

For All Role-Playing Games

S1

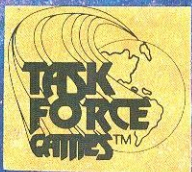


**STANZA
ADVENTURE
PACK**

A game master's guide to the Lejentia graphic story series, the Stanza Adventure Packs are designed to draw role-playing gamers into the midst of the Lejentia saga.

Included herein:

- An 11" by 17" map of Elveron the Shining
- A full-color map of the world of Lejentia
- Stanza One of the Lejentia graphic novel series
- A 24-page booklet detailing people, places, and scenarios for Stanza One



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8552

Like Hell's barbinger, the eagle of the Tarin Tor spreads its relentless wings over an ever-growing portion of the embattled world of Lejentia. Join the *Æven Compact*, and help drive back the dread shadow of *Hyl Sudiar!*

TIMEZONES

1" = 2000 MILES









ISBN 0-922335-04-4

#8552



ROAD
CANAL & BRIDGES
RIVER
LAKE

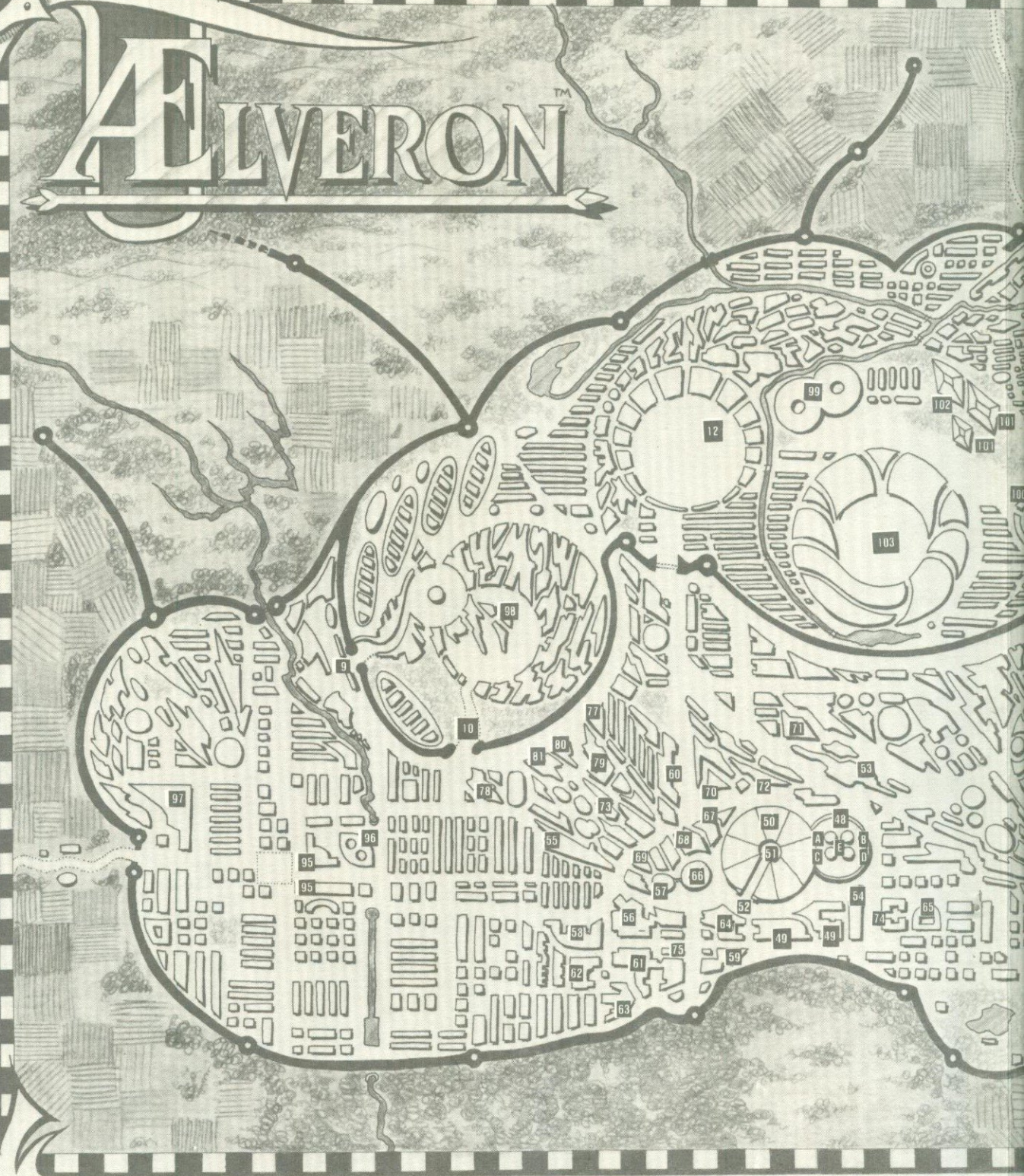
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|---|------------|---|-----------|
|  | COAST LINE |  | FOREST |
|  | ÆLVEN SEA |  | FARMLANDS |
|  | GRASSLANDS |  | CITY AREA |

102 POINT OF INTEREST





See the back of your
Adventure Pack for
names of the various
points of interest
on this map.







ÆLVERON™



MAP KEY

-  SARDIN BUILDING
-  ÆLVEN BUILDING
-  DEFENSIVE WALL
-  GUARD TOWER

-  ROAD
-  CANAL
-  RIVER
-  LAKE

LEJENTIA™

STANZA ADVENTURE PACK

S1

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Opus Graphics



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STANZA ADVENTURE PACK S1

HOW TO USE THIS PACKET

This packet is designed to help a game master adapt the Lejentia graphic story series to his own fantasy role-playing game. Stanza Adventure Pack #1, in conjunction with Lejentia Stanza One, gives an overview of Ælveron, the capitol city of the Ælven Republic, with particular attention to the palace of the High Lord. Also included is a brief look at the leaders of the evil army camped in secret on the cliffs above the human city-state of Jabar.

Note that Stanza One, and this pack, are set about ten years earlier than the Skully's Harbor gamebook. At the time of Stanza One, Seit Fierced has not yet taken Fort Bevits (the Ælven stronghold across the river from Skully's Harbor), Knytling and Ra'yn Boh are just preparing to leave Ælveron, and K'el Di Carani still actively commands the Ælven Army. Ten years later, at the time of the Skully's Harbor book, Seit Nigira's army has been moved to Fort Bevits, K'el Di Carani has retired from the army to run a casino in Skully's Harbor, and Knytling is a prisoner of the Tarin Tor. Keep reading the Stanzas to learn how these changes came about!

Usable with any game system, this packet describes the abilities of characters and creatures on a letter-grade system, thus:

AAA	= Deity-level ability
AA	= Legendary
A	= Excellent
B	= Very Good
C	= Competent
D	= Not Very Good
E	= Untrained or No Ability

For more information, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your questions to: Lejentia, P.O. Box 30747, Phoenix, Arizona 85046.



The Court of the High Lord can be a setting for many adventures, but first the players must have a reason for being there. Some roles they could play are:

A. Members of the South Wind Contingent (palace guards).

B. If there are only one or two, they could be messengers from Lothmeriel, the second of the Rown Queens (after Ruth), who has sent them to deliver a gift to Jerand.

C. They can be the sons and daughters of Council members or other Ælven nobles -- acquaintances of the Twin Lords, though Ra'yn Boh and Knytling were not raised on Monti and thus have no real childhood friends.

D. They can be Rowns in the service of Ruth or Azalia.

E. They can be hired as bodyguards for Ruth and Jerand's daughter, Autumn Riannon. This would presuppose that there had been a threat of some kind against her -- for example, a spy's report that the Tarin Tor plans to kidnap the child.

F. They can be miscellaneous members of the social milieu such as a Cambrian dancer, a portrait painter, a paramour of some member of the court, a minor diplomat from some allied nation, or a war hero who has been invited to the court to be honored.

G. They can be visiting officers from the army of Kishmal (whose king, William the Fair-Handed, was just killed in the fall of Cinnatol). The Kishmalian army is numerically the largest part of the Ælven Compact, and will continue its battle against the Tarin Tor from exile, though its capitol has fallen.

H. They can be spies in the service of Ramadan, posing as any of the above.



2. AELVES



Aelves in the world of Lejentia are taller than humans. They have purple blood and two hearts, are predominantly left-handed, and the touch of steel burns them. Ageless creatures, they are said not to have immortal souls as humans do. They believe that upon death, their spirits return as mindless energy to Ariendale, the fire goddess who long ago created them from her own essence. They belong to one of four tribes, each with its own goddess. The fire Aelves, called Navivians, worship Ariendale. Aelves of the earth, called Vendrinites, worship Vendridie. Sea Aelves or Azurinites follow Anawaay, and the Arielites listen to fickle Ariel. All Aelves share the (usually latent) power of empathic healing, the ability to pass through Everstill (a dimension of pure chaos) every three or four days, the ability to perceive magic and the auras of living things, the ability to generate light, and the ability to send and receive telepathic messages. They also have other powers related to their particular tribes.

The Aelven culture, virtually unchanged for thousands of years, is a matriarchy. Though the current High Lord and his heirs apparent are male, most High Lords in Aelven history have been female. The High Lord is chosen by the Council, composed of roughly one-third civilian merchants and aristocrats, one-third high-ranking officers of the regular Aelven Army, and one-third high-ranking Lejentia (an elite military order). The Aelven culture is highly militaristic, as the Aelves

came into existence to combat the forces of the demon-god Bazaroth. They have been at war for most of their history, with only one relatively short interlude of peace. They fight for freedom for all peoples, against the Hellish tyranny of Bazaroth and his minions.

The most powerful Aelves are the Lejentia, an elite fighting order named after the world they protect. Chosen from among the most powerful and most honorable young Aelves, they receive extra training in the use of their natural magical skills. Thus they can travel through Everstill more often (three times per week), make full use of their empathic healing potential, send telepathic messages over a longer distance than normal Aelves, and use their particular racial abilities more effectively. They are also more highly trained in combat. Their favored weapon is the sunstaff, a rod made of their own will and given shape by the goddess Ariendale. The sunstaff is drawn from the Lejentia's left thigh, where it rests in an intangible state when not in use. It can be any length desired, from about five inches to five feet, and its color depends on the intention of the wielder. When it glows white, it is no more dangerous than an oaken staff. When light blue, it carries enough energy to stun. As the glow darkens, the sunstaff gains the ability to cut and burn. A black sunstaff will kill by stealing the life-energy of its victim. Being a part of its wielder, the sunstaff can never be physically separated from him or her.

3. Sardins



Sardins (normal humans) average about five and a half feet tall in the world of Lejentia, and come in a variety of races. Except for the rare witches, they have little or no magical ability. The vast majority of them practice a rather puritanical religion which teaches that the Aelves are heathen beasts who should be burned. Some of the more enlightened Sardin leaders recognize the Aelves as allies against the Tarin Tor. There are other, smaller Sardin cultures -- the savage nomads of the Plains of Meit, the gentle Raft People, the slave owners of Lorian's Kingdom, and the Sardins of the Aelven Republic. The latter hold limited citizenship, and do most of the work of the civilization, being many times more numerous than the Aelves. They prosper, and generally are much more open-minded than their brethren across the sea.

4. Dargonaths



The Dargonaths are a swarthy, human-like race of wizards, divided into eighteen clans but united by their training at the Dargonathian College. Taller, stronger, and healthier than Sardins, the Dargonaths have a natural lifespan of some 2500 years, which may be magically extended still farther. They may easily be identified by the silver bands they wear on their left arms, and by the complex patterns of face paint their laws require them to wear.

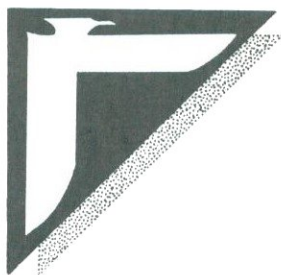
Dargonathian power takes a long time to develop, and is measured in levels that are named after colors. The table below shows the names of their levels, and an approximate number of years (from the start of training at age fourteen) required to reach

those levels:

Yellow	2
Grey	7
Green	17
Blue	35
Brown	70
Purple	150
Red	500
Silver	1000
Gold	2500
White	unknown

Though the Dargonathian College has not taken sides in the great war, some clans favor one faction or the other, and individual Dargonaths may join either side. The Eagle and Gazelle clans are strongly on the Ælven side, while the Cobra and Fox clans favor the Tarin Tor.

5. Tarin Tor



The Tarin Tor, or "Army of Peace," was created by Hyl Sudiar ("Hellish Seducer"), a corrupted Ælven noble who has become the mortal representative of Bazaroth, Lord of the Six Hells. Hyl Sudiar's intent was to unite the world under one government in order to save the planet from magical conflicts that threatened to literally tear it apart; and to save the Ælven civilization from the vastly more numerous Sardins, who wanted to kill all Ælves for religious reasons. However, the evil of Bazaroth has corrupted Hyl Sudiar. After centuries of war, the supreme commander of the Tarin Tor has come to take great pleasure in destruction and in the pain of others. He seems to care little that his march of conquest is intensifying the geological stresses he once wished to still.

The Tarin Tor consists of seven armies -- one ruled by Hyl

Sudiar himself from his Ice Palace, while each of the other six is ruled by a "seit," comparable to a "field marshal" in old English terminology. These armies are made up of Sardins, Dargonaths, and renegade Ælves; demons, Hellhounds, and magically created beings called nix; and Novilles, members of an insectoid race from another world.

6. Powers

Technology in most parts of the world of Lejentia is at the level of swords, crossbows, and horse-drawn plows, perhaps slowed in its development by the presence of magic in the world. It is most advanced in the Sardin country of Erin, where flintlock muskets and hot air balloons are used in battle against the Tarin Tor. Other countries still consider these inventions to be outlandish and not worth the trouble. However, there are a few artifacts left over from ancient times -- most notably the "crystal cannons," great engines of destruction that can kill a squadron of B~rrons with a mighty beam of red light. Fortunately for the Ælven forces, such devices are very rare, though all that have been found are currently in the hands of the enemy.

Magic in the world of Lejentia is much more common, and more potent. Ælves and B~rrons travel through Everstill -- an ironic name for a river of chaos said to flow outside all space and time. Normally a trip through Everstill takes but moments and spans many miles -- though the time elapsed may vary unpredictably. Another method of rapid travel is a Parl Point, an unmoving sphere of magic that exists simultaneously in two different places. People stepping into the sphere at one location will emerge at the other. Originally invented by the Novilles, Parl Points can be created only by great and costly magics -- but once made, they are virtually indestructible. Wards are magical intruder alarms, normally circular or spherical, though they can be made to conform to the shape of a

building. Some wards can render various things inside them invisible. They are often used with magical shields, designed to prevent various forms of entry (or escape). Almost all forms of travel can be stopped by the right magical protection. Even Everstill can be warded and shielded.

The soul-name, according to the Ælves, is a name given by Ariendale to the bit of fire she takes from her heart and forms into the spirit of a newborn Ælf. This name becomes the Ælf's most treasured and closely-guarded secret, as it is his sense of individuality. Through his soul-name, he can draw and focus a little more of Ariendale's power in time of need. An enemy who learns an Ælf's soul-name can use it in spells to charm, control, and twist the very nature of the individual.

It was the Rowns who discovered that Dargonaths and Sardins, too, have soul-names -- a mystery, since these races were certainly not created by Ariendale. Nevertheless, the soul-names of men and wizards can focus power in the same way, and carry the same danger. The discovery of his soul-name enables a Sardin to subconsciously draw on the wisdom and experience gained in previous lives, allowing him to function on a level more comparable to that of the longer-lived Ælves.

This adventure pack does not have enough space for a detailed description of the magic of Ælves and Dargonaths. We have tried to provide enough information to make it possible for the game master to improvise the rest, or simply to use the magical rules in his own favorite role-playing system. Gamers who want to know more about the magic of the world

of Lejentia should refer to the Skully's Harbor gamebook, and later books in the Lejentia Campaigns series -- and, of course, to the Stanzas.

KNYTILING OF DAN-GER



Kindred: Navivian
Deity: Ariendale
Sex: Male
Age: 1,619
Height: 7'7"
Weight: 210 lb.

Hair/Eyes: The straight hair that swings just past his shoulders is silver-grey, and the serious, almost world-weary quality in his amber eyes reinforces an impression of premature aging. But his pale skin is unlined, and his slim body moves with lithe strength.

Aura: His aura, unusually well-defined for one so young, is of a silver lion. Sometimes it seems to purr like a tabby, and sometimes its golden eyes blaze with fury, but always it radiates a surpassing strength.

Appearance: When he is not wearing the uniform of a Lejentia morian, his style of dress -- though not flashy -- has all the richness of fabric and elegance of cut that one would expect of an Ælven prince.

Position: Cousin to High Lord Jerand, Knytling, together with his brother Ra'yn Boh, is Lord of the House of Dan-Ger, a coastal region of the Ælven nation. He is stoneholder there -- literally, by investing part of his mind and energy in the land, he keeps this portion of the geologically unstable planet from breaking up. He is also a Lejentia morian (a rank equivalent to a general) -- mostly by virtue of his family position and obvious personal power, though he and Ra'yn Boh did show an aptitude for military operations

when they briefly commanded a small contingent. As Lord of Dan-Ger he holds a seat on the Ælven Council. Because of his unusual powers and maturity, and a prophecy concerning a lion aura, it is likely that Knytling will be chosen by the Council to be the next High Lord when Jerand dies or steps down. Such is certainly Jerand's wish.

Physical Skills: Trained by K'el Di Carani, leader of the Ælven Army, Knytling's skill with a sunstaff far surpasses that of most Ælves his age (A). With other weapons he is fairly skilled (B).

Magic Ability: In arcane power, Knytling will someday equal or surpass Jerand himself. Though Navivian by birth, he can use the racial abilities of all four Ælven tribes. In addition, he has already developed his spell-casting potential to roughly the equivalent of a silver level Dargonath (A). It is this amazing aptitude, as much as his birth or aura, that fits him to be the next High Lord.

Addendum: The House of Dan-Ger was never large, and the Twin Lords are its last surviving members. The chronicles record that their parents were killed on the night the demon lord Bazaroth escaped his imprisonment -- slaughtered to feed him, along with the gentle Ælven queen Crystalia, her valiant brother Derikell, her newborn babes, her noble handmaiden, Farrell, and Farrell's husband and children. Because of their kinship to Jerand, and their obvious power, Knytling and Ra'yn Boh received special upbringing. Rather than being sent to Monti like most Ælven children, they were given to K'el Di Carani. Moving from city to camp to fort with the ancient commander of the Ælven forces, they learned from his vast historical and arcane knowledge and fighting prowess. They also received training from his friend, the Dargonath Tamerall De William. Only recently have they returned to Ælveron to take their place at court and in the Council, and to take adult roles in the battle against the forces of Bazaroth.

RAY'N BOH OF DAN-GER



Kindred: Navivian
Deity: Ariendale
Sex: Male
Age: 1,619
Height: 7'7"
Weight: 225 lb.

Hair/Eyes: He keeps his shoulder-length golden hair loosely braided or clasped at the back of his neck, out of his way. There is a challenging quality to his dark golden eyes.

Aura: His approach to life finds its echo in his aura. More heard and felt than seen, it hits one with a jolt upon meeting his eyes. It has been described as a flight of wild geese launching into the air, or the thunder of wild horses galloping.

Appearance: A muscular and athletic young Ælf, Ra'yn Boh dresses for action. He likes to look princely, but the silks and gossamers of fashionable Ælveron are too fragile for his lifestyle.

Position: Ra'yn Boh shares his twin brother's station in life: Lejentia Morian, Lord of Dan-Ger, member of the Ælven Council, and -- possibly -- co-successor to the throne. He is not the stoneholder of Dan-Ger, having much less magical prowess than Knytling. Likewise, he is not such an obvious choice to be High Lord. But the possibility of his sharing the throne with Knytling is favored by Jerand, and at least being considered by the Council, because of a prophecy that if the Twin Lords are ever

separated for more than a fortnight, both will die. Besides, Jerand seems to feel that Ra'yn Boh's restlessness makes a necessary counterpoint to Knytling's quiet nature.



Physical Skills: Strong and quick, Ra'yn Boh has great aptitude for combat, and he likes it. He was K'el Di Carani's best student of the arts of war. Already excellent with a sunstaff, he is expected to develop skill of legendary proportions some day. Nor have his skills with sword, bow, and javelin been neglected (A).

Magic Ability: In this realm, Ra'yn Boh cannot equal his brother. Though fitted by heredity and training for the command of mighty energies, he does not particularly enjoy it. Magic, in fact, seems to make him uneasy. He has all the fire-related powers of a Navivian Ælf, all the healing and other skills of a Lejentia Lord, and a selection of earth-related spells that Di Carani drilled into his head; but he seldom practices them. Di Carani says his perverse nature has made him hate magic simply because everyone expected so much of him in that area. Actually, a recurring nightmare about something evil that seeks to claim him through his magic is the cause of his reluctance. (B).

Addendum: Ra'yn Boh does not like Sardins. The vehemence of this feeling may be a reaction to the widespread Sardin hatred of Ælves, but it is sharpened by incidents such as one that happened while the Twin Lords were visiting Deuk Huntington in Jabar, some fifty years past. Ra'yn Boh, slightly drunk in the farmers' market, had "borrowed" a selection of fresh vegetables in order to see how many he could juggle at one time. The vendors' protests drew a group of young Sardin nobles who tried to take the vegetables back. They wrestled him to the ground. One of them, Sir Jacob Cottiy, drew a knife and tried to trim the points off Ra'yn Boh's ears. The outraged Ælf managed to draw his sunstaff. Reflecting his anger, it was black and deadly; the young Sardin died before he even knew he was in danger. Ra'yn Boh escaped through Everstill. Harshly criticised by Di Carani for taking a life when he could simply have stunned the youth, he blamed the whole incident on Sardin intolerance.

Toward Ælves, Ra'yn Boh is for the most part good-natured and very sociable. Indeed, his friendships with the opposite sex bid fair to become as legendary as his prowess on the battlefield. He gets along less well with anyone who claims authority over him. It is said that he is the reason K'el Di Carani has white hair.

JERAND



Kindred: Navivian
Deity: Ariendale
Sex: Male

Age: 4,508
Height: 7'5"
Weight: 210 lb.

Hair/Eyes: His pale gold eyes carry in them the weight of too many centuries watching the armies of freedom pushed back, mile by bloodsoaked mile. He keeps his golden hair short, as he did when he fought in the first war against Bazaroth. His skin has a burnished tone. In coloring, as in his lofty bearing, he is the ultimate Navivian, a proud and lordly Ælf of fire.

Aura: His aura, which long ago was a tree with golden leaves, has changed over the centuries of the second war. Now it is a burning tree. Some people say they can hear the crackle of the flames when he is near, and smell the smoke when he passes.

Appearance: Jerand dresses in the rich robes of his office, predominantly flame-hued but accented with the brown and green and blue of the other three Ælven tribes, to symbolize his lordship over them all.

Position: Jerand is High Lord of the Ælves, so chosen by the Ælven Council, a ruling body of noble civilians and morians. So he will remain until he dies or steps down. As Ælven society is matriarchal, most of its High Lords have been female. But at the end of the last war, when High Lord Telani was killed while trapping Bazaroth, young Jerand was the only known Ælf with the ability to use the powers of all four tribes -- a requirement for any who sits on the throne. In addition to his royal duties, Jerand is Lord and stoneholder of the House of Alsen-Ger; and he has never resigned his rank as a Lejentia morian. He directly commands the South Wind Contingent, which now serves as the royal guard. The rest of the Ælven forces, both Lejentia and regular Army, are commanded by Tor Di Carani, the K'el -- who theoretically answers to Jerand, though in reality has grown increasingly independent.

Physical Skills: Once a mighty warrior, Jerand has got somewhat out of practice (B).

Magical Ability: Millenia of wielding the powers of the four tribes, as well as various Dargonathian and other spells that he has learned, and occasionally channelling the power of the Goddess Mothers themselves, have made of Jerand a vessel for mighty magics. More than a match for most gold-level Dargonaths, he is one of the major arcane forces in the world of Lejentia (AA).

Addendum: The chronicles record that Jerand's first wife, the young and beautiful Crystalia of the House of Aloryth, was slain by Bazaroth when he escaped his imprisonment 1619 years ago. So were their two newborn children. He grieved long, and in his bitterness his aura began to transform. Less than three centuries ago he finally gave in to pressure from the Council to marry again, and -- it is hoped -- to produce an heir with magical gifts like his own. Not everyone was happy with his choice of a bride: Ruth, a Sardin by birth, though she is the immortal queen of all the Rowns. Others praised his statesmanship in so uniting the Ælves and the Rowns. In truth, he married her because he loves her. They have a daughter, Autumn Riannon, a half-Ælven child of just nine summers. Though well-endowed with magic, and kind and wise beyond her years, Autumn's Ælven powers are only those of a Navivian. Thus, she is an unlikely candidate as the next High Lord.

Jerand wearies of his burdens. His statesmanship of late has been less than inspired, and his temper has soured. He longs to pass on the throne and circlet to his young cousins and retire to his family home, there to enjoy the company of Queen Ruth and their daughter, and let others play the games of kings, and wage the wars.

QUEEN RUTH OF WHITE LAKE



Kindred: Sardin
Deity: Ariendale
Sex: Female
Age: 4,989 yrs. (As a Rown queen, Ruth has been granted a greatly extended lifespan by the goddess Ariendale.)

Height: 5'11"
Weight: 137 lbs.

Hair/Eyes: Renowned as an exotic beauty, Ruth is a living symbol of the Rown people. Her fiery locks were once left free to cascade down, tumbling seductively across her B~rron's broad back. For many an age, Ruth was seen framed against a smoking, bitter sky with her hair swirling around her like an angry cloud of flame. Yet, she fell to the enemy a little over a year and a half ago. While preparing her to be burned at the stake, Seit Brokallion shaved her head. He kept the radiant mane as a war trophy to prove he had captured the Queen of the Rown and Ælven people. After her rescue, she remained in seclusion. She has now regrown her hair to the length of her shoulders. It should be noted that as a sign of respect three of the other Rown Queens also cut their hair short.

Petite in frame, Ruth has a commanding confidence that can humble even the cockiest Ælven Council lord. Her bright silver-grey eyes can bring anyone up short, snapping them to attention -- or they can soften to the pale shade of early twilight when she speaks to a lover.

Aura: Ruth's aura is felt and heard more than is it distinctly

seen. It gives the impression of a massive war hawk with burning wings which makes anyone who is not familiar with her look up, checking the sky. The heat of the scorching wings has been known to leave a visible burn on the face of unfortunates who have tried to cross Ruth.

Appearance: Of late, Ruth no longer rides into battle with her mastat. She has not donned armor since she fell to the enemy. She stays mostly at Ælveron or at the summer palace, Hia' Giya' Triadia. Thus, she wears mostly Ælven style gowns cunningly designed from ornate fabrics and encrusted with all manner of precious stones. Each gown is a work of finely detailed art, crafted to highlight her seductive beauty.

Position: Ruth is the Queen Mother of the Rowns by Ariendale's decree; Queen of the Four Ælven Tribes by Marriage; High Priestess of Ariendale; Stoneholder of the White Lake region; First Warrior of the Rown People; Elder Mother of the Rowns' Queen Council; Mother of the Sibyl Younger.

Physical Skills: Ruth has long practiced aerial combat, and as such is an excellent warrior. Her sword skill has been adapted to using a longsword in combination with her beast's fighting style. On the ground she would use a shorter sword or rely on close hand-to-hand combat with one of the several claria-tipped daggers she carries on her at all times(A/B).

Magical Ability: Ruth's arcane abilities have been honed through almost five thousand years of constant use. She is on a par with Jerand, High Lord of the Ælves. She often channels Ariendale's power, especially during the Rites of Bonding and Passage (AA).

Addendum: Ruth has lived nearly five thousand years. Her personality is multifaceted, and some of her actions at times tend to contradict each other. This is a fact that most Rowns accept

without attaching any kind of judgement. She is seen as the undisputed Queen of her home of Scy'ria LLai' Mastat.

Ruth was captured by the enemy over a year and a half ago. She spent nearly two months in their clutches before Queen Lothmeriel, along with Ruth's people, were able to pull off a daring rescue. But her captivity still haunts her. She has never regained her former zest for battle, nor the pure joy she had in her people. She has withdrawn from all that is Rown and surrounded herself with only Ælven servants for the most part. She blamed her Triangle Leader Fallion for her capture. The man was all but torn limb from limb by Ruth's mastat after her account of the fatal day was heard. He sought refuge from several of the Queens only to be turned away by all but Queen Lothmeriel. This has put Ruth and Lothmeriel at odds, despite their five thousand year old friendship. Since then, Ruth has become bitter and turned inward, concerning herself with her daughter's upbringing and education.

Ruth's daughter, Autumn Riannon, lives in Ælveron. Currently the little girl of nine summers is undergoing a training that is well beyond her years, as a sibyl. She is an amazingly talented child, and is the focus of Ruth's life. The Queen wants nothing better than for the child to be named successor to the Ælven throne, as Ruth believes this will unify the two great races into an unbreakable force. To this end she wishes to eradicate any who threaten Autumn's chance for the throne. The strongest threats to Autumn at the moment are the Twin Lords of Dan-Ger. She has tried several subtle methods to remove the Twin Lords from the line of succession, but all her efforts have failed. The Ælven Council has all but made the Twins heirs of Jerand's throne. Ruth has tried to convince Jerand to request the nomination of Autumn as High Lord. After all, it is more than apparent the little girl has the

necessary power level if properly trained. But Jerand has publicly sworn to uphold his cousins' rights to take the throne. He has pointed out that the girl has only Navivian-based powers. Also, he has reminded Ruth that the child is a mestizo and that many of the Ælven Council would refuse to follow a half-breed. Ruth disgraced herself and Jerand by walking out of a State Dinner after she openly fought with him. The disagreement between the two has put a strain on the relationship between Ælven and Rown forces, which is beginning to show on the battlefield.

Ruth feels trapped as she sees Autumn's chance to rule slipping through her fingers. So, with great regret, she has ordered the deaths of the Twin Lords. She has entered into a costly contract, through Telsire, with an unknown assassin. She is forcing herself into an increasingly desperate trap with the intrigues that she has begun. There is no one close enough to her to see what she is doing to herself, or the potential danger she poses to both her own people and the Ælven nation.

AUTUMN RIANNON



Kindred: Mestizo
Navivian/Sardin
Deity: Ariendale
Sex: Female
Age: Nine years
Height: 4'8"
Weight: 87 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Her white-blond hair sways rhythmically at her waist when she runs through the halls of the Palace. She has her hair

braided neatly every dawn by her nanna, Bythirl. But, by the Hour of the Clouds (nine a.m.), she has unbound her mane and brushed it free with her favorite pony's brush. Autumn's flashing goldgreen eyes remind one of dawn light through a glen's leaves. There is a wisdom of understanding in her eyes that is seldom seen except in the oldest of Ælves.

Aura: Autumn's aura is miraculously distinct for a child of so few years. When standing near her it is possible to feel the whisper of a cool spring rain on one's skin, to smell, hear, and taste the breath of a fitful breeze through mountain pines. Anyone standing close to Autumn will visibly relax within a few moments. Any who are in pain find their pain diminishes when she is close by, and if she stays near for an hour or so, she will begin to naturally heal any injury by her mere presence.

Appearance: Small for her age, she has all the facial characteristics of an Ælven child, but she is maturing at the rate of a Sardin.

Position: She is the blood daughter of High Lord Jerand, and Queen Ruth of White Lake. She has just earned the title of Sibyl Younger in the Temple of Ariendale, where she was given into studies less than four years ago.

Physical Skills: She has been taught to fight with a dagger or shuriken. But she has not even held a sword yet, as she is not strong enough to lift the heavy five-foot Rown blades (D).

