

Traitor

from a concept by Robert Asprin includes **Gaming Jubal**
by Robert Asprin



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Approved for use with Thieves' World



fasa

Traitor



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The Stolen Document

To

Aleron Hartman

Ambassador to Ranke

Brother, I am please with your efforts in the capital of those barbarians. so long as they continue to manuever in the palace, they are not maneuvering on the battlefield. This list is being carried by sea by a trusted merchant who should be richly rewarded. Use the names below to pass to me secret dispatches and anything you can find out about the weakneses of the Rankan Court. These sea captains have been invaluable aide in watching the Barbarians for another attack on our beloved city

Your Brother
Teal
Advisor To The King

Seth Fulwig	,	Captain of the Waverider	
Hept Withen	,	Captain of the Good Wind	• needs money badly •
Pernt sept Alenrup	,	Owner of the Fair Trade	careful very greedy
Lencovenius	,	Captain of the Sea Sprite	
Mun Ternwik	,	Owner of the Eastern Seamaid	hates Rankans
Tervellenus	,	Owner of the Narwahl	often smuggles on the side

standards and assumptions

This adventure is centered in the City of Sanctuary and in order to utilize it fully you should have a copy of **Thieves' World** from Chaosium. All of the locales and characters in this volume are inspired by the **Thieves' World** Anthologies edited by Robert Asprin and published by Ace Books. A reading of these books will give the judge and players greater insight into the City of Sanctuary and its inhabitants.

This adventure is not designed for use with any specific system. Chaosium's **Thieves' World** is approved for use with AD&D, C&S, Dragonquest, The Fantasy Trip, RuneQuest, Traveller, and Tunnels and Trolls. The general physical qualities of each character are described briefly and it is up to each judge to decide exactly how they convert to the system being played.

For convenience, two areas are presented in statistical form: a measurement of skill in the character's chosen trade, and the character's individual characteristics. The skill of each character at the various abilities needed by their trade is rated on a scale of 0 through 9.

- 0 Totally unskilled or unfamiliar. This is the skill a peasant would have with a sword the first time he picked it up or a sailor the first time he tried to ride a horse.
- 1 A novice who has rudimentary knowledge of his craft or skill.
- 2 Apprentices are commonly at this level. They have enough skill to be noticeably above the common crowd, but are far from being truly skillful in their use.
- 3 This is the level of the least competent who is still able to earn a living. The common soldier, man-at-arms, mugger, or journeyman fall into this group.
- 4 These are both measures of greater professional ability.
- 5 By this point hard effort and natural ability are required. A person at this stage of accomplishment has begun to be noticed as being noticeably good at whatever he does.
- 7 This is a truly skillful individual. He is visibly a cut above others in his trade and often admired or followed by those of lesser ability. Here are the guildmasters, the captains-of-the-guard, the sea captains, and the like.
- 8 Few exceptional individuals reach this category of accomplishment. These are the elite, and the number in any type of occupation is few, e.g. the Hellhounds.
- 9+ This classification includes the few individuals whose skill is great when compared with anyone in the Rankan Empire. These are the great Warriors such as Tempus and the Great Wizards.

Each individual mentioned in this adventure is rated for six personal characteristic which are meant primarily to serve as a means of comparing different individuals. Much more detailed information can be found in the descriptions themselves. The characteristics are measured as compared to a percentage of the general population. A Might rating of 70% would show that the character is physically mightier than 70% of the population. Ratings below 15% are reflective of incapacitating weakness in that area. For convenience, ratings are given in 5% multiples. If the total population were rated then a bell curve would result.

MIGHT

This is a measure of the physical ability that can be exerted by the character. This could range from the strength of a blow from a sword to the force which the individual could exert on a door or iron bars.

INTELLECT

Measures the ability of an individual to assimilate and use information. The emphasis here is not on pure IQ, but rather on the ability to use what information is available to cast a spell, plan a theft, or analyze a problem.

KNOWLEDGE

Measures the information that the character personally retains, from both formal training and streetwise experience.

STAMINA

Stamina is a measure of the ability of a character to continue to function after extended stress, with wounds, or under any form of duress. It also reflects how disease resistant and robust is the individual.

COORDINATION

Measures the manipulative and general movement of the hands or body. This is a concern not only for theft and fighting, but also for balancing, climbing walls, not slipping on wet surfaces, and the like. Reflexes are significant in this measurement.

APPEAL

Reflects the appeal of the individual to those with whom he interacts. As such, it will vary if the individual is acting in an unusual way or is dealing with a situation far afield from his normal area. For example, a lady who works on the street of Red Lanterns may have a relatively high Appeal rating, but if she is attempting to rally warriors, her Appeal would be far below that listed. Tempus, on the other hand, would have great Appeal as a commander, but rather less if attempting to convince a scholar to change his views.

A Few notes on Adventuring in Sanctuary

MONEY The monetary system of Sanctuary is rooted in poverty. The most common coinage is copper pieces. If the players were as rich as most gaming characters they would not be sell swords. Each character should have a limited amount of money to start the game. One gold piece, ten silvers, and perhaps 20 coppers is recommended. It should be remembered that this is literally all the wealth each player has in the world and if it is used up in bribes, etc, he will need to find a quick way to obtain more.

TIME Along with money, time is very much a limiting factor in this adventure. The party has been given three days to find the document and expose the traitor. This increases the significance of the time it takes to complete each action, such as walking to a new location, reacting to a random encounter, or even sleeping. (Do insist that the players sleep at least four or five hours a night; they do so at Jubal's Estate.)

A good discussion of the size of Sanctuary is included in Chaosium's **Thieves' World**. As a rule of thumb you might insist that it takes three minutes to traverse a normal block hurrying, five walking, and one running. This means that it would take about 45 minutes to go from the Avenue of Temples to the Bazaar if the party doesn't dally along the way. Double this time for winding and unfamiliar streets as in the Maze.

VIOLENCE Prince Kadakithis is determined to bring law and order to Sanctuary. Outright violence and hack and slash behavior will quickly get the entire party imprisoned or hung. This is an adventure requiring finesse, though there may be a need to fight. If the adventurers of the party go about bashing heads and starting fights, they are likely not only to bring down the authorities upon themselves, but also to increase Jubal's displeasure. As hawkmarks, their actions will reflect back upon him and his entire organization.

the ambush

Your first warning was the scream of someone in the main group behind you. In the few seconds it took to rush back to the beach it was all over.

Waves lapped bleakly over the legs of one hapless sailor who had barely made it out of the boat. Three others and two of your fellow hawkmarks lay sprawled, their blood staining the sand. Their attackers with the box you were sent to guard can be heard splashing across the fringes of the Swamp of Night Secrets and all rush in pursuit.

The odor quickly reminds you of the drainage destination of much of the city's sewage. Boots stick and it is a constant battle to stay on your feet. On your left you hear a low, constant stream of mumbled curses. Out of the corner of your eye something splashes away through the muck and disappears into a stand of reeds.

The edges of your hawkmask rub against the sweaty skin at the edges of your face. Sweat begins to run into your eyes and there is no way to wipe it off below the mask. Finally you begin to slow.

All of you stop without a command. Over your rasping breaths only the swamp noises can be heard and as your breathing returns to normal the distant sounds of Downwind and Sanctuary beyond become audible. Nowhere can be heard the splashing that would be made by fleeing men. Whoever it was, they have escaped.

As the excitement of the pursuit fades, the realization that you have to face Jubal grows, a prospect made no more pleasant by the recent memory of the long harangue he had given you less than an hour before on the great value of the document being brought to him by the smuggler. This was going to be a very unpleasant night.



Stumbling from the swamp another surprise awaits you on the beach. Someone had returned and stripped the bodies. Surprisingly little seems to have been taken yet every piece of clothing is strewn about and the boat has been literally smashed. From the amount of tracks visible in the sand there must have been a large number of men searching. Gathering up the possessions of the slain hawk-masks, one of you points out that the tracks of this second group cover a narrow, churned up line south along the edge of the surf. Finally you begin to walk inland towards Jubal's Estate . . .

JUBAL

You should play the part of Jubal facing the players when they return from the beach. Jubal is angry and, more importantly, concerned with the loss of the document they were escorting to him. Rant and rave about their incompetence and the value of what they have lost. (It is equal in value to about ten years of their pay at minimum). Show concern also for the loss of two of your experienced hawk-masks.

When you have finished storming (about a minute is sufficient), ask the party to give you a report on all that has happened. When they have finished, in a slow voice express the realization that the party was ambushed and so someone had to know when the landing was occurring. This means that there had to be a traitor. Then state simply that the only people still living who knew there was a landing tonight are in the room. There has to be a traitor and he is one of the party. End the meeting with the following:

"I cannot allow a traitor to stay in my service. One of you is a traitor and right now I don't know who. Just as importantly, the document I lost must be recovered. Already too many know it exists. It is not necessary for you to know what it is, but it is necessary for you to get it back.

"All of you have failed me. One of you is a traitor. You have three days to get the document back to me and prove to me which one has betrayed me. Should you fail I'll search you out even if you hide in the deepest cellar of Carronne. You have three days to make up for your failures and bring me proof who among you betrayed us all."

As the party leaves Jubal's office they are greeted by Pentham, one of the older hawk-masks whom Jubal often uses as a contact with the locals. He informs the group that he is bringing Jubal the information that a party of mercenaries were hired in the maze the night before by an unknown Rankan. Further, he has just been informed that one of those mercenaries is wounded and is hiding in a room at the Golden Lion. He will then have to hurry along to report this to Jubal. At this point the party should decide what action to take.

Notes on Judging TRAITOR

Several floor plans and documents are included with this adventure and you may wish to use the former as the characters arrive at the various buildings. A description of the buildings and their contents are included in the text.

Six Documents are also included with this adventure. These may be given to the players to read when they are discovered. This will add realism to the adventure and save the judge repeating their contents for the players to copy.

The descriptions of several of the buildings include more detail than is needed for this adventure. This is to allow the players to possibly rob them to replenish their money. These may also be used in your own adventures in Sanctuary and with other FASA adventures to follow.

You will find a map of Sanctuary, specially as found in the **Thieves' World** game package from Chaosium, a substantial aid in adding color to the adventure and measuring the passage of time.

THE CHARACTER SHEETS

Enclosed are five double-sided character sheets which are actually for two groups of five characters for this adventure. It is recommended that these, rather than the gamer's own characters, be used so that the identity of the traitor will be more difficult to determine.

The first two thirds of each side of the sheet for each character are identical. On one side a section has been added to each of these biographies telling of how that character became the traitor. There is really little in the adventure itself which will expose the traitor. It must be judged by the character's actions as played by whomever gets the traitor sheet.

To begin the game, pass out the five characters randomly. (If there are less than five players pass out a lesser number, but the adventure plays better if there are no less than four.) To all but one gamer, pass out the sheets with just the biography side up. To the other gamer give the sheet including the story of how he became a traitor. Be sure to warn each gamer to keep his sheets hidden, but leave them for players' reference later. Any player who shows his sheet to another (to prove that he is not the traitor) should be expelled from the game.

If you want to create real confusion pass out two sheets for traitors. This leads to all sorts of strange complications, but run the adventure with just one traitor first.

THIS ADVENTURE IS A TRUE ROLE PLAYING ADVENTURE. This means that the gamers and the judge must take care to play the personalities of the characters as accurately as possible. Both the player characters and the numerous NPCs in this adventure can all be assumed to be virtual strangers (all new to being hawk-masks) and somewhat unfamiliar to Sanctuary as well.

rinmer

Might 75
Intellect 55
Knowledge 75
Stamina 80
Coordination 90
Appeal 40
Fighter skill 3/Thief skill 4
sword, dagger, garotte, Leather and helm

Rinmer is a product of Downwind where he was born. Abandoned in youth by his parents, he learned the ways of the streets through necessity. He would like to see himself more as a thief than as a warrior. Still young, at 19, he bears the scars, both physical and mental of his youth. Rinmer is physically small and has spent his life fending off bullies who were twice his size but now that he has reached manhood, his form has filled out and only a very drunk antagonist sees him as an easy mark. He may be played as a dwarf.



There is little chance to develop a conscience in the Downwind, and Rinmer never saw the use in having scruples. He is very much an opportunist who looks out for 'number one'. When he became old enough to survive beyond the support of the gang of children who protected each other, he crossed the river and moved into a hovel in the maze. From there he apprenticed himself to thieves and out-of-luck warriors until he felt confident with weapons and in his thieving abilities. In the last year he has done fairly well on his own, prowling the streets at night and occasionally committing a burglary.

Rinmer's luck changed when he happened along a fresh corpse on the Street of Smells. Seeing no one, Rinmer quickly took from the body a considerable wealth in coins and jewelry. As he was finishing frisking the corpse he saw three men running toward him and by their silence he knew that they were not the city guard. Managing to evade these

pursuers (who appeared to know the maze as well as he), Rinmer took to earth. The next day an urchin informed him (for a copper piece) that the body he had robbed belonged to a hawkmask who was off duty. Jubal had sent several gouts out to search for him and worse yet, Rinmer had been identified by his shortness and stout build.

Seeing no benefit in a confrontation, Rinmer spent the next two days enjoying the ocean air on a fisherman's ship. The hold smelled badly at night, but the daytime air and sun were pleasant. For a moment Rinmer considered this way of life for himself, but the visible poverty of his host ended that speculation.

When Rinmer returned to shore he was faced with the problem of having earned the enmity of the city's crime-lord. Seeing no benefit in further hiding, Rinmer boldly presented himself at Jubal's gate and a few minutes later he was hustled into the presence of the hulking, dark leader of the hawkmasks. Producing all that he had taken, Rinmer stated that he had not known the identity of the victim and was not the killer. Fortunately for Rinmer, the real killer had been found and had promptly disappeared again - permanently. Jubal was impressed by the bravado of the small thief. So on the spot he offered him the dead man's place as a hawkmask. Since then Rinmer has proudly strutted through the town in the blue hawkmask, fearing only Tempus and the Hellhounds.

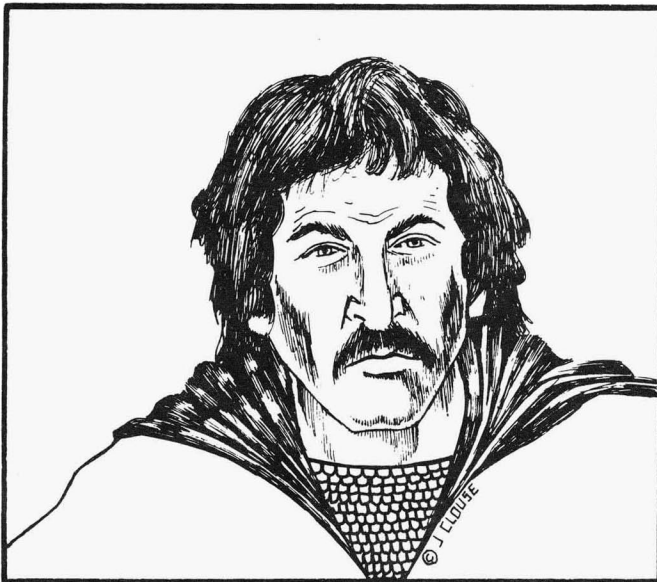
Two days after Rinmer became a hawkmask he was approached by a comely lady with whom he had a passing acquaintance on the Street of Red Lanterns. She was carrying a message for him to accompany her and wrapped inside it was a large piece of gold. Following the lady, the thief found himself in a room on the second floor of the Vulgar Unicorn Tavern. In the dimly lit room he spoke with a hooded man whose accent betrayed him as being from Ranke itself. Speaking in low tones, as if to disguise his voice, the stranger offered Rinmer a substantial sum if he would merely inform him the next time Jubal was meeting a smuggled shipment. To do this Rinmer was merely to wear a red scarf while walking around the city. From this it would be known that Jubal was meeting the shipment that night. In return the stranger poured onto the stained table a fortune in gold greater than Rinmer had ever gained. Not taking his eyes from the gold, Rinmer smiled to think how easily he would earn the money. When the stranger promised more money would be his after the signal was given, Rinmer readily agreed.

That evening, when Rinmer and several others were told to rest because they were to guard a smuggler's landing that night, Rinmer put on a new red scarf recently bought and went on a walk. He never realized the full import of what he had done until the ambush was sprung. When he found that he had survived, the thought of confessing his actions to Jubal never even entered his mind. With so many hawkmasks dead or wounded, the fate of a traitor who caused this situation would not be debated. Now Rinmer's thoughts are mainly concerned with passing the blame onto another and collecting the rest of the gold that was promised.

melentis

Might 80
Intellect 85
Knowledge 50
Stamina 75
Coordination 55
Appeal 30
Fighter skill 5
sword, battle axe, chain and helm, no shield

Melentis is a warrior by trade. At age 30 he has served in both the Rankan and Ilsig armies, in neither of which did he rise above the level of common soldier. Melentis is actually quite bright, so this is due less to a lack of intelligence than to his propensity for picking fights with superiors (and winning). He is belligerent when challenged and prefers to fight with great war whoops and broad swings of his weapons. For all this flamboyance he is a competent warrior and possesses a cool head when not in battle.



Melentis was raised on a poor farm at the edge of the mountains several days North of Sanctuary. Due to this location he was exposed to both the fierce independence of the Mountain tribes and the more civilized ways of the lowlands. Being poor and undistinguished, Melentis was never really accepted by either group. He was considered too soft for acceptance in the mountains and was snubbed as too crude by those living in the towns below. All of this has given Melentis a chip on his shoulder. He reacts rapidly and violently to any insult and is likely to pick a fight with anyone who disturbs his sensibilities. Now that he has developed competent fighting skills Melentis actively seeks to constantly prove his superiority to the Mountain Tribesmen. He will often pick fights with one (or even two) in taverns or in the bazaar.

Melentis fled his family's farm after beating the son of the local tax collector nearly to death. He has never returned and knows nothing of the fate of his family. If ques-

tioned about his roots he will be evasive, then belligerent. He is currently a deserter from the Ilsig army, though he bears them no malice. There had been an unfortunate incident with a young officer who had embarrassed Melentis in front of several comrades. The officer has now been assigned to a desk job where the inability to use his left arm does not interfere with his duties. After the fight Melentis left camp one jump ahead of the patrol sent out to bring him back to the commander. He had with him only his arms and the clothes he was wearing.

During his flight Melentis took refuge in a caravan where Lepev Orlo, a travelling merchant, took a liking to him and hired him as a guard. Later Lepev bribed the border guards to let him through; Melentis considers Lepev his only true friend. Lepev then had some economic setbacks and they parted company in Sanctuary. Shortly after this Melentis was recruited by Jubal and has spent the last six months as a sell sword of the Hawkmarks. He has heard that Lepev has returned, but has not had an opportunity to look him up.

Melentis has received a message from Orlo that he has suffered even more economic reverses in Ilsig and is in grave danger of being cast into debtor's prison. Lepev Orlo is also aware of a marginally legal venture that is just starting which could easily restore his fortunes. He needs capital, a few hundred gold pieces, to put up a share. Without it his prospects look bleak and the note appeals to Melentis for any help he can give.

Melentis unfortunately has only a few coppers to his name, having left most of his wealth on the street of the Red Lanterns. When he was offered nearly 100 gold pieces merely to let slip one bit of information to a red headed stranger, it was too great a temptation. He took the gold and revealed where he and his comrades were to meet that night. He is now carrying the gold with him in two small pouches under his armor.

aethelwain

Might 50

Intellect 75

Knowledge 70

Stamina 45

Coordination 80

Appeal 70

Fighter Skill 6

sword, dagger, chain, leather helm

Aethelwain is a slight, small sell sword. (Play as an Elf). He looks even younger than his 22 years and although not weak, he appears almost frail due to his slight build. Aethelwain refuses vehemently to speak of his past and will either change the subject or simply leave the room if pressed. Even Jubal has been unable to get a lead on the past of this hawkmask. Part of this may be related to a leather headband Aethelwain wears at all times, even in his sleep. Unusual symbols are inscribed upon it; Aethelwain says they represent part of a solemn vow he has made to his gods, but cannot reveal the vow.



Aethelwain was once a mage of the Blue Star. He had been young but talented when he began the training that accompanied the vows. The training itself was difficult and one evening Aethelwain snuck away from the barracks and got very drunk. Somehow, perhaps because he feared the enormity of his chosen future, Aethelwain let slip his 'Secret'. He was really the bastard son of the chief advisor to the Rulers of Ilsig and a S'Danzo princess. If pride or any other reason were to cause Aethelwain to reveal his Noble heritage, then his powers would be lost to whomever he told. With the loss of his powers the Blue Star tattooed upon his head blurred into a blue blotch. Aethelwain carefully covers it with the leather headband and would likely die before allowing another to see what he has lost.

With no magic Aethelwain turned to skill at weapons as a means to better himself. Through the subtle (unknown to

him) assistance of his father Aethelwain was taken on as a pupil of the greatest swordmaster in Ilsig. In return Aethelwain studied and practiced with the intensity of a driven man. He was hoping to wipe out his despair through hard work. Part of the training allowed Aethelwain to fight in the 'Florentine' style with a sword in one hand and a dagger in the other. The dagger may be used either to increase his defense or as an offensive weapon, thus creating two attacks in a phase of combat.

Eventually Aethelwain could no longer stand being in the same city where he had lost so much. Less than a month ago he reached Sanctuary in his aimless wandering and was almost immediately accosted by a thief while travelling through the maze. In front of several witnesses he easily defeated one known to be a rather skillful mugger. The news of this caused Jubal to recruit Aethelwain. Jubal has yet to hear from Ilsig of Aethelwain's past.

The strongest lesson Aethelwain has learned is to not talk of himself. He has become very taciturn and moody since he lost his powers and the sight of any powerful mage reminds him of the potential he foolishly lost. Because of this, neither the townsfolk or the S'Danzo of Sanctuary are aware of his heritage. Aethelwain, having been raised by his mother, speaks the S'Danzo tongue, but so far has kept this knowledge a secret. He is not hiding the fact (it is somewhat stylish in Sanctuary to use a S'Danzo word occasionally), but simply has not come up. If asked where he learned the tongue he will answer vaguely. He feels some affection but not real kinship to the S'Danzo of Sanctuary.

While not talkative, Aethelwain is a keen listener and very observant. While serving as a guard on Jubal's estate he overheard a conversation between Jubal and someone with a Rankan accent. Although he could catch only snatches of the conversation, Aethelwain was able to determine that a deal was being struck with a noted Rankan for a valuable item which will cause the Ilsig government great embarrassment or loss. He also heard the location of the meeting and the fact that Jubal would be supplying several hawkmasks to act as guards. The final comment Aethelwain heard was that this should really 'tweak the nose of Herentz', Aethelwain's father.

Although Aethelwain had no great love for the father who rarely visited him, the chance to prove his value was too great to resist. Later that day when approached by a stranger in the Bazaar, Aethelwain traded his information for the promise that he would receive the document after it was copied. It was later a simple matter to be available when the crew of guards was assembled.

kalahd em barih

Might 65

Intellect 85

Knowledge 65

Stamina 80

Coordination 75

Appeal 35

Fighter skill 4/Mage skill 2

scimitar, dagger leather, shield

Kalahd is unusual in that he deals with non desert nomads. He is the son of the Shaman/Wise man of his clan and so learned both the ways of fighting (as every man had to) and some magic. His father was a specialist in Fire magic and so the minor magics under his control all deal with this element. Kalahd is older than most of the hawk-masks (40+) and the dryness of his dark skin and slowness of his speech accentuate this appearance. He has lived in Sanctuary for so long that he has only a trace of accent when excited or amused. Tending to wear long, loose robes Kalahd often hides an insurance dagger strapped to his ribs. He is friendly in the company of those he knows well, but sits quietly when a stranger is present. By habit Kalahd is always on the alert for an unexpected attack; he will always sit with his back to a wall and watches behind him whenever walking.



The life of a desert nomad never really appealed to Kalahd who was ambitious beyond his small clan. In his youth Kalahd organized in his mind a great alliance of all the desert peoples (under his leadership of course) who swept into the cities of Ilsig and placed him upon the throne. The reality was rather less.

When Kalahd reached manhood he left his clan to join a group of other youths who became bandits and lived by pillaging the caravans. This proved to be a difficult and less than rewarding life. By the time Kalahd had risen to the leadership of the group there were only five others

left but still Kalahd had great plans. When a group of over 20 pilgrims happened near, the temptation was too much to resist, even with the disparity in numbers. Unfortunately several of the Pilgrims turned out to be the sons of nobles and were well armed beneath their desert capes. Four of the bandits were killed outright and Kalahd and another were captured.

The pilgrims were travelling to a shrine far away and did not wish to be burdened with prisoners. They were on the edge of putting Kalahd to death when one of them pointed out that this was hardly a worthy action for those on a pilgrimage. All agreed and to be merciful they cut the tendons in the left legs of both men and left them to literally crawl away. Kalahd's last follower died in the ordeal of trying to return to their camp.

