dark alley.

For several minutes, you wind your way through the maze of narrow paths at jogging speed, making good time in your jaunt to the postern gate when you take a left turn at a T-shaped junction.

The sight in front of you brings you to a skidding stop. Two men are stooped over, their backs supporting a third who's forcing open the rear window of a closed shop.

"Well, it seems we're not the only rogues out tonight," Chi-Chi chimes. The burglars freeze and slowly turn their heads in your direction. The man at the window jumps to the ground, and whips a knife from his sleeve. The other two men stand straight, brandishing coshes.

You'll have to fight your way out of this. A cosh-wielding burglar with a long purple-black scar running from his right eyebrow to his chin lumbers toward you.

He gets 4 dice and 70 adds in combat, and has a Con of 45. If and when you reduce his Con below 15, go to 29.

You're halfway across the street when you hear the springy twang of a quarrel fired from a crossbow. With a sickening squishy sound, the bolt sinks into the back of your leg. Pain shoots like lightning down to your knee and ankle, and you collapse hard onto the cobblestones (Deduct 10 from your Con. Armor counts at face value only, and only then if it's protecting your legs). You cry out in pain, but Radnoff and Chi-Chi never break stride or even turn around to see your fate.

You writhe in agony on the street before rough hands pick you up and cuff you along the sides of your face, sending you spinning into the black mist of unconsciousness.

Go to 97.

You make a mad dash past the horseman and head up the street. Just as you're about to reach the cover of a tree line, you hear the *twang* of a quarrel fired from a crossbow. The bolt harmlessly grazes your right arm, and then slams into a tree trunk.

You sprint up the street under cover of the dark and the trees that line the fringes of the boulevard. You near the

rise where the guards strain to keep the war hounds at bay, and notice the well muscled, thick-necked dogs raising their snouts, sniffing the air. The next sound you hear is the shrill call of a blown whistle. The horseman you just encountered is signaling the alarm.

Attempt a L4SR on Lk (35-Lk). If you make it, go to 30. If you miss, go to 31.

38

You slow your pace to get a breather when something catches your peripheral vision. Well off the path, in a wooded area of the park, you detect movement.

"We're being watched," Chi-Chi says.

Alerted, you continue along the path. You ascend a small hill and spy the city wall a few hundred yards ahead when you hear branches rustle and leaves shake off the trees. You see nine forms emerge from the woods and begin to make their way toward your position.

Your party takes a defensive formation and waits. The nine ascend the hill and form a semi-circle around you. They wear black breeches and headbands, and tied around their elbows and knees are red neckerchiefs. Their grim faces are set, and their eyes burn with icy hatred.

They all carry long, thin-bladed knives. One of them steps forward. "Three against one. I like those odds. There'll be no trouble if you hand over your gold and jewelry."

Their clothing gives them away as it's supposed to. These are members of the Hellbrands, a street gang with branches in all the major cities throughout Rhalph.

Radnoff signals and speaks in the coded language of professional thieves. Many gangs have a loose affiliation with the Thieves' Guild. But not this one. The Hellbrands stare at him, oblivious of what he's trying to communicate. Confusion and suspicion trickles into their faces like cold honey. What will you do now?

If you hand over your gold and jewelry, calculate its worth in gold, then go to 56. If you decide to fight, go to 57.

39

You detour from the path and head over a grassy expanse. Above, the crescent moon's grin lights a narrow path in front of you. There's no sign of the city guard, and you make good time toward the extreme of the park when you cross a wooded bridge over a quiet, slow-flowing stream. Further up the trail from the bridge, you hear raucous laughter, and the smashes and clangs of destruction

Soon, you come to the sources of the noises. Three youths are destroying park benches with wooden bats and defacing a statue with paint. Seeing you, two of them whip long knives out of their waistbands; the silver blades catch the light of the moon, glinting evilly, while the other approaches you with an upraised bat. Red neckerchiefs adorn their arms and legs.

"Hellbrands," Chi-Chi whispers. The Hellbrands are a notorious street gang with branches in every major city throughout Rhalph.

"Lads, it looks like we have live game to play with now," one of them says.

"We're gonna bust you up," another adds. Without another moment's hesitation they launch into your party.

You're forced to fight a bat-wielding Hellbrand. He gets 4 dice and 75 adds, and has a Con of 30. If you reduce his Con below 15, go to 58.



Bursting through the shrubbery are three Night Patrolmen. They join the fight with their war hounds, pressing you and your colleagues to your limits.

The Night Patrolman you fight wields a long sword (5 dice) and has 50 adds. He has a Con of 20. Conduct combat now against both the patrolman and the war hound. If you win, continue reading.

You turn and run, putting plenty of distance between yourself and the slain bodies of your defeated foes before slowing to a jogging pace. A short distance ahead is Khosht City Park.

“Cutting through the park will quickly bring us to the secret door in the city wall that that traitor, Ludor, told us about,” Radnoff explains. The three of you pass between two stone pillars decorated with carvings of the gods, and enter the park. After a short distance the pebbled path veers to the right.

If you follow the path to the wall, go to 38. If you head over open ground, go to 39.

The war hounds lay in a bloodied pile around you. You decide to leave quickly before their handlers, the Night Patrolmen, arrive on the scene.

You turn and run, separating yourself from the scene of carnage before slowing to a jogging pace. A short distance ahead is Khosht City Park.

“Cutting through the park will quickly bring us to the secret door in the city wall that that traitor, Ludor, told us about,” Radnoff explains. The three of you pass between two stone pillars decorated with carvings of the gods and enter the park. After a short distance the pebbled path veers to the right.

If you follow the path to the wall, go to 38. If you head over open ground, go to 39.

You fight gamely from your back, but the tracker manages to slip its bludgeon through your guard, landing a crunching blow against your skull. You black out.

Go to 97.

Your last attack forces its way through the tracker’s defenses. It staggers backward before landing in an unconscious heap alongside the curb. Radnoff and Chi-Chi have also dispatched their foes, but before you can flee the scene undetected, yapping war hounds and night patrolmen spill onto the boulevard twenty-five meters up the road. They catch sight of you. You’re severely outnumbered. You realize to stand and fight would result in a quick and bloody death.

Frantically, you look around for a place to escape the advancing beasts. Two places appear viable. In the middle of the boulevard, a few meters from your position, is an open manhole; its cover lies on the sidewalk. On an adjoining street, the open doorway of a warehouse beckons. If you wish to escape down the manhole, go to 59. If you make a run for the doorway, go to 60.

Sweat covers your face and arms as you begin to take control of the fight with the tracker. In the background, Chi-Chi appears behind your opponent and whips the pommel of her short sword across the back of its head. The dogman drops as if it had been Death Spelled.

You begin to think of your next course of action when growling war hounds and bestial night patrolmen spill onto the street. They spot you and begin to charge. You're drastically outnumbered. To stand and fight would result in disaster.

Frantically, you look around for a place to escape the advancing beasts. Two places appear viable. In the middle of the boulevard, a few meters from your position, is an open manhole, its cover lays on the sidewalk. On an adjoining street, the open doorway of a warehouse beckons. If you wish to escape down the manhole, go to 59. If you make a run for the doorway, go to 60.

If you gave the beggar 1-15 gold coins, go to 61. If you gave him more than 15 gold, go to 62.

"Just act naturally," you tell Radnoff and Chi-Chi.

Chi-Chi gives you a sideward glance. "That'll get us thrown in a dungeon."

You step out of the alley and head down the cracked and puddled street toward the back gate. Fog slithers over the city wall like some great, probing spectre. Below the platform, alongside the gate, stands a small booth. Inside the booth a guard dozes. The area is dimly lit by lamps mounted on posts that extend up either side of the platform.

Hearing you approach, the guard awakens and motions for you to stop. He rubs his eyes and rummages through a host of papers on his podium, looking up periodically at the three of you as he does so. A few feet away, you hear the sound of booted feet descending a ladder.

Radnoff nudges you, prompting you to take action. If you:

do nothing, go to 63.

start a conversation, go to 64.

bribe the guard, write down the amount of your offer now then go to 65.

attack the guard, go to 66.

You lead the way down the road; Radnoff and Chi-Chi follow close behind you. You call to the guards on the platform to raise the gate. They stare at you for a long, uncomfortable moment before walking to a ladder and making their way to the ground. A third guard steps out of a booth near the gate, clutching a stack of papers.

