

# Chivalry and Sorcery™



Adventure

## Curse of the Casket

By Stephen Turner









# The Scriptorium

## The Curse of the Casket

*A Marakush Adventure  
by Stephen A Turner*



*Chivalry  
and Sorcery™*



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We would like to thank all of our Patreons who with their support are allowing us to create additional material for C&S beyond our planned product listing. This adventure was first provided to Patreons in April 2020.

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## Writer's foreword

Curse of the Casket first saw the light of day in the

## About the Author

Stephen came to role playing games from wargaming, having played in WW2, Napoleonic and Ancients periods. His introduction came in the autumn of 1979 with the first AD&D rule books. Over the years he has experienced a large amount of systems, encountering C&S in 1982. Cutting his teeth on writing with tournament scenarios for the RPGA, he was responsible for the Ravenloft tournament at Euro Gencon 1993 and the RPGA members only tournament at Euro Gencon 1994 as well as scenarios at his own convention Dudley Bug ball. He was a RPGA Regional Director from 1994 to 1997 when he resigned after founding Britannia Game Designs Ltd. Since then his writing has been focused on **Chivalry & Sorcery** being a Lead Designer of 4th edition with E E Simbalist and creator of the Dragon Reaches of Marakush (which originated in 1982/1983).



ANDREIAN DESIGNS



## BACKGROUND AND PLOTLINE

Many years ago, Alden Valk and his priestly brother Metar Valk, were members of a party of adventurers. They were unfortunate enough to find themselves lost in part of the Shadow World ruled over by the Unseelie Court. They were attacked by minions of the Unseelie Court including undead creatures, and although they defeated them, one of their comrades was killed.

Calling upon the power of his deity, Metar sought through the power of faith to resurrect his fallen friend – but his deity was unable to breach the power of the Unseelie Court and his ardent prayers fell on stony ground. Metar was thus forced to consecrate some land and they laid the body to rest, hopefully, peacefully, before departing.

The party then continued its search for an escape from the Shadow World. Unbeknown to them, their dead comrade had undergone a fearsome alteration and become a Lord of the Risen Dead, consumed with hatred for his former comrades. He rose and followed their trail, gathering an army of zombies about him, and fell upon his old companions one moonless night.

Everyone fought bravely against the hordes of undead except Alden Valk, who fled the battlefield in fear and hid until the quiet returned. These actions amused the Lords of the Unseelie Court and they cursed the coward who, when he returned to the site of the battle, found all his friends slaughtered amidst a tangle of zombie remains. With great grief Alden cremated the bodies of his friends and collected his brother's ashes. He then wandered the land, gradually discovering the curse that had been laid upon him. An old seeress told his fortune, and revealed that he had been cursed for forsaking his brother and his friends. The curse would remain until Alden had defeated the Lord of the Risen Dead and laid his brother's ashes to rest in the family crypt.

Since Alden is cursed to remain in the Shadow World, he cannot complete the terms of the curse himself, to lay his brother's ashes to rest in the family crypt, but must hire others to do it for him. The Lords of the Unseelie Court allow Alden to leave them for one week each year, in order to hire adventurers willing to undertake his task. As yet, no one has succeeded.

### Plot Synopsis

- 1 The PCs are hired by Alden to take the casket to the family crypt
- 2 Encounter with Blacksmith (searching for his friends – see 3)
- 3 Blood drained bodies are found in the forest (Striges).
- 4 Encounter with wandering warrior (Fighting Order Knight)
- 5 Encounter with abandoned barge on riverbank
- 6 Casket stolen by Wererat at family crypt
- 7 Chasing the Wererat, the mists rise up and consume the PCs
- 8 Encounter with the Priests of Para Lor
- 9 Flight into the Zigani camp
- 10 Campfire stories – the Tale of the Curse revealed
- 11 The Temple of the Sun
- 12 Journey to the Lonely Keep
- 13 Lonely Keep – domain of the Lord of the Risen Dead
- 14 Escape from the Shadow Realm
- 15 The Family Crypt of the Family Valk – completion of the adventure.



## Introduction

Read or paraphrase the following:

*You arrived in the town of Militas only a few hours ago, almost penniless and ravenously hungry. Militas is a major religious centre, with a huge cathedral at its heart and a great fortress, Caer Militas, south of the river Mil. This fortress houses over 100 Fighting Order Knights as well as many Priests, all members of one of the three fighting orders – unsurprisingly, there is very little dissent of any kind in Militas itself, with Caer Militas brooding just across the river. All the people you have seen wear tartans of many colours and designs, each indicating a particular clan affiliation. Clearly, in this town it is best to be a member of some organisation – clan or religious order. In your cases, the best you can hope for is to find work quickly and get out of here.*

*Fortunately for your purses, a number of crudely printed posters advertising work for those brave enough to try – you, of course, were of that number, and your party hastened to the Shooting Star Tavern, hoping that along the way someone might decide to offer you a drink and some food.*

*The posters attracted more attention than you would have expected, and you found yourselves queuing up behind surly peasants and boasting labourers, all hoping to change their lives from one dull routine to one of riches and excitement. Unfortunately for them, you were the ones selected, and after an interminable wait you found yourselves ushered into the presence of a tall stranger, entirely garbed in black.*

*This man now stands before you, taller than everyone. His skin is pale, framed by raven hair; even his eyes stare darkly at you. He wears leather armour, long boots and a velvet cloak, all dyed black. With barely a sigh of noise he glides over to your party, extending a cool hand to be shaken.*

*“Thank you for answering my call,” he says. His voice is pleasantly quiet, yet oddly compelling. “The task I have for you is, in truth, a simple one. I require only that you take the remains of my dear, departed brother to our family mausoleum, some days from here, at the foot of the Great Stag Barrow. You will, of course be handsomely rewarded once the task is completed.”*

If the PC's accept Alden's offer he will hand them a mahogany casket, 8" by 6" by 4", ornately carved and inlaid with silver wire runes. It is sealed with red wax. He will also produce six vials of holy water, one for each of the PC's, and a dozen holy wafers, smiling grimly as he does so.

If the PCs ask, Alden will tell them that he will pay 3 gold dragons to each of the PCs for completing the task. The Great Stag Barrow is an ancient burial place (any character with Local or Regional Geography will know of it with a successful skill check) may have heard of it, sign-posted by an enormous stag carved into the chalk hillside.

It resides just north of the river Terarn which is north of the Jars Forest to the west of Militas.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*The stranger nods as you accept his offer, and hands you a casket, edged in silver and sealed with red, sanctified wax. It is ornately carved sides depict religious scenes with which you are familiar. He also proffers six crystal vials, one for each of you, containing a clear liquid, as well as a pouch containing a dozen pieces of crisp, unleavened bread.*

*“These items may be of some small use to you,” he says with a grim smile. “I also wish to stress that my brother's ashes **MUST** be laid to rest by the next full moon, which is due thirteen nights from today. If you have no further questions I shall take my leave, for I have pressing business matters which require my attention elsewhere. I wish you good fortune, and hope that the Gods will smile upon you. I will be here, with your reward, when you return.”*



Alden is willing to tell the PCs that the journey to the family crypt will take three days on foot, and that he has no means to provide them with horses.

It is clear that the stranger expects the party to set off at first light the next morning, and by the time the PCs finish their interview it is mid-afternoon. They therefore have the rest of the day to prepare themselves however they wish, and to get some food down their gullets (with what little money they have).

If the PCs think to check, they will find out in the evening that the moon is just newly past its dark, with only a slim sliver showing through the clouds.

## The Blacksmith (Optional Encounter)

Read or paraphrase the following:

*As you approach the edge of the woods, barely an hour out of Militas, you are hailed apparently by a lone stranger. It is a man, dressed in a dull grey tunic and hose; a large, well-worn leather apron hangs half loosened from his shoulders. He seems tired and somewhat worried as he approaches you, tugging nervously at his beard.*

*"Good morning, gentlefolk," he says, his voice rough with the local country accent. "Perhaps you can help me."*

The man is Halden, a blacksmith from the small, nearby village of Aldanor. He is searching for his brother, who failed to return last night after going into the woods with a group of other charcoalers. Halden himself had hired them to fetch him some charcoal.

The charcoalers' normal procedure is to find dead wood at the edge of the forest (since the forest is notoriously dangerous), but as Halden is in the middle of a big job and the last week or so has been rainy, they decided to try their luck within the forest itself. Since they reckoned that their number (a total of five) was sufficient enough to protect them. Halden now blames himself for the disappearance of his brother, and will ask the PCs if they have any news. If they tell him they are about to travel through the woods themselves,

Halden will ask them if they would mind keeping an eye out for his brother. Halden, despite being a big man, is a bit wary of venturing in to the woods himself, especially as he is in the middle of a big job for the local clan chief, but he is willing to pay up to 20 silver penangs for any information the PCs might give him, not that they have any.

Halden			
Height	68"	BAP	13
Weight	172 lbs	BOD	46
		FAT	34
		DT	5
BMR	0	SPRINT	8
Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Spear	13 S	22%	62%
Knife	5 S	22%	72%
Maul	18C	40%	70%
Dodge	-	0%	40%
Stamina	-	0%	40%
Will	-	0%	40%
Blacksmithing		45%	85%
Armour - None			
Description:			
Weary with worry from looking for his brother but more than happy to offer his services to the characters if they will help him.			