Magical Ability: Autumn's understanding of the scope of power is frightening to many in Ælveron, who see it as a direct threat to the Ælven Houses. They think the girl's perceived power is false, the result of some massive trick perpetrated by Queen Ruth. But there could not be any way to fake the seemingly unlimited healing energies at Autumn's command. Many in the Ælven Council look upon Autumn as a Rown mestizo upstart attempting to

use her father's influence to secure undue rank and position. But those who are close to her know that the power is real (A).

Addendum: Autumn has the ability to perceive the subtle tides created by the future. Several times, she has spoken out about events that could easily have gone either way. It was the habit of living attuned to these possibilities and their consequences that first gained her general attention.

The Sibyl Elder of the Temple of Ariendale decided to make the child her successor after only four years of training. Her decision was based on her perception of Ariendale's will. It has caused quite a stir in the Council due to various opinions and prejudices regarding the Rowns in general and Queen Ruth in specific.

The Sibyl Elder's decision has cost the Temple some political support. After all, such a position is usually earned by a highly talented Ælven individual after several hundred years of study. It is the opinion of those who know Autumn that the answer to the mystery is simple. They believe that Ariendale is continually present in the young mestizo girl.

Adding to the controversy surrounding Autumn is her mother's desire that Autumn be named as High Lord Jerand's successor. The Rowns are also divided by this issue. Some believe that no one person could control the two nations because of the cultural differences between them. The other faction would willingly at Ruth's order go to war with the Ælves to enforce Autumn Riannon's claim to the throne.

Autumn herself says she is guided by her "loving mother". She does not call Ruth "mother," as she reserves that term only for Ariendale. She refers to Ruth as "Queen Ruth" or simply "Ruth". Autumn has little tolerance for anything that she perceives as unnatural or constricting.

Despite her apparent wisdom and holy powers, she is still very much a little girl troubled by her parents' discord and the ensuing political distress that her existence seems to cause. She secretly blames herself for the tense events swirling around her life.

She often interposes herself between Ruth and Jerand when the couple argues. Several times the Sybil has found her crying in the Temple after particularly fierce confrontations.

She has come to believe, mistakenly, that the reason people feel calm around her is that she projects the pain away from those near her, only to visit it on other poor souls unfortunate enough to be in the Palace. Due to her unhappiness and enormous self-imposed guilt she has asked "her mother" to take her "back home," "in order to stop causing everyone else such pain".

QUEEN AZALIA IRONWING



Kindred: Sardin
Deity: Ariendale
Age: 4,961 years (Like Ruth, she was given an extended lifespan by the goddess Ariendale.)

Sex: Female
Height: 5'8"
Weight: 127 lb.

Hair/Eyes: Her dark auburn hair is held in place by a ruby circlet. It was recently cut short as a sign of respect for Queen Ruth, and has grown out to shoulder

length in the past year. Her eyes are hazel, and tend to change color as her mood swings.

Postion: She is one of the original five Rown Queens, controlling a war mastat in the Rown Lands.

Physical Skills: She has been seasoned by long ages in battle. Like most Rowns, she is more practiced at wielding the overlong swords in aerial battle than she is at fighting on the ground. She also enjoys sparring with daggers with some of her lesser Queens and favorite officers (A).

Magic Ability: She is a Sardin, who years ago was given powers through Ariendale to work the Fire Goddess' will. She has the same powers as a Navivian Ælf (A).

Addendum: Queen Azalia believes in the same strict type of camp that Ruth does. The theory is that only the strong females should be given the right to breed. Thus, as in Ruth's mastat, the female warriors are housed in large barracks, while the males are housed in separate bungalows spaced randomly through the terraced gardens of the mastat. The gardens are patrolled by armed, deadly warriors whose sole purpose in life is to maintain the breeding standard of the mastat. They will attempt to kill any female they find in the gardens. Only the strongest -- or stealthiest -- females get through to couple with the males. The women are magically tested before each dawn meal to detect pregnancy. This way it is nearly impossible that an illegal conception could pass unnoticed, or unpunished.

Queen Azalia is in all senses loyal to Ruth's very capricious whim. She does not like Queen Ruby or Queen Lothmeriel, as they do not agree with the "Ideal of Strength", and tend to take every opportunity possible to challenge Ruth's dictatorial policies.

TELSIRE



Kindred: Vendrinite
Deity: Bazaroth
Sex: Male
Age: 4117 yrs.
Height: 6'9"
Weight: 210 lb.

Hair/Eyes: His shaggy raven locks are thick as a stallion's mane, worn loose and wild, with long sideburns. His night-black eyes have a hypnotic quality, like dark pools with secrets at the bottom.

Aura: His aura reminds one of a long, thin pennant snapping in a breeze. The flag is black, with bands of red, gold, and green. If one listens carefully, one can hear the whisper of the wind across its silken curves.

Appearance: With his swarthy looks, sober-hued clothes, and sardonic manner, Telsire tends to make a dark impression on everyone he meets. It is generally assumed that he is merely too preoccupied with weighty problems of the realm to bother with frivolities.

Position: Without the advantages of noble birth or military rank, Telsire has earned his position as Jerand's most trusted advisor, and Chancellor of the realm, by virtue of his skill at finding things out, his talent for intrigue, and his knowledge of the enemy. His abilities complement and cover for certain weaknesses in the High Lord's statecraft. He has been with Jerand since the High Lord's coronation, 3,725 years ago. He is Jerand's oldest friend except for Di

Carani, and the High Lord trusts him utterly. Unknown to Jerand, he also holds the rank of sword sinister (equivalent to a brigadier general) in the Fifth Army of the Tarin Tor.

Physical Skills: Excellent with a sword (A), Telsire has a surpassing skill in the use of the dagger, either thrown or wielded at close range (AA). He carries three daggers concealed in his garments. One is tipped with hy'claria, a painful drug that temporarily takes away magic. One is tipped with a paralyzing drug. The third carries a fast-acting poison.

Magic Ability: Telsire has all the earth-based powers of a highly trained Vendrinite. He is, as well, a particularly skilled telepath. He has the ability to somewhat disguise his aura -- which, in its natural form, appears as a snake. In his long life he has learned a variety of spells from various sources, including many taught to him by Jerand (A).

Addendum: The records of Telsire's childhood on the Ælven isle of Monti are false. He was a Tarin Tor Ælf, born of parents who served in the first Hyl Sudiar's army, raised in the conviction that only the strong deserve to live. A loyal officer of the Tarin Tor, he was sent to infiltrate the Ælven court shortly before the capture of Bazaroth. He maintained his disguise throughout the long peace until, with the help of a traitorous noble Ælf, a chance came to free Bazaroth. In that time he might have forgotten his old loyalties -- except he had long ago signed a contract with Bazaroth. Should he betray the Lord of Hell, his Ælven spirit will be magically preserved in the pits and prevented from dissipating until it suffers five thousand years of torment. So, he is very loyal. Currently he works under the direction of Fierced, commander of the Fifth Army of the second incarnation of the Tarin Tor. If he has any real affection for anyone, it is for Seit Fierced.

PHAEDRA



Kindred: Arielite
Deity: Bazaroth
Sex: Female
Age: 328
Height: 5'11"
Weight: 145 lb.

Hair/Eyes: Her long, wavy, flamingo-pink hair forms a cloud around her rosy face. Deep lavender eyes and hot pink lips seem to invite a man to come closer. Her lilac-scented skin is smooth and cool as a rain-laden breeze.

Aura: Phaedra's aura is red and hot, as though it were the focus, the sun, of the sunset colors of her hair and clothes.

Appearance: She dresses in feathery, translucent garments of hot pink, lavender, and rose, with little golden bells on her ankles to emphasize the grace of her movements. Very voluptuous for an Arielite, she has a delicious, sensual delicacy about her motions, a most seductive way of tossing her hair back and flashing her small white teeth in a nasty-nice little laugh.

Position: Phaedra is a featured dancer in the Gold Blossom troupe of the Cambrian Dancers, a famous school of dance established thousands of years ago on Cambria, a floating city protected by the Raft People. She also holds the rank of judge in the Second Army of the Tarin Tor, answering directly to Ramadon, Master of Spies.

Physical Skills: Phaedra is well

ÆLVERON

a great aqueduct that channels melted snow from the nearby mountains, the populace of Ælveron enjoys indoor plumbing, and a degree of sanitation unknown in the Sardin kingdoms. It is a clean and beautiful city, well-deserving of its appellation, "Ælveron the Shining." Only in the dock area does one find any real roughness. There, in the inns and taverns that cater to traders and sailors from all over the free world, young Ælven nobles go looking for a little variety and excitement.



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THE OLD GUEST

As one of K'el's foremost students, stoneholding, Knyttling himself involved in lengthy spell-casting designed by the King to tend the wound. As a result, Knyttling grew seriously-minded to enthusiastic and energetic brother. The setting surrounds himself stoic, reserved nature loves luxury, intricate hand-crafted, glorious that his people so but unlike Ray'n B. aware of the costs (silver and gold) of Finding the royal headquarters of the palace.

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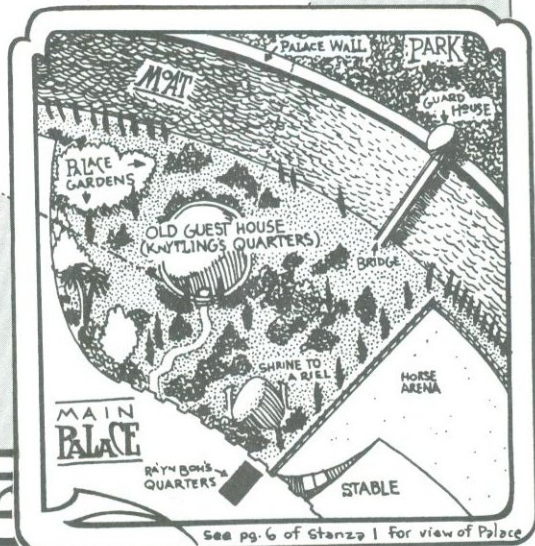
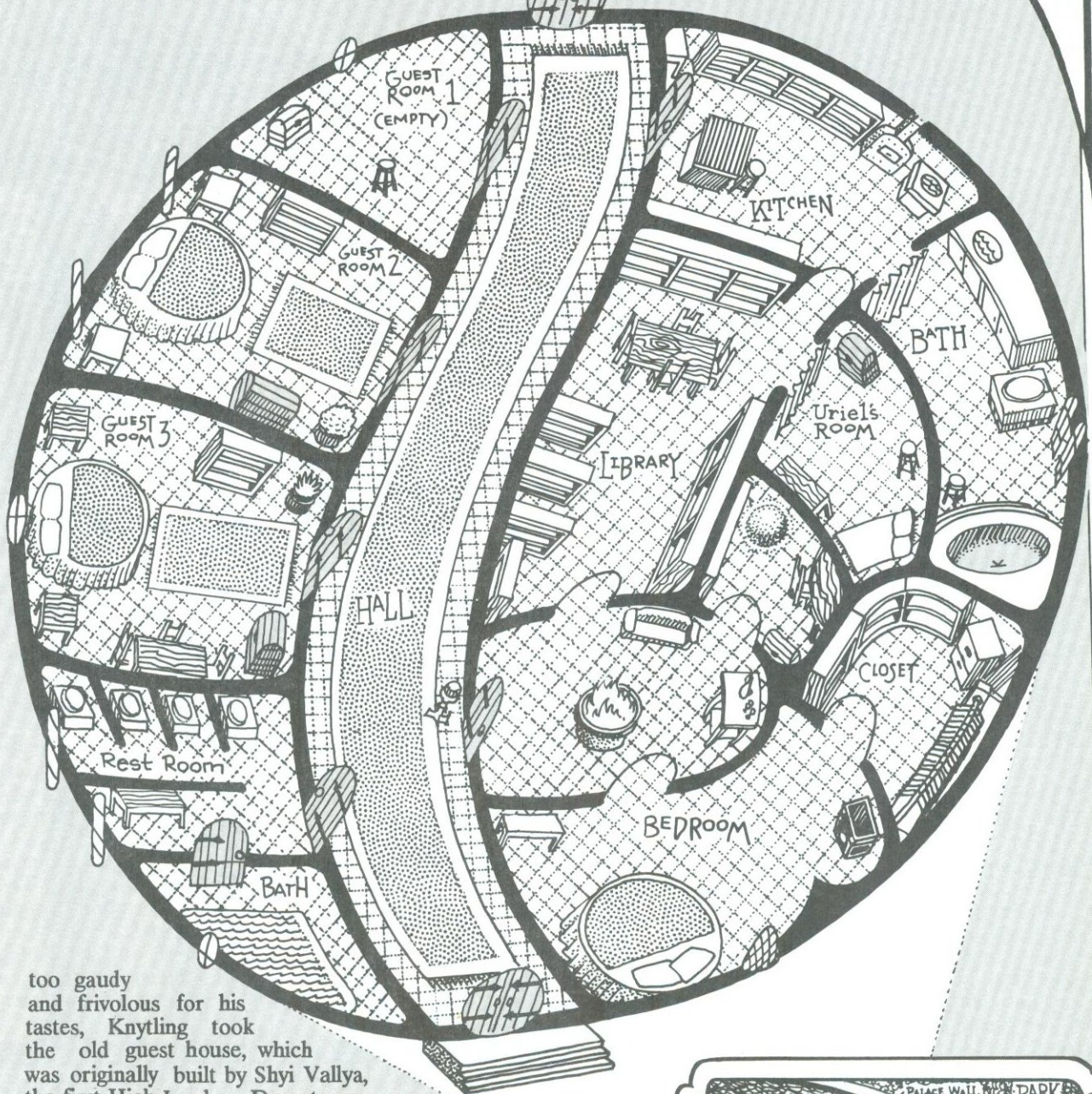
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too gaudy
and frivolous for his
tastes, Knytlung took
the old guest house, which
was originally built by Shyi Vallya,
the first High Lord. Due to a
resemblance between his aura and that
of the legendary Ælf, he found a
pleasing sense of continuity that binds him
to the old house. Calling in favors from stone-
shifters, along with his own powers, he successfully
converted the dilapidated husk into comfortable
and pleasing surroundings.

The old guest house is far larger than his former
quarters in the Palace. This has allowed him to acquire
some unusual and varied antiques from around the
world. The building has three guest rooms which are
kept ready, should a beloved friend or trusted fellow officer
seek the comfort of Knytlung's sanctuary.



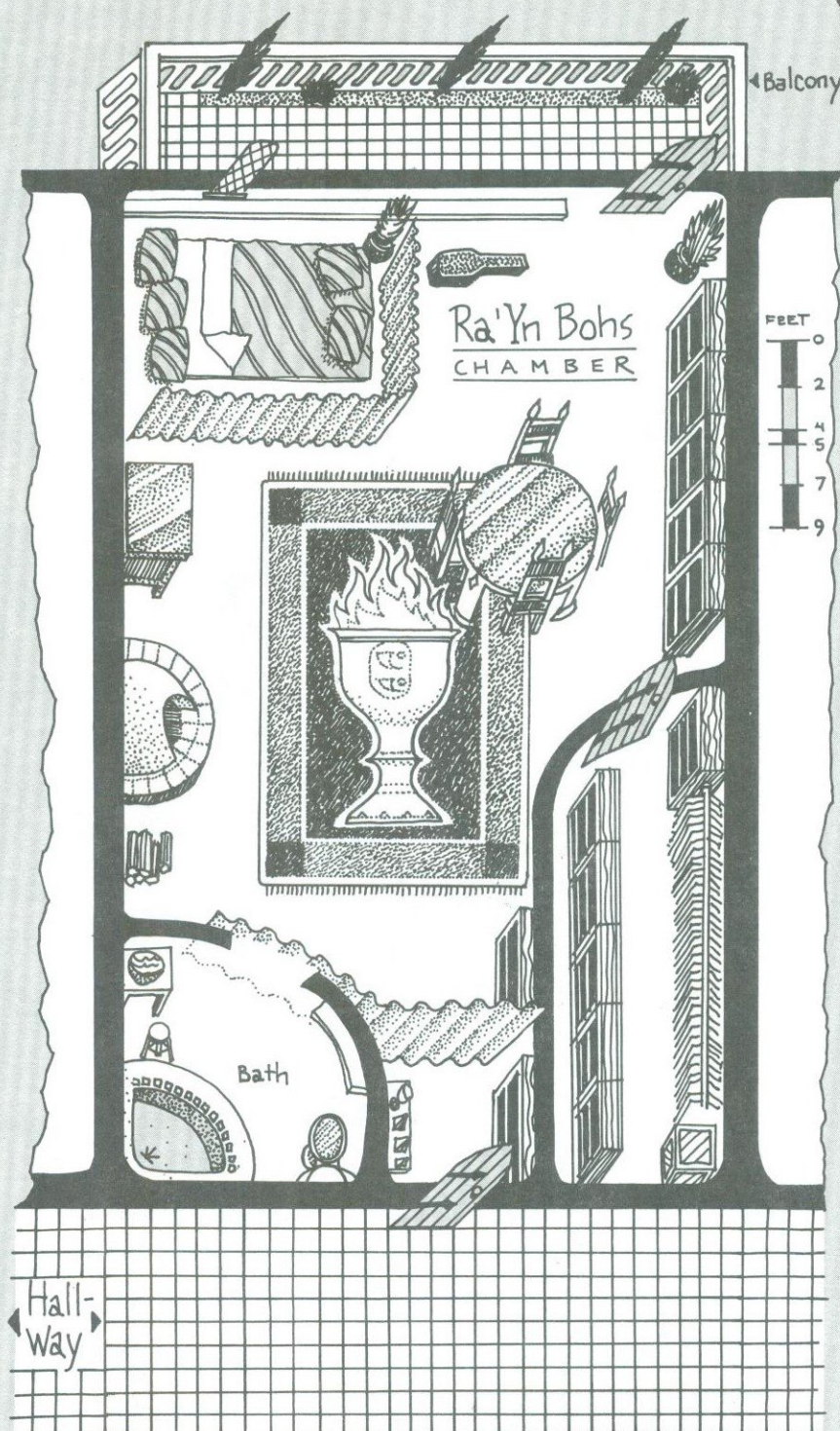
Unbeknownst to most, Knytling has created a young companion. Her name is Uriel Afaye ("Uri"), a childlike apparition of silver, gossamer and giggles. Uriel has an inquisitive manner that pleases Knytling. She has been created completely innocent of deceit or guile, and knows nothing of the horrors of war. Her chamber tends to shift its appearance, as Knytling allows her to shape-shift her room as her mood changes. She considers herself quite a good cook, and often succeeds in making a complete and utter disaster of the kitchen area. Knytling's Sardin housemaid, who only steps in for a few hours each day to tidy up, has never found out what causes the messes throughout the old guest house. Many a night, Knytling has received a heated note from the old woman as to his habits, though in fact he is very neat and clean. He keeps his personal quarters with the same precise organization with which he once commanded a contingent.

He does his magical research, and stoneholding rituals, in a room off his bedchamber. Here, in his "Cell of Souls," are some of the most ancient and powerful artifacts in Ælveron.

RA'YN BOH'S CHAMBER ►

Ra'yn Boh's chamber was designed with his natural activities in mind. Being a morian and related to royalty, Ra'yn Boh often entertains young ladies of lineage. Entering the chambers, one is immediately impressed with the diversity of skill and the raw physical strength and stamina demonstrated by this young Ælf lord. He has rows upon rows of medals, commendations, and sports and hunting trophies.

Passing into the inner sanctum one will notice a gaming table, a bar, a bed, and several bookcases. The bookcases are mostly filled with war manuals, and the overflow from Knytling's library. An ornate lute case lies against the foot of the 7'x 9' corner, canopied bed. The



lute is one of Ra'yn Boh's most prized possessions as he is an excellent musician with this instrument as well as a fair harpist.

Overall the ornate, multi-

colored rug, detailed wall tapestries, marble and granite fireplace, brilliant stained glass windows overlooking the Outer City balcony create a sensual atmosphere.

trained in the use of dagger, blowpipe, and slim sword (B). She keeps a selection of drugs and poisons in a silver-inlaid box made of a tiger's skull, among the colorful silks and gossamers in her travelling trunk.

Magic Ability: Raised in the Tarin Tor, Phaedra does not have the complete skills of a well-brought-up Arielite of the Ælven Republic. She can go through Everstill every four days, can change into a small pink-and-white parrot, and can communicate telepathically over a distance of about seven miles. She can sense magic, see auras, create a candle's-worth of light, and raise a little breeze to cool herself. But her real powers are her beauty, grace, and playfully coaxing manner (D).

Addendum: Until she was sent to infiltrate the Cambrian Dancers some fifty years ago, Phaedra had never experienced life in a free nation -- that is, one that recognized the rights of individuals, regardless of their strength. It hit her like a sudden light. Within a month of her arrival in Cambria, she would have changed sides, except for two things: One, she is bound by blood-contract to Ramadan, who, in addition to being Sword Prime of the Second Army, is actually a demon in Dargonathian form, a member of the ruling Brotherhood of the six Hells; and Two, she fancies herself in love with him. It is a most one-sided affair -- he has never touched her, despite all her attempts to catch his interest. But refusing to believe the rumors that he prefers men, Phaedra continues to hope that he will one day notice her beauty and loyalty and take her.

Her mission is to seduce high-ranking members of the Ælven forces, and find out all she can from them. At the end of Stanza One, she has been assigned to learn from Ra'yn Boh where K'el Di Carani plans to take his elite contingent next. She is also to spy on Telsire, if possible, and find out his latest plans against the Twin Lords, as Seit Nigira is not at all friendly

with Telsire's commander, Seit Fierced. The capture of one or both of the twins would enhance Nigira's status in the eyes of Hyl Sudiar, besides furthering a personal goal of hers.

Phaedra considers Ra'yn Boh a naive puppy even though he is several times her age. She prefers battle-seasoned warriors with a darker flavor about them. Telsire is more interesting, but she cannot quite respect him because of all the contemptuous things Ramadan has said about the Vendrinite in her presence. However, she is a good actress, quite willing and able to seduce both Ælves, and anyone else, in order to please her broad-shouldered Dargonath.

SOLAIN



Kindred: Rown (of Sardin parents)
Deity: Ariendale
Sex: Male
Age: 36
Height: 6'1"
Weight: 185 lb.

Hair/Eyes: He wears his thick brown hair in a single braid down his back. His brown eyes have the farsighted squint of one who is accustomed to scanning the skies for enemies.

Aura: Solain is not old enough, or powerful enough, to have a defined aura. Those with magical perception may half-see flickers of sharp-edged, steely-blue soul energy in the air around him when he is well-rested.

Appearance: He dresses in the chain tunic and leathers of a Rown

warrior. His swarthy skin is crisscrossed with thin white scars made by the steel-edged wings of Novilles in close aerial combat.

Position: Solain is a Cid (roughly equivalent to a first lieutenant) in Queen Lothmeriel's mastat.

Physical Skills: With his strength and ferocity, he is quite effective in battle, his great sword reaping a gory harvest of Novilles and winged nix. When fighting Novilles, he works in partnership with an Ælven Rown who slays the souls of the insectoids as Solain kills the bodies. His skill at such combat is good for a creature of so few years (C). On the ground, he must use a shorter sword, and is less experienced (D).

Magic Ability: Solain is telepathic, as this is a prerequisite for Rowns. If an otherwise fierce, willing, and good-hearted candidate lacks this ability, it is given him by Ariendale so that he may bond with a B~rron. Solain's telepathic range is the standard granted by the goddess, about twenty miles. He can ward and shield his mind, though such protections would not stand against greatly superior powers such as those of a Lejentia Lord. He can telepathically attack an enemy by the simplest method, the mindscram, at a range of 200 feet. He knows his own soul name -- rare in a Sardin, but a necessity for a Rown -- which enables him to subconsciously draw on the experience of previous lives. Thus, he is able to live and fight on a level comparable to that of the much longer-lived creatures around him (D).

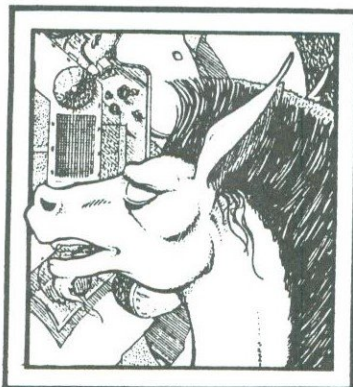
Addendum: Born to Rown parents, Solain bonded with a B~rron at the age of eleven and has spent most of his life since that day fighting, getting ready to fight, or recovering from a fight. Though he knows nothing else, something tells him there is more to life, and he has begun to feel an unnamed longing for something else. When not directly engaged in military

matters he has taken to drinking heavily, as much to silence that longing as to numb the ache that always lingers after the wounds of battle have been magically healed.

He is friendly enough in his rough way, and gets on well with the easygoing warriors of the mastat, be they Sardin, Dargonath, or Ælf. The Ælves of Ælveron are something of an unpleasant surprise to him -- though well-meaning, they are for the most part not so willing to look on a Sardin as their equal. Solain does not quite know how to react when someone scolds him as though he were a child, or explains the war to him in words of one syllable.

Though almost as loyal to Ruth as to Lothmeriel, he is of the Rown faction that maintains the Ælves and Rowns should not be united under one rule. Still, he is very proud that Ruth holds such status in Ælveron. Any time he raises a drink in the Shining City, he is likely to propose a toast to the red-haired queen.

KHA'SKYR



Kindred: B~rron
Deity: Ariendale
Sex: Male
Age: 25
Length: 60 feet (including tail)
Weight: none (made of flame)

Hair/Eyes: His eyes are white-hot flame from the Heart of Ariendale. His short, sleek fur is brilliant orange, with a mane of burnt umber. The wide base of his

mane, where his Rown rides, is long enough to braid into handholds and stirrups, and a sling for Solain's big sword.

Aura: Kha'skyr's aura is flame, like that of all B~rrons.

Appearance: His great head, somewhat dog-like in shape, bears an expression of fierce intelligence. His four strong legs end in massive, clawed, five-fingered hands. The bend of each wing also has four fingers and an opposable thumb.

Position: He is a B~rron in Lothmeriel's mastat, bonded to Cid Solain.

Physical Skills: Created to fight the forces of Bazaroth, he is superb in aerial combat. He breathes flame to a distance of fifty feet, strikes with his wings, rakes with his claws, and bites. His bite is particularly horrible, putting the enemy in the most direct contact with the white-hot fury of Ariendale. Few things bitten by a B~rron have enough left of them to be healed or resurrected (AA).

Magic Ability: His telepathic range is the same as Solain's, twenty miles. He can travel through Everstill with up to six passengers as frequently as he wishes. He uses this ability constantly in battle, popping behind enemies for the most advantageous attack. He is limited only by his rider's endurance to the cold and disorientation (D).

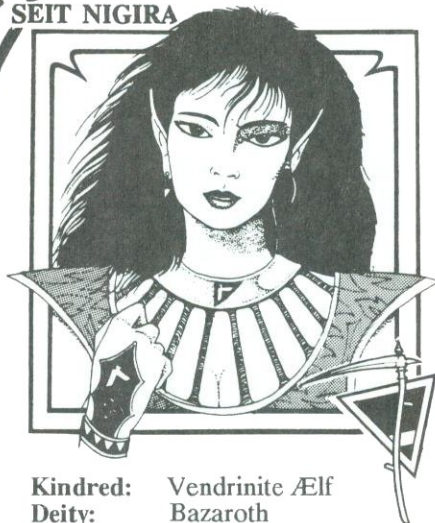
Addendum: B~rrons are created by Ariendale, each for a specific Rown candidate who is ready to bond. Though sentient in some ways, they do not have well-rounded minds. They are utterly loyal to Ariendale and totally intolerant of evil, attacking any evil thing ceaselessly unless moderated by the more sophisticated outlook of a humanoid partner. They rely on their partners for such things as tactics, negotiations, and the perception of shades of grey in judging friends and enemies. They can see auras and also sense the magical energies



in people much more keenly than their human partners (for example, a B~rron could tell if a person had recently touched a demon, by smelling the Hellish taint in the energy). However, a B~rron can be fooled by a disguised aura.

Kha'skyr is a very young B~rron, having risen from the Heart of Ariendale (near Jabar) just twenty-five years ago. But he is not perceptibly less wise than any other of his kind. Though they vary in size and color (they may be any color that flame can be), and though each one forms a bond of love and loyalty to a specific Rown, no B~rron is ever totally severed from the mind of Ariendale. Thus, if he perceives that his partner has become evil, a B~rron will slay that partner without hesitation according to the will of the flame goddess -- and then, in the grief of incompleteness, end his own existence by returning to her flaming heart.

SEIT NIGIRA



Kindred: Vendrinite Ælf
Deity: Bazaroth
Sex: Female
Age: 3,262 years - She was born 3,104 yrs. ago, but has spent 158 additional years in Hell.

Height: 6'11"
Weight: 162 lbs.

Hair/Eyes: In an army where long hair is a symbol of strength, Nigira wears hers in a sleek mane like a black satin waterfall. She is very aware of the perceptions of the world in which she lives. With that in mind, she wears a long tuft of Hyl Sudiar's hair on a golden clasp, just beside her right ear. She is never seen without it. It would appear that this is her most prized possession, as it shows his great favor for her.

Her vibrant green eyes seem to glitter with a driving passion. It has been said that she can look right through a warrior's soul, judging his worth in one glance. It is impossible to lie to Seit Nigira when looking in her eyes, nor can her gaze be broken if she does not so wish it.

Aura: Nigira's aura is a reflection of her personal symbolism, and as such it has undergone subtle changes as she grew in power. The image of a bloody scythe rides in the very air around her. Upon seeing it directly, the sensation of imminent doom overtakes one as the scythe seems to fall. The weak-minded will actually experience the pain of

the icy blade slicing through their own flesh.

Occasionally, upon meeting her for the first time, prisoners have been known to scream; one woman even died of fright. "More's the pity," Nigira was overheard to say.

Appearance: She is often dressed in cavalry armor, much in the style of the Brother demonesses. A body-tight leather tunic overlies thin, magically enhanced chain. The tunic is split at the hip. Made of a soft, clinging leather, it seductively carresses the curves of her thighs, hanging beside her shapely, tanned legs to a length of four inches above the knees in the back and front.

Laid over the tunic's front and back neck-area is a collar made of steel, coated over with copper to protect her from being burned by the steel's touch. The essence of the metal still makes her feel very uneasy, but she says that is good because it keeps her on the edge. The collar protects her lung area in the back and the collarbone area in front. These are the areas uncovered by the chainmail.

On her legs she wears only leather, laced-up boots as she normally fights from horseback. Nigira believes that when she leaves her lower half nearly unprotected, except by magical shields, the enemy will think she is an easy target. Warriors on the field then tend to come in closer to her in an attempt to maim her. Thus, they leave themselves more open for an unexpected attack.

Position: Nigira is the Seit of the Second Army in the second incarnation of the Tarin Tor. She is the favorite seit of Hyl Sudiar and is probably his closest friend and advisor on the mortal plane.

Physical Skills: Meeting death has made Seit Nigira into a hellion on the battlefield.

And, with a battlefield full of enemies wishing to kill her, her

skill is as dangerous as is her will to survive (AA).

Magical Ability: She is the closest in power level to Hyl Sudiar of any creature on Lejentia. She makes it quite plain that she is no match for Hyl Sudiar's expertise or power -- although some whisper that she pulls her punches so as not to offend or worry him (AA).



Addendum: Seit Nigira has a dignity and a confidence that has won her respect even from her enemies. The Ælves consider her the least inhumane of the six Seits. She commands the Second Army of the Tarin Tor with intelligence and honor. The code of her army is that "We kill. We conquer. Nothing more." She will not allow any of her warriors to misuse slaves, prisoners, conquered townsfolk, or each other. This policy is backed by Ramadan's constant vigil.

