

The Longest Night

By Mark Thornton

Art by Stanley Ditko

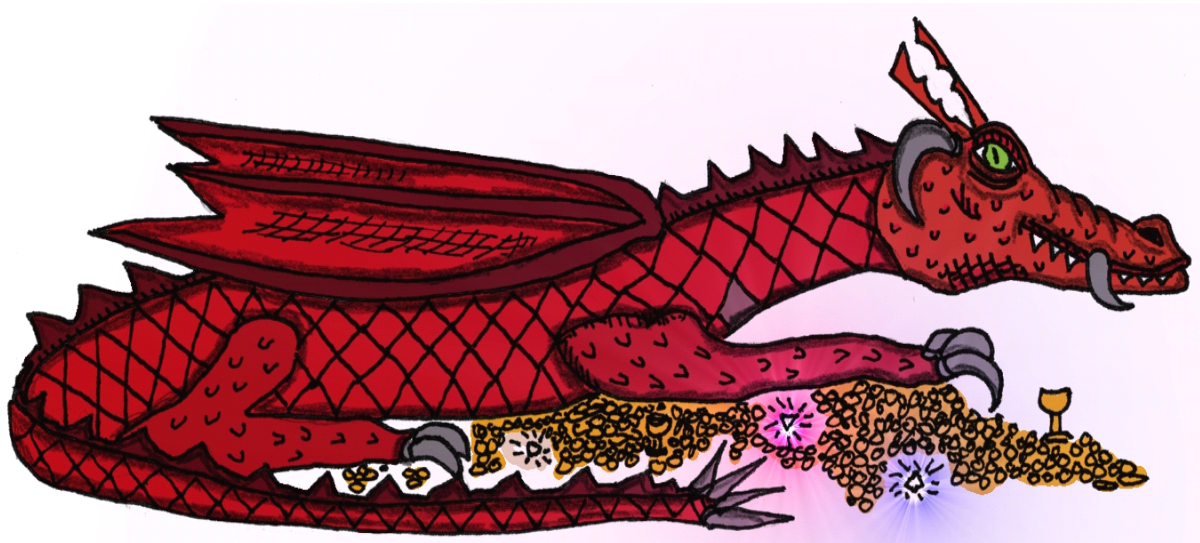
(A short and thoughtless Tunnels & Trolls Solo)

This is a Tunnels and Trolls Solitaire Adventure by Mark Thornton, published by Khaghbboommm Press, for use with the 7.5 edition rules (although it is easily adapted for earlier editions).

Tunnels and Trolls is a game created by Ken St. Andre and published by Flying Buffalo, Inc.

[There is no need to have a character for this solo – just go with the flow...]

Begin here:



Some creatures prefer the night to hunt, to loot and to lay waste. Some very old creatures rarely bother to do these things – but if they do then their preferred day to do once more the things they did in their youth is the Winter Solstice, the longest night of the year. Whether or not the moons cast their twin lights over the Trollworld makes no difference, for such creatures do not deign to hide once they are about. On such nights, it is best to stay home abed or to shrink under stone. But do not think that such precautions will save your lives, ye who steal what belongs to the masters...

1 - It is dark. That is how it should be. The darkness is warm. That is good. Time to arise. Ahhh... the clink of metal, sliding from me as I begin to move. Now to check nothing has



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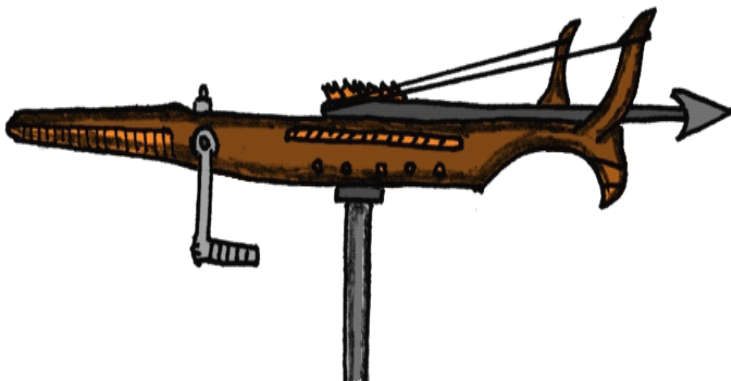
been taken. Fire. Fire makes light. Firelight is good light, my light. Ahhh... all present and correct. Nothing has been stolen. The thieves are cowards. None dare risk my wrath. Time to go. Time to take from those who do not deserve to possess what I want.

