

TROLLSZINE!

#8
SUMMER 2014

DEEP TROUBLE
GM ADVENTURE
BY TRESSALY TRACY

WHITE COLLAR CRIME
SHORT STORY
BY MARK THORNTON

THE PENULTIMATE PLACE
SOLO ADVENTURE
BY DAVID MOSKOWITZ

HIDDEN JUSTICE
BY E. P. DONAHUE

AND MUCH MORE!



THE FREE TUNNELS & TROLLS™ FANZINE

TROLLSZINE!

|ssue 8

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Trolling for New Blood...

That's right, *TrollsZine!* is looking for some new blood. Keeping a high-quality, free fanzine going requires a lot of help from the community it serves. I have enjoyed my time as editor of *TrollsZine!*, but I think it is time for me to step aside and for someone else to step forward and take the reins. I won't kid you, it's a challenging undertaking. But the rewards make it worthwhile not the least of which is working with some the best and most creative people you'll ever meet.

TrollsZine! #8 is all about exploring the unknown, from the depths of the ocean to the distant reaches of space. Charlie Fleming has provided some horrifying creatures to torment your players as they travel across the ocean while J.C. Lambert has unleashed a menagerie of magically mutated plants to make even the loveliest garden a death trap. A new contributor, Craulabesh, has devised a detailed table of combat stunt results to help liven up your battles at the edge of the unknown. Justin T. Williams has a collection of new exotic mounts for sale to carry you across new lands; who needs a horse when you can have a rhino? To protect yourself, why not pick up some rockets? Justin has just what you need to blast your enemies into oblivion. E.P. Donahue presents some background on secret tribunals in medieval Europe to give some lethal legal trouble to your *Te&T* group. My own contribution to this issue is a description of an alternative combat method for *Te&T* using saving rolls complete with plenty of examples. This issue's solo adventure was written by David Moskowitz and is set in the science fantasy universe of New Khazan. Tasked with guarding a count's magical cask in Trollworld, you suddenly find yourself flung into the far future and must travel through space to find a way home. Grandpa Chet has unearthed some mysterious magic players may find in the dark corners of the world; best to keep these spells well-hidden. Mark Thornton and Ira Lee Gossett have provided short stories for this issue. Mark's tale involves the adventures of a mild-mannered gnome who must rise to the challenge when he teams up with the

one and only Fang the Delectable. Ira's story is a *Mercenaries, Spies, and Private Eyes* themed account of one PI's realization that he just can't escape his past. Finally, Thessaly Tracy has given us a new GM adventure, *Deep Trouble*, which sends delvers below the waves in enchanted diving suits on a simple salvage expedition. This adventure puts characters in an alien setting with plenty of unusual obstacles.

The artists for this issue include Alexander Cook, E. P. Donahue, Jeff Freels, J. C. Lambert, Thessaly Tracy, Simon Lee Tranter, and David A. Ullery. The artistic members of the *Te&T* community have outdone themselves with their display of talent and generosity. Kevin Bracey provided the fantastic cover illustration; who knew the halls of *TrollsZine!* could be so sinister?

I hope you enjoy *TrollsZine!* 8. Remember that *TrollsZine!* depends on the contributions of writers, artists, editors, designers, play testers, and proofreaders. If you would like to see *TrollsZine!* continue and thrive then please get involved. Visit the *TrollsZine!* thread at the TrollBridge *Te&T* discussion forum to learn how you can contribute. My thanks and best wishes to all of you.

Dan Hembree



Creatures of Oceans Vast

By Charlie Fleming

The open ocean, where no land is in sight, holds many mysteries. Its depths hide beings with limitless power and of limitless horror. There are those that will swear to their dying day that not only are these creatures real, but they have seen them in the great briny deep. Then there are those that just pass them off as myths. Some of these creatures are larger than the ships that pass over them. Respect, caution, and distance are the best ways to handle yourself when crossing their paths. The five beasts that I present to you are based on actual myths of pirates and sailors. I have used these creatures in my own pirating RPG, *All About the Booty*, and now I bring them to *T&T*.

Blue Men

Monster Rating: 74

Combat Dice: 8D+37

Appearing: 2-3

Special Damage/Abilities:

Hypnotic lure – A L3SR against INT must be made to avoid being hypnotized and drawn into the water to drown.

Description: The Blue Men are large humanoid creatures with blue skin and gray beards. Some are said to have great webbed hands and feet, while others have been reported to have tails of fish instead of legs. The Blue Men live in great underwater caves in tribes ruled by a chieftain. Blue Men are infamous for swimming near passing ships and trying to lure sailors into the water or conjuring storms to destroy the ships. It is said the only way to truly defeat a Blue Man is by speaking to them in rhymes, and making sure that you have the last word.

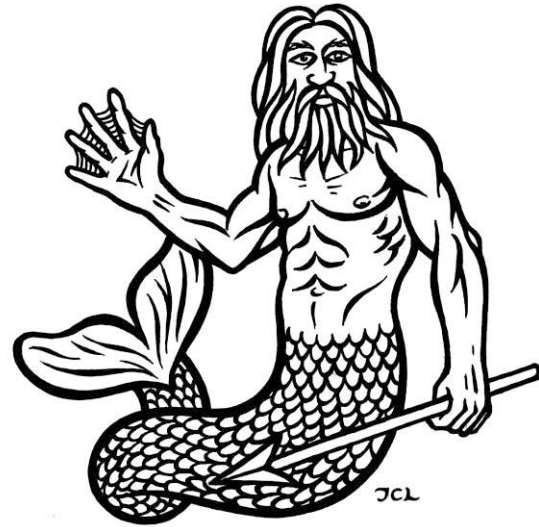
Kraken

Monster Rating: 160

Combat Dice: 17D+80

Appearing: 1

Special Damage/Abilities:



Whirlpool – the Kraken can create a whirlpool with its tentacles large enough to suck down an entire ship and its crew.

Description: Kraken are said to be giant squid-like beasts that live deep in the ocean. They can grow to between 80' and 100' long, from the top of their head to the end of their tentacles, though some have been said to be so big that they have been mistaken for an island. On the occasion that it rises to wreak havoc on a vessel and those upon it, it attacks with its tentacles to grab sailors and drag them to its beaked maw. It will also try to smash any ship to splinters, driving as many men into the water as it can thus making them easier to catch.

Leviathans

Monster Rating: 150

Combat Dice: 16D+75

Appearing: 1

Special Damage/Abilities:

Ramming Speed – Leviathans will swim at high velocity and use their heads as a battering ram causing great damage to the hulls of ships.

Description: Leviathans are enormous whales, as large as or larger than the mightiest ships. Some have been reported to have 2 or 3 heads or to be as white as a ghost. There are those that claim that Leviathans are the “King of the Fish” while others claim that they are demons. Keeping your distance is the best policy when encountering a Leviathan.

Lusca

Monster Rating: 80

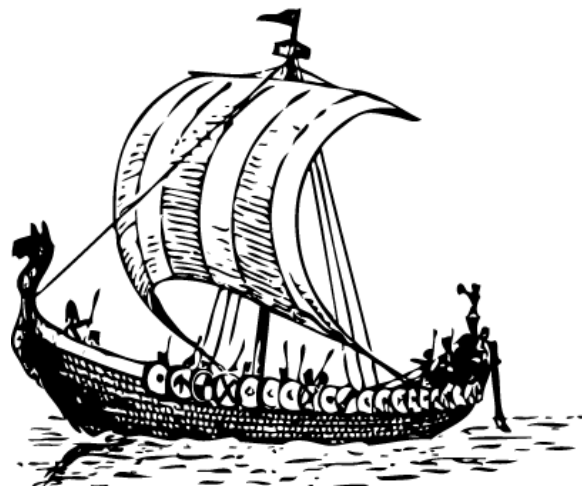
Combat Dice: 9D+40

Appearing: 1–2

Special Damage/Abilities:

None

Description: These great beasts are part shark and part octopus. Lusca have been reported to live in caves along the shores of oceans and seas. They are also thought to live in “blue holes,” series of connected underwater caves with several entrances that appear on land as lakes or ponds. Lusca have a taste for fresh blood.



Megalodons

Monster Rating: 100

Combat Dice: 11D+50

Appearing: 1

Special Damage/Abilities:

None

Description: Megalodons are huge sharks that can grow to be up to 70' long. The Megalodon's mouth measures 12' across and almost 10' high with teeth the size of swords, and is capable of swallowing an average man whole. Megalodons are the ultimate predator of the sea and will stop at nothing to obtain food. Of course, to a Megalodon, everything is considered food.






More to come!

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TUNNELS & TROLLS 8, THE FRENCH EDITION, LA CRÈME DE LA CRÈME

Monster Plants and Other Vegetal Oddities

By J.C. Lambert

Legend has it that a lazy wizard left his incompetent apprentice to watch over his home while he was out enjoying a tankard of fine ale with a colleague in the next village over. The wizard—some say his name was Garven or Garbin or possibly Garkan...uhhh who knows—came home to find that his hound had gotten tangled up in the straps used to pull the garden wagon. The frightened dog took off into the garden dragging the rickety contraption all over. A large crock of wizard fertilizer on the wagon spilled concentrated, powdered kremm liberally all over the plot and chaos ensued.

When the wizard finally made his drunken way home, the garden had been changed forever by the power of unchecked magic. It had transformed into a den of mutant weeds, super vegetables, beastly flowers, and other vegetal oddities. And what the heck was the apprentice doing when all of this was going on anyways? By the time the wizard cleaned up the garden, reigning in the most stubborn creatures, domesticating or "pruning" as needed, the damage had already been done. As weeds are wont to do, they had scattered their seeds across the land. The plant children of this legendary mess are now spread all across the four corners of Trollworld.

Many of these plant monsters have limited mobility. Their ability to blend in with the innocuous surrounding vegetation more than makes up for their lack of movement, however, enabling surprise attacks to be very effective. When found in the wild, they like to blend in with the natural versions of the plants from which they were derived. The neglectful wizard responsible for the genesis of these creatures quickly notified his local chapter of the Wizard's Guild. Consequently, these monster plants are well known to wizards everywhere. Many wizards cultivate them to use as forms of protection around their homes or other places deemed in need of safekeeping. I hope this sampling of monster plants will add a little spice to your adventures and keep your PCs on their toes.



Dent-de-lion

Monster Rating: 30

Combat Dice: 4D+15

Special Attack: None

Description: Dente-de-lions have the basic shape and look of common dandelions, but have mutated to a much larger size. Fully grown, they reach a height of 5-6'. The two features that stand out as different are that they have the face of a lion and their roots have been transformed into feet. However, they don't have sizable legs, so they cannot move very fast. Dente-de-lions attack with their teeth and have sharp-edged leaves that can grapple and cut.

Dente-de-lions proliferate very quickly and gather in groups. In the wild, they travel in prides of 1D6+2 plants and are usually found out in the open in fields or uncultivated sandy or rocky wastelands. There are rumors of power hungry wizards that have grown larger groups of Dent-de-lions to amass small personal armies. When reduced to a MR of 5 or less the Dente-de-lion's petals will rapidly dry out and the flower head will

transform into a sphere of lightweight seeds. The plant will eject all of the seeds in a last ditch effort to proliferate before expiring. Seeds that are released will be carried away by the wind quickly if in an open space. In an enclosed space they will immediately sprout into fully-fledged Dente-de-lions. This can lead to an exponential increase in the pride. In an open space, the seeds will travel far and won't be an immediate threat, but may pose problems for PCs further on in their adventure.

Snap Peas

Level:	1	2	3	4	5
MR:	50	80	110	140	170
Height:	10'	15'	20'	25'	30'
Combat Dice:	6D+25 to 18D+85				

Special Attack:

2/Entangle. Make a SR on DEX at the monster's level to avoid being entangled. While entangled, the target's attack is reduced by 1/4. Victims may attempt the SR each combat turn to break free. A Snap Pea Plant can only entangle a number of human-sized foes equal to its level.

Description: Snap Peas appear to be oversized pea vines. They can grow up to 30' high. Wizards often plant Snap Peas to creep up the side of their towers or along fences to guard property. When planted, they grow remarkably quickly. The pea pods function as the monster's heads with toothy mouths that can snap and bite. The vines and tendrils can move with uncanny speed—grabbing,



constricting and entangling. Because of the flexibility and mobility of the vines, Snap Peas have a range of attack equal to their height, but can't reach prey beyond that radius. When killed the peas can be roasted in their pods and used as a nourishing trail food that will keep well for months.



Sass Squash

Monster Rating: 100–150

Combat Dice: 11D+50 to 16D+75

Special Attack:

2/Enrage. Sass Squashes' ability to trash talk is so effective that they can drive their victims into a rage or in extreme cases, a catatonic depression. The victim must make a L1SR on INT; failure means the PC is driven into a rage and must apply these modifiers to his/her attributes: STR x1.5, INT x.5, DEX x.75, LK x.75, SPD x.75. An additional L2SR on INT must be made every 1D6 combat turns to shake off the effects of the rage.

3/Entangle. The mechanic is the same as a net in combat. The target makes a L2SR on DEX; failure results in entanglement. While constrained, the victim's combat total is reduced by 1/4. On

subsequent combat turns a successful L3SR on DEX wins freedom from the Sass Squash's clutches.

Description: The wizard responsible for the genesis of the monster vegetables in this article was especially fond of squash in all shapes and forms. He took pride in growing the largest squash he possibly could. On the fateful day of the accident, the wizard's prize squash, a gigantic pumpkin, was one of the vegetables most affected by the unleashed Kremm. The pumpkin grew to an enormous size, becoming the king of the mutated garden vegetables and the progenitor of Sass Squashes everywhere.

Sass Squashes can grow to a diameter of 6'. They are solitary creatures and are very territorial. Their vines grow for yards, looping and sprawling across the turf. The vines have the ability to entangle and strangle. They can grasp objects with leaves that can function like hands. A favored method of attack is to rear up above a victim and slam down with all of their weight to deliver a devastating body blow. Sass Squashes are bullies at heart. They delight in goading, trash talking, and belittling their adversaries in combat. Wherever monster plants exist together, Sass Squashes rule the roost.

Sneeze Beez

Monster Rating: 40–100

Combat Dice: 6D+25 to 11D+50

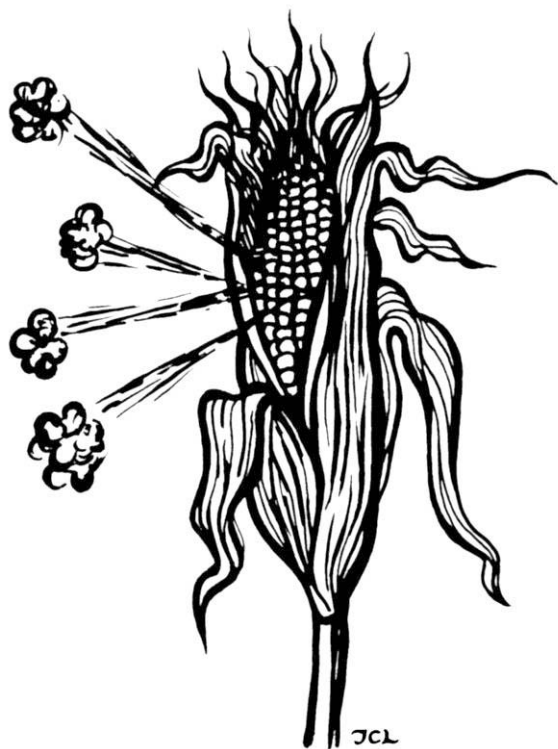
Special Attack: A swarm of Sneeze Beez produces a cloud of pollen that will clog the victim's nose and irritate their eyes. Any PCs caught in the cloud must make two L1SRs on CON. The first is to avoid being incapacitated by a fit of uncontrollable sneezing and so lose the ability to attack for that turn. The second is to avoid the pollen from inflaming their eyes and impeding their vision, thus cutting their combat total in half for 1D6 combat turns. Afflicted eyes can be soothed by a Healing Feeling spell.

Description: These beez are charged with magically animated pollen and have deadly barbed stingers. They attack as a swarm, 10–15' wide, enveloping the hapless victims in a cloud of



smothering pollen dust. Sneeze Beez are very susceptible to fire and will stay away from smoke. Flame will spread from bee to bee and among the swirling particles of pollen quickly. A lit torch can be used against them as a 2D weapon. Call Flame does 2D damage while Blasting Power and Fire at Will each get an extra 1D damage. Due to the way flame can spread through the swarm, PCs will have to be careful not to inadvertently set any comrades among the beez alight. Because of the small, light and mobile nature of the beez, conventional weapons are all reduced to an effectiveness of 1D. Magical weapons do half of their normal damage. Missile attacks require a SR based on hitting a target the size of a coin and do only 1 point of damage per hit. Consider each individual bee as having a constitutional MR of 1.

A colony of Sneeze Beez will always have a home hive with a ruling queen bee. The colony is fiercely protective of the hive and the queen. The colony manufactures and stores honey to feed the community and collects pollen to energize new worker and drone beez. Sneeze Beez honey has magical properties. If it is successfully gathered, the honey can be used to heal wounds, illnesses, and counteract poisons. Divide the MR of the colony by 10 to get the number of applications of healing honey found in a hive. One application can heal 2D6 points of damage from combat wounds, heal a disease as per a Healing Feeling spell, or purge a toxin as per a Too-Bad Toxin spell.



Poppin' Corn

Monster Rating: 30 per 10 sq. feet

Combat Dice: No conventional attack. See Special attack.

Special Attack: Exploding kernels, 2D6 points of damage. See details below.

Description: Poppin' Corn looks exactly like ordinary corn and grows in rows in fields as is to be expected. The plants are firmly rooted in the ground and don't have the ability to travel around. Their only attack consists of the exploding kernels that are triggered by the close proximity of unwelcome visitors. Wizards like to plant fields of Poppin' Corn as defense around their homes or other places they hold dear. Plants will usually wait for unsuspecting trespassers to venture into their field before unleashing the full power of their explosive kernels, but if a PC lingers near the edge of the field for too long, they may also explode. The most effective way of eradicating a field of Poppin' Corn is to burn it down, but this also risks detonating the exploding kernels resulting in 2D6 damage per 10 sq feet of the field's area to all PCs in range.

Unless the PCs have special advanced knowledge

about the nature of a field of Poppin' Corn, the corn will get an undefended surprise attack (armor has normal protective abilities). All PCs caught in the crossfire have a chance to reduce the damage to 1D6 if they can make a L1SR on LK. Every combat turn, the Poppin' Corn lets loose a barrage of explosive kernels before any melee combat. The mechanic is similar to the way spells work in combat. After this initial attack, PCs can attack the corn and try to clear as much of it as possible before the next combat turn starts and the corn unleashes another round of explosives. If cut down and handled carefully, Poppin' Corn kernels can be harvested and used as an explosive projectile weapon. They can be thrown or used as sling shot inflicting 2D6 points of damage.

Crab Grass

Monster Rating: 8 per patch

Combat Dice: 1D+4

Special Attack: Energy drain. See details below.

Description: Crab Grass seems to sprout up everywhere it's not wanted. It is a very mobile, migratory, and invasive species. Since it is typically considered a pest, it is not usually cultivated for protection. It likes to take over yards and fields, hiding in grass or among weeds. Individual



patches are skittish and scuttle around keeping out of sight when possible. They will avoid conflict, staying clear of noises or any loud activity. Crab Grass is attracted by the magical nature of more powerful monster plants and will scavenge from bodies left over from others' fighting. It feeds by piercing flesh with its sharply pointed blades of grass and draining the victim's life force. It will sometimes attempt to draw sustenance from creatures foolish enough to fall asleep in the grass where it resides. In this case, the victim will need to make a L1SR on LK to wake up. If the SR is failed, the PC loses 1D6+4 CON and will need to attempt a SR each combat turn to awaken.



Eye-rises

Monster Rating: 5

Combat Dice: No combat dice.

Special Attack: Mesmerizing stare. Eye-rises can hypnotize their victims with a glare from their eyestalk. Victims must make a L1SR on INT or be immobilized for 1D6 combat turns. At the end of each period of being hypnotized, the PC will need to make another L1SR on INT to avoid another 1D6 combat turns of immobilization, unless they are physically removed from the area or the glare of the Eye-rise is blocked.

Description: Eye-rises look like Irises and grow in clusters hidden among the normal version of the flower. They are the same size and bloom in a brilliant shade of violet, but they have a bloodshot eye that sprouts from a stalk on each blossom. The eye can move or rotate on its stalk. Eye-rises don't have any ability to attack or defend

themselves. They are less like conventional monsters and more akin to a wizard's familiar, but with limited intelligence. They form symbiotic relationships with wizards or other magical creatures, establishing a shared mental bond. Their modest telepathic powers allow them to project images to their symbiont partner, enabling them to see whatever the Eye-rises see. They make excellent guards or lookouts or can be used for surveillance. Picked Eye-rises will stay alive in a vase of water for a week continuing to project what they see. Sneaky wizards have been known to make a gift of a bouquet or to put a flower in the lapel of an unsuspecting victim.

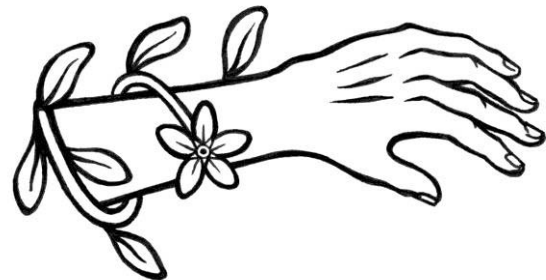
Forget Me Knots

Monster Rating: 5

Combat Dice: No combat dice.

Special Attack: Amnesia. See details below.

Description: Forget Me Knots hide among harmless flowers and plants low to the ground, posing as innocuous flowers of a light blue, pink, or white color. They beguile unwary passersby with their beauty and sweet scent. Any creatures that catch sight of the flowers will need to make a L1SR on INT to avoid their lure. If the SR is failed, the victim is compelled to reach out and touch a flower. The flower will twine around the victim's wrist, knot, and embed into the flesh. This inflicts a form of amnesia that can only be alleviated by a 7th Level Dis-Spell spell. Forget me Knots retain their effectiveness for a day after being cut, enabling them to be used as devious gifts in the form of bouquets, corsages, or other favors.



The Table of Stunts

By Craulabesh

Stunting is a core concept of *Tunnels & Trolls* combat. The idea for the *Table of Stunts* arose as I found myself repeating the same outcomes of stunts when using the basic game mechanics. One purpose of the table is to bring in a variety of outcomes to stunts. Another idea was to create a different way to play with the randomness, excitement, and risk of Saving Rolls, which is usually handled by the difficulty of SR, for both the GM and the players. The table is meant to be a tool which should enrich the use of combat stunts. The GM and players may use it in a variety of ways, but it is not meant to be used in every stunt! Think of it like a spice for a meal – just use it according to taste and play with it, combining it with other ideas and effects.

The *Table of Stunts* lists many different outcomes. Especially high or low numbers lead to devastating, critical, and permanent effects. These outstanding extreme numbers may only be achieved with DARO, with many dice, or if you factor in a great margin of success or failure of the Saving Roll as a positive or negative modifier. Modifiers to rolls might be to vary the number of dice rolled, multiply the result by some factor, add or subtract a fixed value, or a value depending on the margin of success or failure of the Saving Roll. Small numbers equal more or less usual effects. They represent effects like fatigue or learning to predict the movements of the current enemy. Positive values are good for the stunting player whereas negative values are bad.

There are many ways to use the *Table of Stunts*. Just try out how it works for your group. If a player tries to perform a stunt you can simply hand the table over to him and ask him to roll some dice. You could then let the player choose the number of dice to roll, but then decide randomly whether they count positively or negatively. You can also let your players roll on the table even if they have no clear idea as to what type of stunt they are performing; in this case give them a penalty on the roll. You can let the players roll several times and use every result or let them

choose from a selection of results; for example, one reroll for each level of Saving Roll success. You can let players apply a modifier equal to the level of SR attempted or the level of the character. You can roll on the table for monsters who inflicted spite damage or even create monsters with distinct modifiers for the roll or modified entries for the table. Factor in the amount of spite, the MR rating, the dungeon level, the level of the SR, and the target character level as you like. Best of all you can let your players invent their own entries to substitute some of those from the table so that each player has a table of stunts or at least some special outcomes of his or her own! The important part of *The Table of Stunts* is the concept and not its actual entries. You may adjust the entries, shift their values, or replace them.

More thoughts on stunts can be found in Dan Prentice's article *Dare to DARO* published in *TrollsZine!* # 1.



The Table of Stunts

-26: Emasculated! Takes you out of action for one turn, then your HPT is reduced by half for the combat. CON is halved for the session and you instantly lose a level. Since you require severe medical treatment, you must spend an additional 1000 gold pieces for every level advance.

-25: Weapon penetrates the eye. Your vision is severely impaired taking you out of action for one turn and then reduces your HPT by half for the rest of the combat. Saving Rolls for ranged attacks are increased by one level. Luck is permanently reduced by 6.

-24: Severed toes! Takes you out of action for one turn, then your HPT is reduced by half for the rest of the combat. Dexterity is permanently reduced by 4.

-23: Hand cut or crushed. 1-3 for right hand, 4-6 for left hand. Takes you out of action for one turn, then your HPT is reduced by half for the rest of the combat. Half Dexterity whenever using the injured hand. Each session roll a die, if you roll under your character level reduce the penalty by 1. A specially constructed shield may be attached to the injured arm.

-22: Disfiguring hit in the face (loss of teeth, loss of part of the tongue leading to difficulties in pronunciation, etc.). Takes you out of action for one turn, then reduces your HPT by half for the rest of the combat. Charisma is reduced by 10 in encounters with unknown people or (10-character level) in encounters with long-known people.

-21: Injured knee. Carrying capacity, walking, and running speed are reduced by one quarter (but not reaction speed). Cumulative.

-20: Post-traumatic stress disorder. Something that the character has experienced or seen makes him doubt himself leading to feelings of helplessness in some situations, troubles him with bad dreams, and distracts him again and again. Lose one level.

-19: Your wounds heal to stiff scars. CON permanently reduced by 2. Cumulative.

-18: Annoying wound. The character gets a troubling wound at an unpleasant location of the body. The wound is especially disturbing during bad weather. Occasionally it festers and develops a foul odor. The wound must be treated with balms and resins which can be expensive. Each session your Luck will be temporarily reduced by 1D6. Several doses of medicinal herbs for 1D6 x 100 gp may be used. The penalty is reduced by 1D6 for each dose.

-17: Taken out of fight. You are knocked unconscious (and generally overlooked or mistaken for dead) for 1D6 x 1D6 minutes. Lose half of your current CON.

-16: Ridiculous failure. Your maneuver fails in such a sad way that your opponents break out in a laughter. Due to their rejuvenated morale they receive a total of +40 MR (distributed by the GM), during the next combat turn, when the laughter has ended.

-15 to -13: Deep wound. Your DEX is reduced by 1D6. At the beginning of each session make L1SR on CON to allow the wound to heal. Another roll may be tried once at the start of the session with the use of medicinal herbs in the value of 1D6 x 100 gp. Cumulative.

-12: Painful failure. A bloodcurdling scream escapes you, which could attract nearby enemies! Roll on the wandering monster table and then roll 2D6 on this table again with DARO.

-11: Cricked foot. Your DEX is reduced by 5 and moving speed reduced by half (not reaction speed). Applies to the whole session.

-10: Disorientating headshot. For the rest of the fight double every point of spite damage you take and spite damage you inflict is not applied.

-9: Disarmed. Roll 1D6. You lose either your weapon (1-3) or shield (4-6). A DEX SR at the level of the dungeon is necessary to get back the object. In the turn you are attempting this maneuver you can only defend (your HPT will not generate damage but may deflect damage) and your HPT is reduced by 10.

-8 to -7: Equipment damaged. An item takes

damage before calculating the damage in this turn. If you want to repair the item, each point costs 1/10 the price of the item. If you fumble a SR, the maximum damage of the weapon is permanently reduced by 1.

1. A particularly valuable object for the character is damaged, GM choice (e.g., dungeon map, fragile vessels, or purse so that coins go flying around).
2. Weapon destroyed, your current attack is resolved with 1D6!
3. Weapon bent or blunted: weapon loses 2 adds. If the weapon has no adds, reduce dice by 1 and add +3 adds. Javelins are immediately destroyed.
4. Armor damaged: subtract 2 points from a full suit, a single piece, or two pieces of armor prior to allocating damage in this turn.
- 5 or 6. Shield is damaged: shield loses half of its hits taken prior to allocating damage in this turn.

-6: Provoked to show too much of yourself. Your opponents can now read you. During this combat you must double each point of spite you take and your spite damage has no effect. If this outcome is triggered multiple times, the enemy's spite is multiplied by the number of times this effect is triggered (3x, 4x, etc.).

-5: You are exhausted. Your STR is reduced by 2. Determine if you can still wear your armor and wield your weapons. You are sweating heavily and you are in danger of hypothermia if you do not have a change of clothes.

-4: Your enemy feints. Your opponent ignores either your best piece of armor or half the hits of your full suit of armor in this turn.

-3: Tumbled. Make a L1SR on DEX. If you fail, the margin of failure is the penalty to your HPT in this turn.

-2: The enemy isolates you! If several fighters are fighting on both sides, then an opponent weaker than you chosen by the GM binds you. You both do not take part in any fighting this turn. If you are fighting alone, then the opponent's side may decide whether to reroll all dice in the battle. If you are you are fighting

against a single opponent then he may immediately take the opportunity to escape.

-1: Being targeted. Your HPT may only be used defensively this turn. Your HPT will not generate damage but may deflect damage.

0: Your character can perform a risky maneuver. As a result, your own HPT ignores the enemy's HPT and is divided into as many opponents as allies that fight on your side. Any armor of the enemies will reduce the damage taken. Your HPT is then spent and not included in the party's HPT for this turn. Your protection depends on your allies and your armor.

1: Calculated risk. You can take any amount of enemy spite damage. For each point taken you may inflict 1D6-1 spite damage to any opponent of your choice.

2: Plan works. You can assign all damage your side receives in this turn including spite damage.

3: You put opponents off balance. Any damage dealt to your opponent in this turn after factoring in their HPT and armor will be doubled.

4-7: You can read your current opponent. You get an extra combat add against one of your current enemies until he dies. Also, every point of spite damage you inflict in this turn counts double toward this opponent. Cumulative.

8: Trapped your enemy. All spite damage on your side may be focused an opponent of your choice.

9: New faith. Your LK is increased by 1D6 for this battle.

10: Opponent disarmed. While he tries to retrieve his weapon, the HPT of the opponent closest to you counts only defensively. In addition, its MR is decreased by half.

11: Surprise attack. Make a L1SR on DEX, ST, LK, or CHR. The margin of success is added to your HPT.

12: New energies set free. If you have had to reduce an attribute due to a botched stunt in this

session, it increases by 1. If not, you may increase your Luck by 1D for this battle.

13: Good knowledge of your opponent. The next time your character takes damage from one of your current enemies of your choice this damage is ignored.

14: Successful maneuvering! If you have companions, you manage to fight directly against a particular opponent. If you are fighting alone, then you can decide whether or not to reroll all dice in this turn.

15: Battle intuition. Each point of spite damage you inflict gives you a bonus for the entire duration of the fight. This effect is cumulative.

16: Charging assault. Your HPT works defensively as usual. It is counted with the groups HPT for the purpose of deflecting hits, but not for attacking. Choose one or more enemies as the target of your assault. It ignores these enemies HPT in this turn. Only the armor and shields of these enemies reduces the damage you inflict.

17: Opponent shows too much. Each point of spite damage you inflict gives you a bonus of 5 adds against your current opponent. The bonus carries on to the following turns until your enemy is dead. This effect is cumulative.

18: Controlling fighting technique. Roll one time on the table with 3D with DARO!

19: Outmaneuvered. Opponents equal to your level are kept out of the fight for this turn.

20: Devastating attack. You inflict extra spite damage equal to your character level x dungeon level on any current enemy of your choice. Roll again on this table with 2D.

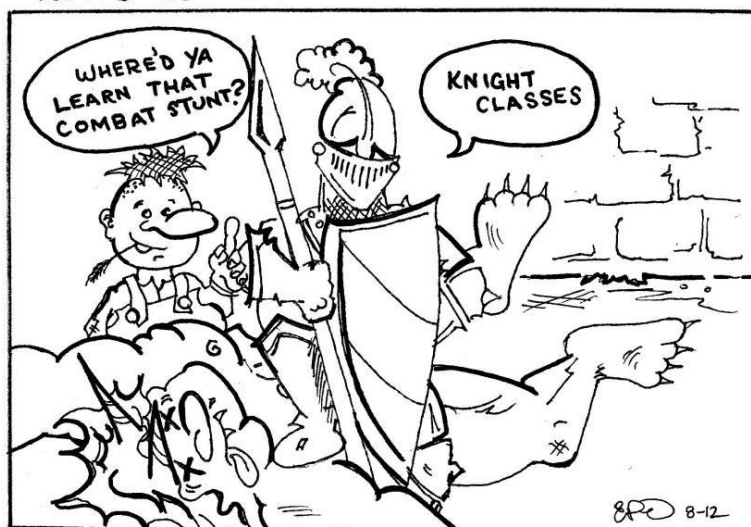
21: Heroic valor. Your foes are impressed by your heroism. They offer to let you live if you give up. You can buy your freedom for 1000 gp each.

22: Covered in blood. The blood of your opponents flows over you while you are lying on the ground. You look as if you were dead, and anyway, it is hard to tell by your look whether you're an ally or enemy. Your opponents do not seem to notice you, if you wish to you could now try to retreat quietly...

23: Mass collision. While fighting you succeed in bringing multiple enemies to fall. If you survived the turn you can now choose to flee or your enemies have 2/3 MR the next turn.

24: Collapse. You have found a weak point in the dungeon architecture which you can exploit to collapse the ceiling. The CON or MR of all combatants is halved. All combatants are now scattered, disoriented, and stunned. A L1SR on LK or CON is necessary to shake of the stun effect and to be able to act normally again. One adversary is capable of acting per player failing the SR. The SR may be tried once per turn.

Robus the Redneck Hobb



Exotic Mounts

For When a Horse is Just Not Enough

By Justin T. Williams

From across vast eras of time and far exotic lands this menagerie of beasts is brought together for the enjoyment and edification of your players. Whether on the back of a sturdy camel, astride a mighty war elephant, or trekking through impassable mountains with your trusty pack llamas, all roads lead to adventure. So use this collection of creatures to expand the horizons of your gaming world. From the glacial wastes to the burning deserts and the rolling plains, there is no location these steeds cannot carry you.

Camel - Bactrian

Description: The Bactrian, or two-humped camel, is easy to tell apart from its cousin, the Dromedary, by its longer shaggy hair, more solid build, and shorter legs.

STR: 35
IQ: 8
LK: 9
CON: 35
DEX: 10
CHR: 5
SPD: 10
WIZ: 3
Combat Adds: +23

Special Abilities:

Basic Attack: The camel can bite with its blocky teeth, kick with its legs, and club with its neck for 1D6+Adds.

Camel Bite: The camel's diet leaves it with a veritable swarm of bacteria in its mouth and its bite can cause infection. If bitten by a Camel, the victim must make a L2SR on CON or suffer from fever and malaise, reducing the victims Adds by 25% for two weeks or until the wound is treated with magical or conventional healing.

Spitting: When angered the Camel can spit a sticky wad of half-digested cud from its first stomach.

This does no damage, but can distract or blind the unwary. In missile combat the camels effective DEX is 18.

Hyper Adaptation: The camel is one of the most perfectly adapted animals nature has produced. A camel can walk for 34 days without food or water. In non-desert conditions the camel can get all the moisture it needs to sustain itself from eating greenery. The camel's red blood cells have an oval shape, unlike those of other mammals, which are circular. This allows for continued smooth operation even when the animal is severely dehydrated. The camel can take radical temperature changes with ease and can lose up to 30% of its body's moisture without harm. For all SRs regarding heat, exhaustion, dehydration or starvation the difficulty is reduced by 3 levels. Bactrian camels also have a -1 difficulty level bonus to any cold-based SR.

Notes: While not as fast as the Dromedary, the Bactrian has greater endurance. It is able to carry 300 to 600 pounds over 29 miles in a day, for days on end. The Bactrian functions well in cold conditions and is native to northeastern Asia.

Cost: 100 gp where available

Customization Costs: The Bactrian camels base customization cost is the same as the standard costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table except SPD is doubled.

Personality Table (Roll 1D6 and consult the table):

- 1: Stolid—nothing fazes this Bactrian. Fire, flood or orc raiders are all taken in stride.
- 2: Cantankerous—this Bactrian has a mean streak a mile long and the will to use it.
- 3: Playful—this Bactrian likes to be around its owner and is a friendly beast.
- 4: Sly—this Bactrian likes nothing better than having one over on its owner.
- 5: Attached—this Bactrian has imprinted on its owner and watches their back.
- 6: Game Masters fiat.



Camel - Dromedary

Description: The Dromedary is the single humped camel most often seen in pictures and movies. It is also referred to as the Arabian camel and is the main type of riding camel.

STR: 30
 IQ: 9
 LK: 9
 CON: 30
 DEX: 12
 CHR: 6
 SPD: 12
 WIZ: 3
 Combat Adds: +18

Special Abilities:

Basic Attack: The camel can bite with its blocky teeth, kick with its legs and club with its neck for 1D6+Adds.

Camel Bite: The camel's diet leaves it with a veritable swarm of bacteria in its mouth and its bite can cause infection. If bitten by a camel, the victim must make a L2SR on CON or suffer from fever and malaise, reducing the victims Adds by 25% for two weeks or until the wound is treated with magical or conventional healing.

Spitting: When angered the camel can spit a sticky wad of half-digested cud from its first stomach. This does no damage, but can distract or blind the unwary. In missile combat the camels effective DEX is 18.

Hyper Adaptation: The camel is one of the most perfectly adapted animals nature has produced. A camel can walk for 34 days without food or water. In non-desert conditions the camel can get all the moisture it needs to sustain itself from eating greenery. The camel's red blood cells have an oval shape, unlike those of other mammals, which are circular. This allows for continued smooth operation even when the animal is severely dehydrated. The camel can take radical temperature changes with ease and can lose up to 30% of its body's moisture without harm. For all SRs regarding heat, exhaustion, dehydration, or starvation the difficulty is reduced by 3 levels.

Notes: While the Dromedary does suffer from an undeserved reputation as being cantankerous and difficult, in reality it is an even tempered and tractable beast that is less difficult than a horse as far as behavioral problems go. The source of these rumors is the camels tendency to remember mistreatment and return the favor when least expected. Camels were first used as cavalry when it was realized that horses hated the camels distinctive smell and they became difficult to control when confronted with it. Camels proved to be excellent war mounts, either as light lancers or, more commonly, as archer's mounts. While it is true that a horse can outrun a Dromedary over a short distance, a well-trained Dromedary can run at 8-9 mph for hours on end leaving a horse far behind in its dust.

Cost: 120 gp where available.

Customization Costs: The Dromedaries base customization cost is the same as the standard costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table.

Personality Table (Roll 1d6 and consult the table):

- 1: Frisky—the Dromedary likes to play games and fool around.
- 2: Grumpy—the Dromedary acts like the whole world is one big annoyance.
- 3: Romantic—the Dromedary is always on the lookout for companionship.
- 4: Loyal—the Dromedary is really tied to its new master and will not abandon him.
- 5: Companion—the Dromedary has taken a shine to its owner and looks after her.

6: Game Masters fiat

Llama

Description: A South American member of the Camelid family, it is easily identified by its wooly coat and its distinctive camel-like head and neck.

STR: 16

IQ: 8

LK: 9

CON: 16

DEX: 14

CHR: 8

SPD: 12

WIZ: 3

Combat Adds: +6

Special Abilities:

Surefooted: The llama is extremely adept in mountainous terrain and on uncertain footing. In game terms, the difficulty of any SR involving footing or balance is reduced by 1 level of difficulty.

Good Natured: The llama is naturally well disposed and easy to control. In game terms this reduces any SR to control or command the Llama by 1 level of difficulty. However, this same behavior makes them unsuited for combat riding and any offensive Combat Riding SR is increased by 1 level of difficulty.

Notes: The llama has been a pack animal for thousands of years and is known for its easy going nature and dependability. The llama is also used as a light draft animal in mountainous or hilly terrain and is accomplished at pulling carts and traps. While not suitable as a mount for larger humanoids, smaller races like the Hobbit, Goblin, Dwarf, and Leprechaun will find it a placid and companionable mount.

Cost: 60 gp where available.

Customization Costs: The llamas base customization cost is the same as the standard costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table except that IQ cost is halved and SPD cost is doubled.

Personality Table (Roll 1d6 and consult the table):

- 1: Inquisitive—the llama likes to be around the action and investigate new things.
- 2: Unflappable—nothing flusters this llama, he takes everything in stride.
- 3: Irascible—unlike most llamas, this one will spit and bite if it feels mistreated.

4: Guard—llamas naturally stand guard over their herds and this one looks out for its new master.