Seit Nigira is currently stationed just outside the currently free city of Jabar. Hyl Sudiar has ordered her to wait and take the city as soon as his plans have been set in place. Her current mission while she waits is to find and overtake a mystical place called the Heart of Ariendale.

The Heart is the legendary source of the B~rrons, and much of Ariendale's arcane power. Seit Nigira is aware that Twin Lord of Dan-Ger Knytling has been sent as the new guard of this religious mecca. She plans to arrange an accident for the Twin Lord which he will not be able to avoid. This is according to personal goals.

Some of her inner desires flow in directions that might surprise Hyl Sudiar, if he knew.

RAMADON THE BUTCHER



Kindred: Cobra Clan Dargonath

Deity: Bazaroth

Age: Cobra Clan records indicate that he was born 1,413 years ago.

Sex: Male

Height: 6'7"

Weight: 273 lb. (all muscle).

Hair/Eyes: As seen on the battlefield, Ramadan's eyes glow with hellish green fire. It is whispered around allied campfires that if any meet the demonic Dargonath's eyes for longer than five seconds, he will possess or destroy the enemy's soul.

His hair reportedly is as thick as Rhodan's mane, blue-black as the ocean at midnight, hanging in long, heavy waves to a length of five inches below his waist.

Aura: His aura is a massive black wire-haired wolf with glowing green eyes, silhouetted against a dark moon. The beast gives the viewer a lasting, unshakable impression of terror. It moves, pacing or fawning as best reflects Ramadan's mood.

Appearance: If terror could take an animate form it might resemble Ramadan the Butcher on the battlefield. From the massive black plumed helmet to his glowing green eyes and gold, emerald, black, and crimson face paint, to his gleaming black-coated steel plate armor, down to the hip-high boots with iron knee and thigh guards, Ramadan cuts a deadly image. His Hellblade, dripping a fiery wax-like poison, completes the image of an

assassin straight out of Hell.

When seen off the battlefield, Ramadan is still always in armor. Over the traditional silk undergarment he wears an enchanted silver habergeon covered by thick, Knossoian leather or heavy steel plate. If he is not currently on active duty he wears the trim-cut war jacket, leather pants, and calf-high boots associated with the Tarin Tor.

Position: Ramadan holds the rank of Sword Prime of the Second Army under Seit Nigira. He is also Master of Spies, and Master Trainer for the Hellhounds in the Tarin Tor. Seit Nigira appears to trust him in all matters.

Ramadan is also Hyl Sudiar's executioner. He is an Adopted Brother of the Alien Hell, a "favorite" of the God-King Bazaroth, and is the First Lieutenant (second in command) of the Great House of Guiya Dark, Champion of God-King Bazaroth. He is on leave from his regular Hellish duties.

Physical Skills: Ramadan is a demonic soul that has fought in the Hell War for nearly 28 ages. He fights with a black flaming sword which he sheathes in his left palm. He also fights with a sleek, blazing white metal sword that hangs at his hip during battle in case he is hit with hy'claria (a magic-stealing drug), and cannot draw his other sword. The white sword is painless when it cuts, it will cut through nearly anything, and it stores souls. If he is hit with hy'claria and his black sword is not out, he cannot pull it out to use it, but if it is out, he can continue to fight with it although it cannot be separated from him. It is possible to resheathe the black sword in his left palm when he is incapacitated (AA).

He is good with a dagger at close range, and if cornered he will fight with the sacrificial dagger that he keeps sheathed under his hair at the nape of his neck. At anything graver than a shallow cut, this sword has a base 60% chance, modified by the victim's relative power level, of drawing the soul

into the blade and channeling it to Hell. (A)

Magical Ability: Ramadan is a gold level Dargonath. He is a brilliant telepath, capable of subtle manipulation of will and memory. He is the inventor of fiendish battlefield spells of destruction. And, he is the master of mighty demons. He is capable of accessing powers such as the Aiute (the Dargonathian power source), and spells straight from the black heart of Bazaroth, as well as a library of numerous wicca, demonic, and other spells whose origins are unknown.

He is also one of Cobra Clan's elders, and as such, takes great pride in teaching those clan members among his troops some of the more obscure, but powerful, spells of the clan -- spells notorious for their evil nature (AA).

Addendum:

Ramadan lives up to his nickname and reputation. On the battlefield he is a grisly warrior. Off the field he is known for his cruelty and brutality even with Tarin Tor troops. He uses this reputation to his maximum benefit. He also has a reputation for unswerving loyalty to Hyl Sudiar and Seit Nigira. Seit Nigira has publicly referred to him as her "hound", and indeed that is how the relationship appears. Ramadan will do anything Nigira commands, even if it means his destruction.

He currently seems overly interested in the Twin Lords' whereabouts and doings. He is also interested in watching Telsire and keeping him under control, lest the traitorous Ælf does something that might conflict with Nigira's private agenda, as she does not always see eye to eye with Seit Fierced. He is more than capable of richly rewarding adventurers for information. As Guiya Dark's right hand, he follows a strict code of honor (demon style) and will perform all agreements to the letter, whether contracted or not. If others do the same when doing business with him, they will earn his respect.

SCENARIOS

1. One or more of the party members pass by the private audience chamber just as Solain, the Rown, comes staggering off-balance through the doors. Queen Ruth, red-cheeked with rage, appears behind him and shrieks at him never to show his face in the palace again. The chamber's doors slam shut. Solain turns to the players and says, "Please -- I need to get someone in the palace to listen to me. Can you help me get a message to Lord Knytling?"

Assuming the players are at least willing to listen to him, he will suggest they go to a nice little tavern he has discovered near the palace, where they can talk without being thrown out. Once there, he will tell the following story: "Just before the battle of Cinnatol, I helped to rescue a Sardin bishop who'd been kidnapped by Seit Fierced. While in her camp, I caught a glimpse of a wild-haired Vendrinite in civilian clothes, who stepped quickly into Fierced's pavilion like he didn't want to be seen. I didn't see his face, but I noticed his aura. It was a striped snake.

"Well, this is my first visit to the palace. I saw somebody who looked kinda familiar, but I couldn't place him at first. Then it hit me -- the aura isn't quite the same, but it's so close, I think it's the same man, disguised by magic. He's got to be a spy for Fierced. So I asked for a private audience with my queen, and I told her the High Lord's Chancellor is working for the enemy. What a temper that woman has!" He shakes his head and grins with obvious admiration. "Tried to pick me up and throw me out. Anyway, you understand I've got to get word to somebody who'll listen. Not Jerand, he already thinks I'm an idiot. Lord Knytling's the best bet -- he's all right, for a city Elf."

At this point, one of three things could happen:

A. Solain persuades the players to carry a message to Knytling, accusing Telsire of being a spy. If they are reluctant, he will offer to

pay them all the money he has on him (about a quince). If they do indeed carry the note to Knytling, they will find themselves embroiled in a political tempest. Solain will turn up with a knife in his back before the night is out, and the players will stand as the main accusers of the High Lord's most trusted advisor.

B. If the players refuse to deliver the message, Solain will buy them drinks and try to persuade them until they either leave, or give in. If they do not leave the tavern promptly, Solain will suddenly slump over with a dagger in his back, a cloaked figure will disappear out the door, and it will be up to the players to warn the High Lord of Telsire's treachery.

C. Telsire's agents may see the adventurers accepting money from the Rown (for delivering the note to Knytling), and report to Telsire that Solain has hired the players. The Vendrinite has already heard from Ruth all about Solain's accusation (which Ruth does not believe). Telsire will invite the characters to a private dinner to try to get the note away, and to find out how much they know. If he cannot persuade them to trust him, he will try to bribe them to leave Ælveron on the next ship (and his spies will make certain they do leave, or die). If they refuse the bribe, he will drug them and have them placed, bound and gagged, on a smuggling ship bound for the slave kingdom of Lorian.

2. If one of the player-characters is female and good looking (and not Sardin), she may catch Ra'yn Boh's eye. Seeking a distraction from his troubles, he is much more emotionally vulnerable than normal due to the breaking of his bond with Knytling. If the player-character is sympathetic, he may open up quite a lot, talking about his upbringing by K'el Di Carani, the fact that he never knew his parents, etc.

Telsire's spies will see Ra'yn Boh with the character, and will then approach her with an offer of vast wealth if she will find out what missions the Twin Lords are

being sent on. They won't reveal who they are working for. If she refuses, they will attempt to erase her memory of the encounter. If she accepts and then tells Ra'yn Boh, he will give her false information to pass along to the spies, and will help set up an ambush to catch them. The player-character and her friends, if any, will have an opportunity to help in this ambush.

3. Telsire, shapechanged to look like a Sardin sea captain, complete with Parieshan accent, and using his real (snake) aura, hires the player-characters to kidnap one of the Twin Lords. The Ælf is to be held prisoner for three weeks -- thus, it is hoped, causing the Twins to die because of the prophecy concerning their separation. He will suggest using a beautiful woman to lure Ra'yn Boh into a trap. Or, for Knytling, the bait would be an antique book of magical lore with margin notes by K'el Di Carani. Then the victim must be struck quickly with a claria-tipped dagger, stuffed into a sack, and carted off to a cabin in the mountains, there to be kept drugged and bound until the fatal time elapses. He will pay each participant a small fortune: ten golden crowns.

Aside from the quick reactions and fighting prowess of the Twin Lords, the chief danger in this undertaking is the massive, magical search that will surely be mounted for the missing Ælf. Jerand's agents will do telepathic scans in likely areas throughout the world. Jerand will even ask Vendridie to tell him whether she can sense the missing Twin in contact with any part of her. The earth goddess will be able to sense Knytling, without fail if he is not shielded, or at a 60% chance even through strong shields (if the players have thought of shielding the cabin). She has a 50% chance to sense Ra'yn Boh, only if he is not shielded. Meanwhile, the other Twin Lord will be trying to home in on his brother (cumulative 2% chance per hour, from the time of the capture), and the captive will certainly be trying to escape.

4. Telsire (again, disguised) hires the player-characters to kidnap Autumn Riannon and make it look like the work of Lothmeriel. He will actually pretend to be an agent of Lothmeriel, saying that the child will not be harmed and it is for the good of the allied armies that she be removed from the political scene. An effective lure for the little girl would be to tell her that her pony, Westwind, has broken his leg and she has to come to the stable and heal him. Then she must be struck with claria (for she is beginning to have telepathic ability, and might send for help when she realizes it is a trap), put in a gunny sack, and taken away quickly through Everstill (the stables, conveniently, are outside the palace shields that prevent unauthorized comings and goings). She will be taken to Lothmeriel's mastat and placed, bound and in a drugged sleep, in a vacant prison cell. The guard on duty has been magically charmed to believe the child was placed in the cell by Lothmeriel herself. Telsire will give the player-characters a note in Lothmeriel's handwriting that says, "It is better for both nations if the child does not take the throne. For unity's sake, one could wish she had never been born. Farewell, and may the Mothers watch over you -- Meriel." This is actually the last page of a letter from Lothmeriel to a friend in Ælveron, which was stolen by Telsire. He wants the adventurers to leave it under Ruth's door "as an explanation, to smooth things over," the day after the child's disappearance.

Lothmeriel's people will find the child when she wakes up and begins to cry, nearly a full day after the kidnapping. Lothmeriel will of course promptly return her to her parents -- but too late to prevent a civil war among the Rowns. Ruth will declare war on Lothmeriel, along with any lesser Rown Queens who stand by her. Telsire will arrange for the adventurers' part in this kidnapping to come to light, in the hope that they will be swiftly executed by Ruth, erasing any possible link to himself. However, they will be

warned by Phaedra in time to escape. In return, she wants them to carry a message to Lothmeriel from Seit Nigira -- an offer of alliance.

5. As an alternative to the brief kidnapping of Autumn Riannon in scenario #4, it is possible that Telsire will kill a half-Ælven girl who resembles Autumn, then dress her in Autumn's clothes, infuse her with some of Autumn's blood, and perform various spells to make her appear, to all tests, as the dead daughter of Ruth and Jerand. He will substitute this body for the real Autumn in the gunny sack, so it will be found in Lothmeriel's dungeon. Then he will hide the real princess among the nomads of the Plains of Meit, keeping her for later sale to the highest bidder in the Tarin Tor

6. Jerand hires the adventurers to guard Knytling, who is then (a) attacked by agents of Telsire as in scenario #3, (b) the victim of an attempted kidnapping by agents of Ramadan, or (c) the object of an attempted kidnapping by agents of Lothmeriel, who actually wants to protect him from a suspected plot by Ruth. Jerand will hire the player-characters because Knytling will not put up with being guarded; so Jerand wishes to surround him with "friends" who do not look like guards.

7. Lost in the many curving corridors of the palace, one of the adventurers blunders into a guest room and sees Telsire, twisting Phaedra's arm behind her back as he forces a kiss on her. She is trying to fight him off. Telsire will command the adventurer to go away and forget what he saw. Phaedra will beg the character to save her. If the character helps her, Telsire will promise revenge and then escape through Everstill.

While publicly denying any contact with either Phaedra or the character (and Jerand will believe his Chancellor), Telsire will privately seek revenge on both. Not satisfied with getting them thrown out of the Palace (for making false accusations), he will

become a continuing thorn in the character's side, seldom missing an opportunity to discredit him or get him in trouble. He will send a spy to watch the adventurer for this purpose.

Phaedra will inform the player-character that she owes him a favor. In addition to this, she will attempt to seduce him, and (very subtly) will try to find out whether he could be won over to the other side, to be a spy for Ramadan. This might seem an attractive career choice just then, as the poor adventurer has now won the High Lord's sternest disfavor.

8. One of the players becomes friends with Autumn Riannon, who foresees that he will soon meet his soul-mate, and that great joy and power will be his if he pledges himself to her. The next day he meets Phaedra. Deciding he would be a useful pawn in spying on Telsire, she drugs him with an aphrodisiac, takes him to bed, and uses all her feminine wiles to win his loyalty. She will explain that Telsire wants her (true), has threatened her with harm if she does not please him (true up to a point), and intends to force her to help in some plot against Ra'yn Boh (false). If she manages to charm the character (which depends mostly on the player's reaction), Phaedra will send him to follow Telsire. The character will then discover the Chancellor's affair with Queen Ruth. If he tells this to Phaedra, she will then send him to leave an anonymous note under Jerand's bedroom door. There is a 30% chance of being caught by Jerand or one of his guards, 10% chance of being caught by Ruth or one of her assistants, or 10% chance of being caught by Telsire. Obviously, if Ruth or Telsire get hold of the letter, it will never reach the High Lord (nor will the player-character). If Jerand or his guards catch the character, Jerand will consider the letter (which contains persuasive proof of the illicit affair), but will hate the character. There is a 60% chance he will believe the letter, in which case he

will accuse Ruth and Telsire. Telsire will escape and swear revenge. Ruth will deny everything and go home to White Lake Mastat in a fury. After several months of poor cooperation between the Ælves and Rowns, the breach between Jerand and Ruth will eventually be smoothed over. But the player-character, if caught, will be hated by the Ælves and Rowns alike for causing all the trouble. Phaedra, of course, will deny knowing him.

In any case -- three or four days after Autumn Riannon's prediction, the adventurer will meet a woman (she could be Ælven, Dargonath, Sardin, or any mixture) who is indeed his soul mate. She will be a woman of great intelligence, honor, and beauty, to whom the character will feel a strong attraction. Pledging loyalty to her will focus his energies to a degree that whenever he is with her or doing something for her, all his rolls will be +10% for success. She will have the same reaction.

If a new player is entering the game, and wishes to play a female character, this is a good way to get the character involved.

9. The player-characters have been sent to Ælveron to present a gift from Lothmeriel to Jerand. It is a topaz ring, painstakingly enchanted over a period of decades, which grows warm when a lie is spoken within twenty feet of it. Lothmeriel has explained the ring's properties to the characters, so they can tell Jerand all about it.

Ruth has also found out about the ring, and wants to prevent its falling into Jerand's hands. She will first try to command or bribe the party to give it to her . . . so she can have a matching cloak clasp made. Failing that, she will send a thief to steal it. If the thief fails, she will ask Telsire to send assassins. He will send highly skilled courtesans to seduce and slay the party.

10. In the past half-year, seven nuns have disappeared from St. Michael and All Angels Convent,

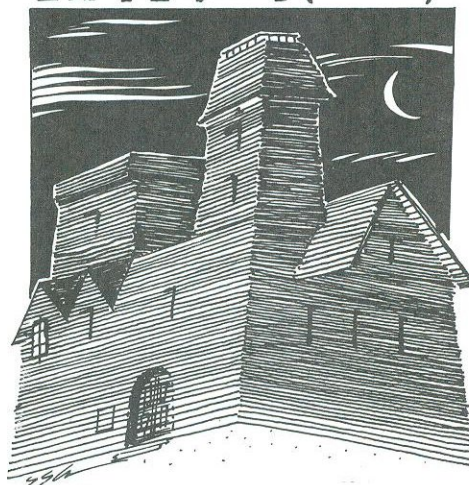
northeast of Ælveron. The Mother Superior has spoken to the local Bishop about it. The Bishop, in turn, asked for an audience with the High Lord, to request protection. He met with Telsire instead. Promising aid, the Chancellor did indeed station eight of his personal house guards at the convent. Since then, no more Sisters have disappeared, but they all seem to have come down with a wasting sickness. Recently the convent and its associated hospital were closed to the public, the Sisters being too weak to continue their duties. Telsire has sent Ælven healers, but they do not seem to be able to cure the malady. The Bishop, quite disillusioned with the caliber of aid provided by the Ælven government, hires the adventuring party to find out what is going on, and put a stop to it.

In fact, Telsire has been using the nuns as sacrifices to Bazaroth, slowly draining their blood and soul-energy in midnight rituals which they remember only as dark dreams. He does this every fifth night. Any adventurer staying in the convent on such a night, if he sneaks around a bit, will see Telsire and his guards herding the entranced nuns to a room in the basement of the infirmary. The ten guards are fairly tough Ælves (C), representing all four tribes, with adequate magical prowess (D).

11. One of Telsire's main operatives is a woman named Sula, a soothsayer and fruit vendor at the main gates of the city. He stops to buy a fresh apple for his horse every morning, after a ride in the forest. Members of the party could overhear a whispered exchange of military secrets, or see Telsire give her a gilded scroll. If the scroll is intercepted, it may be deciphered to reveal Telsire's request for Seit Rorshakka's presence at a particular spot on the coast near Sycira, Tuesday evening at the Hour of the Dog (about 6:00). For reference -- Jerand met with the Twin Lords in Carpathia in midafternoon on Monday.

12. The Lorian Embassy has been closed and boarded up ever since the Ælven Council declared war on Lorian's Kingdom. Walking past the building one night, the adventurers might notice a faint light inside, or feel magic in use there. Suddenly the night air is pierced by a scream of terror from within the structure.

LORIAN EMBASSY (CLOSED)



If the party chooses to enter the building to investigate, they will see Phaedra, dressed in a black shirt and pants, perched on top of a tall china cabinet while two great saber-toothed cats claw at the wood just inches below her toes. As the characters burst into the room, Phaedra transforms herself into a pink parrot and escapes through a crack in the boards on one of the windows. Roaring their frustration, the cats turn toward the next prey that presents itself . . .

The cats are tou powi, great polar predators found both in the icelands of the north, and the far southern islands of Lorian's Kingdom. They are sometimes used by the royal house of Lorian as guard animals. These were left to guard the embassy. They are cared for by a hireling who visits the building each morning. Strong as polar bears and much faster, their physical prowess is (B), and they can take several times the damage of a human or Elf before losing interest in a fight. They are always hungry, thus always irritable.

If the adventurers are able to defeat the tou powi, they will find an opened compartment in the carved paneling in the library across the hall, with papers scattered across the floor. It appears that Phaedra was looking at the papers when interrupted by the cats. Most of the papers are old financial accounts and other documents of no particular use. One is a long sheet of gold-edged parchment, written in an alien alphabet in crusty, brownish ink. Anyone attempting to detect magic on the sheet will find it to be imbued with great power. Clipped to this sheet is a pronunciation guide in the the alphabet of Burmakh, the language of Lorian's Kingdom.

If they do some research and ask the right people, the adventurers will be able to discover that the parchment is a contract in the Deep Hellish tongue, binding a demon whose name translates as "Unyielding" to ten minutes of service each day on Lejentia (or one full day in Hell each 144 days), for whomever possesses the document.

Short of summoning him to perform a service, they will not be able to find out that the "Unyielding" in question is Ramadan, Sword Prime of the army of Nigira. If summoned, he will perform the service once (he cannot be forced to harm himself, surrender himself into the hands of the enemy, or sign another contract). Before another day passes, however, he will send two Cobra Clan Dargonaths (including one silver level) to reclaim the contract.

13. The Ambassador of Free Lorian has just lost his wife and two sons in a kidnapping. He has received an ultimatum: serve as a spy for Lorian, or receive a body part from his family on a weekly basis. The Ambassador is desperate, but dares not turn to the authorities for help. So, he hires the party.

The woman and children are being held in a warehouse near the docks, owned by a merchant who

does a good deal of importing from Sardin lands, including cheap slave-made trinkets from Lorian's kingdom, marked to appear as though they were mass-produced in Eriniz. The ultimatum is written on paper with a poorly-rendered watermark, imitating that of a respectable Eriniz firm. With persistence and some intelligence, the players should manage to trace the paper back to that warehouse.

14. The Butainian Embassy buys and sells money. Its proximity to the banking district is no accident. The Ambassador has been arranging a large shipment of Jabarian gold to be traded into Tarin Tor coinage. The exchange involves the gold being transferred through this embassy to the Dargonathian Embassy, from there to the Fox Clan house, and eventually to Tarin Tor banks. The arrangement is on the QT, as the Ambassador knows the Ælves wouldn't appreciate any helpful funding of the Tarin Tor. The adventurers could be hired as guards to protect the shipment, or as spies for another Dargonathian house (such as Eagle, Panther, or Gorilla) which does not support the Tarin Tor. Or, a representative of the expatriate Royal Army of Kishmal might hire them to steal the gold.

15. There is a ghost in the Gable House Inn that sometimes terrorizes the elite guests of this world-renowned hotel. She is hideous to see, like the corpse of someone who died under a torturer's tools, and she seems to speak only in screams and unintelligible moans. If the party stays or works here, she may try to communicate with whichever member seems the most sympathetic. Or, Knytling may have been asked to look into the problem; and since he unexpectedly has to leave town, he hires the adventurers to take care of it for him. Due to the natural fright-inducing properties of ghosts, there is a base 80% chance that the character will flee his first encounter with the apparition. If he keeps trying to make contact,

however, that chance will be modified downward by 15% with each encounter. If the player does stay in one place long enough for the ghost to communicate, he will find out she was a sacrifice to Bazaroth, who managed to take her own life before the final thrust of the ceremonial dagger -- thus, her soul was not stolen away to Hell. She had been tortured on a black altar in the basement of this very hotel, in a secret room east of the wine cellar. Her captor was a Vendrinite with the aura of a striped snake.

16. The original Palace of the High Lord was a much larger structure, which is now sunk deep in the crescent-shaped lake north of the current structure. 1,619 years ago, when the demon lord Bazaroth escaped from prison, he befouled the palace with baneful magic, leaving no one there alive, before he fled to the far north. Unable to safely enter the place, much less cleanse it, the Council sealed the entire Palace within arcane shields of tremendous power. Then they called upon Vendridie, the earth mother, and Anawaay, the sea mother, to sink the structure deep beneath the level of the city and cover it with water.

Council Lady Morrath lost her brother Chynan (husband to Farrell, handmaiden to Queen Crystalia) in this disaster. After all this time, Morrath doubts there is much baneful magic still active in the sunken palace. It is strictly forbidden for anyone to go there, but she would very much like to give a decent burial to poor Chynan's remains. And she has a "key" to the shields, a telepathic pattern that will let a person in and out, with passengers. She will give the key to the adventurers, and they can take as much treasure from the Palace as they can carry, if only they will bring Chynan's bones back to her.

If they accept the job and swim down to the sunken Palace, the adventurers will find it is still airtight inside its shields. The air smells a bit stale, but everything looks all right. And there are no

dead bodies to be found. Except, in the throne room, the adventurers will find three adult male Ælves, one adult female, two young Ælven children, and two newborn infants, all apparently asleep on the steps below the throne. One of the adults matches the description of Chynan.

The "sleepers" are reanimated corpses, dressed up with illusions to disguise the horrible things that were done to them before they died. Their spirits are long gone; these are zombies under the control of the two demons, Korrgat and Medroz, who are stalking the adventurers through the dark halls of the sunken Palace. They had been imprisoned with Bazaroth, and did not escape with him because he was depleted from his long confinement, lacking enough power to transport them. They are tough (B) and have decent magical skills as well (B), but will not necessarily attack the party. Their main objective is to get out. If they can get one of the zombies out, their arcane link to the creature will enable them to "crack the code" and get through the shield. Thus, they will operate two of the adult zombies like puppets, attempting to persuade the adventurers to take them up to the surface. (The other zombie's name is Derikell, brother of Crystalia.)

If these two zombies do end up on the surface, they will soon be followed by Korrgat and Medroz, who will immediately try to slay five or six people each, in order to charge up with enough energy to get home to Hell. Meanwhile, the zombies, once the demons are not concentrating on them, will fall into a dormant state again (and resume their ghastly natural appearance). However, they will have been seen by several people of the Court who will have recognized the long-dead Chynan and Derikell. When time permits, Jerand and other members of the Court will prepare to cleanse them of Hellish enchantments and give them a decent burial. Phaedra will receive urgent orders to prevent the disenchantment and to get those bodies at any cost. She will, if possible, hire the player-

characters to help her steal the bodies. If the attempt goes wrong and they are in danger of failing, she will break a small crystal to summon Ramadan. The dark wizard will fight like the demon he is, to take possession of both bodies for his own purposes.

17. A party member (preferably a Lejentia) is passed on the street by Ti'vari, a former comrade-in-arms who was reportedly captured by the enemy and sacrificed to Bazaroth by the black dagger of Ramadan the Butcher. If he follows her, she will do a little shopping and then leave the city, walking up the main road to the Saint Michael and All Angels Convent. Approached by the player-character, she will vehemently deny that she is Ti'vari, though there is no doubt in the adventurer's mind that she is. If the player-character persists, she will finally relent, and -- taking him aside so the Sisters cannot hear -- tell him that she was set free by an Ælven sympathizer in the Tarin Tor. If she resumes her former life and identity, Ramadan will find out and the sympathizer himself will die on the black altar. Other Lejentia who might otherwise be freed by the same person, would then die as scheduled. So, ever since her release ten months ago, she has been very careful not to let any of her friends or family know she still lives.

However, she has found out that her younger sister just gave birth to a son, and she would like very much to send a naming-gift to the child. Would the player-character be so kind as to deliver it anonymously to the naming-feast?

If the adventurer agrees, she will give him a beautifully embroidered shawl, suitable for wrapping an infant. Unfortunately, her sister will recognize the workmanship, know by the religious symbology of the border that the shawl was made specifically for this baby boy -- and deduce that Ti'vari is somehow still alive. She and seven or eight other family members (many of them Lejentia)

will immediately corner the adventurer and demand to know Ti'vari's whereabouts. If he tells, the secret will be out, since dozens of people at the feast are now demanding to know what the commotion is all about. If he refuses to talk, impetuous members of Ti'vari's family may jump to the conclusion that he is with the Tarin Tor, and that Ti'vari is a prisoner somewhere. Taking him into custody, they will offer to put in a good word for him when he goes on trial as a spy -- if he tells them where Ti'vari is. An ingenious player should be able to get out of this fix, but it shouldn't be too easy.

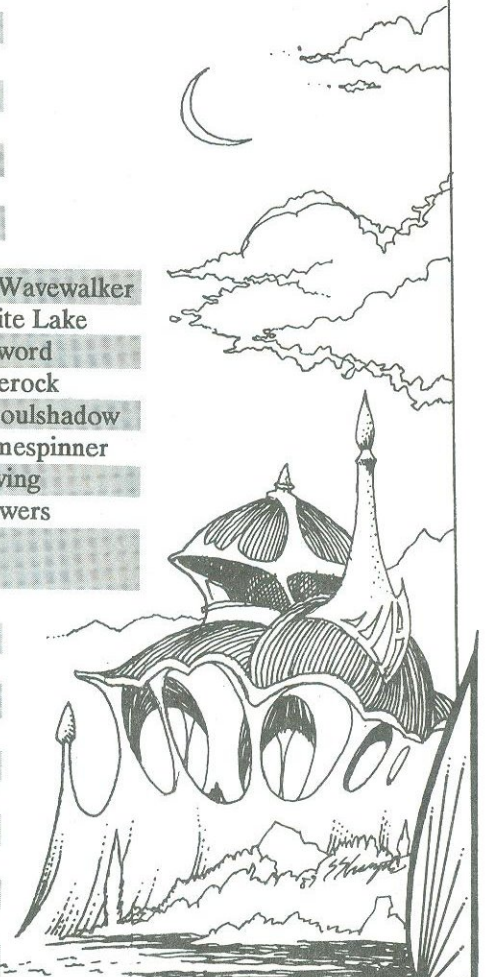
18. While enjoying a cooling brew at Lucky's Drinking Chamber, just outside the main gates, members of the party overhear a pair of wild-eyed individuals talking to Sula, the fruit vendor. It sounds as though they are muttering about putting poison in the aqueduct that supplies water to the Palace. The woman is trying to talk them out of it, and also urging them to keep their voices down. Becoming impatient with her, one of the men gets up and walks quickly out of the tavern. The other follows a moment later -- giving the players a sudden, sharp look on his way out.

These are Tarin Tor sympathizers who have been (more or less) working with Telsire, through Sula. They don't much like Ælves, resent the High Lord's government, and generally like causing mayhem and death anyway. They do in fact have a fifty-gallon barrel of deadly quarira, hidden in a barn outside the city's north wall. The aqueduct is sealed and magically shielded, but they have the tools to break in. One of them is a member of Sula's coven, able to breach the magic shield. They plan to poison the water this very night, before Sula can get a warning to Telsire (who is, after all, just another damned stuck-up Elf). One is large and strong, armed with a big axe which he wields competently (C). The other is not so good with his sword and dagger (D), but an able spellcaster (C).

CITY OF ÆLVERON MAP GUIDE

Here are some of the major points of interest in Ælveron. Feel free to create your own adventures using these, and other places of your own designation. Future books in the series will detail more places in Ælveron.