Honour: 9 Each



## The Woods

Throughout their journey to the crypt the PCs will be shadowed by a pack of wolves. The wolves will stay out of sight but keep a close watch on the party's progress. Every now and again one of the PC's will catch a glimpse of grey fur, or hear some snarling, but the beasts are too cunning to allow anyone (especially the ranger) to approach.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*You have been trudging through damp undergrowth all day, brushing away brambles that tug at your skin and clothes and wishing the stranger had been benevolent enough to provide you with mounts. The sun's light only barely penetrates the trees above, becoming dimmer and dimmer as the afternoon wanes into evening.*

*As the trees begin to thin and you spot what must be a clearing ahead, you reckon it is about time to stop for the night. Unfortunately the clearing is not empty; you can barely make out five human sized lumps, hidden in the undergrowth. In the middle of the clearing a pile of earth seems to smoke slightly.*

If the PCs enter the clearing to investigate they discover that the lumps are in fact human corpses. The bodies are unnaturally pale and thin, and an INT AR will reveal that they have been entirely drained of blood. If the bodies are examined further, the PCs will discover puncture marks on each of the bodies. There is no blood at all anywhere in the clearing and because of this it is difficult to tell how long the humans have been dead.

The clearing also contains what is left of the human's camp: some blankets and a pile of earth covering a pile of wood, which still smoulders. An INT AR will determine that this is the method used to char wood into charcoal. It is presumable what the men were doing before they died.

As the last sunlight leaves the clearing the PCs are attacked by some Striges, regardless of whether they remain or depart the clearing. The eight Striges automatically surprise any PCs that fail an Alertness Sight or Sound check.

### Striges (8)

<b>Height</b>	18"	<b>BAP</b>	18
<b>Weight</b>	13 lbs	<b>BOD</b>	20
<b>Length</b>	36" wingspan	<b>FAT</b>	20
		<b>DT</b>	20(f)
<b>BMR</b>	10	<b>SPRINT</b>	40(f)

<b>Relevant Skills</b>	<b>Dmg</b>	<b>PSF%</b>	<b>TSC%</b>
M Beak	4S	18%	58%
M Claws	6S	28%	68%
Dodge	-	15%	55%
Stamina	-	9%	46%
Will	-	6%	6%

**Armour** - Dense Plumage ( 1 / 2 / 1 / 1 / 2 )

#### Description:

The Striges appear as a large headed bird with piercing amber eyes, a falcon like beak with grey white wings and wicked hooked claws. It hangs upside down in caves like a bat and feeds primarily on blood. They often prey on infants using it's claws to disembowel them before dining on it's victims blood.

#### Special Ability

If a successful attack draws blood (BOD damage) they will drain blood at 1 BOD / Turn which also heals their FAT on a 1:1 basis

If more than half of the Striges are killed, the rest return to the colony – the party can follow them easily, despite the encroaching darkness, to an old, hollow oak tree.

In the bottom of the oak tree is the colony's treasure, which consists of 350 copper hadaru, 425 silver penangs, 36 Silver shelans, two 15ct moonstones , and a jar of Fingals Cream (cf Magick Items 1)

Honour: 14 Each



Early the next morning, the PCs break out of the woods. Read or paraphrase the following;

*It is with great relief that, half way through the morning, you leave the woods behind. As your eyes adjust to the cloudy sunlight you see a glint far ahead which must be the River Terarn. The ground rolls gently away from the forest towards the river, before rising again into a series of hills. It is in these hills, beyond the river that you hope to find the crypt you are seeking.*

*As you prepare once more to lift your leaden feet a gentle rain begins to fall. You can tell almost immediately that this is the worst sort of rain for travelling: soft, persistent, cold and instantly soaking.*

It takes the PCs the rest of the day to reach the river. At this point they will catch sight of the wolves who are now pacing a course parallel to the party's but about half a mile away.

## The Warrior

While the PCs are crossing the plain to the river, they will be approached. Read or paraphrase the following:

*After only a few hours of trekking across the plain towards the river, the sky has darkened to slate grey, and the rain has become heavier. Your boots slush and slide in the mud and the straps of your packs and armour chafe irritatingly on your damp skin. Your bones and joints already mistreated last night, complain unremittingly at the cold.*

*It is with little interest, at first, that a sudden flash of lightening reveals a lone figure approaching, mounted on a dazzling white horse which has to be the only clean sight left in this storm. The man dismounts as you draw nearer and you notice that his homespun cloak covers a suit of gleaming maille covered by a black surcoat.*

*Raising his gauntleted hands to show that he intends you no harm the warrior calls out, "Hail and well met, fellow travellers. How fair you on this hellish day?"*

The warrior is called Paralorn and is in fact a Holy Knight who has dedicated his life to exterminating vampires.

### Paralorn

(6th Level Human Male Knight in Holy Orders)

<b>STR</b>	16 (79%)	<b>INT</b>	12 (66%)	<b>APP</b>	8 (50%)
<b>CON</b>	15 (76%)	<b>WIS</b>	13 (70%)	<b>BV</b>	10 (58%)
<b>DEX</b>	12 (66%)	<b>DISC</b>	11 (62%)	<b>SPR</b>	16 (79%)
<b>AGL</b>	14 (73%)	<b>FER</b>	14 (73%)	<b>CHA</b>	10 (58%)

<b>Height</b>	5' 10"	<b>BAP</b>	14
<b>Weight</b>	184 lbs	<b>BOD</b>	44
		<b>FAT</b>	31
<b>BIF</b>	36	<b>DT</b>	5'
<b>BMR</b>	0%	<b>SPRINT</b>	8'

<b>Knight Skills</b>	<b>Lvl</b>	<b>PSF%</b>	<b>TSC%</b>
Animal Riding	7	45%	82%
Mounted Combat	7	45%	82%
Faith	5	33%	53%
Chirurgery	8	34%	64%
Pharmacology & Medicine	7	32%	62%

<b>Combat Skills</b>	<b>Dmg</b>	<b>PSF%</b>	<b>TSC%</b>
Knights Sword	17S	50%	80%
Lance	20P	42%	62%
Shield Play (H)		40%	70%
Brawling	3C	26%	66%
Dodge	0	16%	56%
Stamina	0	10%	50%
Will	0	10%	50%

**Armour** - Full maille and surcoat (13 / 14 / 11 / 13 / 11)

Maille Coif & Quilted Hood (12 / 13 / 11 / 14 / 12)

### Equipment

A suit of full mail with a black surcoat bearing the emblem of a Gold Bear, a knight Broadsword and a heavy shield and a purse that contains 2 Crowns

### Description:

Paralorn wears a homespun cloak to cover his surcoat and mail. His shield bearing the device of the Order of the Bear is also covered. This is to hide the fact that a Holy Knight is abroad on his own. Although brusque Paralorn is quite polite but is obsessed with finding his nemesis, a quest the church has approved. He has a number of potions with him that he may be willing to use on the characters if needed.



If the PCs approach the warrior (who has stopped about 20' away), they may notice a number of sharpened wooden stakes jutting out of the stallion's saddlebags. If the party do open a conversation with him, Paralorn will courteously introduce himself and explain his quest.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*"I seek information, which may aid me in my life long quest. I have heard rumours of a tall stranger dressed all in black, who has apparently been seen in these parts most recently.*

*He seems to fit the description of an old acquaintance, with whom I would dearly like to have a ... er ... conversation. His name, as it was when I last heard it is Alben Grinnall and he is being of the foulest nature, a drinker of blood from the very pits of hell itself. It has been far too long since we last ... talked, as you can see ..."*

*As he says this he pulls down the collar of his mail revealing two clear round scars on his neck. "A small memento of our last meeting", he says with a grin.*

If the PCs manage to convince him of their deserving natures he will provide what medicinal aid he can for those who may be injured. He has in his saddlebags 10 doses of Potions that add 6% bonus to healing time and 20 doses of cordials that add plus 8 fatigue when drunk. He will listen very carefully if the PCs tell him of the stranger who hired them, nodding every now and again as they describe him. If they mention their mission he will ask to see the casket and will examine for "impure auras".

The box, in fact, is consecrated and quite unevil in nature. Paralorn will be puzzled as to the vampire's motives for hiring the PCs but will shrug cheerfully and announce that he will be sure to "ask Alben when they next meet". He will then bid the party a very good day, mount his horse and ride off towards the forest and Militas.

In true melodramatic fashion the party reaches the riverbank just as the sun touches the tops of the trees in the forest behind them. The wolves have faded away.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*You finally reach the banks of the River Terarn just as the heavens really open up – thunder booms, lightening flashes and the river roars mournfully under the blue sky. It might as well be twilight already for all you can see. The far banks of the river are shrouded in pouring rain but a huge white shape looms out of the darkness on the other side.*

*It must be the stag on the hill you were told about – your goal at last! Just ahead on this side of the river, you can see what seems to be an old, flat bottomed barge stranded high on a sandy shelf. Hopefully it is not too old, since the river is over 100' across and the barge seems to offer your only transport to the other side.*

## The Barge

If and when the PCs climb aboard, read or paraphrase the following:

*Despite its age the barge still seems sturdy, for it does not creak or groan as you board. The whole area goes quiet as the sun slowly sets settling in for the night. In what remains of the twilight you can see a canvas tarpaulin, still taught, presumably in place to cover the opening to the cargo hold. Aside from this there seems to be only one entrance into the bowels of the ship.*

If they enter the barge itself, read or paraphrase the following:

*You carefully enter what was once the living quarters aboard this vessel, which are now empty and silent as the grave. Your feet crunch on broken glass just inside the door. A closer look reveals that the shards were once silvered, perhaps the remains of a broken mirror. The only thing now occupying these quarters is a large wooden crate, about 8' long, 3' wide and 2' high. The lid of the crate seems to be slightly ajar.*



The lid is easy enough to remove. Inside the crate is a layer of moist earth about 12" deep. The PCs will probably believe the crate belongs to a vampire which it may well have done, although there is no undead occupant here now. The underside of the Barge roof is "home" to a Giant Hunting Spider which has used the warm soil to make a nest for its young (still as eggs). The Spider will remain unseen unless the soil is disturbed or an opportunity arises to attack.