"Getting an early start, eh?" the guard with the papers asks. He begins to flip through the stack, peering up at you now and then. The guards on the platform stroll up behind you, Radnoff and Chi-Chi. You glance over your shoulder and see them rub their eyes in an attempt to stay awake. Their hands are slumped over the hilts of their broadswords.

You signal your companions to act. Radnoff and Chi-Chi spin around, their blades singing sweet death. Go to 66.

If you know the *Hidey Hole* spell and wish to cast it in an attempt to sneak past the guards unseen, deduct ten points from your strength and go to 86. If you've acquired a potion of masking in this adventure, and wish to use it, go to 87. If you have a necklace with the letter 'T' dangling from it, go to 80. If you can do none of these things, you will have to decide whether to walk toward the gate nonchalantly (go to 46), or force your way past the guards (go to 47).



You cast a cautious eye up at the gargoyles as you pass underneath them. They do not stir, or suddenly come to life.

"What's the matter? Getting paranoid?" Radnoff asks, and then laughs wickedly.

A few paces more and the path becomes overrun with high, groping wild grass; the blades cling to your legs and feet unnaturally, as if they're trying to prevent you from venturing into the inner sanctum of the cemetery, and discover its dark secrets.

You've tramped about thirty meters when you make out the black outline of the city wall in the distance. Not wanting to spend any more time than you have to in this place of the dead, you quicken your pace, and encourage your mates to do the same.

The narrow trail you've been following winds like a snake into unlit areas of the graveyard. Hindered by the darkness you wander off the path. It doesn't concern you. Eyes fixed ahead, you make for the long stretch of the city wall.

You approach a circle of trees when you hear a peculiar sound—a low, droning chant. Before you can stop yourself you lead your party into the midst of a bizarre ritual. Three figures clad in loose, concealing robes and hoods huddle near a small ring of fire reciting the words of a liturgy. The words they repeat make no mistake as to which deity they're invoking—Lerotra'hh, Death Goddess.

They see you. Their faces contort in rage at having their ceremony interrupted. With madness in their eyes, they draw long, curved daggers from their cloaks and rush you.

You must do battle with a Death Cultist of Lerotra'hh. She gets 8 dice, 65 adds, and has a Con of 60. She will fight to the death with the passion of a fanatic. If you win, go to 70.

Not wanting to be caught off-guard, you keep your hand on your weapon and a watchful eye on the stone gargoyles as you walk underneath them.

"Worried about statues now?" Chi-Chi asks, playfully.

"Only the ones that come to life," you tell her.

You climb the rise in the path. The tracks left in the dirt appear fresh, perhaps only a few hours old. A little further down the path you see where the wagon turned off the trail and headed into the grass.

In the distance a hundred yards ahead, you make out the snaking outline of Khosht's city wall. Hoping to quickly leave this Necropolis, you break into a brisk jog. You've gone a few dozen meters when you enter a patch

of high, wild grass unlit by the globes. In the darkness, and with your quickened pace, it's difficult to stay on the narrow trail you've been following. It isn't long until you realize you've strayed from the path, but as long as you can see the city wall ahead, you'll be okay. Or so you think.

An instant later, a light ignites in front of you. Unable to break your momentum, you suddenly emerge from the sea of high grass and behold a scene that makes you grip your weapon with white-knuckled force.

Laying a coffin into the bed of a wagon is a trio of small shapes in dark robes. A tall, gaunt man stands near, holding a lantern, shouting at them to be careful. The yawning black hole of an open grave lies a few meters away.

The man turns and looks at you with black, rheumy eyes. His sallow face fills with anger and surprise. He shouts a command and the shapes throw back the hoods of their robes—skeletons! They grab pick-axes and shovels, and leap from the wagon to engage you.

You must fight a skeleton. It gets 8 dice and 70 adds in combat and has a Con of 50. It will fight to the dire end. If you win, go to 71.

51

A night patrolman joins the fight against you. He gets 5 dice for his long sword, has 55 adds and a Con of 35. If you win, go to 72. If the battle is going against you, you can surrender by going to 73.

52

Having brought lightning deaths to the war hounds, you swerve right, leading Radnoff and Chi-Chi up the path toward the entrance to Hallows Memorial Cemetery, and squeeze through the partially open gate.

The graveyard is lit by globes mounted on posts, erratically placed here and there, providing a sinister patchwork of half-light throughout the grounds. You jog past a number of headstones when up ahead you make out the form of a large, brooding mausoleum. Stone gargoyles are perched atop the gothic-styled structure, resting like dreaming demons. Paths snake around either side of the crypt.

The right path leads to an area of high grass and in the distance you can see shapes, dark and silent, shuffling about for some enigmatic purpose. The dirt of the left path is indented with the tracks of a wagon. The left path vanishes over a hill after a dozen meters.

If you take the right path, go to 49; the left path, go to 50.

53

You make for a pitch-black alley across the street from where you stand. For several minutes, you wind your way through the maze of narrow paths at jogging speed, making good time in your jaunt to the postern gate when you take a left turn at a T-shaped junction.

The sight in front of you brings you to a skidding stop. Two men are stooped over, their backs supporting a third who's forcing open the rear window of a closed shop.

"Well, it seems we're not the only rogues out tonight," Chi-Chi chimes. The burglars freeze and slowly turn their heads in your direction. The man at the window jumps to the ground, and whips a knife from his sleeve. The other two men stand straight, brandishing coshes.

You'll have to fight your way out of this. A cosh-wielding burglar with a long purple-black scar running from his right eyebrow to his chin lumbers toward you.

He gets 4 dice and 70 adds in combat, and has a Con of 45. If and when you reduce his Con below 15, go to 29.

54

The three of you stalk up the street under cover of the dark and a row of oak trees that line the fringes of the boulevard. You near the rise where the guards strain to keep the war hounds at bay, and notice the well-muscled dogs raising their snouts, sniffing the air.

Attempt a L4SR on Lk (35-Lk). If you make it, go to 30. If you miss, go to 31.

55

The patrolmen scamper over to you, brandishing their red-bladed long swords. Loose folds of flesh consume their faces, giving their eyes the appearance of two narrow slits. Their mouths are a blubbery mass of red lips with needle-like teeth extending out of them. Steel caps, lacquered black with chainmail mesh, adorn their misshapen heads, threatening to topple off at any moment.

The corners of their mouths lift into a cruel grin. They raise no alarm. You recall savage tales of innocents slain at the hands of these *law officers*, and can detect in their mien that they intend this combat to be a fight to the death as well.

Radnoff and Chi-Chi pair against one while you fight the other single-handedly. The patrolman gets 5 dice and 90 adds, and has a Con of 40. He dons 6 points of armor.

If you can survive eight rounds of combat, Radnoff and Chi-Chi will join you and together you'll easily finish off the patrolman. You can flee to the alleys (go to 53), or to the graveyard (go to 54). If you don't survive, you'll be yet another suspect who has disappeared at the hands of the Khosht Night Patrol without ever being brought to trial.

56

What was the value in gold pieces of what you offered them? If it was worth more than 20 gold, their leader snatches it from your hand. "Now get oughta here before I change m' mind and crack yer head," he commands. You can either stay and fight (go to 57) or continue through the park (go to 75).

If you offered less than 20 gold, the leader slaps it out of your hand. "No one insults the Hellbrands," he sneers. You will have to fight three Hellbrands. Go to 57.

57

Three Hellbrands charge, their knives slashing.

Hellbrand #1: 4 dice, 25 adds, Con of 20.

Hellbrand #2: 4 dice, 20 adds, Con of 15.

Hellbrand #3: 4 dice, 25 adds, Con of 12.

If you kill two of them, go to 74.

58

The Hellbrand has had enough. He drops his bat, turns and runs to a nearby patch of trees and is gone. Radnoff and Chi-Chi have also chased away their adversaries. You continue toward the city wall. Go to 75.

You shout your intentions to Radnoff and Chi-Chi and together the three of you sprint to the open manhole. You clamber down a rung ladder, descending into the murky depths of Khosht's sewer system where you're immediately overwhelmed by the fetid odor.