Do you want to walk forward (go to 18) or run (go to 12)?

2 – You are past the man-town. If you are wounded you may indeed attempt to lick your wounds (dragon spittle has healing properties – make a L1 SR on WIZ (if you do not yet know your WIZ roll 3d6 and multiply by 2 and ½): if you make it you can heal 3d6 points of CON); if you were looking for the ants, too bad – you missed them! Duh! Go to 31.

3 – What! They have some form of protection! A shield... this is wizards' work! I will not be stayed by mere parlour tricks!

Make a L1 SR on LK – if you do not know your LK roll 3d6 and halve the result, rounding up. If you make it go to 29; if you fail go to 34.



4 – Dive and smash, bone stronger than stone, scales invulnerable! They will rue this night, this night of desolation! But wait... what is this? A giant crossbow? They dare? They will die! I will tear it and shred them!

Make a L1 SR on DEX (if you do not know your DEX roll 3d6 and multiply by 3). If you make it go to 9; if you fail go to 20.

5 – Aghhhh! Stupid! Sleepy! Brain frozen! Mountain! Mountain coming at me. Fast! Agghhh! Wings not made to break rock. Rock made to break wings! Agggghhhh! You crash into a mountain you forgot was in your flight path. The bones in your wings shatter. You plummet downwards into a lake. You die.

6 – Hah! I am faster than the winds. These swamps will not take me! But what is this? I smell gold... and I smell dwarf! A thief in the night, a thief with my gold! Now – I am fury, I am vengeance!

You surge ahead after the gold, careless of these deadly vapours from the swamp now. Make a L1 SR on LK (if you do not know your LK roll 3d6 and halve the result, rounding up). If you make it go to 13; if you fail go to 11. [note – you may, of course, add your Level into the dice result (pretty helpful, huh?)]

7 – Too strong! I am fire. I am heat. I am power! Cold melts in my fire! Now to show my power. Ants below me. Burn the ant hill. Roast the ants!



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Make a L1 SR on LK. To find your LK roll 3d6 and halve the result, rounding up. If you make it go to 22; if you fail go to 3.

8 – Look at them burn! Like matches, they flare and then fizzle. Such short lives. Bah! What are they to me?

Roll 10d6 – this is the number of human folk you slaughter. Take 10 APs for each one you kill. The town is destroyed and there is no more time to waste on such worthless specks. Fly on, o Ravager, fly to your greater glory. Go to 31.

9 – Yesss! It is good. It is as it should be. Blood flows, bones crack and skin bursts open – ants die as ants must. I am the Hammer, the Scourge of Life!

Roll 10d6 – this is the number of human folk you slaughter. Take 10 APs for each one you kill. The town is destroyed and there is no more time to waste on such worthless specks. Fly on, o Ravager, fly to your greater glory. Go to 31.

10 – Between the peaks. Like an arrow. Through the middle. Straight and true. Now – to pass over the ant hill. Make them dance! Make them burn! Roast them alive! Fire – time for fire to clear the way past the ants to get to the fleas!

Make a L1 SR on STR (you may roll 3d6 and multiply by 25 to find your STR). If you make it go to 8; if you fail go to 23.



11 – Agghh! These mists rise up and burn! They corrode me. My scales! See how they fall! My wings! See how they shrivel! Agghh! I am lost...

You plunge into the swamp whereupon a swarm of determined goblins begin carving you up. Not good. You are lunch.

12 – Legs strong. Legs built for speed, built for power! Ahhh... the wind. Wind is good. High above the earth. Use the currents. Soar, glide. Now! Those greedy, tiny fleas. They dig up what is mine. I will take what is mine!

Do you want to rocket forward at great speed (go to 24) or climb upwards as high as you can (go to 30)?



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13 – Where is the maggot? Concentrate! My wits are the sharper, you toad of a dwarf. I will smell you out!