5: Lazy—this llama likes to goof-off and will lag behind or shirk if not watched.

6: Game Masters fiat.

Elephant - African

Description: The African elephant is easy to distinguish from its smaller Indian relative, not only by its greater body size, but also by the greater size of its ears, the dark grey tone of its skin, and the fact that both the male and females have tusks.

STR: 100 / 120 War Elephant

IQ: 10 / 12 War Elephant

LK: 9

CON: 135 / 160 War Elephant

DEX: 12 / 14 War Elephant

CHR: 18

SPD: 12 / 15 War Elephant

WIZ: 3

Combat Adds: +88 / +110 War Elephant

Missile Adds: +88 / +112 War Elephant

Special Abilities:

Basic Attack: When called upon, the elephant can deal 4D6+Adds in damage with its crushing feet, goring tusks, and pummeling trunk.

Tusk Blades: Some war elephants have their tusks reduced by up to three-feet and katar-like blades affixed to the truncated ends. With these bladed extensions the war elephant gets 6D6 +Adds in melee.

Trunk Weapon: A war elephant may be taught to use a special large sword, scythe, or bludgeon with its trunk getting 8D6 + Adds in melee.

Tough Hide: The hide of the African elephant is tough but sensitive giving them 4 points of armor protection.

Dexterous Trunk: The elephant's trunk is massively strong and incredibly dexterous. The elephant can perform remarkably delicate manipulations with the three finger-like extensions at the end of the trunk.

Uncanny Intelligence: While still animal in intelligence, the elephant is capable of remarkably deductive reasoning.

Notes: To speak briefly of the amazing elephant is almost impossible. From its ability to remember trails it has not trodden for thirty years or more, to

its ability to use it's trunk like a snorkel and the great tenderness they display towards one another, the elephant is a class unto itself. The war elephant is the terror of the ancient world. Although many strategies were developed to counter them, the sheer awe inspiring grandeur of the fully caparisoned war elephant never truly faded. The African elephant is larger and harder to train than its more placid Indian relative, but enough hints have been left through history to believe it has been accomplished.

Cost: 2500 gp for a work elephant & 4000 gp for a war elephant where available

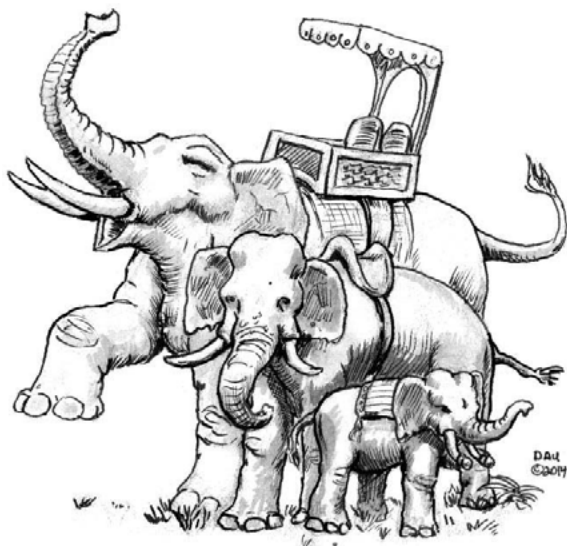
Customization Costs: The elephant customization cost is the same as the standard costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table except IQ which is half standard cost.

Cost for Tusk Blades: 175 gp for a pair & an additional 75 gp for modifying the tusks.

Cost For Trunk Weapons: 225 gp each.

Personality Table (Roll 1D6 and consult the table):

- 1: Disagreeable—temperamental and hard to please. Watch yourself with this elephant.
- 2: Loyal—unswerving in its devotion, this pachyderm is a friend for life.
- 3: Stern—serious and businesslike, this elephant is here to get the job done.
- 4: Lazy—why work when there are so many more fun things to do in life?
- 5: Glutton—if it's edible (or drinkable) this pachyderm wants some.
- 6: Game Masters fiat.



Elephant ~ Dwarf

Description: There are several species of dwarf-elephant and of these I have chosen the *Elephas mnaidriensis* variety to write-up. *Elephas mnaidriensis* was 90% smaller than the European "straight-tusked elephant" from which it was descended. *Elephas mnaidriensis* was between 5'6" to 6'2" at the shoulder and had relatively small ears for an elephant.

STR: 45 / 50 War Elephant

IQ: 12 / 14 War Elephant

LK: 9

CON: 45 / 50 War Elephant

DEX: 14

CHR: 10

SPD: 10 / 12 War Elephant

WIZ: 3

Combat Adds: +35 / +40 War Elephant

Missile Adds: +37 / +42 War Elephant

Special Abilities:

Basic Attack: When called upon, the dwarf elephant can deal 2D6+Adds in damage with its crushing feet, goring tusks, and pummeling trunk.

Tusk Caps: Although too small for the tusk swords of larger elephants, when smaller races use dwarf elephants for war, they sometimes cap the elephant's tusks with bronze or steel caps to increase the damage the animal can inflict and to help prevent the tusks from splitting. If capped the dwarf elephant can deliver 3D6+Adds damage in melee combat.

Tough Hide: The hide of the dwarf elephant is tough but sensitive giving them 3 points of armor protection.

Dexterous Trunk: The elephant's trunk is massively strong and incredibly dexterous. The elephant can perform remarkably delicate manipulations with the three finger like extensions at the end of the trunk.

Uncanny Intelligence: While still animal in intelligence, the elephant is capable of remarkably deductive reasoning.

Notes: Made famous by their inclusion in Plato's "Atlantis," they were found many years later to be not one species, but one of several pachyderm species now extinct that existed on the islands of the Mediterranean. The dwarf elephant is a favorite mount of the more warlike smaller humanoid races. It is popular among all people for

its intelligence and its hardy nature that lends itself to the role of beast of burden and draft animal.

Cost: 475 gp for a work elephant and 750 gp for a war mount where available

Cost for Tusk Capping: 25 gp for the caps and 20 gp for mountings

Customization Costs: The dwarf elephant customization cost is the same as the standard costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table except IQ which is half standard cost.

Personality Table (Roll 1d6 and consult the table):

- 1: Friendly—the elephant is of a jovial and companionable nature.
- 2: Joker—beware of a tiny elephant that thinks it is funny.
- 3: Bonded—fiercely loyal to its owner. If it is possible, it will aid him.
- 4: Vain—this elephant can be a pest, unless it is praised and cared for.
- 5: Skittish—this pachyderm is always on the lookout and hates danger.
- 6: Game Masters fiat.

Elephant ~ Indian

Description: The most widely domesticated species of pachyderm, the Indian elephant is easy to identify by its smaller ears, shorter stature, pinkish tones in its hide, and the fact that the females have no tusks.

STR: 90 / 100 War Elephant

IQ: 12 / 14 War Elephant

LK: 9

CON: 125 / 150 War Elephant

DEX: 14 / 15 War Elephant

CHR: 15

SPD: 12 / 14 War Elephant

WIZ: 3

Combat Adds: +80 / +91 War Elephant

Missile Adds: +82 / +93 War Elephant

Special Abilities:

Basic Attack: When called upon, the Indian elephant can deal 4D6+Adds in damage with its crushing feet, goring tusks, and pummeling trunk.

Tusk Blades: Some war elephants have their tusks reduced by up to 3' and katar-like blades affixed to the truncated ends. With these bladed extensions, the war elephant does 6D6+Adds in damage.

Trunk Weapon: A war elephant may be taught to use a special large sword, scythe, or bludgeon with its trunk to deliver 8D6+Adds in melee.

Tough Hide: The hide of the Indian elephant is tough but sensitive giving them 3 points of armor protection.

Dexterous Trunk: The elephant's trunk is massively strong and incredibly dexterous. The elephant can perform remarkably delicate manipulations with the three finger-like extensions at the end of the trunk.

Uncanny Intelligence: While still animal in intelligence, the elephant is capable of remarkably deductive reasoning.

Notes: The Indian elephant is the pachyderm most often seen in popular fiction and film where elephants deal directly with humans. The Indian elephant is trained and guided by a Mahout who may work with the elephant all his life. It is the use of the Indian elephant that led to the development of elephant barding, trunk weapons, and tusk swords. Often mounted on the back of a War Elephant is a small two or three man tower providing a platform and protection for archers or javelin throwers. In parts of Thailand it is traditional to mount lancers and halberdiers on elephants.

Cost: 2000 gp for a work elephant & 3500 gp for a war elephant where available.

Customization Costs: The elephant customization cost is the same as the standard costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table except IQ which is half standard cost.

Cost for Tusk Blades: 175 gp for a pair & an additional 75 gp for modifying the tusks.

Cost For Trunk Weapons: 225 gp each.

Personality Table (Roll 1d6 and consult the table):

- 1: Crafty—with its high IQ and manipulating trunk, this elephant loves mischief.
- 2: Truculent—everything is a chore and a burden to this pachyderm.
- 3: Brave—the elephant is the king of beasts and this elephant knows it.
- 4: Jealous—this pachyderm has a real affection for its owner and can be jealous.
- 5: Curious—if there is something interesting going on, this pachyderm wants in.
- 6: Game Masters fiat.

Wooly Mammoth

Description: Huge prehistoric pachyderms that strode across the world like colossi, wooly mammoths are easy to distinguish from other elephants by their massive size, tiny ears, and long thick coat of hair. The tusks of the wooly mammoth can grow to over 16' in length.

STR: 175

IQ: 9

LK: 9

CON: 200

DEX: 12

CHR: 20

SPD: 14

WIZ: 3

Combat Adds: +163

Missile Adds: +163

Special Abilities:

Basic Attack: When called upon, the mammoth can deal 6D6+Adds in damage with its crushing feet, goring tusks, and pummeling trunk.

Tough Hide: The hide of the mammoth is tough and covered with a layer of thick coarse hair that gives them 6 points of armor protection.

Dexterous Trunk: The mammoth's trunk is massively strong and incredibly dexterous. The mammoth can perform remarkably delicate manipulations with the three finger-like extensions at the end of the trunk.

Uncanny Intelligence: While still animal in intelligence, the mammoth is capable of remarkably deductive reasoning.

Notes: Roaming the wilderness and frozen wastes, the mammoth is without peer in the natural world. Sometimes enterprising Neanderthal shaman will tame a herd of mammoths to use as war mounts against encroaching civilized countries. The wild and unpredictable nature of these giants has prevented any modern human peoples from mastering them. However, some mountain orcs and ogres have tamed individual mammoths to use in transport and warfare.

Cost: 8000 gp, but incredibly rare and hard to find.

Customization Costs: The mammoth customization cost is the same as the standard costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table.

Personality Table (Roll 1d6 and consult the

table):

1: Wild—this mammoth is likely to get its own ideas and follow its own lead.

2: Reckless—this mammoth fears nothing, not even magic or the supernatural.

3: Implacable—nothing stops this mammoth; it is persistence and doggedness personified.

4: Discontent—this mammoth longs to be free and may leave if it can.

5: Loyal—though incredibly rare, this mammoth has accepted its master as its own.

6: Game Masters fiat.

Rhinoceros - White

Description: The white rhinoceros is the most social of the extant species of rhinos. It is distinguished by its two horns, grayish armor-like skin, and attentive mobile ears.

STR: 75

IQ: 5

LK: 9

CON: 115

DEX: 10

CHR: 16

SPD: 12

WIZ: 3

Combat Adds: +63

Special Abilities:

Basic Attack: The white rhinoceros can deal 7D6 +Adds in damage with its massive horns and crushing bulk.

Horn Caps: Some rhinos are given bronze or steel caps on their horns, protecting them from breaking and adding an additional edge to all the power a white rhinoceros can supply. With horn caps a rhino can do 8D6+Adds in melee.

Armor-like Hide: The tough hide of the white rhinoceros, along with its heavy layer of muscle, provide it with 7 points of armor protection.

Unstoppable: The rhino is famous in myth and legend for its implacable will and unstoppable power. In a fight the white rhinoceros will continue to fight until -10 CON with no effect to its fighting power.

Multi-Directional Hearing: To help compensate for the white rhinoceros' relatively poor eyesight, it has the ability to independently focus its ears listening for multiple sound sources at once. This makes it incredible hard to sneak up on, even for

invisible opponents.

Notes: The debate over whether rhinos have ever been used in war is a long one. For many years it was believed to be impossible to even train a rhino to saddle, let alone fight on command. However, modern evidence has shown that, if reared by humans, rhinos can indeed be taught to act as mounts and that it is perhaps possible the legends of war rhinos have some basis in fact.

Cost: 3500 gp where available.

Cost For Horn Caps: 135 gp plus an additional 55 gp for preparing the mounts.

Customization Costs: The white rhinoceros customization cost is the same as the standard costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table except for SPD and IQ which are doubled in price.

Personality Table (Roll 1d6 and consult the table):

- 1: Cantankerous—this rhino would rather be grazing and likes making trouble.
- 2: Dominating—this rhino makes it clear he is top dog of the riding animals.
- 3: Unflappable—nothing fazes this rhino, calm and controlled is his byword.
- 4: Protective: —this rhino has adopted its master and will defend them regardless of the cost.
- 5: Courageous—rhinos are natural fighters and this one likes doing what comes naturally.
- 6: Game Masters fiat.

Rhinoceros - Wooly

Description: A titan, the wooly rhinoceros grew to be 12' long and 8' to 12' at the shoulder. The main of its two horns could measure over 3' in length. The wooly rhinoceros had a long shaggy coat over its thick skin and its horns are made of keratin, like other rhinos, not bone like deer antler.

STR: 110

IQ: 5

LK: 9

CON: 170

DEX: 10

CHR: 20

SPD: 12

WIZ: 3

Combat Adds: +98

Special Abilities:

Basic Attack: The wooly rhinoceros can deal 9D6 + Adds in damage with its massive horns and



crushing bulk.

Armor-like Hide: The tough hide of the wooly rhinoceros, along with its heavy layer of muscle, provide it with 9 points of armor protection.

Unstoppable: The rhino is famous in myth and legend for its implacable will and unstoppable power. In a fight the wooly rhinoceros will continue to fight until -10 CON with no effect to its fighting power.

Multi-Directional Hearing: To help compensate for the wooly rhinoceros' relatively poor eyesight, it has the ability to independently focus its ears, listing for multiple sound sources at once. This makes it incredibly hard to sneak up on, even for invisible opponents.

Notes: Native to the Eurasian steppe, the wooly rhinoceros survived the last glacial period unlike most of the mega-fauna of its time. A favorite pet and mount of small giants and trolls, the wooly rhinoceros is a juggernaut of destruction. It has never been successfully broken by civilized humans. Although some primitive cave-men and Neanderthals have trained them into mounts.

Cost: 7500 gp where available.

Customization Costs: The wooly rhinoceros customization cost is the same as the standard costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table except for SPD and IQ which are doubled in price.

Personality Table (Roll 1d6 and consult the table):

- 1: Unpredictable—the wild has never left this rhinos soul, it works on sufferance.
- 2: Mean—unless treated with deference this rhino can turn nasty.
- 3: Watchful—naturally on the lookout for trouble, this rhino is always on guard.
- 4: Fighter—if there is a fight, this rhino wants in on it; war is in its blood.

- 5: Bluff—remarkably good natured for a rhino, he just likes to horse around.
6: Game Masters fiat.

Oxen

Description: The ox is easy to recognize by its massive shoulders and wide sweeping horns. The ox, in all its bovine glory, is found wherever hard work and heavy loads need to be surmounted.

STR: 35 / 40 War Mount
IQ: 5
LK: 9
CON: 35 / 45 War Mount
DEX: 10
CHR: 7
SPD: 10 / 12 War Mount
WIZ: 3
Combat Adds: +23

Special Abilities:

Basic Attack: When enraged an ox will trample its opponents with crushing hooves and gore with long slashing horns for 2D6+Adds in damage.

War Trained: A war trained ox will need no SR to initiate a charge or trample attack.

Hard to Kill: Whether from innate toughness or a simple stubborn refusal to die, an ox will continue to fight to -10 CON before it dies.

Notes: The ox is perhaps the mightiest of the draft animals besides the elephant. Oxen, as riding animals, are far more common than might be thought, and saddles in ox sizes are not that hard to find. The riding gear for an ox is similar to that of a horse, except that instead of a bit, the ox's reins are connected to a ring through its sensitive nose.

Cost: 75 gp for a riding or draft animal 500 gp for a war mount where available.

Customization Costs: The oxen customization cost is the same as the standard costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table except for SPD, DEX, and IQ which are doubled in price.

Personality Table (Roll 1d6 and consult the table):

- 1: Stubborn—in this case stubborn as an Ox is a truism, intractable and irascible.
- 2: Placid—easy to control and seldom frightened; a laid back ox.
- 3: Happy—gregarious and companionable; a friend in times of need.

- 4: Hungry—if there is food around, this ox wants some. Best mind the grain.
5: Courageous—dauntless and loyal, never backs down, never abandons a fight.
6: Game Masters fiat.

Yak

Description: The yak is a longhaired member of the bovine family and is found throughout much of Asia. The yak is identifiable by its short legs, broad body, and shaggy hide.

STR: 25
IQ: 5
LK: 9
CON: 35
DEX: 10
CHR: 6
SPD: 14
WIZ: 3
Combat Adds: +13

Special Abilities:

Basic Attack: Without a pack or rider, a yak will defend itself with its horns for 2D6+Adds of damage.

High Altitude Adapted: The yak is superbly adapted to high altitudes. With its larger lungs and heart, it can exert itself where lowland animals would be severely weakened by the thin atmosphere and cold. In game terms they suffer no penalty for operating at high altitudes.

Surefooted: The yak is extremely adept in mountainous terrain and on uncertain footing. In game terms the difficulty of any SR involving footing or balance is reduced by 1 level of difficulty.

Food Exclusion: The yak needs very little food to survive and it can live off of grass or lichens. However, unlike most pack animals, it cannot eat grain and can starve if there is no grass or forage for it to consume.

Notes: The yak has been the quintessential pack animal of the Himalayas and Central Asia for time out of mind. The sport of yak racing is still popular in Tibet, Mongolia, and Northern Pakistan. The yak is used not only as a beast of burden, but its milk is made into cheese and butter that is used in Tibetan "Butter Tea" and as lamp fuel. The yak's coat is woven into rugs, rope, and other textiles and its hide is used to make boats.

Cost: 80 gp where available.

Customization Costs: The yaks base customization cost is the same as the standard costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table.

Personality Table (Roll 1d6 and consult the table):

- 1: Friendly—likes to work and be with its master and companions.
- 2: Trickster—likes to play tricks and have fun.
- 3: Aggressive—will try to assert itself over other animals in the party.
- 4: Curious—likes to be around new things and is seldom afraid.
- 5: Shy—avoids danger and being the center of attention.
- 6: Game Masters fiat.

Elk

Description: The elk or wapiti is a member of the deer family. The elk's massive antlers and imposing build make identification a snap.

STR: 30

IQ: 5

LK: 9

CON: 35

DEX: 10

CHR: 9

SPD: 14

WIZ: 3

Combat Adds: +18

Special Abilities:

Basic Attack: The elk will defend itself, with or without its rider, by utilizing its impressive antlers or formidable front-leg kick doing 2D6+Adds in damage.

360° Vision: The location of the elk's eyes allow them to see almost directly behind them, making them very hard to surprise or catch unaware.

Notes: The elk has long held a place in mythology and folklore due to its inherent majesty and formidable prowess. In the early 20th century there was an attempt in Chicago (America) to popularize the elk as a riding and working animal. Although the attempt was successful, the rising popularity of the automobile halted widespread acceptance of the practice.

Cost: 175 gp where available.

Customization Costs: The elk's base customization cost is the same as the standard

costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table.

Personality Table (Roll 1d6 and consult the table):

- 1: On the Make—the elk is always on the lookout for receptive females.
- 2: Needy—becomes difficult if not given frequent treats or affection.
- 3: Brave—never backs down from a challenge unless ordered.
- 4: Mean—will bully other animals and disobey orders unless closely controlled.
- 5: Watchful—always on the lookout for threats and danger.
- 6: Game Masters fiat.

Reindeer

Description: The reindeer or caribou is a sub-arctic dwelling member of the deer family. It is easily identified by its thick coat and impressive rack of antlers.

STR: 25

IQ: 6

LK: 9

CON: 25

DEX: 10

CHR: 7

SPD: 12

WIZ: 3

Combat Adds: +13

Special Abilities:

Basic Attack: The reindeer when threatened will defend itself with its antlers and hooves for 2D6 +Adds Damage.

Cold Adapted: The reindeer is extremely well adapted to living and working in the coldest of environments. It suffers no penalties from doing so. However, it suffers double penalties in desert and other hot environments.

Notes: The reindeer has long been used as both a herd and pack animal. It is frequently used to pull sledges and sleighs. While it is less common as a riding animal, it has shown itself to serve admirably in that capacity and special reindeer riding harness is made for just that purpose.

Cost: 80 gp where available.

Customization Costs: The reindeer's base customization cost is the same as the standard costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table.

Reindeer Personality Table (Roll 1d6 and

consult the table):

- 1: Amorous—the reindeer always chases after females in heat.
- 2: Fighter—the reindeer never backs down from a fight.
- 3: Loyal—the reindeer is extremely loyal and will never abandon its master.
- 4: Cowardly—the reindeer is skittish and likely to bolt from danger, real or imagined.
- 5: Grumpy—the reindeer is intractable and sullen and needs close supervision.
- 6: Game Masters fiat.

Ostrich

Description: The ostrich is a large, flightless bird native to Central and South Africa. Easily identifiable by its distinctive plumage and ground-eating stride, the ostrich is a hardy yet dense species that is domesticated throughout the world.

STR: 16

IQ: 5

LK: 9

CON: 16

DEX: 14

CHR: 8

SPD: 15

WIZ: 3

Combat Adds: +6

Special Abilities:

Basic Attack: When not carrying a rider, the ostrich is capable of defending itself with devastating kicks from its powerful legs and raking slashes with its sharp talons doing 2D6+Adds in damage.

Concealment: The ostrich naturally hides when threatened, tucking their bodies as close to the ground as possible or behind cover. If hiding, the ostrich requires a L1SR on IQ to spot in the open or a L2SR if behind cover.

Notes: The ostrich is raced in Africa and Arabia. While difficult to train, it is adaptable to most environments, being raised in conditions as cold as Sweden and Finland. The ostrich is an ideal mount for smaller humanoids such as Hobbits, Leprechauns, Goblins, small humans, dwarves and the like.

Cost: 75 gp where available.

Customization Costs: The ostriches base customization cost is the same as the standard costs listed on the Custom Mounts Table except



that both the STR & IQ price is doubled.

Ostrich Personality Table (Roll 1d6 and consult the table):

- 1: Curious—likes to poke into and explore anything new or unusual.
- 2: Hungry—will eat anything that smells like food or is small and shiny.
- 3: Friendly—likes to stay near its rider and is affectionate and loyal.
- 4: Ornerly—likes to make life difficult for its rider and is balky.
- 5: Joker—likes to play trick and get into trouble.
- 6: Game Masters fiat.

Custom Mounts Table

If a custom mount is desired, characters may purchase additional ability points in STR, CON, CHR, DEX, SPD, IQ and LK when buying a new mount. This way, if your warrior desires the fastest courser in the land or your rogue a mount smart enough to fetch him his dropped dagger when he is tied to a tree, they need only pay the price.

Cost for increases:

STR, CON & CHR may be increased at a 5% per point increase in cost.

DEX & SPD may be increased at a 10% per point increase in cost.

IQ & LK may be increased at a 20% per point increase in cost.

Hidden Justice

The Role of Secret Tribunals

By E.P. Donahue

Prologue

These are uncertain times. A person has to be attentive to where they wander, where they lay their hat, and who they associate with. It was only earlier today that I watched as my neighbor Franz was tied up and drug off on horseback by a small party of men, who were unknown to me. The symbol of the dagger and rope had been left behind as an omen. Now it is late at night. I was awoken by a "Bang! Bang! Bang!" on my front door. Cautiously, I opened the door to peer out into the darkness, expecting to see an uninvited guest. Instead I found a summons nailed to my door. As the blood drained out of me, leaving me pale and numb, I read that my presence was required at a Tribunal. Those things never ended well.

Background

The Middle Ages are filled with stories and lore that fuel many campaigns with heroes and creatures that might have been. Yet, some stories are true parts of history shrouded in mystery. The Vehmic Tribunals in Germany are just such a point of interest. During the early Middle Ages, Germany was made up of many small states, as well as independent imperial cities. Most, however, only remotely acknowledged the Emperor's authority over them. Law and order was virtually unknown at this time. Out of this anarchy, the Vehm (fehm) was established. It was an effort to bring justice to the land. The Latin word of origin, "fama", means "common law", but might also mean "set apart".

The Function of the Tribunal

The Vehmic Tribunal was a secret organization made up of an unlimited number of Free Judges who sat under a Free Count. The Free Count was elected to oversee a territory and preside over two courts—one public and one secret. The public tribunals were proceedings of questioning where the accused and accuser could bring witnesses to testify on their behalf. If the accused could

produce enough witnesses to counter his accuser, he would be pronounced innocent. But, if an accused failed to show up for the tribunal, they would be hunted down. If the accused was found guilty, this would lead to a secret tribunal where a judgment was determined and justice was served. Most serious crimes resulted in hangings or occasionally, beheadings. The judged that were executed were often marked with cryptic symbols to show who had done it and to indicate that it was not murder.

Not much is known about the secret tribunals, also known as Silent Courts or Forbidden Courts. The penalty for non-members intruding on the proceedings was death. The identities of the members of the courts were kept secret. Any freeman who was a native citizen and of upright character could apply for membership. Those who were accepted were initiated into the hidden knowledge of the organization. This was accompanied by procedures of solemnity and formality.



"The candidate appeared bareheaded; he knelt down, and placing two fingers of his right hand on his naked sword and on a rope, he took an oath to adhere to the laws and customs of the holy tribunal, to devote his five senses to it, and not to allow himself to be allured there from either silver, gold, or even precious stones; to forward the interests of the tribunal above everything illumined by the sun, and all that the rain reaches and to defend them against everything which is between heaven and earth." (Lacroix)

The initiate would be further obliged to swear that he would undertake nothing with an unrighteous hand against the land or people. He was then shown the secret signs by which members recognized one another and would be presented with a rope and a knife, on which was engraved the mystic letters S.S.G.G. (Stein, Strick, Gras, Grun—stone, rope, grass, green). From this point forward he would be considered a Free Judge.

The purpose of the Free Judges consisted of going about the countryside seeking out criminal offenses, bringing judgment, and executing immediate punishment. It was their responsibility to aid their fellow Free Judges in issuing summons and executing court sentences. Summonses were often posted on trees or doors where the accused was sure to see them. All the mystery and secrecy that surrounded the Vehmic Tribunals led to widespread suspicion of others, even of one's own family. There was a general fear and caution of the Tribunals authority that had people watching what they said and looking over their shoulders.

Over time the Tribunals became corrupted by power, influence, and jealousy. Public indignation of the organizations abuse of power led to its suppression. Eventually it was marginalized into obscurity as more civilized forms of judicial process were put in place. Though, some might argue that we can see the shadows of this system in the Republic of Venice's Council of Ten, the Spanish Inquisitions, the Salem Witch Trials, the Gestapo of Nazi Germany, and even the Vigilantism of the American West.

Epilogue

"Sir, do you have anything to say in this man's defense?" the Count said to me coldly. As I hung my head low to avoid eye contact with Franz, I said "nay". It is better not to involve oneself in the affairs of the state, I reasoned. "Very well then, be off with you!" the Count said with

authority. "This Tribunal has found the accused guilty of larceny. Free judges prepare him for the judgment proceedings." I quickly made my way off as the Count had instructed. The next day I peered out my door again, only to see Franz hanging from a tree by the road. I immediately shut and bolted the door. These were dark times indeed.

How Does this Fit into my Game?

—The PC's accidentally stumble onto a Secret Tribunal. As non-members, this would mean death.

—The PC's witness a crime and receive a summons to appear at a Public Tribunal for questioning.

—The PC's are (falsely?) accused of a serious offense and receive a summons to appear at a Public Tribunal. It's possible that the territory the PC's find themselves in view wizards as heretics. Hopefully they can find some witnesses to plead on their behalf.

—The PC's witness some Free Judges carrying out a court sentence of hanging or they arrive in a territory with numerous "criminals" hanging from trees with cryptic symbols on the bodies.

—The PC's are hired by a vindictive and jealous Prince to infiltrate and break up a Tribunal organization that shows him no loyalty.

—The party is detained and informed that they have been found guilty of a crime against the territory and its inhabitants. They are to be marshaled off to a Secret Tribunal for judgment.

—Despite the stories the PC's hear about the upright character of the Free Judges, the Tribunal is a corrupted organization that desires to relieve the PC's of all their coins and items of value.

—The PC's are Free Judges charged with pursuing heretics, traitors, and outlaws.

—With all the above ideas, include paranoid villagers and odd behavior such as secret handshakes, signs, and passwords. Spend some time with your players coming up with interesting oaths and mysterious proceedings or symbols.

A final note, if your games tend towards the more whimsical, where the serious nature of the Vehmic Tribunals, along with capital punishment by hanging or beheading, is not your cup of tea, then feel free to lighten it up with a little Monty Python absurdity. Punishments could be more in line with tar and feathering or some other public humiliation. The Tribunal might be known as the Secret Order of the Do Nothings. The Free

Judges might be made up of a bunch of bumblers.
Get creative.

Free Count (Warrior)

MR 40

ST 28 IQ 24 LK 17 CON 30 DEX 17 CHR 18

SPD 15 Adds +26

Armor: Back and breast 5(10) hits

Weapons: Broadsword 3D+4, Dirk 2D+1

Free Judge (Warrior or Citizen)

MR 20

ST 18 IQ 15 LK 14 CON 18 DEX 14 CHR 12

SPD 14 Adds +10

Armor: Back and breast 5(10) hits

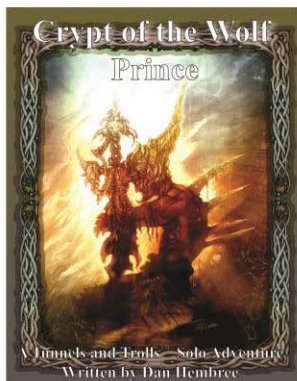
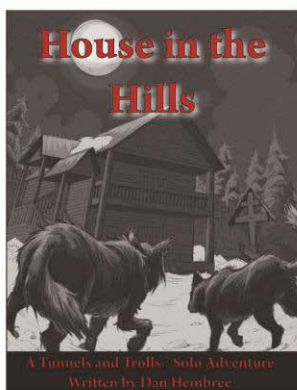
Weapons: Short Sword 3D, Dirk 2D+1

Sources*

Manners, Customs, and Dress During the Middle Ages, and During the Renaissance Period by Paul Lacroix.

Secret Societies of the Middle Ages by Thomas Keightley.

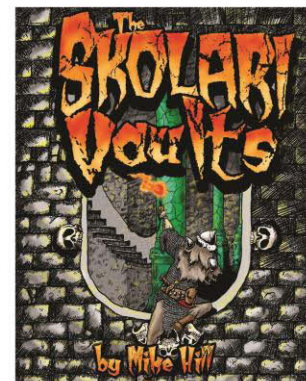
*Both of these works are in the public domain and are well worth the read through for other ideas and inspiration.



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Fighting with Saving Rolls

An Alternate T&T Combat System

By Dan Hembree

Combat resolution in *Tunnels & Trolls* is often considered a bit too abstract for some players who prefer to have more complex combat systems with actions resolved for each individual rather than entire sides. This alternate combat system is based on the *T&T* Saving Roll. It works so well in so many situations including ranged combat, why not use it for close combat as well?

Combat Ability

The use of this combat system requires a new attribute: Combat Ability (CA). The CA of your character is the attribute you will use to make your attack Saving Rolls. CA is the average of Strength, Luck, and Dexterity (and Speed if you're using 7th edition). The CA for opponents with Monster Ratings (MR) is equal to their MR, although the GM may raise or lower the CA of an opponent from this base as necessary. This caveat allows for skilled but physically weak monsters; for example, you could have a monster with a MR of 10 but a CA of 20. For these special monsters, a GM may also wish to use the CA in lieu of MR when determining their SR levels to be hit. CA is not reduced as MR is reduced; CA remains constant.

Saving Rolls To Hit

The target Saving Roll (SR) level is equal to the Level of your opponent or MR/10 (round down). This reflects your targets ability to defend itself from attack. This does require the addition of a Level 0 SR with a target of 15 for opponents with a MR of <10 or 0 Level NPCs. Doubles add and roll over as with normal Saving Rolls and a roll of 3 is an automatic miss. As with all other Saving Rolls in 7.5e *T&T*, characters add their Level to their attack SR. This reflects the increased fighting ability of characters with higher levels. When fighting with two weapons at once, a separate attack SR is needed for each weapon. The SR level required for the second weapon to hit, however, is one level higher than normal.

Role of Personal Adds

Players may use some or all of their Personal Adds (PA) to assist in attacking and defending as well as increasing damage. They may add them to their own attack SR or subtract them from their opponent's attack SR. Players may allocate up to 50% of their PAs toward their attack roll and up



to 50% against their opponents attack roll, rounded up. Offensive PAs may only be directed at a single opponent per combat turn whereas defensive PAs may be split among as many opponents as the character is directly engaged in hand-to-combat. PAs used for defense can be combined with those of other characters facing the same adversary. PAs used for offense cannot be combined. Any number of PAs may be applied to damage. In this way, characters can focus more on either hitting their opponent or blocking their opponent's attacks at the expense of doing less damage. The allocation of PAs must be decided at the start of each combat turn before any rolls are made. As a rule, monsters cannot apply their PAs to their attack SR or defense, although GMs may rule otherwise for certain opponents.

Personal Adds may be also applied to missile attacks (up to 50% rounded up), but not to defense on a turn that a missile weapon is used. Characters being shot at, and know that they are being shot at, may apply defensive adds against one missile attack per turn.

Any character casting a spell may not allocate PAs to attack or defense during that turn.

Damage

If you successfully make your attack SR, the damage you inflict on your opponent is determined by rolling your Weapon Dice and adding your Weapon Adds and any Personal Adds allocated to damage. If your opponent has any kind of armor, the protective value of that armor is subtracted from your damage total and the remaining damage is taken from your opponents MR or CON. If your character is hit, damage is inflicted by your opponent in the same way. The total dice and adds of your opponent are determined by its Monster Rating just like normal *Te&T* combat.

As a monster's MR is reduced, its CA does not change nor does the level of SR needed to hit the monster. The starting MR and CA are considered constant in these respects. The adds of a monster, however, are reduced as the MR decreases.

As in *Te&T* 7.5e, for each 6 rolled in the damage

dice, 1 point of Spite Damage is delivered. However, if an opponent is hit, the target must take the maximum of EITHER (damage rolled - armor) or spite damage. So if only one hit gets through an opponent's armor but three points of spite damage were dealt, the opponent takes 3 hits to CON or MR. This rule applies to both characters and monsters.

Attacks are considered simultaneous and the effects of damage are not taken into account until the next combat turn. So if you manage to kill an opponent, it still gets to make its attack against you before dropping. This method of combat resolution can lead to quick kills (especially of characters), so the GM may wish to reduce the number of dice used for weapons and monster by one when employing this system. The high probability of mortal wounds makes possessing both body armor and a shield very worthwhile.

Combat Stunts

A player may choose to perform an action other than a direct attack in a turn (trip an opponent, sneak up on an opponent, throw sand in someone's face, do a backward somersault, etc.). The success of that stunt is determined through a Saving Roll on the appropriate Attribute or Talent. No attack may be made or spells cast on the same turn and no PAs may be allocated to attack or defense.

Awarding Adventure Points

Adventure Points earned in combat using this system are based on the attack SRs. The number of APs earned in a fight is, therefore, controlled by the challenge presented and the direct involvement of the character. Also, a character can earn APs from a battle even if he loses and survives or runs away. All of the SRs made prior to retreating count for the purpose of earning APs. In order to balance this system, Saving Rolls associated with throwing or shooting missile weapons also count for gaining AP. Those not actively involved in combat will not earn APs for defeating opponents. Wizards that do not want to engage in hand-to-hand combat can, however, earn APs by using missile weapons or casting spells.

One-on-One Combat Example

Here is an example of a simple combat between a 1st level warrior and a goblin to demonstrate the SR-based combat system:

Brion the Ugly is a 1st level Warrior with a Combat Ability of 14, a Constitution of 12, and 6 Personal Adds. He is equipped with a saber (3D+4), soft leather armor, and a target shield (takes 9x2 hits). Brion is fighting a goblin with a MR of 15 wearing armor that takes 4 hits. Brion needs to make a L1SR on his CA to hit the goblin which means he needs to roll a 6 or greater on 2D6. Brion's player opts to commit 3 of his Personal Adds to his attack Saving Roll so that he only needs to roll a 4 or greater and 3 of his Personal Adds to fend off the goblin's attacks. Brion's player rolls an 8 and hits. He now rolls 3D6+4 for damage and gets a 14. Ten hits get past the goblin's makeshift armor, seriously wounding him. It's now the goblin's turn. Since he is facing a Level 1 character, he only needs a L1SR to hit Brion. He has a CA of 15, so he normally only needs a 5 or greater on two dice. However, since Brion committed 3 Personal Adds to defense, he needs to roll 8 or greater. The goblin rolls a 9 and hits despite Brion's efforts. He then rolls 3D6+10 for damage and gets 22. Luckily between Brion's body armor and shield with his Warrior bonus he can absorb 18 hits, so he only takes 4 hits to his CON. Therefore, at the start of the second combat turn, the goblin has a MR of 5 and Brion has a CON of 8. Brion now goes for an all-out attack against the goblin, committing 3 of his Personal Adds to his attack and 3 to damage. He rolls a 10 which hits for 14 points of damage. The goblin counters by rolling a 13 (DARO!) and inflicts 3D6+5=9 points of damage. Brion's armor saves him from further injury, but the goblin falls clutching the gaping hole in his chest. Brion has emerged wounded, but victorious, and earned $8+10=18$ APs for his two L1 attack SRs.

Low Level Characters vs High MR Monster Example

In the Saving Roll-based combat system monsters with high MRs become fearsome adversaries, especially against low level characters. If Brion were faced with a MR 50 ogre he would be in serious trouble. Brion would need to make a L5SR to hit the ogre whereas the ogre would only need to make a L1SR to hit him; surely Brion does not stand a chance on his own using this system. In my mind, Brion faces as much of a challenge facing a MR 50 ogre on his own using the

standard *T&T* combat system as with this SR-based system. Using the standard *T&T* combat, Brion would get 3D+10 with his saber and personal adds compared to the ogres 6D+25. So Brion would, on average, get a combat total of 20.5 per combat turn and the ogre 45. Even with his armor and shield Brion would take about 7 hits to his CON per combat turn on average. That would make the fight last about two turns. In either system, a single low level character facing any opponent as powerful as this should think twice about charging headlong into combat. It simply won't end well. There are always combat stunts you could try to pull, but these could (and should) be used in either combat system.

In situations where multiple characters were facing that MR 50 ogre (or any opponent) using SR-based combat, they could combine their personal adds for defense. The ogre only gets one attack per combat turn, so if six 1st level warriors were fighting the ogre they could combine their personal adds to pose a significant penalty on the ogre's attack SR. That would help to even up the odds and make it a little harder for the ogre to squash a warrior each and every combat turn. Of course, a MR 50 monster should be able to squash a first level character without much effort; but six 1st level warriors working together and fighting as a team should make this more difficult. Using combined personal adds to penalize the attack SR of the opponent serves this purpose. Meanwhile, each warrior would still need to make a separate L5SR on their CA to hit the ogre. That is tough to do, certainly, but they are pretty much out of their league. With enough warriors, however, someone could eventually make that roll.

Example: Fresh from his victories in the goblin border war, Brion hears of a ferocious ogre terrorizing a village. Brion learns that the ogre lives in a nearby swamp. Knowing that such a beast will be tough to bring down, Brion enlists the aid of five other warriors. Well-armed and full of confidence, the band heads into the swamp and soon find themselves facing the ogre. The hideous beast is 12' tall and easily weighs 500 pounds. It roars and charges the warriors as they scramble to form a shield wall.

Each warrior is a 1st level Warrior with a Combat Ability of 15, a Constitution of 12, and 12 Personal Adds. Each is equipped with a spear (3D+2), soft leather armor, and a target shield (takes 9x2 hits).



The ogre has a MR of 50, a CA of 50, does 6D+25 in damage, but has no armor.

The six warriors form up and lock their shields together to fight defensively. The ogre crashes into the shield wall and begins to pummel the warriors with his sledgehammer-like fists. Each of the warrior's commits half of their Personal Adds to defense (combined total of 36), hoping to ward off the ogre's blows long enough for someone to get a spear into the beast's gut. The other 6 adds are used as a to hit bonus.

Each warrior needs to make a L5SR (Target=40) on CA15 to hit but with a bonus of +6 for adds and +1 for level. The ogre only needs to make a L1SR (Target=20) on CA50 to hit, but at a -36 penalty. So, the warriors need to roll an 18 and the ogre a 6 on 2D6 with DARO to hit.