Chi-Chi shakes her head in an effort to clear the offensive stench from her nostrils.

Radnoff covers his nose and mouth with the loose sleeve of his tunic. "Let's not tarry here."

You stand at the end of a narrow, circular tunnel. The sewer floor contains a mixture of water and a dark gooey substance you'd rather not contemplate. In the gloom fifteen yards ahead, the tunnel branches to the right and left.

A guard appears at the manhole above and flicks a dirk down at you. It clanks off the sewer wall and plops into the shallow water, spraying your breeches with a dark liquid.

Another guard begins to descend the ladder. Will you flee down the right tunnel (go to 76) or the left tunnel (go to 77)?

"Over there," you shout and lead the way, running to the warehouse. Crossing the doorway, you plunge into a room lit only by a small, oil-burning lamp. The flickering, intermittent light reveals three dirty, ragged men sitting up on bedrolls, staring at you. This is an abandoned warehouse, you realize, and homeless men have overtaken it.

A man with a matted gray beard stands. "You're the ones they're after tonight, eh?" he asks and laughs, displaying a black maw void of teeth. He hustles over to a spot on the floor where a torn and tattered rug rests and lifts it, revealing a trap door. "Quick. Get in," he says. But will you? Outside, you hear the approach of guards.

If you enter the secret room, go to 78. If you continue through the warehouse, go to 79.

The beggar's head slowly steadies; his eyes focus on the gold in your hand. "Thanks, friend," he says, and with a deft scoop takes your gold. He then closes his eyes and leans over on his side. He is asleep. Go quietly to 81.

You hold out your palm filled with gold. The beggar's head wavers then steadies on your hand. His eyes sparkle as he glimpses your offering. "Thank you very much," he says and passes his hand over your palm. You don't feel his hand touch yours as he scoops away your gold.

The beggar shoves the money into a pocket in his threadbare tunic and covers his face with his hand, as if he's sick.

Radnoff gasps, and makes a similar motion. The beggar leaps to his feet; his eyes are clear and alert.

"He's a member of the Thieves' Guild," Radnoff says.

"What trouble have you gotten yourselves into?" he asks.

You explain your night's ordeal. The thief takes a trinket out of another pocket and hands it to you. It's a worthless chain with a silver 'T' dangling from it. "Show this to the guard inside the booth at the gate—he's one of us. Trackers will follow your trail wherever you go, so head for the Seven Sins Alehouse in Knor, and show the bar-keep the necklace. He'll give you sanctuary."

You thank the beggar for his invaluable help, and proceed to the postern gate. Go to 81.

The guards that were on the platform take a position behind your party, while the guard that was in the booth stares you up and down, giving his papers only a perfunctory glance. You can't help but think he's suspicious of you, given the way you're equipped. Make a L10SR on Lk (65-Lk). If you make it, go to 67. If you miss, go to 68.

"They have you working the late shift tonight, huh?" you ask the guard casually, as if you've known him for years.

He scowls. "I wasn't supposed to. The good-for-nothing that should've been here got sauced instead. Don't think I won't have a talk with him about it next time I see him."

You hear the guards that were on the platform take a stance behind your group.

"It must be rough working all-night."

"Aye. I feel like an undead." He rifles through the papers. The expression on his face tells you he's becoming irritated because he can't find a specific piece of paper.

"Any trouble tonight?" you ask.

"Something happened in the southern quadrant. A messenger dropped a notice on my pile a few minutes before you got here." He adds with a smile, "While I was asleep."

You shoot an inconspicuous glance at Radnoff and Chi-Chi. Their eyes plead with you to make the move to fight. Will you?

If you wish to launch into an attack on the guards, go to 66. If you continue to talk to the guard, go to 69

How much did you offer the guard? If it was 25 gold coins or more, go to 82. If it was less than 25 gold coins, go to 83.

You strike with blinding swiftness. Amazingly, the guard is a blur of motion as he spins away, avoiding your attack. Before you can press another assault, the guard begins to speak in a language unknown to you.

"Hold your attack," calls Radnoff.

You turn around and see Radnoff and Chi-Chi standing over the prostrate bodies of the other guards. Radnoff strides forward and converses with the gatekeeper in the same cryptic tongue. Turning to you, he says, "This guard is a member of the Thieves' Guild!" and laughs.

The guard turns a hand crank inside the booth, raising the gate. "Go quickly," he begins. His face sags from the weariness of one that works overnight, but you can still see a warning in his heavily lined face. "The trackers—dogmen who work for the city guard—will hunt you down. You have to leave and get as far away from this city as you can."

Before you step through the open gate, the guard points to the felled guards and says to Radnoff, "This doesn't look good."

Radnoff performs his grim duty, striking his fellow thief across the head with the pommel of his sword. The man's knees buckle and he collapses to the ground in a tangle of arms and legs.

You step through the gate and leave the city.

Radnoff turns to you and shakes your hand. "Chi-Chi and I are heading for parts and adventures unknown. I'd be best if we split up now, and go our separate ways."

You nod and compliment Radnoff as well.

He continues: "I hope we meet again some day. Maybe we'll have another common cause to pursue."

Chi-Chi walks up to you and kisses you on the cheek. "If you ever find yourself in Gull, look me up on the Rogue Route, just north of the Black Dragon Tavern. And if I'm not home, stop at the tavern and say hello to my brother, Rais. Mention my name and he'll buy you a drink."

With a final wave to both of them, you set off on your next course of adventure. It's not a sunset you're walking into, but rather the wash of a blood red sunrise. Kind of appropriate, you think.

You have earned 1000 adventure points in addition to the points you've earned for combat, saving rolls, and casted magic.

67

You catch a glimmer of amusement play at the gateman's features. "Okay, pass through," he says. You head into the night, leaving Khosht behind you. But your adventure isn't over yet.

Go to 92.

68

The guard peers up at you from his stack of papers; his gaze drifts over your left shoulder to a spot behind you, where the two guards stand. Before you can reach for your weapon, a sharp crack above your right ear drops you to your knees, and then your whole world turns black.

Eventually, your head clears, and blurry images slowly come into focus.

Go to 97.

69

"You don't see much action this time of night, do you?" you ask.

"You'd be surprised," the guard answers. He licks his thumb and, again, flicks through the papers. The sweat that comes from tension meanders down your back and temples. If he finds the paper he's looking for, you know the risky tactic you're using will blow up in your face. Then an idea hits you—sports!

"I saw a great fight up at the Arena of Khazan a few weeks ago," you say.

The guard stops flipping through the papers, and looks up at you. His eyes gleam with interest. "I love the fight game! Who'd you see?"

"A young human against a troll with a roofing beam."

"What is it with trolls and roofing beams?" The question comes from a thick-limbed, barrel-chested guard behind you.

You spend the next couple of minutes regaling the guards with the details of how a young human fighter overcame the troll, giving you a payoff at 20 to 1. None of it happened, but it made for an entertaining diversion. The gatekeeper glances one last time at the papers in his hand then waves you through the gate. "Alright, you can go."

With a sigh of relief and a wipe of your brow, you leave the city of Khosht. But your adventure isn't over just yet. Go to 92.

70

Three cultists lay dead around you. Radnoff and Chi-Chi are wiping guts from their blades when you notice their eyes drawn to the dying ring of fire.

It's not dying anymore. Flames dance and shoot into the air, becoming stronger as its embers grow weaker. Within the blaze, a form begins to take shape—a black, writhing form.

“Demon ma—“ Before Radnoff can complete his thought, electric blue light crackles out of the flames, knocking him and Chi-Chi ten meters backwards to the ground, where they lay still, their clothes smoldering.

Stepping out of the fire is a creature as black as midnight. Its red eyes glow like the fires of hell; long, scraggly black hair falls to its waist, and the nails extending from its claws are as long and sharp as swords. A thin, forked tongue darts out its mouth. You must fight this Minion of Lerotra’hh by yourself. It gets 12 dice and 85 adds. If you’re able to inflict 25 points of damage to the beast, go to 84.



71

The undead crumbles into a pile of bones at your feet. You look over to the wagon and see the necromancer thrust a crooked, glistening red staff into the air. From the tip of the staff a bolt of white lightning shoots toward your group. You’re caught in the spell’s effect, and flung to the ground. Take three dice worth of damage.