Make a L1 SR on INT. If you do not yet know your INT roll 3d6 and multiply by 5. If you make it go to 37; if you fail go to 27.



14 – Hah! They guide me to them. Do they want to die? Do they want to burn? Now is the burning time! My belly is like unto a fiery furnace! Down, down! Breathe fire, breathe death!

Make a L1 SR on STR. If you do not yet know your STR roll 3d6 and multiply by 25. If you make it go to 8; if you fail go to 23.

15 – “Too bad! I can’t compete with the Stoneduke but I can watch you rot here as you starve and your fire goes out. No! Too late! I will never trust you now, worm-brain! Now, where’s my pen? Time to send out the invitations... it’s not every day you get the chance to watch a dragon die so miserably...”

16 – Oh, these vile, suffocating mists! What I would give to blow them straight down the gullets of those goblins gloating down below in the foulness! But not this night for a smell gold – dwarf gold! No – not dwarf gold but dragon gold stolen by thieves! What care I for clogged lungs? My fire will consume the sickness inside me ere long!

Take 6d6 damage from the poisonous fumes and go to where you can smell gold! Go to 13.

17 – I am coming, little thief in the night. This long night will not be long enough for you to escape me! Yield to the inevitable, give up your gold. Yield to the might of a dragon’s glory!

Make a L1 SR on LK. (To find your LK roll 3d6 and halve the result, rounding up.) If you make it go to 37; if you fail go to 21.

18 – Ughh! Stupid! Falling! No time to rise! No time to fly! The wetness! My fire will die! Fire cannot live in water! I cannot live in water! Agggghhh.....

Your fire goes out, your lungs fill with water, your spirit is extinguished – you are dead. The end.

19 – Stupid creatures! Living in stinking, wet swamps, filling lungs with foul gasses. Not me! I think too well. But this wind! It churns the vapours... sends them to me, at me. Quick! I must not be caught here!



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Make a L1 SR on SPD (If you do not yet know your SPD roll 3d6 and multiply by 1 and ½). If you make it go to 6; if you fail go to 11.

20 – I will evade this missile. I am faster than light, faster than breath. See – I turn... No! My bones have aged... too slow, too slow... My scales shatter... noooooo....

The massive bolt with it's plutonium head penetrates your so called impenetrable scales under your breast and you breathe your last, hurtling down through the dark sky on this, the longest night, to your resting place in the town sewage pit. You ferment nicely though.

21 – There! Down there behind that great oak... there he skulks, thinking to elude my wrath. You will burn soon, little flea! Down I dive, down... Agggghh! I am entangled, a trap! I will break free, my muscles are hewn as from granite!

Make a L49 SR on STR. If you fail you are unable to burst free from the mithril net that encases you – go to 40. If you succeed you rip the net apart and are free to seek out the villain... go to 36.

22 – There! Mindless fools! They post no guards, their bow-towers are empty. They cower in their beds. Let them burn in their beds. I shall warm them!

Make a L1 SR on STR. If you do not yet know your STR roll 3d6 and multiply by 25. If you make it roll 10d6 – this is the number of human folk you slaughter. Take 10 APs for each one you kill. If you fail you may try again (go to 3) or you may choose to waste no more time on such vermin (go to 39).

23 – What! Nothing! Where is the heat, where is the flame? Belly empty. Useless. Not good. Bad, very bad... Ants sting. Many stings. Cloud of stingers coming from below.

Roll 6d6 – this is the damage you take to CON from the ants' stinging attack. To find your CON roll 3d6 and multiply by 50. Do you want to take revenge on the ants (go to 4) or do you want to lick your wounds and seek out the fleas (go to 2)?

24 – Make a L1 SR on INT. You may roll 3d6 and multiply the result by 5 to find your INT. If you fail go to 5; if you make it go to 10.

25 – Too slow! Too late! Too cold! Much too cold! Falling... falling fast! Must move wings. Must end cold. Must use fire in belly. Stoke up heat. Focus!



Make a L1 SR on WIZ. To find your WIZ roll 3d6 and multiply by 2 and ½. If you make it go to 7; if you fail go to 18.