Turn 1: The warriors roll 8, 7, 11, 11, 8, and 9; they all miss. The ogre rolls a 4; with the penalty imposed by the warrior's active defense he also misses.

Turn 2: The warriors roll 15, 8, 11, 8, 6, and 6, all missing yet again. The ogre rolls a 5 missing, although one warrior gets uncomfortably close to the abyss.

Turn 3: The warriors roll 8, 9, 11, 6, 17 (so close), and 24(!). One warrior drives his spear into the ogre's thigh doing 9 points of damage (MR 41). The ogre, apparently not used to the sight of his own blood, rolls a 3 and nearly trips over his big feet.

Turn 4: The warriors roll 8, 7, 16, 7, 11, and 7; they all miss. The ogre rolls a 7 (finally). He slams his fist into the

face of the warrior that stabbed him doing 43 points of damage! The warrior's helmet is crushed just before his skull and he drops to the ground. The ogre's attack penalty is now only -30, so he only needs to roll a 4 or better to hit. The warriors give up their active defense and redirect the 6 adds toward damage.

Turn 5: The warriors roll 11, 6, 8, 10, and 9 missing. The ogre rolls a 28! A second warrior falls in a bloody heap after taking 43 hits. Only four warriors remain; things are looking grim!

Turn 6: The warriors roll 7, 3, 12, and 4. The ogre rolls a 16 and scores 36 hits in damage! He picks up a warrior and hurls him into a tree with a sickening thud. The warrior does not get up.

Turn 7: The now desperate warriors make one last effort to bring down the ogre and avenge their comrades. They roll 6, 10, and 7. Despite their best efforts they fail to land a telling blow. The ogre rolls a 9 and nonchalantly bludgeons a fourth warrior to death.

Brion and his last surviving comrade decide that they have had enough and run for it! The ogre is content to let them flee. The four dead warriors will make for a filling meal.

While Brion and his comrade lost the battle with the ogre (badly) they still earned some Adventure Points from the ordeal. Each of them faced certain death and learned a thing or two. In the end Brion and the warrior earned 315 and 250 APs, respectively, for their seven L5SRs.

Here we can see how a single high MR monster can overwhelm a group of low level warriors. The battle would likely have gone much differently if Brion had enlisted the aid of a Wizard and maybe a couple of archers. As it was the warriors were able to hold the ogre at bay while they worked as a team. While only one was able to land a blow, they were able to defend each other for three combat turns. If they had been working individually and committing their Personal Adds to their attack rolls and damage, one would have fallen in the first turn.

If this battle were fought using the standard T&T combat system it would have ended far differently:

The battle between the six warriors and the ogre is joined. The warriors get a combined attack roll of 18D+84 with their spears and Personal Adds. The ogre gets 6D+25.

Turn 1: The warriors roll a 150 with 4 spite and the ogre a 42. The ogre takes 112 hits and drops dead. It's days of terrorizing villagers are over.

The six warriors each earn 8 APs for the light stretching exercise of ogre slaying.

Well, that was easy. To present a challenge to the warriors, the ogre would need a MR of at least 170 with an attack roll of 18D+85. Of course, the warriors could then counter by drawing their daggers to fight with in their off hands to bring their total attack roll to 30D+102. Yikes.

It's interesting that while the MR 50 ogre is so terrifying to a single warrior that it is little more than a nuisance to five such warriors using the standard T&T combat system. The SR-based system maintains that level of terror. The five warriors need to try to outmaneuver the ogre to gain an advantage rather than just standing toe-to-toe with it and trading blows. Perhaps they could attempt to trip the beast or send one warrior off to flank the ogre and stab it in the back while the rest try to hold its attention. All of these stunts can be handled with additional Saving Rolls and additional risk for failure; of course the reward is victory against long odds. There are also ways to prepare before battle; setting an ambush, for example, or laying traps. Increasing the likelihood of losing a battle (and your characters) should make for more interesting and fun situations.

Large Battle Example

Here is one final another example of combat using the SR based combat system where all aspects of the game are considered including missile weapons, magic, combat stunts, and heavily armored opponents.

Brion, now a seasoned veteran of the goblin wars, and his long-time delving companions set out from the town of Dunbrooke after hearing a rumor of a ruined keep two days to the north. Eager to fill their pockets with gold, the band packed their gear, checked their armor, and oiled their weapons.

About two hours out from Dunbrooke, the delvers found trouble. Standing in the road was a pair of heavily armored goblins flanked by two more lightly armored goblins. Suddenly twelve more goblins came out of the woods on

either side of the road, each holding a javelin ready to throw. The goblin warband had been tracking the delvers since they left the borderlands between the Kingdom of Tindel and the territories of the goblin tribes. Brion had a rather large price on his head for certain activities in the recent border war.

The delvers have little chance to escape the ambush unless they want to expose their backs to a javelin volley, and negotiation seems unlikely. Weapons are drawn, lines are formed, and the goblins advance.

Brion is a 2nd level Warrior. He has a CA of 18 (ST22 DEX16 LK16 SPD16), 22 Personal Adds, 2 Warrior Adds, and 14 CON. He wears mail armor and carries a kite shield (36 hits total) and a war hammer (5D+1).

Freya is a 1st level Warrior. She has a CA of 15 (ST17 DEX13 LK16 SPD12), 10 Personal Adds, 1 Warrior Add, and 11 CON. She wears scale mail and carries a heater shield (26 hits total) and broadsword (3D+4).

Olaf is a 1st level Warrior. He has a CA of 14 (ST16 DEX13 LK16 SPD12), 9 Personal Adds, 1 Warrior Add, and 11 CON. He wears scale mail and carries a heater shield (26 hits total) and broadsword (3D+4).

Horace is a 1st level Warrior. He has a CA of 14 (ST15 DEX16 LK13 SPD12), 8 Personal Adds, 1 Warrior Add, and 10 CON. He wears scale mail (16 hits total) and carries a medium bow (4D+0) and a saber (3D+4).

Cirreth is a 1st level Rogue. She has a CA of 10 (ST10 DEX14 LK16 SPD10), 6 Personal Adds, an INT of 14, a WIZ of 12, and 10 CON. She wears soft leather and carries a buckler (8 hits total) and a rapier (3D+4). Cirreth also knows the spells Take That You Fiend and Dem Bones Gonna Rise.

The goblin leader has a MR of 30 (CA 30, +15 adds), wields a broadsword (3D+4), and has a target shield and mail (16 hits total).

The goblin sergeant has a MR of 20 (CA 20, +10), wields a broad axe (4D), and has a target shield and scale mail (12 hits total).

The 8 goblin soldiers each have a MR of 15 (CA 11, +8), wield a javelin (2D) and spear (3D+1), and have a target shield and leather armor (9 hits total).

TURN 1

The battle begins with an exchange of missiles and magic.

Horace fires his bow (L2SR on CA14, +1 level, +5 adds to hit, +4 damage) and strikes one of the goblin soldiers (rolled 7) although it does not fall (scored 7 hits after armor).

Cirreth casts TTYF on the goblin leader, hoping to take him out early and demoralize his troops. Unfortunately she loses focus (L1SR on INT14, +1 level, rolled 4, failed) and cannot hold the strands of magical energy together.

The goblins reply with a volley of javelins. Brion, Freya, and Olaf raise their shields and actively defend against the attack (commit 12, 6, and 5 adds respectively). The incoming javelins are mostly deflected (L2SR on CA15, rolled 4, 6, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, 11), but Horace and Cirreth are both hit. Horace's scale armor absorbs most of the impact (take 2 hits to CON), but Cirreth is not so lucky (takes 8 hits to CON).

TURN 2

The goblins charge while the warriors form a ring around the badly injured rogue.

Brion faces the leader and one soldier, Freya faces the sergeant and one soldier, while Horace and Olaf each face three soldiers. Cirreth prepares herself to cast TTYF one more time.

Brion puts 12 adds toward his attack and 12 to defense against the goblin leader. He, therefore, needs to make a L3SR on CA18+2+12 to hit the leader. He rolls an 11 and hits! His warhammer does 20 points of damage which smashes through the goblin leader's armor reducing his MR by 4 points.

Freya puts 6 adds toward her attack and 5 to defense against the goblin sergeant. She attacks the goblin sergeant, needing to make a L2SR on CA15+1+6 to hit. She rolls a 6 and hits dealing 11 points of damage with her broadsword. Unfortunately, this is not enough to get through the sergeants armor, but she does inflict 1 point of spite damage.

Olaf puts all 10 adds toward damage, hoping to quickly cut down one of the three goblin soldiers facing him. He needs to make a L1SR on CA15+1 to hit and rolls a 9, dealing 24 points of damage. Olaf's sword slices through the goblins leather jerkin and its belly. A moment later the goblin is on the ground.

Horace, feeling slightly vulnerable, puts 4 adds toward defense against one of his opponents and 5 toward damage. He focuses his attack on the goblin he shot with his bow. Horace needs to make a L1SR on CA14+1 to hit. He rolls a 10 and hits dealing 21 points of damage. Horace slides his saber past the goblin's shield and through its throat. A second goblin soldier lies dead.



Cirreth does her best to ignore the pain of her wounds. She channels her power and focuses on the goblin leader (L1SR on INT14+1, rolled 10, success). Crying out "TAKE THAT YOU FIEND," Cirreth sends out a wave of energy that nearly knocks the leader off of his feet doing 14 points of damage.

The goblin leader attacks Brion, need to make a L2SR on CA30-12. He rolls a 5 and misses. The goblin soldier then attacks, needing a L2SR on CA15. He rolls an 8 and also misses.

The goblin sergeant attacks Freya, needing to make a L1SR on CA20-5. He rolls a 5 and hits. The sergeants broad axe does 28 points of damage, crushing metal scales and slicing open the leather backing of Freya's armor. She takes 2 hits to her CON. The soldier moves in next, needing to make a L1SR on CA15-5. He rolls a 6 and misses.

The three goblin soldiers facing Olaf attempt to surround the warrior. Each needs to make a L1SR on CA15. They roll 23, 9, and 9. All three goblins manage to stab Olaf with their spears doing 22, 19, 21 (1 spite) points of damage. Olaf's armor saves him from any major wounds, but he does take 1 point of spite damage from the third soldier.

The three soldiers facing Horace also try to hem in and cut down their target. Each needs to make a L1SR on CA15, but the first has a -4 penalty. They roll a 5, 9, and 3. Only one goblin is able to hit Horace, but his spear does 19 points of damage slipping through the scales of his armor and into the warrior's ribs. Horace takes 4 hits to CON and begins to wish that he had a shield.

At the end of Turn 2, the goblin leader (MR 12/30) and sergeant (MR 19/20) are both wounded and two goblin soldiers are dead. Freya (CON 9/11), Horace (CON 4/10), and Cirreth (CON 2/10) are all wounded.

TURN

3

Brion continues to actively defend against the goblin leader allocating 12 adds, but puts 12 adds toward damage against the goblin soldier. Brion shifts the focus of his attack hoping to catch the smaller goblin off guard. He need to make a L1SR on CA18+2, rolls a 9 and hits for 36 points of damage (2 spite). Even after the goblins armor and shield are accounted for, he takes 27 hits to his MR. Brion's blow crushes the unfortunate goblins skull, killing him instantly.

Freya also switches her target. She allocates 6 adds to defend against the sergeant and 5 adds to damage against the soldier. She needs to make a L1SR on CA15+1 and rolls a 10, dealing 21 points of damage. The blade cuts deep, but the goblins armor saves its life...for now. The goblin takes 12 hits to its MR.

Olaf continues his all-out-attack tactic and uses his 10 adds for damage, putting all of his energy into dealing deadly blows. He needs a L1SR on CA 15+1 to hit and rolls a 7. His strike is less powerful this time, dealing 21 points of damage. The goblin takes 12 hits, but fights on.

Horace now faces two goblins. He shouts to Cirreth to move up and aid him. He puts 3 adds to defense against one goblin, 2 against the second, and 4 to damage. He needs a L1SR on CA 14+1 to hit, rolls an 8 and does 27 points of damage (3 spite!). Horace skewers his second goblin then turns to the third.

Cirreth holds back for a moment. She knows that if any of the goblins hit her, she likely would not survive. Instead she waits for an opportunity.

The goblin leader attacks Brion, needing to make a L2SR on CA30-12. He rolls an 11 and hits for 19 points of damage. The blade of the goblin's sword is easily turned by Brion's mail. The goblin soldier then attacks, needing a L2SR on CA15. He rolls a 10 and also hits for 14 points of damage. Brion deflects this strike with his shield.

The goblin sergeant attacks Freya, needing to make a L1SR on CA20-6. He rolls a 5 and misses. The soldier moves in next, needing to make a L1SR on CA15. He rolls a 19 and hits for 22 points of damage (1 spite). Freya's armor is able keep the point of the goblins spear from her flesh, but she is still injured by the impact taking 1 point of spite damage.

The two goblin soldiers facing Olaf maneuver around the body of their fallen comrade. Each needs to make a L1SR on CA15. They roll an 8 and 8, both hitting. Their spears do 22 (2 spite) and 18 (1 spite) points of damage. Olaf's armor saves him again, but the repeated blows take their toll dealing 3 points of spite damage.

The two soldiers facing Horace attack their target a bit more warily. Each needs to make a L1SR on CA15, with a -3 and -2 penalty. They roll 31 (!) and 6. The first goblin makes a masterful attack catching Horace completely unaware. His spear does 18 points of damage, cutting

though Horace's armor again. Horace takes 2 hits to CON.

At the end of Turn 3, the goblin leader (MR 12/30) and sergeant (MR 19/20) are both wounded, two goblin soldiers are wounded (MR 3/15 each), and four goblin soldiers are dead. Freya (CON 8/11), Olaf (8/11), Horace (CON 2/10), and Cirreth (CON 2/10) are all wounded. Brion remains unscathed.

TURN 4

With the goblin soldier down, Brion is able to put all of his attention on the leader. He puts 10 adds toward his attack and 14 adds toward damage. Brion trusts his own armor to protect him so that he can put enough force into his own attacks to get through the goblin leaders mail. Brion needs a L3SR on CA18+2+10, rolls a 7 and hits. His warhammer does 42 points of damage (2 spite); even with his mail and shield the goblin leader takes 27 hits. The goblin leader's neck snaps and he joins his soldiers in the dirt.

Freya is still facing two opponents. The goblin soldier is heavily wounded so she decides to finish him off. She applies 6 adds to defend against the goblin sergeant and 5 adds to damage against the soldier. She needs a L1SR on CA15+1 to hit and rolls a 14, hitting for 25 points of damage (2 spite). Freya puts her sword through the goblin's heart. He takes 17 points of damage and expires.

Olaf also faces two goblins and he too moves to finish his wounded opponent. He once again allocates 3 and 2 adds to defense against the two soldiers and 5 to damage. He needs a L1SR on CA15+1 to hit, but rolls a 3! Olaf is overconfident and his attacks are easily deflected by the goblin.

Horace has managed to reduce himself to one adversary, but he is gravely injured. He puts 5 adds to defend against his opponent, 2 to attack, and 2 to damage. He needs a L1SR on CA14+1+2, rolls an 11 and hits for 18 points of damage (1 spite). The goblin takes 9 hits; wounded but still fighting.

Cirreth sees that Horace is in trouble. She draws her rapier and moves in to support. She puts 3 adds to defend against the goblin and 3 to attack. She needs a L1SR on CA10+1+3 to hit, rolls a 5 and just barely misses.

The goblin leader, before Brion lands his killing blow, growls at Brion and spits in his face. He lunges with his broadsword needing to make a L2SR on CA30. He rolls

a 10 and hits for 19 points of damage. Brion's armor and his skill with his shield still prove too much for the goblin.

The goblin sergeant attacks Freya, needing to make a L1SR on CA20-6. He rolls a 5 and misses again. The soldier, on the verge panic, needs to make a L1SR on CA15. He rolls a 22 (wow) and hits for 12 points of damage. The spear point is turned by Freya's scale armor.

The two goblin soldiers facing Olaf press their attack, but they too seem to be reconsidering the situation. Each needs to make a L1SR on CA15 with a -3 and -2 penalty. They roll a 6 and a 6, both missing.

The last goblin now finds himself outnumbered facing both Horace and Cirreth, although both are leaking. Because both Horace and Cirreth allocated adds to defend against the goblin he attacks at a combined -8. He chooses to attack (random roll) Cirreth, needing a L1SR on CA15-8. He rolls a 7 and his spear misses the rogue.

At the end of Turn 4, the goblin leader lies dead, the sergeant (MR 19/20) is wounded, two goblin soldiers are wounded (MR 3/15 and 6/15), and five goblin soldiers are dead. Only one goblin is not injured. Freya (CON 8/11), Olaf (8/11), Horace (CON 2/10), and Cirreth (CON 2/10) are all wounded. Brion stands unbloodied.

TURN 5

The goblins have lost half their number including their leader, are now outnumbered 5 to 4, and two of the soldiers are terribly wounded. Time to retreat.

As the goblins break and run, each character can make a L1SR on SPD to try to get an attack in before they are out of range.

Brion rolls a 11 (SPD16+2), Freya rolls a 3 (SPD12+1), Olaf rolls a 6 (SPD12+1), Horace rolls a 5 (SPD12+1), and Cirreth rolls a 6 (SPD10+1). Only Brion reacts fast enough. He attacks the goblin sergeant in order to completely remove the leadership of the demoralized goblins. Since the goblin has his back turned, Brion only needs to make a L1SR on CA18+2 to hit. (Note: Brion does need to make some kind of Saving Roll to see if he hits even if the goblin's back is turned. I ruled that it would be 1 level less than normal given that the goblin was fleeing.) Brion puts all of his focus on delivering a killing blow and allocates his full 24 Personal Adds to damage. Brion rolls 9 and hits for 42 points of damage! Since the sergeant is running he can't really use his shield to block the attack, so it is only worth half of its protective value

(another House Rule). The sergeant takes 32 hits and drops with a crushed skull before he can flee. The three soldiers manage to run for the tree line and vanish from sight.

VICTORY

Brion's crew wastes no time in looting the bodies of the fallen goblins. Their armor and weapons will fetch gold in any town they come across, and they'll need that gold to help recover from their wounds. Horace and Cirreth are tended as well as they can be and they set off the road once again; just a bit more cautiously this time.

For their actions in the battle, Brion earns 83 AP, Freya 39 AP, Olaf 25 AP, Horace 48 AP, and Cirreth 25 AP.

I think that this combat example does a great job in demonstrating the value of having both body armor and shields in combat. The party of delvers faced armored opponents; this can be a challenge to deal with even with a 3D+4 weapon. An opponent in leather armor with a target shield can take 9 hits without damage and that's without applying the Warrior armor doubling bonus. I could have made this battle even more of a challenge by stating that the goblins were all warriors. I tend to not do this, however, and leave those sorts of bonuses to player characters or major NPCs. The armor of the delvers certainly helped them, not only body armor but also shields. Those extra hits of protection make a big difference in this combat system especially since you are not "shielded" by fighting with a second weapon as in standard T&T combat. Brion's kite shield (worth 12 hits of protection with the Warrior bonus) saved him from injury the entire battle. Cirreth's buckler, while worth only 2 hits of protection in her hands, saved her life. You can believe that Horace will make use of one of the fallen goblin's target shields.

The battle also provided a good example of how Personal Adds (PAs) can be divided. PAs may be applied to attack Saving Rolls, defense against an opponent's Saving Rolls, or increasing damage. Determining how you are going to divide those PAs takes some practice and some thought, but can add a lot to the combat experience. This adds a good component of player skill to combat in addition to character skill. How many adds do you

really need to apply to your attack? Do you gamble on needing to roll a slightly higher number for the opportunity to do more damage? Should you put as much as you can into active defense or do you rely on your armor to protect you. Do you take a hit so for the chance of delivering a killing blow? These are all questions that need to be considered. To avoid getting too bogged down in these decisions, and to add some excitement, I would give each player a time limit on deciding how to allocate adds. Perhaps only a minute or less?

Combining PAs toward defense against a single opponent is critical, especially when two or more characters are outmatched by a single opponent. This was shown to be effective against the ogre in the previous example and worked well for the gravely injured Horace and Cirreth here as well.

The differences in Adventure Points earned for each character may cause some concern, but I think that it is a fair distribution based on the contributions of each of the characters. Brion faced and prevailed over the toughest opponent and was able to cut down the second toughest in the route, so he earned a significant number of APs. Horace managed to slay two goblin soldiers single-handed and wounded a third, so he earned the second highest. Olaf and Cirreth had tougher times and made low rolls on low level Saving Rolls, so they earned the least number of APs. However, with the exception of Brion, the characters earned a similar number of APs that might be awarded in standard T&T combat. If all the goblins were counted as defeated, a GM might award 170 AP divided among the five characters or 34 AP each.

Summary

In the end I think that this system of combat has great potential. Some may view it as too crunchy for *T&T*, but I simply see it as a logical extension of the Saving Roll system, and Saving Rolls are the defining aspect of *T&T*. The application of Personal Adds can make for a lot of numbers to deal with (especially for the GM), but it really is not that difficult. Using chits, coins, or beans to keep track of add distributions can make it even easier.

The Penultimate Place

AT&T New Khazan Solo Adventure

By David Moskowitz

Welcome to *The Penultimate Place* (TPP), a *Tunnels & Trolls* solitaire adventure set in the universe of Peryton Publishing's *New Khazan*. It is not necessary to own *New Khazan*, but if you don't I strongly suggest you pick up a copy after you spend a little time in TPP.

The adventure is designed for characters of levels 3–6 and all core *T&T* kindred and types are welcome. In fairness (snort), it's important to understand that in the 9000 worlds (9KW), the post Trollworld-era setting of *New Khazan*, kremm is not so plentiful. The magic-dependent will, therefore, find life especially challenging even if they are at the higher end of the recommended character strengths.

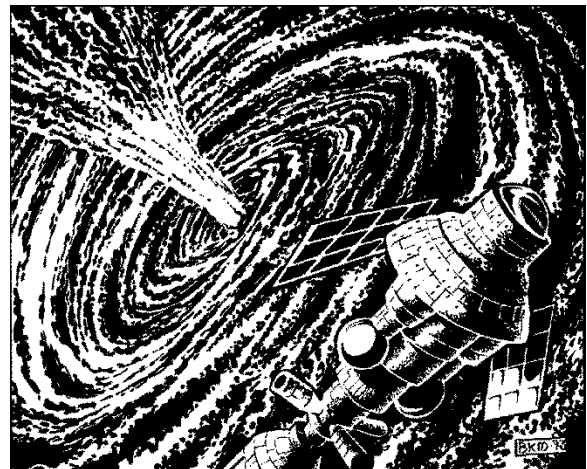
House rules:

- Unless otherwise noted, all fractions round up (i.e. the greatest distance from zero) so that a Saving Roll that you calculate to be $2\frac{1}{3}$ is Level 3 and a loss of $5\frac{1}{4}$ points of IQ costs you 6 points, and so on.
- The **Fumble Roll**: This is an attribute- and level-free Saving Roll. When you are asked to make one, roll two dice, doubles add and roll over (DARO). If your total is 5 or greater, you make it—and may take 10 AP for doing so. If not, you fail but may take 25 consolation/learning AP and face your fate.
- Tanking Saving Rolls: There may be times when you don't want to succeed. If such is the case, roll as normal, take the AP, and go to your failure paragraph.
- The economy and **Artifact Value Points (AVP)**: The circumstances of TPP's setting have seriously disrupted any normal economic standards. In fact, the only worthwhile currency is kremm (especially stored in krestle crystals) and certain artifacts of historical value, which will have associated AVP's.
- **Duration Units (DU)**: Time and space are more than a bit wonky in a world that's still

deciding how many dimensions it has, but practical matters matter: for each DU of rest or travel, you regain two CON (but no WIZ). After each battle away from the spellship *Ketosis Muonk* you may rest for up to two DU's before your gear's less-than-perfect waste-recycling facilities demand you start moving. During rest and travel time, you may also spend your Adventure Points (AP).

- The major encounters are designed for replayability (for those who want the full back-and-forth in my head over this, shoot me an email at moskergames@gmail.com). However, life is far, far too short to spend time grinding. The Yordamma Vrash/Roy Cram rules of cheating egregiously (DO IT!) apply. Fudge die rolls, peek ahead, have fun. If you want some official writer-granted mechanism (such as temporal choice magical do-dads) to ease your conscience (and if you still have one, you must be new to *T&T*—Welcome!) shoot me an email.

Other rules, mechanics, will be introduced as needed. It's time to arrive at your cliché opening scene and start thinking about saving your disturbingly clean skin. **Go to 1.**



1

It does not feel like waking up. It is simply consciousness where before there was—what? You are not naked. You are not chained. You have no headache from bludgeoning or booze—no visions of dwarven miners pounding on temples. Yet you find any of those would provide some comfort from their familiarity. After all, how often have you become aware while on your feet?

You think of your teacher who liked to say, “*When trapped in a round room—which this is—it is time to rethink your definition of corners.*” Of course, he lost everything in the great poppy crash and was last seen in Khosht without his tongue but wearing a sign: *Will provide aphorisms or blood for food.*

The room has no obvious light source: no torches, no will-o-wisps, nothing that seems to create the universal and uniform purplish white glow that illuminates the room.

“This will be over soon,” says a voice three feet in front of you. There is no visible speaker, but you sense a direction. In another direction, down, you become aware of your bare feet on the smooth, purple floor. Your feet are bare, but you are not naked—you wear a tunic that feels silken and so nice against your skin—which has been completely depilated.

“Disorienting isn’t it?” What was just a voice now has a face and form, now visible as the purple light becomes both brighter and whiter—but the difference is not sufficient to make you feel you should have seen this individual a moment before. The speaker is humanoid. Skinny, pale, dressed in the same sort of tunic as you, and barefoot as well—but he got to keep his hair. Nevertheless, you’ve been around enough magic, drugs, and illusions to know this thing is real. It’s a he, and there’s something about his build that looks as if you could snap his neck like a pigeon’s. *Pigeon.* Yes, that’s what you’ll call him.

If you attack, **go to 120**. If you demand information, giving just the equivalent of your name, rank, and serial number, **go to 116**.

2

You successfully suck up 100 kremm. The god roars, “Damn you! I damn you!” and then the rage

evaporates into despondency and resignation. “Oh, for a fraction of father’s power... but, is this the sign of the times? Is this to be my—*damn you...*”

The god who once patronized those who needed good fortune the most—travelers—vanishes, cursing your journey. Double all travel times, permanently reduce your SPD in half, and if you ever go through the *Labyrinth*, add one level to all LK-based SRs.

The sacrificial knife vanishes with the god. You do, however, get to keep your kremm. **Go to 51** and proceed with your journey.

3

The door opens and they charge, the full surviving complement (22) of what look to be leprechauns shrunk to the size of toddler fairies. Each has a CON of 5 and is armed with a remarkably sharp blade yielding 1D+1 in combat and dealing spite damage on a 5 or 6 (cramped quarters and all). Whichever of you has more WIZ will be the primary target, receiving the full complement of any spite damage inflicted.

Half of the leprechauns will engage you and your companion, while the other half will jump past you for the ship’s WIZ battery. Each *full* combat turn they feed on the battery (draining 2 points per attacker), they grow, gaining 3 points of CON and 3 combat adds. After three turns of feeding, the leprechaun will trade off with one of the surviving assault force. You and your companion may defend the WIZ battery, battle on the front lines, or split your efforts.

If your companion is St’theetha make a note of this paragraph and **go to 97** after your opponents suffer their first fatality. If you win and both survive, **go to 126**. If your companion is killed, **go to 112**. If you are killed, **go to 35**. If you are both killed, then this is **the end**.

4

You pass through the door into a brightly lit 30’ cubic room. The crash of a portcullis behind you is quickly forgotten given the scene in front of you, mostly occupied by a red dragon sitting on a pile of loot that could easily buy an army large enough to depose Count K’allsteyn.

The beast looks angry, prematurely awakened from hibernation by two individuals. One is a man (yes, clearly male and clearly human) in purple robes which look rather impractical but nicely complement his pointed hat. He holds a torch in one hand, a wand in the other. The other wears a full set of plate armor—making race and gender indeterminable—and has a long bow drawn and ready, with a sword and shield in its scabbard and over the left shoulder, respectively. All three are completely motionless.

It's now evident that you and your companion are in fact sealed off from this diorama, trapped in a box composed of the same transparent material that forms the view ports of the *Ketosis Muonk* and Szarnot's vessel. On the floor in front of you are painted outlines for two sets of feet—one roughly behind each humanoid figure. In the center of your small chamber floats a small round platform on which sits a perfect onyx cube. Suspended above that is an ornate scroll, displaying the following instructions in the same language that graced the entrance to this complex:

Historical Cliché Simulation (For entertainment purposes only)

- Choose your avatar by stepping into a set of the appropriate footpads.
 - Roll the die for initiative.
 - Act as you would then and there, brave character!
- G.G.E. Management, All Rights Surrendered

The cube will not budge unless one or both of you are occupying footprints. When you're ready, note who stands where, roll 1D6 and take the result to 117.

5

He snaps to attention with heretofore unseen vigor. It reminds you of a the noble drunkard, dry so long but not fallen so far as to lose his dignity when given a bottle of vintage wine. This sacrifice will provide more than succor, more than sustenance.

If you perform the ritual killing as the god demands, **go to 30**. If you simply slaughter the cow and harvest it with the ELK, **go to 125**.



6

The shovel activates with a pull of a cord. At first it seems to stammer and choke, issuing an aroma that only an embalmer or alchemist might be able to ignore. At full power, it is loud too, so much so that you cannot hear your shouts as its initial contact with the ground shatters the floor—that is, all but the X itself. What had felt like a firm foundation under your feet goes floating into space like so many cookie crumbs. Each of you must make a L2SR on DEX to use your RockitRodenn™ grappling hook to hold on to the X—which is firmly in place even if it's attached to *nothing*.

If both of you hold on, you may head back up the stairs (**go to 84**, but skip to the second paragraph) or use to hook and Daisy-Down boots to reposition yourself and explore the underside of the mana-toid (**go to 33**). If one of you floats into space, **go to 127**. If both of you float into space, it's **game over**.

7

You open the door and find ready foes. **Go to 119** and move immediately into melee combat (second paragraph).

8

Captain's log. Date irrelevant:

I didn't think they would do it. If I had any hope of surviving I'd be writing a letter of condolences to Alpaddab's family, but at least I know if they're so desperate they won't open this lock. If it weren't for my training I'd be in worse shape—there's that arrogance talking again and look where it got me. I'm starting to believe the stories about K-φ—no magic, no reason. I wonder how Szarnot is holding up.

The entry continues to describe how the crew created a modified kremm converter using *Smaller-as-Smarter* as its core algorithm to extract kremm from the hull in unused parts of the ship. The procedure was inefficient, but yielded a minor charge to the kremm batteries. Then the device began to malfunction, and no longer worked on inorganic material.

After that, it came down to shrinking the crew to minimize their kremm-consumption...but it was

unknown how much you could safely shrink a brain—and then *still* deprive it of kremm.

Take an extra 20 AP and **return to you previous paragraph**.

9

If it is a spell, make a L2SR on your base WIZ. If it's a kremm-powered device, make a L3SR. Success means just that. Failure? Roll 1D6:

1-2: Spell affects one random individual (the dragon and the figures count as well).

3-4: Spell affects all in the chamber with full power—but there's a backlash that costs the caster 3x the WIZ charges.

5-6: Spell fizzles out. Charge/WIZ still gone.

Return to **103**.

10

"Thank you, thank you," he says, shrinking down to about your size and looking much more solid. "It has been so long. So...very...long... There may still be hope—elsewhere, which is where I am going. Safe travels." He vanishes.

The sacrificial knife remains with you and will so through any future time travels. Only the god who forged it could destroy it and he was long dead before your time. You do not recognize the runes carved into one side of the blade, but know they mean "slayer" (if there was a prefix, or runes on the other side, you see markings). The blade is a 2D+4 weapons that will bypass any armor, does spite on a 5 or 6, and all wounds caused by it can be cured only by magic of your level or greater. The weapon itself is immune to all magical effects, both positive (e.g., *Whammy*) and negative (e.g., *Breaker Breaker*).

You have also been blessed by the god of travel. Halve all travel times for the remainder of the adventure. Additionally, the total kremm requirement to get you home is reduced by 200. **Go to 51** and continue your journey.

11

As the *Ketosis Muonk* approaches its destination, you feel a lurch in the ship as if you've somehow

fallen several yards. Then there's a feeling of forward motion, and again one of falling. This repeats itself three more times as you find yourself now landed on what looks like small, grassy hill with a dirt road leading away from it. Off to the sides, behind it, there is nothing but space.

"Something wants us to land there," your companion says. "Zod knows who or why, but the air is breathable—not that I have any interest in doing so." If at any time you choose to open your faceplate, breathe the air around you, **go to 14**.

Disembarking, you find that embedded in the hill is a wooden door locked and reinforced with iron. Above it are runes in your native tongue: "Speak these words to gain passage to your doom."

"My BabbleMonkey's™ stumped," your companion says. "So, what does it say?"

Do you read it aloud (**go to 62**), attempt to pick the lock (**go to 131**), bash the lock open (**go to 23**), or cast Knock-Knock (**go to 140**). If you'd rather forget the whole thing and head back into space, **go to 51**.

12

Battle's on! Your foe has a MR of 150. At the beginning of combat, and every third turn afterwards, it breathes what seems like fire, but is just light and smoke, that cuts your combat adds in half for that turn. The claws and teeth, however, are real (though the undersized wings suggest *penguin* more than they do *nyvern*). If you survive, **go to 96**. If your companion is killed, **go to 112**. If you are killed, **go to 35**. If you are both killed, then this is **the end**.

13

Make a SR on LK at a level equal to the number of uses/5. If you make it, the gun will cast a *Smaller is Smarter* spell that will convert (lost CON/3) into WIZ from living objects only. Otherwise, the gun explodes, casting the spell on all those within a 10' radius *and* reducing the maximum WIZ of those affected by 1/2 permanently. A destroyed gun also loses its AVP value. **Return to your previous paragraph**.

14

With a hiss so slight you wonder if it's imagined, the filtered artificial air disperses into the surroundings. The mix of odors reminds you of home: a kitchen too close to the privy, graves too shallow and downwind. In this alien landscape, however, the atmosphere comforts and invigorates. If you have lost STR for any reason, you regain it all. If not, you gain +5 Combat Adds and +2 on all Saving Rolls until you leave this place. **Return to your previous paragraph**.

15

You burrow into the ship without incident and emerge in a storage hull in the middle of which is a large gun mounted on wheels. Your kremm converter suggests that it is a source of not a null kremm field but a negative one. While the controls are self-explanatory, the functionality is not clearly defined, though the damage to the ship suggests a Smaller-is-Smarter spell. Do you take the gun aboard the *Ketosis Muonke* (**go to 119**), re-enter your vessel and head back into space, leaving the device behind (**go to 51**), or explore the ship (**go to 7**)? If you choose the final option, make a note as to whether you both head to the door leading to the rest of the ship or leave one character back with the gun.

16

The god is bored, but willing to see how well you do under tougher circumstances. All risks (opponent MRs, SR levels) and rewards—except for AVP's—are doubled. This applies even if you're racing with a different character. **Return to 107**.

17

"Wonderful! Oh, you remind me of a long-gone scorpion-tailed gamesman; nasty piece of work with an even nastier name—something like Slop-A-Lot, but he made me appreciate which adventurers had the hearts of lions."

The surviving players each get +2 DEX, +3 CHA, +4 STR, and +5 CON as well as 200AP. "A demonstration like that should be my final glimpse of mortals," he adds. "Journey on!" The god leaves you with a pair of winged sandals (6 AVP) which Szarnot could retrofit into a 150 point deduction into the minimum WIZ needed to go

home. If your companion was killed, **go to 112**. If you were killed, **go to 35**. Otherwise, **go to 51**.

18

The battle is complete and you can search the ship at your leisure. The bridge is in shambles, with its only noteworthy feature being the desiccated remains of the captain, full-sized, but headless and handless. There is also the captain's log (4 AVP), which is preserved in a null-kremm status zone. If you ever choose to read it, you pay 5 WIZ and **go to 8**.

The dead spot in the middle of the ship is a mounted Smaller-is-Smarter gun (10 AVP). Every time you use it, **go to 13**. Also note that if you take it with you, it gives off a negative kremm-field which will drain one point of WIZ from the closest source every DU. When you've finished it's time to head back into space. **Go to 51**.

19

"Too slow, too old," he says, dying. "Tell your mistress that Aythene would not have found her worthy of the effort to feed to her spiders." The god is dead, his liver intact but unusable without the processing equipment on Szarnot's ship. When that happens, it's worth 250 WIZ. Take another 150 AP and depart. If your companion was killed, **go to 112**. If you were killed, **go to 35**. Otherwise, **go to 51**.

20

You release him. "So," he says, in a bravado-filled wheeze, "that's what passes for self-control where you come from? If you're any indication of the life on Trollworld, maybe you did blow up the planet...Still, Mistress Szarnot says not to hold lower life forms' existence against them unless they are either proud or ashamed of their status."

"So, which are you?²—No don't answer that. Now," he says, "as you have no water, food, nor privy—and I am most assuredly poor eating, follow me." Something beyond Pigeon's logic suggests you should. **Go to 101**.

21

How! they shout.
Help us. Home, they cry.
Home? you wonder.
How? Where?

You shiver—with warmth. They wish to reside within you.

"Hold on," your companion says. **Go to 138** to hear the story but return for your full list of options....

....Welcome back. Now, do you harvest them (**go to 66**), let them in (**go to 61**), or leave (**go to 111**)?

22

As you depart, all of the eyes—living or dead—follow you. They then vanish along with everything but you, your companion, and the *Ketosis Muonk*. Sensors detect no trace of the meadow, but there's nothing to suggest that you may not find it in another random encounter. **Go to 51**.

23

Make a L2SR on STR. If you make it, the door opens. Head inside to **45** or **return to 51** to continue your journey elsewhere. Failure sends you to **102**.

24

"Agreed! Come, let me adopt a better form." As he says this, he starts to shrink and fades from reality even more. Yet from his thigh emerges a solid man-sized mass that condenses, slowly forming into some form of biped. This may be an opportunity to go for the kremm source! Dare you try? If so, decide if both of you are going to work on the kremm or whether you'll split up, leaving one to engage the emerging form while the other harvests. Roles assigned, head to **91**. If you let him be, **go to 31**.

25

Prepare to dock: 5-4-3 — *ka-chunk!* Your companion swears in a language you sense is extinct—for perhaps for good reason—and then seeing your inquiring look snarls, "You don't understand, this isn't a boat or a horse. The smallest mistiming could be disastrous: those two seconds weren't saved, somebody grabbed..." Pounding, scratching, screeching noises on the airlock door interrupt the explanation. You may try to dislodge the *Ketosis Muonk* and blast off (**go to 58**), open the airlock and face what's trying to get in (**go to 3**), or brace yourselves see if the door holds (**go to 128**).

26

A bell sounds. “Mixed metaphor alert. Initiating repairs.” Stone wheels attached to metal tentacles descend from the ceiling sharpening the dragon’s teeth and claws, while adhesive soaked metal scales fly from the walls. Add 30 +3D6 to the dragon’s current MR even if that pushes it above the original 150. At the same time the person in the control room is transported into the battle scene. If the new arrival replaced the other simulated figure, **go to 12** (keeping the turn count and the current dragon MR in mind and finish the fight). If the new arrival has replaced the other party member, **return to 103**.

27

Swip-swip-swip. You’re spinning too fast to have any idea in which direction you’ve traveled. All you know is that the ways north and south are blocked and the lights are dimmer, limiting vision to east and west past two squares. If you head east, **go to 130**. If you head west, **go to 84**.

28

There is a flash of light, and your kremm sensors spike, but by the time you think about returning, it is gone. **Go to 51** and continue with your journey.

29

You are outside the main structure of the mana-toid’s auxiliary power plant. In the center of a parchment dodecahedron floating in midair is a large piece of krestle with flickering tentacles of light emerging from it. It’s clearly lacking in power to reset the mana-toid to its original working order, but will do nicely for your purposes (300 WIZ!). Take it and **run to 59**.

30

A rough marble altar, a fire pit, and a sharp knife appear before you. You slaughter the cow as described, setting aside the meat—with the god’s permission—for your larder while you start to slowly incinerate the fat and bones.

The smoke rises from the fire and forms a tight stream that travels toward the god’s face, resembling more of a living, serpentine rainbow than simply aerated soot. Do you intercept the stream with your ELK (**go to 2**) or let the god feed (**go to 10**)?

31

“Ahhh,” The god produces a magic wand—specifically, an enchanted willow branch with a small golden disk near the thicker end.

Whoever you selected as the player will start first, having the choice of pointing the wand at him or herself, or the other party member. Then, spin the wheel (i.e. roll 2D6) and apply the resulting spell. After that, you switch roles, but you, the player, always get to select which of your two heads the wand points to. If one of you dies, the other can try to finish the challenge with only the living party member as a legitimate target.