Eventually Kalahd's leg healed enough to allow him to travel. Disgraced before the people to whom he had bragged upon his departure, he was forced to travel where no one would question him. For the last twenty years this had been Sanctuary. For a while he had served with the Ilsig garrison as a sell sword and when it became apparent that the city would easily fall he resigned merely by changing out of the uniform. Since then Kalahd has earned a marginal living as a bodyguard and by guarding caravans. One of those who recently hired Kalahd as a body guard became involved in a feud with Jubal over the importing of slaves and upon his death a few months ago in an ambush near the Swamp of Night Secrets, Kalahd approached Jubal for employment. Having been a worthy foe, Jubal quickly accepted him.

Kalahd still bears a grudge against all those who act in the name of religion or display their devotion in any way. He often surprises people with the vehemence with which he condemns the hypocrites who claim to represent the gods.

Second on Kalahd's hate list is Molin Torchholder. He had paid special attention when a notable in a none too effective disguise visited Jubal. Overhearing the conversation while guarding the door (which came somehow slightly ajar), Kalahd found out that a valuable document was being smuggled into the city. Molin claimed loudly that with this document he would become a hero and return to Ranke in Triumph. Kalahd's spine stiffened when the Torchholder then bragged that he would return with an army of masons and build the greatest temple ever seen. With those words Molin and Jubal toasted to their success.

Calling a comrade to replace him with the excuse of 'relieving himself,' Kalahd hid just beyond the gate and began to follow the Rankan priest. He had gone only a few blocks when he felt a dagger at his throat. it seems that he was not the only one following Molin Torchholder. In a whispered conversation, Kalahd bought back his life with the information he had overheard then, shaken and troubled, he returned to his post at Jubal's door.

For a long time Kalahd debated with himself over telling Jubal of the secret having been lost, but pride and the lack of a way to explain his actions held his tongue. Partially to make up for this, he made a point of being around when the guard was organized. After the battle, fear of Jubal's retaliation kept Kalahd quite. If possible he will seek to place the blame on any member of the party who displays any religious tendencies.

perein sept haup

Might 95
Intellect 80
Knowledge 70
Stamina 70
Coordination 50
Appeal 40
Fighter skill 4/Seamanship skill 3
sword, mace, glave Chain, shield

Perein is originally from the distant city of Caronne where he was the son of a noble. He shows signs of this breeding in his behavior by which he attempts to achieve the deportment of a gentleman thus often raising conflicts with his duties as a sell sword. Raised by his moderately wealthy family on the outskirts of Caronne, Perein led a fairly normal existence until his father was caught in an unsuccessful palace revolt. His father had actually played only a small part in the leadership but a scapegoat was needed. At the age of twelve, Perein watched his father tortured and hung at which point all the family's titles and lands were lost.



With the family estate confiscated, Perein was apprenticed to a sea captain who had once dealt with the family and for the next several years he served on a merchant vessel that traveled between Caronne and Ilsig. During these years Perein grew to be a giant of a man standing over 6 foot 7 inches. His strength grew from the rigors of shipboard life and his skill with a sword improved by the not infrequent encounters with pirates. Now at 28, Perein is at the peak of his strength. He again uses his title, but few know of its significance in Sanctuary.

Perein's size often fools those with whom he interacts into thinking that he is slow or stupid but nothing could be farther from the truth. While still a noble Perein had received a good basic education and his travels have broadened and sharpened his knowledge. Two years ago Perein

was exposed to a group of holy men travelling to Ilsig and was greatly impressed by their piety and sense of purpose a few months later, on his next voyage to Ilsig, he regretfully left the ship and joined their temple as an acolyte.

At first the knowledge and new environment were enough to keep Perein occupied but after six months the mystique of temple life began to wane. Not much later the High Priest had a long, friendly discussion with Perein as to whether or not he was truly meant to be a priest; the next morning Perein left Ilsig. (You may wish to play Perein as multiclassed Fighter and Priest, skill level 2; consult with the Judge). A few months later, his ship was attacked by pirates and Perein was forced to dive overboard to avoid being captured as a slave so he swam ashore onto a small island south of Sanctuary, his shirt and pants his only possessions. The next morning he was able to attract a fishing vessel and for a day's work was taken to Sanctuary. A few days later he approached Jubal as a sellsword.

Perein still bears a deep grudge against those who abandoned his father to take the blame for their revolt. Because of this, Perein was quite interested when approached by a hooded stranger in the bazaar. In the shade of a melon-sellers stall they spoke of Ilsig and the betrayal of his father and in the course of the conversation the stranger casually let slip the fact that one of the true leaders of the Revolt was smuggling certain items into Sanctuary with Jubal's help. It would give Perein a good measure of revenge and some gold if he could let the stranger know when the next mission to guard smugglers was scheduled. The stranger inferred that he had a vessel of his own and that he planned to head off the smugglers before they reached shore.

A few days later Perein was told to be ready for night duty in the Swamp of Night Secrets. His thoughts were too clouded with his desire for revenge to question how a stranger knew so much of his past. By the time he realized that something was amiss, he had warned the stranger and their entire party was ambushed on the way to Jubal's villa. Disgusted, he threw the gold he had been given into the sea. For a moment he toyed with the honorable approach of telling Jubal everything, but seeing his leader's anger, an instinct for survival stilled his tongue. Now he wishes to find the stranger for personal reasons and doubly desires to silence him forever.

the golden lion

Located at the edge of the bazaar, the Golden Lion is often frequented by sell swords and the rougher type of traveller. Because of this clientele there are often notices posted here of caravans' need for guards, private parties interviewing bodyguards, men wishing to join expeditions, and the like. The party is likely to recognize men of all nationalities and races.

The Golden Lion is comparatively high-class for this type of clientele. The head guards of caravans and mercenaries who have coppers to spend stay here. For those less fortunate, lesser hostels or doorways serve for the night. If a caravan regularly passes through Sanctuary it is common for a generous merchant to rent one of the larger rooms of bunks and treat his men to a night under a roof. If the venture has been particularly successful, or the guards and drivers have showed outstanding courage in the face of storms or bandits, it is somewhat of a tradition for the caravan owner to order a barrel of beer or a keg of wine for them and this tradition the owner, Marnelen Stout, heartily encourages.

The fare is of substantial quantity, if only passable quality, specially featuring mutton and vegetables. When a particularly well heeled caravan is in town Marnelen will allow Haakin, the sweetmeat vendor from the bazaar, to sit in a corner and offer his wares. On a particularly hot day Haakin will stop in and trade one of his sweetmeats for a glass of wine. While the two are not close friends, this has been going on for several years.

More often than not, the sweetmeats will end up being eaten by Grenelde, Marnelen's daughter. Her mother had died in childbirth and Grenelde has been raised in the rough-edged ways of the tavern. Grenelde is a large woman, about 25 years of age, quite stout but sporting under the fat a strong set of muscles. Grenelde is rather loud and does not accept casually any comments on her girth. A favorite practice of Golden Lion regulars is to trick some poor guard into an indiscreet comment and then watch the poor warrior driven out of the door by Grenelde armed most often with a broom handle. Hakeim, the story teller, is said to be unwelcome there for having made some well-phrased jest at Grenelde's expense. More likely he avoids the rough crowd. Still, his presence is somewhat unusual in the Golden Lion and often indicates that someone there knows a story of which he wishes to learn the details. If present, Hakeim will sit against the wall and near the door. He and Grenelde will exchange glares, though if there is an audience Hakeim will assume an air of persecution. Grenelde does all the cooking.

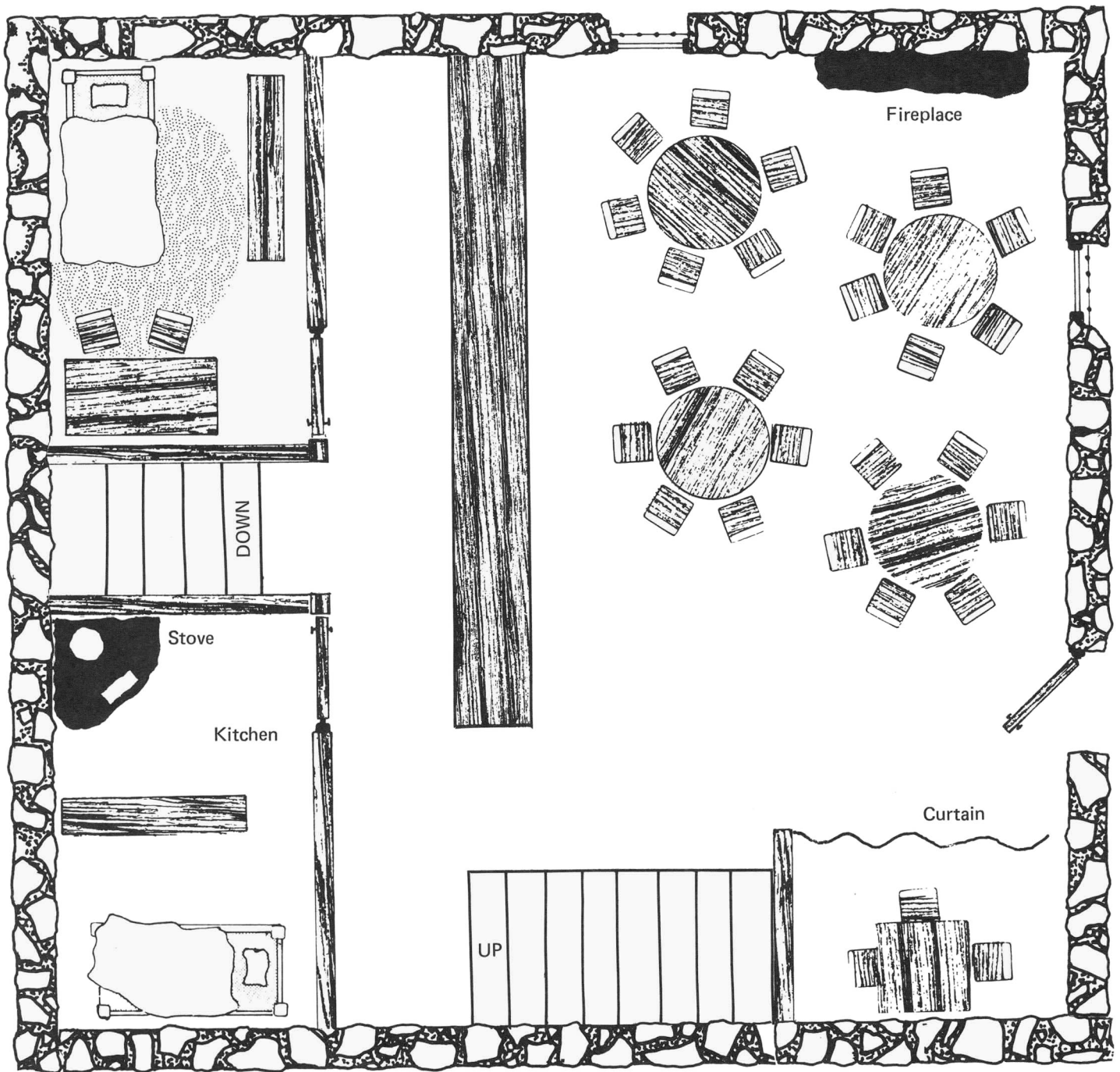
KEY TO THE GOLDEN LION

Rates: room per night: 1 silver
bed per night (bunk): 2 coppers
(both rates include dinner, but no beverages)

The first floor of the Golden Lion is lit by the fireplace and two large lanterns suspended over the bar. The few windows are barred with rusting, but still substantial steel gratings. four large tables are visible from the door and a slightly smaller table is hidden from sight by a curtain to the left of the entranceway. Couples seeking privacy or merchants dealing who wish to keep their business secret often will use this table (leaving a large tip with Marnelen for the privilege). A large open fireplace is used mainly for heat as the cooking is done on the second fireplace against the back wall in the kitchen. The bar is made of narrow planks and is worn smooth from years of use. Normally Marnelen and his daughter do all of the work but when a large group is expected Marnelen will hire temporary help.

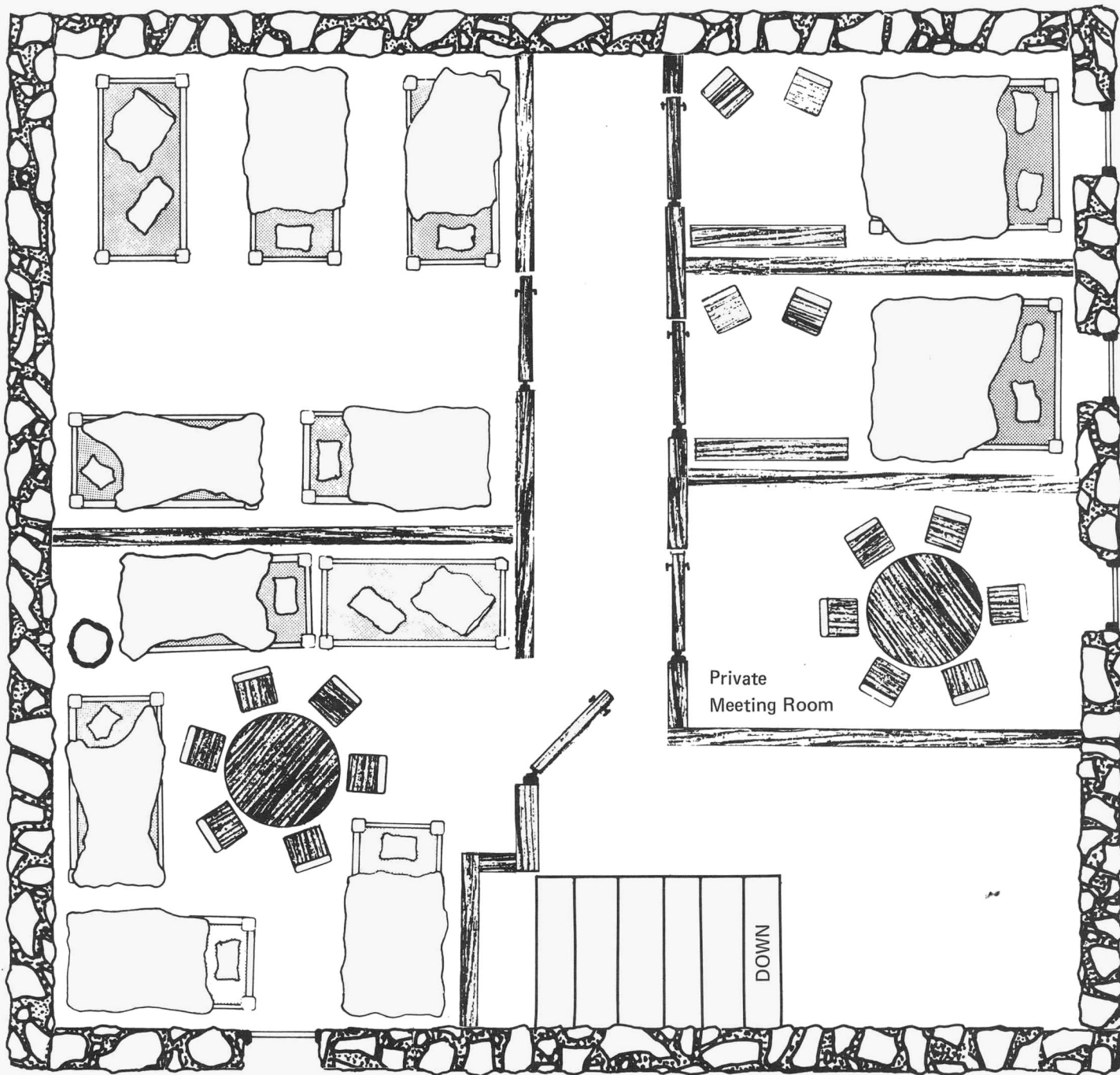
Behind the bar are two rooms and the stairway to the partial basement. Marnelen's room doubles as his office: basically plain with a table, two cushioned chairs, a wall of shelves containing personal possessions, and records, and a bed. The only outstanding item in the room is the rug which is a finely crafted nomad rug made of wool intricately weaved with several designs. Marnelen received it once from a merchant who went suddenly bankrupt while putting up his caravan at the Golden Lion. It was well worth the bill. In addition, the merchant told Marnelen that a curse was woven into it which would harm any man who stole it. (This is false, but Marnelen likes to mention the curse whenever his prize rug is noticed). Marnelen keeps each night's take under a loose board in the floor hidden under this rug and the curse story is well enough known that so far he has never lost this cache. Marnelen keeps a sword under his bed and cudgel under the bar. The kitchen and storage area serves as Grenelde's room. Of this there is little evidence except for a bed in one corner, a chest under the bed (clothes only), and a small mirror that can be set up on the table. On the table are several pieces of cutlery including a formidable cleaver. Grenelde keeps her personal wealth (1 gold, 11 silvers, 40 coppers) in a bag nestled in a jar of flour on the top shelf nearest her bed.

There will be several guards and drivers from a small caravan in the Golden Lion on the night after the ambush. They are mostly new to the Inn and will avoid any ruckus, merely there to relax, drink and sleep in a soft bed. Only one regular is among them: Grey Astrem, the chief camel driver. Astrem has been there several times before and if the party stays for any period of time he will attempt to trick either one of them or the guards into insulting Grenelde. If the stranger is attacked, the rest of the caravan will come to his assistance. (4 guards - fighter skill level 2, 3 drivers and fighters - level 0). As in most barroom brawls no one will draw a weapon or attempt to do real injury unless one of the party does so. If the party forces its way past Marnelen to reach the wounded stranger, one of the drivers will go for the city guard. (arrives in 1-6 turns). Marnelen will give the party a key to the wounded man's



the golden lion 1st floor

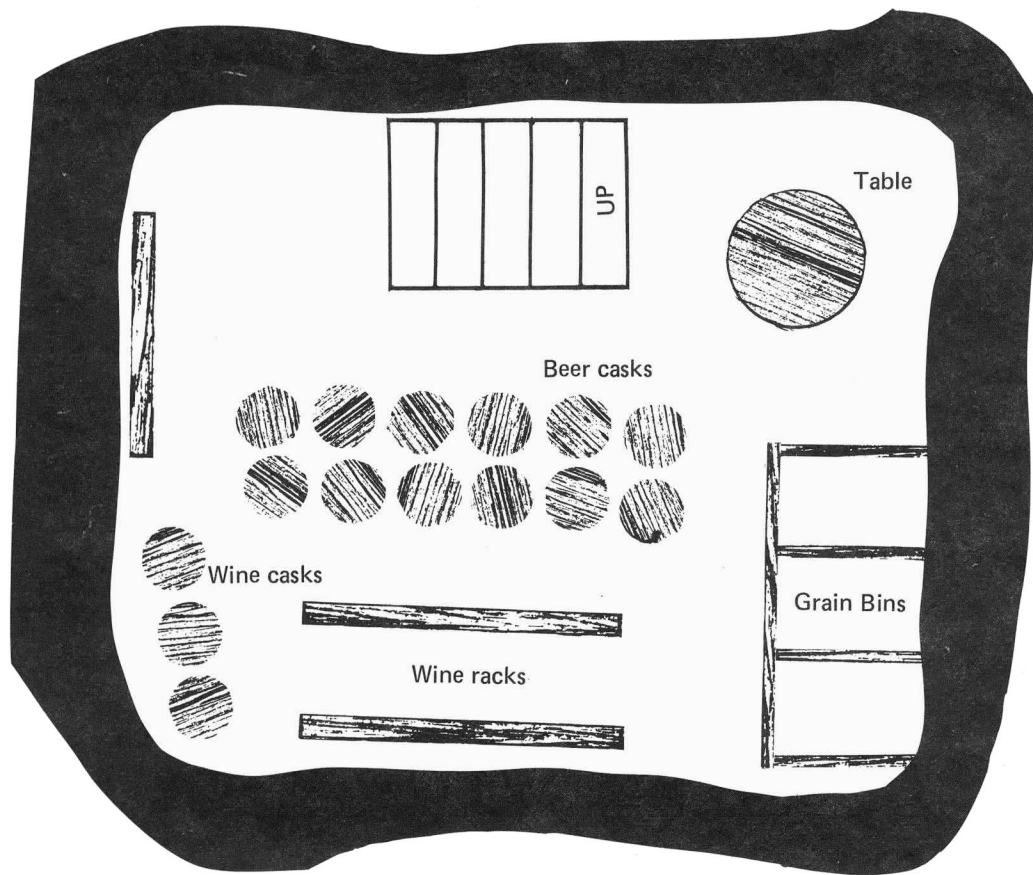
Scale : 1 inch = 5 feet.



the golden lion

2nd floor

Scale : 1 inch = 5 feet.



basement

room if he is asked discreetly and offered a bribe of at least five silvers.

SECOND FLOOR

The windows on the second floor are curtained but not barred. There are two large rooms of bunks each with a capacity of 10 men. Normally Marnelen will sell all of the bunks in one room to save the second for any large group who will pay extra for their privacy; this second room also boasts a table and six stools. The bunks are straw pallets with fairly clean blankets over the straw. The degree of infestation is mostly based upon who has used the bunk the night before though Marnelen prides himself on changing the straw at least once a week. The rooms are similar to barracks and as such have the characteristic odor of too many unwashed bodies. Baths are available for 2 coppers in the kitchen after dinner has been served. The better rooms are on the North side of the floor: two relatively comfortable furnished rooms and a private dining room which Marnelen rents out specially for 3 silvers per hour. When it is in use Grenelde often stations herself at the bottom of the landing to ensure that none of the travellers disturb the diners or linger near the door too long. For this she usually expects a copper.

The wounded man will be in the center of the better rooms. He will be wounded badly and bleeding from his leg

and ribs. It will be apparent by his gasping breath and pallor that he is on the edge of death. If Marnelen is with the group he will rave about how the clod is bleeding onto his best sheets. A few coppers will quiet him and hurry him on his way for fresh linen. (If the wounded man dies, he can rent the room again.)

THE BASEMENT

The basement of the Golden Lion is only a partial basement primarily beneath the kitchen area. At the base of the stairs is the bottom of the kitchen's fireplace with a metal door measuring a foot square from where the ashes are removed. If the door is opened the ashes will spill out onto the floor. An empty bushel basket under the stairs is normally used to empty it. Most of the basement is used for storage. There is a substantial collection of beer casks, wine bottles, and a dozen small casks of wine. Along the north wall are wooden bins in which Grenelde stores grain and vegetables. Directly behind the stairs is a small area containing a table and four chairs used by those who know to ask for it and who give a few coppers to Marnelen. When this area is in use he or Grenelde tend to stay at the top of the stairs and if Marnelen has ever heard anything while standing there no one can say. The fact that he has never acted on anything he might have heard has helped his reputation for discretion.

THE ENCOUNTER

When the party arrives at the Golden Lion Marnelen will be aware that he has a wounded guest upstairs and considers checking on him himself. He will not know him but is protective enough about his customers that he will question the party as to why they are searching out the wounded man.

A bribe of at least 2 silvers and a reasonable excuse, (i.e. the man stole something from them) will suffice to gain Marnelen's approval. He will accompany the party upstairs to make sure that they don't break up the room in a fight and will unlock the door when no one answers his knock.

If the party attempts to force its way past Marnelen he will resist until he feels that he has made enough of a gesture to keep his reputation clear. Then he will sulk while awaiting the city guards. Grenelde will also approach the action, cleaver in hand (treat as a hand axe, but neither will start anything but they will attempt to stall the party from leaving until the guards arrive, summoned by one of the caravan drivers who has slipped out.

Once in the room the party will find a wounded sell sword, one with a poor reputation and hireable to anyone. Named Ibus, this mercenary will be nearly dead and will appeal to the party to get a doctor or healer. If refused he will offer to trade information for assistance and if the party agrees, he will answer their questions.

POINT OUT TO THE PLAYERS THAT HE IS SINKING FAST AND THEY HAVE APPROXIMATELY TWO MINUTES TO QUESTION HIM.

It is important that the party learns that Ibus was hired by a red-haired Rankan. Other than this he knows only that he was offered a gold piece the afternoon before to be at the bazaar when it closed at sunset, ready for a night's work. He will swear that he didn't know Hawkmarks were to be ambushed or he would not have gone.

The party of mercenaries of which Ibus was now a member, was instructed to obtain the cherry wood box. The red-haired Rankan would meet them afterward at the edge of the Bazaar and reward them each with two more gold pieces for a successful ambush. Ibus was too weak from his wound and no one was there when he got back. Feeling weak he just went back to the room he had rented with part of the original gold piece. He does not know who the other ten sell swords were or who the Rankan was. They were under strict orders not to open the box. **AFTER TWO MINUTES OF QUESTIONS IBUS WILL DIE.** Marnelen will ask the party to dispose of the body, but will not insist on it.

If the party has been so indiscreet as to describe what they are searching for they can assume that word of it will be all over town by the next day. If this is the case they should be called before Jubal by a messenger and told to keep their mouths shut. He does not want every petty thief after his document and he definitely does not want the town to know that something was successfully stolen from him.