- | | | |
|--|--|--------------------------------|
| 1. Piers (dock area) | 48. Temple to the Four Winds | 88. Verti River |
| 2. Private docks | 48A Tower of Marinado | 89. Wilder Verti River |
| 3. Commercial piers | 48B Tower of Ero Nada | 90. Queen Ruth's Residence |
| 4. Main city gate towers | 48C Tower of Miaskarelli | 91. Freedom Road |
| 5. Procession Blvd. | 48D Tower of STantion | 92. Embarcadero |
| 6. Alcantara Bridge | 48E. Home of the Priest of Ariel (tent
suspended by cords over
7-story drop) | 93. Market Stern |
| 7. Welcome Home Tower Light | 49. Custain's Casino | 94. Refugee quarters |
| 8. Wind Tower | 50. Compact Forces' Unity Chambers | 95. Hospital (Sardins) |
| 9. Wing Gate -- Army Cavalry Base | 51. Unity Court | 96. St. Arakkon's Cathedral |
| 10. Arch of Honors -- parade entrance | 52. Unity Plaza | 97. University of Ælveron |
| 11. City Towers -- Commerce Center | 53. Gable House Inn | 98. Lejentia training compound |
| 12. Regular Army Practice Ground | 54. Pride Stables | 99. Royal Mint of Ælveron |
| 13. Procession Tower | 55. Dargonathian Embassy | 100. Lejentia Command Center |
| 14. Look Far Tower | 56. Jabarian Embassy | 101. Ælven Army Command |
| 15. Pier Tower | 57. Free Lorian Embassy | 102. Ælven Naval Command |
| 16. Kit Le'Ra Ki Island | 58. Butainian Embassy | 103. National Storehouses |
| 17. Kit Le'Ra Ki's Arielite Resort | 59. Parieshan Embassy | |
| 18-20. Harbor Islands | 60. Lorian Embassy (closed) | |
| 21. Grace Ma'Kael | 61. Kishmalian Embassy | |
| 22. Ariendale's Lake of Fire | 62. Embassy of Tarn | |
| 23. Endless Library | 63. Cambrian Embassy | |
| 24. Caverns of Knowledge | 64. Embassy of Erinz | |
| 25. Stream of Wisdom | 65. Plains Folks' Hearing Chamber | |
| 26. Forests of Monti | 66. Rown Embassy | |
| 27. Ælven Civil Service Chambers | 67. House of Rown Queen: Lothmeriel Wavewalker | |
| 27A United Civilian Council Chambers | 68. House of Rown Queen: Ruth of White Lake | |
| 28. Ælven Trading Center | 69. House of Rown Queen: Ruby Swiftsword | |
| 29. Open Road | 70. House of Rown Queen: Jenny of Firerock | |
| 30. Ælveron's Newcomer and
Guidance Chamber | 71. House of Rown Queen: Yi Sodi Ki Soulshadow | |
| 31. Registration Place | 72. House of Rown Queen: Kyl Chai Timespinner | |
| 32. Outpost Office | 73. House of Rown Queen: Azalia Ironwing | |
| 33. Sweetheart Inn | 74. Compact Forces Twin Command Towers | |
| 34. Lucky's Drinking Chamber | 75. The Silver Chalice (top-notch Sardin
restaurant) | |
| 35. Sisters of St. Michael and
All Angels Convent | 76. Imperial Waterway | |
| 36. St. Michael and All Angels Infirmary | 77. Eagle Clan House | |
| 37. Convent farmlands | 78. Fox Clan House | |
| 38. Convent vineyard | 79. Panther Clan House | |
| 39. Sula's Fruit Stand | 80. Gorilla Clan House | |
| 40. Sula's House | 81. Cobra Clan House | |
| 41. Freedom Plaza | 82. High Lord's Palace at Ælveron | |
| 42. Outpost on plaza | 83. Palace moat | |
| 43. Visitors' Craft Shop | 84. Old guest house | |
| 44. Museums of Ælven Culture | 85. Sunken palace | |
| 45. Arcade of Art | 86. Fire Lake Temple | |
| 46. Amphitheatre | 87. Whisper Isle | |
| 47. Imperial Theatre | | |

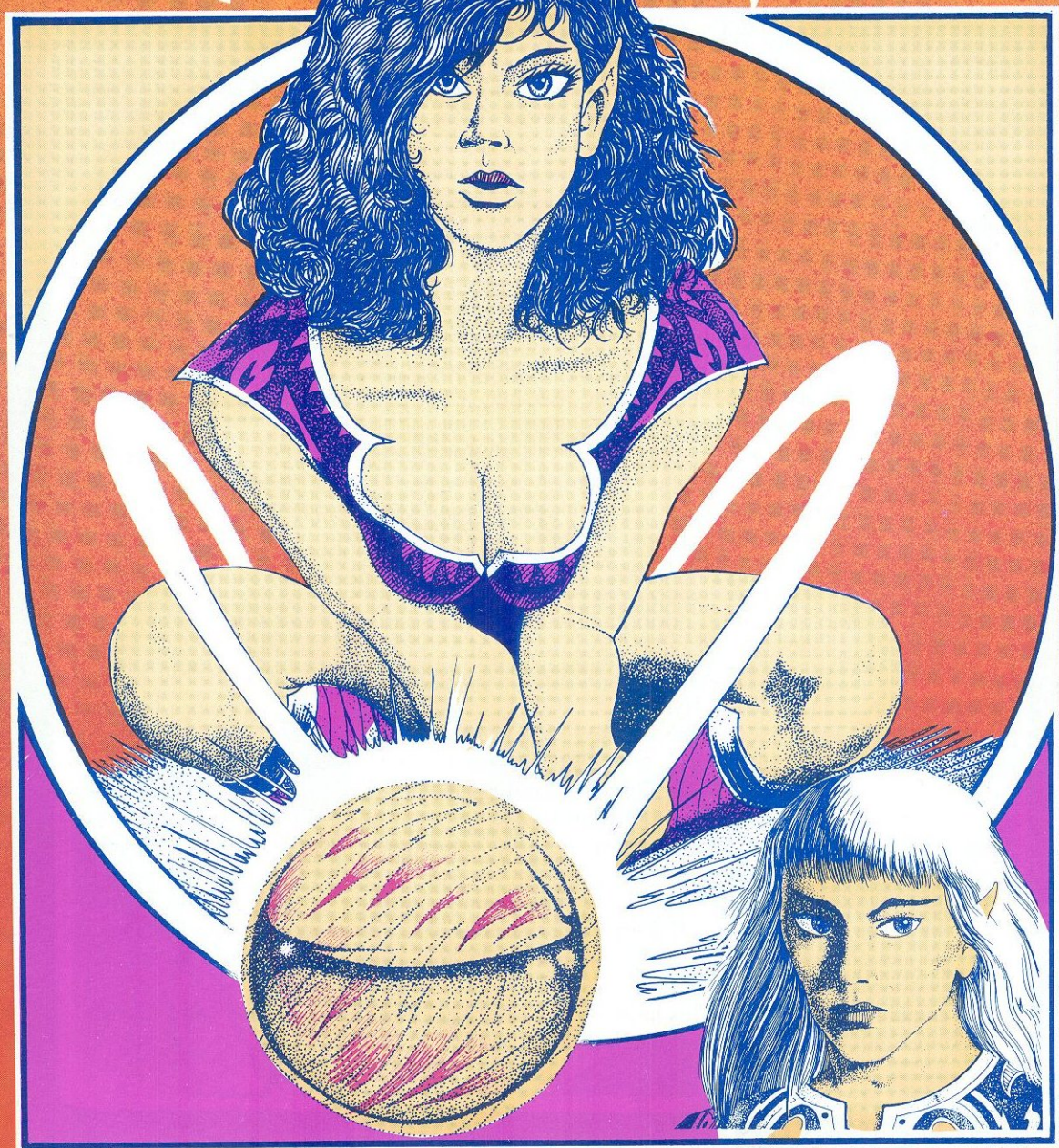


STANZA

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LENTIA



LEJENTIA: AN INTRODUCTION

"Ah, how do I tell them, Ra`yn Boh?" said the old man, running his hand through his hair and rocking back in the chair.

"How can I, in so short a space, tell them all that your race and mine has lived through? How do I tell them the history of the world?"

"Start at the beginning. That's what I would do."

"It took your Ælvish goddesses, the Mothers, ten thousand years to start at the beginning. How am I to do it in a page?"

"Ha! You're a cocky old geezer. You're up to it."

"True," he said raising an eyebrow, "but it doesn't help me now."

"I'm sorry, Oisori. Well, let's see. Tell them how the Ancients destroyed their world with greed. Then, tell them about the Empty Years when my race, the Ælves, did not exist and you Humans ruled over a primitive wilderness."

"The Ice Age."

"Yeah. I've always loved imagining you Humans sitting around freezing your duffs off."

"Humph! Don't forget that you Ælves started a war among yourselves over a stupid woman that split your glorious race into four fragmented tribes."

"Stupid woman? What do you mean calling Ariendale, the Fire Goddess, a stupid woman?!"

"Don't get testy. I just meant that I should tell them about your four tribes. You know, about how there are the Azurianites, Water Ælves, who go about as changeling Killer Whales most of the time, and those Arielites, Air Ælves, who are traders with the humans."

"Traders? Chezia! They'll steal the shirt off your back at sword point."

"This is true; they aren't as honorable as you Navivian, White Ælves, who believe in books and stars and in helping with the betterment of humanity."

"Oh Mothers, spare me your rhetoric!"

"Don't forget the Vendrenites, Green Ælves, who like to play in the mud."

"Also the Rowns who fly their B~rrons through time and space. They have that silly myth that the B~rrons were woven out of flame by Ariendale, the fire mother. The B~rrons are supposed to be telepathic partners to anyone who can hear their mind words," Oisori said.

"Yeah, you can tell them something like that. Can you imagine living like that with another creature's mind in yours? All your life?"

"But isn't that how you Lejentia warriors do it? Isn't that how your partnership works?"

"Please, let's be more dignified about it!" said Ra`yn Boh. We are not creatures. We choose our partners and bond with one another, promising to live and fight as one being."

"But I thought you could read each other's minds!"

"Yes, but we try not to out of courtesy." Ra`yn Boh replied.

"Hee hee! I bet it's really interesting when your partner is coupling!"

"Oisori! You're a dirty old man even by my standards, and I'm 3000 years old!"

"Hmmm... How is it Ælves live so long and look so young, anyway?"

"Well, our life span is many times that of a Human, but there are no really old Ælves thanks to the Tarin Tor Lord, Hyl Sudiar."

"Ah yes, I must tell them about the War, and how it began with a young Ælven noble who meddled with the Dark One's magic and was lost within it," Oisori said.

"I would not be so kind. The Tarin Tor Lord is a beast, spawn by powers best forgotten deep in the ground, along with the Ancients' bones. I know of no Ælf or Human who has not felt the War's touch. You Humans are lucky you have only known of it for the past twenty turns. We Ælves have fought it for seven hundred."

Oisori sighed. "So many Humans do not realize the danger of the Tarin Tor."

"Why can't they understand? I try to understand you 'Heathens' and your 'Devil Magic'."

"If you are mad, old man, I wish the rest of your people were, too. I hate the idea of being stabbed in my sleep by a human when I'm defending his stupid town."

"Arrrrgh." Oisori shook his head. "They're right, I'm an old fool! How can I explain all this on one page so that they'll understand and care?"

Ra`yn Boh smiled. "I wouldn't worry, old friend. I think you just did."

The rain died down as the morning came. It had poured most of that night, but now, almost two hours after dawn, it had become a steady mist. The city, Elveron the Shining, came quietly to life. Its inhabitants were Elvish, children of the four tribes of the beloved Mothers. The city was shaped of living rock into interlocking, circular rings and grown from the earth on which it stood. It was an impervious citadel, immune from the dangers and enemies of the outside world. The fragile designs and fluid lines of the stone almost gave it the appearance of a surreal dream, especially on a morning like this. Beyond the glittering walls lay a valley where tended fields of grain and vineyards mixed indiscriminately with stands of wild pine and oak.

Few people were out walking the roads when the thin, high-pitched sounds of the Morning Horns drifted over the heavy air. The Horns signaled an end to the Hour of Silence, a ritual time of respect and contemplation amidst the followers of the Mothers, a time when prayers were heard.

As the sounds died, a cloaked figure stepped from underneath a huge stand of evergreen. Moving quickly down the road, he looked back over his shoulder as if watching for something to follow him. He was slim, yet strongly built. His black cape billowed behind him, and he made no attempt to pull it close. Though he was richly dressed in fine leathers and silver embroidered cloth, he walked instead of riding. As he neared the city, a dark-haired Elven guard called out to him.



"Hail, Sir! Identify yourself."

The figure paused, throwing back his black hood.

"Oh! Lord Knytling, its you! Are you all right, Mi-Lord? You are soaking wet, and what has become of your horse?"

"I was riding back from Ythrile last night, when my horse took a bad fall. We limped into Isalfife around moonset, and I slept the night in an inn there. I walked the rest of the way this morning." Lord Knytling told the man.

"Are you sure you are all right, Mi-Lord?"

"Yes, quite fine. Thank you, and good morning." His Lordship started to walk past the guard, when the man called out.

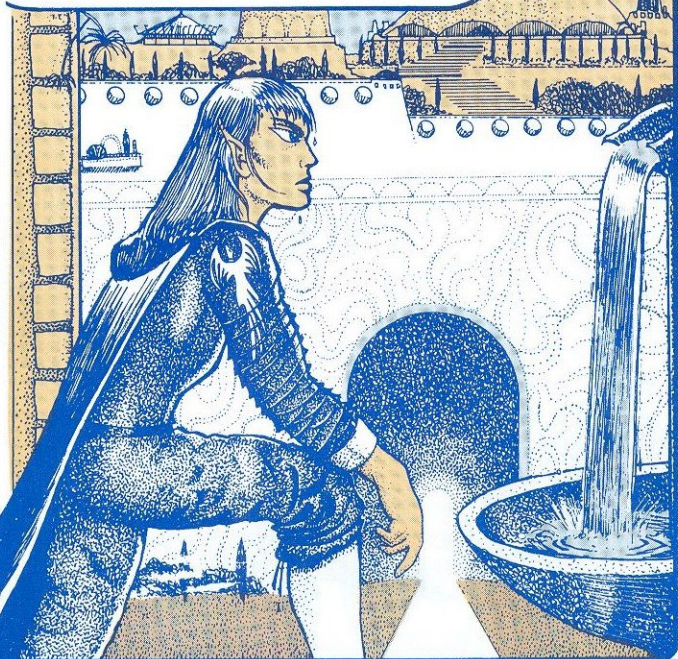
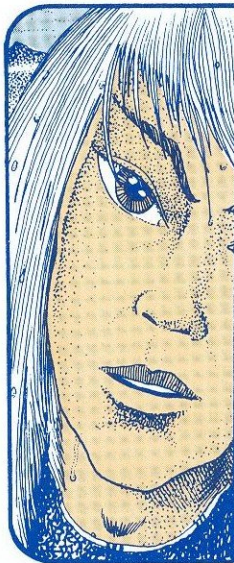
"Shall I see after your horse, Mi-Lord? Send someone to tend him, and fetch him back?"

Turning, Knytling made a slight bow in the man's direction, saying, "You honor me with your concern, Guardsman, but none of that will be necessary. Thank you for your effort. Good day."

As he passed through the arches leading to the private quarters of the royal house, Knytling thought, *First I must change, and then go to my brother's chambers. He asked me to awaken him.* Pausing for a moment by a deep blue tiled fountain, Knytling watched the reflections of the clouds on the surface of the water.

A sudden pang of guilt swept through him. *I really shouldn't have lied to that Guardsman. Poor man, he was genuinely concerned. He looked back in the direction he had just come. I wonder what he would have thought if . . .*

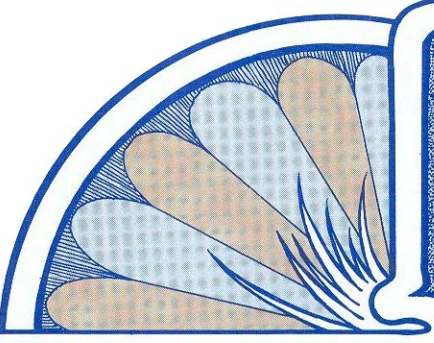
The Guard ought to know that I don't keep a horse. . .





Heading for his brother's chambers, Knytling rounded the corner of the hall. Stopping short, he saw his brother's door swing wide. A pale woman clad in gossamer silk emerged to glide silently past him down the hallway. The scent of her perfume hung momentarily in the air.

Turning, he watched her go. *Mmmm, he thought. She must be one of the Cambrian dancers. LeyBow said that they were coming from the island last night. She could almost be one of the spirits in the Dance. I can see now why they are said to enchant mortal men. It's a good thing my twin is an Ælf, and is above such enchantments I hope.*



Stepping through the entrance, Knytling walked down the narrow corridor. Parting the velvet curtains that draped the archway, Knytling sighed he as observed the disheveled state of his brother's inner chambers. The few candles still lit cast faint shadows on the tapestries that hung along the outer walls. One of the walls displayed various trophies on crystal shelves. Knytling ran his hand along the edge of one, reading to himself. To the Master Of The Day: Wrestling Champion: Twin Lord Of Dan-Ger: Lord Ra`yn Boh. *From the looks of this room, it would appear you have been practicing your skills in things other than wrestling, Brother.* Reaching down, he extinguished a still smoldering scent stick and picked up a stray pillow.

Across the room from him, Ra`yn Boh lay in a sound sleep, his mane of golden hair spilling across the pillows. The thin net that normally covered the bed area had been gathered into a bundle and discarded into a heap beside the bed. Ra`yn Boh's lute was out of its case, leaning against the wall behind him.

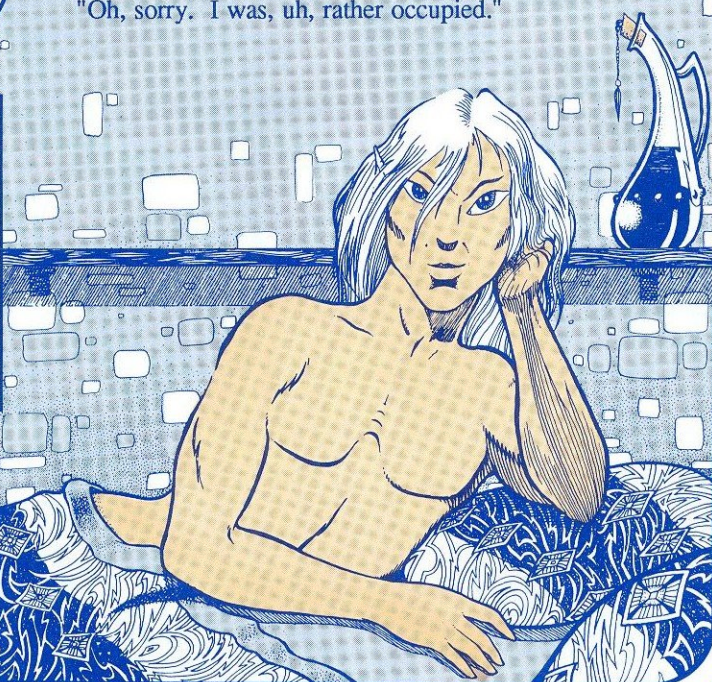
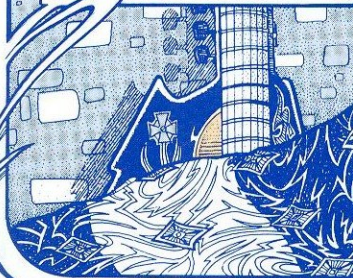
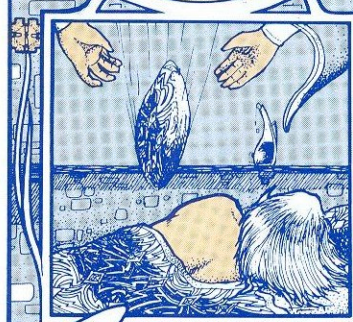
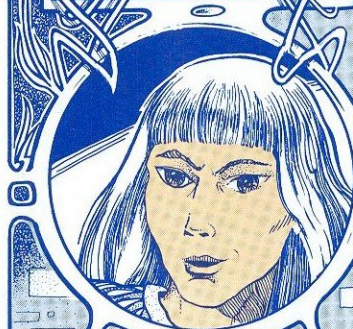
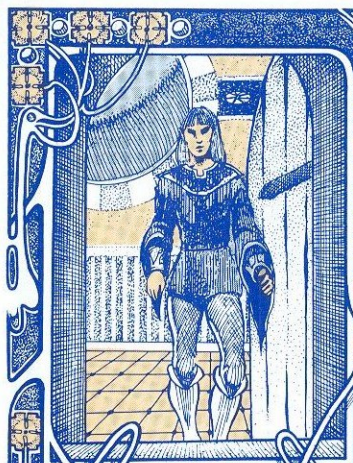
Giving a soft mind call, Knytling smiled. *Get up, my sleepy brother.*

After giving a second call, Knytling chuckled mischievously and sent the pillow hurdling across the room.

Ra`yn Boh started, sitting straight up, scanning the room for enemies. Upon seeing his brother, he sank back down into the pillows. *Gooooood Morning. Is it late?* He gave Knytling a satisfied smile.

Chuckling, Knytling said, "Of course, it is always late when I wake you. The Hour of Silence is long past and the sun is already burning away the clouds."

"Oh, sorry. I was, uh, rather occupied."



"I'm sorry, but you requested I wake you. Remember? Who was she anyway?"

"She played Nivra in The Mother's Song. Jerund was quite taken by her performance and invited her to our table. Later, she and I went for a walk and ended up here." He gave his brother a sheepish grin. "Oh, by the way, LeyBow and I missed you. Where were you? And with whom?" Ra`yn Boh quizzed his brother.

"Well, I don't enjoy watching a play that everyone has memorized word for word. As for where I was last night... just because I'm your brother don't overestimate my talents; you're the suave lover."

"You worry me, Knytling. After all, a male has certain needs. Your denying them doesn't change them, and wandering around in the woods alone doesn't guarantee any kind of salvation, either." He paused. "Not in this crazy world."

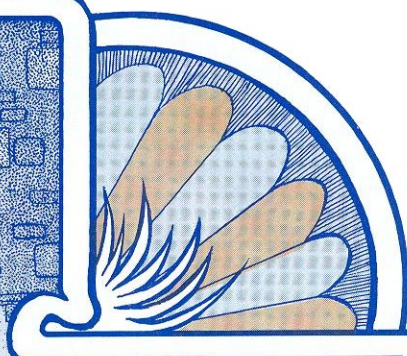
"I'm not in search of any salvation, and as for other activities, I figure you do enough for the both of us." Moving to the window and leaning against the cold pane, Knytling replied, "Something is out there, Ra`yn Boh. Has been for weeks. I can feel it. Almost..." Knytling's voice dropped to a whisper, "almost name it. Touch it. It's a woman. I almost know her face, but I just can't place it. If only I could..."

Staring at his brother, Ra`yn Boh shook his head. "By the Mothers, that's beyond me. You know I have little talent for such things as magic and soul dreams; that isn't my gift. I'm afraid I can't help you there."

Turning back from the window, Knytling said, "I didn't think you could. I don't know if anyone can."

"Well..." Ra`yn Boh frowned, "we've got even bigger worries. We need to find out how the war is going in Cinnitol. The messengers should be arriving sometime today, and if we don't get something to eat now we may not get a chance. And I don't know about you, but I'm starving," he added, in an effort to remove his brother's melancholy.

"I guess you're right, my 'fairy tales' can wait until later," Knytling lied with a convincing smile.





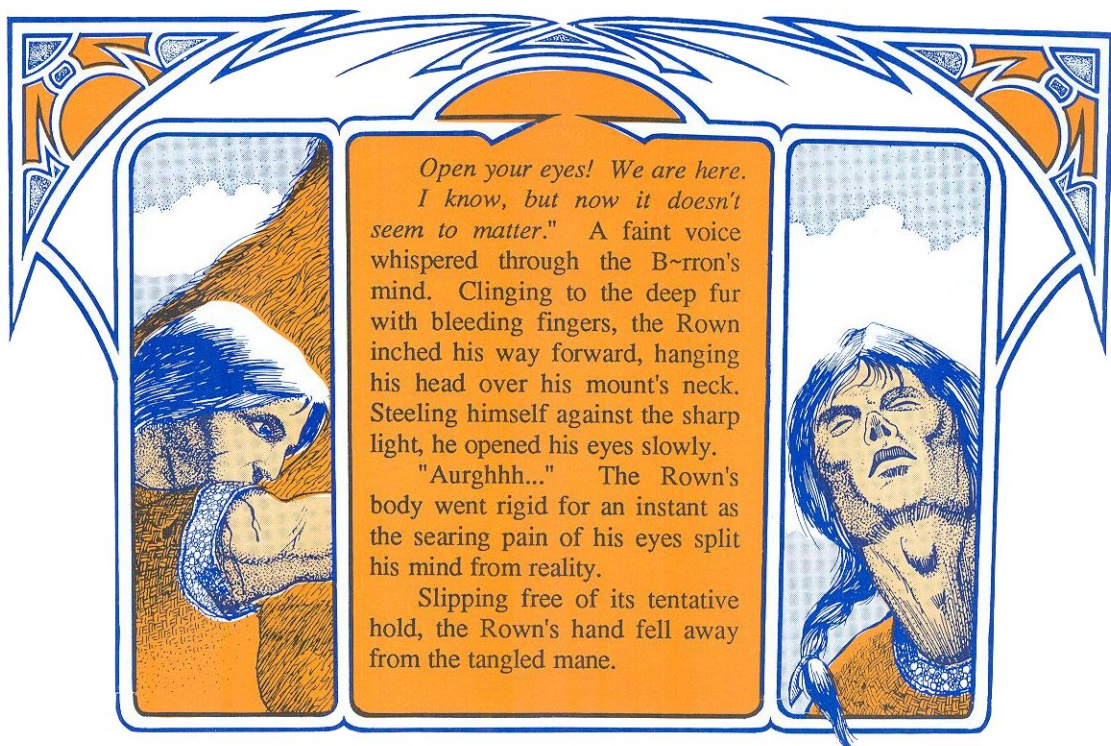
Elveron the Shining, the Ælvish Capitol of the Four Tribes, winked in the late noon sun as the powerful wing strokes of a massive sixty foot creature split the clouds. The flashing cream color of the beast's long fur, accented by its crimson throat and forepaw patches, was visible to the palace guards a thousand feet below.

Crying to announce their arrival, the B~rron swung his wings into the wind. The man that clung to his mane was his life-partner, and he knew his friend was slowly losing consciousness.

Hang on. The sharp command echoing through the man's tired mind only brought a weary response.

Open your eyes! Look! See. The city is below us. The B~rron's mind voice crackled with desperation as he received no response.

Escaping the burning ruin of the city of Cinnitol with their desperate message, the pair had flown through Everstill to reach Elveron in a matter of hours. Everstill, that cold, twisting portal where time and space are a single unit flowing in a swift dark tide. That icy stream had frozen the wounded man's limbs, draining what energy remained after four days of bloody fighting.



Reeling from his partner's pain, the B~rron sought to reach the Rown's weary mind as his body slipped free of its harness.

WAKE UP! You can't let it go now when you're so close!

There was no answer as the Rown's body slid further down the sleek fur, only to catch in the bend of a wing. Instinctively rolling in mid-air, snatching his wings up to his body, the B~rron clutched at the limp scrap that threatened to fall from his grasp.

Immediately the eight ton form of the B~rron plunged earthward several hundred feet. Unable to fly without dropping his Rown, the B~rron thought bitterly, *Solain! If you don't pull yourself together, the High Lord will indeed receive a message...that of our death! Where in the name of the Mothers are you? Come back, damn you, now -- while we still have some chance!*

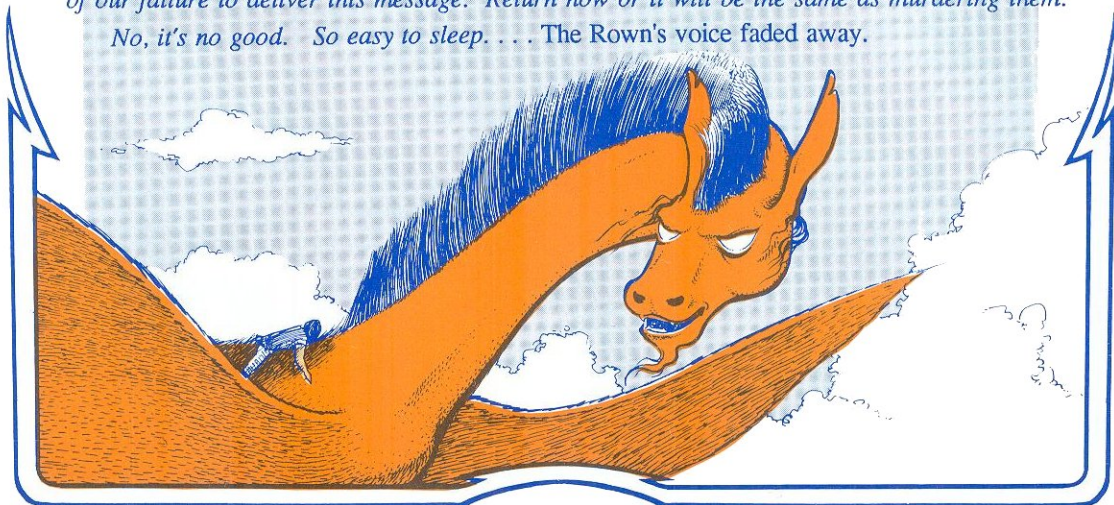
No. A faint voice answered from far away.

Giving up now? We are so close. We are the only ones left. After all we've gone through to tell the Ælves what happened, how can you just give up? We have a duty. The B~rron's voice was demanding.

The Tarin Tor Lord take them all. It is my right to Fade. I'll not come back.

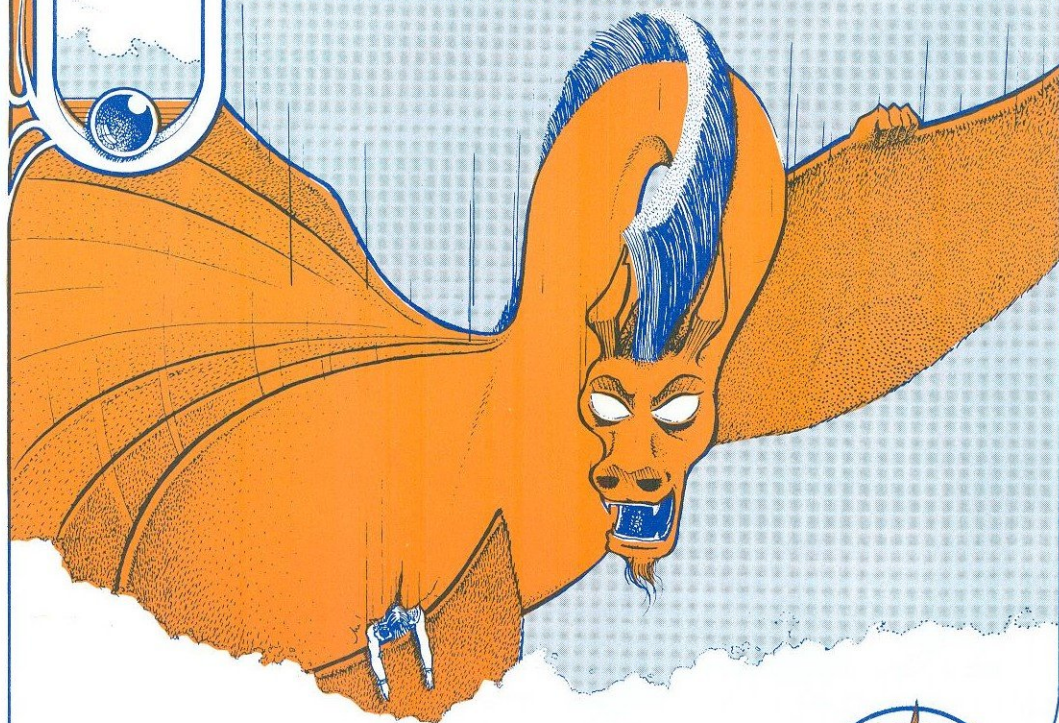
True, Fading is a right given all of us by The Mothers, but She will not honor a murderer. You can't condemn hundreds of others who don't share your wish to die, because of our failure to deliver this message. Return now or it will be the same as murdering them.

No, it's no good. So easy to sleep. . . . The Rown's voice faded away.



"I can not allow you to die. Your duty must be completed!"

In desperation, the B~rron searched for a way to bring his Rown back from Fading. Only four hundred feet from the ground, a frightening thought occurred to him: *I command his soul if I envoke his soul name. The shock might bring him around, and let us get on with our duty. Yet if I use it against him and he fights me, I could kill him. Lady, be with your creation,* the B~rron prayed to Ariendale.



Summoning strength, the B~rron steeled himself.

KAMA'RA!