After six turns, you may call it a game or try the bonus round where each result can only happen once, but you must keep playing until you’ve encountered all eleven of them:

2. Double-Double
3. Breaker Breaker (Armor)
4. Protective Pentagon
5. Smog (Reduce all attributes by 1/2 for the duration of this specific challenge, with multiple *smogs* having cumulative effects.)
6. Poor Baby (Heals CON equal to caster’s base WIZ.)
7. TTYF
8. Poor Baby (Heals CON equal to target’s base WIZ.)
9. Dum-Dum
10. Dis-spell (Reverses the effect of the previous roll.)
11. Breaker Breaker (Weapon)
12. Whammy (Delayed: will take effect at the beginning of the next melee combat.)

If you ever point the wand at the god, **go to 90**. If you ever attack him, **go to 134**. If one of you survives all six turns and wish to call it a game, **go to 47**. If one of you survives the bonus round, **go to 17**.

32

“A race? Or maybe a game of chance? I am the god of such things, but will swear on the River Stikz that it shall be a fair contest.” Your companion nods warily—the oath is to be taken seriously, as is the temperament of any divine being.

If you want to play a game of chance, **go to 24**. If you choose the race, decide which of you is running and **head to 107**.

33

With your RockitRodenn™ grappling hook firmly attached, you can swing out into space, landing on the underside of the structure where your Daisy-Down Boots provide proper reorientation and the ability to walk without a fear of falling. While the top of the mana-toid felt like a homage to Trollworld, the underside is a flat, completely featureless plain—one not even broken into 10' X 10' tiles.

To the north, you can see the “ground” ending in a large protrusion, like a metal outhouse bolted onto the edge of the world. The ELK's kremm detector suggests there still might be risk and reward with a visit (**go to 29**). Alternatively, it would be easy to return to the inside (**go to 84**, but ignore the first paragraph) or even to use your gear to go topside and return to the *Ketosis Muonk* (**go to 59**).

34

Space Syrens: Flying and singing are difficult in a vacuum, but at least each of these feisty avians has a partner for support. Roll 1D3+1 to find out how many pairs you are up against. Every combat turn, one syren moves in close for physical combat, while its companion sings. If one or both of you leaves the ship to engage them (rather than manning your Spit-Thorn Rapid-Fire guns) they will focus on that individual.

If nobody engages them in melee combat, they will try to attack the ship. As long as there is one singer (whose song can disrupt the integrity of the hull) all damage to the hull is multiplied by 10. (So if they roll 134 total, they will do 1340 points damage, or one HULL point.) When they have done at least 2 points of HULL damage or reduce your HULL to less than 3 points, consider it breached. All further damage is done to your GUTS. Additionally, the melee syrens will move into the ship, automatically doing 5X their combat rolls in GUTS damage as well as having the full roll count in melee combat.

In close combat, each player must make a (# of singers) level SR against his or her prime attribute.

Failure results in a loss of all combat adds and the dice total is cut in half for the turn. Additionally, every six points of damage absorbed by armor permanently reduces its protection by one point, and every six points done to CON permanently reduces a random attribute by one point.

If one member of a pair is killed, the survivor will first attempt to find another singleton to team up with; otherwise, it will join an existing group, always fighting with the melee individuals.

Each syren has an MR of 30 and a hide that takes 3 hits per round. ELK harvest yields are 25 WIZ for those killed mid-song and 15 WIZ for those killed while engaged in melee combat. In either case, each corpse also yields 75 AP each.

If you are victorious, **continue your journey**. If your companion is killed, **go to 112**. If you are killed, **go to 35**. If you are both killed, then this is **the end**.

35

Your companion drags your corpse to the *Ketosis Muonk* and in spite of the hungry ELK, throws you into stasis for the trip back to Szarnot. Her ship regenerates you, but with a loss of 1D3 from each of your attributes (roll separately). If your ship needs to be repaired, **go to 112**. Otherwise, get back out there and **go to 51**.

36

Worthy, the voice says in your head. Both of your CON values are restored to maximum as is your personal WIZ. Additionally, your ship receives two points of WHIZZ and you get 100 AP. Reduce both kill totals to zero. **Continue with your journey**.

37

You've traveled with Blurgh long enough to understand his expression as he recognizes the deity. For the first time, this soft-spoken sophisticate reminds you of his Trollworld ancestors, lazily categorized as “evil” kin when they were simply outsiders. Is it something to do with how most pantheons treat mix-breeds? Perhaps it's related to his role as pet/slave to Szarnot's family? Regardless, this disregard for the hobbled god's judgments affects the deity's influence on Blurgh: all boons and banes that

affect his character specifically are halved. **Return to 78.**

38

Pigeon is naturally frail or underdeveloped—retarded growth? Accelerated then halted growth? He seems the type of mewling who would be destined for the river bottom back home—unless of course he had noble blood, which would explain a great deal, including a potential relationship to Szarnot...

STR: 8 INT:24 LK:20 SP:30 CON: 6 DEX:20
CHR:13 WIZ:14 ADDS: +33
Talents: Piloting (DEX+1)
Attack: 3D*+33
Armor: 0

Pigeon fights with a vampiric vorpal blade (3D6, can cast Vorpal Blade on itself which lasts for an hour at the cost of 2 STR or CON). He also has a vampiric TTYF phaser which he can fire at a cost of 3 STR or CON per shot (INT+2D6 in damage. Kill setting only—he has a mental block against using it on stun.) Pigeon wears no armor.

"We are the only vorpal knights remaining. Our creed is to protect and advance. When we fight, it is under the auspices of Aythena....But more to the point, thank you. We were not doing well after millennia stuck here and when we demanded protection and obedience, the command was too strong. Beheading our Szarnot seemed for our own good." **Proceed to 51.**



39

If this is your first time meeting a B'serklosst, **go to 118.** If not, **go to 110.**

40

Not-so singularities: melon-sized spheres of charred phoenix feathers that have the attractive power of a planet four times the size of Trollworld and seven times as dense. Found in groups of 1D3+4, expert pilots can use them for slingshot and rebound effects, vastly reducing travel times and triggering the incredibly risky momentum-to-kremm conversion effect.

Up for it?

- Add the number of points your HULL and GUTS are below their maximum and divide that sum by 3.
- Add that to the (number of singularities you will attempt to use)/2.
- Make a SR at that level on the average of your INT, WIZ, and DEX.
 - Make it? You get (Level squared X 5) WIZ and reduce the immediate journey by Level DUS
 - Miss it? Take Level HULL damage and *then* an additional Level/2 GUTS damage.

Continue your journey unless of course your ship is destroyed.

41

You recall a legend that the secret to a Leprechaun's Wink-Wing talent lies in the communication between head and hands; or at least that's what led to the prison-camp atrocities in the fairy/leprechaun wars. You had always dismissed it as a myth—but where else would you attack but his targeting mechanism and weapon hands? **Return to your previous paragraph.**

42

The eyes cease their attack and those which are still alive (there were 99 originally) sink into the ground (take two AP for each dead one). There's a momentary stench of putrid flesh that vanishes in a sudden breeze. Initial observation of the dead heifer suggests that it is just that—but as the breeze picks up becoming a swirling wind, you see the flesh begin to move and change. Dust—from

where, you're not sure—fills the air, obscuring your vision. Do you harvest the kremm now (**go to 115**) or keep watching (**go to 99**)?

43

Apparently the feet didn't go down in that first swallow. She spits them at your own and wades deeper into the battle lest she can hear you further abuse your role as Szarnot's puppet and puppeteer. **Go back to the battle.**

44

A wave of vulnerability floods through you, but before you succumb to its grip-loosening effects, Pigeon's spine snaps and he dies. Make a L2SR on your *lowest* attribute. If you make it, all future SRs against mind control are made at one lower level. If you fail, you've lost a degree of mental defense and must add one level to any such SRs.

As you stare at the pitiful heap of a victim, a voice, both resigned and contemptuous, fills your head: "Leave him. It's our own damn fault. Now come..." Was that opening in the wall there before? Whoever controls your environment controls your immediate future. (If only said individual had more advice on whom you were supposed to kill.) **Go to 101.**

45

After a moment during which the world goes dark, you find yourselves in a hall, with the floor, walls, and ceiling each fitted with aligning 10'x10' slabs of stone. Illumination comes from equally spaced torches on the walls. The entrance is gone; one of the generic 10'x10' stone slabs is in its place.

At your feet a crude compass appears, the needle pointing north—a way that is blocked. "Incongruous is the polite term," your companion says. "But we are clearly in your territory." Three squares to the east you see that the path bends north as it does three squares to the west. If you head east, **go to 50**. If you head west, **go to 136**.

46

Examining the weapon reveals that it is a modified *Smaller-is-Smarter* gun (worth 10 AVP). Every time you use it, **go to 13**. Also note that there is a residual negative kremm-field left from someone tinkering with it. It will drain one point of WIZ from the closest source every DU.

As you pull away from the ship, you notice it appears to be shrinking at a rate far greater than the *Ketosis Muonk's* velocity suggests it should. Do you stay in the vicinity to get a good look (**go to 122**) or do you hightail it out of there (**go to 28**)?

47

(If you have won this award before, **go to 129**).

"Well played, my friends. You have great luck indeed—test it at your will." Surviving players now have an incentive to push their luck: whenever they are presented with a LK SR, they have the option of rolling one die. 1-4 lowers the SR by one level. 5-6 raises it by one. "Come back if you wish to try this, or something else, another time" he says.

You find yourself back on your ship at a point in space 5 DU away from anything else. Take 125 AP. If your companion was killed, **go to 112**. If you were killed, **go to 35**. Otherwise, **go to 51**.

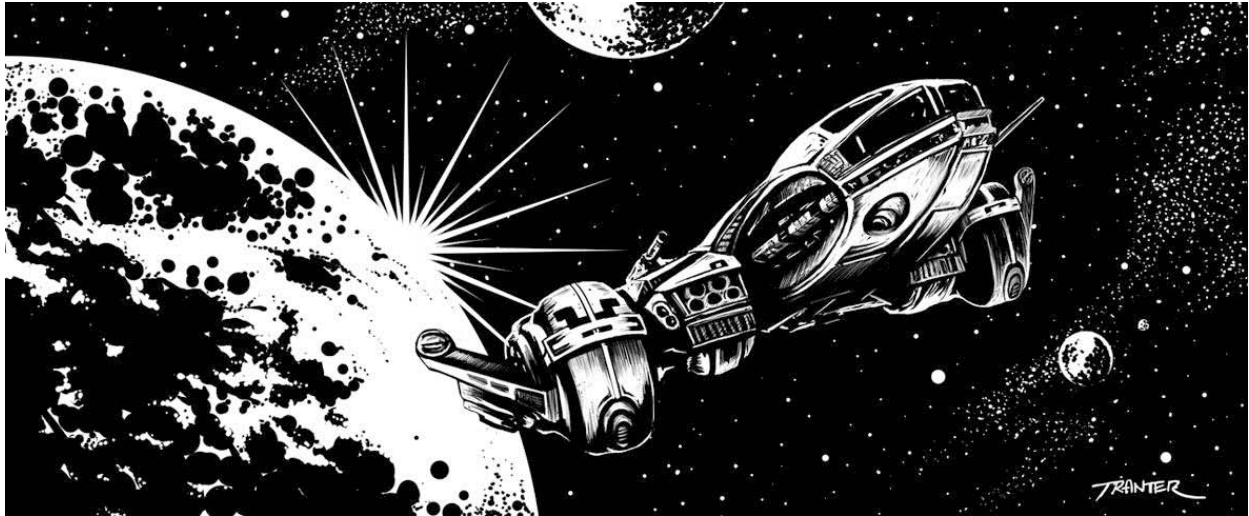
48

"*KHYEEEEEEEE!*" screams the X and all four branches rise to attack. The power-shovel is an 8D+4 weapon but requires an STR of 22 to use effectively in combat. Otherwise, you must make a L2SR on STR each combat turn to avoid having your entire attack cut by 3/4 (a fumble requires an additional L1SR on LK to avoid doing 1D3+1 damage to yourself, bypassing all armor).

Each arm has a CON of 25 and has 10 hits worth of armor. At the beginning of the fight, two arms assume the form of a spiked tentacle (6D+10 each) while the other two resemble lassos.

At the end of each combat turn, all un-entangled characters—lower SPD first—must make a L2SR on DEX for each lasso arm to avoid becoming entangled. Entangled characters lose 1/4 of their combat adds the following turn, 1/2 the next, 3/4 after, and then all of them. If not freed after four turns of entanglement by killing the arm, the character is killed. After the first turn, each free tentacle has a 50% (1-3 on 1D6) chance of assuming either form.

If you kill them all, **go to 54**. If your companion is killed, **go to 112**. If you are killed, **go to 35**. If you are both killed, then this is **the end**.



49

Live meat is a treat, a stimulus. She gets an extra 2D throughout the rest of the combat and will not fall unconscious until her CON hits -5. Unfortunately, the ship's med kit is low on reptilian digestive aids and for the next 24 hours after the battle, she will be at -5 STR. Enthused, she dives deeper into the fray (purposefully?) insuring you can't revoke this tacit permission. **Go back to the battle.**

50

You reach the corner and *shafivap!* You are sucked into a hole in the ceiling then shunted through any number of passages before being deposited in...another corner. Make a L2SR on INT—applying any directional sense or navigation talents. If you make it, you may look at the chart at **123** to see what direction you moved in then return here. One passage goes 30' to the south, at which point it bends east. The other, leading east, reveals only darkness after 30'. If you head south, **go to 136**. If you head east, **go to 84**.

51

Sidekick on board, it's time to head into space. Your goal is to collect 1500 units of kremm (WIZ) to power your return back home.

What follows is what you need to know about your ship. (Note: this is a greatly simplified, unorthodox implementation of the *New Khazan* rules.)

Ketosis Muonk

Basic stats

HULL: 10

GUTS: 5

HULL refers to your ship's armor, while GUTS reflect the status of the interior structure. Every thousand points of regular damage to your HULL reduces it by one point (if you're fighting something that does HULL damage, the text will be specific.) Your CURRENT HULL / BASE HULL (re-calculate at the beginning of each combat turn) is the percentage of damage that goes to your HULL; the rest goes directly to your GUTS. So, if you're at 5 HULL, half the damage that you take will be inflicted on your HULL and the other half on your GUTS (which take damage in the same manner as your HULL). Damage to your GUTS will be dealt with below.

Powering your ship is an enhanced T'n'T engine which will convert 100 WIZ to 10 units of WHIZZ—but not the reverse. Your kremm batteries have 10 WHIZZ to begin with. Traveling from one point to another takes one WHIZZ regardless of distance. Travel cost one additional WHIZZ unit for every doubling of speed which also halves the number of random encounter rolls.

Your ship is also mounted with an *Expiring Lifeform to Kremm Converter* (ELK for short) which will not damage living flesh, but harvests the life force of a body that is no longer able to hold it.

You and you sidekick each have a portable version of the ELK as well and a kremm converter, which can be used to recharge your personal WIZ.

Armaments: Kremm is too valuable for energy weapons. Instead, your ship has VeggieTech: two mounted Spit-Thorn Rapid Fire guns, each with 200 rounds of ammo (doing 4D6 damage), firing up to five shells per burst. Each of you is psychically bonded to one of the guns so you cannot fire each other's guns. When all ammo is expended, the plant takes 2D+5 Duration Units (DU) to reload and be ready for action with 1D3*100 shells.

Taking Damage: For every point of GUTS you lose, roll 1D6 to determine the damaged system. If your roll indicates a system that's already destroyed, you don't need to re-roll. Regardless of what's intact, however, a GUTS of zero means you, your companion, and your ship are in pieces no bigger than a hobb toe. Game over.

1. GravTrav (landing mechanism): Arriving at your destination is pointless since you cannot land there. You must return to Szarnot. If you were not heading there already, it takes 2D6 DU's. Additionally, all DEX rolls you make as a pilot of the ship are doubled.
2. ELK and kremm scoop. Both work at half efficiency. The second hit destroys them both.
3. Kremm battery. One hit causes a loss of 25% stored kremm; the second hit destroys your ship.
4. Engines. The first two hits adds an extra 50% to travel time. Three hits blows up your ship.
5. Life support (an Ysgril root fed by the minute residual kremm in space)/crew maintenance.
 - The first hit eliminates all shipboard healing.
 - The second hit has you living on reserves: roll 1D6+1 to determine the number of DU's of air, water, and food you have left. After that, you each lose 15 CON per DU. Hope you can make it back to Szarnot in time.
 - Every subsequent hit removes 1D6-1 of the remaining DU's worth of support.

6. Weapons. Each hit knocks out a Spit-Thorn Rapid Fire gun.

Personal Gear: To move around safely outside of your vessel you each have a pair of *Daisy-Down* gravity boots and gas masks lined with *Onion Breath* sheaves to insure you can breathe in any toxic environment or vacuum. (The text will specifically say when there is a breathable atmosphere and you don't need your masks.) You each also have a RockitRodenn™ grappling hook and a BabelMonkey™ translating medallion.

Rest, Recovery and Repairs: While traveling from place to place on board the *Ketosis Muonk* you can recover from injuries or exertions using the ships systems.

- Personal WIZ points can only be recovered from the ELK (unless otherwise noted in the game).
- If the *Ketosis Muonk's* life support system is not damaged, one CON is recovered per DU for free. Intact equipment also allows them to cast any healing spells (even if they don't know them) using their own WIZ or the ship's kremm batteries.
- If life support is undamaged, characters also recover 10 STR per DU; otherwise 3 STR per DU.

If any part of your ship is damaged during your travels, you can return to Szarnot's ship for repairs. You can also return there for more healing, replacing companions, or offloading excess kremm.

It's time to go, and as the *Ketosis Muonk* pulls away, you feel a certain degree of clarity, as if you've just come out of a hot bath into a cool room.

Mistress Szarnot left a charged *Blabber Torch* with your final instructions:

Understand that after cycles of magic, mechanics, psychic forces all exerting their influence on the universe, by this point, you can really count on two laws: entropy and dumb luck—what we call kremmton mechanics, or K.M.

Your pilot will find these four locations logged into your navigation system, as it seems they are the most likely kremm-rich sources:

- *The first is the floater—an elder god from the time when they just began to take human shape. Gods' forms, powers, are as undependable as their followers, so how this thing survived and why it's just...there—we don't know. Must be some arcane branch of K.M. [GOD on the travel chart below]*
- *The second is a relatively new arrival—its origin is contemporaneous with ours: a vessel that seems to be of leprechaun origin. Whether they're Stygian leprechauns or those you'd be more familiar with, we do not know. What matters most is that insanity and desperation are givens here. I don't know if you ever saw kremm-deprived leprechauns on your world, in your time, but if half the rumors are true...On the other hand, if any are suitable for the ELK, they won't have a conscience, and harvesting them shouldn't bother yours. [LEP below]*
- *The third appears to be an artificial asteroid: mechanical and mana in construction—call it a mana-toid. What we're not sure is why it suddenly appeared on our sensors. There are temporal and locational signatures reflective of your own, and we wonder if it was dormant, with your arrival providing the stimulus to wake it up. [MT below]*

The travel times are given in the chart below. Figure out where you want to go and roll 1D6: 1-4: when calculating travel times, use the first column for the origin and the top row for the destination. 5-6 results in the reverse (kremmton mechanics indeed...). All travel times are in DU's (1 DU is approximately 12 hours). While each trip costs one WHIZZ, regardless of duration, you must check for a random encounter for each DU travelled. Go to the *Random Encounter Table* at the end of the adventure and familiarize yourself with the rules.

Travel Time Chart

Start/Finish (Paragraph #)	Szarnot (112)	MT (11)	LEP (85)	GOD (78)
Szarnot (112)	0	2	4	2
MT (11)	3	0	5	3
LEP (85)	2	3	0	4
GOD (78)	3	4	5	0

For the sake of simplicity, if your companion ever dies, the *Ketosis Muonk* will switch to autopilot, pick you up, and immediately head back to Mistress Szarnot's ship **at 112**. Likewise, if you ever die in combat, but your companion survives, **go immediately to 35**. Chalk it up to a twist in the time-space-kremm continuum.

52

This one looks no different than the previous one, but it is tougher with double the MR and armor of the last one you fought. **Go to 109**.

53

Abomination! You can feel their screams as they hurl themselves at your ship. *Usurper!* There will be no parley, no hesitation. You can get out of here fast and leave them to their state of unrest (**continue your journey**) or pull out the ELK (**go to 66**). (Note: if you came from **61** then this is the paragraph you should go to immediately whenever you encounter hobb spirits again.)

54

The X reverts to its original shape and position as the ground surrounding it begins to crumble and float away into space. This dissolution, however, happens slowly enough for you to zoom back upstairs (**go to 84**, skipping to the second paragraph) or to affix your RockitRodenn™ grappling hook to the X itself, even though it is ostensibly attached to nothing (**go to 33**).

[Note if you have been asked to keep track of biological (MR/CON) and mechanical kills, the X does not apply to your MR total, but rather adds 2 to your GUTS total.]

55

The eyes yield one WIZ each. To harvest the cow, **go to 98**. To take the cow with you, **go to 137**. To leave the heifer, **go to 22**.

56

On the trip back, the fragment grows into the size and rough shape of a buckler, one large enough for you to see it's not related to dragons, but demons. Within your ruby shield dwells one which is quite insane—and hungry—after being trapped for millions of millennia.

Whenever you use the shield in melee combat and win the turn, your opponent takes an extra 2D6 damage from the demon feeding on fresh wounds. The shield will also absorb an equivalent amount of extra damage the next time you need it to. However, if you lose the turn *and* take damage, you must make a L2SR on WIZ to avoid having the demon feed on you.

Take 500 AP for surviving and my thanks to you for playing.

57

You look out the portal to see the spectral forms of 1D6+3 humanoid creatures, male and female, noteworthy for their short stature and hairy bare feet. If you are playing a dT&T hobb, **go to 53**. If you are playing a hobb or hobbit from earlier editions, **go to 21**. Otherwise, **head to 138**.

58

Make a L2SR on your companion's SPD (adding his or her piloting Talent). If you make it, you get away with only cosmetic damage to your ship. If you fail the SR, you still get away, but take 1D6 HULL damage to your ship. If you fumble the roll, you also take 1D3 damage to the GUTS in addition to any potential GUTS damage as a result of the HULL damage.

As you pull away, you see that 2D6 (make a note of this) fist-sized humanoid creatures are trapped outside the airlock and explode. Any potential kremm harvest from them is lost as is your option to use the main dock if you return here. Continue your journey at **51**.

59

With your activities having drained much of the energy keeping the mana-toid functioning and staving off millennia of entropy it fades out of existence. Take an extra 170 AP for surviving and **continue with your journey at 51**.

60

[Note: if you did not arrive here as a result of random encounter roll, upon your departure, you may return to the point of origin (**78**) with only three rolls on the random encounter table, treating any results that yield this destination as *no encounter*] Floating like a raft in space is a beautiful, sunlit

green grass pasture. Your ship's sensors note one significant source of kremm and many smaller ones. Readings also detect a breathable atmosphere and a surface that is solid and flat enough to land on.

As you review the data, both you and your companion shiver slightly, a feeling reminiscent of waking up in Szarnot's ship, but with a greater sense of exposure. It's as if your thoughts, memories, and feelings are being played back for someone's amusement. You may land at **133** or head back into space and **go to 51**.

61

For the first hob spirit, make a L2SR on the average of your LK, INT, CHA, and base WIZ. Make it? Permanently add +1 to each of those attributes and take 50AP. Any time you miss the roll, **go to 121**. Each subsequent attempt demands an additional level to the SR, but also yields double the bonus. Continue until you wish to take no more risks. At any point you wish to stop, you may attempt to harvest the remaining spirits (**go to 53**) or **proceed with your journey**.

62

Your companion sneers. "Are you kidding me? Is this what passes for wit in your time? What's next...?"

Manic laughter suddenly fills your ears. It is of one voice, but one continually changing—speeding up, slowing down, rising and falling in pitch and volume. As it stops, the door opens, hinges creaking loudly. **Go inside to 45** or continue your journey in space at **51**.

63

There's a fungus among you and it certainly likes to grow on Onion Sheath Skin breathing apparatuses, like those lining your space suits. Until you can get your skin cleaned (any merchant will do it as a courtesy—and for self-preservation. Szarnot is also properly equipped), whenever you are using the mask to breathe, all non-combat saving rolls on any attribute other than LK or WIZ are at a -3. In combat, all such SRs are made at one level higher. Additionally, you fight with -5 STR, DEX, and SPD. **Continue your journey**.

[Note: for those of you who are running this adventure as a GM game and own Roy Cram's *Baloonka: Rescue from the Fungus Planet*, available from Peryton Publishing, I strongly suggest that you use whatever seems appropriate from his "Nasty Things Table," "Bad Things Table," and "Very Bad Things Table", which are worth the purchase price alone.]

64

The doors open to reveal the remaining complement of 22 leprechauns—or at least what seem to be leprechauns were it not for them being smaller than fairies. Fortunately, the doors open slowly and the bridge has plenty of detritus to duck behind because they immediately fire a volley of miniaturized crossbow bolts. You and your companion should each make a L3SR on SPD, taking the amount you failed the roll by (if any) in damage.

Survive? Good: now it's time to fight the legion of little folk and their very sharp swords. Each mini leprechaun has a CON of 5 and gets 1D+1 in combat. Whichever of you has more WIZ will be the primary target, receiving the full complement of spite damage.

If your companion is St'theetha, make a note of this paragraph and **go to 49** after the first foe dies. If you win, **go to 92**. If your companion is killed, **go to 112**. If you are killed, **go to 35**. If you are both killed, then this is **the end**.

65

As someone displaced in time, your flesh itself is an artifact. You may permanently trade four points of any of the following attributes for two AVP or 200 WIZ: STR, CON, DEX, INT, WIZ, or SPD. Exchange rates are modified accordingly (perform all calculations before trading in points):

Proportion of total (i.e., supply):

Attribute points sacrificed	Pay modification
1/2 or greater than total value	Double AVP/WIZ
1/4 total value or less	Halve AVP/WIZ

Market conditions (i.e., demand):

First, roll 1D6. Next, modify the roll by up to the

highest level LK saving roll -2 you can make. (So if you can make a L4SR, you may modify the roll +2, +1, 0, -1, or -2. If you cannot make anything higher than a second level roll, you must accept the result.)

1. STR high, DEX low
2. DEX high, CON low
3. CON high, INT low
4. WIZ high, STR low
5. INT high, SPD low
6. SPD high, WIZ low

High demand doubles the reward, low demand halves it.

When you've finished selling pieces of yourself, **return to your previous paragraph**.

66

Shooting fish in a barrel? Not quite that easy, but the *Ketos's Muonk's* mounted ELK serves as both harpoon gun and net.

For each hobb, roll 1D6. [Note: If this is not your first time hunting hobb, you may roll their stats in advance and choose the order in which you try to reel them in.] The result:

- 10x the 1D6 result is the maximum WIZ gain from the hobb.
- It is also the base number of combat turns (at 10 WIZ/per) it takes to drain a hobb dry and free up the ELK for the next shot. A L1SR on your base WIZ cuts the time in half. Failing this SR, however, demands a second L1SR on your current WIZ to avoid a major snafu, knocking out the ELK for the duration of this encounter—and letting the others fly free—as well as causing your ship to lose 5D6 x 5 stored kremm. If the hobb are in a frenzy (i.e. you came from 53), all SRs are reduced by one level.

Avoid a **fumble roll**, and your first hobb is an automatic hit. After that, it's a matter of a DEX SR of Level 1 + (turns taken/5, fractions rounding down). A miss will add one turn to the next shot. After 15 turns, they are all out of range and there's nothing more to feed on here. Time to move along and **continue with your journey**.

67

Make a SR on LK at a level equal to the number of times you've used the gun. If you succeed, the weapon casts a *Smaller is Smarter* that will reduce 2D6 of your foes to a size where concentrated magic and biological energies cause them to explode, leaving nothing to harvest with your ELK. If you fail the roll, **go to 13** for full details on the gun's use and malfunction.

The remaining leprechauns somehow manage to become even more enraged, and now do spite on a 1, 2, or 3. If one of you was in melee while the other fired, that individual must make a L1SR on SPD to get out of the beam's way. **Return to 119.**

68

Anticipating your arrival, Szarnot has splurged some of the ship's remaining existing kremm on reattaching her head and activating her PPP (Personal Protective Pentagon) shield. As she leads you to your keg, she activates an inverse PPP shield, effectively trapping you with it.

"Understandable? Yes," she says, "and maybe regrettable. There are so many things to do before you go back and clearing your latent biological, theological, physical, philological influences will take time. And it goes both ways: we call it the *balor-effect*. But, I do have something that may interest you and *should* be safe. Look at your feet."

It takes time, but you see it: barely the size of a grain of sand, but stunning in its rich red color.

"Remember what I said about entropy and luck? That is a dragon's heart ruby worn down by all forces except time. Nothing that old has survived in its original configuration—at least in terms of what we've found. We *think* that sending it back in time with you should revert it to quite a valuable size: assuming, of course, it stays with you. As the inside of the keg will be the locus of the spell—a point which should be about the base of your sternum—the farther away the crystal is from that point, the more likely spatial displacement effects will come into play...whatever they may be. Then again, there's a risk taking anything back from now to then"

Her concerns must be valid. Anything you've

found (unless specifically designated for a return trip through time) now sits outside of your magical prison.

If you decide to leave the gem fragment behind, **go to 82**. Otherwise, do you keep the ruby inside the keg with you (**go to 56**), attach it to the outside (**go to 80**) or swallow it (**go to 77**)?

69

Aresian Arachnid Artifacts: these are beacons left throughout the galaxy by worshippers of Aythene's opposite, a deity who sees war as not an art, but as the highest of the primal activities. The arachnids long have manipulated warring forces through mind control and these devices stimulate aggression in all that come near them.

- If one of you is unconscious or dead (i.e. on the way back to Szarnot), both of you must make a L4SR on the average of your INT. Fail it and the next 1D6 fights will cause you to automatically go into berserker mode.
- Otherwise, each of you needs to make a L3SR on INT. Those who fail that then need to make a L2SR.
- Failing either roll means you attack your partner. Those who make the L2SR will be subconsciously aware that something is wrong, and will have the option of fighting barehanded (2D+3 for Blurgh and St'theetha, 1D-1 for pigeon) and not finishing off an unconscious opponent.
- Combat over or avoided? You may attempt to destroy and harvest the artifact: 400 points of damage will breach its HULL to the point where you may mine the power supply (100 WIZ! 100 AP and 1 added to your GUTS kill total if you're keeping track.) However, each combat turn, you must make the same mind control SRs, but at one lower level (until they become simple **Fumble Rolls**).

If your companion is killed, **go to 112**. If you are killed, **go to 35**. Otherwise, **continue your journey**.

70

The dead spot in the middle of the ship is the home of a *Smaller-is-Smarter* gun (10 AVP). It is not in the best of shape and improper seals will drain one point of WIZ from the closest source every

DU. Whenever you use it, **go to 13**. You may take the gun or not and then head back into space. **Go to 51**.

71

At the far end of the room is a short crystalline stand, about waist high, with a bell jar on it. Inside rests a roughly humanoid female head with high cheekbones and a bluish skin. Aside from being separated from her body, which resides in a long crystal coffin behind her, it certainly looks healthy and very much like a more mature, more attractive—regardless of gender—version of Pigeon.

To her left sits large wooden cask covered with runes. Some look as if toddler with a paintbrush created them, while others are inlaid with diamond dust patterns so intricate the question is not what do they mean or who carved them, but what kind of creature could do such fine work.

“Recognize it,” says a voice in your head.

It is not a question, but a command. And you do recognize the cask. It was Count K'allsteyn's, ensorcelled to produce the greatest liquors: aging them decades, centuries in a mere afternoon. Besides its intended purpose, it had potential as a torture device, a maker of poison—and some thought that it could be adjusted to serve as a way to make the contents younger—despoil meat, reverse the aging process, or even revert destroyed documents to a readable state.

You were hired to guard the cask. Clearly outmatched by the latest swarm of would-be thieves, you dove inside. You had never considered the goal was not the devices theft, but its destruction until you heard the beginning of an incantation and one of your comrades scream, *Hellbomb Burst!*

The head, whom you know to address as Mistress Szarnot, says, “Glad you remember. There was only so much I felt comfortable pushing and pulling in your memories. My current state,” she sighs, “is a direct result of my orders to the crew to protect me and themselves. But then, my problems are only of interest to the extent they are

yours, and right now, we have parallel ones: getting to our respective homes.”

“You see,” she adds, “*where* we are is the former location of Trollworld. As for when...think of every grain of sand at the bottom of the ocean representing a year—that number could well represent how much time has passed since your last job went awry. Looking at it from the other end, we’re about eight months before the end of time, which is catching up on us. Ten months ago we were about two years from the end of time.”

“Yes, it makes my head hurt too. *And yes, I find that oddly reassuring.* But what matters to all of us is getting out of here before we’re due for an enlightening experience as an entropy snack.”

“We can get back to our respective homes, but it will take kremm—lots of it. Much more than we have, which is why you and one of my crew are going to take our final Scorpion-class spell-ship and go hunting—for both krestle, our magic storing crystals, and kremm converted from other sources. And no, initiative and independent thinking is *no longer* their strong suit which is why I didn’t send them out before. You should know that your orders will not even be questioned, let alone disobeyed.”

“Now, you must move, quickly.”

You sense yourself doing just that.

In another room on the ship, there are two transparent tubes. One contains a lizard-like humanoid who Szarnot suggests is the best pilot, while the other creature looks somewhat orcish and is apparently *great with tools*. You may have Mistress Szarnot defrost one of them, or if Pigeon is still alive you may select him to accompany you.

“Your gear and a few other items are in the Scorpion. Once you are out of my range, your briefing will continue and once they are out of my range, they will gain the clarity needed to help you. They’re all skilled fighters.” Do you choose the reptile man (**go to 72**), the orc creature (**go to 114**) or Pigeon (**go to 38**)?

72

The reptile, St'theetha, is of a species known as the Kadar.

ST: 32 INT: 16 LK: 9 SP: 17 CON: 23 DEX: 34 CH: 10 WIZ: 6 ADDS: +40

Talents: Piloting (DEX+5)

Attack: 6D+48

Armor: 16

St'theetha fights with two blades (3D+4 each) and gets an extra 3 adds for her level. St'theetha wears scale armor—that in fact mimics her scales—which takes 16 hits.

“I was originally Mistress Szarnot’s number two,” she says, once you’re aboard the Scorpion, newly christened the *Ketosis Muonke*. “The Vorpall Knights, of which the Mistress is one, decided for a time to pair warm and cold-blooded creatures. Too much time passed on her grand redemption quest and maybe like demanded like. I don’t know. Maybe I wasn’t smart enough for her Aethynian philosophy. I doubt that.... But then I’m not the one who had her head chopped off by an adolescent clone.” **Proceed to 51.**

73

If you have a clear shot at the cow, make a L1SR on DEX, otherwise (circumstances which should be evident from the paragraph which sent you here) it is a L5SR. If you hit (or make your spell casting success roll), and the damage is greater than 36, **go to 42**. Otherwise, **go to 88**.

74

Your BabbleMonkey amulet is not able to translate the announcement with which a female voice greets you, nor can it process the slow, regular, one or two syllable statements that follow. However, the meaning is clear: this is a countdown and you should consider this your (re-?) introduction to the Legend of Majjyll Barrott: no self-destruct announcement recorded by one of her priestesses has ever failed. You have 3D6 (TARO applies) combat turns to get out.

Roll 1D3+1 for the number of HULL points of damage you must do to newly sealed passages to escape. If one of you is aboard the *Ketosis Muonke*, you may ram the ship as well. Doing so will cause



1–2 points HULL damage to both of your ships and it also has a 50% (1-3 on 1D6) chance of reducing the remaining time to detonation by half.

Once free of the ship, make a (5 - # of turns remaining) level SR on DEX (for levels zero or less, treat as a **fumble roll**) to pilot the ship away. If you fail, take 1D3 HULL damage.

If you are keeping track of such matters, add 1D3+3 GUTS to your kill total. Additionally, you may harvest 2D6 (DARO applicable!) X 5 points of WIZ.

If you survive, **continue your journey**. If your ship is destroyed or you were on the derelict ship when it exploded, then this is **the end**. If your companion was killed, **go to 112**.

75

“Wonderful!” the god says. “To the winner go the prizes.”

You earn 180 AP and a golden garland (5 AVP). The god adds: “Now let your own travels be more peaceful than those of poor Ziino.”

You find yourself back on your ship at a point in space 8 DU’s away from anything else. Your ship

is now equipped with a Hidey-Hole device that will allow you to bypass random encounter rolls at a cost of 10 WIZ. You must decide to use such a device after your roll determines there is an encounter but before you determine what that encounter is.

“Spare us addle-minded gods,” your companion says, suggesting that if you return, the deity will not remember you—unless you decide to race again in which case he may do something predictable, or not. He is the god of chance after all. **Go to 51.**

76

“Dead end indeed,” your companion says as you reach the end of the corridor. A quick exchange of *Don't you?*, *What?* and *Where?* makes it clear only you see the outline.

As you discuss the matter of your potential hallucination, the reddish rectangle slides down the wall and under your feet. It is a red carpet leading into an entrance which is now visible to both of you, but with so many new spotlights shining on it you cannot see what's beyond. Considering how discouraging the entrance was, your companion opines, maybe this is the exit. Either way, there is a strong kremm-signal from within. Do you proceed (**go to 4**) or head back south (**go to 84**).

77

As much a demon cage—*not* a dragon heart as Szarnot suspected—as a gem, the fragment is now part of you...as is the twisted spirit within. Your flesh has a tough red crystalline quality that will absorb 8 hits but makes your movements a bit more stiff (-5 SPD. Also, all SPD upgrades cost 2X the AP). In addition, the demon inside gives you a magic boost (+10 WIZ, double WIZ recovery rate), that is when it's not trying to drive you to your death and its potential liberation. As such, retreating from any battle will require a SR at your level on the average of your INT and current CON. Have 650 AP, and try to enjoy what may be a short, deliriously violent future. **The end.**

78

As Szarnot's preliminary description suggested, the form is humanoid, and as inert and

insubstantial as it is large—you've seen siege weapons that it could crush under one of its heels, heels adorned with simple sandals and...wings? Fascinating, but your destination is the kremm signal, which is strongest where the liver would be on a normal man. There are no other signs of life or energy.

“Like a chicken,” your companion says, “rip off the head and the heart keeps beating—only there isn't enough life left to make it run around. Now let's do this. Any ideas?”

As you discuss the merits of using the ELK, or trying a physical attack on the mostly insubstantial form—carving out what may simply be a large piece of krestle—a voice booms in your skull:

“Excuse me!”

You're aware of a shift in location—though it's nothing like a Wink-Wing or physical motion. Is the dying deity moving? Are you? Are you both? All you know is within seconds you are at the face, which is more animate and opaque than the rest of the body might suggest. It is male, and beautiful—reminiscent of an era where unblemished, perfect countenances were more highly valued than those covered with battle scars.

If your companion is Pigeon and this is your first visit, **go to 104**. If this is the first time you and Blurgh have arrived here, **go to 37**. If you have a heifer with you, **go to 5**. Otherwise, read on.

“So,” the god says, “the worshippers of Aythene finally come seeking a boon. Am I not patron of navigators...and thieves and gamblers? I can help you in many ways, but first, will you engage in games with me? Or perhaps I can count on you to retrieve someone who was once under my protection—or did her protector fall to my sword? The laws of time and death are not as clear as they once were...”

For more info on the quest, **go to 81**. If you'd rather stay here and accept the god's more nearby challenges, **go to 32**.

79

Take 2 AP for each dead eye. If you plan use the ELK on the eyes first, then deal with the cow, **go**

to 55. If you plan to kill and harvest the cow first, **go to 98.** If you take the cow aboard the *Ketosis Muonke* without harvesting either, **go to 137.** If you leave it all of it behind, **go to 22.**

80

The temporal magic kicks in and all you are aware of is stillness and speed...until you feel a slight rattling and smell smoke in the air. Then there is a moment of falling and a thud that has the finality of a landing. You emerge from the barrel to find yourself at a bottom of a crater filled with red dust that was once Count K'allsteyn's keep and several hundred yards of surrounding countryside. Take 500AP for a job well done and consider getting out of there fast...

...That is, if you wish to leave the barrel behind. It weighs 10 tons and will reflect all magic cast at it. It's also solid ruby. If you wish to build a keep and perhaps play king of the crater—by all means do so, but it will have to be with your GM. **The end.**

81

"I don't know what she looks like now—the proclaimers and disclaimers of law are gone, and the dead...do they ever stay that way? But she was once so beautiful that were she not under father's protection, I would have..."

"No, courtesy must prevail. She *looks* like a heifer, but is much more," the god explains. (If you have been there already, and do not have a living cow, **return to 78**). Her location is at **60** and the god can speed you there, (3 rolls on the random encounter table, treating **60** as no encounter). If you accept, then depart. You may also depart without committing and **go to 51**. Otherwise, **return to 78** for other options.