MARNELEN

Might 80
Intellect 55
Knowledge 70
Stamina 60
Coordination 40
Appeal 60
Fighter skill 2
Innkeeper skill 2
Human 5' 10"
230 pounds
Age middle 50s



Marnelen was once a soldier in the army of Ilseg. He had given up that life upon meeting his wife while he was on border duty. They settled in Sanctuary which was the garthest they reached when their money ran out after leaving Ilseg almost 30 years before. For a few months times were very hard for the young couple but their lot improved when Marnelen was hired as the bodyguard and bouncer for the former owner of the Golden Lion. Allowed to stay in the kitchen, the couple did well and soon developed a close relationship with the owner, the comfortable arrangement continuing for nearly three years. During this time the owner lost his only son who was killed by bandits while buying dates from the nomads. He became severely depressed and began drinking constantly so Marnelen and his wife kept up the Golden Lion for him and tried to help. When the owner was found in a gutter with his skull bashed in the couple merely stayed on and kept the place going. After over two decades no one has come forth to claim the inn and very few even remember how Marnelen gained it.

Marnelen is basically a cautious man, concerned primarily with the Golden Lion and his daughter. He was muscular when younger and is still strong, but flab covers much of his girth. He is comparatively jovial and can be downright happy when money is flowing in. He has remained somewhat aloof from all the dealings of the bazaar and nearby maze merely by taking the attitude that it is not his business and because of this the Golden Lion is frequented by the better class of fence and many of the caravan merchants.

GRENELDE

Might 70
Intellect 45
Knowledge 30
Stamina 75
Coordination 60
Appeal 25
Fighter skill 0
Cook skill 2
Human 5' 8"
200 pounds
Age 25



Grenelde is a large, loud woman, not very happy with her lot in life, but having inherited her father's conservatism she is afraid to leave the Inn. Rather disillusioned with

men, Grenelde still nurtures the hope of being wooed by a handsome young caravan owner. Unfortunately she has spent all her life in the Inn with rougher types and so really would not know how to act in a courtship.

Constant exposure to the rough sell swords and caravaneers has given Grenelde a gloss of toughness. Her language is effective with these men, but will seem foul to more genteel types (nearly everyone). Grenelde has a swift temper, but rarely holds a grudge, tends to dote on her father and rarely will be seen farther from the Golden Lion than the Bazaar.

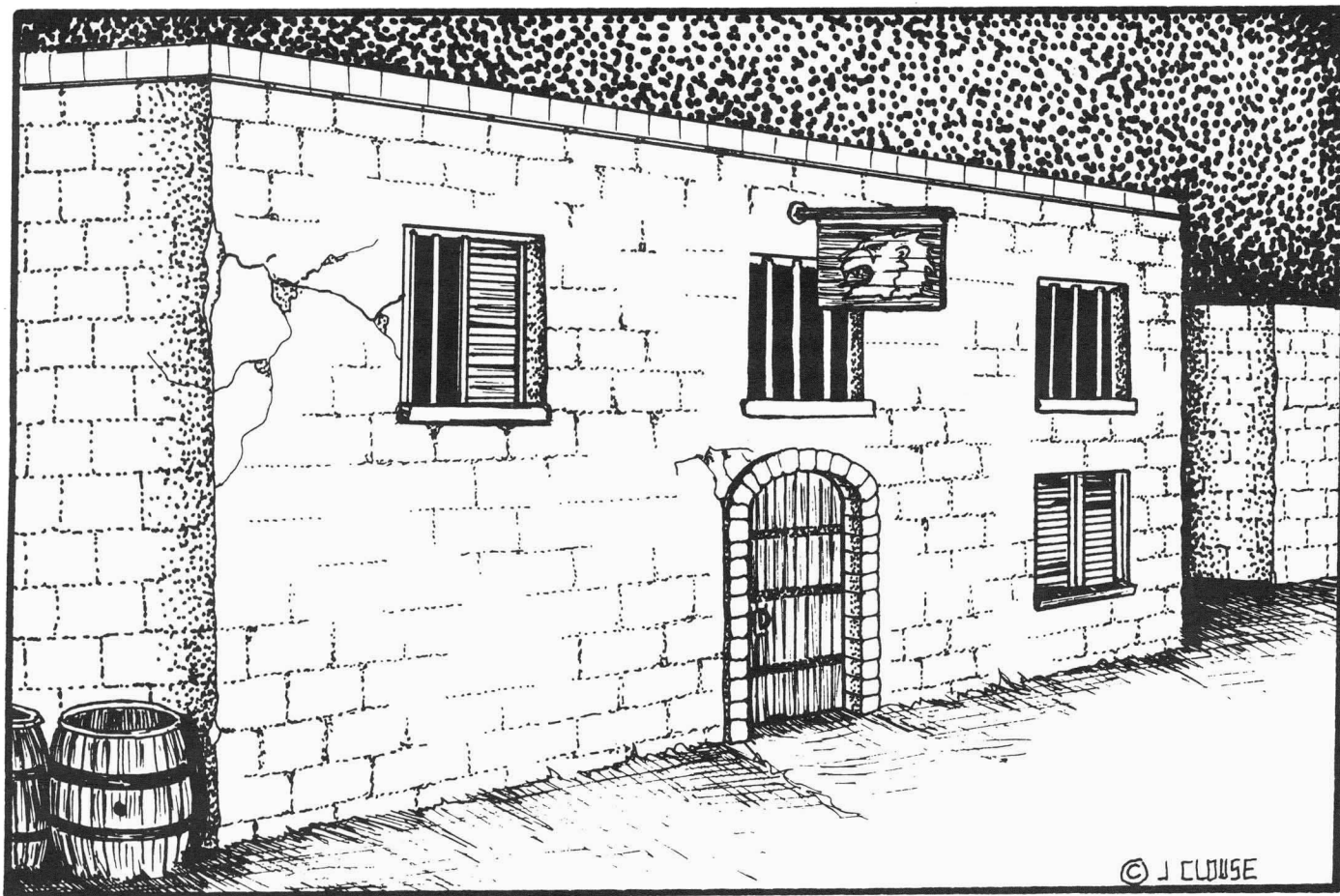
GREY ASTREM

Might 60
Intellect 65
Knowledge 75
Stamina 85
Coordination 70
Appeal 80
Fighter skill 3
Riding horses skill 3
camels skill 2
Human 5' 6"
130 pounds
Age middle 40s



Astrem is the head of the drivers and unofficial head of the guards for a local merchant who has employed him for several years and for whom he now often leads the caravans. He is well paid for this, but has begun looking for a way to gain a fortune and settle down.

If Astrem hears the party tell enough detail he will attempt to con them. Most likely he will promise to lead them to the red-headed Rankan and for this service he will demand 10 gold pieces in advance. If the party sounds anxious enough he might even raise this price. Once they are deep in the maze he will disappear into a doorway and out the back of the building, leaving the party to find their own way out. Using discretion, Astrem will be hard to find for the next few days.



the villa of quintus

It will be early in the morning before the players leave the Golden Lion. There are few red-headed Rankans so it will be easy for the party to pick up some trace of the one they are searching for. Questions asked around the taverns, in the bazaar, or among those who deal in information will reveal the identities of three red-headed Rankans. They are:

QUINTUS FORTH, a merchant who dwells in a house on Mongers Street. Quintus deals primarily in arranging the shipping of goods arriving in Sanctuary from the Western Seas to Rankan where they are sold by his brother. As such he will be well known on the docks and among the caravans. The back of his house also serves as a storeroom for the more valuable items he owns and it is normally guarded by two sell swords. (A diagram of the house is given to allow the party to explore this false trail). Quintus is currently in Ranke, absent now for three weeks, something easily discovered in the bazaar. His guard will not admit he is gone unless bribed with two or more silver pieces.

These guards are:

SCURRELIIOUS

Might 75
Intellect 40
Knowledge 50
Stamina 90
Coordination 45
Appeal 20
Fighter skill 3
sword, spear
shield, leather



Scurrulous is the archetype of the foot slogger. An infantryman with little concern for anything other than his pay and the weather, he is not talkative and tends to get angry if he feels others are putting upon him. He is loyal and will defend Quintus' home with all but his life.

TIMJACT

Might 60
Intellect 70
Knowledge 65
Stamina 55
Coordination 65
Appeal 35
Fighter skill 2,
Thief skill 2
sword, spear
shield, leather



Raised in Downwind, Timjact is very much out for himself. He regards his current job as soft, but is not interested in taking any risk for it and will easily tell anything he knows for a small bribe. If the party seems like they might be interested, he will offer to sell out Quintus and help the party burglarize the home that night which will be easy as only he will be on duty. It will have to be that night as Quintus is due back soon.

KEY TO THE HOME OF QUINTUS FORTH

Quintus, who is well off for Sanctuary, but not rich, inhabits an average merchant's home. The entire enclosure is 25' x 25' with much given to the courtyard where Quintus will bring a table and do business in good weather. The walls are of one foot thick adobe with no windows to the outside, the courtyard is open, and the house and stable have tiled roofs.

Entering through the barred doorway, the stables are visible to the left, normally housing three horses not now present because Quintus has taken them to Ranke. Beyond the stable is a doghouse, home for a large, brown watchdog of a very mixed breed. This dog has a liking for Scurrulous and often runs loose when Scurrulous is on guard. On the other hand, Timjact and the dog share a mutual antagonism so when Timjact is alone he keeps the hound chained. The dog will bark whenever any stranger is in the courtyard.

The gate itself has a small window through which a guard can see any who desires entrance. It can also be locked, but neither guard bothers to close the small opening, an opening measuring a few square inches through which a lowered rop or hook will quietly unbar the gate. A flower garden is in the far corner of the courtyard. Always one guard on duty, he can usually be found sitting in a chair near the entrance to the storeroom door and late at night there is a 50% chance that he will be asleep.

In the storeroom can be found the following:

- 10 bales of good silk worth 50 silvers each
- 2 bales of fine silk worth 125 silvers each
- 2 marble statues worth 25 silvers each (40 - 50 lbs.)
- 3 dark oak boxes. Each contains an identical dagger the hilts of which contain a pearl - 100 silvers each
- Several bulkier items of local art of little value in Sanctuary

The office of this home is plain and functional, containing several chairs and a thick table. On the shelf by the door is a record of the past month's transactions and an inventory of the contents of the storeroom. In the chest are similar records for the last several months. This room is connected by a secret door opening easily into the bedroom, hidden by a Carronian wall-hanging.

The most distinctive items in the bedroom include the large rugs and the wall hanging, all of richly colored wool. The wall hanging is worth 75 silvers, the largest rug nearly 200 and either weighs enough so that two men are needed to carry. The urn in the corner is covered and used for relief when it is late or cold. The chest merely contains clothes and a few personal letters from a sweetheart in Ranke. The comfortable bed is covered by a locally made

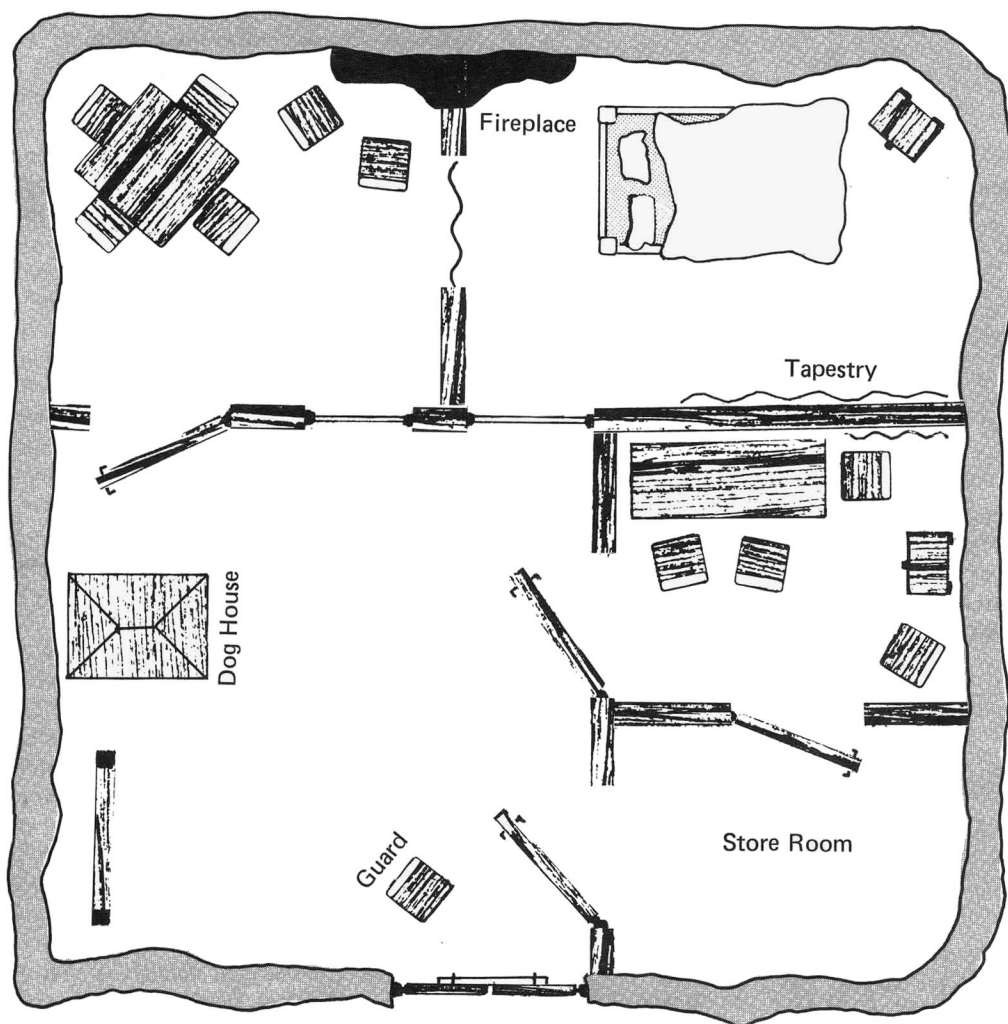
quilt and the fireplace extends into the other room. No door separates these rooms, just a light sheet of linen so any noise in one is clearly audible in the other.

The front room serves as the kitchen and meeting room for Quintus. It contains normal furniture and several small statues on shelves in a corner, one of which is pure silver, worth 250 silvers, but painted black to hide it from robbers. There is a false bottom in the small table near the front window which contains Quintus' emergency money consisting of 10 coppers, 10 silvers, and 5 gold pieces. The table itself is inscribed with the homily 'Waste not, want not' in Rankan.

The second red-headed Rankan in Sanctuary is CORI ROOFWALKER. Cori is a resident of the maze and a moderately successful burglar, hence the name. He is young, perhaps 19 or 20, and small, not a fighter and disdains violence. He prefers to case each theft carefully and only steals when he is sure that there is no one around. If the party considers for a moment they will realize that this character is hardly likely to have the money that is being spent or the interest in crossing Jubal. If they do seek him out Cori will simply disappear into the maze until they go away.

The third red-headed Rankan is QUERIMO NEEBLUST, an acolyte assigned to the party of Molin Torchholder and who serves mainly as a servant to the higher echelon priests. He is the Rankan who hired the sell swords. According to gossip, he can normally be found in any one of three places, the first being the construction site of the Temple to Savankala where he is often charged with carrying out minor jobs or supervising the Rankan soldiers guarding the site. The second location is in his alcove of the building

THE VILLA OF QUINTUS



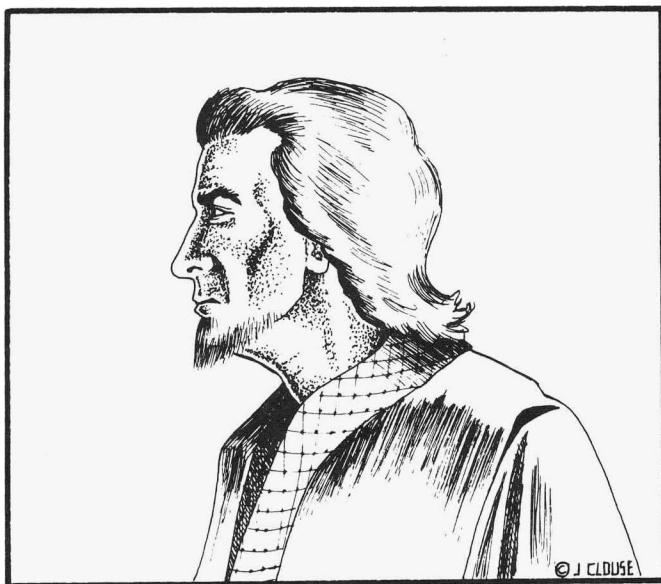
Scale : 1 inch = 5 feet.

rented to house those members of Molin's party too insignificant to be kept in the palace. The third location is in the bazaar where he often went to purchase a variety of gifts, many most appropriate for women. If the party goes to the bazaar all will be quite willing to talk about Neeblust as he often put on airs and insulted the locals. Neeblust will not be found in any of these places but important clues will be discovered at each one.

QUERIMO NEEBLUST

Might 60
Intellect 65
Knowledge 70
Stamina 50
Coordination 65
Appeal 70
Acolyte skill 1
Fighter skill 2
Thief skill 1
No armor carries dagger at all times and will be carrying a sword and blackjack most other times.

Querimo Neeblust is the fourth son of the second son of a petty Rankan noble which is less than no status in Ranke. His humble position was upsetting to Neeblust as he grew older and his decision to enter the temple was influenced by its potential as a means to raise his station in life.



Three years in the temple convinced Neeblust that promotion there was also politically influenced. To better his chances of promotion he volunteered for Molin Torchholder's party to Sanctuary, regretting the decision ever since his arrival. His chances for promotion seem to have actually diminished because though the competition is much less, there is simply no one in Sanctuary besides Molin to impress. Worse yet, Molin Torchholder seems unaware of Neeblust's existence except as a part of the environment. For the last year Neeblust has been searching for something, anything that will get him promoted and returned to Ranke.

Six months ago Neeblust was drowning his frustration in a corner of the Golden Lion when he was approached by a fellow Rankan. Playing to Neeblust's discontent with

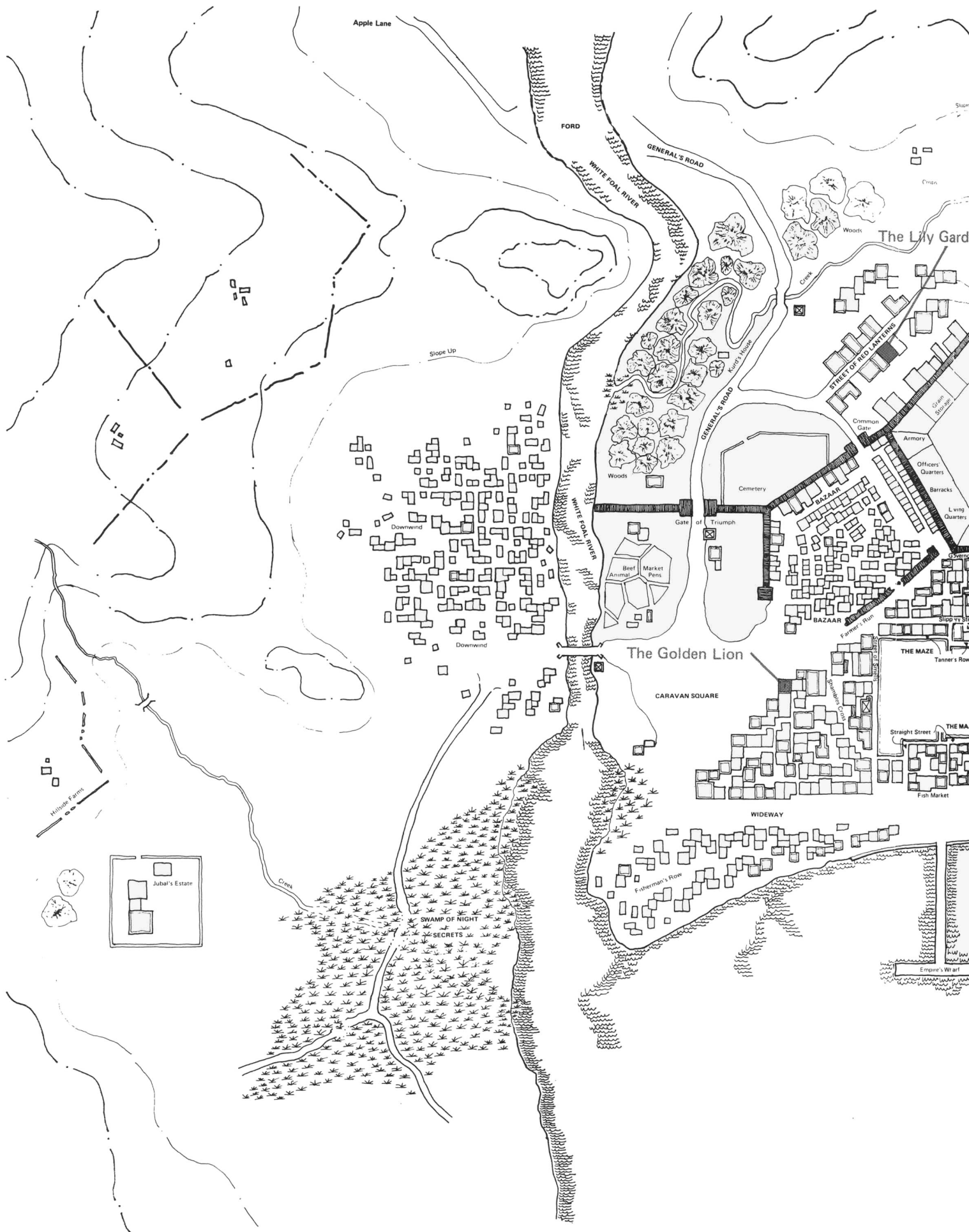
Sanctuary and Torchholder, the stranger enlisted him in a society dedicated to the service of Ranke (and themselves) which is really, as Neeblust quickly realized, a sort of spy service kept by one of the lesser advisors to the Emperor. Seeing this opportunity as his chance to make good, Neeblust has been a willing, if not always effective, agent for the stranger.

This contact was recalled to Ranke a few weeks earlier, informing Neeblust upon his departure of the only ongoing case in Sanctuary which involved a document intended for unknown parties from the chief advisor in the Ilseg government. It was suspected to contain secrets important to Ranke, but was lost when the messenger ship was captured by pirates. A casual comment by the Rankan has Neeblust convinced that this document is his ticket back to Ranke and the key to the favor of an important patron, and it might be.

Neeblust chanced upon the opportunity to examine a pirate captured in an unsuccessful attempt to board a local merchant ship. Just before he was hanged, the pirate tipped off Neeblust to a rendezvous with Jubal planned for some unknown date, at which a state document stolen earlier in the Western Sea, would be sold. Neeblust even said a few prayers over the pirate's unmarked grave.

Since he learned of the exchange, Neeblust has been discreetly learning of Jubal's techniques. He learned that smugglers often land just south of the Swamp of Night Secrets to sell slaves to Jubal or to gain the protection of his hawkmasks for a particularly valuable cargo.

Having a good idea of where the landing would take place, Neeblust only needed to discover when it would be. So he has been watching for the opportunity to buy off any of the hawkmasks. Fortunately for him, he made his contact just in time to learn of the night's landing. In a hurried few hours he hired a dozen sell swords and set up an ambush. As he used temple funds to hire the swords, Neeblust has no choice but to risk all to get the document to Ranke.



aethelwain

Might 50
Intellect 75
Knowledge 70
Stamina 45
Coordination 80
Appeal 70
Fighter Skill 6
sword, dagger, chain, leather helm

Aethelwain is a slight, small sell sword. (Play as an Elf). He looks even younger than his 22 years and although not weak, he appears almost frail due to his slight build. Aethelwain refuses vehemently to speak of his past and will either change the subject or simply leave the room if pressed. Even Jubal has been unable to get a lead on the past of this hawkmask. Part of this may be related to a leather headband Aethelwain wears at all times, even in his sleep. Unusual symbols are inscribed upon it; Aethelwain says they represent part of a solemn vow he has made to his gods, but cannot reveal the vow.



Aethelwain was once a mage of the Blue Star. He had been young but talented when he began the training that accompanied the vows. The training itself was difficult and one evening Aethelwain snuck away from the barracks and got very drunk. Somehow, perhaps because he feared the enormity of his chosen future, Aethelwain let slip his 'Secret'. He was really the bastard son of the chief advisor to the Rulers of Ilsig and a S'Danzo princess. If pride or any other reason were to cause Aethelwain to reveal his Noble heritage, then his powers would be lost to whomever he told. With the loss of his powers the Blue Star tattooed upon his head blurred into a blue blotch. Aethelwain carefully covers it with the leather headband and would likely die before allowing another to see what he has lost.

With no magic Aethelwain turned to skill at weapons as a means to better himself. Through the subtle (unknown to

him) assistance of his father Aethelwain was taken on as a pupil of the greatest swordmaster in Ilsig. In return Aethelwain studied and practiced with the intensity of a driven man. He was hoping to wipe out his despair through hard work. Part of the training allowed Aethelwain to fight in the 'Florentine' style with a sword in one hand and a dagger in the other. The dagger may be used either to increase his defense or as an offensive weapon, thus creating two attacks in a phase of combat.