26 – Now I shall have him, the insect! Inside – it is snug, he will not get past me. This cave has no exit – I can tell that, I know how caves are formed. He will have his back to a wall now, quaking in his boots. He will rue this long night ere long! But what? This cave is too tight! My muscles

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flex but the mountain does not move. I must get the gold! I must have the mythical Egg! Onwards, push onwards. Agghhh! I am stuck... What can I do? I have the dwarf cornered, I shall have the treasure but I am wedged in...

As you contemplate the irony of being so close yet so far from eclipsing the wealth of even Hormuz the Dragon-God himself, a secret door in the rock opens and a man emerges, dressed in well-tailored attire, smiling smarmily at you. Go to 42.

27 – Gold! I smell it – close by! What is this strange structure that sits over my gold? I see colours – many colours... and a little man. Not a dwarf... too small to be a flea. I smell more than gold, something malty and sour...

If you want to investigate further go to 32; if you want to make another attempt at finding the dwarf go to 17.



28 – “Good choice, dragon! I am Lomfrey the Snerg and I can release you from this net but only if you tell me where your treasure hoard is and you reveal the magic words that will permit me to take ownership. Think, dragon! A swap – your hoard for the fabled Egg! Will you take this deal?

If you accept go to 38; if you refuse go to 15.

29 – Yes! I was right, as I always am right! More fire – too much for him! Does he think my fire will last only as long as his spell? It is dragons that rule this world not wizards! See him dance in my flame! Die, wizard, die for daring to defy a dragon!

Roll 10d6 – this is the number of human folk you slaughter. Take 10 APs for each one you kill plus 50 for slaying the wizard Emagrehto. The town is destroyed and there is no more time to waste on such worthless specks. Fly on, o Ravager, fly to your greater glory. Go to 31.

30 – Cold! Up is cold, very cold. Too cold! Blood slows. Wings slow. Why did I come here?

Make a L1 SR on SPD. Roll 3d6 to find your SPD. If you make it go to 35; if you fail go to 25.

31 – Now the swamp is below me. I see them down there, thinking they can catch a dragon. Fools! Goblins will never catch me. They should cringe in their foul mud homes. I will teach them what it is to be a dragon! Down, down now – dive, dive like an arrow. No fire for them. I will crush them as they stand!



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There are 30 goblins in the swamp, each with MR 10 (that's a total of 60d6 plus 150). You had better work out your combat adds. You get 10d6 for your claws, 10d6 for your tail and 30d6 for your mighty jaws. If you win you get 10 APs for each goblin you kill and then you may take to the air again at 6. If the goblins kill you well, you barbeque nicely.

32 – What is it that this little creature is drinking? Why doe she smile with those green crooked teeth filling his mouth. Listen! He speaks... Fool's gold, he says. Leprechaun's gold. Agghh! I am undone! Doomed to spend eternity as this little pixie's pet poodle. The shame, the ignominy! Yes, master... I will lick your boots clean, I will refill your tankard, I will laugh at your jokes... I obey...



33 – Agggghh! Freeezing! I freeze from within... I am cold... My fire dies... I dieeeeeeee...

34 – Another blast will end him! There – such savagery is seldom ever seen. What is this? He dares raise his finger to me? His shield – it should have dissolved. And now... that flicker of green from his wand... Agggghh! That hurt! Flee, flee before it strikes again...

Roll 6d6 – this is the damage the wizard Emagrehto's Take That You Fiend does to you! Leaving this town a sorry sight, cheering the hearts of men, you must fly on to the goblin swamp, driven before the wizard's might. Go to 31.

35 – Rargghh! I shatter cold! My heat is the greater! Fire destroys ice! Someone shall pay for that nuisance. Ants... ants will suffer. Their town will burn. Their lights will guide me.

Make a L1 SR on INT. If you do not yet know your INT roll 3d6 and multiply by 5. If you make it go to 14; if you fail go to 2.

36 – **As you explode from your bonds, a little creature stands before you clapping your escape. He holds a hand up to stay your wrath. If you want to scorch him where he stands go to 41; if you will listen to him go to 28.**

37 – He must be hiding down there in the forest. So good for burning! But no, I must not melt the gold... Down, down to root him out.

Go to 21.