If you’re still alive, you’re stunned, and can only watch as the necromancer hops into the wagon, snaps the reins, and to the whinnying of horses, bumps along the trail, heading away into the night.

Slowly, you pick yourself up and dust yourself off. Radnoff and Chi-Chi do the same.

Feeling lucky to have survived the encounter with the dark sorcerer, you continue your trek to the city wall. Go to 85.

72

The slain bodies of the bestial night patrolman and the war hound lie in pieces around you. Without wasting another second, you quickly swerve right, heading up the path toward the entrance to Hallows Memorial Cemetery and squeeze through the partially open gate.

The graveyard is lit by globes mounted on posts, erratically placed here and there, providing a sinister patchwork of half-light throughout the grounds. You jog past a number of headstones when up ahead you make out the form of a large, brooding mausoleum. Stone gargoyles are perched atop the gothic-styled structure, resting like dreaming demons. Paths snake around either side of the crypt.

The right path leads to an area of high grass and in the distance you can see shapes, dark and silent, shuffling about for some enigmatic purpose. The dirt of the left path is indented with the tracks of a wagon. The left path vanishes over a hill after a dozen meters.

If you take the right path, go to 49; the left path, go to 50.

73

You drop your weapon and raise your arms into the air. Your action surprises the guards, and Chi-Chi and Radnoff land heavy blows against their foes before breaking away from the fight, and running toward the cemetery.

The patrolman you’ve been fighting orders you to the ground. You comply, and soon the war hounds are chomping at the air next to your head. The hard toe of a heavy boot slams into your side, knocking the breath out of you. Rough hands pull you to your feet. You manage a glimpse into the bestial faces of a few patrolmen before a series of fists slam against the side of your head, sending you reeling into the hazy realm of unconsciousness.

Go to 97.

Seeing his fellow gang members lying dead on the ground, the third Hellbrand loses the will to continue fighting. He turns and sprints for the seclusion of the woods. You see that Radnoff and Chi-Chi have also beaten back their attackers, as around you are a half-dozen broken and bloodied bodies, and no more Hellbrands.

"The park attendants will have a bloody mess to clean up in the morning," Radnoff muses.

"Yeah, it's going to be hard getting blood stains off the walkway," Chi-Chi adds callously.

You resume your journey to the city wall. Go to 75.

You jog along the walkway until it tapers out, becoming a narrow dirt path. A dozen meters ahead is a ten-foot high fence that forms the boundary of the park. Over the fence, thirty meters further in the distance, is the city wall.

With a bound, the two grab hold of the top of the fence, pull themselves over and drop to the other side. You follow suit.

You make your way along the city wall, searching for the spot to look for the secret door that Ludor told you about when the main gate comes into view far to the east.

Radnoff grabs your sleeve and looks at you in a panic. "I can't remember where Ludor told us to look for the secret door."

Chi-Chi snaps at him. "You idiot!"

You look at Chi-Chi. "Don't look at me," she cries. "I wasn't listening to that buzzard."

Where will you look for the secret door? If it's fifteen meters from the main gate, go to 88. If it's fifty meters from the main gate, go to 89. If you know the spell, *Oh There It Is*, and wish to spend four Strength points to cast it, go to 90.



You've splashed a short distance down the right tunnel when you hear shouted curses, and the clash and bang of combat in the left tunnel. Your pursuers must have run into some denizens of the sewers.

You're about to thank your good fortune, but stop when you see three large balls of fur in front of you. They're giant rats! They feast on refuse, but decide your party would be much tastier, and shuffle toward you to attack.

Fight a giant rat. It gets 7 dice and 80 adds, and has Con of 25.

If you win, you'll have to navigate your way through the dark, twisting maze that is the Khosht sewer system. Try LISRs on both Lk and IQ for the next ten rounds—twenty saving rolls. If you know the *Cateyes* spell and choose to use six strength points to cast it, you can reduce the number of rounds to six—twelve saving rolls.

For any roll you miss, deduct one point from your Con due to the time wasted wandering around the noxious environment of the sewers looking for the proper path.

Also, every two turns roll one die. On a result of 1-2, you'll encounter a denizen of the sewers. Roll another die and consult the chart below to see what you'll have to combat.

<u>Result</u>	<u>Opponent</u>	<u>Dice/Adds/Cn</u>
1-2	Wererat	7/85/20
3-4	Giant Rat	7/80/25
5-6	Sewer Snake	6/70/35

If you're still alive after this, go to 91.

You've splashed thirty meters down the slop of the left tunnel when you hear shouts and cries coming from the right tunnel.

The guards must have run into denizens of the sewer, you think. But before you can thank your luck, out of the gloom steps three unusual creatures.

Hunched over, they stand just over five feet tall; have oily gray fur, and darting black eyes.

"Wererats!" Chi-Chi shouts.

Each brandishes a morningstar and waddles toward your party to attack. You'll have to combat a wererat to continue down the tunnel. It gets 5 dice and 95 adds, and has a Con of 25.

If you win, you'll have to navigate your way through the dark, twisting maze that is the Khosht sewer system. Try L1SRs on both Lk and IQ for the next ten rounds—twenty saving rolls. If you know the *Cateyes* spell and choose to use six strength points to cast it, you can reduce the number of rounds to six—twelve saving rolls.

For any roll you miss, deduct one point from your Con due to the time wasted wandering around the noxious environment of the sewers looking for the proper path.

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1-2	Wererat	7/85/20
3-4	Giant Rat	7/80/25
5-6	Sewer Snake	6/70/35

If you're still alive after this, go to 91.

You climb down a short flight of stairs; Radnoff and Chi-Chi are right behind you, and enter a cramped room lined with shelves. On the shelves, bottles are haphazardly arranged. When all of you reach the floor, the old man slams the trap door shut, and you hear the click of a lock being slid into place.

Moments later, you hear the pounding of heavy boots running over the floor above you. Voices shout, and objects thud to the ground, rattling the trap door and causing dust and debris to shower down on you.

You hear a raspy, deep-voiced guard threaten the homeless men. "Tell me which way they went, or it'll be your blood."

"D-Down the h-hallway, there!" one of them stammers in a frightened voice.

Gradually, the drumming of the boots fades away, and you hear the latch being thrown back. The man that spoke to you earlier sticks his head in the opening. "It's safe now. They're gone."

Radnoff and Chi-Chi climb up the stairs. You're about to follow when the old man says, "Bring that bottle on the third shelf with you. The one with the blue-colored liquid inside."

You grab the bottle and head up the stairs. "It's a potion of masking," the man explains. "I was once an alchemist before falling on hard times. There's enough in the bottle for each of you to have a swig. It'll enable you to sneak past the guards at the postern gate, which is where you'll have to go now. The war dogs they keep at the main gate won't be deceived by the effects of the potion, and there's so many guards crawling around there now that you'd never be able to sneak out."

Thanking the man for his help, you set out for the postern gate. Go to 11.



You bolt past the bewildered men, looking for a way to lose your pursuers in the dilapidated warehouse. You wind your way through endless corridors; your only source of light coming from moonbeams streaming in through broken-out windows.

You've taken so many turns that you're beginning to confuse yourself when up ahead you catch sight of an opening to the street made by a missing set of double doors. But as you come within ten meters of the exit, the doorway fills with the snarling faces of a party of Night Patrolmen.

Radnoff and Chi-Chi's blades lick forward like a snake's tongue, *whooshing* through two Patrolmen. The looks on their faces reveal their astonishment at the speed of the attack. Blood spatters the walls as limbs and heads are cleaved from bodies.

In front of you, a guard lunges at you off-balanced with his long sword. You sidestep his assault, and land an elbow strike that sends teeth and globs of blood flying. He collapses to the ground, groaning and holding his face.

You dart out into the street. Behind you, more guards are in pursuit, their thumping boot steps grow louder, nearer. Looking back toward the main gate, you realize the guards know you're close. They swarm around it like bees around their queen. You'll never be able to sneak past all of them now.

"Our only chance is to head for the postern gate," you tell your mates.

Chi-Chi nods. "Let's go."

Go to 11.

As you near the postern gate, the guards that were on the platform turn around and fix their gazes on your party. You feel as though you're walking within the sights of a crossbow, but undaunted, you continue to the gate.