The Rown's soul-name blasted through him, calling forth his consciousness. Snatching first at empty air, then reaching above his head, the Rown grabbed a piece of the torn harness. Hauling himself back into his seat, struggling to tie some leather around his wrist, he thought bitterly, *How dare you use my soul-name against me?*

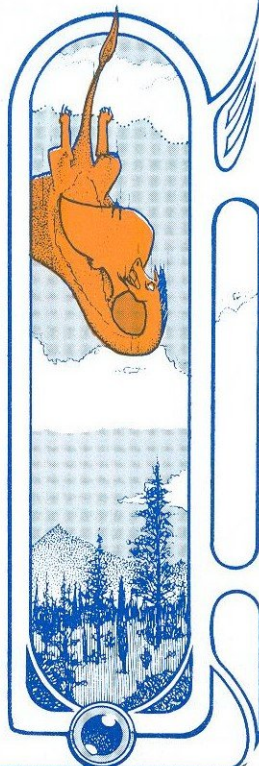
I had a choice to make. Our lives are not worth the price that ending them would have cost the Ælves. I am a creature of the Mothers as you are; we must obey Her. So how dare I not? The B~rron snapped, correcting his course.

A soul name is sacred! You tricked me with it!

I had to. It was simple. If we had died so would many others, their lives lost for nothing. Kill me later if that is your choice. My choice was necessary. You would have done the same in my place, wouldn't you? I knew anger would give you the strength you needed.

A deep sigh slipped from the Rown's lips. "Indeed. There can be few free choices in this war. I am weary though, and will be glad to go when our day comes," the Rown whispered into the closely cropped mane.

"Well, Solain, when our day comes we will take plenty of our enemies with us in one last glorious fight."



"Well said, old friend. Take us down. We have a message to deliver." The B~rron banked again before coming in for a soft landing in the middle of the inner court's park.

Ra`yn Boh and Knytling had just finished their rounds when they heard the B~rron's cry.

Running into the courtyard, they saw the B~rron landing. Reaching the stricken Rown first, Ra`yn Boh eased him off his mount, while Knytling cleared the yard and told a young Captain-at-Arms to go tell the High Lord that a messenger had arrived.

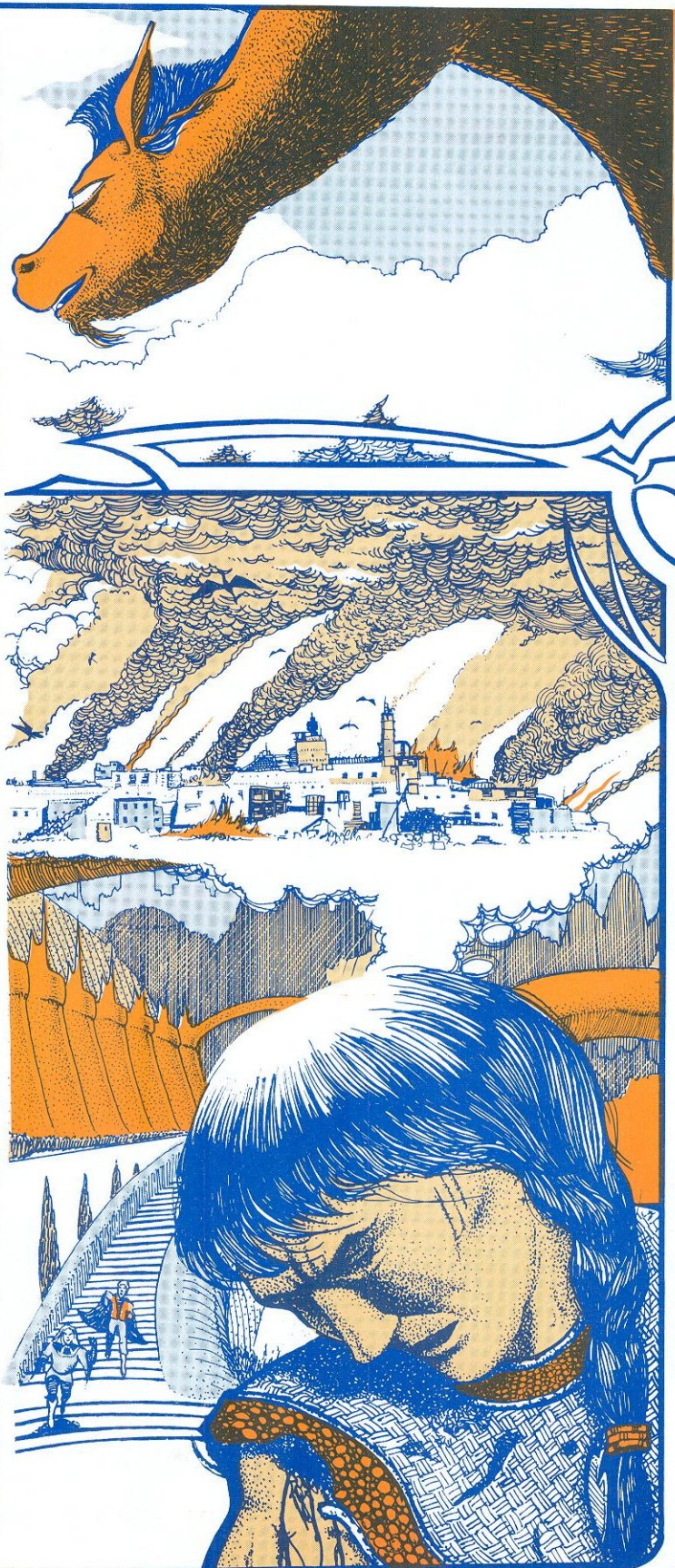
Looking up at his brother, Ra`yn Boh said, "He isn't making any sense, and he's slipping in and out of consciousness. With these wounds, he may not get a chance to tell us anything."


Without a sound, Knytling pursed his lips. Bowing his head, he took the man's hand in his own. As Knytling stroked his hot forehead, the Rown looked up, instinctively knowing a Healer's touch.

Opening up his mind, Knytling reached out to the Rown. The cool mind-touch said, *Calm, my friend; you are safe with us. If I may reach your thoughts and fears, I will heal what I can for you.*

Ra`yn Boh watched the Rown's eyelids flutter closed as his brother slipped into the trance.

The Captain-at-Arms returned with orders from the High Lord to bring the Rown to him as soon as possible. Ra`yn Boh nodded in affirmation.





Knytling invoked the strength of the earth to heal the Rown's war-weary mind. Settling deeper into a healing trance, he allowed the Rown's memories to flow into himself. He saw, as the messenger had, the fall of the Human's capitol city, Cinnitol. Originally the throned seat of King William the Fair Handed, it was now dominated by Maldern the Tyrant.

After being seduced by the power of the Tarin Tor Lord, taking the city from inside had been simple for Maldern, King William's trusted advisor. He murdered the King, then executed all supporters he could find to eliminate any opposition.

Knytling saw two full squadrons of Rowns, each with eight pairs of men and mounts, perish under the Tarin Tor's crystal cannons. Wanton magic and devouring beasts slaughtered hundreds.

Releasing the Rown from the trance, Knytling allowed his presence to melt from the man's memory.

Shaking his head to clear his senses, the man arose. Looking down at Knytling, he said, "Thank you sir. I don't know how..." He fell silent.

"You have served your people and mine well." Knytling gave the Rown a strained smile. "Lord Ra'yn Boh will guide you to the audience. The High Lord is eager to hear the news you bring."

High Lord Jerand turned away with a sigh as the Rown finished his report.

The Rown continued, "There is good reason to assume that Prince Coreath still lives, as it would suit Maldern's cause to display his body if he were dead. The King's head was put on display at the main gate along with his supporters, but the prince was found nowhere among the prisoners or the dead. I think that we can safely assume that he escaped." A hopeful smile painted the Rown's lips.

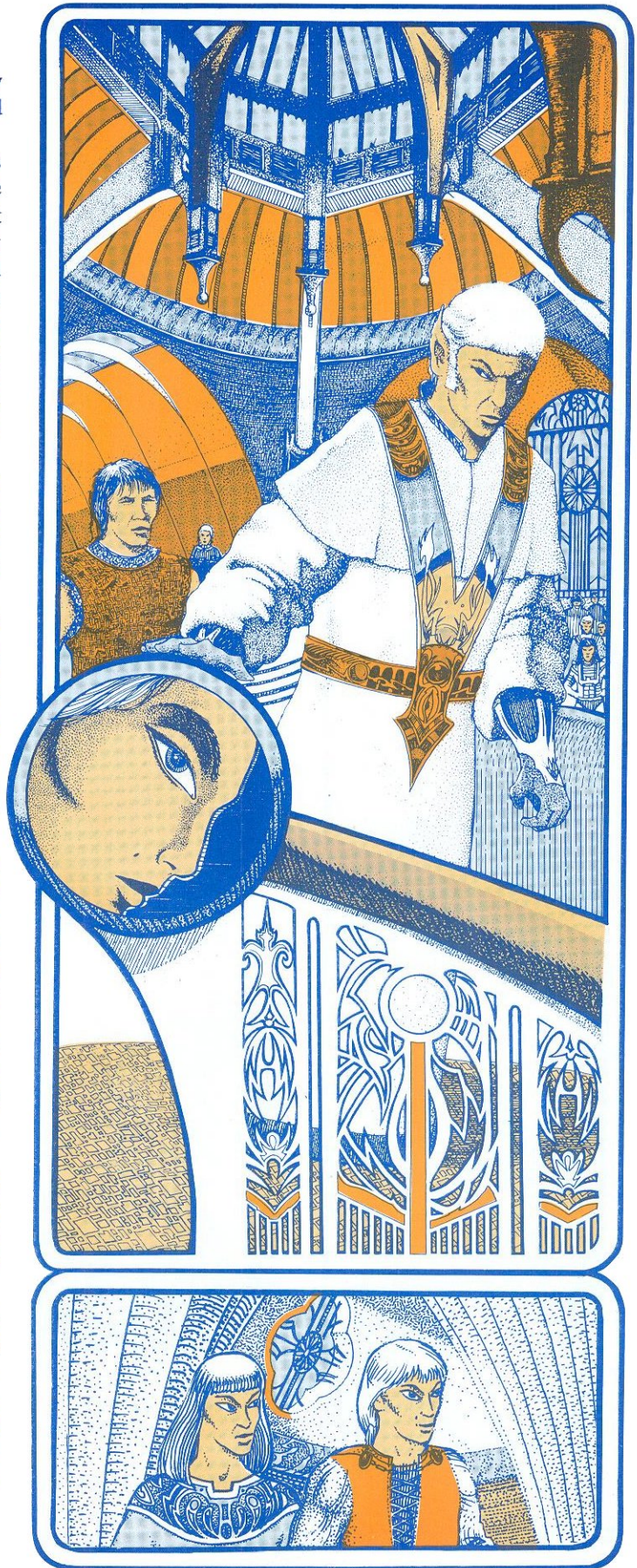
High Lord Jerand turned slowly to look at the man, and the Rown's smile faded. The High Lord's eyes were grey flint, and his jaw was set in a hard line.

"Assumptions are extremely dangerous, Rown Lord. They have cost my people much in the past. I have kept this nation safe from our attackers for thousands of your years. Do not presume to tell us what may or may not be." Jerand's words rung in the round hall's vault, echoing with stern authority.

Visibly crushed, the Rown shrank away from the Ælvish High Lord. Ra`yn Boh's face was impassive, as he was used to court politics and the outbursts with which his royal cousin frequently punctuated his speeches. However, he felt a bit of pity for the unfortunate Rown. *After all, the man must have some hope to hold on to. We all need our saving lies, or so Knytling tells me.*

The Rown stepped backward down the stairs saying, "I give my apologies, High Lord Jerand, if I have offended you. I only meant to..."

Jerand held up his hand, and the man fell silent. "We understand your good intentions, Rown Lord. Further, we thank you for coming. Your message has saved many good lives that otherwise would have been lost. We hope you will stay and rest as long as you wish."



The Rown was giving his thanks to the High Lord as Knytling slipped in the side door.

The scribe moved forward, handing Jerand a scroll.

"We thank you, Rown Lord," Jerand began, "in the name of the four Ælven Tribes, for your service to us. Accept this as a symbol of our gratitude, and as a continuing bond between our people and yours."

High Lord Jerand made a holy sign over the man's head, which was copied throughout the room. The Rown bowed, and turned to find a black cloaked escort beside him.

As the two exited the hall, Jerand moved back to his staired seat by the window.



"You will all leave us now, except for the Twin Lords.

There was a momentary shuffling as the room cleared. Ra'yn Boh moved confidently toward the High Lord's seat, while Knytling hovered by the window.

Descending the ivory steps, Jerand extended his hand to Ra'yn Boh. "Come, walk with me."

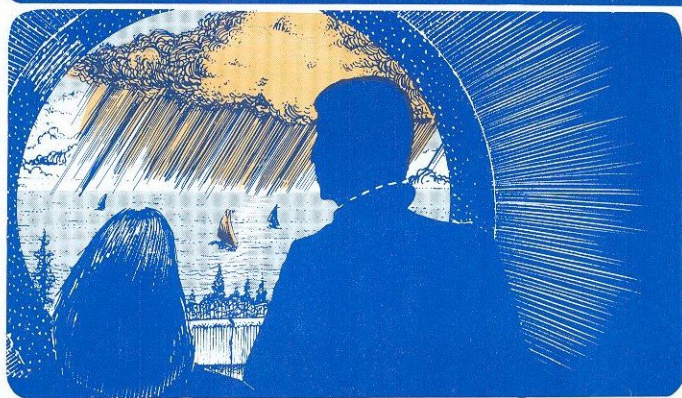
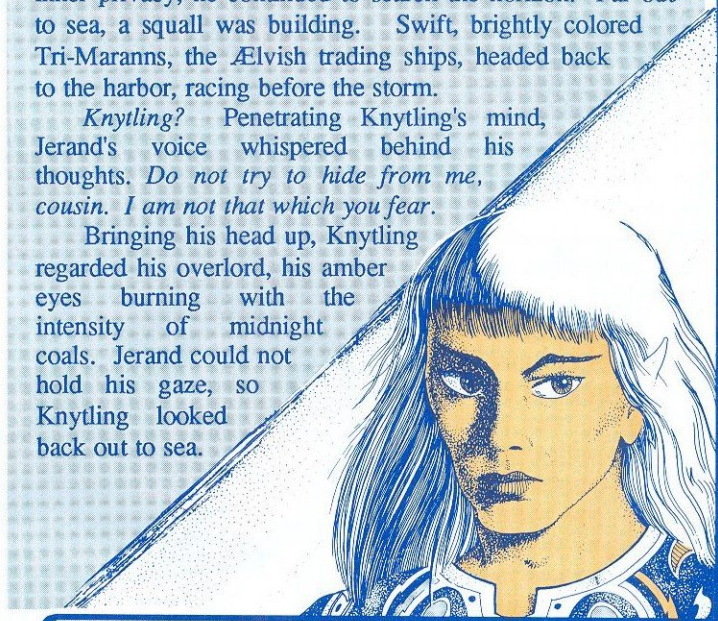
"Gladly, Mi-Lord." Ra'yn Boh fell in beside him.



"Knytling felt them approach. Unwilling to give up his inner privacy, he continued to search the horizon. Far out to sea, a squall was building. Swift, brightly colored Tri-Maranns, the Ælvish trading ships, headed back to the harbor, racing before the storm.

Knytling? Penetrating Knytling's mind, Jerand's voice whispered behind his thoughts. *Do not try to hide from me, cousin. I am not that which you fear.*

Bringing his head up, Knytling regarded his overlord, his amber eyes burning with the intensity of midnight coals. Jerand could not hold his gaze, so Knytling looked back out to sea.



The High Lord's voice was vague as he asked, "What do you search for, Knytling?"

Knytling shook his head, "I am searching for what I have not yet lost."

Smiling to himself as he moved away, Jerand whispered, "Come. You must first lose it to know how to find it again."



Jerand stepped onto the dais of the Parl Point, a portal to Carpathia, the tombs of the High Lords. Ra'yn Boh did not hesitate as he followed the High Lord into the softly glowing red haze. Knytling paused, studying the red cast on his brother's face, as Ra'yn Boh turned toward him, smiling with certain anticipation.

Stepping into the glow, Knytling felt ill at ease as the eerie tingling began. Jerand entered his mind. *Follow.*

Ra'yn Boh felt a sensation of well being sweep over him as he stepped out of the Parl Point. "Where are we?" he whispered, flinching as he heard the words echo across the domed ceiling and down the multiple passageways.

We are in Carpathia, a sanctuary where we may do what is necessary in safety. No evil may live here in the body of Carpathia.

As they passed into the mouth of the hall, Knytling reached out, allowing his fingers to lightly trail the wall as they walked along. Feeling the peace of Carpathia, he searched deeper for the sound he knew would be there: the deep, steady heartbeat and the gentle amusement at their presence.



Greetings, sleeping one, Knytling sent. Guard us well at the moment when we can not guard ourselves. Knytling felt the blind halls, built through a thousand years like the rings of a tree, closing around his suspicions as he lifted his eyes to met Ra`yn Boh's.

"It's alive," Ra`yn Boh whispered.

Knytling merely nodded as Jerand added, "Alive indeed, and it remembers all that is ever said within its walls."

The brothers followed as Jerand slipped into an unseen doorway that lead into a circular chamber with one side open to another larger vault which disappeared into the darkness. A large altar stood on a dais on one end of the room. Jerand bowed to the altar as he entered and waved his hand in its direction.

An alabaster lamp flared to life, illuminating the chamber.

Jerand knelt at the altar, laying his palms against the cool stone. The High Lord bowed his head, praying to the Mothers for help in the task ahead.

Knytling relaxed against a lamp as Ra`yn Boh came to stand by him. Folding his arms, Ra`yn Boh regarded his brother with a sidelong glance.

What do you think he is up to?

Shrugging, Knytling just shook his head. *I don't know. Your guess is as good as*

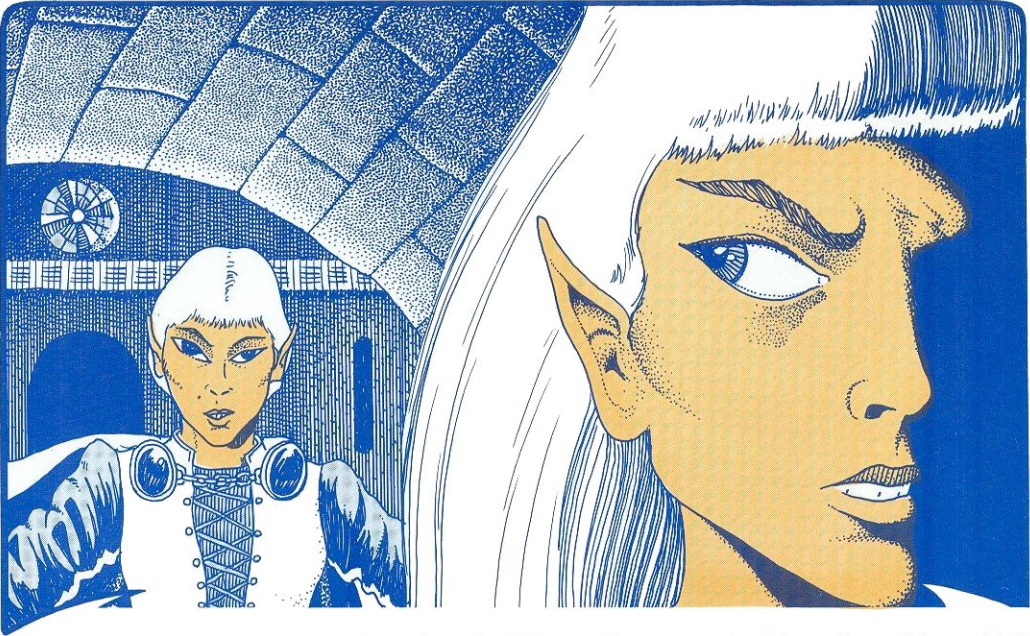


mine, he thought, returning his attention to Jerand's movements at the altar.

Jerand rose to face the two. His jaw was set, and pain was evident in his eyes. "I am sorry about all the formality, but it is necessary."

Searching their eyes, he smiled softly. "There is much I have to tell you both, and very little time, so I'll get right to it. The fall of Keshmial has given the Humans a grievous blow to their defenses, and hurt us with it. The states that were held to Keshmial's service are now bereft of protection and guidance. Peru'sia and Erizn can stand by themselves because they are used to tough border wars with Lorean's kingdom. They have standing armies of several thousand, which is a luxury that the states of Butainia and Jabar (not to mention its protectorate Jabar Proper), do not have. Jabar is the most exposed city, and Maldern's army sits across Death Heath waiting for a weak moment. We can not afford loose Jabar too. That, cousins, is unthinkable. As for our beleaguered forces, they are already spread too thin, what with the resistance that we have encountered at Cardense."

Jerand paused to observe their reaction. Ra'yn Boh fidgeted, biting his tongue so as not to say anything out of line. Knytling just leaned back against the lamp, his face as impassive as the carved heads in the frieze on the lamp, waiting for Jerand's next move.



Jerand continued. "We need someone in Jabar. I would not think Ra`yn Boh would be well accepted, not after abruptly ending the life of one of their Council Lord's sons, accidentally, of course."

Ra`yn Boh smiled sarcastically. "He tried to bob my ears."

Knytling broke out chuckling, "So you had to bob him?"

The joke shattered the growing tension. Jerand rolled his eyes. "No, you wouldn't be warmly received. Knytling they will tolerate."

"I'd not be so sure of that, Mi-Lord. Do not forget the three Ælves they burned at the stake for having bewitched their women-folk. As if any self-respecting Ælf would have one."

"Nevertheless, Knytling will go to stay at Jabar."

Ra`yn Boh quickly sobered. "And I? I am not to be with him?"

"I need you to organize a contingent to go and spare those already in Cardense. Once there, you will lead the contingent under the orders of General De William. You will be leading the best men we have left."

"Mi-Lord Jerand!" Ra`yn Boh interrupted. "Surely you can not mean to kill us, for we will die if separated! Please think again, Lord!"

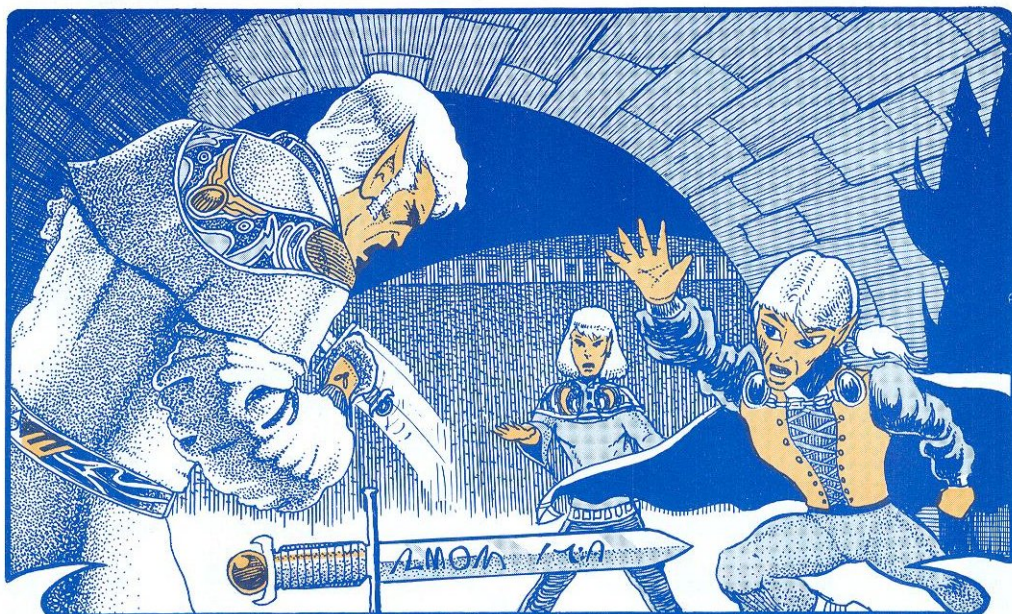
"I know the Oracle predicts an ill fate for the 'Twin Born Lords' should they ever be separated more than a few days at a time, but I am desperate! I need you both, but in different places. I must take that risk. I would rather give my life than either of yours, but we are talking about more lives than all of us together. Do you understand?"

Ra`yn Boh stood as one turned to stone. Hearing every possible argument echo through his mind, he was unable to utter any protest.

I knew this was going to happen, Knytling sent to his brother. *For days now the land has seemed barren beneath my hands. It's been that way ever since that shooting star hovered over the House of Danger, holding part of me in its touch. We knew the parting would come someday, my brother. I am glad it has taken so long.* Knytling's sending seemed without emotion, and it set Ra`yn Boh off.

NO! The mind scream reverberated against Knytling's mental shields. Focusing again, Ra`yn Boh saw his brother's stricken face and pleaded, "You can't let them do this, Ling. You know that if we star-born twins are parted, we will never be together again until we join our parents in death. Is that what you want? To die?" Ra`yn Boh gripped Knytling's shoulder in a sudden vise-like grip. "Say you agree with me. We can fight it, together."





Searching himself, Knytlings could only find the empty foreboding that had haunted him since that night when the star came. "No, it is to be, Brother. I will not change what must be, nor would I, if it meant hurting those I care about or sacrificing others needlessly." Numbly he looked up, feeling his brother's pain. "I am sorry, Boh... we must do what has been planned for us; the outcome will be the result of our choices. If death it is, then so be it."

Ra`yn Boh backed away with his head down, pain evident in his eyes. Stepping forward, Knytlings extended his hand. "Don't make it harder."

Jerand intervened, "I don't want either of you dead." He smiled slightly. "You are of no use to me dead. There are many things to take into account before you two separate, so that your safety can be maintained as well as possible. I must perform rites to give you each a gift before you leave Carpathia."

Turning from them, he ascended the stairs to the altar. "As in the days long ago," his voice took on a chanting rhythm, "We High Lords of the Four Tribes came here to give thanks to the Mothers for their bounty. We gave sacrifice that we might be shown grateful. Now, as than, I give the Mothers thanks." Jerand, drawing a thin dagger from his sleeve, plunged it deep between his ribs before the Twin Lords could reach him.

"Miica!" Both men moved as one to grab their falling Lord. Jerand cried out as they caught him, and Knytlings drew out the blade.

"Why, Mi-Lord!?" Ra`yn Boh's voice was harsh with disbelief.

Knytlings leaned over his Lord, beginning the healing trance. Jerand brushed aside Knytlings's hand with surprising vigor.

"No, this is not a task for you. Ra`yn Boh must heal me."

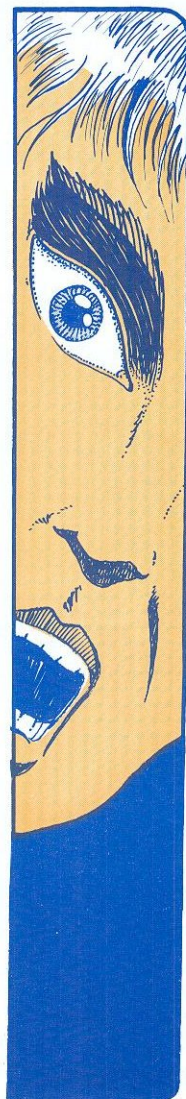
Snapping his head up, Ra`yn Boh blurted out, "I'm no healer. I can't heal you."

"Then," Jerand grimaced, "you will have to bury me, for I will die."

With wide eyes, Ra`yn Boh regarded the High Lord. "But why, Mi-Lord? I don't understand. Knytlings is the healer."

"No, Ra`yn Boh. You are a mighty warrior, but you must now also be a healer. You can never again be afraid of another's death, not even your own. Your brother is no longer with you."

Nodding his head, understanding for the first time the finality of the position, Ra`yn Boh relaxed, allowing himself to begin a healing trance.





Slamming her fist on the table, Ruth screamed, "Ra`yn Boh and Knytling must die!"

"They will; it is just a matter of time now. Jerand has already sentenced them to separation, and certain death." The slim, dark haired Ælf moved fluidly across the room toward the woman. "Don't get so upset about them, Ruth. They're not worth the trouble."

"Upset? Do I look upset? Just because I get a little excited when I hear that Jerand is sending them on separate, secret missions, why should I be upset? I simply can't help but wonder what he is up to."

The ælf smiled wickedly as he whispered, "Maybe he knows of your hatred for his precious Twin Lords, and has decided to give them a fighting chance, away from you, instead of having a knife suddenly appearing deep in one of their hearts."

"You slit-tongued whelp! I'll shut you up." Whipping around, her long, flame-red hair flying into his face, Ruth struck out at the Ælf, attempting to claw him with her sharpened nails.

He only laughed, catching her hand inches away from his face. Smiling gently, he turned her hand in his, opening the clenched fingers, and kissed her palm softly before allowing her to take it back. She regarded him with wide, silvery eyes, trying to find a weakness in his calm.



"You don't care if they become Jerand's heirs or not, do you?" Her eyes narrowed to fine slits as another woman entered the room, carrying a tray filled with fruits, breads, and two wine flagons. She was dressed in traditional Rown armor: dark leather boots laced up the sides of her legs, silk fitted pants blended into an abbreviated tunic of soft cloth, covered over by a leather vest and a wide belt on which hung an immense sword. Her hair was unbound except for a ruby circlet with the symbol of the ruling Queens of the Rowns. Her lady was Mother Queen, Lady Ruth of White Lake, the lover of High Lord Jerand, and mother of his daughter.

"Where would you like me to set this, Mi-Lady?" Azalia asked brightly.

Turning her attention to Azalia, Ruth seemed very nervous. "Anywhere you like. I don't really care. Telsire, what you don't seem to realize is that they are already seen as the logical choice for Jerand's heirs; never mind the fact that they aren't of his blood. Jerand has made it more than clear that he feels they should succeed him."

Whirling around, she faced the stern-faced Ælvish constable. Telsire was chief aide and councilor to High Lord Jerand, and the keeper of all the Lord's confidences. She was trying to use him, and he knew it. He walked away from her to the table.

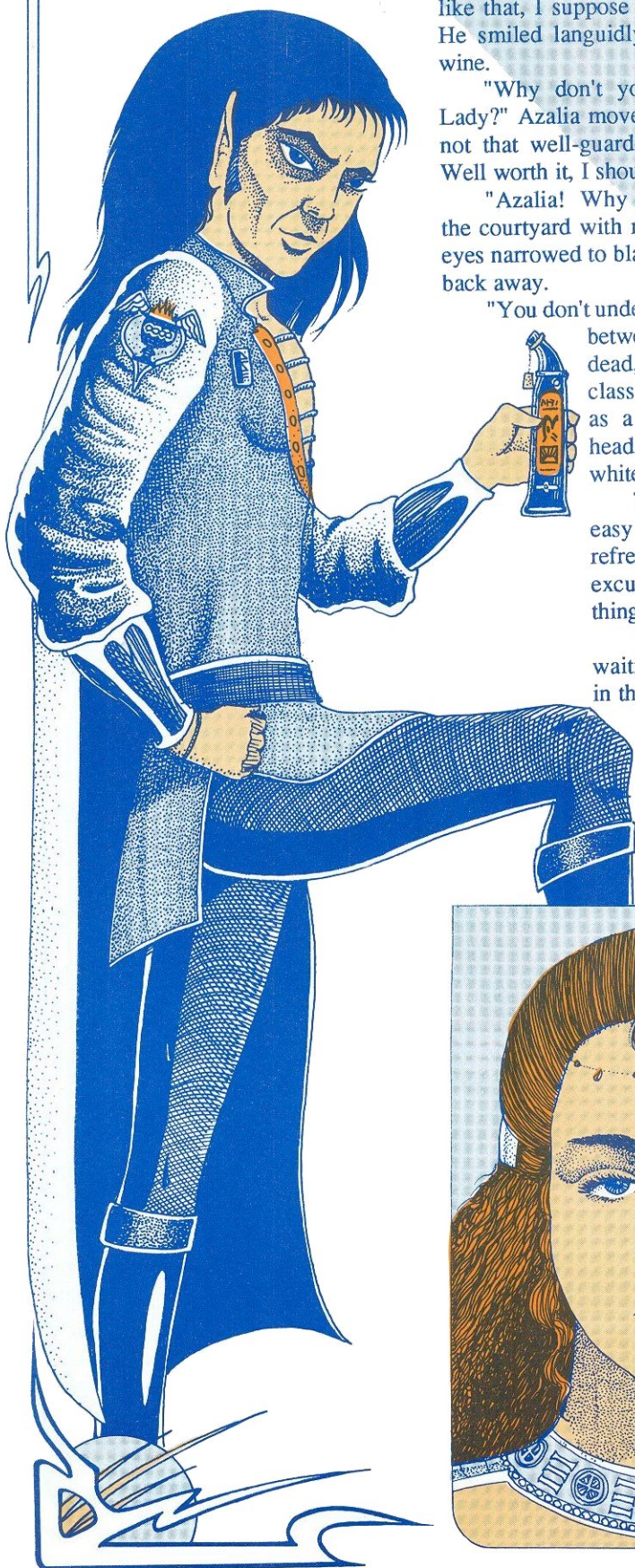
"You know as well as I, Ruth, that the next High Lord will be chosen by the Council of the Four Tribes. It will make little difference who was favored by the previous High Lord; any choice will be elected from the council as a whole."