If the characters survive the Spider and brave the danger of vampires, they may use the barge to cross the river the next morning.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*As you row the old but sound barge across the river you notice that the morning mist is taking a long time to lift. In fact, it seems to be turning into a fully-fledged fog, rolling silently down from the hills into which you will shortly be travelling.*

It will take the characters the rest of that day to reach the Valk barrow. The fog keeps thickening all day, reducing visibility and movement.

### Spider, giant hunting:

The giant hunting spider hunts using sticky strands to catch their prey, these strands have a BCS of 40%, a PSF of 18, treat each strand as having 50 body which has 0 absorption against slashing and energy attacks and 5 absorption against all other types of attack, fire damage is tripled. If caught by the strand the target is at -25 PSF for all physical activities and prevent the target from retreating. T

### Giant Hunting Spider

<b>Height</b>	4'3"	<b>BAP</b>	12
<b>Weight</b>	125 lbs	<b>BOD</b>	44
		<b>FAT</b>	49
		<b>DT</b>	8
<b>BMR</b>	10	<b>SPRINT</b>	16

<b>Relevant Skills</b>	<b>Dmg</b>	<b>PSF%</b>	<b>TSC%</b>
Venomous Bite	7P	27%	67%
Dodge		20%	60%
Stamina		18%	28%
Will		27%	67%

**Armour** - Chitin Exoskeleton (5 / 5 / 5 / 5 / 6 )

#### Venom

When the spiders attack deals any amount of Body Points in damage the victim must make a Stamina check, this is at a penalty of 27 (the Spider bite PSF%) to the victims TSC%.

#### Success Crit:

**10** The character has a natural resistance to this spiders venom, he gains a +20 bonus to his stamina TSC% against this spiders venom.

**08 - 09** The character shrugs off the poison and carries on as normal with no ill effects

**04 - 08** The character feels sluggish and his vision becomes somewhat blurred he has a 4 AP penalty each round the effect last for an hour.

**01 - 03** The character has a mild effect from the venom, his limbs begin to shake uncontrollably and fine control is very difficult. He has a 4 AP penalty each round and takes a -27% penalty to any skills or actions that requires the use of DEX the effect last for an hour.

#### Failure Crit:

**01 - 03** The character has a mild effect from the venom, his limbs begin to shake uncontrollably and fine control is very difficult. He has an 8 AP penalty each round and takes a -54% penalty to any skills or actions that requires the use of DEX the effect last for an hour.

**04 - 09** The character is awake and aware and can speak, all be it slurred. He can blink and breath. All other actions have stopped, the effect last for an hour.

**10** The character is completely paralysed, all functions have stopped and he will perish from being unable to breath if he cannot overcome the toxin. Each round he must make a stamina check at -27 to his TSC% any success and his condition moves up to the next level. Failure and he suffers 7 Body Points of Damage. This routine continues until he dies or moves up to the next level crit die failure result 04 - 09



## The Crypt

As the PCs make their way across the hills they are spotted by a Wererat and its Giant Rat minions. This creature (called Slimy) is a servant of the Lord of the Risen Dead, who has been given the task of stealing the casket and bringing it to its master. Slimy will assume human form near the barrow in order to better use his thief abilities. He will avoid combat at all times unless cornered, and will flee (cackling, of course) as soon as he has the casket. His Giant Rats, he will cheerfully abandon so that they may delay any pursuit.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*It is with no surprise that you realise that the sun is setting, just as the shapes of the Valk family barrow loom out of the mist. From what little you can see the burial ground seems to consist of one large barrow, surrounded by many small, unadorned gravestones. The fog slithers unhealthily over the damp grass, clinging to your hair and clothes and curling silently around the foot of the stones.*

*You file carefully past the graves, peering ahead at the dark opening in the side of the barrow-mound.*

In order to properly dispose of the casket the PCs must enter the barrow. Priests might have to be reminded that a service of some sort would be in order once inside (although they should think of this themselves); most of the PCs should also be aware that it is not respectful to bring unsheathed weapons into a burial mound.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*The barrow is dry, dark but surprisingly warm inside, once you brave the gaping entrance-hole. A number of alcoves rest in the shadowy gloom, most filled with wood or stone boxes. Ahead of you lies a large marble block, its upper face carved with holy signs and symbols. A depression within these carvings seems to the right size for the casket*

The Giant Rats have been hiding in the alcoves, high enough and deep enough so that the PCs cannot see them without taking out some of the coffins. They will attack as soon as the burial ceremony is well under way, and should gain complete surprise. As soon as the party is busy engaging the Giant Rats, Slimy will crawl out of his hiding place behind the block and snatch the casket. Once he has the item in his possession he will attempt to flee, attracting as little attention as possible until he reaches the opening.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*The battle rages all around you, pale rat teeth snapping at anything that comes within their reach. Nonetheless, you all hear a hideous, high-pitched cackle from the opening of the barrow. A small man stands in the opening, back-lit by a sudden burst of lightening outside. One skinny arm clutching the precious casket to his chest, he raised the other to you in a contemptuous wave, smiles nastily, and turns to disappear into the fog outside. The rats continue to attack.*

### Giant Rats (24)

Height	7"	BAP	18
Weight	8 lbs	BOD	15
Length	18"	FAT	19
		DT	8'
BMR	10	SPRINT	15'
Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Lgt Bite	1S	12%	52%
Dodge	-	9%	49%
Stamina	-	0%	40%
Will	-	6%	46%

**Armour** - Hide ( 1 / 1 / 1 / 1 / 1 )

#### Description:

Larger than normal rats considerably they still enjoy the ability to attack as a pack. Add 2 to the PSF with bite for each Rat in the attacking pack, roll for each rat separately in the pack and add together all of the damage inflicted (including the Crit Die) before reducing by armour.

Although we suggest a total of 24 feel free to modify this number as you see fit.

Honour: 1 Each



### Slimy (Human Form)

(6th Level Human Cutpurse (Wererat))

**STR** 14 (58%) **INT** 15 (76%) **APP** 11 (62%)  
**CON** 16 (66%) **WIS** 14 (73%) **BV** 10 (76%)  
**DEX** 18 (66%) **DISC** 11 (79%) **SPR** 7 (82%)  
**AGL** 16 (62%) **FER** 13 (70%) **CHA** 13 (70%)

**Height** 5' 6" **BAP** 15  
**Weight** 150 lbs **BOD** 49  
**BIF** 13 **FAT** 30  
**DT** 5'  
**BMR** 15% **SPRINT** 8'

Thief Skills	Lvl	PSF%	TSC%
Picking Pockets	8	53%	93%
Stealth of Thives and Assgassins	7	45%	75%
Mugging	6	32%	62%
Skulk in Shadows	8	48%	78%
Backstabbing	6	45%	65%

Combat Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Knives	6P	54%	94%
Brawling	3C	24%	64%
Dodge	0	21%	61%
Stamina	0	18%	58%
Will	0	8%	48%

**Armour** - Linen Clothing (1 / 0 / 0 / 0 / 0)

#### Equipment

Linen jerkin and trews and leather boots and a knife.

#### Description:

A servant of the Lord of the Risen Dead he has no morals at all. His only reason in life is to serve and steal as much from others that he can.

Honour: 27

### Slimy (Wererat Form)

(6th Level Human Cutpurse (Wererat))

**STR** 14 (73%) **INT** 15 (76%) **APP** 11 (62%)  
**CON** 16 (76%) **WIS** 14 (73%) **BV** 10 (76%)  
**DEX** 18 (66%) **DISC** 11 (79%) **SPR** 7 (82%)  
**AGL** 18 (79%) **FER** 13 (70%) **CHA** 13 (70%)

**Height** 5' 1" **BAP** 16  
**Weight** 166 lbs **BOD** 49  
**BIF** n/a **FAT** 30  
**DT** 8'  
**BMR** 15% **SPRINT** 16'

Combat Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Light Bite	8S	26%	66%
Knives	6P	56%	96%
Light Claw	6S	26%	66%
Dodge	0	26%	66%
Stamina	0	36%	76%
Will	0	30%	70%

**Armour** - Hide Robes (2 / 2 / 1 / 1 / 1)

#### Description:

While in Were form Slimy can still perform any thievery acts but he now carries diseases. He regenerates 5 Body per round from normal damage, armour halved vs Bite, Nightvision and Heightened Senses as per Nightwalkers.

Honour: 33

### Slimy (Giant Rat Form)

**Height** 7" **BAP** 18  
**Weight** 8 lbs **BOD** 30  
**Length** 18" **FAT** 29  
**DT** 8'  
**BMR** 15% **SPRINT** 15'

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Lgt Bite	1S	12%	52%
Dodge	-	9%	49%
Stamina	-	0%	40%
Will	-	6%	46%

**Armour** - Hide (1 / 1 / 1 / 1 / 1)

Honour: 1



Slimy prefers the Were form above all others and so the stats are as given.