82

Too many variables, too much excitement, too much dumb luck expended to take that risk? You say goodbye and get kicked through the time stream...

...to Count K'allsteyn's castle, mere days after your encounter. You've survived. You've learned. Good deal—now make yourself scarce and take 500 AP for a job well done. **The end.**

83

Even the most careful entry sends up clouds of gathered dust. As it settles, you see the destruction is more than the results of entropy: the passing of time does not result in a well-dressed leprechaun hung-up by his ankles and his arms and head long gone. (If you are a leprechaun or a wizard, **go to 41**. If not, you may **go to 41** with a successful L3SR on the average of your LK and INT, or a L2SR if you're a rogue.)

The flesh has decayed so long ago that even in this formerly sealed environment, there is no smell. Scraps of burnt parchment litter the floor. On the control consoles and walls, fire, blade, and dried blood have defaced the control runes. If you continue to search the bridge, **go to 106**. If you move into the main corridor, **go to 64**. You also have the option of heading back into space at **51**.

84

Fersblap! The floor vanishes and you slip down a greased slide into a series of giant inflated rubber bladders that add speed each time you bounce off of one—except for the last one which deposits you unharmed in a four-way intersection. (Make a L2SR on INT —applying any directional sense or navigation talents. If you make it, you may look at the chart at **123** to see what direction you moved in.)

Three squares to the north the path dead ends at a wall with a red outline of a door painted on it (**go to 76**). Two squares to the south, the path leads to a descending staircase (**go to 89**). Three squares to the west, the passage bends south (**go to 27**) as it does three squares to the east (**go to 130**).

85

What's left of the vessel reminds you not so much a skeleton of a craft, but a loaf of bread with random chunks ripped from it. "Must give them credit for trying—we were afraid to," your companion says. Your companion explains that since all spell-ships involve magic in their creation, cannibalizing the finished product to extract its kremm—perhaps using temporal magics—is a theoretical possibility. Practically, however, any safe procedures have yielded results so inefficient—"like burning down a forest to nourish the soil for one sapling"—that it takes

more than desperation to try what this crew did: it takes madness.

The kremm signals within the ship are as numerous as they are weak, like golden flecks in a bucket of sandy seawater, blinking in and out of existence. They are also so thoroughly distributed that what stands out is a dark spot near the ship's center. It could be a k-shield, or perhaps a drain on kremm so potent that there's no token sign of any kremm nearby; the magic equivalent of a black hole.

You may take advantage of the one intact docking tube (**go to 25**), attempt to tunnel through the main view port into the command center (**go to 83**), or burrow into the ship's underbelly, close to the dark spot (**go to 15**). There's no way to get in without causing some commotion. Pick an approach or leave (**go to 51**).

86

It's a ghost ship with real ghosts on board! They're not terribly friendly or hostile, but they are bored and especially lightheaded (in all meanings). They have information, however, but they need a blood sacrifice. If you choose to donate, decide how much CON you and your companion are willing to lose, and for every 5 points—*rounding down*—roll one die.

Total:

- 1-10: They tell you some great stories, not much else. Take the number you rolled x3 in AP.
- 11-20: There are some navigators on board. Your *next* trip is reduced 1D3 DU's (it will still take at least one DU).
- 21-30: They know the immediate environs quite well. For the next 1D3 encounters, if you roll for a random encounter, you have the choice to avoid it from a distance. (Note, if you encounter a derelict ship, you still won't know what's inside.)

[First time meeting the ghosts]

- 31+: They know about time travel, have some tricks to share with Mistress Szarnot that will take the Roll x (1D6) WIZ off your final requirement. Note: you may only gain this benefit once.

[All other times]:

- 31-40: 2D3 reduction in travel times
- 41-50: 2D3 reduction in travel times, 1D3 encounter avoidance options
- 51-60: 2D3 reduction in travel times, 2D3 encounter avoidance options
- 61-70: 3D3 reduction in travel times, 2D3 encounter avoidance options
- 71-80: 3D3 reduction in travel times, 3D3 encounter avoidance options

When you have all the information you want, **continue your journey.**

87

You have encountered a Xenozorps, a marriage of convenience—and one made in hell. Artificial intelligences of an ancient war bonded to creatures even more intent on destroying life. They travel in pairs, one mostly biological the other mostly mechanical.

The biological partner has 40+5(D6) MR, with double combat adds and 10 points of armor. Additionally, the blood is infused with chaoticyons—entropy in a particle. Every time you do damage to the creature, you must make a L1SR on DEX to avoid taking 1D3 damage to yourself and must also make a L1SR on LK to avoid your weapon losing 1D3 adds. Killing one yields twice the MR in AP.

The mechanical partner has an MR of 64. However, it does not lose dice or adds until its MR is reduced to the next power of 2 down. (i.e. until the MR reaches 32, it gets 7D+32, at which point it fights with 4D+16 until reaching 16, then 2D+8...). Killing it yields 70 AP + credit for one GUTS kill (if you have reason to count).

Xenozorps hate everything but kremm—which they can detect as well as your equipment. If you have 300 WIZ or more stored on the *Ketosis Muonk*, the two components will fuse to form a queen. The combined creature has an MR of 128 with 10 points of armor. It also follows the dice and adds reduction as per the mechanical half and has the chaoticyon blood of the biological component, but with double damage to both yourself and your weapons.

Killing a queen yields double AP. Additionally, the plates from the queen's exoskeleton can be used to overlay your armor, preventing acid damage to your person, if not your weapons.

If you are victorious, **continue your journey**. If your companion is killed, **go to 112**. If you are killed, **go to 35**. If you are both killed, then this is **the end**.

88

It's your weapons against 99 creatures with true killer looks. Each combat turn:

1. Calculate your HPT.
2. Determine the number of eyes that your HPT would kill if they were defenseless—each has 2 CON.
3. Determine the damage they do to each of you: (Starting eye count - 1/2 number of eyes killed)/5. Armor will *not* absorb the damage, but a successful SR on STR at your level will halve it.
4. Kill the eyes.
5. If there are any left, resurrect (TOTAL unadjusted damage to your side/2) eyes.

For example: There are 60 eyes left at the beginning of the turn. Your party gets a HPT of 88, killing 44 eyes. This does 8 points (i.e. $(60-22)/5$) damage to each of you and resurrects 8 eyes at the end, so the next round you need to fight 24 (i.e. $60-44+8$) eyes.

The heifer has CON 36 and does not fight. If you kill the heifer, **go to 22**. If it survives and you kill all of the eyes, **go to 79**. If your companion is killed, **go to 112**. If you are killed, **go to 35**. If you are both killed, then this is **the end**.

89

The staircase descends and descends and descends—so much so that so that your companion suggests that you should be in space. Tesseract? He wonders? Naga delusion gas? The staircase finally ends in a 10' cubic room with a giant red X painted in the center of the floor. On the ground next to it is the skeleton of a dwarf with a peg instead of its left leg, a hook replacing the right hand, and an eye patch hanging from the left arm. Lying at the remaining foot of the dwarf is the skeleton of what appears to be a turkey-sized, winged serpent.

Just out of the skeleton's reach is what looks like a shovel with multiple, parallel blades and an assortment of steel chains leading up to a gearbox. "It's fueled, and I think I can make it work," your companion explains. "*Dead tech*—long after putrefaction, flesh turns to fuel. It's just a good thing the process takes a long time; the universe's species have enough reasons to plan mass extinction events."

You may head back upstairs (**go to 84**, but skip to the second paragraph) or use the shovel to dig on the X itself (**go to 48**) or another spot (**go to 95**).

90

"Pitiful," the god says. "Now begone from my sight, and my thoughts." You are back aboard the *Ketosis Muonk*, at a location 10 DU's away from all other destinations, including the god himself. Your companion suggests that "from my thoughts" means you can return, and proceed as if you'd never had any interactions. **Go to 51**.

91

The ELK will not work on the divine liver so you're going to need to dive in and dig to remove the calf-sized hunk of raw krestle. Thicker than smoke, thinner than custard, the god's flesh smells of hearty red wine and roasted meat.

While it should only take a few combat turns to extract the krestle, the immediate danger causes the god to accelerate his transformation. He is no longer the paragon of male beauty, but a showcase of the foul deeds he has been party to: skin that cannot decide if it is to be hide or scales—either way it is covered with faces hopeless and lifeless, remnants of souls escorted to the underworld. A yoke appears on the god's neck and from his midsection bulge tumorous growths resembling rotten apples.

Whoever is removing the krestle should make a SR on his or her base WIZ (if both of you are at it, use the higher roll) and subtract the level at which the SR was made from five. That is the number of combat turns it will take to extract the krestle.

The god fights with a net made of human hair that smells of the charnel house and a blade that is more rust than iron. But while he may no longer

have his looks, he is still deceptively fast: so much so that whoever is fighting him must make a L2SR on DEX every turn. Failure means the god will do spite damage on a 1-3 *and* your armor will only be at half value.

If only one of you is tasked with removing the krestle, the god begins with a CON of 45 and 3D+10. If both of you are, he forms unobstructed, faster and stronger, starting with a CON of 60 and 3D+22. Either way, each combat turn he gains another 5 points of CON and +4 adds. If the one extracting the krestle abandons the task to join the battle, your prize sinks back into the semi-divine shell and extracting it will require that you make the original WIZ SRs and start again. If you kill the god or extract the krestle before he kills you both, **go to 19**. If you are both killed, then this is **the end**.

92

You may harvest 4 points of kremm from each corpse. From here, you may proceed to the negative kremm zone (**go to 70**) or take off (**go to 51**).

93

The new round begins. **Return to 103**.

94

You board the ship and its internal sirens start blaring. *Warning: Outsider Protection Protocols Invoked*. The vessel begins to move. Roll 1D6:

- Evens send you to **105**. Note: evading the event is not an option.
- Odds add an additional 2D6 DU's to your current journey. **Continue your journey**.

Either way, it's not a complete loss. You can harvest 1D6x10 WIZ from what's left of this ship's components.

95

"What are you?" the skeleton asks, with a laugh far too hearty for something with no lungs, let alone a tongue. "Half-blind?"

"No," the skeleton bird counters, "he's an idiot, a real dodo."

"Half-blind."

"Stupid."

They both turn to you.

"Well?"

It's your call. Whoever wields the shovel suffers from impaired eyesight in one eye (-5 DEX) or impaired thought (-5 INT). The companion suffers the other penalty.

"Teamwork," the skeletal dwarf says, contentedly.

"Companionship," responds the bird, which turns to crystal (2 AVP) while its companion turns to dust.

Do you head back upstairs (**go to 84**, but skip to the second paragraph) or assign the shovel to a character and start digging on the X (**go to 48**) or away from it (**go to 6**)?

96

Victory! Take 230 AP. Tramping through the remains, neither of you is surprised to feel the treasure collapse beneath your feet like Port-A-Vision enhanced papier-mâché (at least the floor beneath it is solid.) The rest of the room is filled with mechanical detritus that may be of interest to any gear-headed blacksmith back home, but you have no room. The will-o-wisp torches on the wall dim, giving off a faint reddish light. The clear barrier dividing the room has vanished but the portcullis covering the entrance remains. Behind what's left of the mechanical dragon (the only salvageable part being the head, worth 5 AVP) you now see a plain metal door with glowing green runes above it "Emergency/Maintenance Exit Only".

You head through the exit and find your ship. **Go to 59**.

[Note: if you have been asked to keep track of biological (MR/CON) and mechanical kills, the dragon does not apply to your MR total, but rather adds 3 to your GUTS total.]

97

You glance over to your partner to see two tiny feet briefly sticking out from her mouth before

they vanish. You may order her to stop eating the enemy—be it out of fear of them harming her from within or your own simple disgust. Either way Szarnot's description of your command authority leaves you sure you won't need to provide an explanation (**go to 43**). You may also let her enjoy her combat snack (**go to 49**).

98

The heifer dies quietly and yields 150 WIZ before vanishing in a cloud of magenta dust. As this happens, the dead eyes vanish—along with the grass, the atmosphere, and the plateau itself. Continue your journey, taking an extra 25 AP to the stars with you (**go to 51**).

99

The cow turns into a beautiful, olive-skinned maiden whose corpse shows no battle damage. Transformation from cow to woman complete, she becomes intangible and sinks into the ground. You may have missed your chance to use the ELK on her, but still gain 50 AP from the experience. **Go to 135.**

100

While the ship may not have looked anything like Mistress Szarnot's vessel from the outside, the inside is uncomfortably familiar...as are the corpses resembling you and Szarnot's crew, all just slightly altered from your own reality. Anything worth taking is long gone, but both you and your companion must make a L3SR on the average of INT and CON to avoid being so disturbed as to lose all combat adds for the next 1D6+2 combat turns. The effects are not cumulative, but if you encounter more than one of these ships in between fights, the longest duration applies. **Go to 51** and continue your journey.

101

Conscious for several minutes now, you have a better idea of at least your own state. Physically, you're fine. Spiritually? Roll 3D6 and apply TARO. Write down the result and subtract it from your current WIZ—leaving yourself at least one point. You've also been on the right and wrong end of enough spells and ensorcelled items to know that whatever caused this drain is still active: what will it feed on next? There's but one source of answers. **Go to 71.**

102

You hear the sigh of a tired—almost ancient—voice at your feet. "Illiterate, ill-mannered, and incompetent. But the master is hungry and time is limited." Shackles materialize around your ankles with chains leading into the grasp of a 20' tall, long-eared, forest troll. He picks the two of you up and swings you at the door. Roll 1D3 to calculate the number of bashes it takes for it to yield. For each hit, take 1D3 points of damage (roll separately for you and your companion, ignoring armor). Once the door is open, you are tossed inside to find the shackles gone and yourselves at **45**.

103

If you've replaced the robed figure, your companion is a myrmidon, MR 50, with full plate taking 20 hits (not doubled) per turn. Before the first turn even begins, he will fire his arrow, which strikes home doing 20 points of damage.

If you've replaced the fighter, your new partner in the purple robes will hide behind you, firing what look like limp TTYF's (14 points damage) every turn. He has a CON of 8 and no armor.

The dragon has a MR of 150. At the beginning of combat, and every third turn, it emits glowing smoke that will cut your adds in half.

After every turn, the action stops. The fighting character is paralyzed from the neck down allowing him or her to communicate with the one still in the observation chamber, where a light shines on the die. If the one in the observation chamber is standing on one pair of footprints while rolling the die, **go to 26**. If not, **go to 93**. Finally, if at any point the observer attempts to cast a spell or use a kremm-powered device or weapon on any of the combatants, **go to 9**.

If you're victorious, **go to 96**. If your companion is killed, **go to 112**. If you are killed, **go to 35**.

104

You sense Pigeon's thoughts, feelings—realizing for the first time just how much he is an extension/offspring/replica of Szarnot, complete with her mental powers. What you sense is utter surprise. Szarnot did not expect this dying deity to

be so close to her own patron goddess. While Pigeon will follow your orders as normal—no matter what—he is particularly sensitive to the god’s judgments: all boons and banes that affect his character specifically are doubled. **Return to 78.**

105

The Mind Mine Field: Your companion describes them as mathematical constructs held together by mutated kremm waves, advising you not to be surprised by how you see them. You see a number of giant brains playing a game that somehow involves throwing giant darts at circles drawn on a well-manicured patch of grass. (*You don't want to know what Szarnot has us conditioned to think of them as.*)

In the field there are 1D6 mines you can detect due to their warning beacons:

You have three options:

1. Fly around the mind field: Add four DU to your journey.
2. Try to navigate your way through the mind field. Select one of you to make a L2SR on LK and a L2SR on DEX. Make them both and you're safe. Miss one, and a mine explodes as per below. Miss both, you get hit by an explosion and find yourself still stuck in the mind field. Make the SR's again.
3. Try to harvest the mines for their kremm as follows:

For each one you attempt to disarm and harvest:

- First, roll 1D6. A roll of 1 results in the mine being so unstable that it explodes (details below) simply because you looked at it.
- Otherwise, choose which one of you is going to operate the ship's ELK. That character must make a L2SR on his or her base WIZ and a L2SR on INT.
 - Making them both yields 50 WIZ!
 - Missing one triggers an explosion as per below, but you still gain 10 WIZ.
 - Missing them both yields an explosion when the ship is particularly vulnerable. No WIZ gained and double the effect of the blast.

If one explodes, roll 1D6:

1. The *Ketosis Muonk*'s astrogation controls get confused, and your ship effectively runs away. You are now an extra 1D3+3 DU's from your destination.
2. Panic attack amongst the minds! If you are evading mines you must make another SR at twice the previous level. If you are harvesting them, all further SRs are one level higher.
3. Motor nerve melt-down. Each of you loses one half of your DEX for 2D6 DU's (roll separately).
4. Cognitive collapse. As #3 above, but with INT.
5. Psychic scream for help. 50% chance of a visitor (1-3 on 1D6). If you have a visitor, **go to 39** and resolve the situation before returning here to finish this encounter.
6. You are brushed with a psychic taint. The next 1D3 times you encounter a merchant, it will flee.

Note: If one character is wearing a Stannite Pyramid, said character will be immune to results 3 through 6 above. However, there is a 50% chance that the hat will disintegrate doing 1D6 CON damage to the wearer.

Continue your journey.

106

You find the log device (worth 4 AVP), unique in this rubble for being unharmed and untouched. It also gives off a slight negative-K reading. "K-lock," your companion says. "Even in our time, it was a better ward than poison traps. The best ones feed off souls—but this doesn't look that sophisticated."

It is hungry however. A moment's more time with the k-convector suggests a 5 WIZ cost. Do you pay up? If so, make a note of this paragraph and **go to 8**. If not, you may head through the bridge door (**go to 64**) or leave the ship and head back into space (**go to 51**).

107

"Zyno was always too clever for his own good," the god says, "and when he was in his cups—he liked to prattle on about how the length of a race

is as meaningless as the time it takes to complete the course. All that matters is who is in the lead.”

“Now here—” the deity points to the ground where a dirt road emerges, a road soon surrounded by foliage and onlookers. It’s hot hilly, terrain, hardly apt for running. He then produces a turtle from his tunic, sets it down on the path where it begins to run, seemingly gaining speed and size as the distance between the two of you increases. “Ready, set, stop him!”

If you, or your companion, have raced before, **go to 16**.

By the time you take off, the turtle’s speed and size are fixed, as are your surroundings. It is roughly human-sized, has a 30 CON and armor worth 15 hits. Your quarry begins 100 yards away and every combat turn, the distance between the two of you will be cut in half if you stop for a missile attack, one-fourth otherwise—pending the results of the 1D6 roll made on the table below *at the beginning of the combat turn*.

1. You thought you saw something on the turtle’s back: could it really be a catapult?!? No time to worry about that—there’s something big and flaming coming your way. Make a DEX saving roll according to your range:

Range	Level
75+ yards	1
51-74 yards	2
26-50 yards	3
10-25 yards	4
0-9 yards	5

Fail? Take what you missed the roll by in damage, armor being effective for only half of the total. If you take more than 1/4 your current CON, you make no progress on the turtle if you fire a weapon, half the distance otherwise.

2. Is that a golden apple on the ground? If you decide to pick it up, roll 1D6.

1) Yep, it’s gold and worth two AVP’s. After you find three such items, ignore all golden apple rolls.

2) It’s a golden...retractable quill porcupine. Ouch! All further DEX saving rolls for this

encounter are made at one level higher (and yes, this is cumulative).

3) The science folks call it GDM—*golden dwarf matter* (not to be confused with dwarven kindred). It won’t budge. Not only that, once you slow down to grab it, you become subject to its pull, slowing you down. If you don’t fire a missile weapon, you make no progress on the turtle. If you do, the distance is doubled for the turn.

4) Not gold, but golden delicious! Ready carbs and fluids! Double your progress for the turn.

5) Fool’s gold. Are you one? No effect, positive or negative.

6) It was an egg, and a rotten one too, so putrid that even a Trollworld native like you becomes nauseous. All Saving Rolls except for LK are at one level higher until you can get into Szarnot’s showers.

3. Turbo boost! The turtle gains an extra 15 yards on you.

4. You thought you smelled odd—like rabbit? The wolf behind you certainly thinks so. It has a MR of 25. For every combat turn it takes to kill the wolf, the turtle gains an extra 20 yards. If you take the time to harvest the dead wolf (25 WIZ) with your ELK, the turtle gains 50 yards.

5. Rabbit? You’re certainly not enough of one to deal with the briar patch the trail leads through. Take two points off your CON. You make no progress on the turtle if you fire a weapon, half the distance otherwise.

6. No distractions or dangers.

Once you’re within one yard of the prey (two if you’re using a pole arm or are over seven feet in length) you may do your entire melee roll against the turtle. If you kill it, **go to 75**. If you do not survive the race, the god lets the survivor take the companion back to Szarnot. If your companion is killed, **go to 112**. If you are killed, **go to 35**.

108

Snag’tuuth’s Traveling Symbiont Shop: the proprietor, though ostensibly human, has both Lunar lycan and Saturnian features (yes, dogs and cats doing more than living together) giving him the sensory

talents needed for matching the right body part with the consumer and making it work. The following enhancements cost 200 WIZ, two AVP's, or one AVP and 150 WIZ. He will not give change for AVP-laden artifacts, but if you're short on the above currency, he will deal with a few ounces—or pounds of you. **Go to 65** for details and market conditions.

- **Breidme™** gland enhancement: Any opposite sex post-pubescent member of a species capable of breeding with yours looks at you and says *yum* (in a non-carnivorous way): +8 CHR to such individuals. Everyone else finds your behavior and smell off-putting: -5 CHR.
- **Balance Bugs™**: These are insects that live in your inner ears. They provide a sense of body awareness that grants you immunity from any form of motion sickness. All Saving Rolls depending on balance are at -1 level and you also get a natural +3 DEX. However, they take over more than just the inner ear, seriously impeding your sense of hearing. All Saving Rolls demanding acute hearing (such as detecting something sneaking up on you) are at +2 levels and those requiring awareness of your own voice or other sounds for communication purposes (oratory, instrument playing, learning another language) are at +1 level.
- **MitoMight™**: An adrenal enhancement that will cause your cellular energy producers to go on overdrive, producing astonishing bursts of speed. Doing so, however, risks literal burn out from the generated internal heat. When you choose to go into overdrive, you receive x3 SPD for two full (ten combat) turns. However, once engaged, your speed boost stays active for the full duration, causing 1 point of CON damage in each of rounds 6-8, two points in round 9 and four points in round 10. Additionally, when given sudden cause to panic for your life—losing ½ of your current CON in a single combat round/trap/spell backfire/etc. you must make a **fumble roll** to will yourself to calm down; otherwise, you will trigger the reaction.
- **TeleSight™** Lens Implants: Farsightedness with enhanced focus: -1 level for any missile

weapon SR when you're further than point-blank range. Near objects are a bit fuzzy: +1 SR to notice anything close up and -3 DEX for close (i.e. not using a spear or other polearm) melee combat.

- **CloseInspex™** Lens Implants: Microscopic focus: +2 level SR on all missile weapon attacks beyond point blank range. +3 DEX for close melee combat. -2 levels on anything requiring noticing of detail.
- **Digestifs™**: Very hungry stomach bacteria that allow you to break down any flesh and eat it safely—no matter how long it's been rotting. However, the presence of any potential meal—including dead comrades—demands a **fumble roll** to summon the willpower to not start snacking.
- **Rezzets For Regrets™**: Will purge the body of all implants and symbiotes.

When you've concluded your business, **continue your journey**.

109

The B'serklosst is not pleased (if you've already killed a B'serklosst, **go to 52**). It immediately attaches itself to your ship, begins tearing at the HULL!

Unhindered, it will take two combat turns to pierce the hull (one point of HULL lost) and pour itself into the ship. If the MR/CON: GUTS*100 ratio is less than 5:1, it will target your Spit-Thorn Rapid Fire Guns and then your engine. Otherwise, it will engage you personally (i.e. both you and your companion may fight, but all damage is applied to you alone). If the machinery is its primary goal, it will devote minimal resources (a few, now razor-sharp tentacles) to hold you off and rely on its armor. The B'serklosst has a MR of 60 and has armor worth 30 hits. Each turn it does 1/2 its combat roll in damage to the specific system; 100 points of damage will knock it out. If killing you is its primary goal, double the B'serklosst's effective MR.

If you destroy it, take 75AP. The B'serklosst power core yields 50-3D6 WIZ. Reset your CON/MR and GUTS kill totals to zero.

If you survive, **continue your journey**. If you are killed, **go to 35**. If your engines are destroyed, then your ship explodes and this is **the end**.

110

Multiply your GUTS kill total by 100. If it is more than twice, but less than five times your MR/CON kill, the B'serklosst smiles and glows. Both you and your companion are healed of all wounds and you may **proceed with your journey**. If it is five times your MR/CON total, **go to 36**. If your MR/CON kill total is three times your (GUTS kill total*100) or greater, **go to 109**.

111

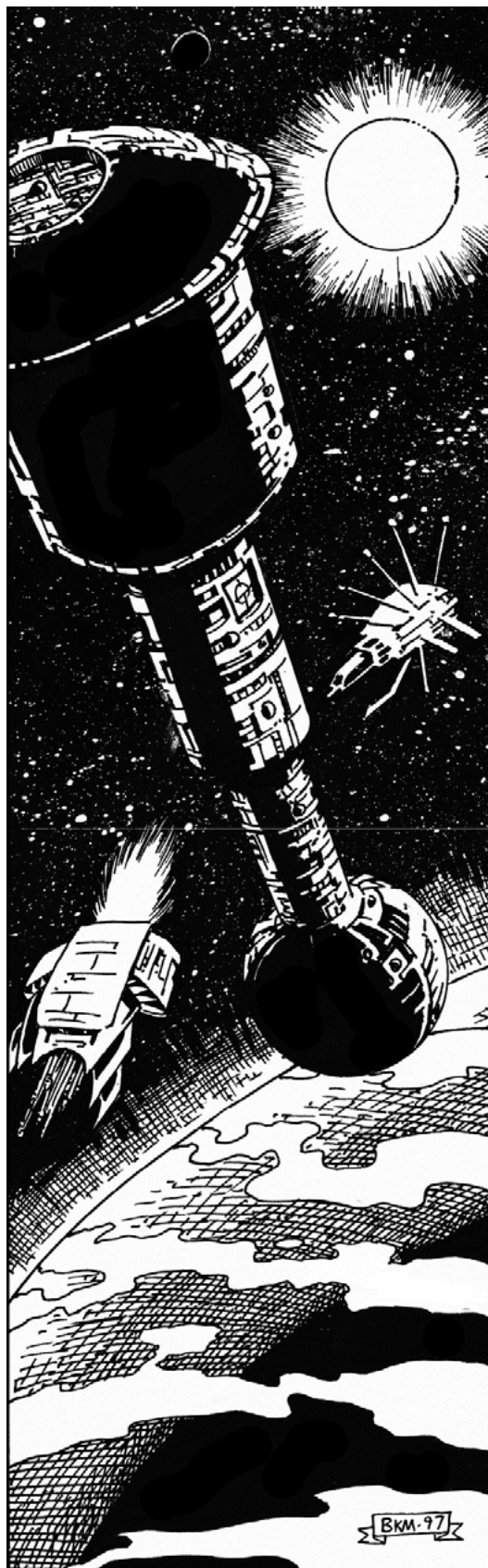
It is tough to abandon kindred without even trying to save them. Did you miss a great opportunity or avoid disaster? Did time spent in their quasi-existence corrupt or purify them? Both? Roll 1D6. If odd, add 2 to your Luck. If even, subtract 2. Either way, take 1D6x5 AP and note that if you ever encounter these spirits again you should **go to 53**. Now **continue with your journey**.

112

Szarnot welcomes you back. Do you have sufficient kremm in your batteries (1500 kremm) to go home? If so, **go to 68**.

If not you may use the ship's autoKwack to cast any needed *Poor Baby* spells, cost free (recover all lost CON and STR). You may also make any repairs to your ship at the rate of 1 WHIZZ (or 100 WIZ) per HULL or GUTS point. The same applies to any damaged systems. You may also offload some of your acquired kremm into Szarnot's batteries. Additionally if your companion is dead, you may spend 1 WHIZZ to resurrect him or her, or if there others who are as of yet undamaged, swap before heading out into space (if you choose someone new, you will be given a re-bonded Spit-Thorn Rapid Fire Gun). If you lack the kremm to do any of these things (note: you must have a companion), continuation of this adventure means feeding part of yourself to the ELK. It will involve the permanent loss of 2D6 attribute points, but you can choose what you sacrifice.

Repairs complete? Get back out there! **Go to 51**.





113

All of the remaining eyes join the barrier, forming a wall between you and the cow just high enough that you cannot see her. A missile—not magic—shot is still possible, but it won't be easy. Do you launch a projectile over the wall (**go to 73**), try to break through the wall (**go to 88**), or leave (**go to 22**)?

114

The Klazin—part orc, part ogre, and parts unknown—is named Blurgh.

STR: 41 INT:16 LK:9 SPD:8 CON: 16 DEX:16
CHR: 9 WIZ:10 ADDS: +36
Talents: Piloting (DEX+4)
Attack: 5D+46
Armor: 10

Blurgh is soft-spoken to the point where you have to strain to hear what he says, but for the most part he lets his big stick do the talking. It is clearly magical and clearly depowered, but still formidable getting 5D+10 in its current state and he earns an extra 4 adds for his level. Blurgh's armor, which takes 10 hits, once belonged to a

fur-bearing animal, but it's not from something that you've ever seen on Trollworld.

"I was adopted—essentially," he says, as you're introduced. "My parents were Szarnot's parent's slaves and when she ran off to be a Vorpal Knight, I came along. As soon as we're away from her head getting into ours, we'll both have some privacy." **Proceed to 51.**

115

The harvest suspends the transformation. Drained of kremm (150 WIZ total), the body turns to ash, and once it is blown into the aether, the wind dies down. **Go to 135.**

116

Pigeon continues to look at you—more specifically, in your direction—and is silent for a moment, before refocusing on you. He sighs. "BabbleMonkeys™ don't handle gibberish apparently, but we knew that already... Yes, we've read your mind; primitive as it may be." He stops and laughs. "First new company in millennia and I'm revealed to be a xenophobe... and to think some origin theories mean we share common ancestry. But that's something I have no desire to test. Now then, follow me if you want some answers." Do you leap at him (**go to 120**) or follow his lead (**go to 101**)?

117

You're paralyzed for a moment as a loud voice comes from the ceiling:

"Mechanical incompatibility error. Preservation maintenance procedures implemented. Initiating avatar replacement."

You don't even feel the switch, but whoever was standing on a pair of footprints now has replaced the figure in the battle diorama—which is now active. If both of you are in the dragon's lair, **go to 12**. If only one of you is, **go to 103**.

118

At first glance, the approaching craft resembles a squid, possessing metallic tentacles around a globular center and moving as if the vacuum of space were water. But it stops suddenly, and what

seemed to be tentacles fuse, curl and in some cases, split repeatedly so what was once a robotic space mollusk is now a mask of your face. *Clumsy flesh thinking good*, a voice says in your head. *Preserve soft fuzzy wet coal from free zero one arrangement destroyer preserved.*

It flies off.

You look at your companion inquiringly. “It’s a B’serklosst—and as far as I know, one never came this close to Mistress Szarnot’s ship—or if it did, she didn’t feel like sharing. If it could speak, I wonder what it would say.” Further inquiry reveals that you are the only one who heard its message. From this point onward, keep two running totals: the damage you and your companion do to creatures with CON or Monster Ratings and the GUTS damage you do.

Return to your previous paragraph or continue your journey.

119

The doors to the storage area open and in pour the ship’s full complement (22) of what look to be fairy-sized leprechauns seeking to protect their armament—from a distance. In ranged combat, they fire volleys of miniaturized crossbow bolts. Each turn, roll 2D6 (DARO—but a maximum value of 22) for the number that hit, each causing 1 point of damage (armor provides half its total protection). In melee, they each have a CON of 5 and get 1D+1. Whichever of you has more WIZ will be the primary target, receiving the full complement of spite damage. If your companion is St’theetha, make a note of this paragraph and **go to 97** after your first kill. If you ever shoot the gun at them, **go to 67**.

If you wish to bypass melee combat and try to survive the stinging volleys while moving the gun onto your ship, it will take four character combat turns (i.e. two turns with both of you focused entirely on the weapon) to get it on board.

If you manage to defeat all of the leprechauns, **go to 141**. If you are able to get the gun aboard your ship and leave, **go to 46**. If your companion is killed, **go to 112**. If you are killed, **go to 35**. If you are both killed, then this is **the end**.

120

His eyes show amusement for a split second, and then you make contact. They flash confusion and pain. Forget pigeon bones, this man is a rag doll made of brittle spun sugar. The surprise is mutual: you’re strong enough to have survived a childhood on Trollworld, but you feel strong, light on your feet.

“Stop,” he says, “please.” You’ve seen fairies take an ogre’s head off with barely enough air in their cockroach-sized lungs to wheeze a *Take That You Fiend*. Cockroach? What if your *Pigeon* is more of a scorpion?

Do you let him live (**go to 20**) or finish the job (**go to 44**)?

121

Spiritual short circuit! Make a L1SR on your LK and then roll 3D6. The results of those three dice, each multiplied by the number of hobbs you’ve attempted to assimilate, are the permanent losses to your INT, DEX, and CHR, respectively. If you made the LK SR, you may choose which rolls affect which attribute.

For example, if you fail absorbing your third hob, and roll a 3, 2 and 5, and you fail your LK SR, you lose 9 points of INT, 6 points of DEX and 15 points of CHR. Time to break off this encounter and recover. **Continue with your journey.**

122

The ship shrinks to almost an invisible point, and then there is a flash of light. The kremm collectors are ready for their 30 point absorption. But just as fast as the light appears there’s a negative K-wave. Get out! Make the highest level SR on LK you can (modified by piloting talent). In the counter wave, you lose (7-level SR made) X 5 kremm. **Go to 51** and proceed with your journey.

123

Paragraph	Rough net direction traveled
50	NW
136	NE
84	None

Return to your previous paragraph.



124

Krash Karlton's Spell-Ship Service Station: a converted Juggernaut run by spellbots. Krash has what you need, but only takes AVP or the biological equivalent. (For details and market conditions, **see 65.**)

- Advanced kremm scoop (5 AVP or flesh only). There is still some residual kremm in space, but it takes a large, specially designed technology. For each DU you travel, you will pick up 5 WIZ. There is a super-deluxe model as well (15AVP) that will earn you 20 WIZ per unit.
- Stannite Cranium Protectors. Metal pyramids with a custom cushion interior. Lowers the SR against all mental attacks by one level. (Note: Pigeon cannot wear one.) 2 AVP.
- Kynarrians: Small, bird-like drones. Throw them into a Mind Field and they will set off any defective mines—destroying the drone— while you remain at a safe distance. (Details in said encounter.) 1 AVP for a pair.
- Spectra-Scouts: Encounter a derelict ship? These will let you see the result of the roll before you decide whether or not to board. Single use. 1 AVP.
- Ship repairs (any system): 2 AVP. The same will buy you one point of HULL or GUTS.

Continue your journey.

125

“Pathetic,” the god sneers. “If it were any worse than this place, I would escort you to Tartarus myself. Begone.” He vanishes, and you find

yourselves also transported to a place exactly nine DU's from all other major landmarks. You do, however, keep the 50 kremm from the sacrifice. **Go to 51** and continue your journey.

126

You're able to harvest a base of four points of kremm from each of the corpses and recover half of what they drained from your battery. **Go to 18.**

127

One of you still has a grip, albeit tenuous on the mana-toid: specifically the X in the ground. Whoever is floating into space has one more shot with the grappling hook. If it's you, it's a L3SR on DEX, otherwise, it's a L2SR. Make it? You're now secure enough to return to the inside (**go to 84**, ignoring the first paragraph), go topside to your ship (**go to 59**), or continue to explore the bottom of the asteroid (**go to 33**).

If one of you goes flying, the other can get back to the ship in plenty of time for a rescue. If you're the one out in space, nothing in your experience could have prepared you for floating helpless, not knowing if rescue is coming. Roll 1D6:

1-2: You're shaken, but not so badly to have any lasting effect.

3-4: You lose control—bladder, bowels, and mind: You can get cleaned up on board the *Ketosis Muonke*, but are permanently shaken: lose 1D3+1 CHR.

5-6: That wasn't so bad. You now project an added air of confidence. Gain 1D3+1 CHR.

Go to 59.

128

The noise continues for a turn (long enough for you to cast a spell and ready another) and then there's a momentary pause before the door blasts open. Each of you must make a L3SR on the average of your SPD and LK. Failure means you take whatever you missed the roll by in damage and lose any opportunity to fire a weapon or spell at the advancing horde. If you made the roll, you still need a L2SR on your prime attribute to launch what you readied. The *Ketosis Muonk* loses 2 HULL points and you **go to 3**.

129

The charm is increased, but the risk is greater. The positive result is doubled, but the negative risk is tripled. **Return to 47**.

130

Pwis-pwis-pwis. You're spinning too fast to have any idea in which direction you've traveled. All you know is that the ways north and south are blocked off, and the lights are dimmer, limiting vision to east and west past two squares. If you head east, **go to 84**. If you head west, **go to 27**.

131

Make a L2SR on DEX. If you make it, the door opens. You can head inside (**go to 45**) or **return to 51** and continue your journey elsewhere. Failure sends you to **102**.

132

A derelict ship! You may ignore this encounter and **continue your journey** or see what's inside. If the latter, decide who boards (one or both of you), attach a tether between the vessels, roll one die and go to the appropriate paragraph.

1. **Go to 87**
2. **Go to 100**
3. **Go to 94**
4. **Go to 86**
5. **Go to 74**
6. **Go to 63**

133

You land to discover that your feeling of being watched was not just paranoia. The ground is littered with eyeballs, all focused on you. It's so unnerving that you almost miss the major kremm source: a fully-grown heifer. Her coat suggests

youth and health, but her own eyes give the impression of world-weariness.

The eyeballs begin to move, half of them arranging themselves into a low barrier between you and the heifer, the rest surrounding you and your companion. As disconcerting as their glare and mobility may be, what's more unnerving is the lack of apparent means of movement. The eyes don't roll, but you don't see anything resembling legs either. You think of iron fragments gathering and moving toward a loadstone—by force of will.

Do you move closer to the heifer (putting you within melee range) (**go to 113**), attack the eyeballs (**go to 88**), attack the cow via missile weapons (**go to 73**), or leave (**go to 22**)?

134

"Boorish behavior indeed," he says with a sly smile. "No, as ZZirrjay would say, 'Boarish'. But unlike her, I start at the top." He turns his back to you, and you move to press your attack, but have trouble holding your weapon; pig's hooves aren't made for tools after all. You do retain your mind (though you are convinced four legs are better than two), and your attack is limited to charging with your tusks (3 dice). You may also no longer cast spells. Your ship has enough tools to modify your armor into tolerable barding, but warriors lose their armor bonus. Multiply your SPD and STR by 3/2 and your DEX and CHR by 1/4. "Good luck finding *moley* in this part of the universe," he adds. Your companion's look of resignation seems to confirm that the odds of finding the curing herb are slim. Go to **90**.

135

What was a beautiful meadow is now a barren, rocky plain. The dead eyes still remain and can be harvested for one WIZ each. **Go to 51** and continue your journey.

136

Boomfshuk! You reach the corner and the floor vanishes, dropping you into a series of tubes that eventually deposit you in...another corner. Make a L2SR on INT—applying any directional sense or navigation talents. If you make it, you may look at the chart at **123** to see the direction that you moved. About 30' feet to the south, the passage bends west. Your other option lies west and the

darkness that appears after an equivalent distance. If you head south, **go to 50**. If you head west, **go to 84**.

137

The cow is perfect (if damaged in battle, it is fully healed, with no visible scars) and affectionate, if a bit shy. As you load her into the ship, any remaining eye corpses turn to dust, along with the grass. The air is also getting thin and you feel the entire meadow may vanish soon. Your passenger's presence adds +2 CON to all actions conducted within the ship as well as a -2 DEX penalty (something so clearly alive is invigorating, but her presence in cramped quarters is not an insignificant hindrance). Take your guest and 120 AP into space (**go to 51**).

138

Your companion fills you in:

"Even the Nagas—whose name is synonymous with 'arrogance' in a host of languages—tell the story of these creatures as a cautionary tale of overconfidence."

"These little folk were once equal parts modest and noble and capable of great kindness. But their potential for greatness led them to be especially susceptible to the corruption that power brings. Their moral decay grew with their stature, accomplishments, and conquests. From little dug-in villages they spread to planet-bound empires to galaxy-wide zones."

"This led to wars from without and rebellions from within: mass martyrdom and nihilistic expansionism. Maybe it was something about the innocent origins that caused a force beyond our understanding to view their decay as intolerable, and the effort to scrub them from existence worth the universe-wide repercussions—magical, mental, and moral."

But here they are—psychic scar tissue on the backside of reality ...and tailor made for the ELK. Care to go hob fishing? If so, **go to 66**. Alternatively, you can **continue your journey**.