"I have no time for your rhetoric, Telsire. You know that the Council will automatically affirm whomever the High Lord has chosen to succeed him."

"And why is that so bad? Why worry if the brothers take the throne?" Telsire feigned innocence, looking at her with wide eyes.

"You know damn well why it matters, you son of a sea slug!" Hissing between clenched teeth, Ruth spat, "My daughter, born of Jerand's seed, who is being raised in his house, will not receive her rightful birthright so long as the Twin Lords live. She could unite our two nations, bringing the Rowns and the Ælves under one rule. That would give us the strength we need to challenge the Humans for our rightful place in this world. We would no longer have to hide like field mice from the hawk."





"Well," Telsire said, chuckling softly, "if you put it like that, I suppose that you do have a bit of a problem." He smiled languidly as he poured them each a glass of wine.

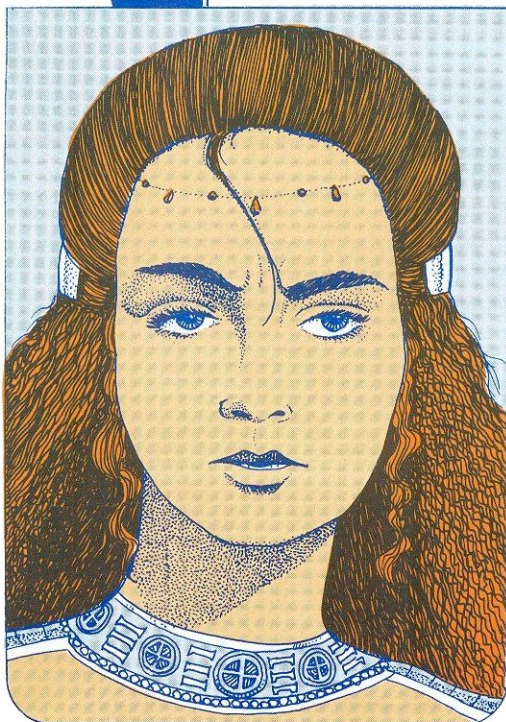
"Why don't you just have them assassinated, Mi-Lady?" Azalia moved closer to the two. "I mean, they are not that well-guarded, and it would be a simple matter. Well worth it, I should think."

"Azalia! Why don't I just torch them in the middle of the courtyard with my dear Jerand in attendance?" Ruth's eyes narrowed to black slits, causing the younger woman to back away.

"You don't understand, Azalia dear." Telsire intervened between the women. "Ruth wants them dead, but stealth must be used, along with class, and above all, style." Telsire ducked as a golden goblet went sailing over his head, only to crash and splatter the heavy white curtains with blood-red wine.

Telsire stepped over to Azalia with a easy grace. "Thank you for bringing our refreshments, Azalia. But would you mind excusing us, because we still have some things to discuss."

"As you wish, Lord. Mi-Lady, I will be waiting for your call, if you should need me, in the Mastat Stables."



As Azaila left, Telsire smiled languidly at Ruth. "You know, you should watch your actions and try to set a better example for your young queens."

"You may leave too, Telsire. As far as I am concerned, we have no further business. You will not help me, so quite frankly, I have no use for you."

"No? Well, I still have use for you, love." Quickly stepping up behind her, he grabbed her hair, yanked back her head, and pressed his mouth hard against hers. She struggled until he let her go.

Pulling away, she hissed, "You put no great price on your life, do you, Telsire?"

"You need me, because I can help you keep Ra`yn Boh and Knytlng off the throne." He watched the light change in her eyes.

"You know, of course," he continued, "that if those two were to meet with a tragic ending, it would break Jerand's heart. You would loose him as your lover, most probably. Is it worth that much? Is your ambition worth that price?"

"What is your price?" She edged closer to him, a slight smile brushing her lips.

"I reserve my right to claim my price at another time. But, for now, I will get the Twin Lords out of your way, so you can put your child on the throne." Nodding to her he added, "Out of curiosity, are you planning on killing Jerand too?"

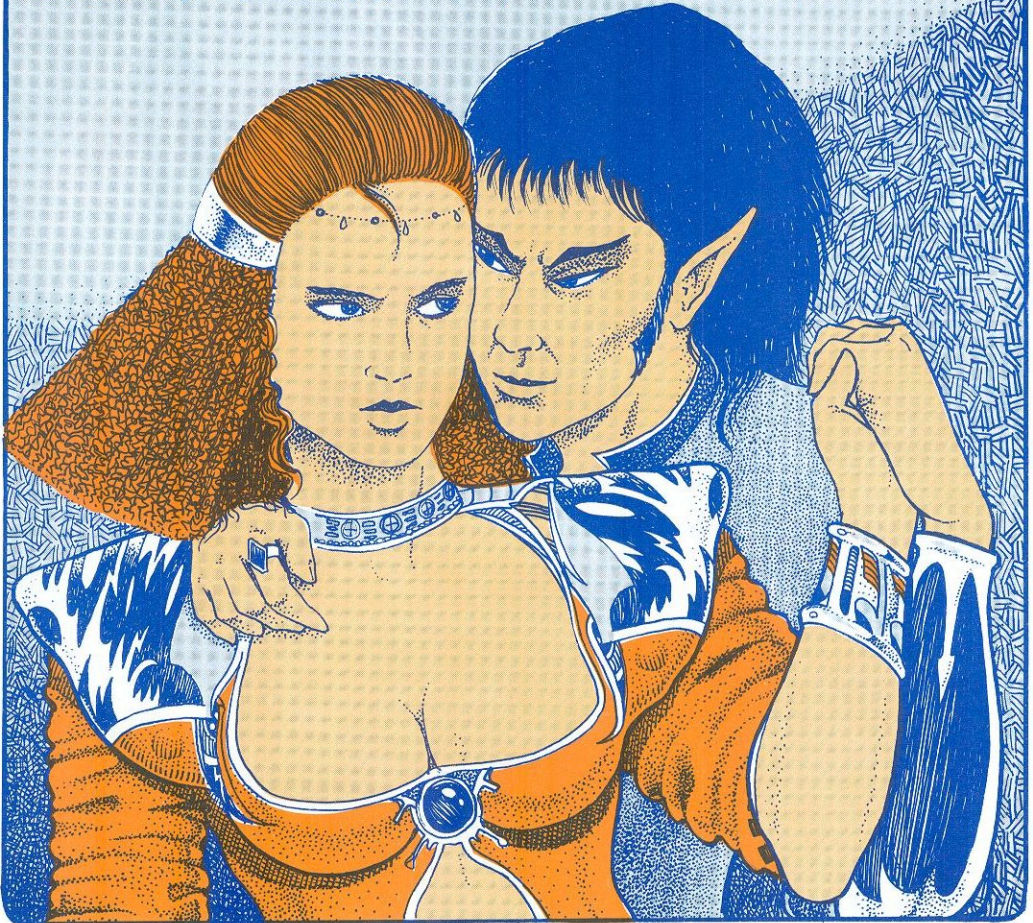
"No. Why would you think that?" She stared at him, shocked. He merely shrugged. "I have no reason to kill him. He will step down soon enough."

"Oh, I see." Telsire laughed silently to himself as he approached her, standing by the fire. Silvery eyes looked up, searching his face.

Feeling a hot wave sweep over his body, Telsire's hand trembled imperceptibly as he brushed her cheek, "The legends do not lie; you are beautiful," he whispered hoarsely.

"I am ready to pay your price." Smiling softly, she sank to her knees on the carpet.

Pausing before following her down, he shook his head. He whispered, "No, Ruth, this is not the price you must pay for my help. This moment is for our pleasure alone."



Jerand bowed his head, feeling the sinking peace of the healing trance in his limbs. *Standing will be an effort*, he thought. Ra`yn Boh and Knytling knelt, one on each side, and helped him up.

Jerand pressed a small carved pattern on the altar. The panel slid open, and he removed a silver tray.

"These are the gifts which will save your lives when nothing else will. They are not without cost, nor are they panacea for all that ails you. They may be used only once, but that will be enough."

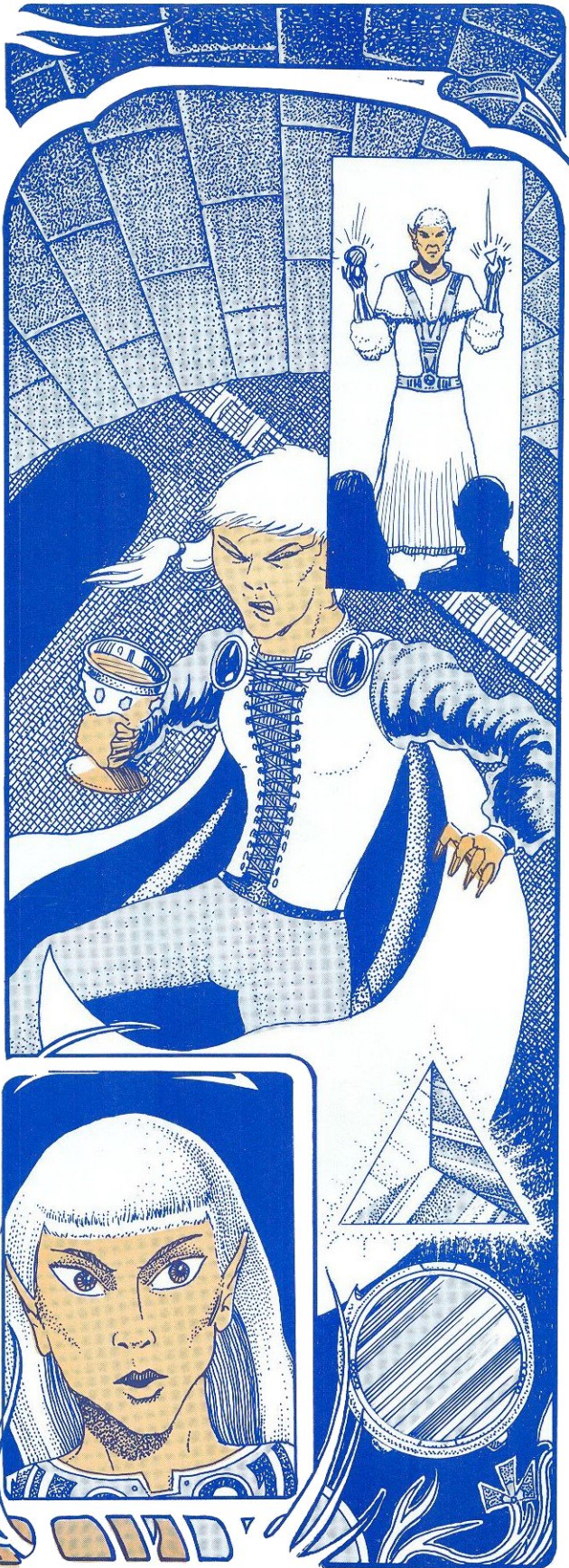
"Ra`yn Boh, please stand, Jerand's voice took on a formal tone. "You may some day need to see through your inner eye into a 'mirror of self.'" Taking Ra`yn Boh's hand, he set a delicately embossed gold mirror into slightly trembling fingers. As he handed him a goblet, he whispered, "Drink."

Taking one sip, Ra`yn Boh shook his head violently, "Urgh. It's poison!"

"Drain the cup, cousin. It is the Cup of Sorrow, and once picked up can not be replaced until its dregs are empty. Give thanks for the bitterness of this poison, for it makes all other drinks sweet."

The eyes of a wounded fawn regarded Jerand as Ra`yn Boh set the empty cup down. Feeling on odd sensation in his hand, Ra`yn Boh looked down. Shocked, he asked, "What's happening, Mi-Lord?"

The mirror was burning into thin wisps of vapor as he held it. Jerand answered, "It will be with you always, in your heart and soul. It will be there when you need it, but remember to look for it. It will show you your true self when you need it most. Now kneel, for your brother must have his gift too."



"Knytling, you stood before me, searching for something today. Though it sorrows me greatly, I must give you the object of that search."

Knytling rose quickly, a gnawing fear curled up in the pit of his stomach. "I am unsure I want to accept your gift, Mi-Lord."

"What I must take from you is your soul itself. My gift to you is forgetfulness of your true self." Jerand acknowledged, his eyes as grey as a blizzard at dawn.

Nodding, Knytling whispered, "I am always your servant, Mi-Lord. But I would rather you take my life. Without knowing my soul exists, I will be little better than the mindless hulks the Tarin Tor Lord sends to delay us. I would rather die quickly, now."

"Ling, you don't know what you are saying." Ra'yn Boh blurted out. "You don't even know what it is."

Ra'yn Boh looked away, hearing Knytling's words in his ears. "I know what he would give me, Boh. It is pure death as dull and painful as the Tarin Tor Lord's favorite poison. And when it is done, I will no longer be whole, capable of self recognition. He has given you a way to truly see your deepest self. But now he seeks to rob me of mine."

Jerand spoke up, "Knytling, it is every Elf's right to fade. But I need you now! You will be restored if you are strong enough to survive. You must accept my gift. It will be no worse than a human who has never known his soul name."

Jerand held out the small crystal to Knytling. *Please don't, Mi-Lord.* Knytling's silent plea made Jerand shiver involuntarily.

I do what I must to protect you. Your powers so great that they could be twisted against you, emptying your mind of all good. I would not want to come to battle against the Tarin Tor, and face you at the head of the enemy legion! Jerand sighed, *Trust me. I do not wish your death.*

Without a sound, Knytling bowed his head, allowing Jerand to enter his mind.





Heartbeats later, Knytling looked up at Ra`yn Boh, his eyes dull like one waking from a deep sleep. He shook his head several times as if trying to wake up.

"What have you done to him?" Ra`yn Boh regarded his High Lord with a combination of anger and awe.

"I have taken his name of self, that which the Dargonaths call one's soul-name."

"But he will die without it!" Anguish tailored Ra`yn Boh's every word.

"Ra`yn Boh, I had no choice. He is more of the Power than you, so is more likely to be trapped in a web of power. Please understand that I only do what must be done."

"I understand." The harsh words hurt Knytling's throat. "I know I have lost something. I... feel something left, but..." He shook his head, staring at the now dimly lit crystal.

Stepping down from the alter, Jerand nodded to them. "Come, it is over."

The red haze dimmed as they stepped out. Jerand quickly ascended the curving stairs. Pausing as he held the curtain back, he called down, "I don't expect you to forgive me, but I do expect you to understand: it is the difference between survival and surrender."

The heavy velvet curtain swung backward, erasing Jerand's presence. Ra`yn Boh shook his head. "Holy Mothers! My head feels like I've just been kicked by a spring colt."



Knytling said nothing. Walking from the confines of the Great Hall out to the ramparts, he sighed. The wind was still restless, but cool and laden with the stinging taste of salt. The storm was now over, and the city seemed to glow with a dull pearly light under the grayish squall clouds.



"Oh, Jerand."

The incessant wind moaned through the makeshift tent, bringing with it drenching rain. The rain lashed the Jabarian Cliffs and the city below in a storm too early for winter.

The flames wavered, dancing wildly beneath the wind's touch, their pattern billowing like a delicate lace sail in a high sea breeze. Only the magic of the dark-haired Ælf held the pattern together, defying the screaming wind.

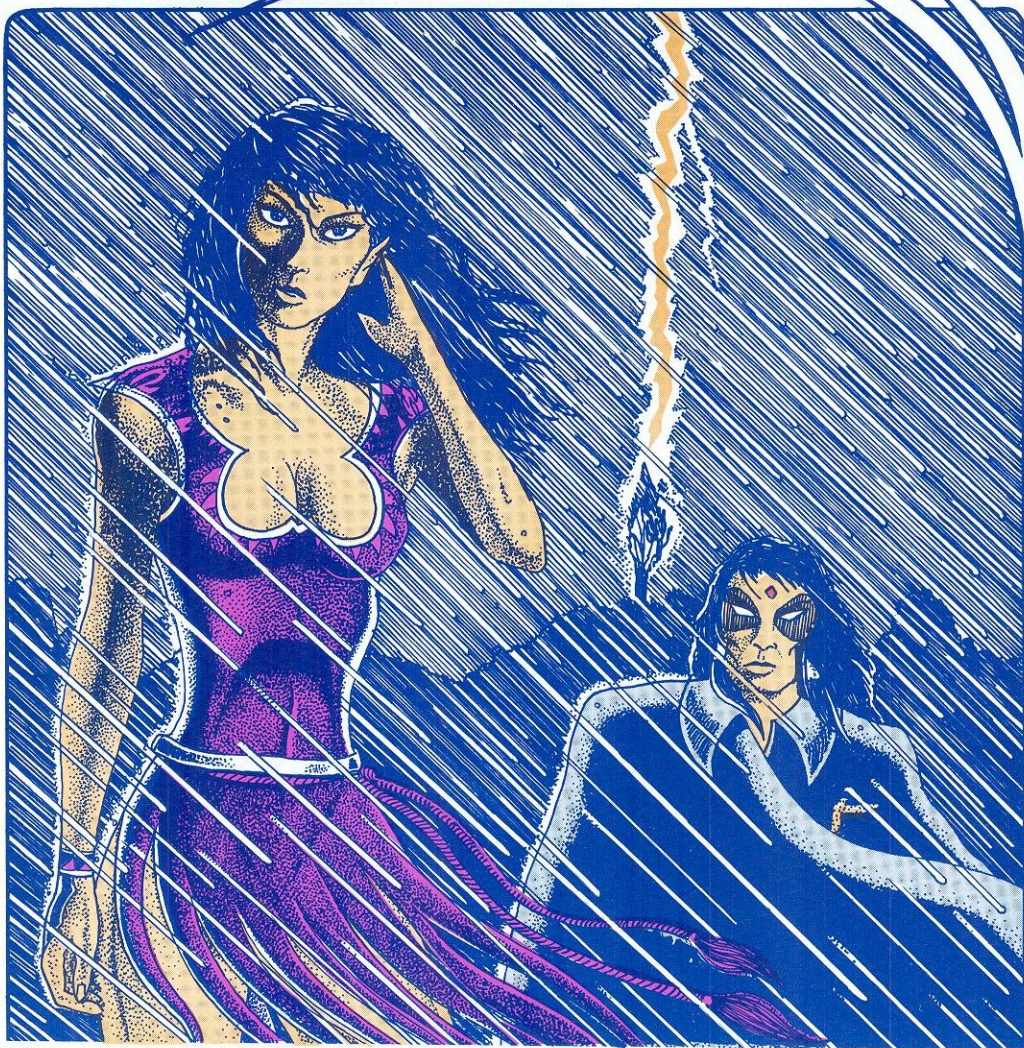
"I will see yet more," she murmured to herself. The pattern hardened, the flames bleaching as they assumed the form of a suspended globe, glowing brightly in the night.

"I do what I must to protect you... Trust me. I do not wish your death..." Jerand's voice died away, lost in the wind.

As his face faded from the globe, the Ælf looked up in surprise. "Jerand, you fool," she whispered, "Why do you give me such an advantage? I swear by all the demons in the Sixth Hell, I have never had so cooperative an enemy!" A harsh laugh broke from her as she shook her head. "And you even plan to send me one of your own kin -- why, great Ælf Lord, I could not have begged you for better..."

Gazing at the wildly whirling globe, she whispered, "The Fates chose us long ago, each for a different calling. There are moments when I would almost pity you, Jerand, if such pity were not to be wasted." Her voice took on a cutting edge as she dismissed the scrying spell with a disdainful wave of her hand.

"Mi-Lady?" A deep male voice called to her from outside the tent. Ignoring her cloak, she stepped outside, immediately soaked by the torrential rain. Waiting for her was a swarthy Dargonathian, dressed head to toe in black leather armor. His face was drawn with exhaustion, but his eyes blazed with an evil satisfaction.



Seit Nigira, commander of the Second Army, wiped the hair out of her eyes and mouth as she shouted, "Is the Hoard secure? The forces are well-hidden?"

"As you ordered. The boundaries have been marked out, and all of the wards are set."

"Excellent." She turned to scan the sleeping city with hungry eyes. "The city will fall within the period I have promised our Master, the Great One. I will deliver to him not only the stronghold of Human defense, but one of the Royal Line of Elveron as well, so that our Master may take pleasure in him." Her eyes glittered as she turned toward Ramadan, her second in command and the Arcane Master of the Second Army.

Ramadan only smiled and slowly shook his head. "I leave such games up to you, Mi-Lady. My talents lie in other areas." He smiled, his lips drawing a thin line in the dark.

"Dawn will be here soon. Look." Seit Nigira turned, pointing down the cliff to the road that led into town. "Humans are already afoot, even in this demon-spawned weather."

"Aye, they are a foolish lot," he agreed. "Will we attack at dawn?"

"No. We will wait on my orders. The time will be ripe soon. Do not disturb the Hoard yet. Call forth the wards. Hide us from their weak eyes."

"As you will, Mi-Lady." Without another word, he was gone.

Standing alone, she watched the Human and his cart crawling slowly along the treacherous mountain road. Sending a mind call down to a standing guard, she saw a dark shadow descend upon the man. She did not need to hear his scream as he died; she knew his death was as certain as it was swift.

"Sleep on, Jabar," she shouted into the wind. "You need not know that your death lies waiting just outside your gate. Oh yes, Jabar, sleep on, until at last I awaken you on the morn of the red dawn."

LEJENTIA

LETTERS ETC.

Welcome to the first Stanza of Lejentia. By now, you have quite probably noticed that Lejentia (pronounced La-Jen'-Tah) is very different from just about anything else in the marketplace. Is it a comic book? Is it a novella? Or is it just a very heavily illustrated story? I'm not really sure myself, so I'll leave that debate to the critics and to you, our readers.

Below is the Lejentia World Map, which we thought would come in as fairly useful to give everybody an idea how things stand geo-politically. Also, you'll be able to keep track of where Knytling is going to end up for the next several Stanzas.

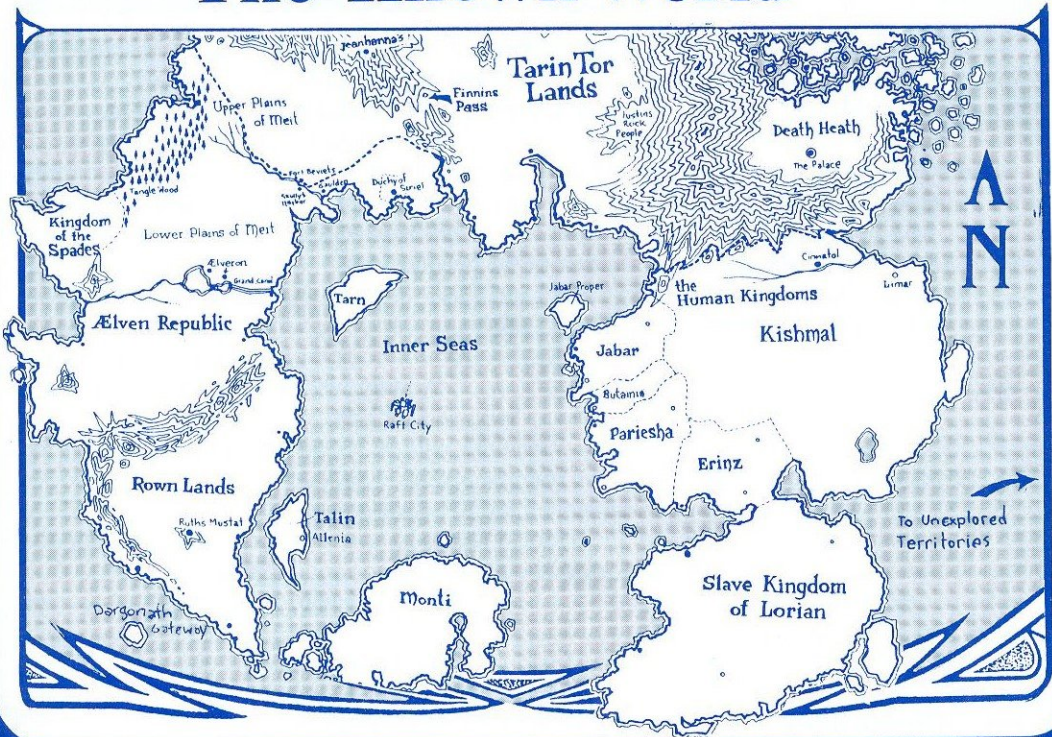
Next time, we will be devoting this space for your letters, comments, and critiques. We'd love to hear from you! You can reach us at:

Lejentia
P.O. Box 30747
Phoenix, Arizona 85046.

One last thing. If you send us a SASE and one thin dime, we'll be happy to send you the Lejentia Campaigns Newsletter, which has articles and updates concerning the world of Lejentia. See you next Stanza!

-- S. S. Crompton and
H. J. Bennett

The Known World



THE
WORLD
OF

LEJENTIA

LEJENTIA ROLE-PLAYING CAMPAIGN ADVENTURES COMING THIS SUMMER

The first in a series of Campaign Adventures for all R.P.G.'s is slated for release this summer by Fantasy Games Unlimited. Based on the Lejentia Graphic Novel series, these adventures follow the main trading routes across the River of Gauden, over to the Nomadic Land of Spades, and on to the Island of Monti (see map). Lejentia Book One, Skully's Harbor, centers around the trading town of Skully's Harbor, located on the southern border of the Hellish

Forces' Conquered lands.

The book contains plenty of action and political intrigue, involving Hellish, Elven, and of course, player-character interaction. Spies are on every corner and few can be trusted in this no-holds-barred, merchant trading town.

Do you want to know more? Send us a SASE and one thin dime and we will send you a copy of the Lejentia Campaigns newsletter. Learn more about the world of Lejentia and its cast of characters, and preview new upcoming Lejentia projects. Send to:

Lejentia Campaigns
P. O. Box 30747
Phoenix, AZ 85032



Lejentia is published quarterly by Opus Graphics, P.O. Box 30747, Phoenix, Arizona 85046. Single issues cost \$1.95; subscription rate for a year (four issues) is \$7.50. Add \$7.00 for overseas airmail subscription rates. Advertising rates, trade enquiries, and dealers/distributors' discount lists are available on request from Opus Graphics.

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LEJENTIA

By H. J. Bennett

In Lejentia, two brothers trapped in a deadly game must play the odds to save their unique, outcast race. They are Elves, trained to fight, lead troops into battle, and play political games with the leaders of state and court in order to ensure their own survival. They will know what it is to die and yet live. One of them will even know what it is to abandon all he has ever achieved or desired for a woman he can never have -- the wife of his best friend.

There are times for all of us when the 'glory' seems to have escaped us. It is the hope of all of us that Lejentia may help to restore that which is now lost to us all.

To all of those who have helped in the development of this new race of books, I extend my gratitude. To all who will one day feel Lejentia's gift, we extend the invitation to experience yourself and your world through different eyes.

Welcome to Lejentia.

-- H. J. Bennett

This book is dedicated to my mother, Liz, and to my friend, Sue Putney.