It is unlikely that the PCs will actually catch and kill Slimy, especially since the Giant Rats are guarding his escape and occupying the party. When the PCs are ready to pursue the Wererat, read or paraphrase the following:

*As the last rat flees or is killed you give chase to the thief, hoping that despite the rolling mists and his head start you may catch some glimpse of him. In fact, after only a few dozen feet you begin to make out the figure of a man running through the mists ahead, turning every now and again to giggle evilly at you. The mists thicken and grow colder, but you seem to be gaining on the man – or is it a man?*

*For as you watch, his body seems to writhe and slither into new forms, taking on the shape of a giant man-like rat. Icy tendrils of fog pluck cruelly at your cheeks and fingers as you run on, but in his new form the rat-man is far too swift for you. Soon you realise that even your companions have become lost to you, and that your cries are eliciting no response. Choking in fear you pass out ...*

As the party begins to regain consciousness, read or paraphrase the following:

*After a time of darkness you regain consciousness, and realise that the dank moorland and crypt have disappeared, to be replaced with altogether more welcome trees. Through gaps in the foliage you can make out rough, rolling hills broken by dour, moss-covered outcroppings of rock in the distance. A cold breeze rustles the leaves, seeping into your clothes and skin. The good news, however, is that you have been reunited with your companions.*

The PCs have arrived in the Shadow Realm in an area known as Salan Wells and are approximately one mile from the town of Brunwich. As they move away from the trees they can make out the lines of a town on the southern horizon, just beyond the shoulder of a hill.

As they walk towards the town (which presumably they will do) the PCs will see a number of ragged figures, tilling the bare land in an effort to make something grow in the inhospitable soil. They are dressed in faded rags and are painfully thin (the PCs, none too well-fed themselves, will seem positively fat in comparison). They stare silently at the party as they walk by, then return to their hopeless task.

If questioned the natives will ignore the PCs unless really forced into some sort of reaction, at which point they will ask (in a broken, heavily accented form of common) whether the PCs worship Para Lor.

A Theology check at this point will identify Para Lor as an evil God (actually a form of the Goddess Skilet) whose worship stopped over two centuries ago.

If the PCs say yes, the peasant may give them some basic information about Brunwich and the surrounding land. If they answer no, the peasant will look horrified, then cunning, and will run away towards the town screaming “*Blasphemer! Blasphemer!*” at the top of his or her lungs. The peasants’ roundabout will take up a screech. This will attract the attention of two nearby scouts, who are the vanguard of a patrol of guards still half a mile distant. The scouts will march over and attempt to arrest the party. Once the screeching begins it will take the patrol 6 rounds to reach the PCs.



## Scouts (2)

(3rd Level Human Retainer)

<b>STR</b>	15 (76%)	<b>INT</b>	12 (66%)	<b>APP</b>	08 (50%)
<b>CON</b>	12 (66%)	<b>WIS</b>	09 (54%)	<b>BV</b>	10 (58%)
<b>DEX</b>	14 (73%)	<b>DISC</b>	11 (62%)	<b>SPR</b>	03 (25%)
<b>AGL</b>	13 (70%)	<b>FER</b>	11 (62%)	<b>CHA</b>	09 (54%)

<b>Height</b>	5' 10"	<b>BAP</b>	12
<b>Weight</b>	172 lbs	<b>BOD</b>	28
		<b>FAT</b>	27

Core Skills	Lvl	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	0	0%	5%
Alertness-Sound	0	0%	5%
Stamina	0	4%	44%
Dodge	5	15%	55%
Will Power	0	0%	40%
Language(Own)	0	2%	62%

## Master Skills

Spear	4	35%	65%
Heavy Shield Play	4	12%	62%

**Armour** - Brigandine (10 / 11 / 8 / 9 / 7)  
 Lg Wooden Shield - (10 / 9 / 12 / 10 / 10)  
 Inf Spear 12P, Bash 10

While the PCs are handling the scouts the peasant will have been intercepted by the patrol, who is now hurrying over to slaughter the infidel. Read or paraphrase the following:

*As yet another fight winds down you look up at the sound of galloping hooves, only to discover a patrol literally feet away. It is composed of at least a score of horsemen, all cantering purposefully towards you and the corpses at your feet. You notice that the men you just killed and the horsemen wear the same armour and colours.*

The PCs may either run away or stand their ground. If they do the latter they are attacked by 20 Horsemen with spears, all dressed like the scouts the PCs have just slain.

## Horsemen (20)

(3rd Level Human Retainer)

<b>STR</b>	15 (76%)	<b>INT</b>	12 (66%)	<b>APP</b>	08 (50%)
<b>CON</b>	12 (66%)	<b>WIS</b>	09 (54%)	<b>BV</b>	10 (58%)
<b>DEX</b>	14 (73%)	<b>DISC</b>	11 (62%)	<b>SPR</b>	03 (25%)
<b>AGL</b>	13 (70%)	<b>FER</b>	11 (62%)	<b>CHA</b>	09 (54%)

<b>Height</b>	5' 10"	<b>BAP</b>	12
<b>Weight</b>	172 lbs	<b>BOD</b>	28
		<b>FAT</b>	27

Core Skills	Lvl	PSF%	TSC%
Alertness-Sight	0	0%	5%
Alertness-Sound	0	0%	5%
Stamina	0	4%	44%
Dodge	5	15%	55%
Will Power	0	0%	40%
Language(Own)	0	2%	62%

## Master Skills

Spear	4	35%	65%
Heavy Shield Play	4	12%	62%

**Armour** - Brigandine (10 / 11 / 8 / 9 / 7)  
 Lg Wooden Shield - (10 / 9 / 12 / 10 / 10)  
 Inf Spear 12P, Bash 10

These guys will not run away, and that will be the end of the party (if the party do and stay and fight and win, throw some more Horsemen at them at them). However, if the PCs do the clever thing and run away, they have a few breathless moments as they hare up the road and the Gamemaster just smiles grimly, reminding them of the riders getting closer and closer behind.



Read or paraphrase the following:

*All is not lost, however, for as you round a turning in the road you run straight into a group of brightly coloured, wooden wagons, each drawn by a big horse. Quite a few people are walking alongside the wagons; they have olive-coloured, tanned skin, dark hair, flashing eye and wear brightly coloured, loose-fitting garments. Almost all wear a number of silver armbands, anklets and other beady baubles as well as garish silk and cotton scarves.*

*None of you have ever seen their like before. You stumble to a panting halt right in front of the largest wagon, atop which sits a really old lady, wrapped in shawls. She glances back down the road, along which hoof-beats can already be heard, then looks piercingly at your little group. "step into my parlour," she says, "My people will protect you from the warriors."*

The PCs have encountered a group of Zigani who, having no love for organised soldiery of any kind, are willing to shelter the party. Only moments after the PC's enter the old lady's wagon the soldiers ride up, demanding if the Zigani have seen a group of fugitives. The Zigani decline to even answer, but since the Dark Powers seem to protect them somehow the soldiers do not insist (this may seem odd to the PC's).

In any case, the old lady (whose name is Jezaran) will offer the PCs a ride to the border, which they presumably need.

At this point the Gamemaster should allow some role-playing. Perhaps the PCs can ask some questions of the Zigani, which the Gamemaster will answer with a view to hammering home the fact that the party are in a really dangerous place and that it looks as though they are to be stuck here for the remainder of their natural lives. A few details on the Zigani mode of life may also be added – the People are quick to anger if one is not careful, and their customs are different from those of the PCs homelands, so some friction is bound to occur. Also the Zigani are quite loud in temperament, with fights breaking out, women (and men) throwing plates, knives and wine about, children "borrowing" anything they can lay their hands upon (the rationale being that if the person – or PC – was not carrying the item at the time then they obviously did not need it, which is quite logical) and so on.

## A Fireside Table

When the PCs have asked their questions, read or paraphrase the following:

*The evening of your third day with these fascinating people is drawing to a close. Everyone has gathered around the campfire for the evening meal and the usual exchange of insults, pleasantries, romantic banter and bragging. Tonight, however, the atmosphere in the camp is different; clearly the Zigani are expecting something out of the ordinary to happen. The night is bright and cloudless, and you notice for the first time that the moon, still low on the horizon, is almost full.*

*Suddenly the quiet talk around the campfire stills. Jezaran, the old and respected leader of this tribe, beckons to your party from her accustomed seat.*

*"Come and sit by me, my children, whilst I tell a tale of ages past. I believe you will find it most interesting, and perhaps relevant to your predicament." Gathering her skirts about her she rises, muttering about the coldness in her knees and glaring at the young Zigani who rushes forward to help her. As the last children are hushed and Jezaran begins to speak, it seems to you that the camp fades from view, replaced by the images the old lady's deep voice conjures from the past.*

*"I was but a small child," she says, "when a stranger happened upon our camp, not far away from where we are now. Seeking his fortune, he was, or at least that was what he said, but anyone with eyes could see that he carried a terrible curse. Not a Zigani curse, mind you; no, it was worse than that, for I could see that the Land itself had cursed him. My grandmother, who had the Sight far stronger than I, even then, bade him sit for her, for in his plight he moved her to pity. There she learned of his misfortune, and of the acts that had cursed him, and indeed still curse him. For the stranger still lives, children, and will not – indeed, cannot – die until his curse is lifted. This is his tale ...*



At this point the Gamemaster should give the players the background of the curse, and might need to make it clear that the stranger Jezaran saw is the same man who hired the PCs (although the players should really work this out for themselves). The conditions for lifting the curse can be given, although the Lord of the Risen Dead should be described in broad and frightening terms.