139

Mining Drones: These are fusion-powered robots

from another universe where raw materials are far scarcer than even kremm. Their builders are long dead so they have no place to take what they seize, but they want your ship nonetheless. There are 2D6 of them and you may use your Spit-Thorn Rapid Fire Guns or go out in space yourself to fight them. Each has an effective MR of 40 and armor that takes 10 hits. However, they will not attack you unless you engage them directly. If left alone, each one will rip 1/4 of a HULL point off of your ship per combat turn. They have no kremm and nothing worth salvaging—but they are worth 45 AP each. Also, if you are counting GUTS kills, each one is the equivalent of 1 GUTS. **Continue your journey.**

140

The door opens, hinges creaking loudly. **Go inside to 45** or continue your journey in space at **51**.

141

You're able to harvest a base of four points of kremm from each of the corpses. **Go to 18**.

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Each DU you travel in space, roll 1D6. If you roll a 1, check the chart below. Note that in these regions of space and time, activity is rare and calls attention to itself. After an encounter the potential for another encounter on the next roll increases by one, up to a roll of 1-4 on 1D6. If no encounter occurs, the encounter value is reset to 1. (E.g., X has his first encounter. The next roll triggers one on a result of 1 or 2. He rolls a two, so the next roll triggers one on a result of 1, 2, or 3. He rolls a 5, so on the next roll, an encounter only occurs on a 1.)

Roll 2D6 to determine the column and row.

	1-4	5-6
1	132	105
2	124	57
3	69	39
4	139	40
5	108	60 (If you've been here before treat as no encounter, but do not reset the count.)
6	34	False alarm. No event. Reset count.

White Collar Crime

By Mark Thornton

The rain mechanically drums against the windowpane close to your right ear. It has been beating against it all day, trying to get in, and the dark has not driven it away. You don't mind—it's all the company you want. You could be home with your wife and boy, warming your feet in front of the fire, waiting for her to bring piles of buttered toast while you tell him stories of all the things you might have done if only you'd been bigger or had been to magic school. The times are hard, though, and you know you're lucky to hold down your job at the bank. There are people who would kill for the steady income, even if the hours are long and the manager is a brooding, unforgiving man. It would be nice to take off the stiff, starched collar you wear as a sign of your position, but you never do while you're at work, even when you're on your own. Before your evening will be over, the stacks of dockets that record the day's deposits and withdrawals have to be tallied up in the ledgers and the money has to be counted. The drunken louts who came in this afternoon demanding that the vault be opened certainly made it impossible to work to the normal schedule. But it was nothing for the City Guards

to take their bludgeons off of them—and why they brought in that bucket of ink, which inevitably got knocked over in the brief struggle they put up, only a wizard would know.

It's exactly these sorts of adventurers that you don't include in the stories of castle storming and dungeon raids that your boy so loves; those tales that get embellished every time they're retold in the taverns throughout the city. The best ones are the ones that Fang brings back; he never lies about his mistakes, never exaggerates the treasures he hauls out, or the monsters he has to face. Why, that man is the only warrior in this whole city who will admit that he ran from danger or gave up on the gold—although he'd be back with a better plan soon enough. He's not so young now, his looks shifting from dashing to distinguished, yet many a good wife would break her vows for a night in with Fang the Delectable. Tomorrow night your boy shall hear the latest exploits that

Fang has been modestly sharing since he returned from the Old Ogre Quarry a few days ago. If anyone else had claimed to have found a dungeon



lived in by a deranged miner with four arms, and an arsonist to boot, you'd have moved away to a quiet corner of the tavern with your pipe and tankard. But when Fang said that he met this Mr. Jenkins and that he was the one that drove off the ogres, you took that as good as any word given by the good citizens who come to the bank to borrow money when they've forgotten to put something aside for rainy days. Rainy days...that brings you back to the rain knocking against the windowpane.

Alright, why not have a break for a minute? There's not much left to record, and counting money is something you've always been fast at and accurate with, which is probably why Mr. Morgan has let you keep the job for so long. You take off your reading glasses, rub your eyes, and look out through the rain streaming down the window and into the street that is foggily illuminated by the few night lights of the Watch. Then you see something; a movement in the shadows, not someone huddling out of the rain, but someone pressing up against the wall, trying not to be seen. You decide to go to the top floor and hail the Guards—yes, better safe than sorry, especially after this afternoon's charade. But before you rise from your padded leather seat, you hear a bang somewhere in the distance. It must be coming from the cellar, as it often does. You know that the door is stout and the lock is strong, but a creature like that could, if it went berserk, break its way out and then there would be a price to pay. Still, it's never escaped, and the greater danger must surely be whoever is skulking outside in the darkness. Yes, upstairs, quickly, to the tower window to ring the Summoning Bell. There will be no one up there now; Mr. Morgan doesn't stay late and doesn't like people going up those stairs when he's in the bank.

In the office where Mr. Morgan works, the plush carpet is made of maroon yeti hair, or so he says—and why would Mr. Morgan lie? Your boy says there's no such beast, but it's not a big leap for a mage to enchant a yeti into losing its camouflage—very useful, in fact, if you're hunting yetis in the Mountain Kingdom, so your boy should learn not to be so fanciful and to have more respect for his elders and betters. Mr. Morgan has much more important things to do than to make up stories about carpets.

The door is ajar. That's unusual. It's not like Mr. Morgan at all, always so careful not let clients' affairs fall prey to prying eyes. He must have been very tired with all the hours he's been putting in lately. Maybe it would be better to check everything's in order in his office rather than ring the Summoning Bell. After all, all is quiet now and Mr. Morgan would not want to think anyone had disturbed his office. If that happened, you'd have to run straight to his home to tell him, even though gnome legs are not made for running. But how would you know anything was out of place? You're never permitted to enter Mr. Morgan's sanctuary, his temple of finance. He would be furious if he knew you had been inside. He has been known to beat employees who don't know their place and overstep their mark. Yes, but he would be angrier still if you noticed something wrong and didn't tell him. Damned if you do, damned if you don't. Your boy would say that what he doesn't know won't hurt him. Would he know if you crossed the threshold into his secret of secrets? Surely not. But what if he has a scrying stone at home? Then he'd know something was amiss and he'd already be here with the big boys, the bully-thugs he has to hire because the city is so rough after dark. But maybe he's looking at his stone right now and the reason he still has those trolls on their leashes is because there really is nothing wrong, he just left the door open. Maybe, you think with a jolt, he left the door open just to see if you would intrude. He could do that . . . he might need to do that to know who he can or can't trust.

You audibly slap yourself on your bald pate in the faint hope that it will knock the indecision out of you. Your boy says you're a ditherer, unlike Fang, who would know what to do and take action right enough. If only you were Fang! What a thought! As if a midget gnome could ever be a hero like Fang the Delectable. Strangely, the idea warms you, as if Fang were reaching out to boost your resolve through the very walls of the bank, as if he could see you right this minute and wanted to lend a helping hand.

You take a deep breath, let it out, and step forward, pushing Mr. Morgan's big oak door back into his office. Your eyes are shut as you cross the threshold. When you open them and look up, you almost lose control of your bladder. There, at the

window, is a face peering in! Great Moons above! Is this it? Is this the moment you leave this world, without a chance to say goodbye to your family? Is this how it all ends, with you bleeding out your life liquids all over Mr. Morgan's expensive office carpet? The ignominy, the shame! If you had known, you would have worn the underpants that Mr. Morgan gives you every year on his birthday, the ones with the bank emblem on each cheek. But the face . . . it's familiar! Through the rain running in rivulets down the windowpanes, you make out a face that does not look murderous or villainous. It looks, well, special. The eyes sparkle through the wet gloom with a vibrancy you have only seen once before. It's him! It's Fang the Delectable, and he is signing at you to let him in! You had better do it. Mr. Morgan or no Mr. Morgan, you don't turn down a chance like this—no sir, Bob! Your boy will be green with envy and red with pride that his father was visited by a hero.

You quickly head towards the fire exit you have seen from the outside of the bank, the one that ensures Mr. Morgan will never be cremated at his desk. It must be behind the heavy ruby drapes. Yes, you fumble with the stiff bolts. These doors can't have been opened in years; they're thick with cobwebs and grime. Mr. Morgan would take back the cleaning woman's pay and sack her on the spot if he saw this filth. He jokes that he doesn't like filth, just filthy lucre—a joke that your boy doesn't think so funny, but you laugh a little at the thought anyway; partly out of nerves, but partly because you're hard-wired to laugh at Mr. Morgan's jokes. What's that? You jump, nearly out of your shoes, at the abrupt sound. Mr. Morgan! He's come back and found you in his office! You

want the ground to open up and swallow you. But it's Fang. Yes, he wants to come in. You must concentrate. Fingers fumble over jammed bolts again, and then, with a sharp shift that gouges them, the metal moves.

Fang climbs in, dripping water all over Mr. Morgan's finely carved furniture. He speaks—the hero speaks to you, not to anyone else! He tells you that he saw five men and an Uruk trying to jimmy one of the windows on the side of the building. But, you remember, there is a spell on that window. Mr. Morgan had it cast by a high-ranking rogue from the Guild because he doesn't hold with the Wizards' Guild, as he says those wizards are too full of their own importance, always scheming to take over and set up a *kehremmocracy*—and he would know because he goes to all of the Mayor's lunches and knows all the important people. The spell would have done for the burglars, and Fang confirms that he did find one of them dead in the gutter when he ran up. He chased the others, he tells you, eyes flashing bravely, but he's not as fast as he used to be and they got away. He was checking that they had gone when he thought he saw the Uruk scaling up to the roof. This is grim, you think. The bank is under attack, besieged, and there's just you to defend all the clients' assets and Mr. Morgan's good name.

To your companion's obvious concern, you slap yourself again. He's a good man, Fang, of that there is no doubt, and no one can take exception at or say nay to that. And he's here with you now. Everything's alright, or, if it's not just yet, it will be—you know Fang will see to it. And as soon as



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he seems to have regained his bearings, he tells you he will scout out the rest of the bank. “You must stay put with the door securely locked,” he says. “You’ll know it’s me when I come back because I shall knock the tune of the *Merry Wives of Gristlegrim* on the door. You know it, don’t you?” You smile and nod. That’s the song you sing on the night of the twin full moons, when you have a night out with the *Gnomads*, the little group of clerks that elected you secretary last year. You’re going to tell Fang all about it, but he’s already gone. He’s striding down the hall, his dirty boots on Mr. Morgan’s luxury carpet. You nearly get brained by the door as he bangs it shut behind him. That would be some epitaph: “Here lies Rowlie. Laid to rest by the hero Fang the Delectable.” Your boy would like that . . . maybe enough to bring you flowers for a month or more.

You’re on your own in Mr. Morgan’s office once again. With the noble Fang in the building, you don’t feel so horribly guilty about being here. You look around, trepidation being overlapped with curiosity. You focus on the golden statues in honour of Mr. Morgan’s services to the city: nymphs balancing on plinths; heroes—one that could be Fang to a *T*—manfully thrusting spears at all manner of beasts; a man armed only with a quill and a ledger, turning aside the malevolent attack of a group of wizards. Why, that’s the one Mr. Morgan awarded himself three years ago after the senior wizards from the Guild switched banks, biting off their noses to spite their faces!

Yet, amidst all the gold, something that does not glitter attracts your attention. On a side table, next to an enormous cushioned recliner, is a book with a spine made of bone, the most beautiful feather you have ever seen sitting between its pages like a bookmark. Your boy would never forgive you if you missed the chance to touch a phoenix feather, and this one definitely has all the hallmarks of that splendid, never-say-die bird. No one will know you touched it, you tell yourself, your confidence growing as you begin to feel comfortable in this room of big decisions. You could make big decisions too, if given the chance, and so you make one now. Had Mr. Morgan been looking into a scrying glass, you would know all about it already. And Fang being here legitimises your presence; you’re just giving the hero a helping hand as any loyal employee ought to do. Yes, you

will hold that plume be it phoenix or not. Your fingers reach out towards it, its rare beauty tantalising close to your touch as it is. But you suddenly pull back, horrified at what you almost did. The feather looks so fragile, so delicate, proudly protruding from the pages of the book. You shouldn’t just tug it out. It deserves better than that, and you don’t want to damage it for Mr. Morgan to see. Instead of taking it, you clutch the book and allow it to fall open where the feather divides its pages. You have it now, and its sleek, glossy feel makes all the parts of your heart sing in glorious harmony.

But your eyes quickly intrude on the pleasure that your fingers are luxuriating in. Something written on a page of the book snags your attention. Your name, which is almost buried in a list of other names, names of people you know, of neighbours, of merchants, of ordinary people, not rich ones like those Mr. Morgan lavishes his personal services upon. Why would your name, along with those of work-a-day folk, be in one of Mr. Morgan’s private ledgers? How can you be worthy of his time and ink? You turn the page without completely realising that you’re prying deeper into Mr. Morgan’s secret affairs. On the next page, you see a list of properties, including your own house. Alongside them are numbers suffixed with letters, just like those assigned to the deeply guarded boxes of the most important clients of the bank. One more page turns under your hand. You see a list of big businesses and wealthy individuals, and, next to each name, a large figure in brackets and a smaller one followed by a percentage sign. These large amounts have been totalled, and the figure they come to is astronomical. You can see that Mr. Morgan has calculated a composite percentage rate and applied it to the grand total. Even this amount makes your eyes water. What can it mean? It relates to no banking business you’re privy to.

These disturbing matters are themselves disturbed by the thunderous sound of banging on the door. Your heart leaps and lodges in your throat. Glory be! Mr. Morgan was watching! He’s here now in a towering rage, wanting your guts for garters! Stupid! You blush as you cower behind the door while you inch it open. Fang looks a little surprised at your reaction—he’s probably set for people to smile at him whenever he shows his face—but says nothing about it. Instead, he wants

to know what lives in the basement, because it's rocking the door on its hinges, making a loud enough noise to wake the dead. He doesn't look afraid, but you feel a cold tremor. From what Mr. Morgan has alluded to about the *thing* down there, this weapon of last resort if the bank is being robbed, even Fang would have his hands full if it actually got loose. But Mr. Morgan says it's completely under his control and magically bound to respond to his whistle. Well, it doesn't sound like it's under anyone's control now. Mr. Morgan is probably at home, sipping a fine Nesstlehaven brandy with his feet up and if Fang thinks you can do anything about it, he's got another think coming! You have to work hard getting that message through to the hero, who's not used to taking no for an answer.

Luckily for you, Fang's distracted by the book you've left open on Mr. Morgan's plaza of a desk. He pours over it and shakes his head ruefully. "Looks like Mr. Morgan has been setting some folks up for a tumble," he says guilelessly. "See here. He's making a list of properties to sell off to pay the interest on his debts." You shake your head incredulously. Mr. Morgan doing something that's not right? You'd sooner believe that good doesn't win out in the end every time! Fang points to the numbers and letters, and jutting his jaw out with authority, he tells you: "These will be boxes where he keeps the deeds of title, I should say. They'll be in the vault, won't they? Let's take a peek and see what he's really got down there, shall we?" You're beginning to go off Fang. You expect there's a line that normal people don't cross and heroes have no respect for, and he has just come to it. You wag your finger at him and start to lecture him, "Now, just you hold your horses, Mr. Fang, sir . . ." But before you can get to the meat in the sandwich of your moral tirade, you feel a strong grip on your wrist, and Fang is marching off to the stairs with you stumbling along behind him. Really, this is too much! But you have no time to argue, as you're too occupied with getting your feet moving at a much faster speed than you usually shuffle along at because you don't want Fang to drag you down two sets of stairs. My, his grasp is manly! He only stops when he gets to the thick cast-iron door that blocks off the entrance to the vaults. You land in a heap on the carpeted floor at the base of the vault door. "Now," he says with a steely, glazed look in his eyes, the sort that

your boy says heroes always have when they're ready to perform superhuman acts, "give me the key."

He is lucky that he can rely on muscle and fortune, and not his mind, you barely stop yourself from muttering aloud. You have the key? Does he think that Mr. Morgan would keep a monkey and grind the organ himself? You tell him, half suppressing a snivel, that only Mr. Morgan has the key to the vault, that only Mr. Morgan has sufficient security clearance. You tell him that he might as well give up and go home. "I never give up," he says with a piercing glare. "Do you think you get to be a hero by leaving the hard jobs to someone else? If it worked like that, I'd never have arm-wrestled Mr. Jenkins the Quadrumanous in the Old Ogre Quarry. Damn nearly had my arm wrenched out of its socket. In fact, I did, come to think of it, and I put it straight back in and carried on with the contest. That won his respect, even if a bit grudgingly. My middle name's certainly not *Quitter*."

While Fang has been prattling on like an old washerwoman—your thoughts concerning him, to your shock, having become unconscionably impolite—he has pulled a pin from his hair, and has started twisting and turning it in Mr. Morgan's 100% Guaranteed Burglar-Proof Acme lock. Well, that's not going to work, you think with a grim smile of satisfaction, noting that a hero shouldn't need a girly hair pin to keep his flowing locks in place. Yet, after you hear a click followed by twelve more, Fang is grinning at you with ill-suppressed conceit, slapping you on the back, and venturing that the Rogues' Guild would probably pay him a signing-on fee if he would dignify them by becoming a member.

As you get up from the carpet, you see five pairs of boots barely twenty feet from your face. Fang didn't hear or sense that intruders had followed him down to the vault. He spins about and puts his foot on your left ear as he jumps to confront them, and, while you wonder if your ear is being torn off, you see the intruders retreat as he advances. What a hero! His reputation almost does all the work for him! But you soon realise why they are really retreating; they are just making room for a shifting, rippling dark-blue shape, not clearly defined, possibly with a head, possibly with

limbs, but you can't be sure. Then you notice the familiar smell—ink. Ink! The afternoon's break-in by the drunken hoodlums must have been a ruse to get the monster inside so it could let them in later. They wouldn't have known that you'd be here, and certainly wouldn't have expected to be confronted by Fang the Delectable, who seems, surprisingly, to have frozen at the sight of the inky blue fiend! You truly are in an adventure now. Your boy's heart would burst with pride if he could see you—though perhaps not with Fang's boot still on your ear.

The moment passes, as Fang galvanises his thews and girds his loins for action. He shoves you through the open door of the vault. How did he open the door without you hearing it, you ask yourself as you stagger into the dark vault under the weight of his forceful push. Then you remember the throbbing pain in your ear and understand why you heard nothing. You have to jerk your feet up to your knees, as if your life depended on it, as he pushes the door shut before charging at the intruders as though the odds were in his favour.

You're now in the dark, and not a sound from outside can reach you. What will happen, you fret, biting your fingernails down to the quick, if Fang is vanquished, if the hero is toppled? Then another fear gnaws at you, one that has never truly left you, the one that caused the gulf between you and your sainted mother: the dark. It is creeping up on you, you know it is—whatever reason might say. Frantically now, you scramble about, your hands groping for what? There must be a lantern and matches down here. But must there be? "There must!" you yell, your voice escaping the prison of your mouth. A shelf—yes, shelves often

hold lanterns. Careful now, you mustn't knock it over when you find it. You talk up the chances of freeing yourself from this lightless hell, incessantly crying out for a source of light to keep the most fearful places of your mind from being heard. "Argghh! Yoww! Noooo!" The pain is excruciating! Did something bite you, something wickedly vicious, something lurking, waiting? No. It was a mousetrap! Your hand is caught in it. Thank heavens that Fang isn't here to see this shame—small mercy no one will ever know of this moment, that your whole family won't be a laughing stock. You shake your hand vigorously, blinking back tears. Then you find it, a glowstone. Your hand flails into it, making the darkness recede to the edges of the vault. The mousetrap gets short shrift as you unceremoniously trample it to ruin. Then your eyes drink in the contents that share this normally impenetrable bowel of the bank.

Three walls contain row after row of numbered boxes. The numbers have letters appended, just as those recorded in Mr. Morgan's red ledger, the one that you guiltily skimmed through in his office. Back in the comfort zone of one of your bedrock skills, you quickly estimate that there must be more than five hundred boxes here. Then your gaze sweeps over the last wall, the one with the great vault door set in its centre. On each side of the door are two closets made of cherry wood and iron, each with a skull lock, and both oiled to gleam. Why, the keys are in the locks too. Who would have thought that Mr. Morgan could be so careless? Then you think again—foolish! Why shouldn't he leave the keys in the vault? Who would be able to unlock these burnished closets down here? He probably only hides the keys when his most valued clients are given access to their



boxes. At least it's you who's all alone in the vault; you're someone who never breaks his faith, who can be depended upon to the bitter end. Yet there is a number that stares out of the artificial light at you, refusing to let go now that it has your attention, and the letter tagged on to the number pulls at you too, number and letter united in their resolve to capture your thoughts.

Their corresponding box is the one attached to your name in the ledger, which is why they are hailing you so unswervingly. What did Fang say to you about property deeds? Surely yours are where they should be, upstairs, in the great safe set aside for the assets of the *hoi polloi*. But the thought is now there and it won't leave your side—you just know it won't. That's the trouble with an obsessive personality; it will not leave any stone unturned once duty is involved. If you had the key to the box, you would look inside it, you freely admit to yourself—just as you would, under oath or not, in any court in the land. But you don't have the key, of course, because you're not a prestigious well-heeled client but a hired hand who is sticking his nose into business that shouldn't concern him. Yet it might concern you, it really might! It's Fang's fault . . . if he hadn't mentioned the property deeds . . . Were you more like Fang you wouldn't even need the key, you'd just take out a hairpin and let your locks flow freely while you tumble the mechanism and reveal the secrets inside. The thought of it! A hairpin! Truly, that is most unlikely to ever be found in the monk's tonsure you sport. You're lucky to have any hair at all left at your age if you consider how young your father was when he was given the name *Slap Head*. But enough of this rambling diatribe. You cannot open the box and that is final. Still, there is something you can open: the closets. This night has clearly been a strain on you, and something has snapped.

Your feet take you to the left closet; your fingers turn the cold, hard key in the lock. You pull back the door, but inside is not what you were expecting—whatever that is, if anything. There are four shelves. On the top one rest a series of glass vials containing a dark-red liquid; on the ones below it rest vials containing green, then blue, then yellow fluids. Why would Mr. Morgan keep these in what you're accustomed to think of as the Vault of Valuables? Next, your feet find their way

over to the right-hand closet, and, once again, your body has no choice but to go with them. This time, it is your will that causes your fingers to turn the key and pull open the door. There is no surprise this time when you find four more shelves of securely stored glass containers, the colours of their liquids dull in comparison to those in the left cupboard. In descending order, you observe black, then brown, then grey, then white fluids. Your mind spins as you hazard wild guesses as to what they might be. Poisons! Liquid money! Alcohol! A vein in your temple bulges as another thought storms in on you. Mr. Morgan used to deal with the Wizards' Guild, and they used to send couriers with small packages marked *Handle with care, fragile*. It's likely that these are magic potions that Mr. Morgan received as payment for his banking services to the Guild. What could they be, an elixir of eternal youth? But Mr. Morgan does get a little older each year, so you must rule that out. Stupid speculation, plain stupid! You're not a wizard and you couldn't detect magic if you sat on it.

A great wallowing noise, a booming, comes from the great vault door. How can any sound reach you in here? Fang must be in trouble, he must need help! If you're all that he can call on, his days of derring-do are surely numbered. He shouldn't die here, outnumbered, in a bank. Heroes should die in a dungeon, fighting a great dragon, or falling into a bottomless abyss—that's what your boy always says, and he has one long list of acceptable ways for heroes to perish and another one just as long detailing their unacceptable demises, which include dying of old age, getting knocked over by a horse and cart, being mugged in a back street, or with their backs broken by a giant mousetrap. Were Fang to die here, his death would be just as bad as any of those, and he deserved better.

Frantically, unsuccessfully, you claw at the solid, immovable door. Then, as if possessed by a will not your own, you reach for one of the red potions and drink it. Ugh! It tastes just like your gums do when you cut them with your toothbrush. You shudder. You want to vomit. But then you feel fire in your sinews, you feel stronger, more powerful than any gnome has a right to feel. Invigorated, you reach for another potion. The blue liquid tastes icy cold on your tongue, and almost at once you feel lithe and nimble, you

whole body finely tuned for precise action. You have it, these are performance potions! No wonder Mr. Morgan seems, on occasion, to be able to do whatever he wants to do, even things that ought to be beyond a middle-aged, somewhat portly, bank manager. The yellow potion follows the blue, then the green. The ones in the other closet don't look so appealing and might be reducers—it would be like Mr. Morgan to prepare for all eventualities!

While you consider this, your eyes get drawn back to the box with the number and letter linked to your name. Now that your fingers feel so adroit, might it be possible for you to pick the lock just like Fang would? Fang! It's quiet again outside. Maybe Fang's won after all or maybe this is the black day when the great hero has met his maker. Either way, you decide, a quick pick at the lock won't make any difference to him now, so you take a paperclip from a tray and fiddle it inside the lock. A little more . . . just here . . . a bit to the left . . . bingo! You've done it; you've actually done hero's work—well, burglar's work more accurately. You slide the box out to see what it's been hiding.

Fang was right, the box holds the deeds to your house and one additional document. You feverishly read the latter, your hands sweating as they grip the parchment. It is a Deed of Assignment—signed by your wife—with the consideration that you keep your job against Mr. Morgan's better judgement. It reads: "In exchange for agreeing to employ an otherwise unexceptional employee for the rest of his days, I am hereby authorised to sell out your property in the unlikely event that I require due compensation for expenses necessarily, exclusively, and arbitrarily laid out by me in pursuit of any or all of my various activities, for whatever purposes I may deem fit for my multifarious concerns, without reference to you, your family members, or any legislation, save for myself." What can this mean, you wonder, your head fuzzing over. It sounds as if Mr. Morgan is being repaid for continuing to employ you with the right to sell your house whenever he wants to. It's preposterous! Is the same threat hanging over the unsuspecting head of each person on the list?

Bristling with indignation, you storm for the vault door, violence brewing in your heart in a concentration never before gathered within you. This time, the door is no match for your mood. You thrust it backwards, and the vault seems to spit you out into the corridor. You nearly slip over, but your enhanced sense of balance compensates for the treachery of the surface beneath your feet. Why would you slip here? You briefly reach down—not far for a gnome—and then touch your fingers to your nose . . . more blood? Whose is it this time? Not Fang's, you think, looking at the colour, because heroes have blue-tinged blood—or so your boy assures you.

The new, chemically altered you calls out loudly for Fang. You're no longer frightened at the thought of the intruders; it is they who had better look to their laurels! Fang's voice breathlessly calls back, great ragged pauses between each of his words. You climb the stairs three steps at a time and race through to the atrium, the place where the ordinary customers do their banking. There, in Mr. Morgan's normally respectable establishment, you see three tattered corpses laying behind Fang—surely, a hero would dispatch villains with far less mess than you've found here. Then, seeing the two other burglars fighting not against Fang but with him against the dark-blue inky fiend they deposited here this afternoon, the reason becomes clear. The fiend has proved a turncoat, and it wants blood and bone, not bonds and bullion. You briefly note the irony, then scoop up the blade of one of the fallen robbers and, in one panther-like leap, join the fight, thrusting the dagger, which seems like a great sword in your short arms, hard between Fang's legs. You feel the tip drive home and push it even deeper, caring little about Fang gasping in surprise at something so hard and lethal appearing from under his belt—let him take care of his personal honour while you take care of the fiend. The burglars step back in frank astonishment as you place one toe on the monster's shoulder and sever its head in one fell blow.

As you wipe your blade clean on the sideburns of one of the dead burglars, the oldest of the two remaining thieves grunts at his younger comrade. "We should adopt this one as a member of the

Wolf Clan, *hein?*” he says in a thick heathen accent. “Uncle Kannish,” the other replies, “this one reminds me of the dwarf that stood with me when I was slain by the river, and I will give my life for this pup too!” But their conversation is cut short by Fang, who asks if it really is you and what on earth happened to you down in the vault. When you tell him, he raises his sword arm again and tells the wolf brothers that he will cut their throats if they go down the stairs towards the remaining potions. Then he asks what you will do about Mr. Morgan. You haven’t thought about it, but with your spirit soaring to never-before-dreamt-of heights you clearly see what needs to be done.

You tell Fang that Mr. Morgan must have a chance to answer the charges that seemingly must be laid against him. You know that the contracts would not stand up even in one of Khaboom’s kangaroo courts if a lawyer like the rightly infamous Kissero were let loose on the case, but you tell Fang that you need him to deputise the wolf brothers and go round to Mr. Morgan’s house. “Jah,” says the older clansman, “then we kick his ass and cut his goulashes off!” With ringing authority, you make it clear that the orders are to escort Mr. Morgan back to the bank, to give him a fair chance to explain matters. You notice Fang is looking at you as if you were his party leader—what would your boy say to that! The younger wolf warrior salutes you and says, “You saved my bacon and my eggs, and I shall do as you wish, *mein Kommandant!*” He clicks his heels together and starts climbing out of the window, down to the street. Why do warrior types always avoid using doors, you wonder. “Will you be ok here alone?” Fang asks, and then shakes his head, acknowledging the unnecessary question.

With the three musclemen gone, you suddenly feel overcome with exhaustion. Are the draughts you swallowed wearing off? You jump, and raise your hands with alarm when you rocket up towards the ceiling. After catching hold of a chandelier and swinging over to the curtains, you gently descend to the floor, making a mental note to tell Mr. Morgan that the cleaning woman isn’t dusting the out-of-sight places. The potions are still in effect; the tiredness is simply from the thrill of it all. Feeling as if the world and his wife are your oysters, you mount the stairs and stroll freely into

Mr. Morgan’s office. You slip deep into his recliner chair and look out upon a world that is so changed from the one you woke into this morning. You slip further into daydreams of heroic tales that your boy would love, ones with a new hero—you! You swim in the reverie while waiting for the return of Fang, the wolf clansmen, and a bank manager who is in for a shock—you can just imagine the look that Mr. Morgan will soon be wearing on his austere face.

You jump from the chair as a loud *balloo* echoes up the stairs, followed by the gruff voices of the wolf clansmen cursing someone roundly. “Come down, Mr. Gnome! We’re back, we’ve got him!” you hear Fang’s crisp, clipped tone conveying all that is necessary and no more. You skitter down the stairs, nervous at the confrontation that you foolishly demanded. There he is, dressed immaculately in pinstripe robes, a crimson cloak that makes him well-nigh weatherproof, and a top hat that lends him great stature and gravitas. “Mr. Morgan, I’m very sorry, sir,” you begin to stammer, when the older wolf clansman stamps his foot hard, breaking the hold Mr. Morgan was beginning to cast on you. “None of that, Kaiser, or Kannish will string you up by the begonias,” Fang scolds. “I’ve seen him do it to better men than you.”

Mr. Morgan didn’t get to where he is by being cowed by wolf soldiers. He dismisses them with a disdainful toss of his head. He starts giving you a dressing down by icily giving precise instructions as to how you should clear your desk and pay the back rent for the use thereof. He doesn’t get any further, though. As Fang fans out before him a sheaf of property deeds with one hand, he swats him hard on the head with the red ledger of incrimination, crumpling his hat. For the first time, Mr. Morgan looks perturbed. With that concertina of a hat on his head, he suddenly seems cut down to mortal proportions. You laugh, unconsciously, and that gives you the courage to lay everything out on the line for your lord and master.

When he ventures a feeble “I can explain,” you wince as Kannish reaches down and malevolently squeezes him on body parts not made for such treatment. Tears well up in Mr. Morgan’s eyes, and he sobs, begging for mercy. “Sign back the rights

to my property and to those of all the other poor people you've duped," you command him—you! He coughs and wheezes and clutches his chest, but Fang honks on his nose harshly, telling him he had better not think of faking a heart attack or he'll get one for real, express delivery and gift-wrapped. Like a cur whipped good, you watch Mr. Morgan shuffle off towards the vaults. Everyone follows him, close on his heels, the wolf brothers ready to avenge any transgression real or imagined. As you bring up the rear, you realize that nothing can ever go back to how it was.

But Mr. Morgan has one card left to play, and it's a trump. He stops at the great door and makes as if to leap for one of the closets at the same time that he lets out a shrilling, piercing whistle. As you'd expect, the wolf clansmen are too fast, and they are past him before he has even moved. Then, with never-before-heard intensity, the thumping from the cellar starts up again. Fang instinctively sprints for the sound, and, with him gone, Mr. Morgan makes his move. You see him push what must be a concealed button on the wall. As you hear the two reformed burglars yell in shock, the vault door slams shut—this time, they were neither fast nor powerful enough to prevent Mr. Morgan from trapping them inside the room with all the loot they had wanted to make off with earlier. Then you see Mr. Morgan's hands reach for your throat. A futile assault, you think, unfazed. You have drunk the strength-boosting potion, and thus he can be no match for you. If he drank some, it must have been a long while ago, and those potions don't last forever—your boy has told you much about the ways of wizards, and his favourite, Weebo, was never able to brew an everlasting strength potion in his life. So what do you have to fear?

You swing your hand to bring the back of it ringing down across Mr. Morgan's cheek. How apt . . . the cheek! Yes, it does feel impertinent to strike your employer, even when he is trying to choke the life out of you, has embezzled your life's savings, and has taken the roof over your family's head. Curiously, at your slap, he releases his grip on your larynx and grins at you. You look at his twisted face and see something unexpected. Yellow eyes fixed on you, horns sprouting from his forehead, a barbed tail suddenly swaying from behind his back. Mr. Morgan's clawed hands reach

for you as his wide mouth, now sporting rows of shark's teeth, opens. What has happened to him, you wonder, panic beginning to worm its way into your heart. Mr. Morgan howls at you, and you feel the muscle constraining your bladder relax—you're no hero, no matter how many potions you drink. Pride comes before a fall, you well know, and your pride has undone you now.

As the thing that your boss has become—you can no longer think of it as Mr. Morgan—advances on you with a gleefully murderous and quite inhuman face, a noise behind you stabs its way into your dazed thoughts. Fang! You hear his feet pound on the floor, sprinting your way, and away from something. Something? The thing in the cellar! It must have been freed by that ear-splitting whistle. Fang and you . . . the meat in a lethal sandwich . . . what a pickle! To die alongside him is your boy's dream, but to have you die beside him would probably be something else he would cherish. If only your mortician would say nothing of your soiled trousers. . . .

At the sight of Mr. Morgan turned into a slaving, ravening monster, Fang halts. You feel his back against yours. It's Fang's last stand, and you're the bulwark he leans against, though, actually, with your height difference, his butt is resting on your head—well, you can forgive him the familiarity, *in extremis*. He begins whispering to you. You will be the only one to hear the brave last words that pass his lips, though they should be in the Khaboom Daily Mail or on a brass plaque at the foot of a statue made in his honour. What will those words be, you wonder as you prepare to be rent limb from limb. Then they drift down to your eager ears, and you weigh what he's said, sifting for poetic meaning as the final curtain falls on the drama of his life and deeds. What was that? You must have misheard. He seems to be reminiscing about a pet, a bird he must have known as a child on a farm—did he really grow up a farmer's son? He spits it out again, urgency making up for lack of volume, a big hand pressing down on your head. Duck! That's what he meant—nothing to do with ponds, you now realise.

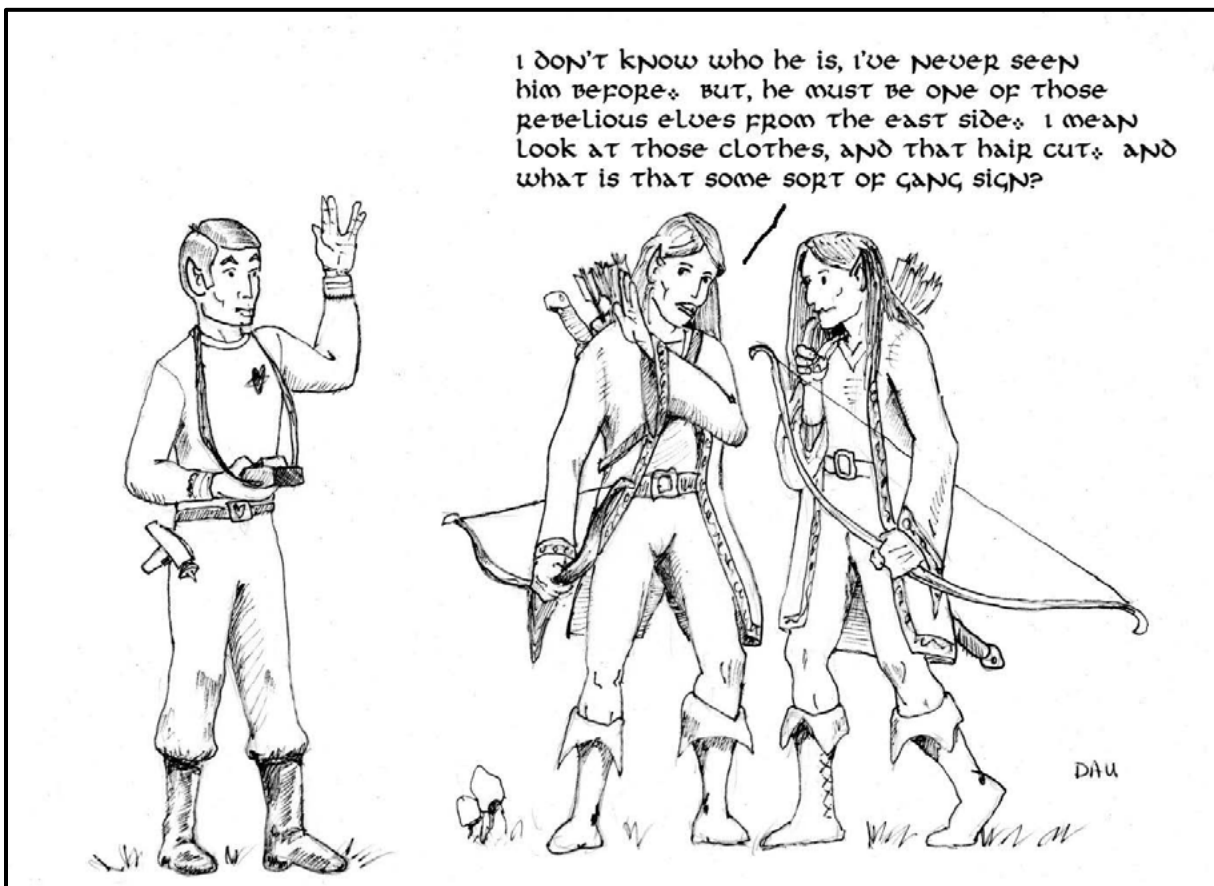
As you sprawl on the carpet, the monster that is Mr. Morgan and the beast from the cellar collide just a few inches above your head, teeth rending

flesh, talons peeling back skin, fists snapping bones. Wrapped in Fang's heavy arms, oddly snug as the mayhem above unfolds, it's impossible for you to know which scream comes from which mouth, or which blood gushes from which body. Something hot and wet and gasping soon lands on top of you, and then something else joins it, spewing a steamy gush of bodily fluids. You lie still as long as you dare, preferring not to think of what might happen next. Then someone hoists you to your feet and insists that you open your eyes. Thank all the powers that be! It's Fang! He kicks the corpses of the fallen fiends aside and winks at you. "We did it," he says. "You and I, we stopped Mr. Morgan and the demon he summoned. He should have known that only wizards can keep demons bound, no matter how much gold was promised. It was him in the cellar; he must have swallowed too many of those potions, which only ever do any good in small

doses. There's no such thing as a free lunch for a delver. I should know. The demon must have turned the tables on him, and locked him in the cellar while it feasted on all the gold that this bank and its gullible customers could supply. Well, they both came to a sticky end," Fang declares, as he wipes something sticky from his chin. "Tell you what," he adds contentedly, "I'll let those two wolf robbers out of the vault and let them off with a warning while you go rouse a bard to compose music and verses. This evening will make a great ballad!"

You permit yourself a satisfied smile. Your boy will like this, Fang and you forever coupled in song, celebrated in every tavern from here to Khazan! Perhaps you'll get a promotion now that Mr. Morgan is unable to take up the reins again . . . perhaps you'll get your boy into wizards' school after all.

Muddled Earth by David A. Ullery



Rocketry in T&T

Ballistics a Little More Random

By Justin T. Williams

Military rockets appeared in China in the 11th century in the form of "fire arrows" and the technology reached Europe in the 13th century where it went through periods of disfavor and vogue for centuries. Military rocketry was popular in India which produced advances in the field, but while most European armies had a rocket corps the unpredictable and even capricious nature of rocketry kept the limelight firmly on artillery.

However, rockets had several advantages that kept them on the battlefield from ancient China to the Renaissance and all the way through WWII and today. Rockets, especially early rockets, were far more portable than the artillery that existed alongside of them. This made them an excellent choice for quick strikes from unexpected positions and while their creation and use was labor intensive, rocket production required less skilled artisans than those needed for cannon or heavy siege engine production.

Also worth noting is the psychological effect of early rockets: thousands of rockets arcing through the air could demoralize and even panic armies—especially those with a heavy reliance on cavalry. Even armies with little use for rockets as weapons found them invaluable as signaling devices as they could increase battlefield communication and unit coordination at night or over the din of pitched battle.