Eventually Aethelwain could no longer stand being in the same city where he had lost so much. Less than a month ago he reached Sanctuary in his aimless wandering and was almost immediately accosted by a thief while travelling through the maze. In front of several witnesses he easily defeated one known to be a rather skillful mugger. The news of this caused Jubal to recruit Aethelwain. Jubal has yet to hear from Ilsig of Aethelwain's past.

The strongest lesson Aethelwain has learned is to not talk of himself. He has become very taciturn and moody since he lost his powers and the sight of any powerful mage reminds him of the potential he foolishly lost. Because of this, neither the townsfolk or the S'Danzo of Sanctuary are aware of his heritage. Aethelwain, having been raised by his mother, speaks the S'Danzo tongue, but so far has kept this knowledge a secret. He is not hiding the fact (it is somewhat stylish in Sanctuary to use a S'Danzo word occasionally), but is simply has not come up. If asked where he learned the tongue he will answer vaguely. He feels some affection but not real kinship to the S'Danzo of Sanctuary.

aethelwain

Might 50
Intellect 75
Knowledge 70
Stamina 45
Coordination 80
Appeal 70
Fighter Skill 6
sword, dagger, chain, leather helm

Aethelwain is a slight, small sell sword. (Play as an Elf). He looks even younger than his 22 years and although not weak, he appears almost frail due to his slight build. Aethelwain refuses vehemently to speak of his past and will either change the subject or simply leave the room if pressed. Even Jubal has been unable to get a lead on the past of this hawkmask. Part of this may be related to a leather headband Aethelwain wears at all times, even in his sleep. Unusual symbols are inscribed upon it; Aethelwain says they represent part of a solemn vow he has made to his gods, but cannot reveal the vow.



Aethelwain was once a mage of the Blue Star. He had been young but talented when he began the training that accompanied the vows. The training itself was difficult and one evening Aethelwain snuck away from the barracks and got very drunk. Somehow, perhaps because he feared the enormity of his chosen future, Aethelwain let slip his 'Secret'. He was really the bastard son of the chief advisor to the Rulers of Ilsig and a S'Danzo princess. If pride or any other reason were to cause Aethelwain to reveal his Noble heritage, then his powers would be lost to whomever he told. With the loss of his powers the Blue Star tattooed upon his head blurred into a blue blotch. Aethelwain carefully covers it with the leather headband and would likely die before allowing another to see what he has lost.

With no magic Aethelwain turned to skill at weapons as a means to better himself. Through the subtle (unknown to

him) assistance of his father Aethelwain was taken on as a pupil of the greatest swordmaster in Ilsig. In return Aethelwain studied and practiced with the intensity of a driven man. He was hoping to wipe out his despair through hard work. Part of the training allowed Aethelwain to fight in the 'Florentine' style with a sword in one hand and a dagger in the other. The dagger may be used either to increase his defense or as an offensive weapon, thus creating two attacks in a phase of combat.

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While not talkative, Aethelwain is a keen listener and very observant. While serving as a guard on Jubal's estate he overheard a conversation between Jubal and someone with a Rankan accent. Although he could catch only snatches of the conversation, Aethelwain was able to determine that a deal was being struck with a noted Rankan for a valuable item which will cause the Ilsig government great embarrassment or loss. He also heard the location of the meeting and the fact that Jubal would be supplying several hawkmasks to act as guards. The final comment Aethelwain heard was that this should really 'tweak the nose of Herentz', Aethelwain's father.

Although Aethelwain had no great love for the father who rarely visited him, the chance to prove his value was too great to resist. Later that day when approached by a stranger in the Bazaar, Aethelwain traded his information for the promise that he would receive the document after it was copied. It was later a simple matter to be available when the crew of guards was assembled.

kalahd em barih

Might 65

Intellect 85

Knowledge 65

Stamina 80

Coordination 75

Appeal 35

Fighter skill 4/Mage skill 2

scimitar, dagger leather, shield

Kalahd is unusual in that he deals with non desert nomads. He is the son of the Shaman/Wise man of his clan and so learned both the ways of fighting (as every man had to) and some magic. His father was a specialist in Fire magic and so the minor magics under his control all deal with this element. Kalahd is older than most of the hawk-masks (40+) and the dryness of his dark skin and slowness of his speech accentuate this appearance. He has lived in Sanctuary for so long that he has only a trace of accent when excited or amused. Tending to wear long, loose robes Kalahd often hides an insurance dagger strapped to his ribs. He is friendly in the company of those he knows well, but sits quietly when a stranger is present. By habit Kalahd is always on the alert for an unexpected attack; he will always sit with his back to a wall and watches behind him whenever walking.



The life of a desert nomad never really appealed to Kalahd who was ambitious beyond his small clan. In his youth Kalahd organized in his mind a great alliance of all the desert peoples (under his leadership of course) who swept into the cities of Ilsig and placed him upon the throne. The reality was rather less.

When Kalahd reached manhood he left his clan to join a group of other youths who became bandits and lived by pillaging the caravans. This proved to be a difficult and less than rewarding life. By the time Kalahd had risen to the leadership of the group there were only five others

left but still Kalahd had great plans. When a group of over 20 pilgrims happened near, the temptation was too much to resist, even with the disparity in numbers. Unfortunately several of the Pilgrims turned out to be the sons of nobles and were well armed beneath their desert capes. Four of the bandits were killed outright and Kalahd and another were captured.

The pilgrims were travelling to a shrine far away and did not wish to be burdened with prisoners. They were on the edge of putting Kalahd to death when one of them pointed out that this was hardly a worthy action for those on a pilgrimage. All agreed and to be merciful they cut the tendons in the left legs of both men and left them to literally crawl away. Kalahd's last follower died in the ordeal of trying to return to their camp.

Eventually Kalahd's leg healed enough to allow him to travel. Disgraced before the people to whom he had bragged upon his departure, he was forced to travel where no one would question him. For the last twenty years this had been Sanctuary. For a while he had served with the Ilsig garrison as a sell sword and when it became apparent that the city would easily fall he resigned merely by changing out of the uniform. Since then Kalahd has earned a marginal living as a bodyguard and by guarding caravans. One of those who recently hired Kalahd as a body guard became involved in a feud with Jubal over the importing of slaves and upon his death a few months ago in an ambush near the Swamp of Night Secrets, Kalahd approached Jubal for employment. Having been a worthy foe, Jubal quickly accepted him.

Kalahd still bears a grudge against all those who act in the name of religion or display their devotion in any way. He often surprises people with the vehemence with which he condemns the hypocrites who claim to represent the gods. After 20 years Kalahd still feels some pain from his leg having been mangled in the desert. The damage done causes the left leg to be unreliable under great stress so in a melee or when running, there is a 10% chance that the leg will give out and cause Kalahd to fall. He has learned to recover quickly, but each time his life is again endangered, his hate for all things religious is reinforced. Perhaps his ultimate hatred is directed toward Tempus whom he is wise enough to avoid.

kalahd em barih

Might 65
Intellect 85
Knowledge 65
Stamina 80
Coordination 75
Appeal 35
Fighter skill 4/Mage skill 2
scimitar, dagger leather, shield

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Second on Kalahd's hate list is Molin Torchholder. He had paid special attention when a notable in a none too effective disguise visited Jubal. Overhearing the conversation while guarding the door (which came somehow slightly ajar), Kalahd found out that a valuable document was being smuggled into the city. Molin claimed loudly that with this document he would become a hero and return to Ranke in Triumph. Kalahd's spine stiffened when the Torchholder then bragged that he would return with an army of masons and build the greatest temple ever seen. With those words Molin and Jubal toasted to their success.

Calling a comrade to replace him with the excuse of 'relieving himself,' Kalahd hid just beyond the gate and began to follow the Rankan priest. He had gone only a few blocks when he felt a dagger at his throat. It seems that he was not the only one following Molin Torchholder. In a whispered conversation, Kalahd bought back his life with the information he had overheard then, shaken and troubled, he returned to his post at Jubal's door.

For a long time Kalahd debated with himself over telling Jubal of the secret having been lost, but pride and the lack of a way to explain his actions held his tongue. Partially to make up for this, he made a point of being around when the guard was organized. After the battle, fear of Jubal's retaliation kept Kalahd quiet. If possible he will seek to place the blame on any member of the party who displays any religious tendencies.

perein sept haup

Might 95
Intellect 80
Knowledge 70
Stamina 70
Coordination 50
Appeal 40
Fighter skill 4/Seamanship skill 3
sword, mace, glove Chain, shield

Perein is originally from the distant city of Caronne where he was the son of a noble. He shows signs of this breeding in his behavior by which he attempts to achieve the deportment of a gentleman thus often raising conflicts with his duties as a sell sword. Raised by his moderately wealthy family on the outskirts of Caronne, Perein led a fairly normal existence until his father was caught in an unsuccessful palace revolt. His father had actually played only a small part in the leadership but a scapegoat was needed. At the age of twelve, Perein watched his father tortured and hung at which point all the family's titles and lands were lost.



With the family estate confiscated, Perein was apprenticed to a sea captain who had once dealt with the family and for the next several years he served on a merchant vessel that traveled between Caronne and Ilsig. During these years Perein grew to be a giant of a man standing over 6 foot 7 inches. His strength grew from the rigors of shipboard life and his skill with a sword improved by the not infrequent encounters with pirates. Now at 28, Perein is at the peak of his strength. He again uses his title, but few know of its significance in Sanctuary.

Perein's size often fools those with whom he interacts into thinking that he is slow or stupid but nothing could be farther from the truth. While still a noble Perein had received a good basic education and his travels have broadened and sharpened his knowledge. Two years ago Perein

was exposed to a group of holy men travelling to Ilsig and was greatly impressed by their piety and sense of purpose a few months later, on his next voyage to Ilsig, he regretfully left the ship and joined their temple as an acolyte.

At first the knowledge and new environment were enough to keep Perein occupied but after six months the mystique of temple life began to wane. Not much later the High Priest had a long, friendly discussion with Perein as to whether or not he was truly meant to be a priest; the next morning Perein left Ilsig. (You may wish to play Perein as multiclassed Fighter and Priest, skill level 2; consult with the Judge). A few months later, his ship was attacked by pirates and Perein was forced to dive overboard to avoid being captured as a slave so he swam ashore onto a small island south of Sanctuary, his shirt and pants his only possessions. The next morning he was able to attract a fishing vessel and for a day's work was taken to Sanctuary. A few days later he approached Jubal as a sellsword.

perein sept haup

Might 95

Intellect 80

Knowledge 70

Stamina 70

Coordination 50

Appeal 40

Fighter skill 4/Seamanship skill 3
sword, mace, glave Chain, shield

Perein is originally from the distant city of Caronne where he was the son of a noble. He shows signs of this breeding in his behavior by which he attempts to achieve the deportment of a gentleman thus often raising conflicts with his duties as a sell sword. Raised by his moderately wealthy family on the outskirts of Caronne, Perein led a fairly normal existence until his father was caught in an unsuccessful palace revolt. His father had actually played only a small part in the leadership but a scapegoat was needed. At the age of twelve, Perein watched his father tortured and hung at which point all the family's titles and lands were lost.



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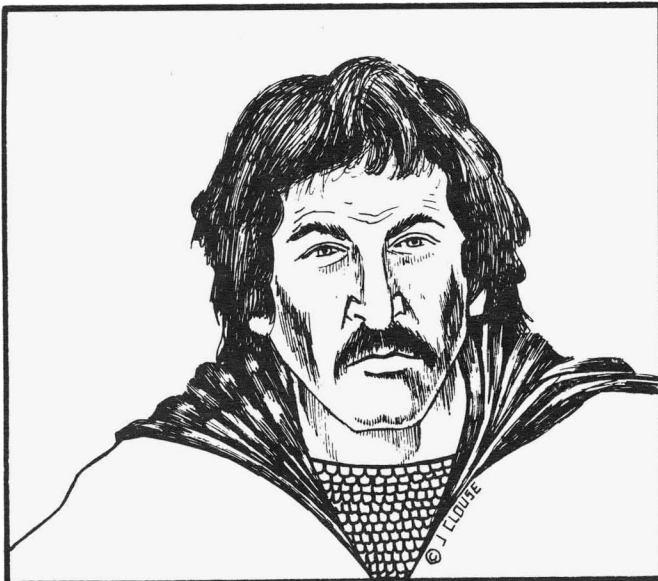
Perein still bears a deep grudge against those who abandoned his father to take the blame for their revolt. Because of this, Perein was quite interested when approached by a hooded stranger in the bazaar. In the shade of a melon-sellers stall they spoke of Ilsig and the betrayal of his father and in the course of the conversation the stranger casually let slip the fact that one of the true leaders of the Revolt was smuggling certain items into Sanctuary with Jubal's help. It would give Perein a good measure of revenge and some gold if he could let the stranger know when the next mission to guard smugglers was scheduled. The stranger inferred that he had a vessel of his own and that he planned to head off the smugglers before they reached shore.

A few days later Perein was told to be ready for night duty in the Swamp of Night Secrets. His thoughts were too clouded with his desire for revenge to question how a stranger knew so much of his past. By the time he realized that something was amiss, he had warned the stranger and their entire party was ambushed on the way to Jubal's villa. Disgusted, he threw the gold he had been given into the sea. For a moment he toyed with the honorable approach of telling Jubal everything, but seeing his leader's anger, an instinct for survival stilled his tongue. Now he wishes to find the stranger for personal reasons and doubly desires to silence him forever.

melentis

Might 80
Intellect 85
Knowledge 50
Stamina 75
Coordination 55
Appeal 30
Fighter skill 5
sword, battle axe, chain and helm, no shield

Melentis is a warrior by trade. At age 30 he has served in both the Rankan and Ilsig armies, in neither of which did he rise above the level of common soldier. Melentis is actually quite bright, so this is due less to a lack of intelligence than to his propensity for picking fights with superiors (and winning). He is belligerent when challenged and prefers to fight with great war whoops and broad swings of his weapons. For all this flamboyance he is a competent warrior and possesses a cool head when not in battle.



Melentis was raised on a poor farm at the edge of the mountains several days North of Sanctuary. Due to this location he was exposed to both the fierce independence of the Mountain tribes and the more civilized ways of the lowlands. Being poor and undistinguished, Melentis was never really accepted by either group. He was considered too soft for acceptance in the mountains and was snubbed as too crude by those living in the towns below. All of this has given Melentis a chip on his shoulder. He reacts rapidly and violently to any insult and is likely to pick a fight with anyone who disturbs his sensibilities. Now that he has developed competent fighting skills Melentis actively seeks to constantly prove his superiority to the Mountain Tribesmen. He will often pick fights with one (or even two) in taverns or in the bazaar.

Melentis fled his family's farm after beating the son of the local tax collector nearly to death. He has never returned and knows nothing of the fate of his family. If ques-

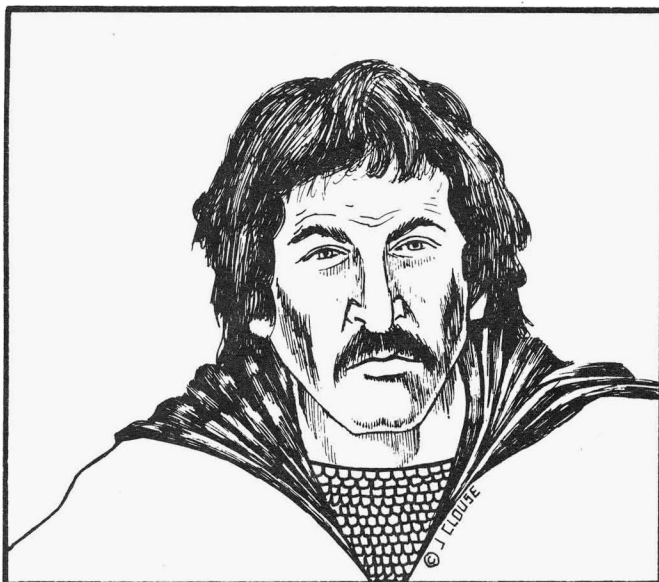
tioned about his roots he will be evasive, then belligerent. He is currently a deserter from the Ilsig army, though he bears them no malice. There had been an unfortunate incident with a young officer who had embarrassed Melentis in front of several comrades. The officer has now been assigned to a desk job where the inability to use his left arm does not interfere with his duties. After the fight Melentis left camp one jump ahead of the patrol sent out to bring him back to the commander. He had with him only his arms and the clothes he was wearing.

During his flight Melentis took refuge in a caravan where Lepev Orlo, a travelling merchant, took a liking to him and hired him as a guard. Later Lepev bribed the border guards to let him through; Melentis considers Lepev his only true friend. Lepev then had some economic setbacks and they parted company in Sanctuary. Shortly after this Melentis was recruited by Jubal and has spent the last six months as a sell sword of the Hawkmarks. He has heard that Lepev has returned,, but has not had an opportunity to look him up.

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Coordination 55
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Melentis has received a message from Orlo that he has suffered even more economic reverses in Ilsig and is in grave danger of being cast into debtor's prison. Lepev Orlo is also aware of a marginally legal venture that is just starting which could easily restore his fortunes. He needs capital, a few hundred gold pieces, to put up a share. Without it his prospects look bleak and the note appeals to Melentis for any help he can give.

Melentis unfortunately has only a few coppers to his name, having left most of his wealth on the street of the Red Lanterns. When he was offered nearly 100 gold pieces merely to let slip one bit of information to a red headed stranger, it was too great a temptation. He took the gold and revealed where he and his comrades were to meet that night. He is now carrying the gold with him in two small pouches under his armor.

Rinmer

Might 75
Intellect 55
Knowledge 75
Stamina 80
Coordination 90
Appeal 40
Fighter skill 3/Thief skill 4
sword, dagger, garotte, Leather and helm

Rinmer is a product of Downwind where he was born. Abandoned in youth by his parents, he learned the ways of the streets through necessity. He would like to see himself more as a thief than as a warrior. Still young, at 19, he bears the scars, both physical and mental of his youth. Rinmer is physically small and has spent his life fending off bullies who were twice his size but now that he has reached manhood, his form has filled out and only a very drunk antagonist sees him as an easy mark. He may be played as a dwarf.



There is little chance to develop a conscience in the Downwind, and Rinmer never saw the use in having scruples. He is very much an opportunist who looks out for 'number one'. When he became old enough to survive beyond the support of the gang of children who protected each other, he crossed the river and moved into a hovel in the maze. From there he apprenticed himself to thieves and out-of-luck warriors until he felt confident with weapons and in his thieving abilities. In the last year he has done fairly well on his own, prowling the streets at night and occasionally committing a burglary.

Rinmer's luck changed when he happened along a fresh corpse on the Street of Smells. Seeing no one, Rinmer quickly took from the body a considerable wealth in coins and jewelry. As he was finishing frisking the corpse he saw three men running toward him and by their silence he knew that they were not the city guard. Managing to evade these

pursuers (who appeared to know the maze as well as he), Rinmer took to earth. The next day an urchin informed him (for a copper piece) that the body he had robbed belonged to a hawkmask who was off duty. Jubal had sent several gouts out to search for him and worse yet, Rinmer had been identified by his shortness and stout build.

Seeing no benefit in a confrontation, Rinmer spent the next two days enjoying the ocean air on a fisherman's ship. The hold smelled badly at night, but the daytime air and sun were pleasant. For a moment Rinmer considered this way of life for himself, but the visible poverty of his host ended that speculation.

When Rinmer returned to shore he was faced with the problem of having earned the enmity of the city's crime-lord. Seeing no benefit in further hiding, Rinmer boldly presented himself at Jubal's gate and a few minutes later he was hustled into the presence of the hulking, dark leader of the hawkmasks. Producing all that he had taken, Rinmer stated that he had not known the identity of the victim and was not the killer. Fortunately for Rinmer, the real killer had been found and had promptly disappeared again - permanently. Jubal was impressed by the bravado of the small thief. So on the spot he offered him the dead man's place as a hawkmask. Since then Rinmer has proudly strutted through the town in the blue hawkmask, fearing only Tempus and the Hellhounds.

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Stamina 80
Coordination 90
Appeal 40
Fighter skill 3/Thief skill 4
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pursuers (who appeared to know the maze as well as he), Rinmer took to earth. The next day an urchin informed him (for a copper piece) that the body he had robbed belonged to a hawkmask who was off duty. Jubal had sent several gouts out to search for him and worse yet, Rinmer had been identified by his shortness and stout build.

Seeing no benefit in a confrontation, Rinmer spent the next two days enjoying the ocean air on a fisherman's ship. The hold smelled badly at night, but the daytime air and sun were pleasant. For a moment Rinmer considered this way of life for himself, but the visible poverty of his host ended that speculation.

When Rinmer returned to shore he was faced with the problem of having earned the enmity of the city's crime-lord. Seeing no benefit in further hiding, Rinmer boldly presented himself at Jubal's gate and a few minutes later he was hustled into the presence of the hulking, dark leader of the hawkmasks. Producing all that he had taken, Rinmer stated that he had not known the identity of the victim and was not the killer. Fortunately for Rinmer, the real killer had been found and had promptly disappeared again - permanently. Jubal was impressed by the bravado of the small thief. So on the spot he offered him the dead man's place as a hawkmask. Since then Rinmer has proudly strutted through the town in the blue hawkmask, fearing only Tempus and the Hellhounds.

Two days after Rinmer became a hawkmask he was approached by a comely lady with whom he had a passing acquaintance on the Street of Red Lanterns. She was carrying a message for him to accompany her and wrapped inside it was a large piece of gold. Following the lady, the thief found himself in a room on the second floor of the Vulgar Unicorn Tavern. In the dimly lit room he spoke with a hooded man whose accent betrayed him as being from Rankan itself. Speaking in low tones, as if to disguise his voice, the stranger offered Rinmer a substantial sum if he would merely inform him the next time Jubal was meeting a smuggled shipment. To do this Rinmer was merely to wear a red scarf while walking around the city. From this it would be known that Jubal was meeting the shipment that night. In return the stranger poured onto the stained table a fortune in gold greater than Rinmer had ever gained. Not taking his eyes from the gold, Rinmer smiled to think how easily he would earn the money. When the stranger promised more money would be his after the signal was given, Rinmer readily agreed.

That evening, when Rinmer and several others were told to rest because they were to guard a smuggler's landing that night, Rinmer put on a new red scarf recently bought and went on a walk. He never realized the full import of what he had done until the ambush was sprung. When he found that he had survived, the thought of confessing his actions to Jubal never even entered his mind. With so many hawkmasks dead or wounded, the fate of a traitor who caused this situation would not be debated. Now Rinmer's thoughts are mainly concerned with passing the blame onto another and collecting the rest of the gold that was promised.

I am in possession of a document of value to Ranke. Five Wiggles are trying to gain it back. They are probably part of a conspiracy. They look like (short description of the party) and will probably trace me to Aleena at the Lily Garden. You may also need to take steps to keep her quiet. I will explain more later, but try to discourage the Wiggles from searching for me. FOR RANKE!
Q N

Dear Sir,

I received two days ago the opportunity to obtain a valuable document. This document originated with Ilseg government. Seeing my duty to gain this document for the state I used a tiny amount of the building funds to obtain it and ensure I could not be found afterwards. As a true patriot I know you will understand. It appears now I am being searched for by the pawns of that cut throat Jubal. These sell swords have stumbled about the city with dogged determination. Unfortunately I have been unable to obtain a quick passage to Ranke. I will attempt to come to the Temple site tonight and meet you. Your help is badly needed. I have found a safe place to hide the document near my hideaway – while there. Please give the child I sent this with a copper as my funds are low.

For Ranke.

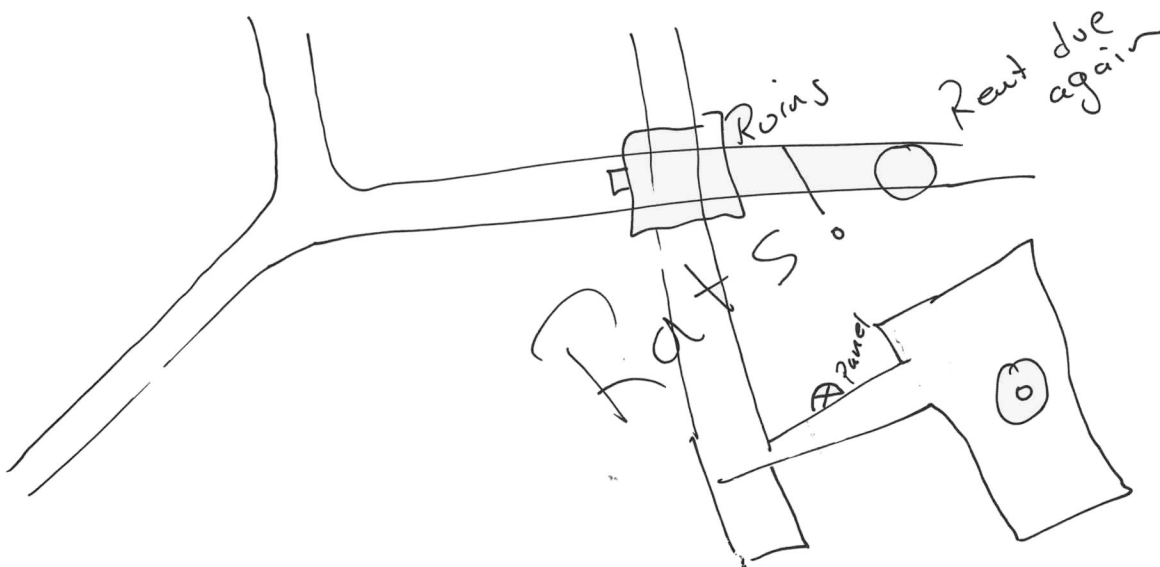
Q. Neeblust

Document 2

Narwin,

Old friend I hope to be back there soon. Never could I imagine how much I would miss our fair city I have an opportunity to return a hero. Today I was able to get the date of the arriving of a stolen state document from Ilseg. A foolish hawkmask betrayed to me when it was arriving. In just a few hours I will steal the document once more, but for Ranke. Those hawkmasks act very tough, but like most self swords are slow and crude. Once I have the document I will return to mail this and tell you to prepare my old quarters. If the fools try to find me they never will find the hole I will crawl into - If I can stand the smell. Soon I will tell you of my success.