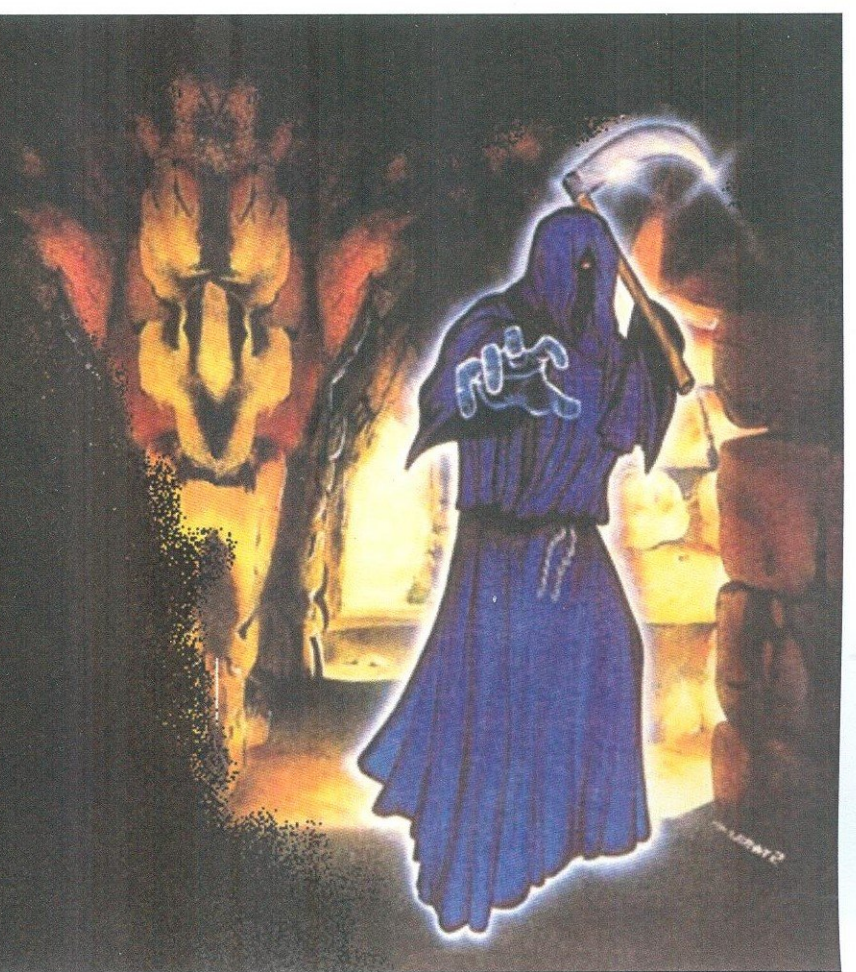
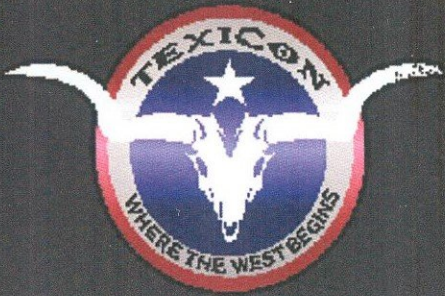
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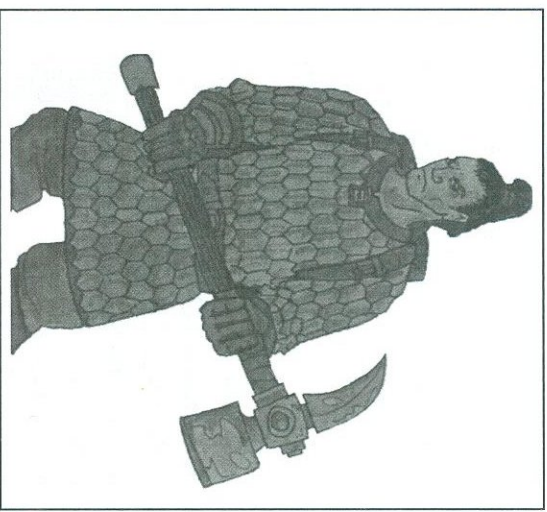


tröllhamner

by ken st andre
illustrated by alex caprett

4.95

Trollhammer By Ken St. Andre



Illustrations by Alex Garrett

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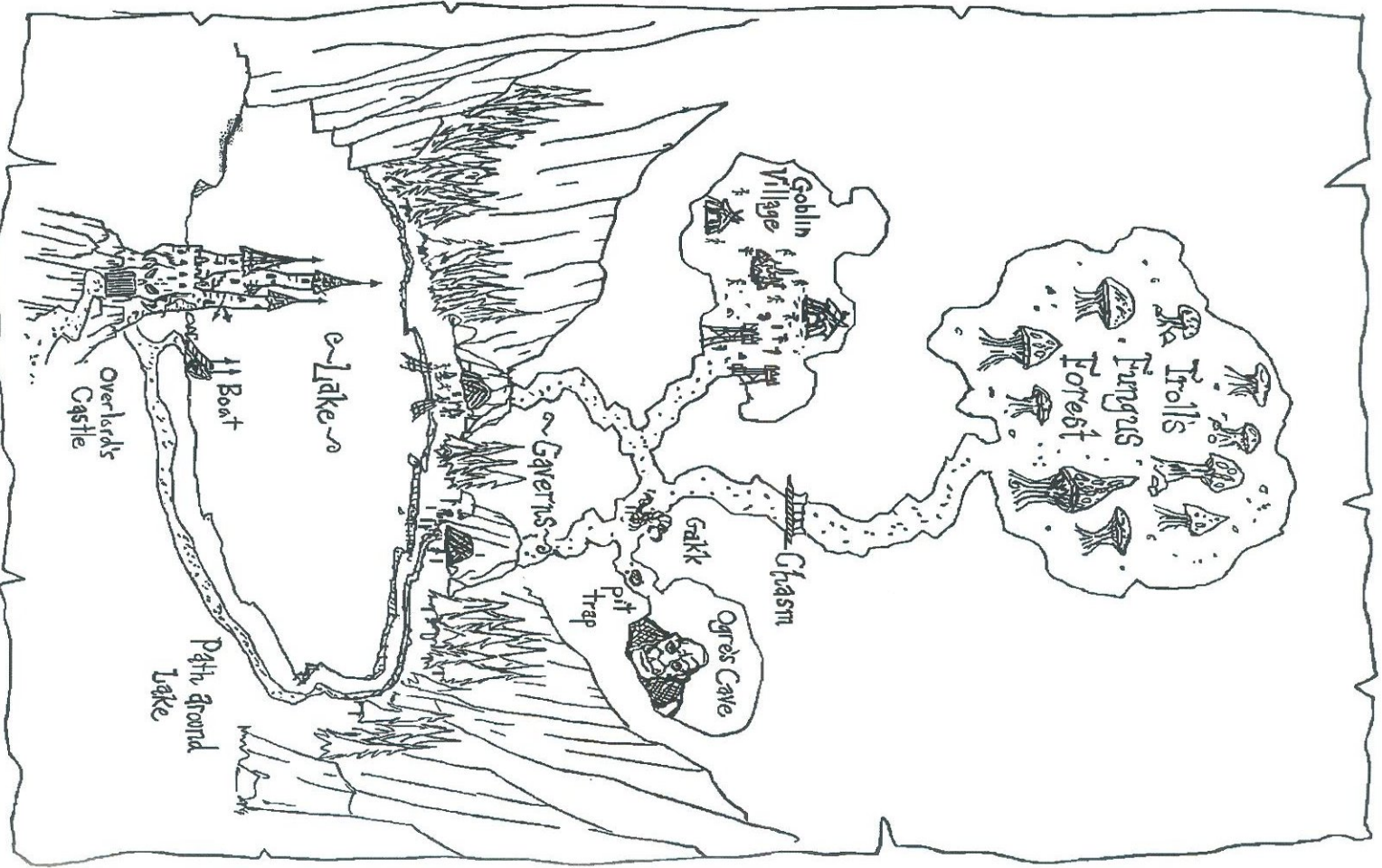
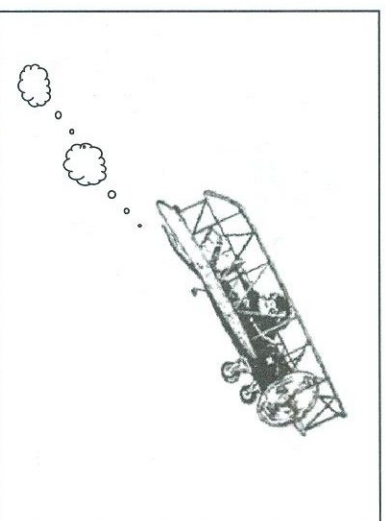


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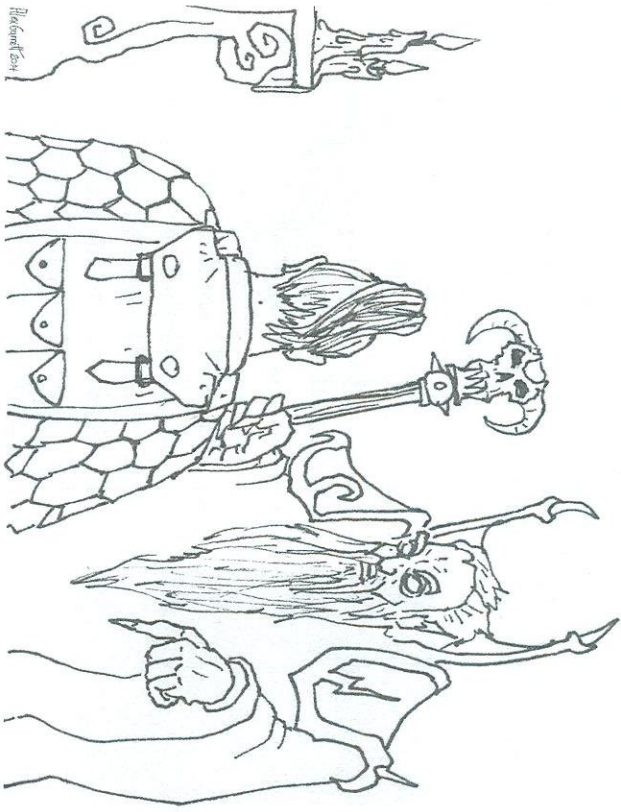
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Trollhammer

Introduction

This is a beginning solo adventure for Tunnels and Trolls. It is written for a Warrior character who has a specific mission—retrieve the missing Trollstone Crown and return it to the Evil Overlord.



The character Taam is provided to get things started. Players may use any other low level warrior of their choice in place of this character if they wish.

NAME: Taam the Trollslayer
Class: Warrior
Level: 1
Gender: Male
Kindred: Human
Height: 6'3"
Weight: 228 lbs
Hair: Black
STR 15
CON 16
DEX 13
SPD 12
INT 10
WIZ 10
LK 15
CHR 13
Combat Adds: 3
Missile Adds:
WT Poss.:
Equipment:
Weapon: Magic Trollhammer (5D6) *This weapon always does its damage (just the dice, not the combat adds) against any nonhuman foe regardless of whether the wielder wins the combat or not.
Weapon: Katar Dagger (2D6+4)
Armor: full set of scale mail (takes 8 hits normally & may be doubled because Taam is a warrior).
Languages: Common
Equipment:
Food & water, 20 feet of light rope, flint & steel, 1 fist-sized sunstone, 2 healing potions repairing 6 points of CON each, backpack.
Money: None
Spells: None
Magic: None.

Abbreviations in this adventure:

L1SR on LK = Level 1 saving roll on Luck (and likewise whenever you see this format and an attribute abbreviation. DARO = Doubles add and roll over.
a.p. = adventure points
3D6 = three six-sided dice, and so forth

The Monster Rating System of Combat:

Your foes will all have monster ratings--a number that tells you both how much damage they can do in combat, and how much damage they can take before dying. Their combat dice equals the monster rating divided by 10 and rounded up--thus a 24 gets 3D6. This number of dice does not change during the fight, as it represents the creature's weapon or weapons effectiveness. The monster also gets combat adds equal to 1/2 its current monster rating. Thus, a goblin with a monster rating of 24 would start with 3D6 + 12 adds for its combat total on the first round. If it took damage and the monster rating/constitution were reduced to 15 for the second round, it would then get 3D6 + 8 combat adds (round up whenever you get a fraction). It logically follows that if you meet a creature (like an ogre) that fights with a weapon (like a club) that has a monster rating of 50 (6D6 + 25) that the club is a 6D6 weapon, and it might remain as loot for the victor should the ogre lose the fight.

Spite Damage:

Fighting is dangerous. It is always possible to get hurt when engaged in combat; even if the foe is significantly weaker (you might hurt yourself trying to hurt it). Whenever a 6 is thrown on a die it represents 1 point of damage that got through to the opponent no matter what the combat totals were. Example: you roll 5D6 and add 10 for something that looks like this: 6, 5, 3, 1, 1. Your total is 26 with 1 point of spite damage. Your foe (a cave bug) has a monster rating of 12. It rolls 6, 6 and has a combat total of 18 with 2 points of spite damage. You would do 8 points of damage to it, one of those is spite damage, but that is included in the greater total, bringing it down to a monster of 4--it will die next turn if you hit it again. It does 2 points of damage to you because it rolled 2 sixes. That damage gets through even if you are wearing plate armor. You can figure out your own rationalization, but spite damage always gets through **in spite of** everything.

Healing after Combat:

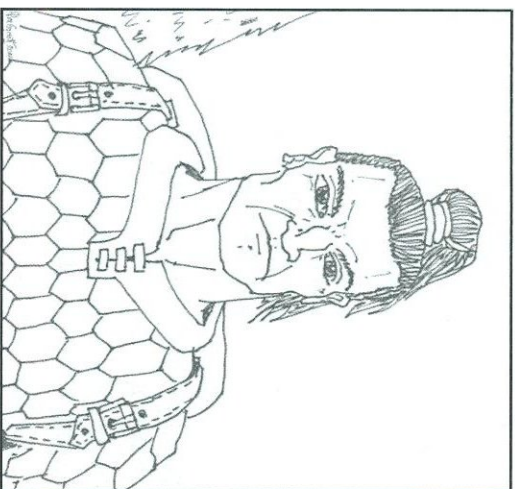
After a player has survived combat with any other beings in this adventure, the player may stop long enough to bandage wounds and apply first aid to himself. First aid will recover 1D6/2 points of CON, but may only be done once after each occasion of damage. If a person has a healing potion, it may also be taken at this time, the whole thing for the whole effect.

Introduction:

You have been called to an interview with your Evil Overlord. He tells you that his Trollstone Crown has been stolen (actually he mislaid it on a dungeon delving expedition last week and just now remembered, but he doesn't tell you that since he is getting absent-minded in his old age, and doesn't want anybody to know. He isn't fooling anybody, but his sorcery is still powerful enough that no one wants to offend him.), and he wants you to get it back. Scrying shows that the crown is currently in the possession of a rock troll in the nearby Caverns of Purple Fungus (so-called because many unusual forms of fungi grow there including many purple mushrooms and toadstools). You have been chosen for the job because you once killed a troll (it was a small one), and you own the fabled trollhammer. Your reward will be 1000 gold pieces if you succeed, and anything you can win in the dungeon.

The entrances to the Caverns are not far from the Evil Overlord's castle. His butler takes you out through a small gate, and points to two caves visible in a mountainside on the far side of a small lake. He indicates a rowboat that you can use to cross the lake, and tells you that you may have to deal with the goblins. Lying in the bottom of the boat is a harpoon. Go to <1>.

<1> You are standing on a path leading around the edge of a small lake. Behind you is a castle wall with a door in it. That door is closed and locked now. Beside you is a rowboat with a



harpoon in it. Ahead of you is a path that follows the lakeshore. It is early afternoon of a beautiful warm spring day. On the other side of the lake are a lot of goblins. Most of them seem to be fishing, but some are obviously standing guard.

If you wish to get in the boat and row across the lake Go to <6>; if you want to take the harpoon from the boat and walk around the lake, Go to <7>; if you just want to walk around the lake and approach the goblins, Go to <8>.

<2> You get into a conversation with a group of goblins. Several of them speak Common, although with a mushy accent that makes them a little difficult to understand. You explain that you are on a mission for the Evil Overlord to enter the Caverns and retrieve the Trollstone crown. They tell you that would be very dangerous without a guide, and mention that they could send a squad of goblins with you for a slight fee. When you ask what they want, they first say gold, but since you don't have any, they admit they would be willing to get paid in fish. If you have a boatful of fish that you would be willing to give them, Go to <15>. If you have only a few fish in the boat, take note of how many you have to offer, and Go to <17>. If you have no fish to offer, but would be willing

to stay and help them catch some, Go to <18>. If you thank them for the offer, but say you can handle it on your own if they'll just get you started, Go to <19>. No matter what happens, you may take 20 a.p. for your peaceful parley with the goblins.

<3> You have started a fight with some goblins. This might not have been a very smart move on your part. There are about 40 goblins in the area, and at least 20 of them are willing to fight. Individually, they are not very tough, but you won't be fighting them one at a time. Each goblin has a monster rating of 12 (that's 2D6 + 6) in combat, and you will be fighting 1D6 + 1 of them every combat round. Every 6 rolled by a goblin is a point of spite damage that gets through your armor whether you win the combat round or not. Every 16 points of damage that you do is another goblin slain and another 16 a.p.

If you manage to slay 20 goblins (or more), they will run away in terror, leaving you free to enter either the left entrance at <5> or the right entrance at <4>. If you find yourself losing the fight, wounded, and ready to make a rapid retreat, you may either enter the caves at <4>, or run off down the path at <9>.

<4> You move into the cave. You notice the remnants of old campfires, and quite a bit of dirt, ashes, and other debris on the floor. In the back of the cave the passage narrows, darkens, and begins to slant downwards. At this time you may stop and bandage your wounds, recovering 1D6 - 1 CON points by doing so. You may also cash in adventure points to raise an attribute by 1 point if you have enough to do so.

If you decide to exit the cave, you may do so by going to <10>. If you decide to work your way deeper into the caverns, you can take out your sunstone to provide a little bit of light, and with weapon in hand, Go to <11>.

<5> Leaving a trail of dead goblins behind you, you enter the Caverns. When you get inside you notice the walls are lined with a kind of slimy purple lichen, and blue and purple mushrooms grow in the litter next to the cavern walls. Wherever you go inside these caverns you are likely to see purplish toadstools and mushrooms sprouting in the darker corners.

The tunnel descends steeply for a short distance and then branches to the left and right. Off to the left you see firelight and hear mushy goblin voices. You figure that is where the goblins live. If you wish to go that way, Go to <25>; off to the right is a darker tunnel that continues to slant downward but not so strongly; to go that way, Go to <38>.

<6> As you row across the lake, you notice that there are thousands of fish schooling near the surface--you have never seen a lake so full of fish. It would probably be very easy to use the harpoon and catch some of them. If you would like to spear some fish from inside the boat, Go to <14>; if you ignore the fish and just row over to the area where the goblins are, Go to <12>.

<7> You now have a fishing harpoon. It is basically a fishing spear worth 3D6 in combat. Carrying that in one hand you continue to walk around the lake. Go to <8>.

<8> It takes about 30 minutes to walk around the lake. The goblins see you coming, and the guards watch you warily while the others continue with their fishing activities. There are at least 40 goblins in the vicinity. Sometimes goblins are hostile; sometimes they aren't. These appear to be peacefully engaged in catching fish, and not having too much luck in the shallow waters. If you wish to ignore them and just walk over to the cave entrances, Go to <30>; if you wish to approach and talk to the nearest group of goblins, Go to <31>; if the only good goblin is a dead goblin and you wish to attack them, Go to <32>.



<9> You failed to retrieve the Trollstone crown; you failed to even enter the Caverns of Purple Fungus; and the Evil Overlord probably isn't going to be very happy with you. Make a L2SR on INT. If you make it, Go to <20>; if you fail it, Go to <21>.

<10> You walk back out of the cave. Because you haven't succeeded in your task, you might want to think a bit before returning to the castle. Make a L2SR on INT. If you make it, Go to <20>; if you fail it, Go to <21>.

<11> After you have followed the descending path for a short distance, it levels out and soon branches into two trails, one leading to the left and the other to the right at approximately right angles to each other. The one going to the right seems to be the more natural path, and you think you can see a dim glimmer of light from somewhere far ahead. The one going to the left appears to have either been dug through the stone, or at least widened and improved. There is quite a bit of broken rock on the floor, and a close examination of the walls in the light of your sunstone shows pocks and scratches where tools have shattered and dug out stone. This does not look like the meticulous work of dwarves, and you have never heard of goblin miners, so this implies the existence of something else in these tunnels. Continue reading to <13>.

<12> You row into the area where the goblins are, ready for anything, but they give you a little room, and you easily come to shore and disembark. If you would like to talk to the goblins, Go to <2>. If you decide to go to the left entrance, Go to <35>; if you'd rather try the right-hand way, Go to <36>. If you think you might as well start killing goblins before they start killing you, Go to <3>.

<13> You have three choices. If you go left, Go to <61>; if you go right, Go to <39>; if you turn around and go back, Go to <10>.

<14> You kneel in the center of the boat with harpoon in hand, waiting for a fish to come close enough for you to spear it. When you think the moment has come you plunge the harpoon down into the water--make a L1SR on DEX, or if you have a Talent for Fishing you may use that. Go to <22> for the result.

<15> The goblins check and find at least 20 fresh fish in your boat along with a good harpoon. When you say they can have them all, but you might want to keep the boat, they get very happy, and a squad immediately starts taking the fish into the left-hand entrance. They say they can lead you as far as the ogre's room, but they can't go deeper into the caverns than that. One goblin seems older than the rest. She has seven different fishbone necklaces hanging around her scrawny wrinkled neck and down on her withered dugs. Go to <24>.

<16> The troll can't believe you are winning the fight. He tears off the crown and throws it at you. You must think and react quickly in this situation. Make a L1SR on SPD, and then Go to <65> for the results.

<17>The goblins take the less than ten fish you have for them and look a bit disappointed. Still, they agree to get you started on your quest into the Caverns. The matriarch of the tribe



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assigns four goblins to go with you, and names them Esh, Ish, Osh, and Ush. The smallest is Ush, and he is the one that explains things to you as you enter the caves. Ush leads you in through the left hand entrance. After the entrance, the passage quickly slopes steeply downward. A steady stream of goblins goes in and out. When the passageway flattens out and bifurcates he takes to the right, and down a long twisting trail.

After a few minutes he stops and says, "You must go on by yourself from here. Any path that you take going forward from here will lead you to the great fungus forest where the troll lives. Any path that you take going back will lead to the rooms where my tribe dwells," he explains. "You have been friendly to us, for a skwunk (goblin term covering other beings that walk on two legs but are not goblins), but not so friendly that we would invite you into our homes. From here you are on your own." He stops speaking to see if you understand. When you nod, he continues. "I warn you that the way forward is dangerous." You knew the job would not be easy when you took it. Ush and his friends turn around and trot back the way they came. You now have a choice to make. If you wish to continue forward, Go to <26>. If you prudently decide go turn back, you can turn around and walk back out of the caverns arriving at <10>.

<18> You spend an hour helping the goblins catch fish. If you have the harpoon you are much more effective than you would be without it. Gain either, 100 adventure points if you don't have the harpoon or 200 if you do. At this point you may also stop and spend adventure points to raise an attribute by 1 point if you wish. If you do not already have a Fishing talent, you gain one at a rate of DEX + 1. If you do have a Fishing talent, you may add 1 point to it (thus Fishing = DEX + 4 would become Fishing = DEX + 5).



The goblins agree that you have done enough to pay for their guidance as deep into the Caverns as they dare to travel. They bring you to the matriarch of the tribe, a withered hag that may be 20 or 30 years old, ancient for a goblin. Go to <24>.

<19> The goblins look at you as if you were an idiot. One of them, a young warrior named Osh takes you to the right hand entrance to the caves. "You can get where you want to go from this doorway," he tells you, "but be very careful. The tunnels are dangerous."

"What about the other entrance?" you ask.

"Oh, that just leads to the caves where we live," Osh answers with a bit of a goblin grin. "You wouldn't want to go there, and we wouldn't want you to go there. No, a person like you is much better off entering through this doorway."

The four guards at the cave mouth stand aside and beckon for you to enter. Go to <4>.

<20> The more you think about it, the more certain you are that the Evil Warlord will not react favorably to a failure report from you. It would be much better for him to think that you had died in the Caverns trying to carry out his commands. They say that the harbor city of Khavia is nice at this time of year, and that the Xhenxen elves can provide rapid transit for people who wish to go west quickly and quietly. Yes, you will wait until dark, and then get out of the country as quickly as possible. This is a very sensible decision. Take 50 a.p. and close the book--this adventure has fizzled out and is over. END.

<21> Standing humbly in front of the Evil Overlord, you stare at the floor, and wait for your master to speak.

"YOU FAILED ME!" The thunder voice is never a good sign.

"I did the best I could," you whimper. "I just never found the troll, so I couldn't get the crown back from him."

"GRRRAWWWRRRRRR!"

"Please don't kill me."

"GRRROWWER ROWGHRRA GGRRARFFF!" The snarling noises don't bode well for your future, but at least the Evil Overlord hasn't ordered your death yet. There may be a chance that you will survive." Make a L3SR on either Luck or Charisma, whichever you think will give you a better chance, and then turn to <63> to see what happens.

<22> If you make the saving roll, you successfully spear a fish and bring it on board. If you fail the saving roll, you missed. If you attempt the saving roll and have a catastrophic failure by rolling a 1, 2 on 2D6 you fall out of the boat. The water is deep and your armor is too heavy to swim in. The warhammer strapped to your back is enough to take you to the bottom of the lake. Glub, very unfortunate ending for this adventure.

You may continue spearing fish for up to 10 tries if you don't fall out of the boat. When you succeed, you notice that the nearest goblins seem excited and they wave at you. Make a L1SR on INT. If you succeed, Go to <29>; if you fail, you think nothing of the obviously excited goblins.

When you have tired of catching fish, you continue rowing across the lake. In a few more minutes you reach the shallows on the other side. There are at least 50 goblins in the vicinity. Sometimes goblins are hostile; sometimes they aren't. These appear to be peacefully engaged in catching fish, and not having too much luck in the shallow waters. If you wish to ignore them and just walk over to the cave entrances, Go to <30>; if you wish to approach and talk to the nearest group

of goblins, Go to <31>; if the only good goblin is a dead goblin and you wish to attack them, Go to <32>.

<23> This is a difficult jump and you are wearing armor and carrying a heavy trollhammer. If you'd like to throw your magical weapon across the pit first, make a L2SR on STR. If you decide to just jump across and carry the hammer with you, then make a L3SR on STR. If you are not carrying the trollhammer, then you can jump across by simply making another L2SR on STR. If you fail the hammer throw, it will fall into the pit, which is apparently wet at the bottom because you hear a mighty splash and water flies up and hits you. Any sane person, having lost his best weapon, would turn back at this point. If you wish to turn back, you may do so by **Going to <10>** (and ignore any further reference to the trollhammer--you don't have it any more). If you continue and make the jump successfully, **Go to <41>**.

<24> She delegates four goblins to go with you and be your guide. She calls them Esh, Ish, Osh, Ush, and you would have a hard time telling them apart.

Esh and Ish walk on either side of you. Osh and Ush come slightly behind. Esh is the one delegated to do the talking. They take you in through the left hand entrance. The passageway soon slopes downward. You pull out your sunstone to get a little light. After a few minutes of walking, the passage branches to the right, and Esh guides you in that direction. When you ask what is in the other direction, Esh tells you that the goblins have their homes down that passage.

You continue down a relatively long and only slightly winding passage until another tunnel intersects. Passages lead off to both left and right, but you continue straight through. At the next intersection, you turn left, and pass two more passages before turning right again.

Esh warns you that a difficult part is coming. "Ahead of us lies a small chasm. It marks the point beyond which we are not permitted to go. Some of us have crossed it anyway--it is one of our tests of adulthood; we must be able to jump across and back. Ush, show him how it is done!"

The smallest of the four goblins comes forward, kicks himself into a run, and with a squeaky yell hurtles himself through the air. The light from the sunstone is weak and does not penetrate as far as Ush jumped, but he yells back "I made it!" A short time goes by, then Ush yells again, "I think I hear something in the tunnel beyond. I'm coming back now. I don't want to meet the troll by myself." You hear the patter of flapping feet and Ush come flying back into view. He lands on hands and knees with a good two feet to spare. Go to <26>.

<25> When they see you coming toward their home cave, the last of the goblin warriors surge forward to protect their home cave. There are 20 of them. If you turn and run, Go to <27>; if you fight them all, Go to <28>.

<26> You move up and find the edge of the chasm. The sunstone does not give enough light for you to actually see the other side, but it can't be too far away if a goblin can jump it.

If you have the courage to jump blindly into the unknown, Go to <23>. You have brought a rope, and you think about climbing down into the chasm, but then how would you get back up the other side? No, that won't work. If you decide to turn around and give up this foolish quest, you will be able to make your way back to the entrance and Go to <10>.

<27> The goblins let you go. You quickly reach the intersection. If you turn left and go deeper into the caves, Go to <38>; if you turn right and leave the caves, Go to <10>.

<28> The tunnel is fairly narrow, and the goblins can't all reach you at the same time. On each combat round, you must fight 1D6 + 1 of them. Each goblin has a monster rating of 16 (2D6 + 8) in combat. For each 16 points of damage you do, you will slay one goblin. If you slay all 20 of them, Go to <34>. If they slay you, close the book.

<29> It occurs to you that goblins like fish, and that they are all probably out trying to catch some to get some food. You might be able to buy some good will by offering your fish to them. With that thought in mind, you continue fishing until you have caught 20 fish. For all this work you gain 200 a.p.

When you have tired of catching fish, you continue rowing across the lake. In a few more minutes you reach the shallows on the other side. There are at least 50 goblins in the vicinity. Sometimes goblins are hostile; sometimes they aren't. These appear to be peacefully engaged in catching fish, and not having too much luck in the shallow waters. If you wish to ignore them and just walk over to the cave entrances, Go to <30>; if you wish to approach and talk to the nearest group of goblins, Go to <31>; if the only good goblin is a dead goblin and you wish to attack them, Go to <32>.

<30> The goblins around you are about half your size. Their skins are greenish-yellow, and they have big flat webbed feet, more like a duck than a human. They are armed with crude stone-headed spear and knives made of chipped flint. They are hairless and their skins seem slightly scaly. There are four of them guarding each of the cave entrances. If you go to the entrance on the left, Go to <35>; if you go to the entrance on the right, Go to <36>.

<31>The goblins watch warily as you approach. If you have weapon in hand, and look menacing, Go to <3>; If you approach with empty hands and shout greetings to them, then Go to <2>.

<32>Bellowing a war cry that you hope will strike terror into their little goblin hearts, you charge in and attack. Go to <3>.

<33>It is one thing to follow a path back to its beginning when you have a guide, and quite another to manage it on your own in the dark when it twists and turns and there were side passages you may not have noticed. Make a L2SR on INT. If you make it, you are able to retrace your path and get back out of the caverns without difficulty and Go to <9> (you can ignore that part about not getting into the Caverns—you did get into them, just not very far into them); if you fail, then you took a wrong turn. Roll 1D6--odd Go to <38>, even Go to <39>.

<34>By the time you reach the goblin village, a miserable collection of fire pits and reed mats with the occasional blanket or stone rack, all of the goblin women and children have evacuated through small exit holes in the back wall. You decide not to crawl into any of them and follow. If you wish to search the place, make a L2SR on LK. If you make it you find 4D6 worth of copper pieces, 2D6 worth of silver pieces, and quite a lot of smelly fish. You take the money and head back out the way you came in, soon reaching an intersection. You quickly reach the intersection. If you turn left and go deeper into the caves, Go to <38>; if you turn right and leave the caves, Go to <10>.

<35>The goblins call upon you to halt and explain why you are trying to enter their caves. If you stop and talk to them, Go to <2>. If you just grab your hammer and rush at them, Go to <3>.

<36>The goblins see you coming with a determined look on your face. They scatter off to the side and offer no opposition to your entering the cave. If you just go right in, Go to <4>. If you decide to attack them and kill some goblins before entering, Go to <3>.

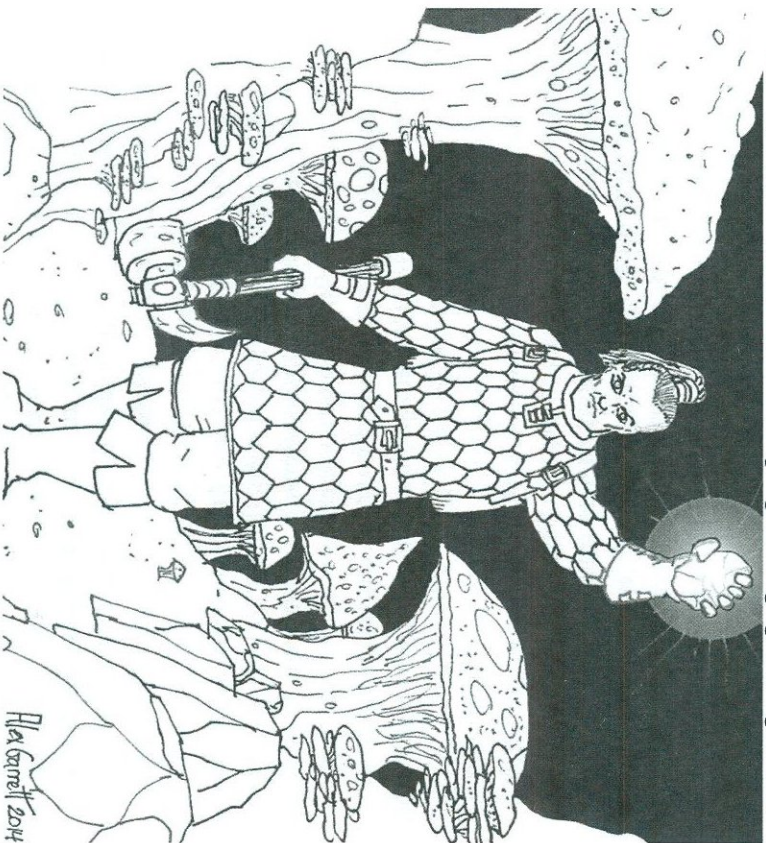
<37>The passage is fairly straight and descends at a slight angle. As you walk, the glimmer of light ahead of you gradually gets brighter and then the floor changes. Ahead of you is some sort of chasm. Crudely hewn planks form a narrow footbridge across the 10 foot wide gap. If you simply kept your balance you could walk across the plank bridge to the other side. The gap is only 10 feet wide. You could probably jump across. Or, you could turn back. If you trust the plank bridge, Go to <43>; if you attempt to leap across the gap, Go to <50>; if you turn back Go to <13> where you will reorient yourself to be facing back toward this passage before making a decision.

<38>As you walk, you notice some signs painted high on the cave walls and ceiling with red paint. They look like arrows and circles. As you watch the cave markings you don't pay much attention to the floor which suddenly drops out from beneath you. You are falling into a pit. Make a L1SR on DEX. If you make it, Go to <45>; if you fail, Go to <46>.

<39>The tunnel you are in continues to descend at about a 45 degree angle, and moisture beads on the side walls and drips from the ceiling. The floor underfoot gets very slippery. Make a L1SR on DEX to avoid slipping and falling. If you make the saving roll, Go to <48>; if you miss it, Go to <46>.

<40>You carefully retrace your steps. You reach the pit and don't fall into it, lowering yourself carefully down, and pulling yourself back up on the other side. Go to <10>.