A guard stationed inside a booth at the gate walks out, clutching a wad of papers. "G'mornin'," he says and begins to thumb through the stack.

You pull the trinket out of your pocket and show it to him. He glances at the necklace then peers at you, Chi-Chi and Radnoff. The guards that were on the platform have climbed down a ladder and creep slowly behind your group.

The gateman's eyes are drilling holes into yours when, finally, he says, "They're okay," and walks back into the booth, and turns a hand crank. Screeching in protest, the gate rises, allowing you to leave.

Walking out of the city, you pass close to the booth, and hear the gateman whisper, "Go quickly to Knor. Don't stop."

You heed the advice of the beggar-thief and the gateman, and travel to Knor, where the barman of the Seven Sins Alehouse gives you shelter for a fortnight. After that time, the three of you prepare to leave.

Radnoff shakes your hand. "Chi-Chi and I are heading for parts and adventures unknown. I'd be best if we split up now, and go our separate ways."

You nod and compliment Radnoff as well.

He continues: "I hope we meet again some day. Maybe we'll have another common cause to pursue."

Chi-Chi walks up to you and kisses you on the cheek. "If you ever find yourself in Gull, look me up on the Rogue Route, just north of the Black Dragon Tavern. And if I'm not home, stop at the tavern and say hello to my brother, Rais. Mention my name and he'll buy you a drink."

With a final wave to both of them, you leave the Seven Sins and walk not into a sunset, but rather the wash of a blood red, twilight sky. Kind of appropriate, you think.

You have earned 1000 adventure points in addition to the points you've earned for combat, saving rolls, and casted spells.

You can walk nonchalantly to the gate (go to 46), force your way past the guards (go to 47), or use a non-combat spell or an item you've acquired in this adventure to get past the guards (go to 48).

You hold out the gold and say, “No questions.”

The guard glances at you, and then at the money. With the quickness of a striking cobra, he snatches the money out of your palm. “They’re clear,” he tells the other two guards, who are silently creeping up behind you.

The gatekeeper walks into a booth near the gate, and turns a hand crank. With a grinding scream, the gate rises.

You walk out of the city. But your adventure isn’t over just yet. Go to 92.

“No questions,” you say, holding out your offering. The gateman examines a piece of paper in the stack, and then glances at your outstretched palm.

His eyes narrow, and he bellows, “What? You bloody thieves think you can bribe me?” and knocks the gold out of your hand.

Behind you, you hear Radnoff and Chi-Chi’s weapons clang off the swords of the guards, as each side attacks and parries.

Meanwhile, the gateman whips his broadsword from its scabbard, and raises his blade for a backhanded slash.

You must fight the gateman. He gets 6 dice, 95 adds, and has a Con of 30. He dons 5 points of armor. If you reduce his Con to 10 or less, go to 93.

The Minion hisses in anger and pain as your attack strikes home. Eyeing you closely, it backs away from the melee, and steps into the flames.

A funnel of fire shoots into the air like a miniature tornado, engulfing the beast, and again, you see its dark shape thrash about within the blaze. An instant later, the flames die down. The hellish monster is gone.

You turn around to check on Radnoff and Chi-Chi and see them struggle to their feet. They’re injured, but still capable of continuing on their own power.

You make your way to the boundary of the graveyard. Go to 85.

You walk for a few dozen yards before recovering sufficiently from your battle to resume jogging. Soon, you come to a low stone wall.

“This is it,” Radnoff says. “Once we’re over the wall, we’ll be within sight of the back gate.”

It takes little effort to scale the wall. Forty meters in the distance, across a stretch of road, you see the postern gate. Two tiny figures—guards—walk along a platform that gives them a view over the gate into the Old Forest.

If you’ve acquired a potion of masking and wish to use it, now’s the time. Go to 87. If you want to cast a Hidey Hole spell and attempt to sneak past the guards unseen, deduct 10 points from your Strength and go to 86. If you can do neither of these things, continue reading.

You lead Radnoff and Chi-Chi down a grassy hill to the road, and cross the cracked and puddled street toward the back gate. Fog slithers over the city wall like some great, groping spectre. Below the platform, alongside the gate, stands a small booth. Inside the booth a guard dozes. The area is dimly lit by lamps mounted on posts that extend up either side of the platform.

Hearing you approach, the guard wakens and motions for you to stop. He rubs his eyes and rummages through a host of papers on his podium, looking up periodically at the three of you as he does so. A few feet away, you hear the sound of booted feet descending a ladder.

Radnoff nudges you, prompting you to take action. If you:

do nothing, go to 63.

start a conversation, go to 64.

bribe the guard, write down the amount of your offer now then go to 65.

attack the guard, go to 66.

86

“Stay close to me,” you advise Radnoff and Chi-Chi, and then you mutter the arcane formula that enables you to become invisible. A warm, tingling sensation courses through your body, and the metallic taste of copper fills your mouth.

As you complete the incantation, you peek at Radnoff and Chi-Chi and see their limbs becoming transparent. Next, their torsos and heads slowly fade from view along with their equipment. You look down at your body and see ...nothing!

“You never looked better, Radnoff,” Chi-Chi says, and then laughs.

“Lame, Chi-Chi. Very lame,” he responds.

You lead Radnoff and Chi-Chi down a grassy hill to the road, and cross the cracked and puddled street toward the back gate. Fog slithers over the gate and adjoining wall like some great, groping spectre. Below the platform, alongside the gate, stands a small booth. Inside the booth a guard dozes. The area is dimly lit by torches mounted atop two long poles that extend up either side of the platform.

There’s a gap of two feet from the bottom of the gate to the ground. To leave the city, each of you will have to crawl under the gate without attracting the attention of the guards. With a wave of your arm, you gesture the group to move toward the gate, but you’ve taken only a couple of steps when a loose rock in the path causes Chi-Chi to stumble and fall to the ground with a jarring crash.

The guards spring into action. The two that were on the platform leap to the ground. Their broadswords are drawn, and their legs are bent in a fighting stance. The guard that was sleeping wakens with a start, and jumps from the booth. He stands only a few feet away, looking right through you, his eyes as big as crystal balls.

You remain perfectly still, and signal Radnoff and Chi-Chi to do the same. The guards begin to probe about in your area, and it’s only with the deftness and skill that comes from years of roguish adventuring that you’re able to elude them. The guards wander up the trail toward the road. Now’s your chance to escape.

Attempt L0SRs on LK for Radnoff, Chi-Chi and yourself (roll of 5 required on 2d6), but keep track of the total points rolled—doubles add and re-roll. If the total result is 19 or below, go to 94. If the result is 20 or more, go to 95.

87

You tip the bottle to your lips and guzzle a mouthful of the strange, blue liquid before passing it to Radnoff. It was like drinking a glacier!

Instantly, your throat and lungs burn from the effects of the freezing potion. Your teeth begin to clatter and your limbs become frigid and immobile, like icicles.

“What devil magic is this?” Radnoff manages to ask rhetorically, before the effects of the potion make him incapable of further speech. You see that Chi-Chi, too, is suffering similarly.

But as quickly as the afflictions struck, they pass. Looking up, you see that Radnoff and Chi-Chi have gone, and in their places are a pair of city guards.

“Well, what are you looking at?” one of them asks. The guard’s voice sounds like Chi-Chi’s. You realize it is Chi-Chi. The potion of masking has disguised all of you to resemble city guardsmen.

You share loud, raucous laughter with the pair before marching down a grassy embankment and cross a cracked, puddled street, heading toward the back gate. Below the platform, alongside the gate, stands a small

booth. Inside the booth, a dozing guard stirs and awakens.

Hearing your approach, the guards on the platform turn and gawk at you in wonderment before broad smiles crease their faces. “Hey, you’re here early,” one of them shouts.

The guard that was inside the booth shoots out and greets you with a handshake. “I’m happy to see you guys. I thought I’d have to work a double tonight because of that drunken wretch, Nystrom.”

“Compliments of the Captain,” you tell the guards. “You’re free to go home, men.”

The guards waste no time gathering their gear and blazing a trail up the path. Soon, they are out of sight.

Barely able to conceal your mirth, you search for a way to open the postern gate and find it inside the booth. You turn a hand crank, and with a screeching bellow the gate opens. You walk out of the city, and soon afterward, the effects of the potion wear off.