Document 3



My dearest,

Forgive my missing our liaison. I know it caused you much grief. I have been given a great opportunity to better myself and return to beautiful Ranke in triumph. Such a chance had to be taken. All is not going well. Some of the hawkmask I took a paper from have been doggedly searching for me. I have paid thugs to ambush them and even tricked a loyal Rankan into attacking one, but they persist. For the last two days I have been force to hide in one of the worst parts of this foul city. Today one informer told me that even the hawkmask who betrayed them to me is one of them. He surely will wish to see me killed. I dare not now let the paper from my sight or leave this miserable hovel. I will be

The Stolen Document To

Aleron Hartman
Ambassador to Ranke

rother, I am please with your efforts in the capital of those barbarians. so long as they continue to manuever in the palace, they are not maneuvering on the battlefield. This list is being carried by sea by a trusted merchant who should be richly rewarded. Use the names below to pass to me secret dispatches and anything you can find out about the weaknesses of the Rankan Court. These sea captains have been invaluable aide in watching the Barbarians for another attack on our beloved city

Your Brother
Jeal
Advisor To The King

Seth Fulwig	,	Captain of the Waverider	
Hept Withen	,	Captain of the Good Wind	• needs money badly
Pernt sept Alenrup	,	Owner of the Fair Trade	careful very greedy
Lencovenius	,	Captain of the Sea Sprite	
Mun Ternwik	,	Owner of the Eastern Seamaid	hates Rankans
Tervellenus	,	Owner of the Narwahl	often smuggles on the side



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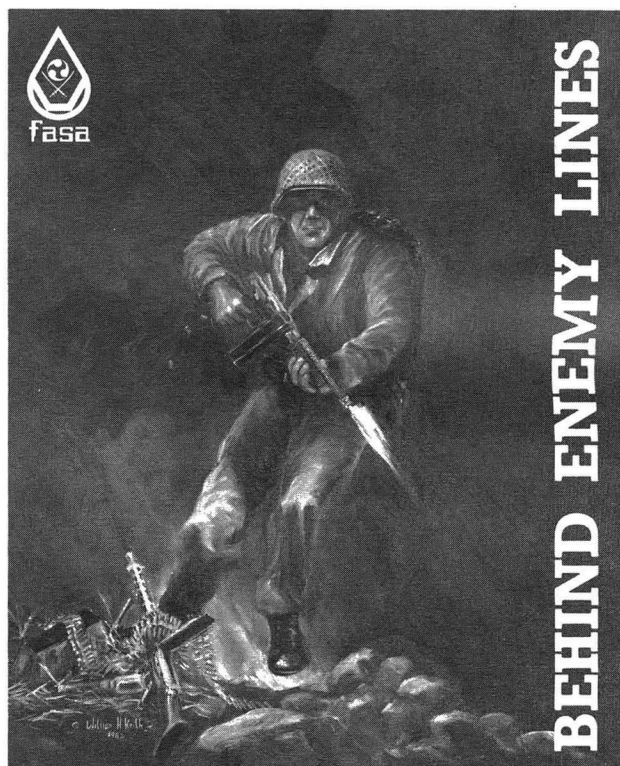


A combat infantry squad peers from the cover of scattered trees and boulders along the crest of a ridge at the river below. Their problem: the last bridge over the last river between them and friendly lines lies below, and the intelligence they've gathered about Panzers in the area **MUST** be returned to HQ, and fast. There is a slight complication - a Tiger I tank squatting by the road on the near bank. Only daring and ingenuity can get them back from . . .

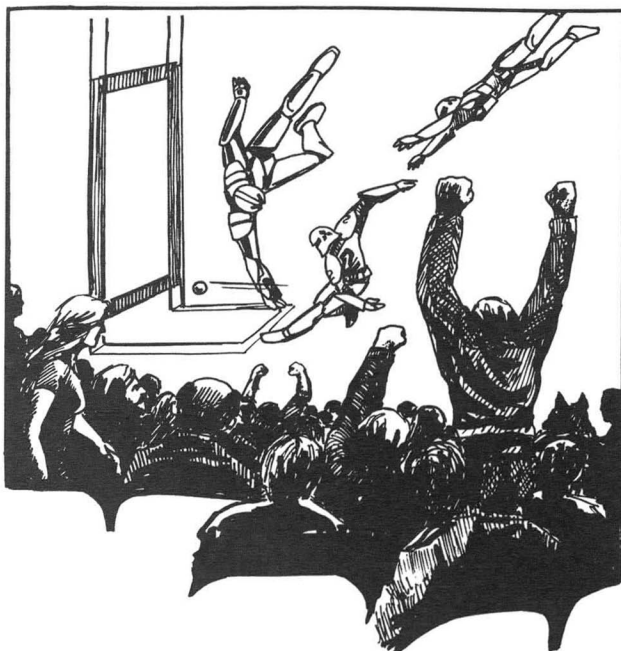
BEHIND ENEMY LINES

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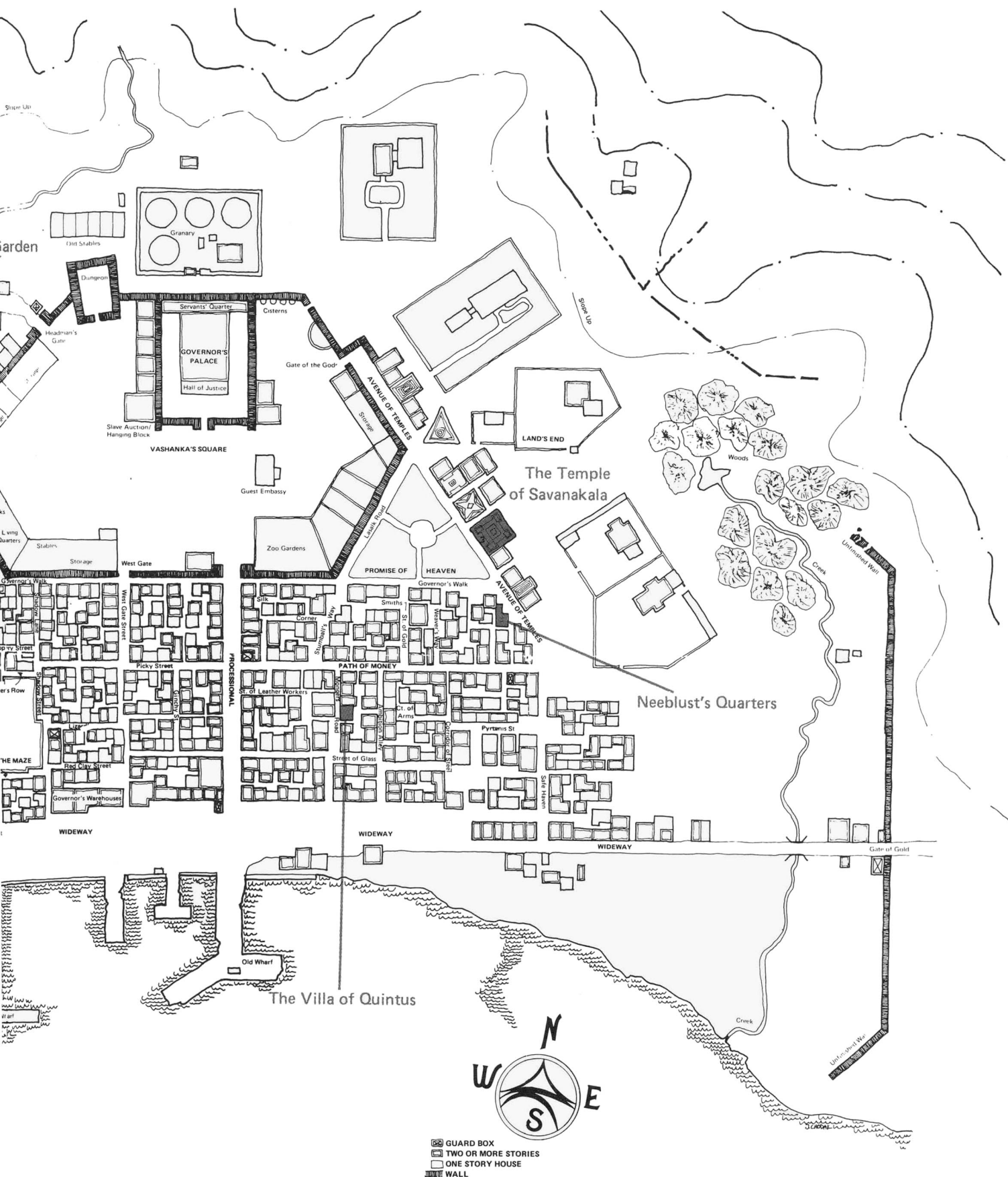
Behind Enemy Lines contains rules, scenarios, maps, counters, and the event tables needed to recreate the drama of squad-level combat in Europe 1944-1945.



Behind Enemy Lines will be available in July 1982. Retail price for the boxed set is \$20.00. Be sure to include \$1.50 for postage and handling.



Also available in July will be **GRAV BALL**, a sporting event of the future. Played in a zero-g area each team of six tries to put a 10 kilogram ball through the opponents goal. The boxed set includes 15mm scale miniatures for each team, rule booklet, information tables and game board. Retail price is \$15.00.



The City of SANCTUARY

Scale: one-half inch equals four hundred feet

the temple of savankala

This temple is perhaps one third completed and will be, when finished, the largest building on the Avenue of Temples. The outer wall is almost completed except for two twenty-foot sections each of which has the first few layers of foot-square granite blocks laid. One has the framework for the final ornamental tower.

Appropriate for a God of a militaristic people, the temple to Savankala is laid out in the form of an ornamental fort. This is derived from the form of the temple in Ranke which has served as a fortress several times in the history of the city. In contrast, the inside includes provisions for a garden, an intricately inscribed obelisk, and doors of brass and gold plate.

Construction has progressed to a point at which the obelisk is twelve feet of its planned sixty and none of the walls are completed. There is no evidence of the roof of the main temple area beyond a pile of tiles against one wall. The well and the steps leading up to the obelisk are completed and the garden is merely plowed dirt. Near the obelisk lie the timbers and tackle used to raise the large stones into place. These, and most of the rest of the construction materials, are piled near the two guardposts constricting traffic on the Avenue of Temples, but no one has yet complained. Most of the inside will be faced in white marble.

Molin himself insisted upon the guardposts more to guard the construction materials than to prevent vandalism to the temple site. At this they have been moderately successful, in Sanctuary meaning losing less than half of what was there originally. Two guards are on duty at all times at each post and if trouble is expected, as many as ten more may camp inside the uncompleted walls.

During the day a force of over 100 workers will be present most there voluntarily and happy for the pay though a few grumble at building a temple to a foreign god. Occasionally one is dismissed for an indiscretion such as relieving himself on the side of the obelisk. Much of the construction is supervised by the acolytes brought by Molin Torchholder to Sanctuary.

The guards on duty will be pleased to discuss Neeblust who has occasionally been assigned to supervising them and has been insufferable when he has done so. The guards will express with great color and personal adjectives the fact that Neeblust is an obnoxious petty dictator when given any power. If the players pick up on this and indicate that they are looking for him with no good in mind they will receive complete cooperation. The guards will collectively know all of the following:

1. He is normally broke, spending all his money on high living.
2. He has a mistress who lives somewhere on the street of Red Lanterns in one of the houses.
3. Her name is Aleena, and she lives in Amoli's Lily Garden.
4. He lives in the rented quarters down the street.
5. No one has seen him since yesterday afternoon. He missed work today.

6. Last week he was commenting on how glad he will be to get out of Sanctuary soon.
7. He may have a second home located somewhere else in the city as he often disappears for the entire night.

If the guards are given the opportunity they will do all but join the party searching for Neeblust. It just does not pay to make enemies as he has done. Amoli's Lily Garden is included in the information in Chaosium's **Thieves' World** gaming package.

The party will be unable to enter the building rented for the acolytes as guards have strict orders from Molin Torchholder himself to keep all strangers out. The guards there will volunteer the information that Neeblust has been missing for 2 days and one will comment that he is probably at the bazaar again but he is not.

After questioning the guards at the temple the party will proceed somewhere into the city, most likely to the Street of Red Lanterns or the Bazaar. In either case (or anywhere else they are going) the party will be attacked on any street near the Avenue of Temples. It will not be very complicated simply because there is little time to set it up: as the party passes by an alley 8 cut-throats will race out and take a swing at them. As they do this each will be yelling "Go! leave Sanctuary!" almost in unison. After one swing the cut-throats will flee unless the party itself runs. If this is the case they will chase the party back to any major street yelling at them to flee the city. In the exchange of blows one thief will be knocked out or crippled so that he can be captured. If the party runs, one thief should outpace the rest and find himself catching up alone after the others have abandoned the chase. Because this takes place in Sanctuary, few others will take more than a passing notice of the attack.

The lone thief will know only two things of importance:

1. He was hired by a red-haired Rankan in a soiled cloak to scare the party into leaving the city. The Rankan's boots smelled funny.
2. They were promised an extra silver piece if they could disable any of the party. They were to collect this silver piece at the north end of Shambles Cross.

The Rankan ran the other way as they charged, but he might be there now. He would like to go now, please.

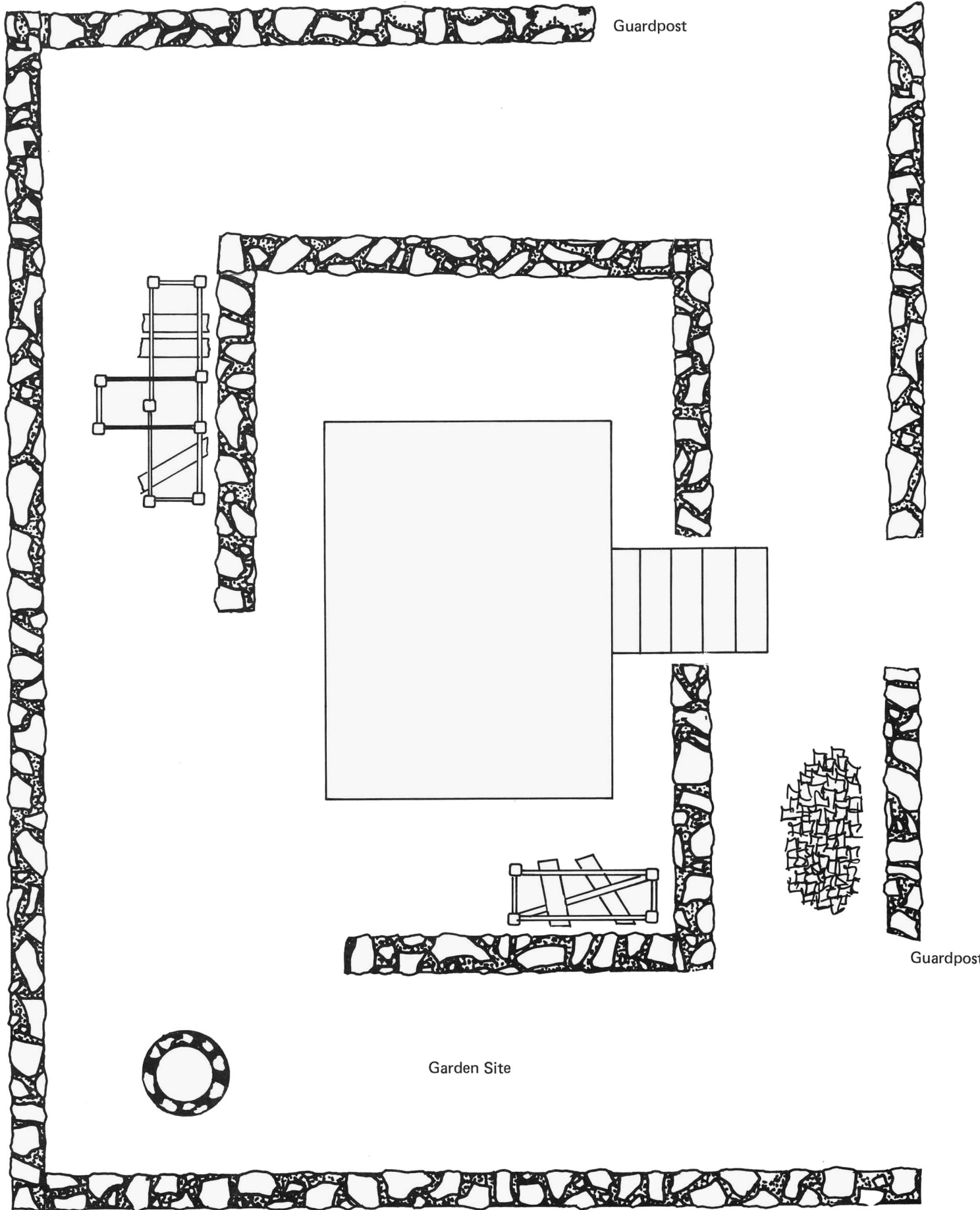
It is alright to make this a fight so long as none of the players are killed. This is a mystery solving adventure, not a hack and slasher. There is no harm in some of the party being wounded, but nothing serious enough to keep them from continuing the chase. If this is the case, the lone thief can surrender when the rest flee.

If the party hurries to the north end of Shambles Cross they will notice a few familiar cut-throats who will quickly depart, but no Rankan. He had no intention of paying any of the thieves more than the few coppers he gave them in advance for after all, he will be leaving for Ranke soon.

As always, as the party traipses across the city they should have many encounters as are given on the Encounter Charts in Chaosium's **Thieves' World**. This will add excitement and use up time. If the players get too distracted you may wish to have a messenger from Jubal appear to remind them they only have 36 hours (or whatever) left.

The cut-throats are:

the temple of savankala



Garden Site

Scale : 1 inch = 5 feet.

MULKEEN

Might 55
Intellect 45
Knowledge 50
Stamina 60
Coordination 70
Appeal 30
Thief skill 2
dagger



Mulkeen will be the captured thief, not brave and willing to tell all. If threatened, he will whiten and become panicky and if pressed in public will begin yelling, "Help, thief!" as if the adventurers were robbing him. In three rounds of such yelling a patrol of city guards will appear (4 fighters, chain, shield, sword, spear skill 3 with both) who will ask the party to explain their actions. If the party mentions that they work for Jubal, the guards will become hostile because they do not like private armies and Jubal makes their job harder. If there is a negative reaction the guards will set Mulkeen free.

If there is a positive reaction they will take him to be imprisoned. If Mulkeen is taken by the guard, the party will be required to appear the next day before Rost Revenant (See Justice in Sanctuary) to give evidence; failure to do so is a crime by order of the governor. The case itself will take only a few minutes, but the party will have to wait three hours for it to be heard. The verdict will be guilty and the sentence will be death by hanging for attempted murder and Mulkeen will break down completely and collapse sniveling. The guards will take the party's names and descriptions in either case.

Be sure Mulkeen gives the party the two facts before the guards appear. The other thieves will be:

Fighter skill 2, sword, leather
Fighter skill 1, mace, chain
Thief skill 2, dagger
Thief skill 1, short sword
Thief skill 2, cudgel (mace)
Thief skill 2, cudgel (mace)
Thief skill 1, sword

None of the thieves are wearing armor and all will flee at the first opportunity. They often run as a gang and can be found in the maze if the party is feeling vengeful.

the bazaar

Neeblust was a regular customer in the Bazaar where he spent money regularly. While disliked for his superior attitude, he was politely treated, if charged higher prices. Most vendors in the Bazaar will remember him, but will not have seen him for the last few days. No one in the bazaar will even speak to the party without a proper purchase or a bribe at which the following characters will supply information listed with their names below.

EPLENUS

Might 85
Intellect 30
Knowledge 25
Stamina 65
Coordination 65
Appeal 35
Fighter skill 1
Human 6' 0"
200 pounds
Age 40



Eplenus is a seller of pottery and plates. A middle-aged man descended from potters as his family can recall his work is of the solid variety suitable for home use, not for display.

Eplenus is a large man with a gentle voice not particularly bright or knowledgeable about anything but pottery. For years he has had a crush on Nyssaia, whose stall adjoins his. Because of this he resents Neeblust who has insulted her while buying jewelry lately. He particularly remembers the purchase of a silver brooch in the shape of a butterfly and when discussing Neeblust he will clench and unclench his large strong hands. As throughout the bazaar he shares a feeling of kinship with other stall-owners.

NYSSAIA

Might 40
Intellect 55
Knowledge 50
Stamina 55
Coordination 85
Appeal 75
Fighter skill 0
Thief skill 1
Human 5' 2"
100 pounds
Age 30



Nyssaia was an orphan fortunate to be left in the care of a silversmith, a woman who was not a hard master and taught Nyssaia the basics of smithing. She herself had never been too skilled and had taken up the trade when her husband also a smith, had died of a plague. They made a fair living between them until the older woman was killed

during a street brawl she wandered into between soldiers and hawk masks (Jubal made sure this never happened again). Since this time Nyssaia has held a grudge against both soldiers and sell swords but this does not prevent her from trading with them. Her beautiful fine silver jewelry, dainty broaches and combs are popular with the ladies on the street of Red Lanterns. Nyssaia makes this type of jewelry because it uses little silver.

Hidden in her stall, under a table and wrapped in an old cloak, is an exquisite silver butterfly intended as a present she is preparing for Eplenus. It is worth more than all the other trinkets in the stall added together weighing nearly a pound, which is a fortune of silver in Sanctuary. She plans to give it to him when he gets the nerve to ask her to marry him. Nyssaia is a slight woman with fine features, a pleasant laugh and much popularity around the bazaar. She is protective of Eplenus; each will watch the other's stall if circumstances demand it be left unguarded.

Nyssaia will react poorly to any pressure, but will be helpful if it becomes clear that Neeblust is the abusive red-headed Rankan. If she is told this then she will inform the party that he had been there the evening before and had bought her most expensive trinket, the butterfly. She will add that he referred to it as his farewell gift to Aleena, his mistress, and will also comment that he often hid his purchases in his clothes and left in the direction of the maze.

AL HELFAM

Might 75
Intellect 65
Knowledge 60
Stamina 75
Coordination 60
Appeal 35
(smells of camels)
Fighter skill 2
Human 5' 5"
145 pounds
Age 50



Al Helfam is a camel seller and horse trader whose stall is on the North edge of the bazaar near that of Eplenus'. He once had sold a horse to Neeblust (at quite a mark-up since Neeblust was such a lousy bargainer). He will comment that Neeblust is a regular visitor to the bazaar, but often buys little. Al Helfam had noticed that Neeblust was seen talking to Lepev Orlo, the merchant early the day before the ambush. Al Helfam had not heard what they were discussing, but Orlo seemed upset and had stormed away. Orlo may be staying at the Golden Lion if he is in town. He rode out yesterday, but rented only one horse and no supplies.

HAKEIM

See Thieves' World for details

Hakeim the Storyteller will be recounting the story of an ambush by the Swamp of Night Secrets, telling it from the view of an ambusher. (Recount part of the story for the players benefit). Hakeim will not reveal his source at first

and will become upset if interrupted. Two youths will have paid him a copper for the story, very welcome to Hakeim as he is thirsty.

For a silver Hakeim will remember that he was told the story by a sell sword hired for the ambush. For another silver (he will not be subtle), he will recall that the identity of the sell sword is Kamganet, a caravan guard who used to work for Orlo. He will be known to Melentis as a dependable man. For a third silver the fact that Kamganet is currently drinking at the Golden Lion will be revealed. When he receives the money, Hakeim will slowly rise and make his way to another tavern as he suspects that the Golden Lion may not be the place for a quiet drink.

There will be several S'Danzo offering their services to the party, though none will have any hard information. All will offer to foretell the future for the party. They will pay special attention to Aethelwain if he uses any S'Danzo terms. They will use a great deal of showmanship in their presentation (ham it up) and when the cards are finally dealt they will speak of death beneath the earth. Each reading will say this with some minor variation. For more details on the S'Danzo fortunetellers see Illyra in the basic game or the stories about her in the **Thieves' World** anthologies.