So, if you are in the mood for something a little different, a bit random, and maybe a tad dangerous, give these rockets a try and unleash a bit of ballistic chaos into your campaign.

The Basics

Targeting: Rockets do not need to directly hit their targets to do damage; however, as early rockets were erratic and unpredictable, whoever is launching the rocket must make a L3SR on DEX to hit the target area.

Damage: A rocket's explosion is as unpredictable as its flight pattern so unless otherwise noted, those caught in the blast must make a L2SR on DEX or LK (target's choice). Success leaves the target unscathed. Failure results in full damage.

Misfires: When a three (a two and a one on the dice) is rolled on a to-hit roll something has gone wrong. Roll 2D6 and consult the *Rocket Misfire Table*. [Note: for rockets not requiring the to-hit roll, the GM should roll two dice and check for a misfire.]

Rocket Misfire Table

2-3: Badly packed charge: The rocket's charge is badly packed and the fuel burns unevenly going only half the distance intended.

4-6: Dangerous trajectory: The rocket turns to the side or curves back toward the firer. All characters must make a L2SR on DEX or LK to avoid the rocket. If more than one character fails the roll damage is divided between those who failed.

7-8: Dud: The rocket is faulty and nothing happens after the fuse reaches the powder.

9: Fuse fizzle: The rocket's fuse fizzes and must be replaced before the rocket can be fired.

10: Fast fuse: The fuse burns faster than expected and the rocket fires prematurely. The to-hit SR is re-rolled at +2 levels of difficulty.

11: Slow Burn: The rocket seems to be a dud, but the powder is slightly damp or packed too tightly and will not ignite until the next round. All surrounding characters who do not explicitly say they are taking precautions around the still motionless rocket must make a L2SR on DEX or LK (player's choice) to avoid being in the rocket's path when it takes off.

12: Explosion: The vent is blocked and the rocket explodes doing full damage to all characters and items in range.

Note: In cases of multiple launch devices such as the Hwacha, the rocket kite or banks of rockets, a misfire will affect 10% of the rockets involved

unless a L2SR is made on LK or INT (player's choice). If the SR is successful, only a single rocket is affected.

Name: Bamboo/Paper Rockets

Size: Light: 3' foot guide stick and 1' foot rocket

Medium: 5' foot guide stick and 1 1/2' foot rocket

Heavy: 12' foot guide stick and 2' foot rocket

Cost (GP): Light: 25; Medium: 50; Heavy: 100

Dice + Adds: Light: 6D+10; Medium: 8D+10;

Heavy: 12D+10

STR Req.: 8

DEX Req.: 8

To Hit: L3SR on DEX

Damage radius: 10'

Weight (wu): Light: 35; Medium: 55; Heavy: 100

Description: A rocket with the propellant and explosive charge contained in a hollow bamboo tube or wrapped in paper and stabilized with a flight stick.

Name: Iron Rocket

Size: Light: 4' foot guide stick and 1' foot rocket

Medium: 6' foot guide stick and 1 1/2' foot rocket

Heavy: 15' foot guide stick and 2' foot rocket

Cost (GP): Light: 40; Medium: 100; Heavy: 150

Dice + Adds: Light: 8D10+15; Medium:

12D+15; Heavy: 20D+15

STR Req.: 10

DEX Req.: 8

To Hit: L3SR on DEX

Damage radius: 10'

Weight (wu): Light: 100; Medium: 150; Heavy: 300

Description: A rocket with the propellant and explosive charge contained in a hollow iron tube and stabilized with a flight stick. It does greater damage than its paper or bamboo predecessor because the iron container creates greater explosive compression and deadlier shrapnel.

Name: Sword Rockets

Size: 3.5' straight sword guide stick and 1' rocket

Cost (GP): 65

Dice + Adds: 10D+15 Rocket explosion / 3D6+10 for sword

STR Req.: 9

DEX Req.: 8

To Hit: L3SR on DEX

Damage radius: 10'

Weight (wu): 80

Description: A rocket with the propellant and



explosive charge contained in a hollow iron tube and stabilized with a sword-blade flight stick.

Note: The stabilizing stick sword-blade will begin tumbling at the height of the rocket's arc and will skewer whoever fails his or her SR by the widest margin.

Name: Signal Rockets

Size: 2' guide stick and 6" of rocket

Cost (GP): 15

Dice + Adds: 5D+10

STR Req.: 5

DEX Req.: 5

To Hit: L3SR on DEX

Damage radius: 5'

Weight: 30

Description: A rocket with the propellant charge contained in a hollow bamboo tube or wrapped in paper and stabilized with a flight stick. Signal Rockets carry only a small charge and are designed to explode at the height of their arc in a shower of sparks. More advanced rocket producers combine other chemicals with their gunpowder charge to produce different colors allowing more detailed communications.

Name: Flare Rockets / Parachute Flares

Size: 3' guide stick and 1' of rocket

Cost (GP): 15/25

Dice + Adds: 3D+5

STR Req.: 8

DEX Req.: 5

To Hit: L3SR on DEX

Damage radius: See notes below

Weight (wu): 50

Description: A rocket with the propellant charge contained in a hollow bamboo tube or wrapped in paper and stabilized with a flight stick. Flare rockets and parachute flares are designed to explode high in the air, burning with a brilliant light as they slowly drift to the ground.

Notes: Flare Rockets will illuminate a large area for two combat rounds, providing sufficient light for effective fighting. Parachute Flares act similarly, but their effects last for four combat rounds. Unlike other rockets, Flare Rockets do not explode and if used as a weapon they are only useful at limited ranges and will only damage a single target.

Name: Fire Arrows

Size: 3' arrow with rocket attached

Cost (GP): 20

Dice + Adds: 5D+10

STR Req.: 8

DEX Req.: 10

To Hit: L3SR on DEX

Damage radius: See note below

Weight (wu): 5

Description: Fire arrows are arrows with rocket propelling charges attached.

Note: Fire arrows do not cause huge explosions and will only damage a single target.

Name: "Beehive" Rocket Launcher

Size: A man-sized portable rocket launcher

Cost (GP): 280

Dice + Adds: 4D6+10*

STR Req.: 14

DEX Req.: 15

To Hit: See note below

Damage radius: See note below

Weight (wu): 300

Description: A wooden hexagonal cone open on one side and fired while held to the side of the body. When not readied to fire a close fitting wooden lid covers the top and open side of the

beehive. Twelve fire arrows fit into slots in the beehive and are connected by a single fuse, so that they all fire simultaneously.

Notes: All units in front of the beehive must make a L2SR on LK (or DEX if they are capable of dodging—GM's decision) or be hit by at least one arrow. However, as the beehive is designed to create the maximum pattern of dispersion of fire arrows it will not score more than one hit on the same target unless fired at point blank range, or if a target fumbles the LK SR, which will result in two hits. A giant-sized creature (15' or larger) will face double damage if it is fired upon at close or point-blank range and it fails its SR.

Name: Hwacha Rocket Launcher

Size: A large box-frame mounted on a two-wheeled hand cart.

Cost (GP): 2800

Dice + Adds: 4D+10

STR Req.: 10

DEX Req.: 8

Weight (wu): 550 unloaded and 600 Loaded

Description: A large upright box-frame honeycombed with tubes mounted on wheelbarrow-like cart that can be set up in a tripod-like arrangement. Fire arrows fit in the tubes lending them greater stability after launch.

Notes: The Hwacha is designed to be used against densely packed infantry or to saturate an area with suppressive fire. A typical Hwacha carries 98 to 120 fire arrows (described above) that are fired simultaneously covering a wide area. All units in front of the Hwacha must make a L2SR on LK (or DEX if they are capable of dodging—GM's decision) or be hit by at least one arrow. However, as the Hwacha is designed to create the maximum pattern of dispersion of fire arrows, it will not score more than one hit on the same target unless fired at point blank range or a target fumbles the LK SR, which will result in two hits. A giant-sized creature (15' or larger) will face double damage from the Hwacha or triple damage if it is fired upon at close or point-blank range and it fails its SR.





Name: Rocket Kite

Size: A man-sized (or larger, depending on the load) box frame kite with 4 to 8 rockets attached

Cost (GP): 240

Dice + Adds: 4 rockets: 16D+20; 6 rockets: 22D+40; 8 rockets: 28D+60

STR Req.: 15

DEX Req.: 8

To Hit: L2SR on DEX

Weight (wu): 4 rockets: 300; 6 rockets: 400; 8 rockets: 500

Description: A large box frame kite with 4 to 8 bamboo or paper rockets attached designed to be flown over enemy formations and then the fuses for the rockets lit and the rockets fired down into the enemy.

Notes: The Rocket Kite is more of a siege weapon and is only used on either fixed positions or extremely large bodies of infantry. It requires a crew of four to launch and fly—providing weather conditions are suitable. Once over the enemy the rockets are fired down into the enemy position.

Name: Flying Bomb or "Flying Crow with God's Fire"

Size: A larger than man-sized plane-shaped kite

Cost (GP): 500

Dice + Adds: 50D+75

STR Req.: 12

DEX Req.: 10

Damage radius: 15'

Weight (wu): 600

Description: A large airplane or bird-shaped kite with four under-mounted rockets tipped with spear blades that propel it across the battlefield to deliver the explosive charge which is housed in the main body of the airplane or bird-like kite. It is launched from a ramp or over the side of a wall or cliff, most often at enemy formations, siege works, machines or emplacements.

Name: Rocket Torpedo

Size: Large flying saucer-shaped pod

Cost (GP): 275

Dice + Adds: 60D+75

STR Req.: 14

DEX Req.: 10

To Hit: L3SR on DEX

Weight (wu): 750

Description: Designed in Italy by Joanes de Fontana, the rocket torpedo is a large flying saucer shaped pod with a wedge-shaped blade at the front and the rocket vent and two stabilizing fins in the rear. Once fired, it skims over the surface of the water and detonates upon ramming into its floating target.

Name: Bank of Rockets

Size: A rack of five Rockets mounted on a wooden framework slightly wider than the width of the five rockets.

Cost: By rocket type

Dice + Adds:

Bamboo/Paper Rockets: Medium: 24D+25; Heavy: 38D+25

Iron Rockets: Medium: 38D+25; Heavy: 70D+25

STR Req.: 10

DEX Req.: 8

To Hit: L2SR on DEX

Damage radius: 10'

Weight (wu): 750

Description: A rack of five rockets mounted on a wooden framework either on a mobile carriage or attached to the side of a ship.

Name: Rocket Tube

Size: Bazooka-like rocket launcher that uses medium and small rockets only (no sword rockets, flares, or signal rockets).

Cost: Small: 35 GP; Medium: 50 GP

Dice + Adds: By rocket type

STR Req.: 12

DEX Req.: 14

To Hit: L2SR on DEX

Damage radius: By rocket type

Weight (wu): 100 plus the weight of the rocket

Description: A bazooka-like rocket launcher manned by a crew of two: one to aim the tube and one to load the rocket and light the fuse. Jean Froissart designed the rocket tube, discovering that he could achieve more accurate, stable flights by launching rockets through tubes.

Unwanted Magic

Magic You Don't Want Your Players to Find

By Grandpa Chet

WALKIE-TALKIE

School: Cosmic

WIZ Cost: 2

Range: 7 miles

Duration: Until the batteries run out.

Power Up?: If the caster casts this spell in conjunction with EVEREADY, it keeps going and going and going...

Description: This spell enables the caster to communicate verbally with any person they choose, who is within range. If caster and receiver forget to say "over" after each spoken message, the connection is lost. If the final speaker (either caster or receiver) forgets to end their conversation with "over and out," their players are to be mocked for their ignorance.

BULLDOZIER

School: Combat

WIZ Cost: 4

Range: Self

Duration: Until combat is completed.

Power Up?: Yes, but only for damage.

Description: Upon finding oneself (and up to one companion) overwhelmed by foes, the caster hops once, bringing down both feet as far apart as possible and clicking their fists together, knuckles first. The spell will then cause the opposing characters, whether NPC or PC, to be distracted by large letters spelling "BAM!", "WHACK!",

"ZOWIE!", or other clever descriptors. These words will obscure the caster and one companion during combat as if behind 75% "cover." If there are no rules for "cover" in Deluxe Tunnels & Trolls, the WIZ points are lost and really bad action music is played.

CALL FORTH KHENN'S HEAD

School: Conjuring

WIZ Cost: 42

Range: 50 feet and 7 toes

Duration: 1.4 combat turns

Power Up?: Yes, if included with 7 Up.

Description: Conjures the head of the Trollgod's human alter-ego. Since everyone knows there is only one Trollgod, there is much debate as to whether this spell calls forth the actual head or a simulacrum. The head shoots flames from its eyes and floats approximately six feet from the ground - and rather quickly at that. With every strike from its eye flames, a target loses one point from a random attribute. If challenged, the Head of Khenn may choose to immediately take over the position of the target's family patriarch, using its Level 17 House Rule spell, at no loss to its WIZ. Being only a head, it cannot, at any rate, WIZ. Extreme caution should be used with this spell, and it should never be used twice. (See "Quit While You're A Head").



The Cost of Freedom

By Ira Lee Gossett

Liam Devlin at your service. Since moving to America, I've been the owner and chief operator of the Eire Investigation Detective Agency. Since it pays to have a "partner", I sublease myself out to the Million Dollar Detective Agency (motto: Because you feel like a million bucks when we're done). Nothing I'd turn my tongue to, but it's turned out alright as they toss a lot of their extra work my way.

It was a Tuesday when a tall man in a badly wrinkled overcoat came into my office.

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," he swore as he entered. "I thought it was to be warm in California, not this cold and damp mess like London in the fog." If his swearing didn't tip me off, his light brogue would have; a fellow Irishman.

"San Francisco is always cold, me friend. Has to do with the bay and winds, or so I'm told. What brings you to me fine establishment?" I asked.

"I'll not be telling you me name, but know the Army Counsel send's word," he replied. "The thought is that England will soon have its hands full with Mr. Hitler, so the Counsel is bringing in guns to help fight the good fight for Irish Independence. But a couple of Black and Tan's arrived recently and are secretly in America working under Hoover's nose. Their orders are to stop our guns from ever arriving."

"The Counsel knows I put all that behind me in '37 when I immigrated," I said.

The tall man just shook his head.

"You know the motto man," he said simply. "Once in, never out."

With those words I contacted the Million Dollar Detective Agency to let them know that I'd be unavailable for a bit and had the tall man give me a full briefing.

It seemed the Counsel had contracted one Rodrigo de Castel Nuovo to deliver the guns. He was not a friend to the cause, just an "honest" international arms dealer. Word was that if he said he'd deliver, he delivered; no going back on the deal or selling you out to get double the money. It seemed that he picked up a load of WWI surplus weapons and we'd bought them up.

My job was simply to ensure the ship came and went with no legal tangles from anyone. Nothing more was being asked of me so I figured, why not. Of course I knew the 'requests' would keep coming, but if I could at least talk the Counsel into paying me, I'd be happy.

So I told the tall man to contact his people here and tell them I'd do it, but I got \$25.00 a day plus expenses for jobs. If they wanted my best, they better put up or shut up.

The tall man then told me Rodrigo was staying at the Francis Drake Hotel and to contact him there to get a shipping schedule. I told him to be sure to bring my money the day after the ship cleared the harbor.



A quick phone call got me an invite to go see Rodrigo.

“Señor Nuovo, pleased to meet you,” I said when he answered the door. About as pleased as sticking my arm into a lion’s mouth, I thought. Rodrigo, while honest, was shady looking fellow with dead eyes that followed you even when not looking at you.

“I’m told by friends that you can tell me of the Mary Rose,” I said. “Specifically when she’s to arrive and leave harbor. Also, which dock she is to be found.”

“She arrives the day after tomorrow with a load of South American fruit,” Rodrigo replied. “Under the cover of unloading the fruit, the cargo will go aboard into the hold. She’ll tie up along Pier 42 across from my warehouse. That way, nothing sits around in the open. A neat sleight of hand, yes?” Rodrigo said with a smile.

“Very neat Señor,” I agreed. “Could you tell me how much ‘cargo’ we’re talking about?”

“Certainly; 2000 rifles, 100 Lewis machine guns, and 25 mortars. The unloading and loading should take seven hours with the Rose ready to sail with the morning tide.”

“And your people?” I asked. “Any chance of a leak there?”

“None,” Rodrigo said sharply. “My crew knows what happens to those that talk, and I pay them above normal wages to work quietly. No my friend, any trouble will come from a different side.”

I should have given this last comment more credit as I said my good-byes and assured him that I’d be watching out for both parties.

It was the easiest thing in the world for someone to track me to my contact and then figure out where I was going.

Of course, I thought none of this as I checked out Rodrigo’s warehouse down on Pier 42.

Arriving, I checked to see if I could see anything through the windows. Then, not really expecting anything to come of it, I went around testing doorknobs. Imagine my surprise when one turned beneath my hand. Pretty sloppy, I thought as I eased it open. That’s when I got surprise number two as the door opened on freshly oiled hinges.

Drawing my trusty Mauser Bolo, I slipped inside and slid off to the side so as not to be backlit by the open door. The quiet squeak of nails coming out of wood told me whoever was in with me was too busy to pay attention to the door. I eased the door closed, so as not to give myself away, and went looking for the source of the noise.

I found two men hunched over a case with a crowbar and rag, which explained the lack of noise opening the case.

Once it was opened, one of the men exclaimed with a strong Hertfordshire accent, “There you go, mate. Scratch an arms dealer and you’ll find arms.”

“So our informant was right; they’re buying arms illegally for Ireland,” the other one added

I didn’t like the sound of an informant being so near the top; I’d have to find out about that later.

“Let’s put that crowbar down nice and easy,” I said loudly, surprising them. “Then turn around slowly.”

The first man made as if to put down his tool, but then whipped around and threw it at where my voice had been. Expecting something just like this, I had slid over to my left.

‘Whoosh’ went the wrecking bar, ‘bang’ went my Bolo into the man’s kneecap.

The other man produced a .38 and we traded shots. Just as we were both reloading, the sound of police sirens came to our ears. He was away like a shot while I wrestled with my stripper clip. I finally got off one last shot at him before he disappeared through the door.

Checking on the other guy I saw that he had caught a stray bullet in the chest and was long

dead. I quickly grabbed his wallet and made myself scarce as the police descended on the warehouse.

I found a quiet, dimly lit spot to see who the mystery man was. It seemed the man's name was Pennywise Markham. Given that he had British Army identification, he must have been one of the Black and Tan's I'd been told about. Also inside was a description of the tall man who had hired me the day before. It gave his name as Michael Murphy, a part time singer. The last item was four one-hundred dollar bills. The money went into my pocket, while the rest went to the bottom of the bay.

Since it was late and I couldn't do anything else with the Police around, I called it a night and took cab home.

The next morning I received a phone call asking me to call on Señor Nuovo at my earliest convenience. I swear, I should just hand out business cards if I was this easy to find.

"Good morning, Señor Nuovo," I said as I entered the hotel room once again. "I hope the police didn't cause you too much trouble last night."

"I pay certain parties to take care of things like this," Rodrigo said with a wave of his hand. "Unfortunately after the police found the guns, they couldn't stop the FBI from being called in."

"Is this a problem Senor?" I asked.

"No," Rodrigo answered calmly. "My captain, Chicard Smithye, keeps a second set of sailing books and papers which showed the arms were intended for a friendly country. All this does is

make our loading a bit more visual. Nothing more."

"Good. I'll stay in the area until the Mary Rose sails."

"What you do with your time is, of course, up to you." Rodrigo said with a shrug.

The day went quietly. Fruit came off the ship and the guns went on. But it all went slowly as there seemed to be an inordinate number of port officials. It was after dark when the last few crates finally went on the ship. Cloaked by the night, I wandered into the warehouse; just one more hard working port official.

"Stop right there, chum," a voice said from behind me. "Federal agent; I don't think you belong here, but I'll bet you can tell me where these guns are really headed."

Not wishing to get any holes in my semi-new suit, I raised my hands up to shoulder height and slowly turned around.

"Evening agent," I said. "Just walking by and thought I'd take a peek at what was going on."

"Hold it right there, both of you," a man with a familiarly strong accent demanded. "If there's anything left of him when I'm done, then you can have your shot at him."

Hearing the voice behind him, the agent half turned his head. The Black and Tan moved to cover him.

Seeing my chance, I quickly drew my Bolo and put a round into the agent, dropping him like a sack of



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wet cement. I then shot at the Black and Tan. My second shot pegged him in the upper thigh. Through gritted teeth, he fired one last shot at me and then hobbled off.

"This isn't over Paddy," he shouted over his shoulder. "The guns still have to arrive!"

Hearing sirens once again, I got an arm under the dead agent's arm and picked him up. Fishing my flask out of my jacket, I poured whisky on the both of us. We'd be just another pair of drunken sailors on their way back to their ship.

I pointed my burden towards the Mary Rose and, after stumbling up the gangway, I told the second mate we'd need to put him somewhere.

A phone call and gallon of coffee later, I was able to slip back ashore. This time I took a cab from one of the waterfront dives I'd gone into for a pit stop.

In the morning I watched the Mary Rose sail out

of the bay and then went to have breakfast to celebrate.

Later the next day I told Michael Murphy about the highly placed informer with access to the Council. As he started to leave, I stopped him with a loud cough.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" I said. "Three day's work at \$25.00 a day and three cab rides at \$1.50 each."

As he tossed the money onto my desk and left, I couldn't help but think on that \$400.00 that I found. Not bad for three days of work. As for the other Black and Tan, I could only hope that he bled to death, since if he made it back to England they'd just send someone else to finish the job.

Before I could worry too long, the phone rang. My contact at the Million Dollar Detective Agency asked if I'd be available to come discuss a job.

Work, work, work. Thinking that I just couldn't catch a break, I said yes.



Lo' there do I see!

Tunnels & Trolls

monsters

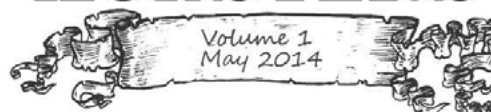
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Deep Trouble

AT&T GM Adventure

By Thessaly Tracy

Deep Trouble is a GM adventure for 3-6 characters with combined personal adds totaling between 80 and 140. That said GM's should find it simple to change the Monster Ratings to make the adventure easier or harder without needing to change much about the adventure itself. *Deep Trouble* is designed for use with the 7.5e *T&T* rules, but can be easily modified for earlier (or later) editions.

Blue Oyster Shoals

The town of Blue Oyster Shoals is a medium-sized coastal town with a population hovering around 2,000. It has a mostly human population, though there are a fair number of Hobbs, and a few Fairies and Leprechauns. Elves and Dwarves do visit from time to time, but usually find themselves restless for more mountainous and forested places. The striking exceptions are the dwarves Big Money Boggs and Sylvia Rockhollow. Boggs has a deep vault dug into the coral and bedrock below the town, magically protected and trapped. Boggs rents "security deposit boxes" in

this vault, in which many in the pearl business store their pearls and gold. Sylvia owns and runs the Inn and Tavern.

The land is flat, the soil sandy, and the climate ranges from somewhat cool in winter to stiflingly hot in the summer, although ocean breezes mitigate the heat somewhat in summer. The town's key exports are pearls, salt, and coral. Citizens are affluent by continental standards, and most have a bit of disposable income. The primary food sources, fish and coconuts, are abundant.

Characters might be visiting Blue Oyster Shoals as a layover while on a nautical journey, or may have arrived to serve as hired guards for a pearl shipment. Regardless, they are likely to be staying at the *Blue Oyster Shoals Inn* (famous for its natural coral lined bathing pool, which itself is pretty dirty) and drinking and dining at its sister business, *The Wasted Mermaid*. Both businesses are owned and run by Sylvia Rockhollow (STR 20 CON 26 DEX 8 SPD 13 INT 15 LK 19 CHR 21 WIZ 10 ADDS: +15). Sylvia is a sassy, heavyset, dwarven female with a pink beehive hairdo. She calls everyone "darlin", "honey", "sugar", or "old sawlty dawg" (the last only if she really takes a shine to someone).

The inn is popular for its kelp wrapped, oven roasted fish and for the variety of ales it features (usually two), mainly by virtue of being on so many seagoing trade routes. The inn and tavern are "run-down" in a charming, beach town sort of way. The salt air warps wood, and destroys paint quickly, so walls, beams, and furniture are weathered, gray, and often full of splinters. In the daytime, *The Wasted Mermaid* will house only one or two dedicated drunks, and perhaps a merchant or two here on business. In the evening, however, the tavern is full of regulars gossiping and caterwauling. The dancing girl Aurielle, who dresses in a mermaid costume, gets quite a lot of



attention; but don't touch lest the bouncer Bluto (STR 26 CON 26 DEX 21 SPD 9 INT 10 LK 23 CHR 11 WIZ 5 ADDS: + 34) physically throw you out. Bluto is in love with Sylvia, but his gruff demeanor and his emotional stonewalling have prevented him from ever admitting it.

Further development of the town is left to the GM.

Rumors and Gossip

Currently there has been much discussion amongst the townsfolk regarding the unexpected deaths of three of the towns most experienced pearl divers. At first it was believed that shark attacks or drowning was responsible, but the third diver was taken from his hammock.... during the night... and with strange tracks leading back to the sea. No bodies have been found, but the diver's sandals were found floating near the shore.

Rumors circulate about evil pearls and moon madness, and can be heard at night in the tavern, but these are all just speculative and cannot be confirmed by any evidence.

A Wizard Approaches

The Wizards Guild, the only stone building in town, is small and not altogether impressive. The only resident wizard is a man by the name of Duke Hazzard. Townspeople regard him as "off his rocker", but respect him as a healer and scholar. When he approaches the PC's, whether at the tavern or the bathing pool as they relax, it has nothing whatsoever to do with the unlucky divers.

Duke Hazzard (Human Level 4 Wizard)
STR 16 CON 14 DEX 14 SPD 9 INT 36 LK 19
CHR 15 WIZ 40 ADDS: +13
Spells: All 1st level; 2nd level: Whammy, Cateyes, Glue You, Poor Baby; 3rd level: Slush Yuck, Dis-Spell, Healing Feeling, Blasting Power, 4th level: Smog, Too- Bad Toxin, Double Double.

"Hail and well met travelers!" Duke exclaims in a booming voice when he crosses paths with the adventurers. "You are strangers to Blue Oyster Shoals I'll wager, as I never forget a face, yet yours are unfamiliar. I am Duke Hazzard...Guild Lord and researcher!" Duke is a big man, fit and hale,

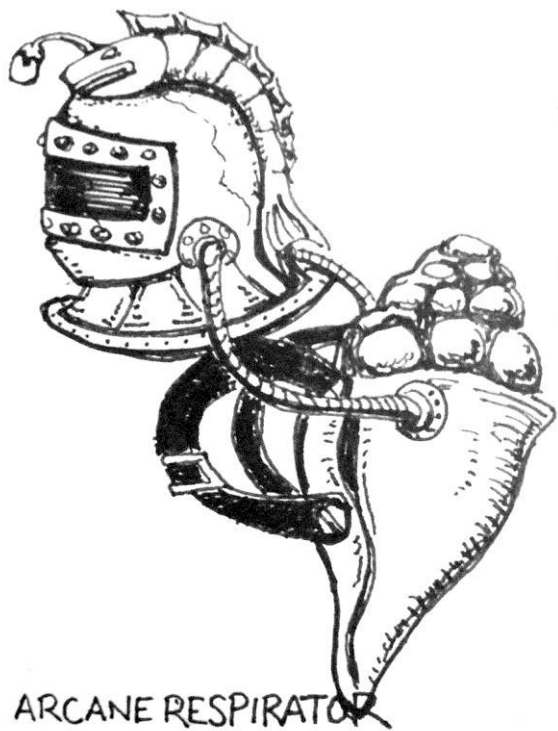


with an untamed brown beard and one eye whose iris has no color. He dresses simply, without pomp or circumstance, in simple brown robes that match his beard.

Duke explains that a small sailing ship, the *Wave Runner*, was sunk in a storm off the coast of Blue Oyster Shoals. A shipment of magical supplies and research equipment which was being delivered to him was part of the *Wave Runner's* cargo.

"This equipment included a number of copper and glass kremm batteries, which I require to power my newest creations," he explains. "I am looking for individuals bold enough to go beneath the sea and recover my treasure from the wreck. I see you think me mad and you're wondering how such a thing is possible! If you will join me in my home for dinner this evening, I shall explain further."

That evening in his home, Duke, (after dining on succulent, all you can eat, crab legs), shows the PCs some marvelous looking devices, the likes of which they will not have seen before. Very large cone shaped shells have been fitted with leather straps, giving them the appearance of unusual backpacks. Attached to these shells via two tubes



are bronze, globe like helmets with clear glass faceplates riveted to the front. Surmounting these helms are bioluminescent lanterns, designed to look like fish. In the rear of the shell, into which a kremm battery can be plugged.

“You’ve not seen the like, eh?” Duke thunders, obviously proud of his achievement. “When I have the extra batteries required to power these, more pearls will be harvested from the coast of Blue Oyster Shoals than anywhere on the continent! I will make this entire town wealthy beyond imagination! Alas, at the moment, I have only enough to power the devices for 24 hours each. I will pay you in gold, 500 coins to each of you, if you can bring back my supplies intact.”

If the characters agree, Duke will show them how the breathing tanks are worn on the back, and how the helms create a magical seal that makes them water and air tight when placed over the head. The diving equipment is magical, but still weighs quite a bit. Its bulk is enough to reduce each character’s DEX by 3 while being worn underwater. Duke believes the wreck lies just off the coastline of Blue Oyster Shoals, but has no way of giving an exact location.

Duke Hazzard pays half the required amount up front. He has as many breathing tanks as there are characters, plus one to spare. He states that the spare tank is his most advanced and is designed for him personally. He will not loan out the spare tank, as he sees it as his last hope should the adventurers fail.

Finding the Wreck

The method of finding and reaching the wreck of the *Wave Runner* is left to the characters. The last of Duke’s kremm batteries will provide 24 hours of air to each tank. Complicating matters is visibility, which can vary somewhat with the weather. Clouds may blot out sunshine and river silt creates an impenetrable “fog”, but visibility is never more than 50’ in water when deeper than 20’. These factors prevent characters from getting an “eagle-eye” view of the underwater landscape. Play up the alien atmosphere with eerie, distant whale song, hazy images of large shadowy fish at the edge of character’s field of vision, and rip tides that might temporarily sweep some party members far away from the others.

Due to the weight of the tanks, walking along the bottom is the path of least resistance, but a L2SR on STR (or possibly LK, as buoyant currents might be passing by) will enable any character to swim upwards at any time. Movement is obviously somewhat encumbered, although the exact effects of this are left up to the GM. These might change in accordance with environment or circumstance. Personal adds from STR are reduced by 4 when underwater. For purposes of SRs, however, STR remains the same. Personal adds from DEX are unchanged, but DEX is reduced by 3 for the purpose of SRs due to water resistance. Only stabbing weapons are effective underwater; daggers, spears, and tridents will function normally. Since most swords can be used as piercing weapons, they may be used, but get no weapon adds. Hacking and bashing weapons such as axes, hammers, and flails are useless. The exceptions to this rule are the Squidweirds tentacle mace, which is enchanted, and the Kuda men’s terbutje swords, as these were designed to be used underwater.

Beneath the waves is a whole new world. The

societies and groups that exist there have their own concerns and interests, with very little connection to anything in the upper, air-breathing world.

Wandering Monster Table

Roll 1D6 every 30 minutes of travel time. On a roll of 1 roll 1D6 on the following table.

1-2: Giant Carnivorous Clam. The clam is currently in an open position with a large exposed pearl worth 300 GP. The clam has zero movement, but a STR of 70 should it slam shut on a character. It is a L5SR on STR to pry it open. The giant clam has a MR of 125 and armor that takes 25 hits.

3: Psionic Brain Coral. This brain-shaped coral feeds on the INT of other sentient beings. It will pick the closest sentient being and make an INT-based attack. The brain coral's INT is 17. If the victim is more intelligent it will feel dizzy and strange, but nothing more. If less intelligent, the victim will take the difference between its INT and the coral's INT as permanent damage to its own INT. In addition, the INT of the coral will be permanently increased by half that amount (rounded down). Moving out of range of the coral (100') is not difficult, but only a reverse curse can restore the lost INT points. It has a MR of 15.

4-5: Swarm of carnivorous mermaid fingerlings with a MR of 80.

6: Dire sea cucumber. This creature looks very much like an underwater rock or piece of coral (L2SR on INT to spot). If anyone approaches within 20' of the sea cucumber it will project six ropelike tentacles which take a L3SR on DEX to avoid. If the SR is failed, then the sea cucumber will pull the victim toward its toothy maw at the rate of 10' per turn. Breaking free of the tentacles requires L2SR on STR, +1 level for every two tentacles holding the character. Each tentacle has a CON of 30 and a STR of 20. Once reaching the maw, the sea cucumber rolls damage in accordance with its MR of 80.

Area Map Key

The Area Map contains four different types of terrain. There is a vast amount of sandy "plain", which slopes gently so that the water becomes gradually deeper overhead. The plain is not

entirely featureless, but there are few obstacles and movement through this terrain, including walking along the bottom, is generally easier than elsewhere. Sea life on the sandy plain includes giant sea urchin colonies and the occasional octopus, crab, or fish school.

The second type of terrain is kelp forest. Visibility is reduced to a mere 10' in thicker parts of the kelp forests. All manner of sea life take shelter and live amongst the strands of kelp. The most dangerous of these might be an encounter with a giant moray eel or two. These will generally be nonaggressive, unless surprised because of a failed SR on LK or similar occurrence. Giant morays will defend their lairs aggressively and have a MRs between 40 and 80.

The third type of terrain is coral reef. This is the most difficult terrain to walk through. In most cases characters will be forced to swim over these areas. Swimming requires a L2SR on STR or CON each turn due to the weight of the diving equipment. The environment in a coral reef is quite alien, with pulsating, glowing, brain-shaped coral and spikey, razor-sharp coral "trees". Coral reefs are full of life though, including all manner of crabs, fish, squids, eels, and octopi. Most will shy away from larger entities, though it's possible that some might be aggressive. Sharks also circle these coral reefs, feeding on the abundant prey. They are not dangerous UNLESS someone is bleeding, which will almost certainly cause them to swarm and start a feeding frenzy (an average shark has a MR of 40).

The fourth form of terrain is a combination of kelp forest, coral reef, and towering coral stalagmites. The area of mixed terrain also has evidence of some lost civilization or city, with toppled barnacle covered pillars and large blocks of carved stone. This form of terrain can exhibit characteristics from any or all of the other forms of terrain.

AREA A

Blue Oyster Shoals

AREA B

The PC's will see lights shining through the silt-laden haze as they approach this stadium-sized bed of kelp. A drama is unfolding here that has

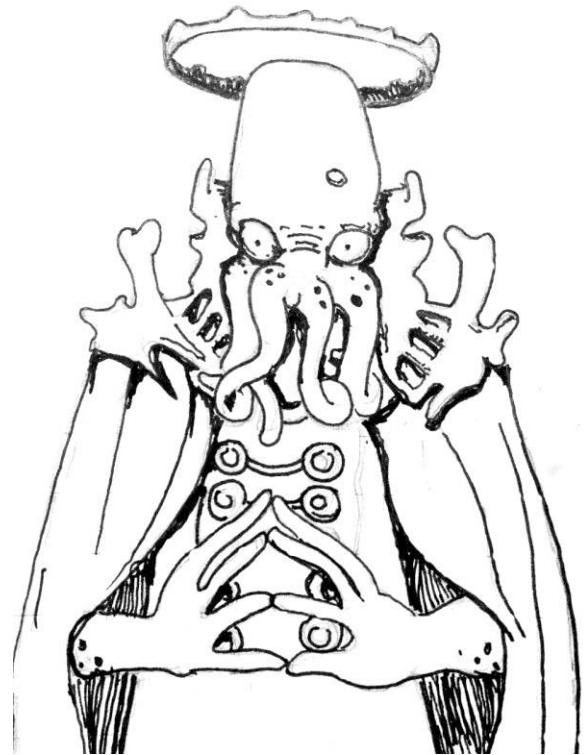
nothing to do with the mission of the PC's, and should they decide to investigate it closer, they are likely to get swept up in the event as it unfolds. A criminal fugitive from the undersea kingdom of Cyfalagata is hiding amongst the kelp here. The criminal, Slegulox, is a Squidweird, an underwater race distantly related to the Talktipus and often found living intermingled with them. His pursuer is Captain Narthilix, a Talktipus Law Warden determined to bring the Squidweird back to Cyfaligata to face justice.

Captain Narthilix is riding on the back of a giant seahorse which is wearing headgear fitted with a bioluminescent spotlight. It is this spotlight which is currently casting its eerie glow over the large forest of kelp.

If the PCs approach the mysterious light they will see the seahorse and its cephalic headed rider. Narthilix is a bizarre and somewhat frightening looking creature with an octopus like head and four facial tentacles, surmounting a humanoid body with tentacle-like arms and legs. He wears a skeletal looking collar made of a large piece of coral on his shoulders, and has a strange crown which seems to float above his head. A cape billowing in the currents completes the bizarre silhouette. If approached he might mistake the PCs for hostiles allied with the Squidweird. Depending on how the PCs describe their approach, the GM might ask for SRs to determine the reaction of Narthilix, or it may simply be role played. If Captain Narthilix feels threatened he will defend himself with his Eel-Lectric blunderbuss and his obsidian short sword.

If the PC's become involved in communication with Narthilix, Slegulox will seize the opportunity to attack his arch foe (and anyone else in the way). Slegulox is currently using a natural camouflage ability to blend perfectly with the kelp below. He will secrete an ink cloud from his eyes that has the same effect as a Smog spell and as a cloud of pure darkness. Only Slegulox can see in this cloud. He will attack Narthilix with his toxic katar and his "tentacle mace". If Slegulox gets away from the initial attack, Narthilix is likely to consider the PCs as collaborators and members of Slegulox's gang.

Caught in the crossfire, the PCs could choose sides or withdraw. If they end up assisting



Narthilix and Slegulox is captured and subdued, Narthilix will give the PC's one of the brass buttons from his Law Warden's coat. The button grants a permanent +1 bonus to CHR if it is freely given. He will also give them the reward of 5 gold sand dollars. On the surface each of these large gold discs is worth 100 GP.

A Talktipus is a humanoid creature with a head similar to that of an octopus including eight tentacles bearing suckers. They can spit out black ink clouds and their heads turn red when angered. They are generally civilized and peaceful beings.

Captain Narthilix (Talktipus)

STR 26 CON 21 DEX 21 SPD 22* INT 18 LK22
CHR19 WIZ 9 ADDS: +43 (*SPD doubled)

Attack: 3D+43 (spite doubled)

Armor: 18

Weapons: Law-Warden issue Eel-lectric Ray Pistol. Shaped like an art deco eel, this gun fires a lightning bolt from the marble-sized globe at its business end. Each shot does 15 points of CON damage and renders its victim immobile and unable to act for one turn. Obsidian short sword (3D, spite doubled) with two Vorpal Blade charges in it (press button on hilt to activate charge).

Armor: Steelfish scale shirt (8 hits), coral collar (10 hits, underwater only)

Possessions: 5 gold sand dollars. One "Poor Baby" potion with 10 points of healing. One "Too Bad Toxin" potion. Coral crown circlet provides protection from TTYF spells AND provides freedom of movement underwater. Surface dwellers wearing it would not have their STR or DEX reduced underwater.

Special: Narthilix can create an ink cloud for defensive purposes, but it does not work as poison nor can he see through the cloud.

Slegulox is a Squidweird. Squidweirds are a humanoid, sea dwelling race, distantly related to the Talktipus, but also altogether distinguishable. They have rounded bulbous heads, featureless save for a pair of yellow, slanting eyes and a set of three large gills on both sides. Their torsos are surrounded by four short, powerful, suckered tentacles, one from the chest, one from the back, and one from either side. Their legs are short and stumpy, and somewhat rhino-like. Their ebon skin is very sensitive to subtle changes in current or temperature making them extremely difficult to sneak up on (L5SR on the appropriate attribute). They can release a toxic ink cloud which obscures all vision and acts as a Smog spell. This defense has no effect on a Squidweird. Squidweird's have a natural camouflage ability that makes them extremely difficult to spot if they are not moving (L5SR on INT).