After the tale is told the PCs will no doubt want to ask questions, but Jezaran knows little more than what she has already told them. The PCs can ask how to kill the Lord of the Risen Dead (who should not really be named thus), to which Jezaran will reply as follows:

*"Well you may ask how the foul creature can be slain. Many have tried, and failed. I, however, have some information that might lead you to victory where others have found only death.*

*"Twenty years ago a young warrior arrived in these lands, accompanied by a priest. Together they sought the beast, thinking to kill it and rid G'Henna of its presence forever. They had come better prepared than most, for the young warrior bore a blade enchanted specially to kill the creature. In their search they came upon an old and abandoned Temple of the Sun, where they thought to spend the night in safety. Unfortunately their enemy had no fear of holy places, and the pair were viciously attacked in the darkest hour of the night. They fought bravely, but were too greatly outnumbered to have any hope of victory. Thus did the dread creature, enemy of all things living, claim another two victims.*

*"All is not lost, however, for the priest was wise beyond his years, and persuaded his warrior friend to hide the enchanted blade. Perhaps others would chance upon it and continue the task they had begun. This I know, for the grievously wounded warrior managed to escape, and told me all that had happened before he died.*

*"The sword itself is said to be a wondrous weapon, its metal enriched with powerful magics. If you still wish to continue on this dangerous errand I would seek the blade first. The abandoned Temple of the Sun lies a day's walk to the east of here.*

Read or paraphrase the following:

*The creature itself lairs not far way, in the ruins of an old castle two days to the south. If you succeed in recovering the blade quickly you should be able to reach the castle before the full moon, which is the only time at which the curse may be fully broken.*

*"Otherwise you may stay with us for a time, and seek your fortunes elsewhere in these lands. I shall give you no advice, for I am not yet sure whether your errand is one of mercy or one only a fool would undertake."*

If they decide to go, PCs are expected to leave at first light since the Zigani see no point in delaying one's fate. If they decide to stay with the Zigani that is effectively the end of the adventure, although Jezaran will make it clear that killing the Lord of the Risen Dead and fulfilling the conditions of the curse may be the only way the PCs can get home.

## The Temple of the Sun

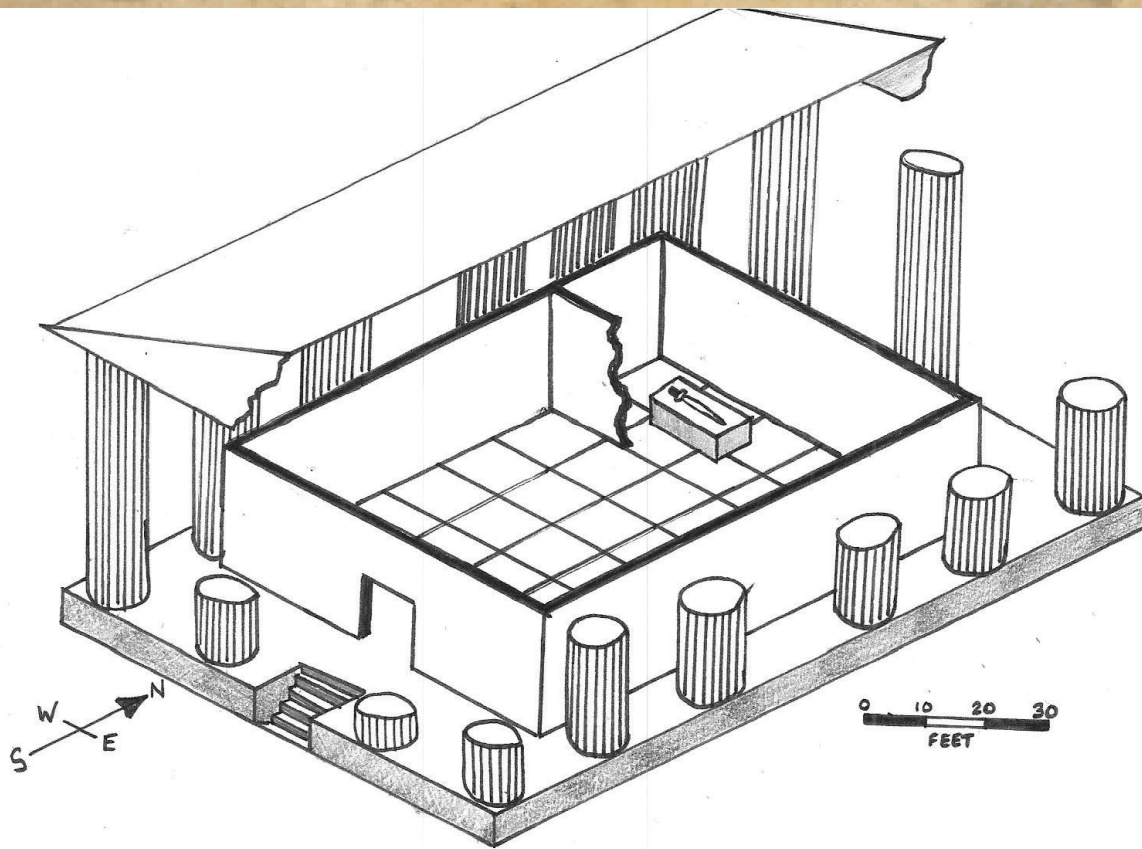
Read or paraphrase the following:

*The bloated, scarlet sun is just cresting the horizon as you make your last farewells to the Zigani tribe who offered you shelter. With one last glance at the colourful wagons you head off east towards the rising sun, setting a brisk pace. Soon your adventures will be over, one way or another ...*

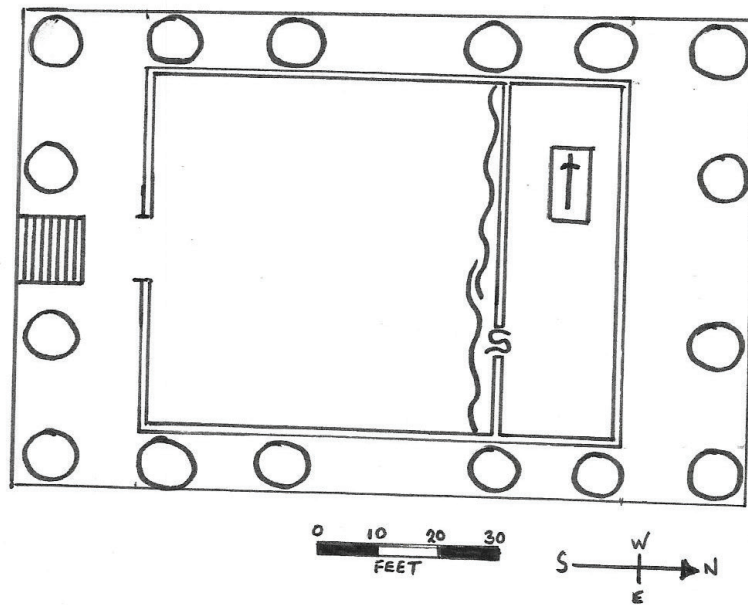
*You notice that this morning the usual chorus of birds is strangely silent, and your shoulder blades begin to tingle, as though someone is watching you. Although you all glance around surreptitiously as the morning progresses, you detect no sign of life other than yourselves.*

*Around noon, having missed your breakfast stop in order to reach your destination faster, you are rewarded with the sight of a small plain, on which squats what must once have been a fairly sizeable building. From this distance you can just make out a pointed, tiled roof, supported by large columns. Emblazoned on the roof tiles is a large golden disk, surrounded by golden rays. This must be the Temple of the Sun and by the way the real sun glints off the symbol on the roof you can guess that the holy image is made out of solid gold.*





# The Temple of the Sun





If anyone thinks of searching the ground for tracks and succeeds with a Tracking Prey roll, they will find a number of small humanoid prints, all heading towards the Temple. These were made by a band of Fae Goblins, who passed through the area the day before and elected to take shelter in the abandoned Temple.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*As you get closer to the old building you can see that it is build upon a raised dais, five feet high and ten feet wider than the temple it supports. The Temple itself is about eighty feet wide and one hundred and twenty feet long. Along the edges of the building are vast, fluted columns, each ten feet thick, forty feet high and decorated with various sunbursts and holy symbols. Within the shadow of the colonnade you think you can make out another, smaller building probably the temple proper. Steps lead onto the dais, allowing access to the Temple.*

Any unnecessary noise will attract the attention of the Fae Goblin lookout, who will warn his group to prepare for battle. They will charge as soon as the PCs venture up the steps, gaining a +10% bonus to TSC to hit and possibly surprising the party.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*As you approach the steps to the dais you notice that the once fine marble has been cracked and broken by the encroaching vegetation; flowers and mosses now adorn the once cold and spotless dais, which is perhaps not such a bad idea. The entrance to the inner temple lies before you at the top of the stairs, the shadows within broken by shafts of sunlight slanting through the previously unnoticed gaps in the roof. This must once have been a proud and wealthy temple. Unfortunately you have little time to discuss the intricacies of the architecture, for as soon as you pass within the confines of the columns you are charged by a band of screaming, slavering little dog-like humanoids.*

The Fae Goblin war party is tired, hungry and has been out of luck recently as far as hunting is concerned. They have been prowling the area for two weeks now, and have met nothing larger than a rabbit to sink their teeth into; naturally, they are most peeved, and their stomachs rumble constantly. They dare not go back to their tribe until they have found some decent prey, and these soft plump adventurers are just the ticket. Thus, the Fae Goblins will fight fiercely, and will not retreat until two-thirds of their number are slain. Then they break down, cry, blubber and beg for mercy (and food).