The party will be approached before they leave the bazaar by a gang of fifteen children between the ages of 8 and 12. These youths will say that they have heard that the party is searching for a red-headed Rankan and one will volunteer that he once was beaten by such a man for spying on him. The gang will then offer to search the city for him if a suitable reward is offered, the leader asking a copper up front, but not sticking with the demand. They will promise to meet the party in the bazaar the next day if they find anything.

KAMGANET

Might 65
Intellect 65
Knowledge 35
Stamina 75
Coordination 55
Appeal 35
Fighter skill 3
sword, dagger
has armor in a pack,
but wearing none



Kamganet will be drinking at the Golden Lion and have settled into a mellow mood. He will remember Melentis and greet him in a friendly manner, in fact happy to see him and offers to buy a drink. It seems he had earned a gold piece recently and is enjoying spending it.

When questioned he will add little to what the party had learned from the wounded man. He had followed the red-haired Rankan for a short distance (to guard him of course, not to rob him), but had lost him as he entered the Maze. Orlo is upstairs,, asleep after a hard day visiting past friends in an attempt to raise money for some new venture. He had mentioned that he will be raising a new caravan soon and that Kamganet can have a job guarding it.

Kamganet is in his early thirties, of average size, confi-

dent enough of his own weapons skills to be easygoing and cautious enough to avoid trouble. He was down to a few coppers when a red-haired Rankan offered him a job while leaving the Bazaar. Had he known that the job was to ambush Melentis or the hawkmasks he would have turned it down. Still, once he was there he did the job but slew only one pirate. He will be adamant that he never fought a hawkmask (Jubal has been known to take revenge on those who do). He will be sorry about having caused problems for an old ally, but is too drunk to be of any help.

ORLO

Might 75
Intellect 75
Knowledge 45
Stamina 60
Coordination 40
Appeal 65
Fighter skill 3,
Thief skill 1
sword, dagger near
the bed
Human 6' 2"
220 pounds
Age 55



Orlo is a caravan merchant. Over the years he has seen many changes in his fortunes but is currently at his lowest ebb. Never having married, Orlo often adopts young men who come into his employ. As he is a kind man and a good boss the affection is often returned which may be the cause of his current lack of cash. A new lad, claimed to be a banished nomad, had joined his caravan. One night while this new fellow was on guard duty, the camp was attacked, many guards were slain, and Orlo was forced to flee with little other than the horse he rode. He never saw the lad again. Because of this he will be hostile to Kalahd, making derogatory comments on all desert dwellers in general. He wakes up slowly, rather cranky at first but when he notices Melentis he will brighten visibly. Orlo will be sympathetic to the group's problem as it is explained, but knows little of Neeblust. He had been approached by the Rankan the morning of the ambush and asked to organize a caravan to leave for Ranke on short notice. When Orlo asked for a down payment the Rankan merely stroked his red goatee and made vague promises of a big reward in Ranke.

Orlo would never organize a caravan on promises and had another a big deal brewing besides. When he told this to the Rankan, Neeblust stormed off and Orlo later saw him recruiting sell swords in the bazaar and the Golden Lion, but thought nothing of it at the time. Orlo will also recall one strange comment that Neeblust had made about being tired of staring at the ruins and smelling the city.

BEROND

Might 55
Intellect 45
Knowledge 65
Stamina 55
Coordination 85
Appeal 40
Thief skill 2 - dagger
Human 5' 3"
145 pounds



Berond runs a stall offering a changing variety of goods; he is in fact a fence for petty criminals. On a few occasions the former owner of an identifiable item has called the guard, but Berond has immediately offered to return the item, claiming that it was brought to him by a starving child. He is suspected by the other dwellers in the bazaar as having stolen from them, the greatest crime among this close-knit group. Berond is thus treated as an outcast and resents it. (He is guilty, but to him that does not matter).

Berond will attempt to sell information to the party when he overhears their questions. He will say that a red-haired Rankan has been seen near the docks in the Fisherman's area and may even have a house on Fisherman's Row. This is all false, Berond is making it up. He will demand a gold piece for his information but will take any amount. If asked, any resident of the bazaar will tell of Berond's untrustworthiness.

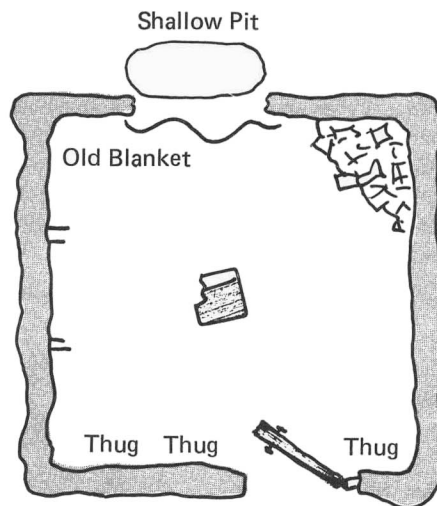


the mugging

When the party is about ready to leave the bazaar, they will be approached by a young street urchin who will inform them that they are to see his sister who knows where the red-headed man is hiding. The child will begin to move quickly through the crowd into the Maze. If the group follows he will lead them deep into the Maze and stop until the party catches up to him, whereupon he will say that his sister will be afraid if all the sell swords enter her home. Pointing to a broken-down adobe building, he says that only one from the party should enter or else she will not talk. He doesn't care which of the party should go in, whoever it is can go ahead. He then asks for a copper for his help and runs off.

This is a set up. If the entire party enters the building they will hear the sound of three thugs hurrying out the back but if only one enters, he will be knocked out and quickly stripped of all but his clothes. The thugs will then flee out of the back with their loot.

The building itself is abandoned and the roof has fallen in on several spots. The floor is thick with dust and the walls slightly scorched from the fires of passing vagrants. There is nothing remarkable about the room except that it has two exits making it suitable for such a trap. There was no sister; the thugs had merely overheard the group asking questions and decided that one of them would be an easy mark.



Scale : 1 inch = 5 feet.



THUG 1

Might 65
Intellect 55
Knowledge 50
Stamina 50
Coordination 55
Appeal 40
Fighter skill 1
cudgel leather armor
Human 5' 7" 150 pounds

THUG 2

Might 45
Intellect 55
Knowledge 55
Stamina 50
Coordination 75
Appeal 45
Thief skill 2
blackjack, dagger
Human 5' 5" 160 pounds

THUG 3

Might 70
Intellect 45
Knowledge 55
Stamina 75
Coordination 40
Appeal 35
Fighter skill 1
cudgel, short sword
Dwarven 5' 0" 140 pounds

the lily garden

Aleena is a whore of the Lily Garden, (diagrams can be found on pages 60 and 61 of Chaosium's **Thieves' World**) where she is relatively new and shows no signs of the Krrf addiction encouraged by Amoli, the madame. Neeblust refers to her as his mistress, though in reality she is his only when he has enough silver to pay for her. Good with the tricks of her trade, Aleena has made Neeblust feel wanted and for this he has bought her several gifts, mostly trinkets from the bazaar.

ALEENA

Might 40
Intellect 55
Knowledge 45
Stamina 70
Coordination 60
Appeal 85
Human 5' 4"
120 pounds
Age 22
carries a dagger
in her sash



Aleena will not be easy to reach for questioning as she is a working girl and Amoli is always in need of money. During the day there will be a guard on duty at the doorway to see that the ladies are not disturbed. He will refuse entry to the brothel and, if challenged, will call out for assistance from the guards at the other houses. Amoli is not well liked, but there is an unwritten code on the street that will bring everyone together against outsiders who might threaten the girls. Nearly a dozen experienced, well-armed guards can converge on the scene within a few seconds. The guard on duty will be polite to any with potential a paying customers, but firm in insisting that the group return after sunset when the Lily Garden is open for visitors.

Arriving in the evening, the party will be quickly admitted to the Main Foyer where there are several benches and two guards by the doors to the rest of the house. Eventually Amoli will appear to ask what is the group's pleasure. If the group informs her that they all wish to question one of her girls about another customer, Amoli will react negatively. If the group presses this line, inform them that she is frowning and looking nervous. If they still press her she will explain that discretion is necessary in her business and will then ask them to leave.

If the group asks for Aleena by name, Amoli will inquire as to which sell sword they are asking for. Again she will react to any but a normal answer with a similar effect as above. If the group is asked to leave, only a large bribe (10 silvers, a gold piece or even more) can gain Amoli's cooperation and further, she will still insist that the group pay five more silvers for Aleena's company. At any sign of a ruckus two more guards will appear to assist those on duty in the front.

The simplest way for the party to contact Aleena is either to bribe a guard at the door to fetch her during the day or simply to appear as a normal customer in the evening and request her services. If thrown out as a group, one individual returning later perhaps in different clothes, will not be recognized. As long as the party does not get violent they are likely to reach Aleena eventually.

Aleena herself feels no loyalty to Neeblust. She is in fact angry with him for promising to bring her a new brooch the night before and then not appearing. In questioning her the following can be learned:

1. Neeblust often spoke of how he hated Sanctuary and how he would do anything to get back to Ranke.
2. That he expected to be rich soon or become a very important person.
3. He left her the day before the ambush to search out a merchant.
4. Neeblust was very pleased with himself during a short visit the evening of the ambush because he had found his

ticket home in Jubal's hawk masks.

5. Neeblust had been prowling the maze though Aleena had warned him that it wasn't safe. He had said that he had found a place where even Torchholder could not find him and it was near some ruins because he used to comment on how depressing they appeared.
6. Neeblust had made friends with a gentleman with a small estate just outside of Sanctuary where Neeblust would go when he wanted to get away from it Named Caften Grower, ghis friend raises grapes for wine. Neeblust even tried to take Aleena to the estate at one time, but Amoli felt that she would lose too much money if Aleena were gone.

Aleena will also be looking for a payment for having given the information and if she doesn't receive it she will hire urchins to find Neeblust and warn him that he is being hunted. (This will hardly be a surprise to him)

THE BOUNCERS AT THE LILY GARDEN:

A brothel open to all who can afford the services, of the girls can attract some very undesirable characters. To protect the girls from the violent types, those who would harm the merchandise, all of the houses employ bouncers, each normally noted for size and discretion. The madames have found that by hiring the physically largest men they can find, much trouble can be discouraged before it begins. Most bouncers are recruited from Downwind or out of the city. Weapons are checked at the foyer.

BLENGER

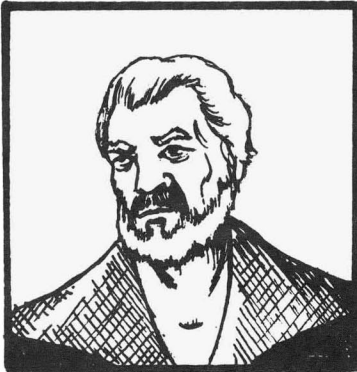
Might 85
Intellect 45
Knowledge 40
Stamina 80
Coordination 40
Appeal 45
Fighter skill 2
cudgel, fists
Human 6' 2"
235 pounds
Age 20



Blenger was raised Downwind and views this job as his way out. He will be a very conscientious bouncer, casing each customer as he enters. If he sees a concealed weapon, he will ask to hold it until the customer leaves. He will be friendly unless pushed and hard to bribe.

TRENTOG WHITEHAIR

Might 75
Intellect 50
Knowledge 55
Stamina 45
Coordination 50
Appeal 65
Fighter skill 3
blackjack, fists
Human 6'0"
245 pounds
Age 45



Trentog has a fatherly, protective attitude towards the girls at Amoli's. He has led a varied life and has enjoyed the comparative leisure of this job for the past year. Trentog feels that he is a good judge of character and since he is favorably impressed with one of the group he can be bribed. He and Blenger will be on duty in the Foyer.

UNFCLEPT

Might 70
Intellect 45
Knowledge 35
Stamina 60
Coordination 60
Appeal 75
Fighter skill 2
cudgel, dagger
Human 6' 2"
220 pounds
Age 25



Unfclept regards himself a ladies' man, is quite vain and easily swayed by praise. His main motive in working at the Lily Garden is the occasional fringe benefits he receives. Tall and dark, he is losing his muscle tone to a layer of fat. Unfclept will be the door guard during the day.

KHAMER ALLARD

Might 80
Intellect 45
Knowledge 50
Stamina 75
Coordination 55
Appeal 25
Fighter skill 2
dagger, scimitar
Human 6' 3"
210 pounds
Age 30



As an outcast from the desert peoples, Khamer will have some feeling of brotherhood with Kalahd. Khamer was exiled from his tribe when he challenged the headman to a knife fight over the possession of a slave woman. His low appeal rating is partially the result of two large scars that cross his face in an X meeting near his mouth. The first slash cost him the fight and the second was added for spite as he fell blinded. A bitter man by nature, he enjoys throwing out the occasional trouble maker. Though he has never actually killed a customer, it is only a stern warning from Amoli that has saved a few. Khamer is fond of Aleena as she has shown him some kindness and has never taunted him about his scars. He will attempt to stay within sight of the party if they interview her during the day and will attack as a beserker if she is harmed.

the assassin

Upon leaving the Lily Garden, one of the party will be struck by an arrow fired from the side of Cordileone's Gambling Parlor. The assassin will flee inside the gambling hall itself, dropping his bow. The arrow will strike one player (roll randomly) in the shoulder, causing only superficial damage. If the party enters Cordileone's Gambling Parlor, a character from the bar will flee out the back door and in so doing, will knock over several customers and appear to be in a panic. If the group rushes too quickly through the room after him they will be told to slow down by several very large bouncers. (The floor plan for this building follows the Lily Garden in Thieves' World.)

While the man is rushing out the back door a second man will simultaneously spring up and dive through the open window on the south wall, also appearing panicky. Again the bouncers will encourage the use of the doors instead, if the group decides to follow.

If the group reacts quickly and begins pursuit, allow them to catch either (or both if they split up) of these men. The man who went out the window is Ferkor, a sell sword from the group who participated in the original ambush. He had recognized some of the men from the chase through the swamp and had thought that the party was coming for him. He knows no more than what Kamganet has already told the party but will add that he once saw the Rankan who hired him hurrying east on the Serpentine (a street in the Maze). The Rankan seemed concerned and kept looking over his shoulder. The odd thing was that he was leaving footprints as if his feet were wet, but it had not rained for days.

FERKOR

Might 65
Intellect 45
Knowledge 40
Stamina 70
Coordination 55
Appeal 40
Fighter skill 3
Human 5' 7"
155 pounds
Age 27



Ferkor is a long time resident of Sanctuary born of the union of a pirate and a woman who worked the Street of Red Lanterns. He should have turned out rotten, but instead became simply amoral. Ferkor works for whom-ever pays him, does whatever he is told, and honestly believes that if he is ordered to kill a man the guilt belongs to the person who ordered the deed. While hardly an attitude of good citizenship, it serves him well in the seamier parts of Sanctuary. Ferkor is knowledgeable about the Maze and is willing to guide the party for a few silvers whenever they visit there. At the moment he is quite worried about Jubal or the hawkmasks taking revenge upon him and he will ask the party to promise their silence with

Jubal. Ferkor will be reasonably dependable as a guide in exchange and once he feels that he is off the hook, will be almost jovial.

The second character who fled the gambling hall was the assassin, Drex Farflight, the overseer of a small estate two hours west of the city. He is an ex-Rankan soldier familiar with Sanctuary. He will be slowed by a collision with a fruit vendor who will grab him and demand payment for the ruined fruit. When the party arrives, Drex will have just pulled himself free.

DREX FARFLIGHT

Might 60
Intellect 45
Knowledge 55
Stamina 65
Coordination 70
Appeal 55
Fighter skill 4
short bow, dagger
Human 5' 5"
145 pounds
Age 47



Drex is a veteran of several Rankan wars. He retired from the army when his commander accepted an estate near the newly conquered city of Sanctuary, offering him a position as overseer which Drex quickly accepted.

In the years that followed, Drex was instrumental in the forming of a secret society of Rankan nobles, very active at one time in defending the new estates from the newly conquered peoples. In the last few years the society has lost much of its purpose as some order has been imposed by Prince Kadakithis but still there remains a core of diehards who feel the need to maintain constant vigilance. When the note from Neeblust arrived only Drex was available to assist.

Drex is a veteran and when he sees that he is greatly outnumbered and trapped he will quite calmly apologise for his mistake. He will then try to tell the party that the shooting was intended for another group and that he mistook them for a gang of old enemies who had been hounding him lately so he was hoping to discourage them. Drex will even offer to hire the party as bodyguards.

Drex will be carrying a note from Neeblust:

I am in possession of a document of value to Ranke. Five Wiggles are trying to gain it back. They are probably part of a conspiracy. They look like (short description of the party) and will probably trace me to Aleena at the Lily Garden. You may also need to take steps to keep her quiet. I will explain more later, but try to discourage the Wiggles from searching for me. FOR RANKE!

Q N

If Aleena has not been reached by the party, or if she was handled poorly and did not tell all, this note will help the party gain quick access to her and all of her information.

Drex will ask the party to forget the whole thing (even if the note is found). He will promise to return to his estate and stay out of the city for the next week, also pointing out that it will take several hours to place charges against him and that little harm was done. He will finally offer to buy his freedom with 10 silvers as recompense for the man he struck. If released, Drex will be good to his word and return to the estate. The party really must free Drex or take him to the authorities as they are standing in a public street with a small crowd gathered.

caften's estate

Caften's Estate is typical of the more prosperous farming operations around Sanctuary. While the climate is poor for grains, it is ideal for grapes and similar crops. The original outside walls and main house of the estate were built many years before Caften became owner with the fall of the city. The walls are of adobe two feet thick and all of the windows of the main building are covered with wrought-iron gratings which are decorative but effective. The small wooden building for housing the sell swords and the storage area for wines were added about fifteen years ago. The wine storage area is actually dug several feet below ground level to maintain a suitable temperature for the aging of the better wines. The only furniture in the sell swords' quarters is eight bunks with small chests below the lower ones.

Except for the peasants, everyone eats in the larger room of the main building which is painted a cheery yellow and kept warm by the spacious fire place. Around the fireplace hang the pots and tools needed to prepare the meals. The wife of one of the peasants does the cooking and cleaning for a few coppers a week.

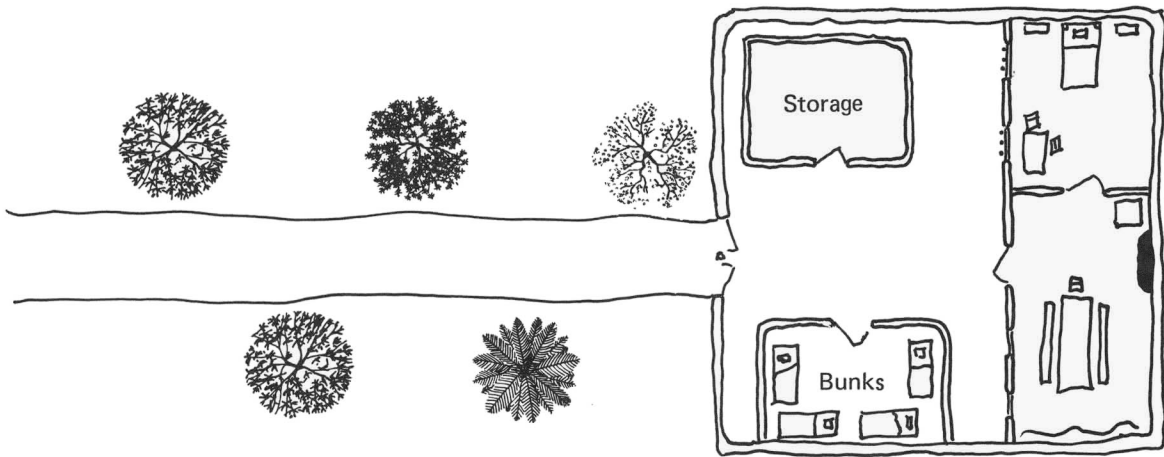
The bedroom is also simple, containing a large, comfortable bed with several quilts and sheets. The chest on the right side of the bed is locked. If opened, all that will be found is the record of profits earned by the estate in the last ten years. This chest is nailed to a plank of the wood floor; it has a false bottom which is the only access to a strong box hidden by Caften. In this box are 21 gold pieces, 93 silvers, and 8 coppers, Caften's emergency money which he has told no one about. On the shelves can be found minor personal items and neatly folded clothing.

Six horses are kept in the barn, three of which are kept purely for riding. Caften will ride every day after lunch if business and the weather permit. The other horses are trained to pull wagons or plow in the fields. Behind the stable is the grape press used to produce the wines, now empty and clean. There are also four peasant huts.

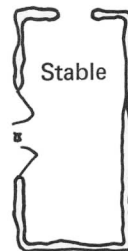
Caften treats the peasants who work his land like slaves so they dislike him but really have no-where else to go. Should one of the peasants see a thief enter the manor they would likely say nothing. Further, they will be glad to reassure the party that Neeblust has not been around for several weeks. The stream behind the house eventually runs into the White Foal River.

CAFTEN GROWER

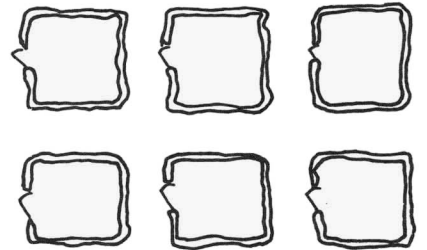
Might 75
Intellect 70
Knowledge 65
Stamina 45
Coordination 60
Appeal 55
Fighter skill 4
Human 5' 9"
180 pounds
Age 45



Scale : 1 inch = 20 feet.



Peasant Huts



Caften is also a member of a society of local Rankan nobles who were cast into the province to help occupy it after it was conquered. The few dozen Rankan nobles who were granted estates formed a secret society with the purpose of furthering Rankan influence. The ineffectiveness of the garrison in protecting them from thefts and assaults also led to the importing of a band of sell swords by this society to guard their estates. While most of the original group has lost interest in the society having adjusted to the city and the city to them, a few die hards still cling to it.

Caften is one of those nobles who still values the society and nurtures a strong prejudice in favor of all things Rankan. Perhaps because he is a former Centurian, Caften is one of the more militant of the nobles. He commands the largest contingent of sell swords and prides himself on being more Rankan than those who live in Ranke itself. Caften truly feels that Rankans are inherently superior to all other people.

When the party approaches Caften's Estate they will receive a very unfriendly welcome, local inquiries having warned them of Caften's attitude. The estate itself is an hour's walk inland from Sanctuary. Most of the estate is surrounded by vineyards started with cuttings Caften has imported from Ranke. He is quite proud of his fields and will brag of them to anyone who will listen, even non-Rankans. Most of the local Rankans have heard more than they care to hear about these fields long ago.

Specific inquiries about Neeblust will bring on questions about the group's motives. If pressed Caften will call for the eight sell swords currently in his service, all of whom will back him, but none are anxious for a real fight. (They know how prejudiced Caften is, but he pays well). He will say that he has not seen Neeblust in several days.

Sell Sword 1 Fighter 3 sword, dagger
 Sell Sword 2 Fighter 2 sword, spear
 Sell Sword 3 Fighter 1 spear, mace
 Sell Sword 4 Fighter 1 spear, dagger
 Sell Sword 5 Fighter 1 sword, dagger
 Sell Sword 6 Fighter 0 spear
 Sell Sword 7 Fighter 0 spear
 Sell Sword 8 Fighter 0 spear

All will be wearing leather armor and carrying small shields. The last three are new recruits and have had little training. They will only stay in a fight while Caften or the Fighter 3 are alive, then they will flee.

If the party starts a fight with Caften, one of the field hands will run to the nearest Rankan neighbors and in about 10 minutes, 10 armed Rankans will appear at the estate. If the party has killed Caften the Rankans will be interested in meting out justice right there but if the party flees back into the city the Rankans will not follow.

Caften is rumored to be very rich but a bit of a miser.

neeblust's quarters

The building housing the lesser members of Molin Torchholder's entourage was rented because it is closest to the construction site for the temple. It was formerly used as a tax-gathering house before this activity was moved to the palace grounds. The house has been named none too affectionately among the locals the Squeezer's House and because of its former use, was set up with several small rooms for money counters. Molin decided that these were ideal for housing his staff. Currently there are eight permanent residents from Torchholder's party and several itinerant workers who sleep on the dining hall floor.