Slegulox (Squidweird)

STR 45 CON 45 DEX 20 SPD 16 INT 15 LK 23
CHR 7 WIZ 7 ADDS: +56

Attack: 7D+65 + special (weapons) or 8D+56 (tentacles)

Armor: 6 (naturally tough hide)

Weapons: Katar (2D+4); has an inner "syringe" with three doses of stonefish toxin (hit causes immediate loss of 3D6 CON and requires L1SR on CON to avoid dropping dead on the spot. This painful poison also causes its victims to fight at 1/4 effectiveness for 3 turns). Tentacle Mace (5D+5); upon saying the command word "shmoop", the mace will fire 12 long, spaghetti thin, barbed tentacles from its tip, not unlike those that trail a jellyfish. He may choose one target at a time. Treat this as if Slegulox was firing a missile weapon when arriving at the SR level. Anyone struck by the tentacles will be tangled up in the strands unless a L4SR on DEX is made. If at least a L3SR is made, the PC loses 1/2 of her personal adds. If only a L2SR is made, all adds are lost. Failure to make at least a L2SR means complete immobilization. If "immobilized", the character may still try to break free (L5SR on STR), but Slegulox will be busy trying to poison this victim with the Katar. The mace has enough kremm to withdraw the tentacles and "refire" 15 times. Note: Slegulox can use the mace and the katar at the same time. If disarmed, Slegulox fights with his heavy, sucker-covered tentacles. If he scores 3 or more points of spite damage against a single opponent, then that opponent is locked in his crushing embrace and will automatically receive another 4D6 in damage per turn. A L5SR on STR is required to break free, but if Slegulox receives loses more than 12 points of CON in a turn then he will release the victim.

Special: Slegulox also has a coral ring with a black pearl charged with 4 Little Fins spells (Little Feets for Squidweirds and other tentacled folk). He will use this ring to escape if things go poorly for him.

AREA C

Partially buried in the seabed are the enormous bones of some leviathan fish. From head to tail, the monster fish measured nearly 50 yards. The skull rests with jaws open wide and a few thin, sharp teeth the size of long swords still intact. A bioluminescent natural "lantern" is attached to the skull via a "pole" of bone. The globe still casts a

sputtering green glow in an area around the head, attracting schools of fish and other sea life.

This area is alive with brightly colored fish and even a circling blue shark or two, but the real danger lies buried in the sand just in front of the bone head, a sandtrapper. A sandtrapper is a large shell-less mollusk; essentially a giant muscle the size of a carpet. If anything larger than a small crab walks across the sandtrapper, it will fold up on itself from below, crushing and asphyxiating its victim.

Sandtrapper

MR 130

Attack: 14D+65

A armor: 10

Special: A L4SR on STR is required to break free of the creature's vise like grip. All damage generated by the creature is applied only to those it is smothering. If the sandtrapper inflicts 4 or more points of spite damage in a turn the GM has the option to declare that bones have been broken. If reduced to a CON of 30, the sandtrapper will swim away by making a rippling motion with its body.

If the GM wishes to increase the difficulty of this encounter, there are sharks (1-6, MR 40 each) swimming close by that will be attracted to the disturbance and move in to attack.

AREA D

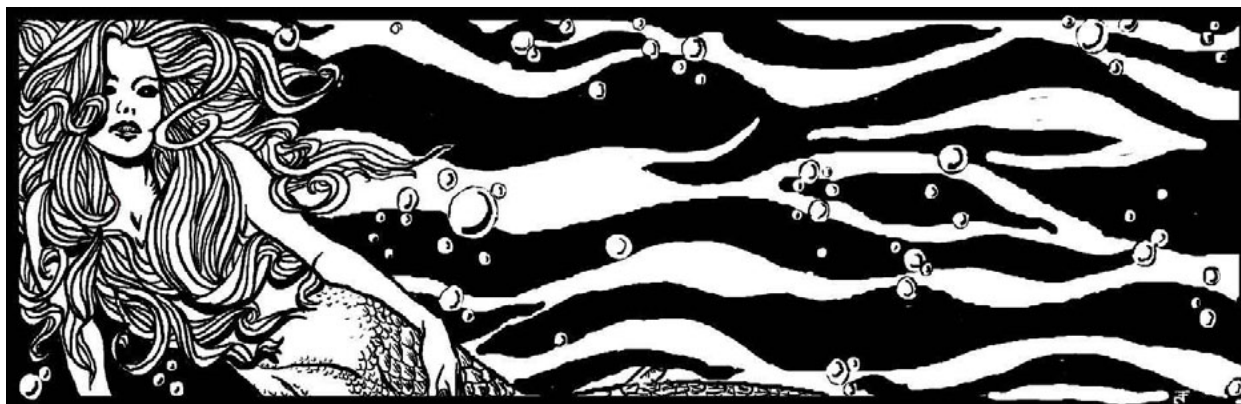
This large kelp forest grows out of what is clearly a sunken city or sunken ruin. On its westernmost outskirts is a giant granite head that looks like a stern, humorless human face. It is more than 9' high and is covered with barnacles and anemones and sea urchins. How it, the fallen pillars, or the

huge stone building blocks got here remains a mystery. If characters go deeper into the dark, shadowy tangle of kelp, they have a 2 in 6 chance each turn of spotting Wynndy the mermaid. She will be seen hovering amongst the strands of kelp, gazing at the PCs intently. Her hair floats around her head like a brunette halo; her skin is so pale as to be almost white. She appears to be about 20 years old. Her long fish tail is composed of scales almost incandescent in the midst of the gloom. She will swim eastward, just fast enough to keep out of reach of any PC's, looking fearfully over her shoulder every few minutes or so.

At the center of this kelp forest is a series of natural hot water vents bubbling up from the ground. If the PC's have not already been following Wynndy, they will surprise her here, combing her hair. The water is noticeably warmer here, and six natural craters are spaced randomly about the open area, ranging in size from a buckler to a large wagon wheel. These vents are easy to see because the hot water spewing from them is aerated and full of bubbles.

On the far side of the field of hot vents is an open portal into the interior of a crumbling temple-like structure, flanked by two enormous, corroded copper fish statues and a large hulking statue of a man-like creature seemingly made of hardened sand. The copper statues would be worth a significant amount of money for the copper alone, but raising them from the seabed would be difficult to say the least.

On the other side of the doorway is a large, oval-shaped temple hall, but the roof and its supporting pillars have long ago fallen and toppled into disarray. The altar, however, maintains a magical



invisible “force dome” over and around the temple, so that the only clear means of access and egress remains the front entry.

Wynndy will swim to the far side of the temple and hover above what might have been the altar. Unfortunately for the PCs Wynndy and her lover, Grace, are carnivorous mermaids. Wynndy will use her “completely delusional” ability to convince the closest PC that he/she is drowning and that the breathing tank has stopped working. If the PC fails a L2SR on INT then that character actually believes this is happening. The GM should not explain that this is a delusion if the PC fails the roll, but simply state that the character “is suddenly drowning and cannot get any air.” The only clue that this is a delusion is the fact that the SR was made on INT, but allow other characters to react as they desire when the “drowning” character begins to panic. If she fails the first time, Wynndy will try this on another character the next turn, but she will not act aggressively.

Wynndy will try to keep the PCs focused on her while her bigger, more physical lover, Grace, activates their pet sand golem, whom they call “Beastie.” Then Grace will sneak in behind the PCs and attack from the rear with her trident, attempting to catch at least one PC completely off guard. She is adept at holding opponents at bay with the reach of her trident and with dodging quickly in and out of cover provided by the ruins. The GM should require L3SR on DEX from any non-aquatic characters facing Grace in combat. Failure means the characters personal adds are reduced by half for that turn. If things are difficult for Grace, she will dodge her way back towards the hulking sand golem to see if she can get some of her pursuers engaged by the mighty construct.

Wynndy, beyond her “charming” ability, is not a skilled combatant, but she has a magical hair comb that enables her to animate her long hair. If anyone within her melee range fails a L2SR on DEX then they will find themselves entangled and unable to attack that turn. A L2SR on STR will break the PC free, but Wynndy will have had the opportunity to freely stab the character that turn. She is very quick, and knows each nook of the old temple well. She will seek to remain out of melee range, but has a mother-of-pearl hilted dagger she will use to defend herself if necessary.

Wynndy (Mermaid)

MR 38

Attack: 2D+19

Armor: 0

Weapons: Pearl-hilted poniard (2D)

Grace (Mermaid)

MR 110

Attack: 6D+61 (double spite damage)

Armor: 0

Weapons: Enchanted Trident (6D+6; double spite damage)

Beastie (Sand Golem)

MR 160

Attack: 17D+80

Armor: 20

Special: The sand golem takes only half damage from non-magical stabbing weapons. (On land bludgeoning weapons damage the creature normally and slashing weapons deliver half damage). The sand golem can extend its arms to gain the reach of a pole weapon. It pounds opponents with its fists while blocking escape from the doorway. If the golem inflicts more than 4 points of spite damage on any given attack roll it engulfs and smothers the individual with the lowest DEX roll. This drains an automatic 1D6 CON per turn. A L2SR on STR is required to break free and continue fighting.

The sand golem has a glowing conch shell embedded in its chest. This is a primitive kremm battery and is found to hold 150 points of kremm if characters have the wizardly knowledge to understand its workings. This is automatic for a wizard of 4th level or higher; otherwise a rogue or lower level wizard needs to make a L4SR on INT to discover this knowledge. A warrior will not be able to comprehend its use. If a character attempts to snatch the battery, s/he must make a L4SR on DEX at the normal underwater penalty. Failure means all sand golem damage will be directed only at that individual that turn. In addition, the conch is trapped with an electrical charge that will do 20 points of CON damage automatically. This is a one-time effect. Slipping past the golem to escape requires a L2SR on DEX. The sand golem is slow and can only walk along the seafloor.

Tossed casually about the dark, wrecked chamber, partially buried in the sands are numerous skulls

and bones. The bones look to have been gnawed. The skulls are primarily from some kind of fish men, but there are also human and octopoid (i.e., Talktipus) skulls tossed about.

Arranged in a careful, almost ritualistic, manner about the chamber are the mermaid's treasures: a gold candelabrum (250 GP), an amethyst crystal skull (400 GP), Chung dynasty oriental porcelain vase (350 GP), a set of 5 unbroken Chung dynasty dinner plates (300 GP), an emerald ring surrounded by 11 diamonds (one diamond is missing) (300 GP), a brass box with a piece of brain-shaped coral inside. If touched by an injured person the coral will heal 1D6 CON. The coral has 42 points of CON stored; once this many points have been healed the coral will become inert. The coral will only work once on any given individual each day.

If a thorough search is conducted the characters can unearth 420 gold coins and 64 silver coins from the sand.

In addition there is Wynndy's magical hair comb, the Ring of Dreadful Locks which enables the wearer to animate and command their hair; these items are highly prized by the female Order of Dancing Assassins, infamous in the eastern reaches of the world.

AREA E

This kelp bed, about a mile away from shore, is the final resting place of *The Wave Runner*. The ship rests in three pieces on the sandy ocean floor. The mast is embedded upright, although at an angle, and its tattered sails still billow in the shadow laden ocean currents. Barnacles have already begun attaching themselves to the two sections of the hull. Large, phosphorescent jellyfish and schools of mullet and sailfish swim freely in and out of the hull.

The fore of the ship has collapsed in on itself and the skeleton of one of *The Wave Runner's* crew, picked clean by fish, rests eternally here with its leg still trapped by the rigging rope that dragged the crewman down to his grave. A steel cutlass lies hidden in the kelp not far from the sailor. Tucked into the sailor's leather belt is a Wrightsfield flintlock pistol, but it has been severely damaged

by the seawater, and it will take 100 GP to restore it if a gunsmith can be found to take on the work.

The rear section (about 50' from the front section) is flanked by four iron cannons that went down with the ship. They are partially covered in sand. The wheel of the ship is also partially buried nearby. In addition there appears to be a shallow trench leading from the rear section of the ship and heading into deeper waters, as if something heavy were dragged from here. A L3SR on INT or a L4SR on LK will also reveal finned humanoid footprints on either side of the trench, although it is not possible to tell exactly how many different sets of tracks there are. Inside the rear of the wreck visibility is almost nothing. The eyeless head of the ship's captain floats lazily through the haze inside, picked at by small fishes.

Inside the rear portion of the ship, a very large and aggressive giant electric eel has set up its nest.

Giant Electric Eel

MR 80

Attack: 9D+40

Armor: 0

Special: Once the eel has inflicted a total of 4 points of spite damage it will release an electrical discharge that effects anyone within 10' of it, doing an automatic 3D6 damage, which armor provides no protection against. All within the radius suffer the damage.

The blood of either the eel or its victim clouding the water will attract two hungry blue sharks (MR 40 each) to the scene which will also attack anything moving in the area.

Other than a few stray copper coins there is no treasure to be found amongst the wreck nor is there any sign of the kremm batteries. The trench might lead characters to the correct conclusion that the shipwreck has already been completely looted. To find out who is responsible they will need to follow the trail of the trench and footprints.

AREA F

Approaching this area will reveal the shadowy outline of six tall, coral towers. The towers grew naturally here, but the Kuda cultists who control

this area have hollowed them out to form an effective fortress-like complex. Kuda are humanoid amphibians with large eyes, long snouts, massive jaws with sharp teeth, and webbed, clawed hands and feet. It is suggested that since the Kuda are in their natural habitat that their speed should be doubled. Kuda can also see well in waters of this depth. If disarmed, the Kuda can still deliver a nasty bite with their powerful jaws (use MR for combat dice). Once there is blood in the water, the Kuda deliver spite on rolls of 5 and 6, and the spite damage is doubled.

The two front towers, **F-F** and **F-E**, are the tallest and house the two rival factions of Kuda cultists. These two towers are 50' and 56' tall, respectively, and have narrow vertical slits placed strategically around the exterior that provide the individual on watch an excellent view of the surrounding oceanic terrain. These slits are wide enough to stick a weapon through (the Kuda will almost certainly skewer anyone who approaches for a look inside) but not big enough for anything much larger than a lobster to squeeze through. The Kudas in these towers will not attack while the invaders are engaged with their pet crabby in area **F-A**, instead hoping to ambush weakened or injured opponents who enter area **F-B**.

Up until this point, encounters have been challenging, but not unbeatable. If the party simply storms in on this Kuda den, however, they are likely to quickly end up as Kuda meat. The GM should play the Kudas as intelligent and brutal. They neither ask for, nor give quarter. They are not above taking captives to eat later, but will not allow them to keep their equipment so they will likely drown anyway. Quite simply, a small- to medium-sized party is going to be overwhelmed if all the Kudas are home and waiting.

On the other hand, Kuda hunt frequently, and are often restless. If the party takes a little time to observe take an average of the party's LK and have one character make a SR for the party. If L2SR on LK is made, then they will witness four of one faction's Kuda swim off to hunt. If they make a L3SR on LK, four of EACH faction will swim off (in different directions) leaving only 12 Kudas plus the shaman in the lair. If a L4SR on LK is made, then one entire faction is out hunting.

Once hostilities start, however, a L1SR on the party's average LK is required each turn to prevent those Kudas from showing back up again.

F-A. This courtyard is scattered with bones and other refuse including a large conch shell 4' long by 3' high. The shell is extremely beautiful and colorful, but is just an unmoving, natural object. The real danger in this area is the giant crab. This enormous and very ornery crab is buried in the sand next to the opening which serves as a door to **F-B**. The crab is indistinguishable enough from the sand in this low light to require a L4SR on INT to spot and then only if the character states s/he is looking for something in the sand. Anyone who approaches within 5' of the door will be surprised by the crabby (L4SR on DEX to avoid).

Giant Crab

MR 36

Attack: 4D+16 (triple spite damage)

Armor: 6

F-B. This room is likely to be empty. The Kuda will be hidden in the adjoining chambers prepped for ambush unless the characters somehow manage to surprise the Kuda, in which case there will be two MR 40 guards stationed here. One of the guards will be armed with a pole arm on which a sawfish snout is affixed (from **F-E**). The other will have a unique form of terbutje called a fishbone sword (from **F-F**). If they have not been alerted, they will be relaxed, but still on guard.

The chamber itself is very warm due to a hot geyser vent in the floor measuring about 1' across. Anyone directly over the vent suffers 1D6 CON damage per turn from the heat of the boiling water. The walls are alive with crawling mollusks, anemones, and seaweed, all of which thrive in the warm water. There are also pictorial carvings of Kuda making offerings to a spherical creature with a large central eye, and two enormous, crab-like claws. Four smaller eyes emerge from the top of the sphere. The menacing carvings depict the creature observing as Kuda slaughter mermaids and board ships, throwing sailors to their hungry compatriots. The room is lit by a hazy, purple illumination provided by strange sea life growing on the walls. All here seems particularly alien and strange.

If the Kudas are aware of the invaders, they will position themselves for an ambush once the characters are in this room. Krogar's loyal Kudas, stationed in area **F-E** will send two scouts through the 5' wide coral passage to area B. They will use a saw-bladed harpoon (see **C2**) to attack the character closest to them within the weapon's reach. Three more Kudas will station themselves OUTSIDE the secret door and close it again. The first two Kudas will pull back, seeking to draw the invaders into area **F-E**. If they succeed, they, and five remaining Kudas in **F-E** will attack them from the front while the three Kudas outside the secret door will re-enter and ambush from behind. All will use the reach of their weapons to their advantage if possible. If the Kuda from area **F-E** fail in this, then these from area **F-F**, whose secret revolving door (and secret peephole), opens directly onto area **F-B**, will storm out of their tower two at a time and begin attacking with terbutjes. Note, however, that the Kudas from **F-E** and **F-F** will NOT assist each other.

F-C: This area is a triple-tined, single tower, like the head of a giant's trident ticking up from the ocean floor.

C1: The eastern room houses Ploog, one of two Kuda War Bosses. Ploog fights with a fish spine sword (a kind of terbutje, with a comb of stingray barbs that gets 4D6+3) as do all his underlings in area **F-F**. He has a fairly extreme dislike for Krogar (the other War Boss), but has not yet found the opportunity to challenge him. Ploog has a pet Dire Sea Urchin (MR 12) that is very protective of him. It can fire 1D6 spines per turn from its body; each spine takes a L1SR on DEX to avoid. Each spine does 1D+4 damage and contains a nerve toxin which cuts the victims personal adds by 1/4 for one turn.

Ploog (Kuda War Boss)

STR 31 CON 50 DEX 21 SPD 22* INT 9 LK 16
CHR18 WIZ 11 ADDS: +32 (*SPD doubled)
Attack: 4D+45
Armor: 10 (sharkskin armor)

The room has a stone platform on which Ploog sleeps when necessary. A few pieces of chewed meat float lazily around the room. Under the stone platform is a hidden chamber containing

Ploog's treasure, the greatest of which is a solid silver statue of a winged angel that he found amidst the ruins of a shipwreck. The statue is 2' tall and its workmanship is exquisite (450 GP). Along with this are 62 gold coins from various surface kingdoms.

The ceiling of Ploog's room is decorated with a mural of the "All Seeing Eye of the Deeps," a strange spherical orb with a central eye and two more, smaller eyestalks growing from its apex. The strange being also has mammoth crab-like claws.

C2. This chamber is the home of Krogar, the rival Kuda War Boss. Krogar and his men use pole arms with sawfish snouts mounted on the end. They have trained with these not only to hold opponents at bay, but also to deliver devastating slash attacks. These saw-like harpoons do 5D+1 damage.

Krogar (Kuda War Boss)

STR 30 CON 35 DEX 16 SPD 24* INT 16 LK 18
CHR 17 WIZ 11 ADDS: +28 (*SPD doubled)
Attack: 5D+41
Armor: 0

Krogar also sleeps on a stone platform. The chamber under his platform is where he keeps a poisonous sea snake (MR 3) to guard his loot. In addition, Ploog is afraid of sea snakes and Krogar is fond of bringing the snake out to torment him. The snake's toxin has the same effect as spider venom (temporarily paralyzes the victim; after one turn the victim is at half effectiveness; after two turns the victim is unable to move; after five turns the poison wears off). Krogar is fond of jewels and has a fish skin sack in which he has gemstones from a good number of shipwrecks. The bag contains sapphires, lapis, emeralds, and diamonds along with pieces of amethyst and quartz. In total, there are 33 gems of varying quality whose total value is 340 GP. Krogar also has a large, flawless black pearl mounted on a ring that he cannot wear on his large, finny, hand. This pearl has the same effect as a kris dagger when worn (the wearer cannot use magic; no magic of 3rd level or lower function within 5' of the pearl).

Krogar's room is adorned with the large, wooden,

mermaid mastheads of five different surface ships. Mounted on the walls, they stare benignly down on him, helping him to sleep when rest is required.

C3. This chamber houses the temple of the “All Seeing Eye of the Deeps”, the “god” to whom all of the Kuda cultists are dedicated. Bioluminescent algae covers the walls and is feasted on by glowing snails and sea slugs, making the room pulse with light and giving it the feeling of being alive. A copper idol of the “All Seeing Eye of the Deeps” rests on a red coral platform in the center of the room. Its form is that of a large, sphere with a central eye in its center. The central eye seems to be made of glass. Two mechanical claw-like arms emerge from the sides of the sphere, now corroded into immobility. A single smaller eye (a periscope) on a stalk emerges from the forehead of the sphere.

Close investigation will reveal the entire “idol” to be, in fact, a copper-plated bathosphere, created by some enterprising (but unfortunate) surface dweller desirous of exploring the undersea world. The sphere’s similarity to the Kuda god “All Seeing Eye of the Deeps” is perhaps coincidence. It is large enough for only a Hobb, Leprechaun, Fairy, or similarly sized driver. Only a Knock-Knock spell will open the airlock. The Kudas will consider casting spells on the sphere blasphemous and will go into an absolute frenzy if this occurs. They are quite aggressive already, but unless a frenzy begins, the two opposing factions of Kudas will not assist each other in an ambush, wanting glory and status for themselves.

Inside the sphere is a set of gears and knobs and a tiny stool. There is also a glowing green glass cylinder inside which is a radiant shamrock. This is the sphere’s kremm battery which contains 250 WIZ. The WIZ cost for any spells cast within 5’ of the sphere will be drawn from this battery, whether it has been discovered or not. The kremm battery could, therefore, prove highly beneficial if the party has a spellcaster once that spellcaster realizes s/he is casting at no cost when in its proximity. The battery is connected to a number of pipes and tubes and switches. Attempting to remove the battery is likely to destroy it, but characters may try. A L4SR on INT is required to do so and the process will take at least 30 minutes.

There is a large urn near the front eye of the idol. Inside the urn is a variety of kelp which causes hallucinations and fits of megalomania and sociopathy in Kudas. They use this substance in frenzied rituals dedicated to the “All Seeing Eye”. The ceiling in this chamber is not completely enclosed, and a large portal hole is at its center, leading up to area **F-H**.

The Kudas will fight to the death to defend this room, believing that their god will deliver harsh punishment to them if the temple chamber is desecrated.

D. This room has the ghastly looking, butchered remains of a partially eaten whale, a partially consumed manatee, and two intact, but thoroughly drowned human beings. The humans wear the loincloths of pearl divers. Lining the walls are a number of long, forked, meat skewers with coral handles. These are used for ritualistic feasts. Thin trails of blood hang and twist in the water, suspended like wisps of smoke in the air (most blood has been dispersed some time ago). The whale meat sits on a long, table-like platform; the butchered manatee lies at the foot of this table. The humans have simply been propped against the wall.

E-F. These two rooms each serve to house ten Kudas. Each of the rooms is loyal to one of the rival Kuda War Bosses. The tactics they will use to attack are described in area **F-B**. The furnishings in these rooms consist of hammocks made of fishing net which are attached to the cylindrical walls. These are arranged vertically, one above another, with the Kuda of the highest status having the hammock closest to the peak of the tower. There are six Kudas with a MR of 40, three with a MR of 50, and one with a MR of 60 in each of the two towers. They are fanatically dedicated fighters and are used to fighting as two separate units. They will not do anything overtly stupid, although they are hardly geniuses and could possibly be tricked as a result of intelligent planning. They have weapons, but no individual treasure; their frequent use of “frenzy kelp” has made them largely uninterested in material wealth. These Kudas live for battle and food and not much else.

Kuda Cultist (Krogar)

MR 40, 50, 60

Attack: 5D+21, 26, 31 (sawfish pole arms)

Armor: 0

Kuda Cultist (Ploog)

MR 40, 50, 60

Attack: 4D+23, 28, 33 (fish spine sword)

Armor: 0

G. This room serves as the lair of Gango, the High Priest of the Cult of the All Seeing Eye. Gango is getting old, but his magical eye gives him the power to maintain control of the cult, for now.

Long ago, when Gango was just a War Boss, his faction boarded a pirate ship from the surface world. They finally triumphed in a hard fought battle in which the captain of that ship launched numerous devastating attacks at them with the power of an artificial eye in his left eye socket. The eye had no iris or pupil, but was instead covered with runes. Desirous of such power, Gango took a chance. He plucked out his own left eye and placed the rune-covered marble in his own eye socket. He suddenly found himself in command of powers most Kuda have no understanding of, and rightly fear. Gango ascribed his victory to the “All Seeing Eye of the Deeps”, a strange predatory creature occasionally seen floating through deep ocean currents. He began the cult shortly thereafter. Gango’s war band has doubled in size as a result of his fearsome power, but now he has to contend with inner rivalries which threaten to tear it apart.

Gango will be in this room if fighting has broken out. If he thinks a victory can be won, he will launch eye-based magical attacks at characters when they enter are **F-H**. His first will be in the form of a Blasting Power spell. It does not produce flame, but a cone of boiling water; otherwise the works the same way. Gango should be considered 4th level for purposes of determining spell damage. On the second turn the eye will produce an effect called Beard of Snakes. Beard of Snakes can affect one opponent. It instantly creates a beard of 3-18 snakes on the victim’s chin. The snakes in this case are poisonous sea snakes (MR 3 each). They will only attack the character to which they are attached. The victim can defend against the snakes, but any

spite damage rolled by the snakes indicates that poison has been injected and a L2SR on CON is required to avoid losing consciousness for 3 turns. If consciousness is lost, each snake will automatically do 1D6 CON damage each turn thereafter. In order to defend against the snakes, the victim’s diving helm must be removed.

If the battle isn’t going his way, Gango will use the eye to cast Little Fins on himself and make a hasty getaway. Gango will use the secret door, which is a baffle-type door. Each of the two “doors” will swing open if pushed, and close very quickly again into an almost invisible state. He will swim away in the direction of the cliff which drops off to much deeper depths just beyond the stalagmite towers.

Gango will return 2 hours later with Oquillus “The All Seeing Eye of the Deeps.” If players spend this much time, without getting out this could mean a TPK. Enjoy!

Gango (old Kuda shaman)STR 17 CON 45 DEX 16 SPD 24* INT 18 LK 27
CHR 21 WIZ 13 ADDS: +24 (*SPD doubled)

Attack: 2D+30

Armor: 0

Gango wears an eye patch until he enters into combat, at which point he will raise it to expose his primary weapon. The eye has 100 WIZ stored. It’s spells are Blasting Power, Beard of Snakes, Little Fins, Cateyes, Poor Baby, Too Bad Toxin, Slush Yuck (turns water into a gelatin like substance), and Whammy. The eye regains all of its WIZ once per month on the full moon. It will function for any character Type, but it must be placed in an empty eye socket. Having had a fin bitten off by a rival who challenged him many years ago, he has had it replaced with a hook which he uses in melee (2D6+6). Gango wears an obviously stolen, fancy blue captain’s coat with gold buttons and fancy epaulets. On his bed rests a tri-corner hat, though its condition has deteriorated greatly underwater.

H. The floor of this room has a large hole in the center, providing access to area **C3**. What remains is a 3’ wide walkway around the circumference of the room. The walls have been carved with bas relief scenes of Kuda conquering other undersea

races and even surface cities. Whether these frescoes are history or simply wishful thinking cannot be determined, but depicted are Kuda putting hundreds of Talktipii, Mermaids, and Squidweirds to the sword and boarding surface dwelling sailing ships. They seem to take few captives, preferring instead to eat their victims on the spot. The spherical “god” with the baleful eye hovers over all of the scenes. There are two open doorways in the room each leading to a separate tine of the triple tower.

I. This is the cult’s treasure room. The doorway is a set of open giant shark jaws, the teeth of which have been plated in gold. There are 45 teeth, each worth 50 GP. Only Gango is allowed free entry into the room. Any others who enter had better be looking upward, as his three pet manowar jellyfish (MR 15 each) lurk up in the shadowy recesses of the tower. The jellyfish will quickly drop on anyone they do not recognize as their master. Their thin tentacles are nearly 12’ long, so they can drop from above and attack while still being out of reach for the sake of melee, especially during the first turn of any combat. A L2SR on LK by any who enter will provide the OPPORTUNITY to make a L2SR on DEX to avoid being automatically touched by their dangling poisonous strands. Being touched by the strands automatically delivers 6 points of CON damage. Any sort of armor that provides good skin coverage will halve this damage.

Once the jellyfish have been dealt with, the treasures may be examined. Many of these treasures come from sunken or wrecked ships from the surface, though by no means all of them. Mounted on the wall is a cutlass whose hand guard is made of silver and was forged to look like skull and crossbones. This sword contains the spirit of a pirate captain named “Laughing Pete.” Whenever the sword is held it begins laughing loudly and with gusto. The sword gets 3D+6 in combat, but whenever it scores more than one point of spite damage against a humanoid opponent, its wielder may attempt a L2SR on LK; success means the sword has stolen the soul of the victim, making an instant kill.

Another sword mounted on the wall is made of a giant narwhal horn. This sword gets 4D+3 in combat, gets 4x spite damage, and doubles the users speed when fighting underwater meaning

the user gets two combat rolls per turn. It requires a 15 STR and 10 DEX and weighs 150 wu.

There are also two locked chests. Inside the first chest are 42 glass and copper cylinders filled with a green glowing fluid. These are Duke Hazzard’s kremm batteries. Each is worth 400 GP and stores 100 points of WIZ. The chest and its contents weigh 200 pounds. The second chest is full of assorted pieces of gold and silver jewelry, gold and silver doubloons, and various gemstones and pearls of varying size and quality. If brought to a large metropolitan area the contents of this chest could fetch upwards of 4,000 GP. This chest is also very heavy, weighing nearly 250 pounds.

Getting these chests to the surface presents a problem the players will have to solve, even if they are unopposed as they leave the cults fortress. It is left to the GM to see if they can figure it out. The batteries can be installed in the slots on the diving tanks should air be running low at this time. Duke will not be upset as long as the players do not use more batteries than the number of party members.

AREA G

The ocean floor drops down to a deep abyss just past the cult fortress. The details of anything beyond this point are left to the GM, but are open ended enough to provide a good deal more adventure beneath the waves should the party wish to do so. In addition, this area is the actual physical dwelling place of the being known as Oqullu, the “All Seeing Eye of the Deeps.” If Gango escapes he will head quickly to this area in order to try and petition the strange being for assistance. Angered that his cult has been destroyed, Oqullu will rise from the black depths and arrive at the fortress within 2 hours. Should the party still be lingering there at that time they are in for trouble, as Oqullu didn’t get the reputation for being godlike without reason.

Oqullu (the All Seeing Eye of the Deeps)

MR 300

Attack: 31D+150 (claws)

Armor: 20

Oqullu’s central eye can fire a TTYF spell once per turn for 22 points of damage. He can attack with his two claws in the same turn. His two

upper eyestalks also have magical powers. The left eyestalk can make up to 10 square feet of water “gelatinous” for two turns. Swimming through the area will be like swimming through molasses, and acts as the equivalent of a Glue You spell on those caught within the area. His right eyestalk causes a kind of dementia. Anyone struck by the ray from the right eyestalk (L3SR on DEX to avoid) must immediately make a L2SR on INT. Failure means that the character will believe s/he is drowning. The GM should give no indication to the affected player or to the group that this is a delusion if the roll is failed. If the players figure it out on the basis that the roll was made on INT, this is legit, but the affected character will still believe s/he is drowning. Allow the “drowning” character to take whatever measures s/he may wish in response to the problem, and allow other characters to attempt to rescue the “drowning” character as they see fit. The character is not ACTUALLY drowning, but the time it takes to figure this out might well be the last moments of all of their lives, as Oqullu will continue the attack with claws and with its central eye. Attacking the central eye may

well prevent continued devastating TTYF attacks, but Oqullu will still be able to see with his two eyestalks.

The treasure hoard of Oqullu, should the players somehow actually defeat him, is well hidden in the depths of the chasm area. Searching the chasm is beyond the scope of this adventure, but should players and the GM wish to continue exploring beneath the waves, the GM should feel free to expand the adventure.

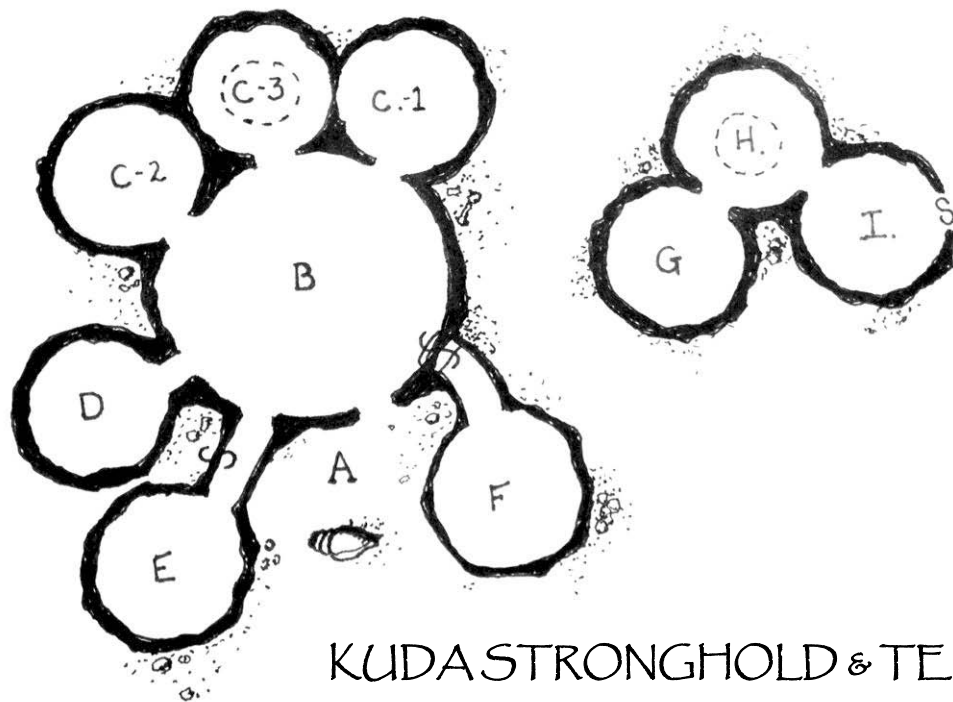
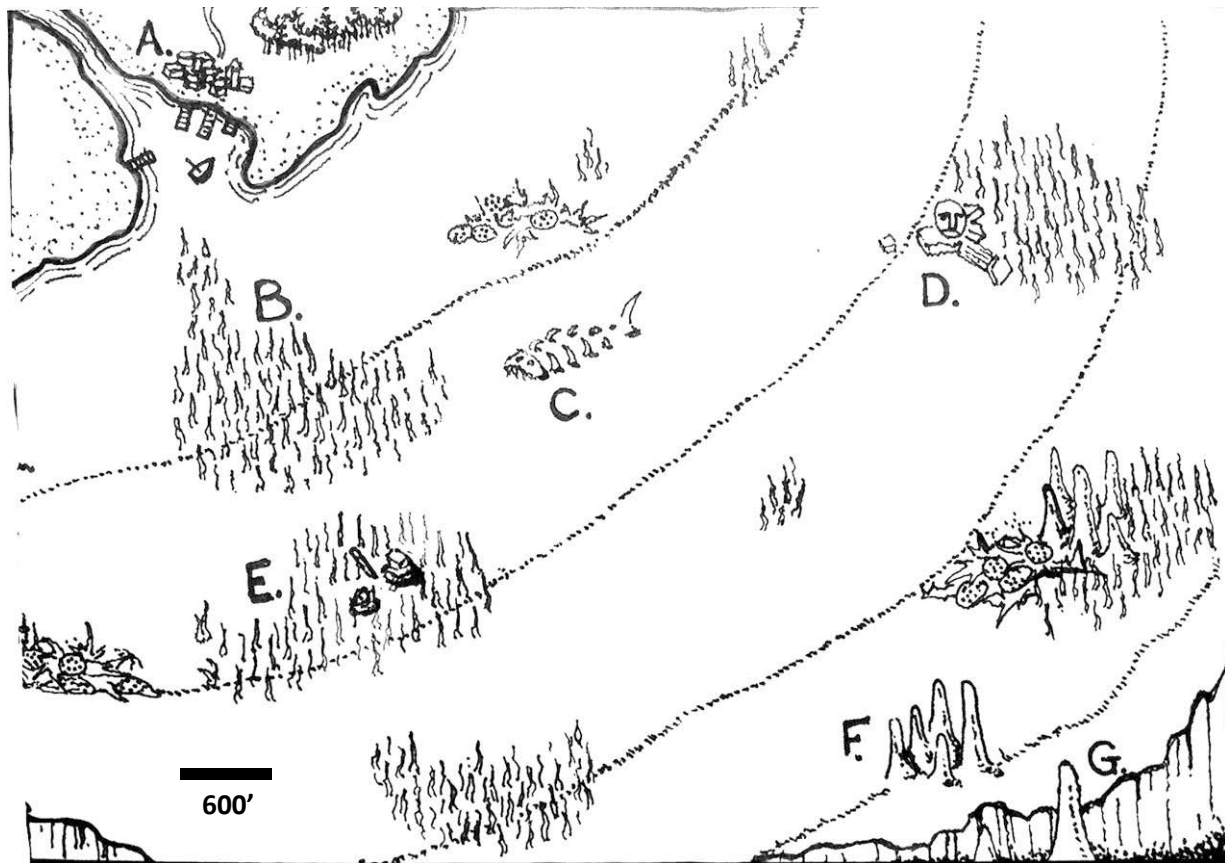
RETURNING TO THE SURFACE

Should the PC's succeed at their mission, Hazzard will pay the remainder of his retainer fee in full and will thank the characters profusely. He will be willing to teach any Wizard in the party up to four spells he knows free of charge. He will teach any rogue one spell he knows free of charge.

Thus ends the *Deep Trouble* adventure.



AREA MAP



KUDA STRONGHOLD & TEMPLE

Troll Links 8

TrollsZine!

TrollsZine! 1 : <http://www.rpgnow.com/product/79185/TrollsZine>
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T&T Websites

Vin Ahrr Vin's Trollbridge: <http://trollbridge.proboards.com/index.cgi>
Trollgod's Trollhalla: <http://www.trollhalla.com>
Tunnels and Trolls : www.tunnelsandtrolls.com
Tunnels of the Trollamancer: <http://trollamancer.weebly.com/index.html>
Gristlegrim: <http://www.gristlegrim.com/>
JongJungBu's T&T 5th Edition Gathering and Paraphernalia: <http://www.jongjungbu.com/home>
Darrgh's Den: <http://www.darrghsden.co.uk/>
The Vital Spot: <http://www.vitalspot.f9.co.uk/>
The Tunnels and Trolls Archive: <http://www.angelfire.com/rpg2/ancientworlds/tandt.html>
Free Dungeons: <http://www.freedungeons.com/>
The Troll Mystic: <http://www.trollmystic.com/pub/>
Ardenstone Adventures: <http://www.ardenstoneadventures.com/>
Tunnels et Trolls: <http://tunnels-et-trolls.eu/>
T&T Random Dungeon Generator: <http://www.apolitical.info/webgame/dungeon/index2>

T&T Blogs

Ken St. Andre: <http://atroll.wordpress.com/>
Deluxe Tunnels & Trolls: <http://deluxetunnelsandtrolls.wordpress.com/>
The Lone Delver: <http://danhemsgamingblog.blogspot.com/>
The Delving Dwarf: <http://thedelvingdwarf.blogspot.com/>
Maximum Rock and Role Playing: <http://maximumrockroleplaying.blogspot.com/>
Tenkar's Tavern: <http://www.tenkarstavern.com/>
The Omnipotent Eye: <http://theomnipotenteye.blogspot.com/>
Lloyd of Gamebooks: <http://virtualfantasies.blogspot.com/>
Trollish Delver: <http://trollishdelver.blogspot.com/>
The Many-Headed Troll: <http://kopfnt.blogspot.com/>
Troll Hammer: <http://trollhammerpress.blogspot.com/>
H'rrrothgarr's Hovel: <http://hrrrothgarrshovel.blogspot.com/>
The Order of the Eldritch Imp: <http://protectivepentagram.blogspot.com/>
Realms of Chirak: <http://realmsfchirak.blogspot.com/>
Hobb Sized Adventures: <http://hobb sized.wordpress.com/>
Gems and Giants: <http://gemsandgiants.blogspot.com/>
The Tower of the Silent Sorcerer: <http://jrl755.blogspot.com/>
Alchemy Gaming Blog: <http://alchemygaming.blogspot.com/>
Deeper Delvings: <http://delver.posterous.com/>

T&T Shops

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Tunnels & Trolls en Français: <http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/Grimtooth>
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Rarr! I'm a Monster Publishing: http://www.rpgnow.com/browse.php?manufacturers_id=3227
Darkshade Publishing: <http://www.darkshadepublishing.com/>

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Liz Danforth: <http://www.lizdanforth.com/>
Jeff Freels: <http://jeffwerx.com/index.html>
Southern Realm: <http://southernrealms.bracey.co.nz>
Simari Design and Illustration: <http://www.simari.co.uk/>