Your ordeal inside the city of Khosht has come to an end. But your adventure isn’t quite over yet. Go to 92.

88

“Down there,” you say and take off, running toward the main gate, motioning for Radnoff and Chi-Chi to follow you. “Ludor said the secret door was about fifteen meters from the main gate,” you tell them between gasps of breath.

You’re nearing the spot where the secret door should be when ahead you see a few guardsmen come into view. You slow your pace and keep a watchful eye on the guards.

You’ll have to get closer to the guards in order to find the secret door. You’re thinking about how to do just that when Radnoff tugs at your sleeve.

“You two stay here,” he says. “I’ll sneak forward and locate the door. I’m an expert at these types of things.”

“Since when?” Chi-Chi asks, barely able to refrain from laughing.

You’re considering this plan when a beam of light shines on your party. “You there. Identify yourselves.” On the other end of the light is the silhouette of a guardsman.

Not waiting to answer, the three of you bolt back in the direction you came from, and quickly lose the guard in the thicket of trees and shops that landscape this part of the city.

“We don’t have a choice now,” you say. “We’ll have to head for the back gate.” With a nod of their heads, Radnoff and Chi-Chi agree. Go to 11.

89

“He said the hidden door was fifty meters west of the main gate,” you say.

Radnoff nods in agreement. “That’s right.”

Chi-Chi growls at him.

In the distance to the east, you see flames shooting up from a gigantic cylindrical bowl near the main gate. You use that as a reference and count off fifty meters along the wall.

Arriving at that spot, it’s like looking into a canvas of black velvet—you can’t see anything.

“Ludor said to push a spot in the top left section, right?” Radnoff asks.

“No, he said the bottom right corner,” you answer.

“Gods!” Chi-Chi hisses. “You can’t get anything straight.”

You run your hand along the bottom right corner of the wall, hoping to activate a catch and open the wall. Nothing happens. You push, shove, and begin to kick the wall. Still, nothing happens.

“That lying rat!” Radnoff says. “He’ll feel my knife in his back if I ever meet up with him again.” For once, Chi-Chi doesn’t scold her partner.

You, however, begin to feel desperate. If there isn’t a secret door, then you’ll have no other options but to attempt to escape from Khosht by the postern gate, or continue to hide in a city where every police officer is looking for you—a decision that wouldn’t be conducive to a long, healthy life.

If you think Ludor wasn’t lying, and that the secret door may be somewhere close, you can spend four Strength points and cast an *Oh There It Is* spell (go to 90). Or you can make your way to the postern gate (go to 11).

Quickly, you recite the mystical words that reveal hidden doors. A faint purple glow begins to surround a small portion of the city wall ten feet from where you stand.

“Ludor was a little off with his location,” you tell the others. Radnoff and Chi-Chi rush to the door. You join them and rub your hand over the bottom right corner of the wall. To your relief, the wall slides back. You step through the cavity just before the wall slides back into place.

You have escaped from the city of Khosht! But your adventure isn’t quite over yet. Go to 92.

You’re leading your party down another grimy sewer tunnel when a rush of air hits you in the face. You stride forward, follow a bend in the tunnel, and look up to see the bloody smile of a red, crescent moon. You’ve found an exit out of the sewer!

A rung ladder leads to the surface. You climb out and emerge on an empty stretch of road. Looking far to the south, you can see the main gate, and a host of guards running to and fro.

“It’s a safe bet they’re looking for us,” Chi-Chi says.

“There’s no way we’ll make it through the main gate now,” you say. “We’ll have to head for the back gate.”

Radnoff and Chi-Chi agree. Go to 11.

The three of you make camp for the night—what’s left of it—amongst the thick pines of the Old Forest (if you lost CON or STR points during your adventure in Khosht, you can restore up to six points now—neither stat can be raised above its original value).

You waken near noon. A few rays of sunlight manage to pierce the canopy of leaves far above, warming you little. Chi-Chi and Radnoff trudge toward you. “I’m sorry about the Eye,” Radnoff begins. “If I’d bribed the right person, we’d be splitting its worth three ways right now—80,000 gold for me and you, and 40,000 for Chi-Chi.”

“What?” Chi-Chi shouts.

Radnoff smiles then turns to Chi-Chi and says with feigned maliciousness, “Well, our misfortune was your fault, wasn’t it, dear?”

“And pray thee tell—“

“Shhh,” you interrupt, your ear on the woods around you.

Radnoff looks around and slides behind you. “What is it? I don’t hear anything.”

You pause, and catch the faint sound of leaves crunching underfoot; and high in the trees, a flock of birds scatter from the branches, and fly off into the white haze of the sky.

“Get down!” you warn.

An instant later, a bevy of arrows are soaring directly at you. You duck and take cover behind a log. The arrows smack into the log, forcing it back on you.

“Who is it?” asks Radnoff.

“Some of our friends from Khosht, no doubt,” you say.

Seconds later, the attack is over. You hazard a glance over the log, and see a quartet of dogmen rushing from the woods toward you.

“They’re trackers,” Radnoff says. You notice the arrows lying near you have small heads made of sandbags. A few have burst open after impacting the log. These arrows are designed to stun and render victims unconscious, rather than do lethal damage.

Radnoff motions to a spot a few feet away from you. Chi-Chi is there, slumped on the ground, unmoving.

You’ll have to fight two trackers—beasts who are a part of the city guard charged with bringing fugitives to justice. They’ll attempt to knock you unconscious with their rune-covered bludgeons, and take you back to Khosht. Each of your foes gets 5 dice and 45 adds, and has Cons of 20. They each don 4 points of armor. Fight them

simultaneously.

If you win, go to 96.

If your Con is reduced below 5, go to 97.

93

The gateman winces as your last assault clips him along his temple. He drops to the ground; a trickle of blood rolls down his left cheek.

You turn and see that Chi-Chi and Radnoff have defeated their foes—they're rifling through the guards' pockets as they lay unconscious on the ground.

You search for a way to open the postern gate and find it inside the booth. You turn a hand crank, and with a screeching bellow the gate rises.

Your ordeal inside the city of Khosht has at last come to an end. But your adventure isn't quite over yet. Go to 92.

94

With the guards' attention on the path, you direct Radnoff and Chi-Chi to sneak under the gate. "Me first," Chi-Chi says.

After a few moments, you know something isn't right. You hear Chi-Chi struggling to get through.

"What's wrong?" you ask, whispering.

"My hair! It's caught on the gate," she answers, but with her being invisible, you can't see to help her. You blindly clutch at the bottom of the gate, and can feel her hair in your fingers. You try to free it from the gate, but you have no idea as to how to untangle it.

Then to your horror you begin to see a few strands of her hair. Your spell is wearing off! You turn and see the guards walking back toward their positions. When you turn back to Chi-Chi, you see enough of her to be able to free her from the gate. But now, you've been spotted.

"There, men!" one of the guards shouts. "What are you bloody curs trying to get away with?"

Without waiting for an answer, the guards order you on the ground. You don't comply.

You're forced to do battle with one of the guards—the gateman that was inside the booth. He gets 6 dice, 95 adds, and has a Con of 30. He dons 5 points of armor. If you reduce his Con to 10 or less, go to 93.

95

With the guards' attention on the path, you direct Radnoff and Chi-Chi to sneak under the gate. "Me first," Chi-Chi says.

A short time later you hear her voice. "I'm through. Hurry up, guys. The spell is wearing off." True enough, you look down and see your arm winking into visibility.

Radnoff is next, and he's under and through the gate in no time. You get on your belly and scoot under the gate. Picking yourself off the ground, you see Radnoff and Chi-Chi are totally visible.

Looking back into the city, you see the guards are making their way back to their positions. As silently as thieves in the night, you slink away down a path, heading for the cover of the Old Forest.

You have escaped from Khosht. But your adventure isn't over just yet. Go to 92.

96

You step back from the fight. Sweat blurs your vision, and exhaustion gnaws at your limbs. Unable to muster

the strength for another attack, your weapon slowly slips from your grasp as you attempt to raise it. But when your blurred vision clears, you see the fight has ended.

Radnoff holds Chi-Chi in his arms, and drips a purple liquid from his wineskin onto her lips. She slowly comes around. "Trying to get me drunk again, eh?"