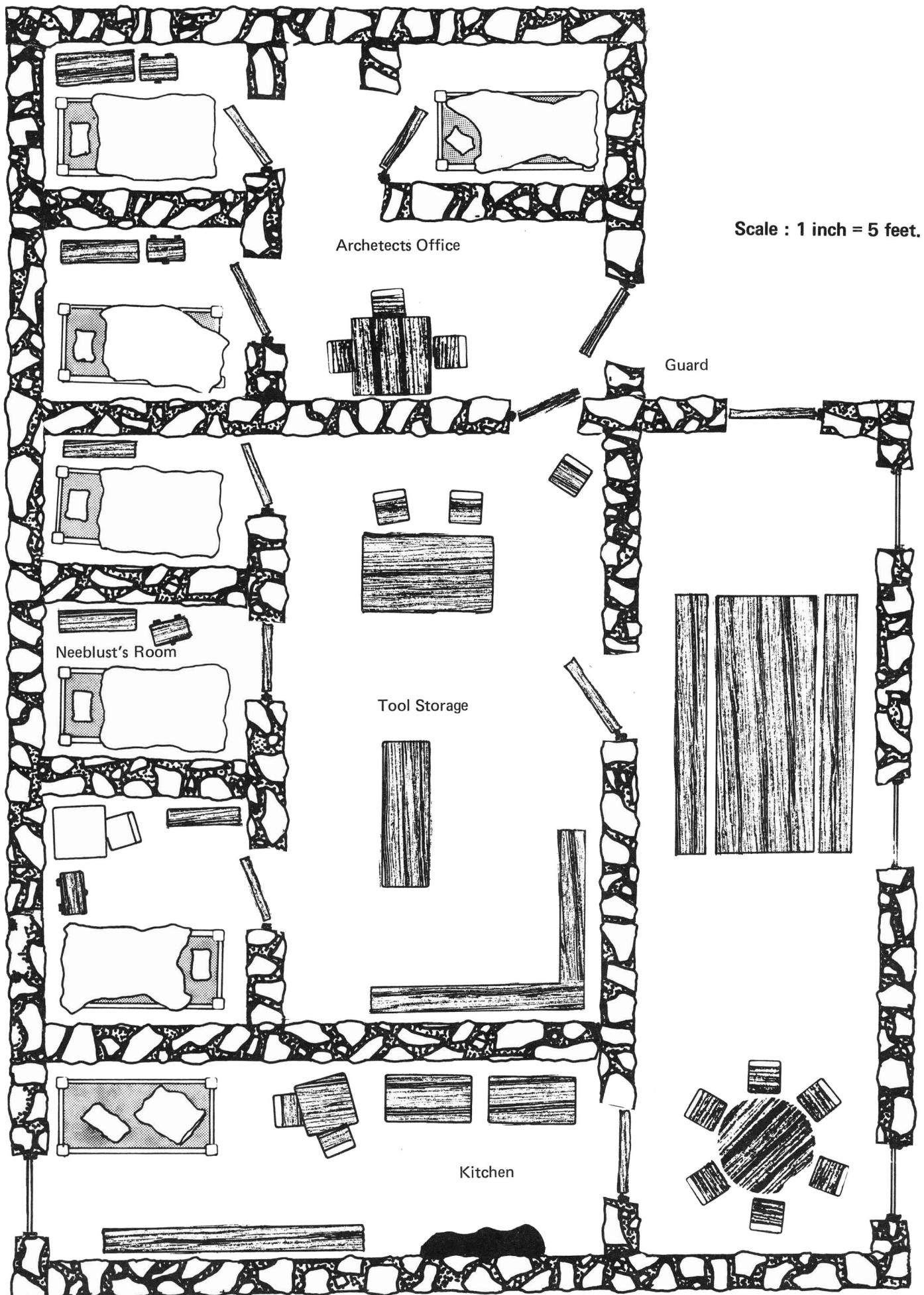
There are three large rooms besides the dining hall. One is used by the architects supervising the construction of the temple and is littered with papers. The table, used as a desk, is covered with drawings, calculations, and crude surveyors' instruments (34 silvers value). On a second table in the architects' rooms sits a fragile, clay model of the completed temple from which small fragments break off when touched. Molin accidentally broke off a piece of it once and joked that he hoped the real temple would be sturdier).

The room leading to Neeblust's quarters is used for the storage of tools at night for which a large table and deep shelves are provided. During the day these will be empty while at night they will be covered with a collection of shovels, hammers, chisels, and the like. The floor will be dirty from the passage of workmen's feet and the noise they make each sunrise in gathering tools is one of Neeblust's greatest annoyances.

The cook is a permanent resident of the kitchen. He is an old man merely wishing to earn a few coppers and keep a roof over his head. Since he is a very sound sleeper, and slightly deaf to boot, the party will succeed if it tries to sneak by him. During the day he prepares meals at the site itself, the food being hearty, but not very tasty.

The only door to Neeblust's room is in the tool storage area. The party has already been told by the guard that they cannot enter, so it will be necessary for them to sneak into the building, a feat actually easier to accomplish during the day. For most of the daylight hours the building will be empty except for the architects and one guard stationed in the front, who sits on a small stool rarely moving from the corner by the two doors. During daylight his main purpose is to keep vendors from annoying the architects.

There are no windows to Neeblust's room itself because it was originally a tax counting room requiring security from thieves. The room contains just four very plain pieces of furniture. The bed is a straw pallet covered with a few blankets; the straw is fresh and nothing is hidden in it. The rug on the floor, worn and plain, was inherited from the room's former occupant. It is rather dusty. A chest sits along the south wall of the room and contains clothes and several letters a few of which are passionate love letters Neeblust has written to a noble lady in Ranke. Judging by their dates it seems that he has not had the nerve to send any of them; they are primarily just purple prose. A more



official-looking letter from Neeblust to a fellow acolyte still in Ranke reads:

Narwin,

Old friend I hope to be back there soon. Never could I imagine how much I would miss our fair city. I have an opportunity to return a hero. Today I was able to get the date of the arriving of a stolen state document from Ilseg. A foolish hawkmask betrayed to me when it was arriving. In just a few hours I will steal the document once more, but for Ranke. Those hawkmasks act very tough, but like most sell swords are slow and crude. Once I have the document I will return to mail this and tell you to prepare my old quarters. If the fools try to find me they never will find the hole I will crawl into - if I can stand the smell. Soon I will tell you of my success

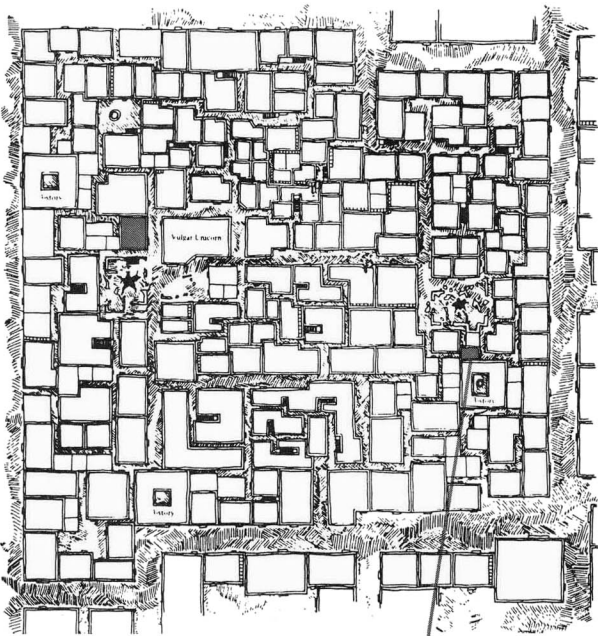
(Document 2)

The clothes are of no substantial value, mainly the everyday robes of an acolyte. Due to the hostility of the locals, most of the acolytes have taken to wearing normal clothes. On the chest is a note, unsigned and dated the morning after the ambush, requesting Neeblust to report to Molin. There are three pots on the shelf along the north wall, the largest containing a fluid smelling of ammonia. Neeblust had relieved himself in this pot and hadn't returned to empty it. The odor will be quite strong if the lid is opened.

The second pot contains several bags of dried sweetmeats or other snacks. They are all edible and could be sold for 6 or 7 coppers. The third jar contains a crumpled sheet of paper which appears to be some sort of hand-drawn map (Document 3).

If the players leave carefully and close the door behind them they will have no trouble exiting which ever way they came in during the day.

If the players enter at night it will be necessary for them to sneak past first the cook, then a room full of workers, to reach Neeblust's room. A thief might do this, but most fighters are not trained to move quietly enough. If captured, they will be suspected of attempting to steal tools, so try to discourage a night entry.



The Maze The Hideaway

the box

On the third day a street urchin should run up to the party with the message that they are to go to Nyssaia's stall where she is waiting for them with something very important. He will claim that Nyssaia promised that they would give him a copper. (Actually she already gave him one.).

When the players arrive, Nyssaia will recognize them and ask them to wait where upon she will send Eplenus off into the bazaar. The big potter will return in about ten minutes with the box that had previously contained the stolen document. Nyssaia will say that she has spent 6 silvers for it and will ask for 10 silvers to tell the party where it came from. Actually she had bought it for three.

She will not go down in price and will hint that the information will help the players retrieve whatever was in the box. While the negotiations are in process, another urchin will run up to the party saying that he saw the red-headed Rankan and for 4 silvers he will take the party to where he saw him. One of their gang is still following him. Immediately another urchin will arrive and announce that he lost the Rankan. Amid the kidding of his fellows he will protest that the red-head just rounded a corner and disappeared and he will suggest that the red-head must be a wizard. One of the urchins will swat him at that moment.

Nyssaia will then remind the players that they have a deal to strike. She will act as if the children's information is no surprise (because it is not). When the players agree to her price she will turn the box over to them and inform them that it was obtained from a petty thief named Margarin who probably stole it the night before. This is all she knows and if the players press for more information Eplenus will make threatening noises and reach for his cudgel.

At the mention of Margarin's name one of the urchins will offer to show the party where he lives. This will cost them only one coin, in advance of course. If the party offers the urchin a silver he will guide them to a two story building just north of the ruins of the Temple of Heqt. The urchin will say that Margarin lives on the second floor in a small room in the southeast corner and he is probably there now since he sleeps during the day.

If the party offers only a copper the urchin will abandon them in the maze calling them cheapskates and laughing. It will then be up to the party to locate Margarin. There is little loyalty in the maze and most beggars or vagrants will direct the players to the building for a copper or two.

The building itself is large and was once some sort of hostel. It is now partially abandoned, the first floor not in use. There is only one way onto the second floor via a rickety ladder.

Margarin is indeed asleep and if the players listen at the door they will hear him snoring. If they knock he will wake up and not recognizing their voices will flee out the window. (If this occurs they will have to find some way to get Margarin to come to them later, with time running out). Searching the room will tell the party nothing as they will find mostly empty wine bottles.

If the players simply burst in, the thief will be easily subdued. Once cornered, Margarin will be willing to exchange information about the box for his freedom and a few coppers for his disturbed rest. He will become bolder as he realizes that the players are not the local city guards.

Margarin will truthfully tell the players that he found the box buried under a pile of rubble, hurrying to add that he was simply hiding in the rubble to enjoy the moonlight when he found it. The rubble was not that of the ruined Temple of Heqt (he never works that close to home), but rather a large mound punctured by a stinking hole just off the other end of the Serpentine. He will not agree to take the party there and if threatened will say that any urchin can lead them there easily. Once he has told the party everything he will ask them to leave so that he can get some sleep but by this time a few other residents of the floor will have gathered in the doorway. Some will be grumbling about who the players think they are invading their home and more will arrive until the players decide to leave. As the players exit, the sound of the laughter coming from the residents will be obvious.

MARGARIN

Might 50
Intellect 45
Knowledge 55
Stamina 50
Coordination 60
Appeal 30
Thief skill 3
blackjack, dagger
Human 5' 6"
130 pounds
Age 37



Margarin was once a fairly successful pickpocket. In the past few years he has begun drinking heavily so that his hand now shakes too badly to ply his trade. In order to survive, Margarin has become a mugger at which he is not very successful because he doesn't enjoy violence. He even knows how to read and likes to believe that he is a man of culture.

Margarin hates mugging because he is basically a coward: to him there is no thrill in combat, only fear. As a result he would like to leave Sanctuary if he can ever think of a place to go. Raised in the maze, Margarin fears the open country as full of bandits and so lives with the horrible known rather than face the unknown.

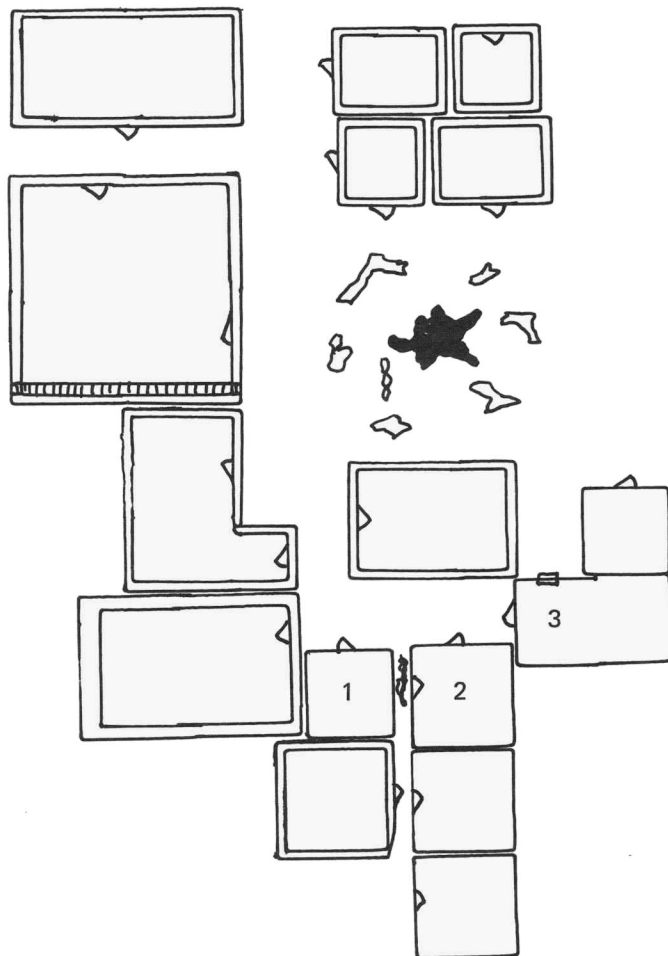
He is in fact a character who uses bravado, but who will break down if actually threatened and in danger. He will cooperate by telling the party everything simply because he has no reason not to. He also sees no reason to anger five armed men but once the crowd gathers will feel reasonably safe.

the hideaway

When the party leaves Margarin's building they will once more be approached by the street urchin who had been following Neeblust. The urchin will again ask the party if they want to see the place where he disappeared, quickly adding that it is only a short distance off the end of the Serpentine. He will do so for a copper. Be sure to have several encounters as listed in the special table for the Maze in Chaosium's Thieves' World or others appropriate for the area.

The child will lead the players past the Vulgar Unicorn and east the length of the Serpentine, (See special map in Thieves' World) a distance of about three blocks. Reaching the end of the Serpentine the child will turn right. Whereupon a large pile of ruins will be almost immediately visible on the players' left. These ruins form a pile of volcano-like rubble around a large hole nearly 6 feet across emitting foul odors which will be apparent to anyone investigating the hole. (It is an entrance to the sewer system.)

The urchin will lead the players to the point where the street ends in an alley going east. He will say to the players that the red-haired man had disappeared before he could reach the alley entrance. There are three doorways in the alley, two on the south wall and one on the east. All are



closed and the only window is tightly boarded. Seeing that the party will continue, the urchin will back away several paces (just in case there is a wizard). A narrow alley continues south, but is blocked by garbage and part of a collapsed roof.

DOOR 1

This door is tightly locked and very sturdy. If the players break it down they will create quite a racket. Behind the door the party will find a single empty room containing only a crude bench and a set of shackles fastened into the south wall. The area near the shackles is stained with blood and the floor shows where the scraping of a struggle. In the southeast corner are a filthy rag and three short pieces of rope. (The room was used by kidnappers).

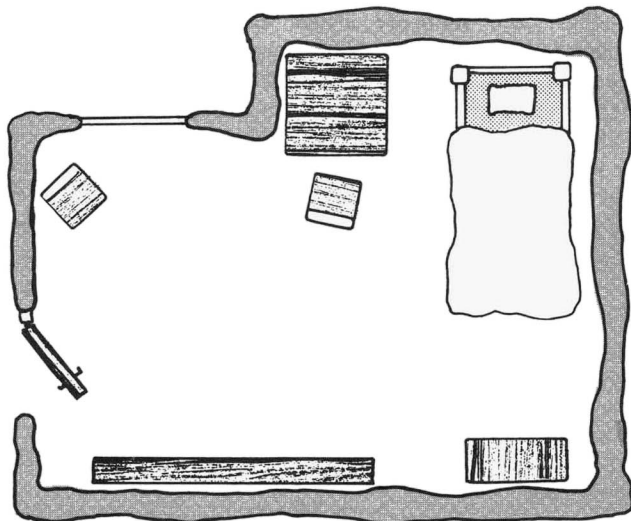
DOOR 2

This door is barely on the hinges and it will literally come off in the opener's hand. Behind the door the party will find that the roof of the building has collapsed. The rubble is a thick jumble of boards and tiles over a foot deep and a large rat will scurry under it when the door is opened.

DOOR 3

The door on the east wall is the entrance to the hideaway rented by Neeblust. He will be there sitting at a table writing a note to Aleena when the party arrives. If they make too much noise at the other two doorways he will be alerted and flee out the window whereupon the urchin will begin yelling madly, "There he is, there is the red-head." Other urchins will also take up the cry. Neeblust will then jump into the sewer system through the hole in the ruins.

If the players have managed to make a comparatively quiet entry they will catch a glimpse of Neeblust diving out of the window as they crash through the door. With the players in pursuit, the acolyte will virtually dive into the hole in the ruins to flee down the Sewers. When the players arrive at the hole there will be no sign of him or any trace of the direction of his flight visible from the ground above.



Scale : 1 inch = 5 feet.

There will be a letter, partially completed, on the table by the window. Neeblust will have addressed it to Aleena and was obviously in the process of writing it when he was panicked by the party. It reads:

My dearest,

Forgive my missing our liasion. I know it caused you much grief. I have been given a great opportunity to better myself and return to beautiful Ranke in triumph. Such a chance had to be taken. All is not going well. Some of the hawkmasters I took a paper from have been doggedly searching for me. I have paid thugs to ambush them and even tricked a loyal Rankan into attacking one, but they persist. For the last two days I have been forced to hide in one of the worse parts of this foul city. Today one informer told me that even the hawkmask who betrayed them to me is one of them. He surely will wish to see me killed. I dare not now let the paper from my sight or leave this miserable hovel. I will be

(Document 4)

The note is unfinished and a small silver brooch in the shape of a butterfly rests on the table nearby. The bed is neatly made, topped by one thin blanket. The cloak hanging in the corner is stained with filth and slime along several inches of the hem (the type of stains created by wandering around in a sewer). On the shelf is an empty scabbard, some dried sweetmeats, and a second note. This one is sealed and addressed to Molin Torchholder, it reads:

Dear Sir,

I received two days ago the opportunity to obtain a valuable document. This document originated with Ilseg government. Seeing my duty to gain this document for the state I used a tiny amount of the building funds to obtain it and ensure I could not be found afterwards. As a true patriot I know you will understand. It appears now I am being searched for by the pawns of that cut-throat Jubal. These sell swords have stumbled about the city with dogged determination. Unfortunately I have been unable to obtain a quick passage to Ranke. I will attempt to come to the Temple site tonight and meet you. Your help is badly needed. I have found a safe place to hide the document near my hideaway while there. Please give the child I send this with a copper as my funds are low.

For Ranke
Q. Neeblust

(Document 5)

When the party emerges from the hideaway they will be accosted by several urchins demanding coppers for having found the red-head. If the party does not pay them promptly one will find that his purse has been slashed and its contents missing. The urchin who first led the player there will be the most insistent for money.



the sewers

Neeblust will be hiding in the sewers. He has developed, very appropriately, a real fear of the players and has realized that the traitor must kill him to protect himself. He has with him a sword, but is wearing no armor; he does know where the sewers run and so can travel faster than the players. Once cornered he will fight, going first for the traitor, with the hope that he can surrender after the traitor dies. He will not surrender while the traitor lives. He will yell insults at the traitor specifically and the party in general once he is spotted. Most of the action will take place in the area just south of the entrance to the sewer system because Neeblust has not explored farther.

A six inch layer of waste and water flows slowly through the sewers. The smell is terrible and some of the party will wrretch upon entering. (Check versus each player's stamina). Occasionally a part of the wall has collapsed and, more dangerously, some parts of the floor have collapsed, forming small, filth-filled pits. With help, no character will drown in one, but it is not a very pleasant experience. Light will trickle down from the hole in the ruins and will be provided by the lantern that Neeblust thought to leave hidden down there and any improvised torches brought by the players for themselves. Foot-long sewer rats will scurry around at the edge of vision. If a wounded player is left alone they will attack in large numbers (11-30) and literally eat him alive. They have little fear of man, but great respect of fire. The sewers run all through Sanctuary, but try to keep the characters in this small area of them. Ceilings on the verge of collapse will often discourage exploration.

Just before the players enter the sewer, Jubal and seven hawkmaskers will arrive. He will inform the group their time is nearly up, ask them what is happening, and reinforce the fact that their job consists of retrieving the document. Jubal and his men will wait above for their return and he also warns them to beware of the rats.

Neeblust will be hiding around the corner to the south of the T in the tunnels. He has hidden the document in his shirt under the rubble where a part of the sewer has collapsed and it has remained dry trapped in that rubble. Neeblust will suddenly attack any player who moves uncautiously around the corner and once the traitor is in sight, will switch his attack to him exclusively. When he attacks, bare-chested and filthy, he will yell "For Ranke!"

Neeblust is neither a fool nor a coward; everything that he has done on his own initiative shows that he has some real courage. Nor is he doing less than what he feels to be his patriotic duty, enhanced by his perception of his actions as a means of bettering himself. By now he is both desperate and cornered, one man hunted by five, one of whom must kill him. The five have spent days searching him out and all are sell swords he has wronged. He will fight well (for an Acolyte) and will not let the party kill him off quickly. Add some color to the fight. If possible, Neeblust will maneuver to cause one of his attackers to fall into the pit to his right. As he dies, Neeblust will once again hoarsely whisper "For Ranke."

The party will need to search for the document itself, spurred on by Jubal's cries of, "Do you have it?" When discovered, the document will be somewhat crumpled, but in readable condition. (Document 6). It has great potential for blackmail which is why Jubal wants it so badly.

DOCUMENT 6

To Alerson Hartman
Ambassador to Ranke

Brother, I am pleased with your efforts in the capital of those barbarians. So long as they continue to maneuver in the palace, they are not maneuvering on the battlefield. This list is being carried by sea by a trusted merchant who should be richly rewarded. Use the names below to pass to me secret dispatches and anything you can find out about the weaknesses of the Rankan court. These sea captains have been an invaluable aide in watching the Barbarians for another attack on our beloved city,

Your Brother,
Jeal
Advisor to the King

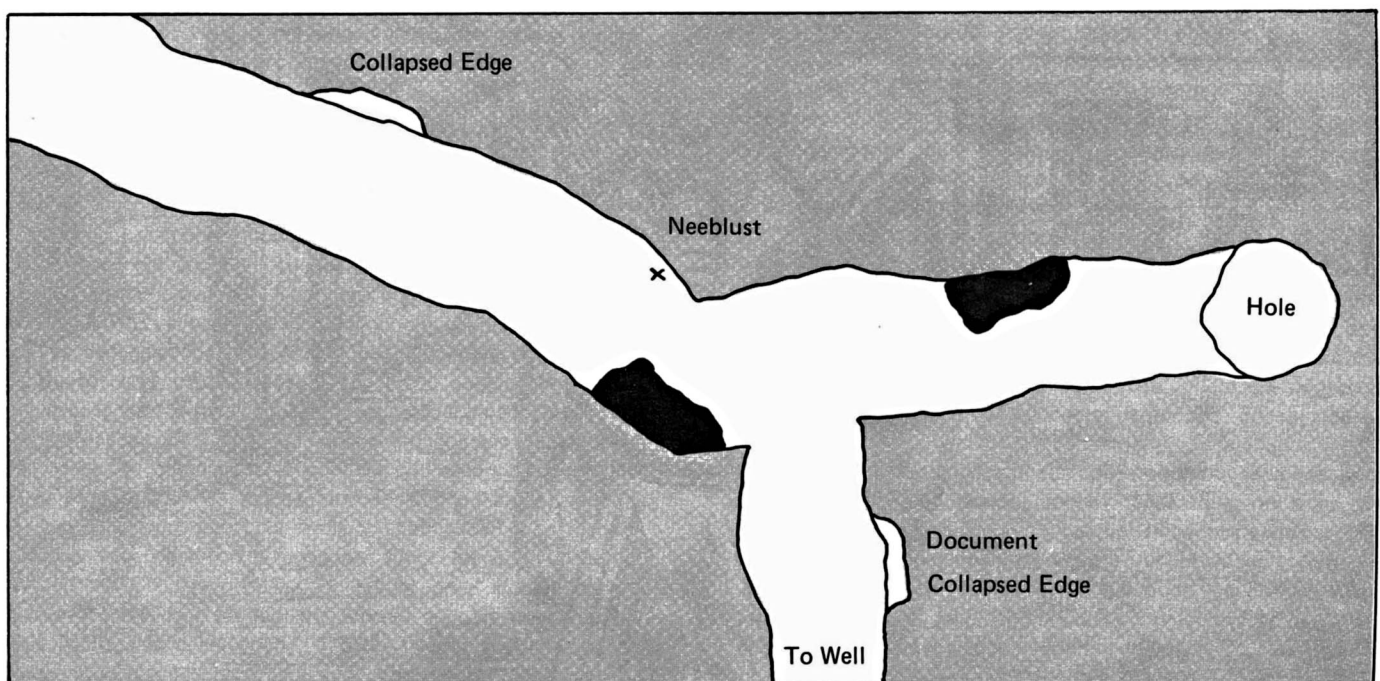
Seth Fulwig, Captain of the Waverider
Hept Withen, Captain of the Good Wind (needs money badly)
Pernt sept Alenrup, Owner of the Fair Trade (Careful very greedy)
Lencovenius, Captain of the Sea Sprite
Mun Ternwik, Owner of the Eastern Seamaid (hates Rankans)
Tervellenus, Owner of the Narwahl (often smuggles on the side)

jubal

When the party emerges Jubal will be anxious to retrieve the document and once it reaches his hands he will appear more relaxed. After reading it through he will become almost pleasant. At this point one of the other hawkmask will remind him of the matter of the traitor.