#### Fae Goblins (8)

Height	24"	BAP	15
Weight	20 lbs	BOD	30
		FAT	23
		DT	8'
BMR	10	SPRINT	16'

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Saex	4P	24%	64%
Dodge	-	33%	73%
Stamina	-	27%	67%
Will	-	19%	59%

**Armour** - Cuirboilli ( 5 / 7 / 4 / 5 / 7 )

#### Description:

Fae Goblins look like short versions of their mortal namesake. They can use magick in the witchcraft mode (PMF 60, ML 3, 50 PSF%) and generally know a few spells from the methods of command, transmutation, fire (MR 1 only) and wards. A Fae Goblin can fulfil a wish to take someone, other than the wishmaker, away from the mortal world. Many a person has wished that a loved one be taken away after an argument and regretted it when the Goblins have taken them away to the lands of Faerie. Fae Goblins have major phobias of sunlight, water and open spaces, they are arrogant, greedy, selfish and stupid.

Honour: 32 Each







Once the PCs have defeated the Fae Goblins, this what they can see of the inner temple. Read or paraphrase the following:

*Clearing through the debris and the bodies you now see a room approximately 40 feet wide and 60 feet long. A large silken tapestry, most of which has rotted away, covers the end wall. However, you can still make out embroidered scenes of animals prancing in golden sunlight.*

In fact, as the PCs may guess if they calculated the size of the building against the size of the room, the tapestry covers a secret (not concealed) door that leads into another room beyond. In the centre of the wall is a large mural (beneath the tapestry), depicting a forest scene. Included in the mural are three cleverly incorporated tiles, depicting an oak, an acorn and some mistletoe. These tiles are the only means of opening the secret door, and all three must be depressed in order to open the lock. Feeling around the wall will not detect them, as they are flush with the mural.

However, if a successful Concealing & Finding skill roll (or Alertness: Sight with a +20% modifier) is made once the actual door has been discovered, it will reveal hairline cracks around the tiles, thus hinting at their existence and importance.

**Success Crit:**

- 10 The character has spotted that the tiles look to be slightly indented.
- 06 - 09 The character spots the hairline cracks around the tiles.
- 01 - 05 The character has realised the crack around the mural may indicate a door.

**Failure Crit:**

- 01 - 03 The character has spotted what may be a hairline crack around the Mural.
- 04 - 09 The character wonders why the sort of mural is in this sort of temple.
- 10 ts a pretty picture.

*As you press the last time you hear a loud click, followed by a creaking noise to your right. As you watch a crack forms in the wall, slowly resolving itself into the outline of a previously invisible door.*

*Looking beyond you see a chamber, 40 feet wide and 20 feet long, which clearly completes the inner temple. In the centre of the chamber is a small pedestal, 4 feet high and long and 2 feet wide. Upon it rests a long sword of exquisite craftsmanship; its blade shines with a slivery light, and its pommel is adorned with a large, transparent stone as big as a duck's egg. The blade is inscribed with glowing blue runes.*

The long sword is a +8 Bane sword versus Lords of the Risen Dead and is called "Deathbane". It appears as a +1 sword when used against other opponents and +3 versus other undead. If it strikes a Lord of the Risen Dead and inflicts enough damage to slay him, the blade melts into the Lord up to (but not including) the hilt, creating a key within the dead creature's body. The key, once discovered, can be seen to fit into the hole in the hilt where the blade previously fitted. If the key is inserted into this hole the diamond on the hilt's pommel ruptures to form a magical, glowing gate back to the wielder's home plane.

The runes on the sword identify its name, "Deathbane", and other things, but the PCs are unable to read them.

The afternoon will be well gone by the time the PCs finish examining the sword, and they may wither attempt to proceed towards the Lonely Keep or spend the night in the temple. The temple is safe enough, although the secret room is much better, being under the permanent Ward Magick spells Greater Circle of Protection versus Evil, Lycanthropes, Undead and Supernatural.

Whenever the PCs decide to leave, they will be followed by a group of 4 curious Road Hunter Bogies (the same group who have been watching the PCs since they left the Zigani tribe). Again, the party may feel as though they are being watched, but the Road Hunter Bogies's camouflage ability prevents them from being discovered. However, at some point during the next day the Road Hunter Bogies's curiosity will be come too strong, and they will drop their camouflage and approach the party directly.



## Road Hunter Bogies (4)

<b>Height</b>	4'	<b>BAP</b>	16
<b>Weight</b>	100 lbs	<b>BOD</b>	54
		<b>FAT</b>	33
		<b>DT</b>	6'
<b>BMR</b>	10	<b>SPRINT</b>	12'

<b>Relevant Skills</b>	<b>Dmg</b>	<b>PSF%</b>	<b>TSC%</b>
M Fangs	11P	34%	74%
Spear	9P	28%	68%
Dodge	-	24%	64%
Stamina	-	36%	76%
Will	-	27%	67%

**Armour** -None (0/0/0/0/0)

**Description:**

Road Hunter Bogies, sneak along (30 PSF in stealth) behind travellers and roar to frighten them. They are magick users using the witchcraft mode of magick (PMF 57, ML 2, 45 PSF%) and have the command spells Lesser Fright, Mesmerise, Greater Fright, Hold Small Animal, Hold Animal and Hold Person; the transmutation spells Jump, Fleet of Foot and the wards Lesser ward vs. Good and Lesser ward vs. Method of Magick.

Most of the Road Hunter Bogies will just appear somewhere in front of the party, but one or two will begin to mimic sounds they have heard the party members make, such as names, requests for food or whatever. They are incredibly ugly but really quite sweet and they do not intend the PCs any harm. In fact, if they are treated gently and maybe offered food, or even basic conversation, the Road Hunter Bogies will offer to lead the party to the Lonely Keep (that is, of course, if the PCs think to ask them). They will flee immediately if attacked.

If the Road Hunter Bogies agree to help the PCs it will only take the party one and a half days to reach the Lord of the Risen Dead's lair; otherwise it will take the full two days, and they will arrive at nightfall. Either way they arrive on the day following the first full moon, which lasts three nights. The Road Hunter Bogies will not, under any circumstances, enter the Keep with the PCs.

## The Lonely Keep

The PCs can approach within a few hundred feet of the Keep without being spotted, and thus examine the crumbling structure in safety. Only the outer features of the Keep are visible – danger lurks within, well away from the PCs' vantage point.

Read or paraphrase the following:

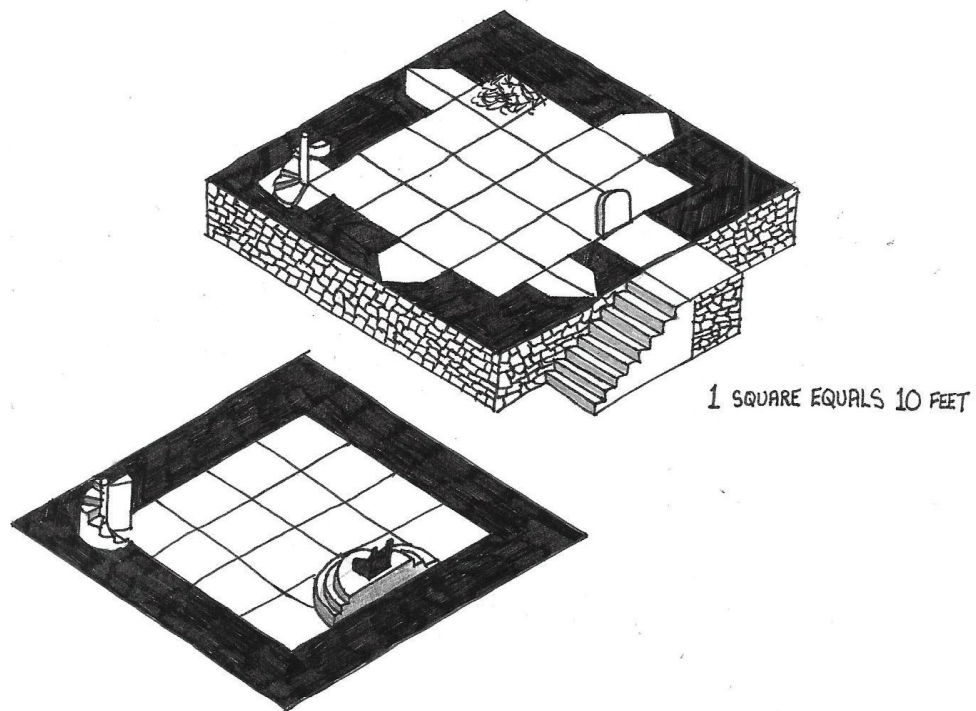
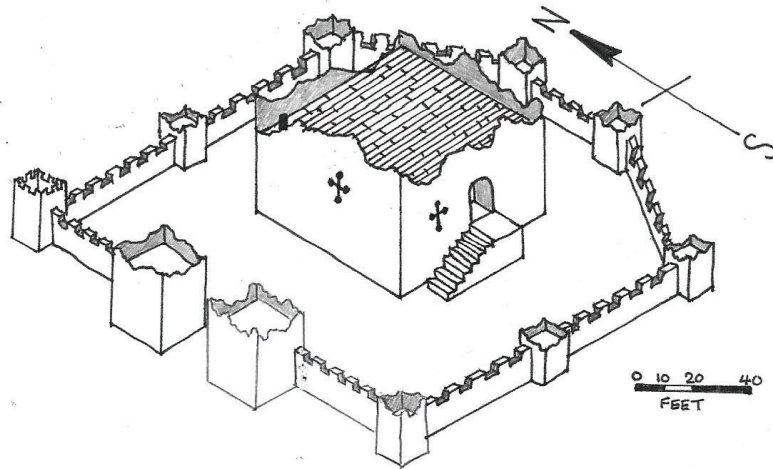
*Here, finally, is your last challenge, or so you hope. Before you stands a dilapidated keep, entirely surrounded by an even more decrepit curtain-wall which nonetheless remains more than twice the height of a tall man. Judging by the cracks in the outer wall you surmise that what battlements remain, as well as the wall itself, are all extremely unstable. Set into the wall at regular intervals are many small, 10 feet square watchtowers; most of these still hold a sound floor or two, but all without the exception have lost their roofs and top floors to the ravages of time and the elements in this inhospitable world.*