Radnoff plants a kiss on her mouth. She doesn't shy away from his affections.

"All right, you two. Break it up. We should get moving."

Radnoff walks to you and extends his hand. "You performed like a champion," he says, shaking your hand vigorously. "Chi-Chi and I are heading for parts and adventures unknown. I'd be best if we split up now, and go our separate ways."

You nod and compliment Radnoff as well.

"I hope we meet again some day. Maybe we'll have another common cause to pursue." Radnoff salutes you, then marches back to Chi-Chi, and helps her to her feet. With one last wave, the two vanish into the greenery of the Old Forest.

You do the same.

You gain 1000 adventure points in addition to the points you've earned for combat, saving rolls, and casted spells.

97

You wake up with a pounding headache in a small, putrid jail cell, where you stay until your trial.

At your trial, you're found guilty of breaking and entering, assault on city guardsmen and a host of minor offenses (you get a good lawyer who gets you out of the charge of murder) and are sentenced to twenty years in prison.

You're released after ten years due to good behavior. Due to the deplorable conditions in which you were forced to live, you permanently lose 15 points of Con, and 10 points of St. If this reduces either stat to zero, you've become yet another prisoner to have lost their life in the black hell of Khosht City Prison. You also lose 5 points of Dex, and, of course, you have aged ten years. But all is not bad; you did gain valuable knowledge while in prison. Add 5 points to your IQ.

If you're still alive, you are released. You no longer have the possessions you entered this adventure with. All you have at your departure are the clothes on your back, and the warden's gift of ten gold coins to start a new life.

Congratulations. You have finally ...escaped from Khosht!

You have earned an extra 450 adventure points in addition to the points you've earned for combat, saving rolls, and casted spells.



PREGENERATED CHARACTERS

Name: Lilura Mave **Kindred/Gender:** Human/Female **Type:** Wizard **Level:** 9
ST: 38 **IQ:** 32 **DEX:** 33 **LK:** 54 **CON:** 24 **CHR:** 30
Adds: 89 **w/missile:** 110

Weapons: Wizard's Wand (Wizard's Staff) 2d6 + 10
Darts (15) d6.

Spells: All 1st-5th level spells.

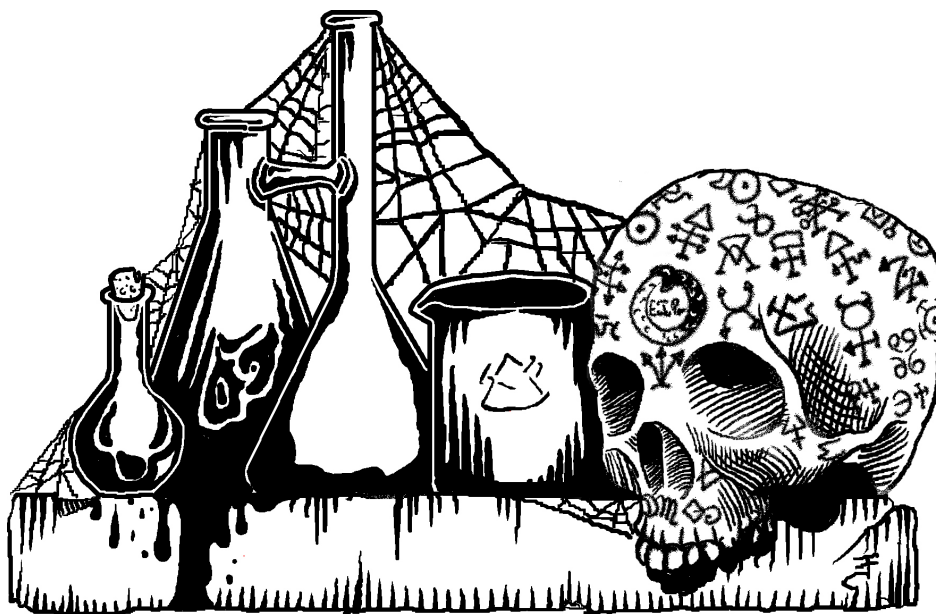
Protection: Wizard's Robes (ensorcelled) takes 8 hits.

Equipment: Potions of Strength (2): restores 6 points of STR due to spell casting.
Potion of Healing (1): restores 6 points of CON. Potions cannot be consumed while involved in combat.
Pouch of 25 gold pieces.

Special Items: *Bracelets of Strength* (increases Lilura's Strength to its current score. If removed her Strength is lowered to its natural score of 12.)

Talisman of MageSpeed. Using the power of the talisman, Lilura can, once per day, cast two spells before the first round of melee combat.

Background: Only a few facts are known about the background of Lilura Mave. She was born in Khazan, the daughter of a Wizards' Guild Master, but left the discipleship of her father to learn sorcery under the tutelage of exiled necromancer, Camala.



Name: Draaz del Piero **Kindred/Gender:** Human/Male **Type:** Rogue **Level:** 9
ST: 22 **IQ:** 21 **DEX:** 40 **LK:** 56 **CON:** 19 **CHR:** 17
Adds: 82 **w/misile:** 110

Weapons: Darkforged Rapier (5d6+10)
Darkforged Dagger (2d6+10)
Throwing Knives (6) (2d6+3)

Armor: Leather, takes 6 hits.

Spells: Take That, You Fiend; Whammy; Fly Me.

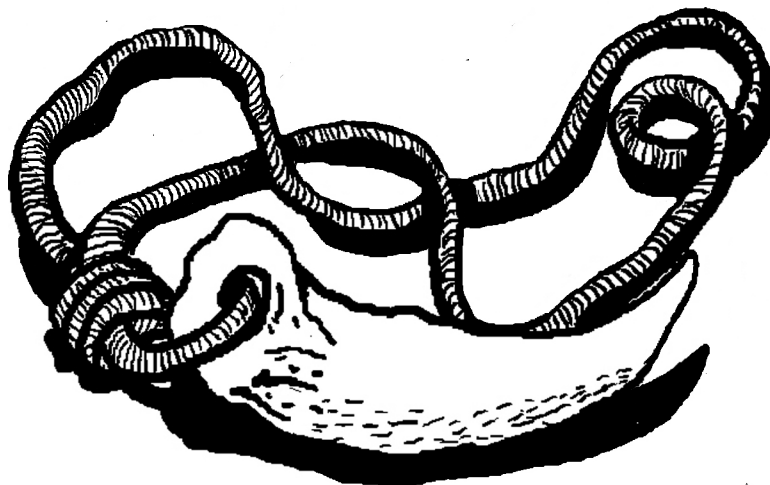
Equipment: Potion of Healing (1): restores 6 lost CON points.
Potion of Strength (1): restores 6 STR points.
Pouch with 16 gold pieces.

Special Ability: *Master Knife Thrower.* Draaz has the ability to throw two knives at once, at 4d6+110 damage, providing the saving roll is successful.

Special Item: *Necklace of Spell Casting.* Once per day, Draaz can cast a spell without paying the Strength cost.

Notes: In melee combat, Draaz uses the Darkforged rapier and dagger. He never throws the Darkforged dagger at a foe for fear of losing it, preferring to use the throwing knives.

Background: Draaz grew up on the wrong side of the tracks in the city of Talleymark, falling in with thieves and other criminals at an early age. His grandmother, purported to be a witch, taught him the few spells he knows. His association with thieves' guilds in Talleymark has made him the mark of rival guilds in the cities of Khazan and Khosht. When outside his hometown, Draaz is leary of his surroundings, and constantly looking over his shoulders.