This will depress Jubal who will ask the players to come stand near him and turn over their weapons. If they refuse, the hawkmask will draw their own and gather around the players. Jubal will announce that only the traitor will need weapons and will ask if they were all guilty. If the players draw their weapons Jubal will point out that he has both numbers and his best men with him. One of the hawkmask will then disarm each player individually.

Once the players are disarmed Jubal will ask if they can tell him the identity of the traitor and the cause of betrayal. At this point you may wish to lead a discussion among the gamers as to who they think is the traitor and why. If the guilt of one can be proved to Jubal he will order the traitor killed on the spot (an object lesson) for the crowd that has gathered to watch. If no one can be shown to be the traitor Jubal will order all of the players to be killed. The possibility of any unloyal hawkmask is intolerable.



gaming jubal

by R.L. Asprin

Before I launch into particulars on Jubal, I would like to propose a golden rule for all villains, particularly those to be role-played in Sanctuary:

Villains must behave logically!

I am aware that this may be heresy in the world of FRP where characters gaily poison or double-cross their own party members under the guise of a so-called "chaotic" or "evil" alignment without repercussions. Nuts! Even assuming that the ordinary non-player character is of sub-average intelligence, it does not take a mental giant to figure out that if player X has returned for the fifth time without any other surviving party members with him, you do not want to be hired for his next expedition -- AT ANY PRICE.

Blind loyalty does not exist in the real world, and I find it annoying in FRP. In order to reach physical maturity all characters must have a certain survival-oriented paranoia. If a villain is out to honk somebody, he must first allay all of the normal suspicions. If the villain wants to maintain a pack of loyal followers, he has to treat them pretty well. Darth Vader notwithstanding, you cannot keep an army in line on fear alone and if you try, as soon as they are out of your sight they will head for the hills or the opposition.

Cue Jubal.

In many TW scenarios, the Gamemaster will find himself playing the part of the ex-gladiator/slaver. To do this successfully he has to project himself into Jubal's head and not try to impose his own contemporary values (or lack thereof) onto the character. To understand this, let us look into Jubal's head.

PRIORITIES AND GOALS: Shunned by society first as a slave then as a penniless freeman, Jubal constantly seeks status, acceptance and recognition. His past failures have convinced him that the only way to achieve upward mobility is through money so he pursues additional wealth by any means possible. Thievery and black-marketeering are acceptable to him as normal investments and business transactions. He will seldom turn down a chance to obtain additional funds no matter how small the gain or the size of the risk. The only exception to this is if the risk is disproportionate financially (i.e. if he must gamble a hundred in gold to gain another ten in silver). These underlying priorities should always be remembered when playing Jubal. He does not work for humanity, or good, or evil, or chaos. He works for Jubal. If a venture affects his wealth or position he will get involved somehow; if not, he could care less.

THE HAWKMASKS: Though he occasionally takes personal, physical risk (primarily out of boredom) Jubal is usually pretty careful about his security which he entrusts to his Hawkmarks. They are a mean, shifty group, mean and shifty being those qualities specifically required by the position. Logically then, each Hawkmark has an individual shrewdness or else they would not have survived long enough for Jubal to hire them.



Jubal treats his Hawkmarks with a fairness he shows to few others. He pays them very well (with deserved bonuses), he does not reprimand them unnecessarily or without proof, and he will support them with money or force should they fall into trouble. It is also true, however, that he is merciless and cruel in his punishments should any betray him. (Note: Betray, not fail. People do make mistakes and to kill a man for an honest one will start the survivors thinking about leaving).

This adds up to a "carrot and stick", reward/punishment form of discipline. To the Hawkmarks there is much advantage to remaining loyal and little advantage - in fact, a lot of major disadvantages - in selling him out. To subvert a Hawkmark would require a very, very large bribe and an ironclad guarantee of security for the ex-Hawkmark after the fact.

SLAVES: Jubal has an unusually low regard for slaves - considerably lower than the average low opinion of the breed. Like any successful professional who has worked up from slum beginnings, Jubal has no sympathy for those still living in squalor. "If I could get out, so could they if they wanted to" is his motto in this regard. Jubal is not unaware, however, that some slaves just might want to follow in his footsteps and that there might be one or two who would be able to do so. Consequently, he rarely lets a slave into his mansion, and then only in chains.

INFORMATION: Next to gold and other forms of hard currency, Jubal loves information. He will use his wealth to buy information, usually from one of three categories: profit potentials, defense or dominance. The first category deals with information which can be readily converted back to cash - such as the arrival of a shipment of smuggled goods primed for hijacking. The second includes data concerning those who would, by intent or accident, adversely affect Jubal's position. Jubal has a specific desire to learn the details of plot and personality of those against him. The last category concerns data which would not affect Jubal directly but would allow him to keep track of what is going on in the city; who stole what from whom; who murdered whom and why, and other such tidbits. While occasionally such information is resold, usually it is kept in reserve to barter with at a later date when favors or personal leverage is needed, or simply to aid Jubal in anticipating the stratagems of the authorities and his business rivals.

Like any other collector of information, Jubal must constantly confront the dual problems of completeness and accuracy. He has a reputation for killing those who have attempted to show a profit by selling him false information (which discourages the more blatant liars). It is not always easy to sort the truth from the lies, and because acting on bad information or ignoring good information could cost him money or followers, Jubal carefully screens everything he hears before acting on it. He weighs and considers the source and if possible will seek corroboration from another source before committing himself to action.

An important point to note is that Jubal does not lie to those seeking information from him. He may refuse to divulge certain information or reveal only a part of the available data, but he will not knowingly lie to someone. This is the main reason he is sought after and used as an information source by those who would not otherwise deal

with him. The price may be high, but one can rely on what Jubal says.

MAGIC-USERS: Jubal fears and distrusts all forms of sorcery. Any party seeking his advice or assistance with a magic-user in its ranks is in for a rough time if he will agree to see them at all. During any interview with a magic-user present, he will have an archer hidden to cover the magic-user. The archer has instructions to slay the magician at the first sign of danger, mischief or other strange behavior. Jubal will accost the magic-user's party with verbal abuse such as: "Why do you need me?", "Ask your bedroom-peeper." Or: "I refuse to assist anyone too cowardly to face his enemies in open combat." Needless to say, it will be best for game and character development if magic-users give Jubal a wide berth. He will not change his opinions just to make the campaign run more smoothly.

SWORDMANSHIP: Jubal is an excellent swordsman who no longer feels the need to prove himself to others. Whenever possible he will avoid a fight or send his Hawkmarks to do combat for him. He draws steel himself only when he is in direct physical danger or his leadership is under serious challenge.

WEAKNESSES: Sanctuary's crime-lord has three major weaknesses. The first two, greed and curiosity, should be already apparent. The third vulnerability is not so obvious, loneliness.

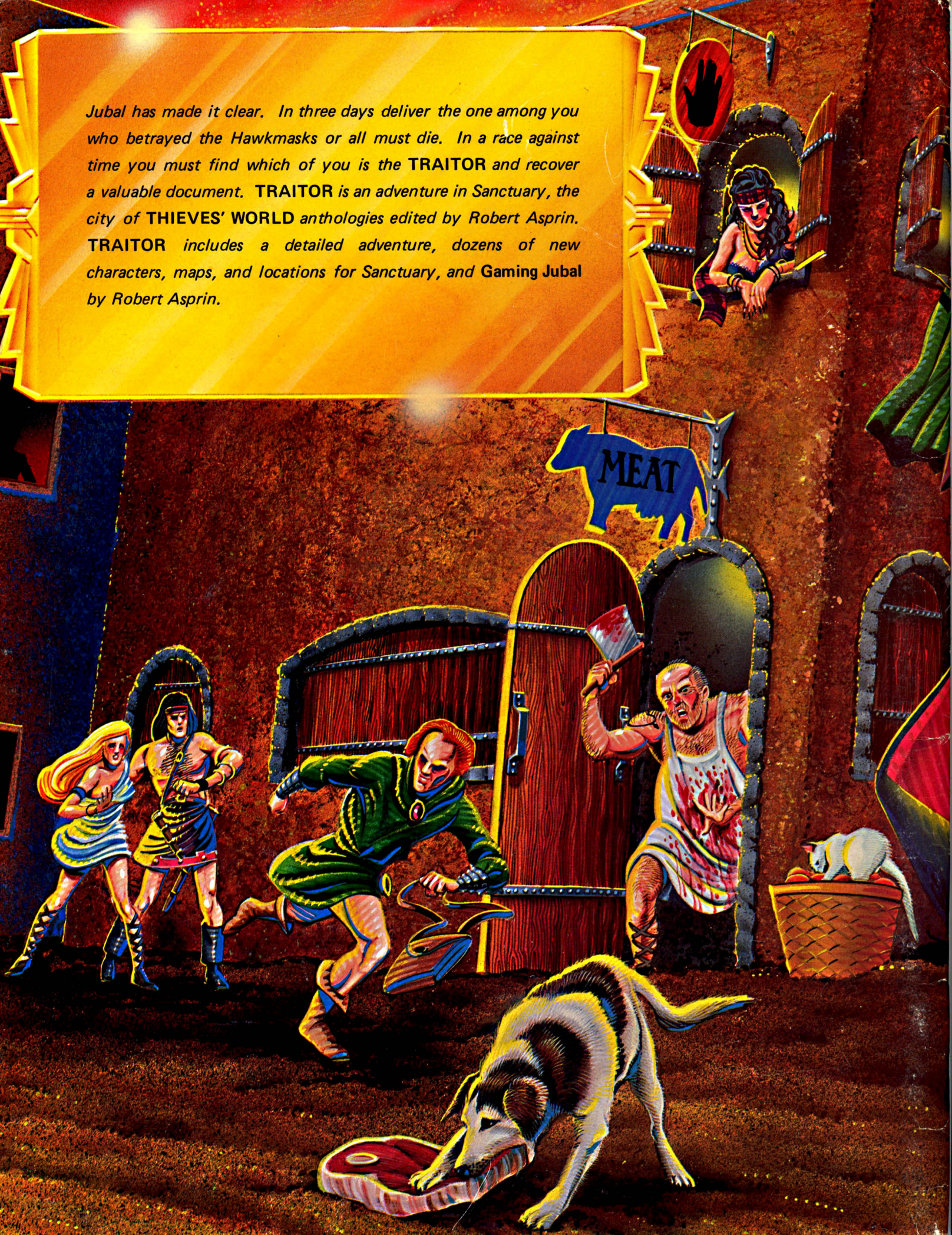
In his quest for acceptance Jubal has gone from being an unapproachable gladiator/slave to being an unapproachable vice-czar, neither position encouraging close friendships. While he has long since accepted the isolation of his position, part of him yearns for a trustworthy confidant though he would undoubtedly suspiciously reject anyone who directly approached him on those terms.

While Jubal is openly disdainful of most people in his milieu there are a few he respects, specifically those who hold to their own set of ideals and standards and are incorruptible. He may not agree with the aforesaid ideals and possibly finds them professionally annoying, but he admires the strength of will required to maintain them. Most of all he would appreciate it if the few that he respects would admire him in return; he would be satisfied if they would simply accept him without visible loathing. His efforts to gain the respect/friendship of the few men he admires leaves him far more vulnerable in those areas. Jubal takes steps to protect himself from himself, but in friendship he is dangerously naive.

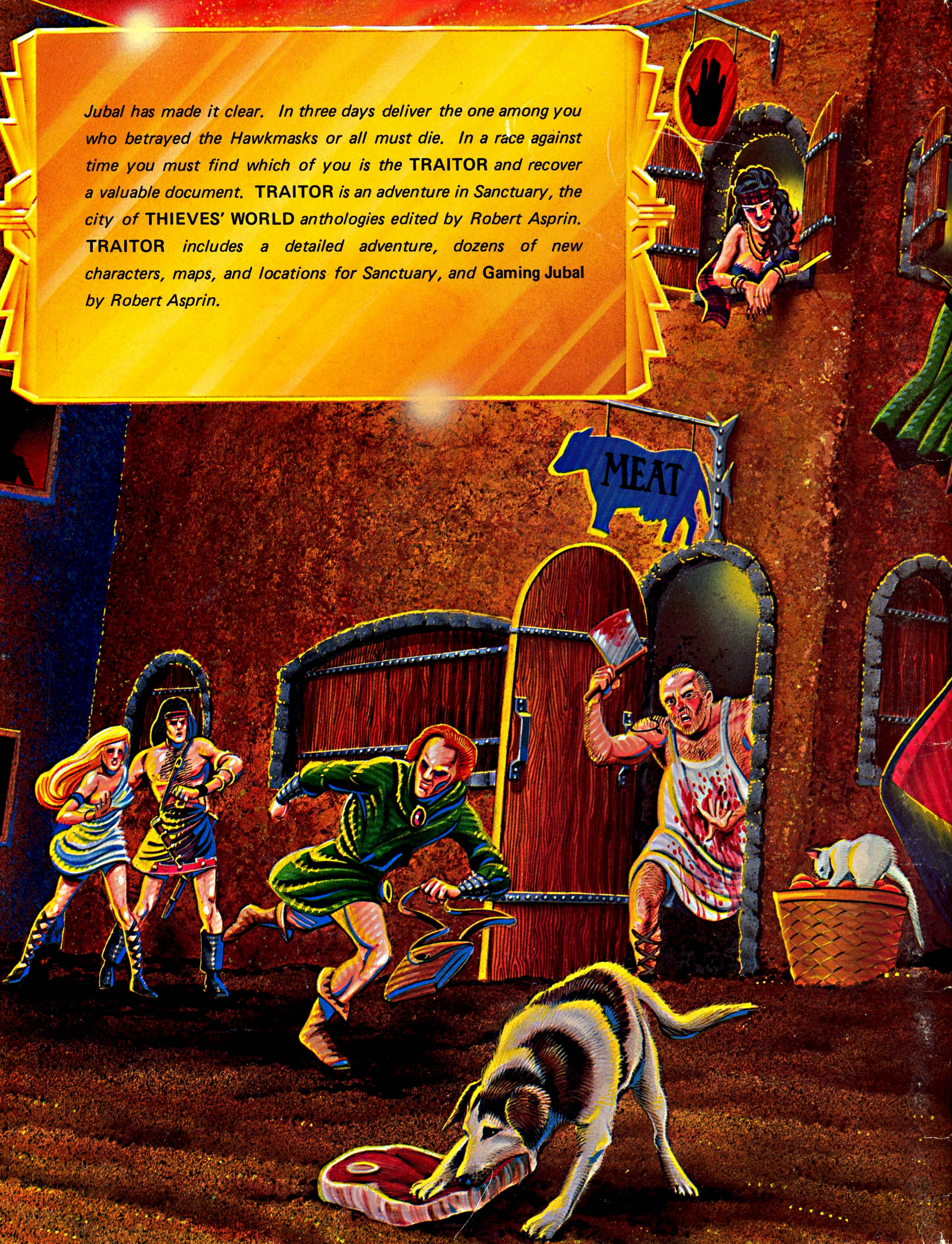
SUMMARY: So what does all this have to do with gaming Jubal? Everything. When the Gamemaster assumes the role of Jubal, he or she must set aside personal preferences or desires to "make the game interesting" and especially any urges to take petty revenge for what the players did in last night's adventure. The Gamemaster must act and react in character with the crime-lord of Sanctuary.

Jubal is a powerful and ruthless character who can be a valuable ally or a deadly enemy depending on how the players approach him. He is neither blind nor random, but calculating, deliberate and above all an intelligent force to be dealt with. Played carefully, Jubal can be a challenging foil against which the players can test their true wits; if not, Jubal becomes just another cardboard villain.

Jubal has made it clear. In three days deliver the one among you who betrayed the Hawkmarks or all must die. In a race against time you must find which of you is the **TRAITOR** and recover a valuable document. **TRAITOR** is an adventure in Sanctuary, the city of **THIEVES' WORLD** anthologies edited by Robert Asprin. **TRAITOR** includes a detailed adventure, dozens of new characters, maps, and locations for Sanctuary, and Gaming Jubal by Robert Asprin.



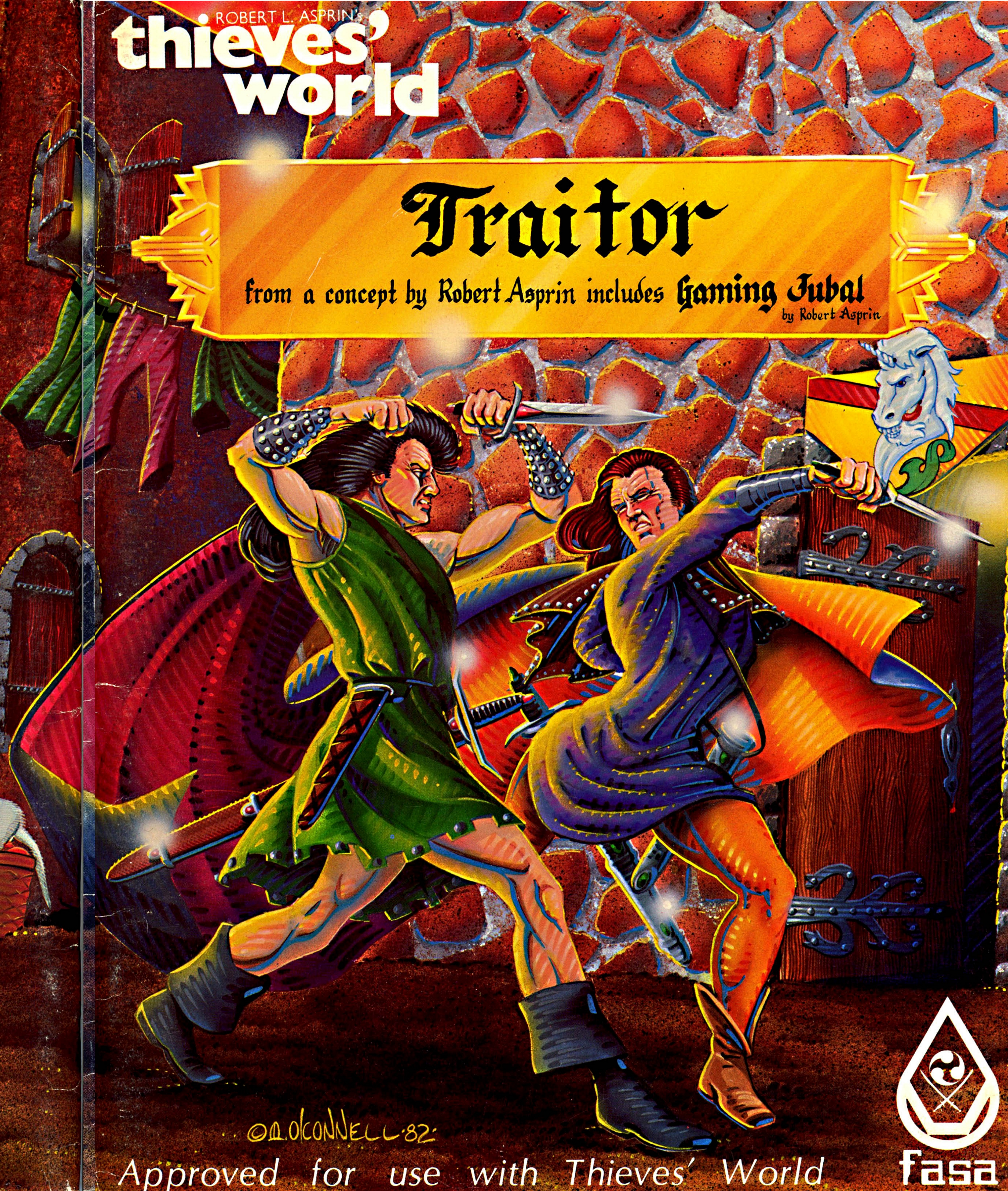
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ROBERT L. ASPRIN'S
thieves' world

Traitor

from a concept by Robert Asprin includes **Gaming Jubal**
by Robert Asprin

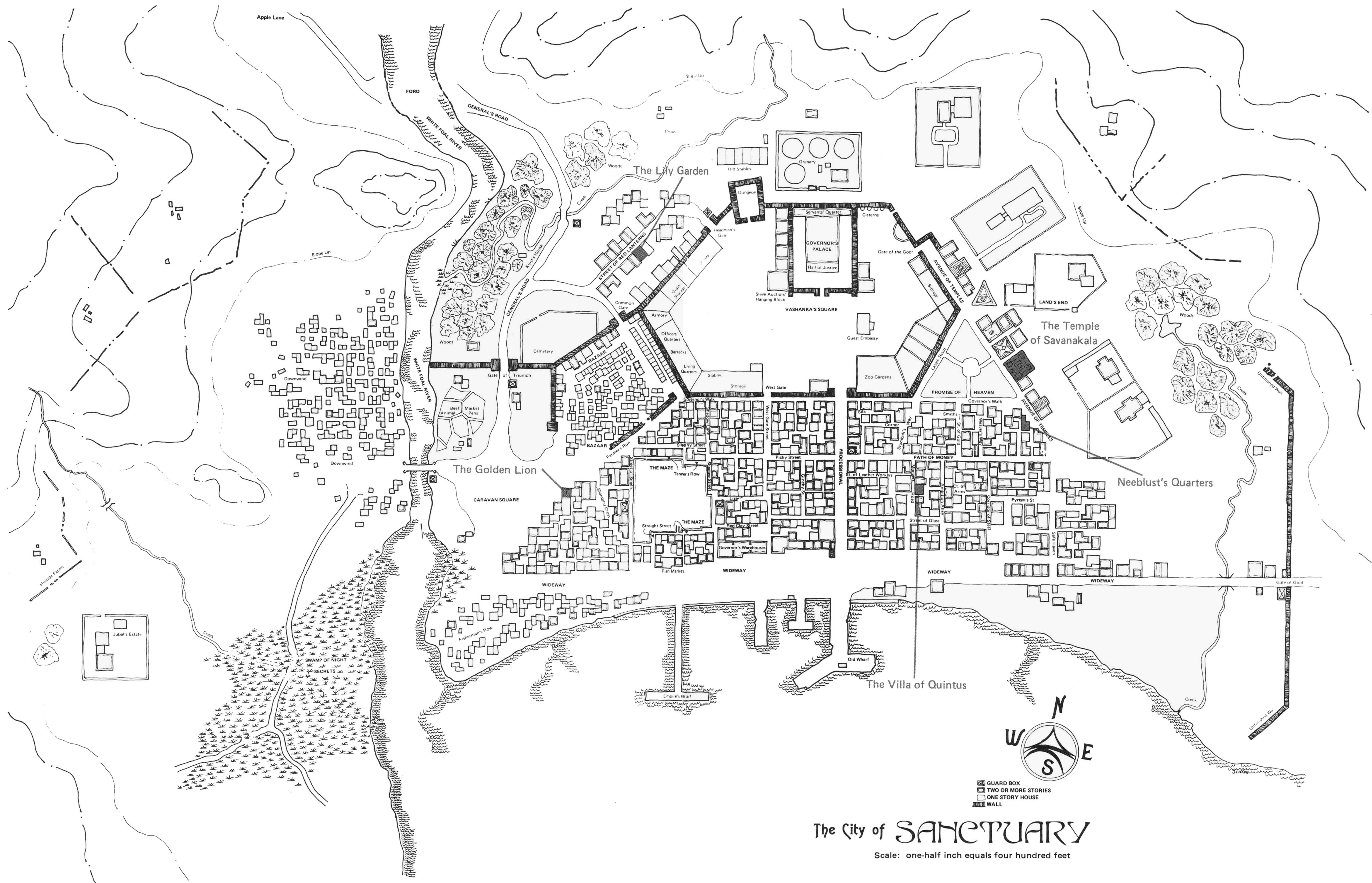


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fasa



The City of SANCTUARY

Scale: one-half inch equals four hundred feet

- GUARD BOX
- TWO OR MORE STORIES
- ONE STORY HOUSE
- WALL