*Even the once massive gatehouse stands in ruins, leaning drunkenly against the curtain wall. Its two large towers sag, almost touching above the ten foot passageway they once guarded. The gates have long since rusted away into dust, allowing easy access into the no doubt dreary interior. There is no sound, either from within or from without the ancient, brooding Keep.*

The PCs may enter through the curtain wall undisturbed. However, there are still gate-keepers, minions of the Lord of the Risen Dead, and these will attack the PCs if they are foolish enough to go through the main gate. The walls are unstable, but some rope and a few lucky DEX rolls will get them over without having to face the Zombies (not immediately at least).



# The Lonely Keep





**Zombies (6)**

<b>Height</b>	5'8"	<b>BAP</b>	8
<b>Weight</b>	150 lbs	<b>BOD</b>	49
		<b>FAT</b>	38
		<b>DT</b>	6'
<b>BMR</b>	0	<b>SPRINT</b>	N/A

<b>Relevant Skills</b>	<b>Dmg</b>	<b>PSF%</b>	<b>TSC%</b>
Arm Bludgeon	5C	6%	46%
War Axe	8S	5%	45%
Dodge	-	5%	45%
Stamina	-	40%	80%
Will	-	0%	40%

**Armour** - None (0/0/0/0/0)

**Description:**

Zombies bludgeon is a strike with an arm, it causes crushing damage and has a BCS of 40%. A body will become inanimate if the head is decapitated, however the head will continue to be animated, though as the lungs are no longer functioning the zombie will be unable to speak. The stench and sight of a zombie is enough to make the staunchest hero falter, a willpower check is required or all attacks against the zombie are at -10 PSF% due to fear; on a critical failure roll then the character must flee, if the zombie is the animated corpse of someone the character knew in life this check is at serious penalties (-10 to -40 depending on their relationship). Wild animals always flee a zombie, trained animals can be made to stand ground (animal riding or handling check) but not to attack the zombie. Zombies have practically no intelligence (INT 2 for animals, 5 for humans, in either case they possess practically no capacity for creative thought), although they can obey simple instructions.

The Zombies have been told to position themselves within the ruined gatehouse towers, which, although they look solid from the outside, have only their front wall intact. The rear wall has crumbled away, as have most of the floors. The Zombies crouch on what remains of the second floor paving, and will leap out and onto any living beings passing through the gates, with normal chances of surprise. Any PCs hit by leaping Zombies must make a Strength check at -3 to avoid falling down, followed by a DEX AR check (unmodified) to retain their weapons. The Zombies will not retreat.

Note: Gamemasters should encourage any PCs who drop their weapons to fight on bare handed, striking putrid flesh and oozing skill etc.)

Once the PCs have defeated the Zombies, read or paraphrase the following:

*As the last stinking creature falls to the ground you finally have a chance to look around you, and to wipe the foul, rotting corpse meat off yourselves and your weapons. Now that you are closer to it you can see that the once mighty Keep is even more damaged that you had thought. It may once have contained more than half a dozen levels, but now only a crumbling shell remains of the upper floors, with perhaps one or two lower levels still intact. Stairs lead up from the ground to the second floor, ending in a thick wooden door which seems to be slightly ajar. Also on the second floor are a number of thin windows, probably arrow-slits, which stare down at you in silence.*

*The Keep's courtyard has suffered much the same fate. Stringy yellow grass struggles to grow here and there, and a charnel-house stench hangs over the whole complex. Mounds of refuse adorn the stinking courtyard, and here and there, poking out of smaller, longer mounds, you can make out thin, ivory-white sticks poking out of the earth.*

If the PCs poke around the courtyard much, or whatever they decide to go up the steps, they will be spotted by Slimy the Wererat, who had been watching them through arrow-slits in the Keep wall. Slimy will immediately warn his master, and will then assume his man-rat form and wait to attack the first person who enters the Keep. If any of the PC's decide to make a Tracking Prey skill roll whilst outside the Keep and are successful they will notice a set of tracks made by Slimy, a short of half-man, half-rate type of tracks, around the foot of the stairs.

**The stats for Slimy can be found on page 10**



Slimy will break down and beg for mercy when he has taken more than 9 Body Points of damage. He will debase himself and promise anything if only the PCs will let him live. If they treat him with any kindness he will reveal that *"that which are seek is in safe-keeping below. Take it, if you can and begone"*. In any case he will run for his were-life as soon as he thinks he can do so without getting killed.

The second floor of the Keep is one big room, and is unlit since neither the Wererat nor the Zombies require light to see by. In any case, the room is empty except for a spiral staircase in the north-west corner. Going up leads to the dilapidated third floor which is open to the elements. Going down ...

Read or paraphrase the following:

*The spiral staircase winds down for a few dozen feet, and you notice that there must be light in the level below, making your shadows dance and caper grotesquely along the curved walls.*

*A deep voice calls out as your negotiate the last few slimy steps. "Welcome to my humble abode, adventurers. In this the trinket you seek?"*

*Looking into the room you see a large throne mounted on a semi-circular dais against the far wall. The throne is carved of the bones and sinews of many human and inhuman creatures, and upholstered in an unhealthy, smooth pinkish fabric that reminds you of something ...*

*Seated on this chair is a human male, garbed in once resplendent finery which now smells strongly of rot, and looks as though it might fall apart any minute. So, for that matter, does the man, whose skin is pale and tinged a sickly blue-green. As you watch, speechless, a finger joint drops off his hand, a prize quickly claimed by the scurrying rats, which attend this horrifying ruler. In his other hand, the man-corpse holds the casket that you lost, ages or a week ago depending upon your outlook. With a horrifying smile the man sets the casket aside and rises, clearly intending to approach you.*

*"Ah! My dear innocents," he says as you bravely hold your ground despite the growing stench, "if you want the casket, you're going to have to take it from me. And I very much doubt you can do that!"*

From then on the battle is joined, and will end in one final death or many. The Lord of the Risen Dead will silently summon three Zombies to come and aid him as soon as the PCs attack. They arrive in the second round of the final fight.

### Zombies (3)

<b>Height</b>	6'2"	<b>BAP</b>	8
<b>Weight</b>	200 lbs	<b>BOD</b>	56
		<b>FAT</b>	39
		<b>DT</b>	6'
<b>BMR</b>	0	<b>SPRINT</b>	N/A

<u>Relevant Skills</u>	<u>Dmg</u>	<u>PSF%</u>	<u>TSC%</u>
Arm Bludgeon	7C	12%	52%
War Axe	11S	20%	60%
Dodge	-	10%	50%
Stamina	-	45%	85%
Will	-	0%	40%

**Armour** - Maille ( 8 / 5 / 7 / 8 / 8 )

### Description:

Zombies bludgeon is a strike with an arm, it causes crushing damage and has a BCS of 40%. A body will become inanimate if the head is decapitated, however the head will continue to be animated, though as the lungs are no longer functioning the zombie will be unable to speak. The stench and sight of a zombie is enough to make the staunchest hero falter, a willpower check is required or all attacks against the zombie are at -10 PSF% due to fear; on a critical failure roll then the character must flee, if the zombie is the animated corpse of someone the character knew in life this check is at serious penalties (-10 to -40 depending on their relationship). Wild animals always flee a zombie, trained animals can be made to stand ground (animal riding or handling check) but not to attack the zombie. Zombies have practically no intelligence (INT 2 for animals, 5 for humans, in either case they possess practically no capacity for creative thought), although they can obey simple instructions.

Honour: 14 Each



A Lord of the Risen Dead is a creature of the Shadow Realms who sometimes make their way into the real world. So called because they often command a force of zombies or skeletons, the lesser undead as minions. They are created from someone from the real world dying a terrible death in the shadow realm, usually as a result of being slain when the moon is at its fullest and at the hands of undead. The individual should also have some magical powers and an attempt made to bring them back to life. The resultant creature is similar in many ways to a Leiche but to a lesser degree. As a result they are often known as Lesser Leiches.

If a PC wielding "Deathbane" strikes the Lord of the Risen Dead with enough force to inflict a critical hit or enough damage to slay him, read or paraphrase the following:

Note: The Lord of the Risen Dead should be kept alive if possible until the "Deathbane" strikes the final blow, mainly for dramatic effect.