38 – **“Very well. Once I have your secrets, you shall be free to pursue your destiny, dragon – you have my word!”**

Once you divulge your dearest secrets, the snerg does indeed set you free and he, without giving you time to think about treachery, vanishes from sight. You are now able to pursue the dwarf-thief into the cave... Go to 26.



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39 – It is near! I smell it, I hear it! Gold... soon I shall taste it and touch it. They have it. Not for long now though. Across the swamp, past the goblin-scum. Little brains in weak shells. Slimy, filthy creatures. No good for eating. Their mists are bad, foul... Which way? Left or right or drive through the middle like a dragon should!

If you go round the towering column of mist to its left go to 19; if you veer to the right go to 31; if you power straight through it go to 16.

40 – Two voices! Agghhh! They come and I am helpless... No, never helpless! I am fire! I will still vanquish my foes for I am fire! The dwarf – he leers at me and tips his crown. The insolence! How he will pay. But look! He bears the fabled Golden Egg of Decadence – the stuff of legend, of tales told for aeons! I MUST have it. I WILL have it!

The dwarf disappears into a cave mouth in the rock face of a mountain the other side of the curtain of trees. His companion, a smaller creature with large hairy feet watches him go and then speaks:



“Dragon, do not think to use your fire for this net is ensorcelled and your veins will fill with ice if you ignite the passion in your belly. You want what the Stoneduke has and I will help you take it from him if you will give me what I want in exchange.”

If you will listen go to 28; if you would burn the snerg in his smugness go to 33.

41 – Lomfrey the Snerg is a L10 wizard. He casts a Befuddle spell on you and then a Mutandum Mutandorum spell, changing you into a snail. He pushes you into you shell and then adds a permanent Web spell over the shell's entrance. Finally, he puts the shell on a chain which goes round his neck. He then uses you to power his spells, drawing attribute points from you until you are so depleted he has no more use for you and

adds you to his compost heap where you are forced to exist on rotting scraps of lettuce until a desperately famished sparrow eats you.

42 – The man speaks.

“I am the Snollygoster and I want to help you. I am an Amputician. Would you like my help?”

If you would like his help go to 45; if you snub this offer go to 46.

43 – You slide forward a few feet. It feels odd to have no tail. The you get stuck again. The Snollygoster reappears.



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“Would you like more help? If I remove your back legs you will lose enough mass to go forward again. Do you accept?”

If you accept go to 48; if you decline the Snollygoster employs the Blow You To spell to send you on a visit to his friend the snerg - go to 41.

44 – You very soon get stuck again. Go to 47.

45 – “Ah, good.” He smiles unctuously. “If I remove your tail you will lose enough mass to be able to go forward. Do you accept?”

If you accept go to 43; if you decline go to 46.

46 – ‘Very well. Rot here. I care not. You are a foolish fellow, dragon! Farewell!’

He vanishes. You rot. It is not a nice smell for the dwarf who also perishes. Perhaps the Egg is cursed... perhaps this long night is cursed...

47 – The dwarf comes forward and the Snollygoster places a magical shield in front of him lest you think of roasting him with your fire.

“Now you may have your fun, Stoneduke,” the Snollygoster laughs.

“Oh, yes! Now I shall have my fun,” the dwarf replies. Go to 49.

48 – The Snollygoster removes your back legs. It doesn’t hurt but it feels very strange to have no tail and no back legs. Still, you can go after the golden Egg now and punish the dwarf for your losses. Go to 44.

49 – The dwarf and the Snollygoster vanish. All is quiet until you hear the sound of breaking rock behind you. In time you realise it must be dwarves, digging. Are they digging you out? Soon enough, you feel the cold air of the longest night on what remains of the rear of you. Go to 50.

50 – The dwarves stop digging. They have done their work. They have the golden Egg but they have to give that over to the Snollygoster. Instead, they keep a monument to their mining skill, their supremacy as hoarders of gold. You remain stuck in your stone tomb, unable to free yourself and unable to die, as the dwarves feed you intravenously through a small hole above you. They have you as the living proof of





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their might, your butt the butt of their jokes and their boots and their paddles for centuries to come.

It is indeed the Longest Night, the longest you will ever know.