<41> On the other side of the pit you find the troll's bridge--a cobbled together section of old pieces of metal, some that were once swords and spears, that is a good ten feet long and weighs over 500 pounds lying in the tunnel. When the troll wants to leave he simply moves the bridge into place--he is strong enough. When he wants privacy, he pulls the bridge back. If you have your trollhammer, or even if you don't, you continue forward until you reach the troll's home cave. It is quite large--a grotto with a big pool of dark water in the center, and a veritable forest of purple fungi growing out of



the squeelching morass that covers the floor. Somewhere in this necrotic jungle is the troll you are seeking.

There is no sign of the troll. If you wish to call out to him and see if he will come to you, Go to <42>; if you wish to search and try to come upon him unawares, Go to <43>.

<42> "HEY, TROLL!" you bellow, "COME ON OUT! THE EVIL OVERLORD WANTS HIS TROLLSTONE CROWN BACK!" Make a L2SR on LK. If you make it, Go to <50>; if you fail, Go to <51>.

<43> You spend some time searching through the purple mushroom forest. Make a L3SR on LK. If you make it, Go to <52>; if you fail, Go to <57>.

<44> "YOU NOT MAKE THAT DEAL!" howls the troll, "THEN I TAKE THE HAMMER AND KEEP THEM BOTH! HAMMER MAKE GOOD WEAPON FOR A TROLL LIKE ME!" Go to <53>.

<45> As you start to fall, you twist to one side and grope for the edge. Luck is with you, and you catch it, breaking your fall. Take 1 point of CON damage for a bad scrape on your left hand. You pull yourself to safety. Now that you know the pit is here, you can get past it. If you wish to pass the pit and continue in the same direction, Go to <26>; if you want to turn back you will find your way out of the caverns and Go to <10>.

<46> You fall about five feet and bang your head against the stone wall when you hit. It does 1D6 + 1 CON damage, and armor doesn't help you a bit. If that didn't kill you, then you will be able to climb out and continue your journey. If you wish to continue forward in the direction you were going, then Go to <26>; if you wish to turn back and retrace your stops, Go to <10>.

<47> The Glikk is an underground predator that most nearly resembles an armored centipede. It is one of the stony life forms that survives on Trollworld. This one is about waist-high on you and has 6 armored segments, each segment has two chitinous legs, one on either side, each leg ending in a triple claw of what looks like obsidian.

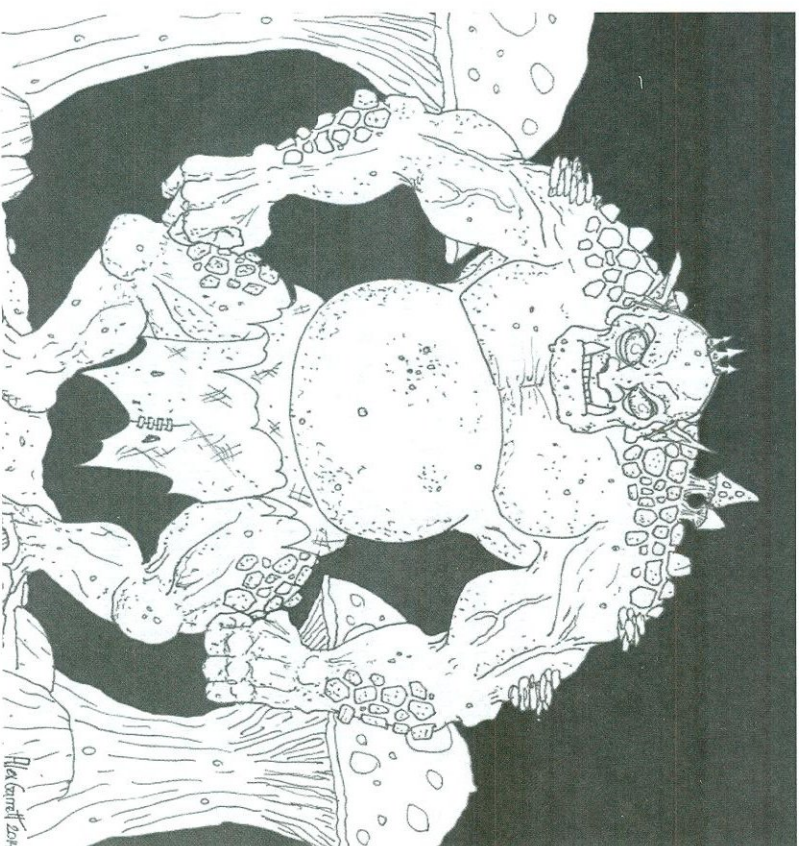
The final segment has a prehensile sting something like a scorpion's. The head segment contains two large yellow multi-faceted eyes, two long, hard, and extremely sharp mandibles emerging from a toothless maw, and a fringe of brittle whiskers emanating in a star-like pattern around the mouth and eyes. It has a monster rating of 72 (8D6 + 36), and the stony purple skin (purple because most of its food comes from the mushrooms and they are mostly purple). You must fight to the finish--having lost the element of surprise, you will not be able to run away. That would just give it free attacks on you. If it kills you, close the book, if you slay it, you may take 72 a.p., along with a short period to bandage your wounds and recuperate (rest long enough for your STR to return to its normal value), and then continue on to <52>.

<48> You avoid falling, and the tunnel levels out. A minute later you come to a large cave, dimly lit by a bonfire in the center. The smoke from the fire rises straight up and out of the room through a hole in the ceiling. Inside the cave is a large, ugly, light green ogre. It is studying a large leather bound book. There is a large stone pot on the floor and some huge feathers lying near it--from the ink stains, they must be makeshift pens. When you enter the cave, the ogre looks up and growls, "What do you want?" in Common. This is obviously not the monster you are looking for. If you wish to apologize and turn around, Go to <54>. If you want to try and explain your quest for the Trollstone Crown, Go to <49>. If you think your best bet is to simply attack and kill the ogre, Go to <55>.

<49> You start trying to explain why you have barged into the Ogre's cave. Make a LISR on CHR. If you fail, the ogre gets impatient and attacks you--Go to <55>. If you succeed, you are able to explain that the Evil Overlord has sent you to retrieve the Trollstone Crown. The ogre tells you to go back out, turn right, and then turn right again to reach the troll's cave. He suggests you might want to try bribing him.

And then he tells you to get out of his cave. If you leave peacefully, Go to <54>. If you decide that now that the ogre has told you what you need to know, you may as well kill it, Go to <55>.

<50> Suddenly a huge indigo mushroom in front of you disintegrates and out of the cloud of purple haze steps a massive rock troll, at least 9 feet tall, and muscled like a Titan. On his head is a metal tiara and centered over his forehead is a gleaming black gem as big as a duck's egg. You can't help jumping back a bit and reaching for your trollhammer, if you still have it, when he appears.



"GRRARRR! This crown is mine now!" The troll glowers menacingly at you.

If you decide to simply attack him and take the crown, Go to <53>; if you want to try and talk him out of it, Go to <62>.

<51>The troll comes out, but it comes out fighting. You barely have time to jump aside and swing your hammer before a mighty rocky fist pulps the great mushroom just behind where you were standing. There will be no talking now, just combat. Go to <53>.

<52>You begin to hear a rumbling sound, and as you get closer, you realize that it is snoring. Rounding a huge purple mushroom near the central pool, you come upon the mighty troll, but it is asleep. Lying next to the troll is a metal tiara and set into the steel is a huge black gem--that has to be the Trollstone crown. You might be able to simply pick up the crown and run away with it.

If you want to try and steal the crown and run for it, Go to <58>. Or, you might get in one free attack if you want to try and slay the troll before taking the crown. If you want to do that, then do your combat damage and subtract it from 120. The difference will be the wounded troll's monster rating when you wake him up this way. Then Go to <53> for the rest of the battle.

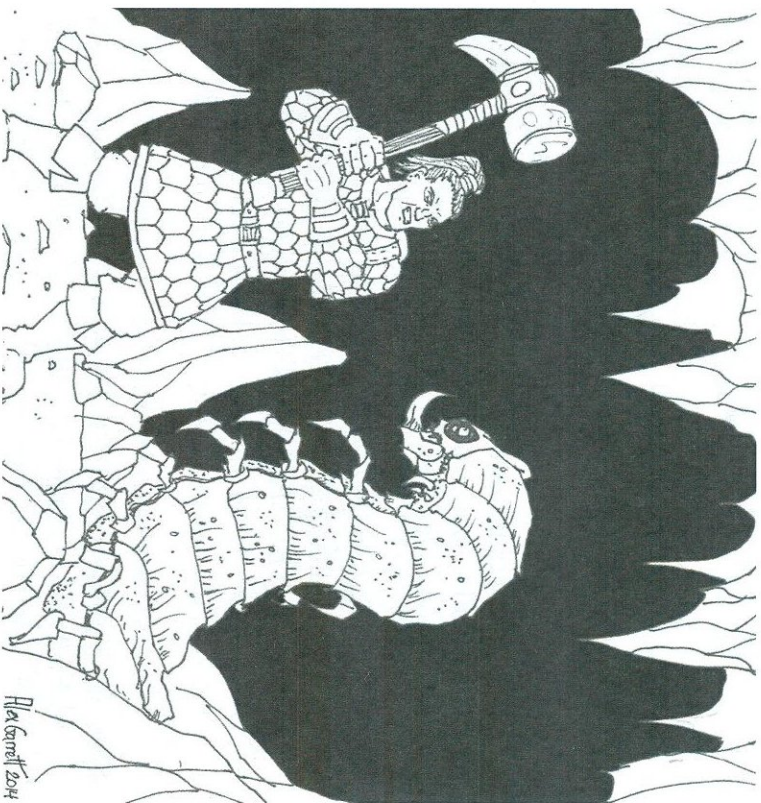
<53>The troll has a monster rating of 90 (10D6 + 45). If you are using the magical trollhammer he will not regenerate during combat--if you are using any other weapon, he recovers 9 points of CON after each combat round. Fight to the finish. If it looks like you are winning, Go to <60>; if not, close the book.

<54>Climbing up that wet and slippery slope is even harder than coming down it. There isn't much to hold onto to help you get up the slope. Make your L2SR on DEX. If you make it, you reach the next intersection--Go to <13>. If you fail, you fall down and injure yourself. Roll 1D6 for CON damage. Then get up and try again, but with DEX 1 point lower than it was the previous time. Continue until you either: die trying to climb back out, or make the saving roll. If your CON falls to 3 or less, you will pass out. If the ogre is still alive, it will come out of its cave, see that you are dying, and finish you off. If the ogre is not alive, you will be found and eaten by a hungry Gakk. Either way, you either walk up out of here, or die in these caves.

<55>The ogre sees you are going to attack and snatches up a mighty club lying nearby. It has a monster rating of 60 (7D6 + 30). If you do more damage to the ogre than it does to you on any combat round, Go to <64>. If it does more damage than you, then keep fighting until it slays you, then close the book.

<56>Make a L1SR on SPD. If you make it, your rapid reaction enabled you to dodge the Glikk's rush and run off rapidly through the forest. You get away--Go to <52>. If you failed the saving roll, you were not fast enough, the Glikk managed to nick you with a mandible--cutting right through your armor as if it were only paper. Take 1D6 of Glikk poison damage to CON immediately and then reduce your STR rating by 1 point for each of the next X combat rounds where X equals the amount of damage you just took from the bite. Then Go to <47> and fight the Glikk.

<57>As you make your way around a large mauve mushroom, you suddenly come face to face (although it's not much of a face--two huge yellow multi-faceted eyes and two nasty gray



mandibles) with a medium-sized Glikk. It makes an excited burbling noise and rushes toward you. If you wish to stay and fight, unlimber your trollhammer (or other weapon) and Go to <47>. If you decide to run for it, Go to <56>.

<58>Just as you touch the crown, the troll opens his eyes and looks right at you. A savage grin splits his rocky countenance. "THIEF!" he roars, "NOW YOU DIE!" All you can do is try and defend yourself. Go to <53>.

<59>You are in a cave with a dead ogre, and you are probably hurt, perhaps seriously hurt. The first thing you will want to do is bandage your own wounds, and if you have a healing potion (heals 1D6 + 3 points of CON), you might want to take it. After that, you will search the cave. Make a LISR on LK. If you succeed, you will find the Ogre's small stash of money--you find one gold piece for each number above the minimum you needed for the saving roll. Example: You have a LK of 15. You needed a 5 to make the saving roll, and you rolled a 7. You found 2 gold pieces.

In addition there is a large book full of strange ogre writings, and a metal-studded club worth 9D6 in combat; however you would need a STR of at least 30 to wield it. The book and the club are worthless to you right now, but if you survive the adventure, you can come back and get them at a later time. You may rest and recover 1D6 of CON, but eventually, you will have to leave the same way you came in. Go to <54>.

<60>Some time later you manage to get back out of the caverns and bring the Trollstone Crown to your Evil Overlord. He rewards you with 1000 gold pieces, and let's you live, for which you should be grateful. The End.

<61>Halfway down the tunnel to the next intersection, you run into a multi-legged, furry-faced, poison-fanged.. They tend to hang on the ceiling of dark tunnels and drop on victims that pass below them. They avoid people carrying torches, but you don't have one, and so are taken by surprise. Make a L2LK saving roll. If you make it, the Gakk misses its drop and you only have to fight it. If you miss the saving roll, it hit you with a flailing limb on the way down and does as many points of damage to your CON as you missed the roll by.

Then it's a fight to the finish. The Gakk has a monster rating of 44 (5D6 + 22) and will fight to the finish. If it scores any spite damage on you (it rolls a 6 on its combat dice), it poisons you. The poison is slow paralysis. For each combat turn you fight while poisoned, reduce your DEX by 1D6 - 1 points. If your DEX falls below 8, you will not be able to use your weapon. If it falls below 3 you will not be able to fight, and the Gakk will win. If you slay the Gakk, take 44 a.p. and either continue ahead to <38> or go back to <13>. If you have come to this paragraph more than once, there is one more Gakk to fight than there was last time.

<62> "Listen, troll, I don't want to fight and hurt or kill you with my mighty trollhammer," you say in your most confident voice. "Let's make a deal. Perhaps I can give you something in exchange for the Crown." You swing your trollhammer around and it gleams awesomely and makes a whistling noise. The troll is clearly impressed. He takes the tiara off his head. "DEAL!" he rumbles. "I GIVE YOU THE CROWN FOR THE HAMMER." If you take the deal, then make the trade and Go to <60>. If you don't agree to that, then Go to <44>.

<63>Regardless of whether you made the saving roll or not, a wave of flame bursts from the sorcerer's fingers and incinerates you. All that survives is the magical trollhammer, which will be awarded to some other minion in the future. Your master isn't called the Evil Overlord without reason. END.

<64>The ogre looks around desperately, doesn't see any way out, and then drops his club and falls on his knees, putting his hands up to cover his head and neck. "Don't kill me!" he howls, "and I'll make it worth your while!" If you stop your attack and spare the ogre, Go to <66>; if you take advantage of his helplessness to finish him off, Go to <59>.

<65>If you made the SPD saving roll, then you dodged the thrown crown and were not taken by surprise when the troll turned and ran away. Seizing your opportunity, you snatch up the crown and sprint back out of the troll's fungus forest. The great rock troll does not follow you. Go to <60>.

If you missed the saving roll, the hurled crown hits you right smack in the face and knocks you out. When this happens the trolls jumps on you--that alone breaks several bones, takes your trollhammer, and uses it to pound you to death. Trolls can be very savage in combat. If you're dead, it looks like the Evil Overlord will have to send someone else to retrieve his Trollstone Crown. Close the book.

<66>In exchange for his life the ogre gives you a magical armband of ogre strength. It is too large for your arm, but if you put it on your thigh, you can make it fit. Wearing this enchanted silver ornament has the effect of doubling your strength and halving your charisma (This is important because it should give you many more combat adds). While you wear it, you smell like an ogre, and the ogre warns you that if you wear it for too long, you will turn into an ogre yourself, but that you should be safe in wearing it for a day or two, and that it might help you when you meet the troll. He answers as many of your questions as he can, and gives you a potion that heals all your wounds and increases your CON by 3 points.

But you have a mission to perform. When you are ready to go on, you leave the ogre's cave and continue to <54>.

Running Trollhammer as a GM Adventure

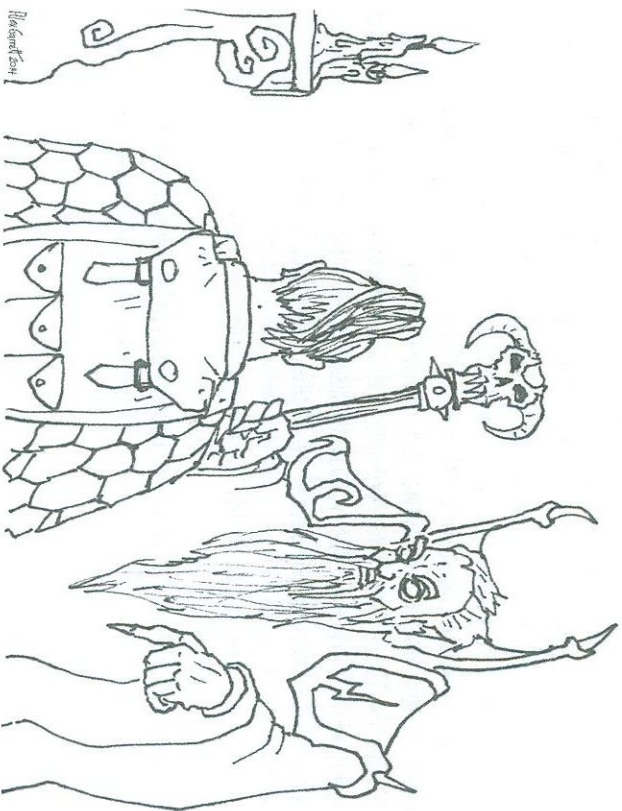
Trollhammer is a very simple adventure and may easily be played face to face with one person taking the part of the Game Master, and the other players being the adventurers sent on the mission to recover the Trollstone Crown. Since this is a beginning adventure, no more than four players should be allowed, but of course, the GM can allow as many as he wishes.

The adventure would set it self up in scenes.

Preparation: The GM should help new players get a character ready to play. This is really an adventure for humans, but there is no reason why dwarves, elves, hobbs or even uruks could not play—all of those kindreds could be minions of the Evil Overlord. Allow the players to have any weapon or armor from the rulebook that they have the STR and DEX to use. Have them each roll 3D6 twice, once to give them a few gold pieces and let them feel like they have money, and once to give them a few adventure points--none of them are brand new beginning characters, even if it is the first time a person has played T & T. Even the Evil Overlord would not send a complete noob on such a mission. Allow one player to take the trollhammer described in Taam's character, or allow that player to use Taam.

Scene 1: The Evil Overlord's Throne Room

Start the adventure by having the players receive their orders directly from the Evil Overlord. He is an ancient sorcerer who has seen better days, but is still immensely powerful--his biggest flaw being absent-mindedness. Having mislaid his Trollstone Crown which allows him to mentally dominate any troll he meets, he assigns the adventurers to go and fetch it for him. He will explain that it is somewhere in the Caverns of Purple Fungus. As GM you may spend about 15 minutes answering the players questions. If you don't know the answers from having read the solo, feel free to make things up; for example, names for goblins, ogre, troll, etc. Get the players moving as quickly as you can.



Scene 2: Goblins and Lake

The players must cross or walk around a small lake to reach the caverns. Allow them to find one or two rowboats with fish harpoons in them. The lake is teeming with fish. If they take boats across the lake, and are wearing armor, you might give them an opportunity to fall in and drown themselves. Let them fish if they wish to. Be sure they see that the tribe of goblins on the other side of the lake is fishing and attempting to get some food.

Players may attempt to be either friendly or hostile to the goblins. (The goblins are subjects of the Evil Overlord, but nothing has to be said about this if they don't figure it out.) If they talk to the goblins and help them with their fishing, the goblins will lead them into the caves and take them to the Jump that leads to the troll's area. If they don't help the goblins get some food, then the goblins will mislead them and send them to the ogre's cavern instead of the troll's forest. If they simply see the goblins as monsters in their way, then there will be a huge fight. The goblins are not very strong, but there are a lot of them (monster ratings of 12 each). In a fight there are enough goblins to face each party member with 1D6 goblins for 3 combat rounds. After 3 combat rounds the goblins will break off the struggle and run away to defend their caverns whether they are winning or losing. The goblins have nothing worth taking--even their weapons are simply sharpened sticks and stone knives only worth 2D6 in combat.

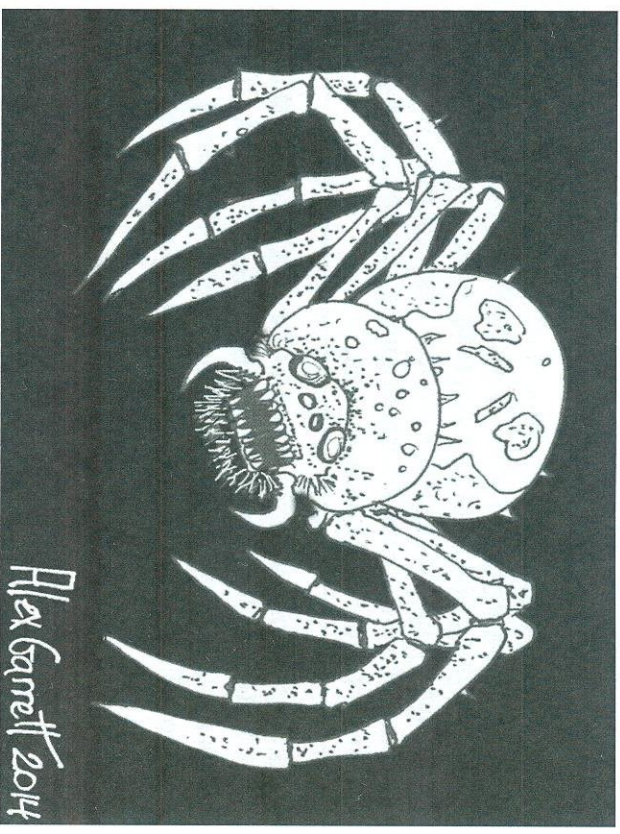
Scene 3: The Caverns

There are two entrances to the Caverns of Purple Fungus set not more than a few yards from each other. As players face the hillside, the entrance on the left leads first to the underground goblin village, and then to the troll's forest. The entrance to the right leads first to the ogre's cave, and then to the troll's forest. (See map)

The caverns are lightless once you get past the entrance.

Characters will either need some way of making light (torches, lanterns, caverns, spells, sunstones) or grope their way in total darkness. There are a couple of light sources inside the caves--the goblin village and the ogre's cave are lighted.

As GM you may make the tunnels as long or short as you wish. Make them dangerous. Have the rock covered with lichen and moss. Let there be dirt and debris on the floors. Have various purple mushrooms and toadstools growing throughout. The mushrooms are delicious and a food source; the toadstools are poisonous--1D6 of CON damage for each bite taken. There are pit traps, deadfalls, and slides on practically every tunnel. These can be avoided or mastered by making simple level one saving rolls on Luck, Speed, Dexterity, Intelligence or any applicable Talents the players may have chosen (Survival, Cave Lore, etc.) if the players are moving cautiously. If they are moving quickly and recklessly, move those saving rolls up to level two.



There are predators that may be encountered inside the caverns.

Gakks and Cave Spiders are the most dangerous things in these caves. Cave spiders are about the size of wolves, have monster ratings of 30, and appear in groups of Party number plus 1D6. (Example: 3 party members meet cave spiders because one of them failed a luck saving roll. The GM rolls a D6 and gets a 3. That means the party runs into 6 cave spiders--or two apiece.)

Cave spiders and Gakks are somewhat similar. Spiders have 8 legs and are arachnids; Gakks only have 4 legs and are mammals. Gakks are larger and less numerous and eat mostly spiders. Both creatures have the ability to walk on the walls and the ceilings of the caverns, and both like to drop down and attack from above. Goblins occasionally domesticate spiders and keep them as pets and guard animals; Gakks eat goblins whenever they can.

Cave spiders attack in groups. Gakks are solitary and only one will attack at a time. Since only one Gakk will attack at a time, it needs to be bigger and fiercer than spiders. Give the Gakk a monster rating of 30 times the number of characters in the party. (Thus a party of 3 would meet a Gakk with a monster rating of 90) An attacking Gakk will always achieve surprise. Have the players make Luck saving rolls, and let whoever does worst be the victim of a Gakk attack without giving him any defense other than armor for the first combat round.

Gakks are venomous: to see how Gakk's attack look at paragraph <61>. A Gakk will always achieve surprise on its attack. If the players run into cave spiders and finish them off handily, it could be fun to follow that fight immediately with a Gakk attack.

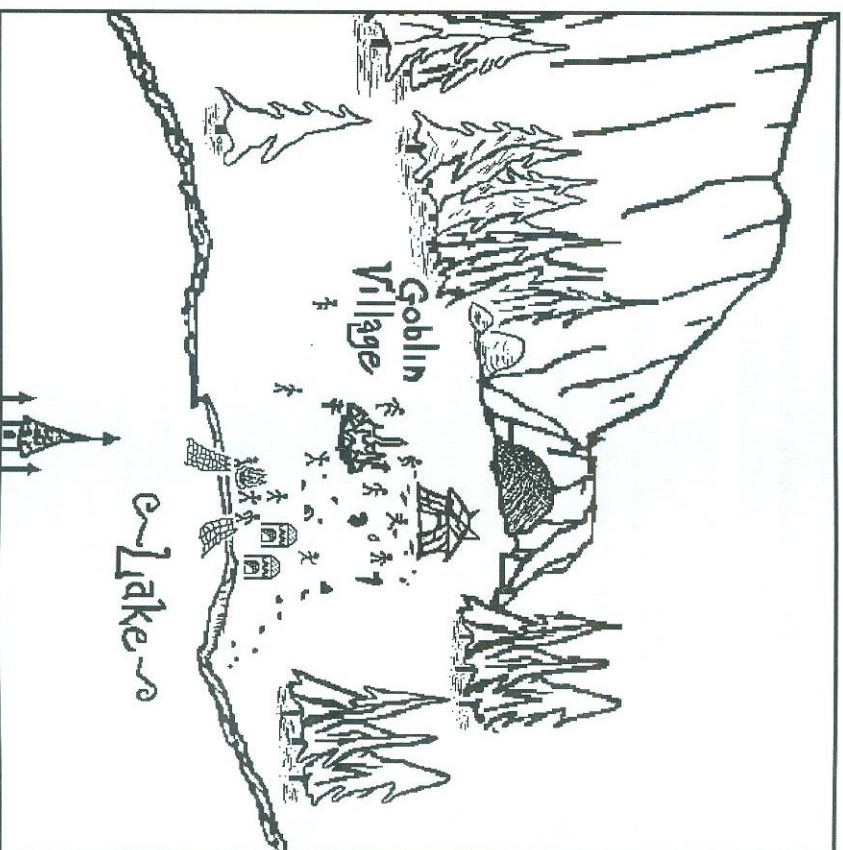
Generally, you only want to do a tunnel attack once during the adventure.

Before the adventurers can reach the troll's fungoid forest, they must find across the Jump. See paragraph <23>.

Scene 4: The Goblin Village:

The goblin village is inside a side cave not far from the left entrance to the Caverns. Friendly players will not be invited to go there, but very skillful players might talk their way in.

Unfriendly players will be attacked desperately if they attempt to enter the goblin village. For a description of the goblin village see paragraph <34>.



Scene 5: The Ogre's Cave

The ogre in these caves is not your average dumb brute. He is something of a minor wizard and scholar and his name is Bucky. If he had a character class, it would probably be rogue, as he certainly never had any chance to learn spells from the Wizards Guild, but he has some minor magical abilities he has picked up over the centuries. Bucky considers himself to be a loyal minion of the Evil Overlord. There is considerable opportunity for Roleplaying with Bucky. Mostly, he just wants to be left alone, but he is perfectly willing to take advantage of any adventurer who wanders into his cave. Bucky will be looking out for himself as best he can.

If hostilities happen, and Bucky thinks he might lose (i.e. is taking serious damage) then he will try to bargain his way out of it. To see what Bucky has to offer, look at paragraph <66>. The ogre armband and the healing potions are skillfully hidden and won't ordinarily be found unless players search really hard and make a L3SR on Luck.

Scene 6: The Troll's Fungus Forest

Part of my (Ken St. Andre) personal mythos is that Trollworld is a place where there are many great fungoid forests thriving in the many caverns of the world. These are places full of mushrooms, toadstools, lichens, and slimes of many different sorts. They are usually bioluminescent—that is, the fungus glows with a very dim light of its own. Such places would normally be as dark as a starlit night, very dim, but not totally lightless.

The rock troll of our adventure lives in such a place. He does not have a name, though you may call him Yorrzhett if you want to name him. He should have a monster rating of 60 times the number of players in the party. He regenerates 1/10 of that monster rating each combat turn. He is not totally stupid, or totally hostile. Players could bargain with him. He likes bone and chitin as food delicacies that he seldom gets. He might trade the Crown for the body of a Gakk or several spiders. He would definitely trade for the trollhammer. Being not totally stupid, if he gets in a fight and he seems to be losing, he will try to run away—see paragraphs <16> and <65>.

The purple fungus forest can be treated as a very large place. You may assume there are other tunnels connecting to the forest that allow the troll access to deeper and more dangerous caverns. Feel free to develop such places for yourself.

The fungus forest has its own dangers in addition to the troll. One such danger is disease and infection from the fungi within it. All characters should make a L1SR on CON after spending a turn or two inside it. If they fail, they have caught a fungal infection that will cost them 1 CON point per 10 minutes of game time. After losing half their CON in this manner, their skins will start showing fungal growths and they will also lose 1 CHR point per 10 minutes.

These are permanent losses and represent disfigurement at the very least. Note: Trollworld dwarves are immune to these fungal effects. The infection can be cured but not reversed with a Too-Bad Toxin spell, and healers like the goblin leader or the Evil Overlord have cures for it.

Another danger is the centipede-like Glikk. The Glikk is an armored, segmented worm with mandibles, very sharp claws, and a scorpion-like sting on its tail segment. Roll 2D6 (DARO), this determines the number of segments the Glikk has—how large it is. Each segment is worth 20 points in monster rating. Glikks are simply hungry monsters--no intelligence, no fear, just appetite.

Scene 7: Wrapping it All Up

Once the players have exited the caverns, you need to bring the adventure to a speedy close. If they go back to the Evil Overlord without bringing the Trollstone Crown, terrible things will happen to them. See paragraph <63>. If they do bring the crown back, you might have the happy, but evil wizard, bestow some kind of beneficial curse on them--for example, a spell that would convert 1D6 of INT to LK. He could pay them off in gold pieces and then let it be fairy gold that will turn into lead the moment it comes out of the enchanted pouch that contains it when the Overlord hands it out. Have fun with this. The Overlord is happy to reward his loyal minions, but he is evil and twisted, so anything he gives them will have some sort of catch to it.

The End.

TEXICON module wrap-up

We worked closely with Flying Buffalo, Ken St. Andre, and Alex Garrett to produce this module. We are proud to have been able to bring you this limited edition solitaire module as part of our support of the gaming community.

We have always enjoyed Tunnels & Trolls and have been playing it since the mid 80s. The reason we wanted to bring this module to life was that we believe Tunnels and Trolls is the perfect vehicle for teaching non-gamers how to Roleplay because it is: fun, fast paced, and engages your creativity. It is the only system that you can play solo. It has even been used as a means to write stories of your own.

We hoped you enjoyed this module and will continue adventuring in the world of Troll World. For more information on Tunnels & Trolls and all the great products they produce please visit Flying Buffalo's website:

<http://www.flyingbuffalo.com/tandl.htm>.

From all of us at Texicon we wish you great gaming and exciting adventures!

- Karl & Kevin Pajak "Da Twins"