Name: Tamarcas the Hammer **Kindred/Gender:** Human/Male **Type:** Warrior **Level:** 9
ST: 40 **IQ:** 12 **DEX:** 32 **LK:** 53 **CON:** 21 **CHR:** 13
Adds: 89 **w/missile:** 109

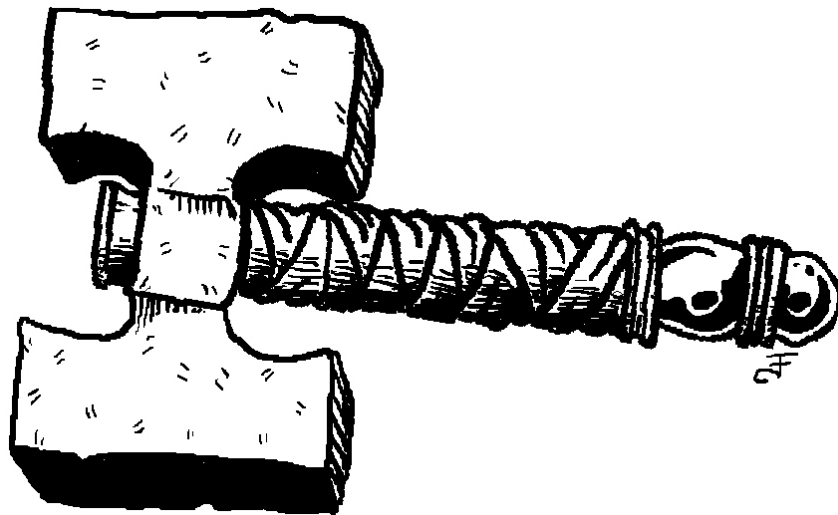
Weapons: Hammer of Spite (War Hammer 9d6)
Throwing Knife (2d6+3)

Armor: Leather, 6 hits x 2 (Warrior) = 12 hits taken per round.

Equipment: Healing Potions (2): restores 6 points of CON. Can be consumed anytime except when involved in combat.
Pouch containing 19 gold pieces.

Special Attack: *Spite of the Hammer.* If three sixes are rolled for Tamarcas' attack while using the Hammer of Spite he does ten points of damage to his foe. This is in addition to damage dealt should he win the attack round, and equal to the damage dealt if he loses the attack round.

Background: Tamarcas hails from a kingdom in the deep South, in a land known for its martial traditions. He's traveled to the far north, to the Empire of Khazan's holdings, seeking fame and fortune. He's earned the bane of the Order of Red Robed Priests, and if ever fighting them, the Priests get an additional die in combat due to their intense hatred for the man. Tamarcas has earned a reputation as a particularly effective combatant of the Undead, and if fighting them gets an extra two dice in combat.



NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

Name: Radnoff
Type: Rogue

Kindred/Gender: Human/Male
Level: 9

Height: 5'7" **Weight:** 155 lbs.

ST: 23 **IQ:** 22 **DEX:** 40 **LK:** 59 **CON:** 20 **CHR:** 18
Adds: 86 **w/missile:** 114

Weapons: *Sword of Ammon* (magical broadsword 7d6. After a successful attack round using the sword, opponent attempts a L2SR-CON. If missed, opponent's combat total is reduced by five the following round due to sword's magical effects.)

Death's Dagger (2d6+8).

Armor: Master crafted leather armor, takes 8 hits.

Spells: Take That, You Fiend; Vorpall Blade; Whammy; Poor Baby; Healing Feeling

Equipment: Backpack, flint and steel, six torches, sack, pouch containing 20 gold pieces. Set of Lockpicks.

Special Item: *Cloak of Shadows*. For all attempts at hiding and moving quietly, treat DEX score as 20 points higher for saving throw purposes.

Special Abilities: *Jump and Climb*. Radnoff is gifted at jumping and climbing. For all attempts at jumping and climbing, treat DEX or STR (whichever attribute is used) as 15 points higher for resolving saving throws.

Special Attack: *Assassin's Strike*. If Radnoff gets within striking distance of his foe and his presence is hidden by the Cloak of Shadows, Radnoff gets a free attack with Death's Dagger.



Name: Chi-Chi **Kindred/Gender:** Human/Female **Height:** 5'10" **Weight:** 125 lbs.
Type: Rogue **Level:** 9
ST: 21 **IQ:** 30 **DEX:** 35 **LK:** 61 **CON:** 22 **CHR:** 24
Adds: 81 **w/missile:** 104

Weapon: *Lash of Golgog* (8d6. Bullwhip with shards of glass embedded in the rawhide. With its reach of 15 feet, the lash can be used to attack before the first round of melee combat. To be used in this manner, make a L5SR-DEX to hit (40-DEX). Damage is the full 8d6, plus personal adds. Do not use missile adds for this attempt.)

Armor: Leather, takes 6 hits.

Spells: All 1st level spells plus Omnipotent Eye, Glue You, Curses Foiled, Dis-Spell.

Equipment: Backpack, flint and steel, six torches, sack, pouch containing 20 gold pieces. Set of Lockpicks.

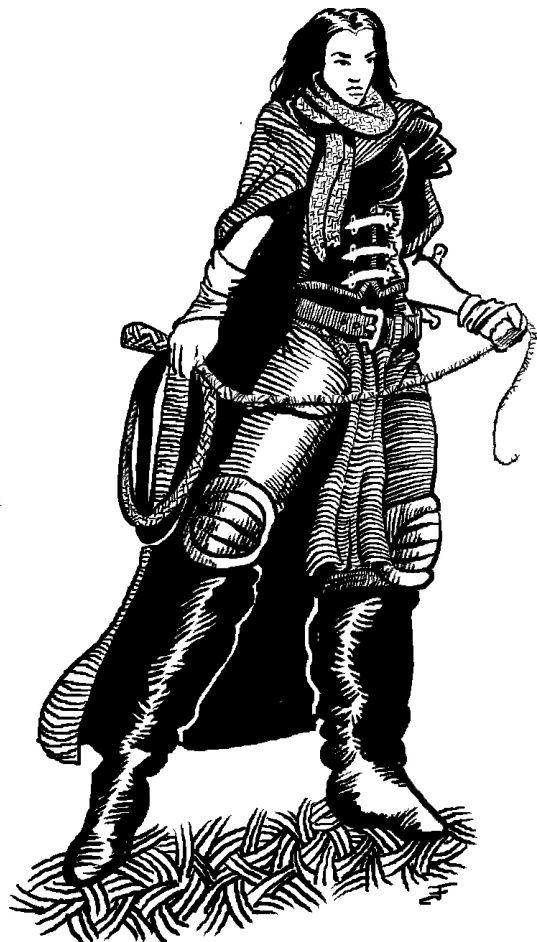
Special Item: *Ring of the Mystics*. When worn, each spell is at half the Strength cost.

Special Ability: *Lockpicking*. Even the most difficult locks are no challenge for Chi-Chi. The highest saving roll possible for her to pick a lock is Level 3 on DEX.

Backgrounds of Radnoff and Chi-Chi...

Radnoff and Chi-Chi were born in Gull, the City of Terrors, and joined the Rogues' Guild at the age of 13, led by Master Rogues, Marek and Rais. It was within the guild that the two formed a relationship and began going on assignments together. Their biggest score was the theft of a number of precious gems from the terrarium at the Emerald Dome. Their theft of several emeralds, rubies, and diamonds won them acclaim in the guild and positions of respect and prestige. It was also at that time Radnoff learned Chi-Chi is the younger sister of Rais, Guild Master. Since then, the two have tackled many more assignments. The theft of the Eye of the Beast was to be their (and maybe your) biggest, boldest heist to date.

For more information on Marek, Rais, and the Rogues' Guild of Gull, see the article "The Black Dragon Tavern" in issue 11 of *Sorcerer's Apprentice* magazine; additional information can also be gleaned from the *City of Terrors* solo adventure. For detailed information on the *Emerald Dome*, see issue 14 of *Sorcerer's Apprentice* magazine.

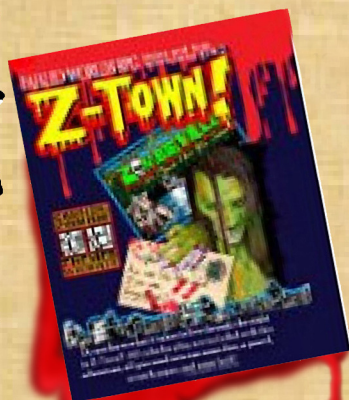


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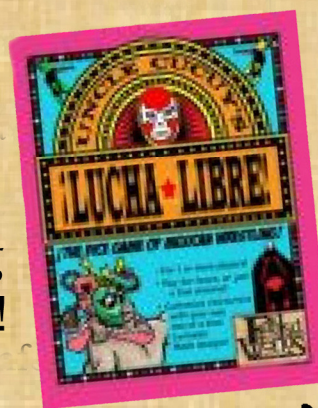
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