*The sword that [Character's Name] is wielding suddenly seems to acquire a mind of its own, slicing into the creature you are battling with bone-splitting force. As the creature's flesh parts and it screams in agony, you feel a tug on your grip, as through the sword were attempting to bury itself entirely in your enemy's decaying body. Indeed, little by little the blade slides into the creature's flesh, causing clouds of acrid smoke to billow around you.*

*Coughing, you wave the smoke away to reveal the now finally motionless corpse at your feet, the gap and wounds in its chest glowing with an eerie radiance. Deathbane's blade has vanished, leaving only the hilt which [insert Character's Name] is still clutching. In the end of the hilt, where once the blade was fitted, you can now see a hole, strangely like a keyhole.*

The glow comes from within the Lord of the Risen Dead's heart which, desiccated and twisted, still lies within its chest. Inside the heart lies a key (the source of the glow), which fits perfectly the hole in the sword's hilt.

#### Lord of the Risen Dead

<b>Height</b>	6'0"	<b>BAP</b>	18
<b>Weight</b>	150 lbs	<b>BOD</b>	60
<b>PMF</b>	70	<b>FAT</b>	40
<b>ML</b>	4	<b>DT</b>	10'
<b>BMR</b>	0	<b>SPRINT</b>	N/A

Relevant Skills	Dmg	PSF%	TSC%
Mdm Claws x 2	10S	20%	60%
Touch x 2	x1	25%	85%
Dodge		20%	60%
Stamina		45%	85%
Willpower		50%	90%
Necromantic Mode		60%	70%
Command Method		50%	70%
Summoning Method		45%	65%
Arcane Method		40%	50%

**Armour** - None (0/0/0/0/0)

#### Description:

Has access to all spells to MR 3 in Arcane, MR 5 in Summoning and MR 6 in Command. Is immune to exorcism, only blessed, enchanted or weapons of quality +4 or better can harm it. It is completely immune to illusions and command except those dealing directly with the undead. Must be reduced to -10 body to slay and suffers no fatigue from physical actions. It also has the touch attack, which can be combined with its claw attacks. A touch attack ignores any armour for its damage (unless blessed or enchanted), which does the crit die in fatigue damage.



Once the PCs have worked this out, read or paraphrase the following:

*You insert the key in the hole, and for a heart-stopping moment nothing happens. Then, suddenly, the large gem on the pommel seems to fracture and break from within, casting beams of light in all directions.*

*The light flows across the walls, ceiling and floor, casting ghostly shadows, which writhe and move in its wake. As you watch, the beams come together and brighten, forming a radiant sphere of pure, cleansing light fully ten feet in diameter. The sphere seems to hover, moving slightly, about a foot off the dirty floor.*

*In the centre of the sphere, through the light, you think you can just make out the misty image of Valk Barrow, with the full moon slowly dipping towards the horizon. It seems that dawn is not far off.*

At this point the Gamemaster should begin counting down. The PCs have five rounds in which to make up their minds before the gate vanishes. This should be translated into real time, with a countdown from 10 inserted every 30 seconds.

If the PCs do not use the gate, read or paraphrase the following:

*While you stand around, trying to decide what to do, the glowing sphere begins to shrink, faster and faster, until finally it is nothing but a pinpoint of light, which winks as you look. You suddenly realise that the sphere was probably your only means of ever getting home and that you are now trapped in this hideous world forever. Nya ha ha!!!*

If the PCs do use the gate, read or paraphrase the following:

*Passing through the sphere of light seems to be the right thing to do, for you immediately feel lighter and more at ease than you have since you followed that damned rat-man from the crypt. The image of the crypt comes closer, until finally you drop two short feet into the dry moorland heather, which surrounds the crypt. The moon has lowered until it is touching the hills in the distance; outlined in the pale light is the tall, dark man who hired you, busy undoing the locks on the mausoleum.*

As the PCs presumably rush towards him he will turn and beckon them inside without a word. There he will sign in relief, and will indicate the shelf where the casket is to be placed. Having done that he ushers everyone out again and closes the mausoleum doors, making sure they are tightly locked.

Finally, he turns to the PCs, read or paraphrase the following:

*"My friends," the man says with a pale, but relieved smile, "you have lifted the curse that bound me for many years. I am more grateful than you will ever know, and gladly pay what I owe you. Then," he adds with a groan towards the eastern horizon, which is already lightening to scarlet, "I must return to my home."*

He will give the PCs a pouch of clinking coins (3 gold dragons each, each coin weighs 4 drams of solid gold), before padding silently off into the night, where he rapidly disappears from view. Let the PCs think he is a vampire, either way they will never know.

**Thus ends the Curse of the Casket**







# The Militas - Garabas Region

The area west of the River Gar is quite widely populated and provides the northern most fiefdoms of the kingdom under the Earldom of Gar, whose ruler is the Earl of Barsim, the hereditary chief of the Badger Tribe.

The region whilst having substantial tracts of farmland is lightly wooded with mainly deciduous trees and a great rolling landscape. Ferns and grasses provide undergrowth with meadowlands breaking up the woodland (similar to modern parkland). The woodland is light enough to allow horsemen to pass unhindered. Jars forest on the other hand is quite dense and only its edges and a few trails are passable by horsemen. The flora is a mixed deciduous-coniferous forest with bracken undergrowth. The hills to the west, as they leave the forest are lightly grassed but with large amounts of bracken.

The region between the rivers Gar and Iril is known as the Gar Marches and is held by the three March Wardens. The terrain is similar to the rest of the Earldom, being light woodlands. However, due to the majority of the population being centred on the three Caers of the Wardens, the lack of population in the Marches makes the region wild and relatively lawless. The Marches form the northern frontier of the kingdom. The river Iril bends to the north forming the border of Urtind, and beyond the river lies Darken Forest, a dark dense forest full of evil and shadow. This huge forest stretches many leagues to the north and east and forms the domain of Shugaloth, an ancient wyrm of a deep emerald hue.

At present an uneasy truce exists between Shugaloth and King Karonus. Karonus has recognised Shugaloth as an equal monarch and Shugaloth has recognised the power that Karonus has. This has averted any outright war between the two but has not stopped the many border skirmishes which occur. Shugaloth is unusual in that she has used her brood to form the hierarchy of nobility within Darken.

However, any that reach an old age are summoned to the court and are usually removed so avoiding any problems.

This has on occasion caused an old dragon to flee the forest and ravage the land until it has been killed or left the area.

Jars forest has already provided the hideouts of many outside the law. There are three major bands of bandits and many minor ones. It also contains the ruins of a Elven city which still has inhabitants. They are a small band of Tylwyth Teg, of approximately 350 wood elves and a ruling family of some 50 Great Elves. This was the once fair city of Tan Plasgwyn.

## Caer Militas

One of the strongest fortresses of the church, established at the place where Aldo Ursine died. The fortress was strengthened beyond the norm use to the closeness of the marshes of Lake Altau and the forests of Jar and Darken.

The presence of the shrine within its walls caused many pilgrims to visit and they in turn stayed and settled on the opposite side of the river. The site was also on the main trade route between Jaronne and Garabas, so a market town quickly sprang up.

The fortress has become the home of Chapter Houses from all of the three fighting orders and has become the headquarters of the Order of the Bear.

The following is the breakdown of the fighting orders based at Caer Militas:

Title	Blue Rose	Bear	Chalice
Grandmaster	-	1	-
Seneschall	-	1	-
Marshall	1	2	-
Ship's Captain	-	-	2
Housemaster	2	4	1
Knight Commander	8	14	4
Knight Brother	31	55	11
Sgt of the Covenant	67	130	30
Sgt. Standard Bearer	9	18	4
Sergeant Brothers	74	144	28

The nominal commander of Caer Militas is Grandmaster Vervoir of the Order of the Bear, although he does take into account the views of Marshall Rimany of the Order of the Blue Rose and Housemaster Drofess of the Order of the Chalice.



Although Ship's Captains Paltin and Corass are technically of higher rank than Droffess, on land, power within the order reverts to a Housemaster.

### Armour Worn:

Sergeant Brothers will normally wear maille cuirass or leather cuirass (if a member of the Order of the Chalice at Sea).

Sgt Standard Bearers will wear maille cuirass.

Sgts of the Covenant will wear maille hauberks.

Knight Brothers will wear full maille.

Knight Commanders will wear full maille.

Housemasters will wear +1 full maille.

Ship's Captains will wear either +2 maille or +5 leather (when at sea).

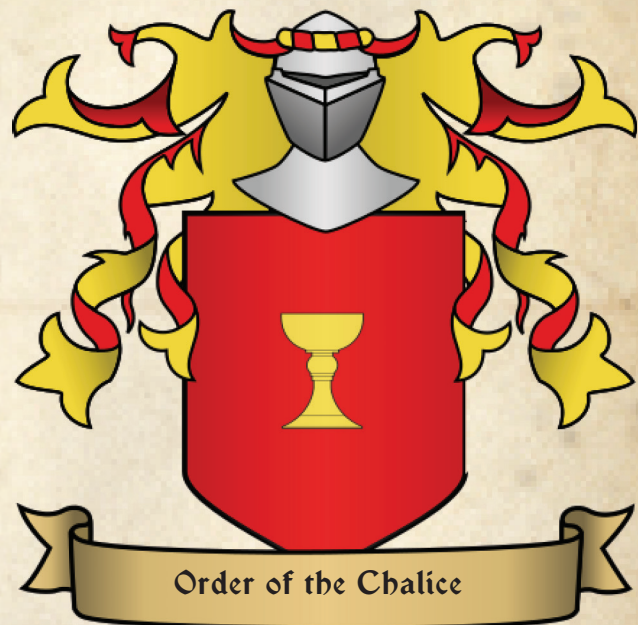
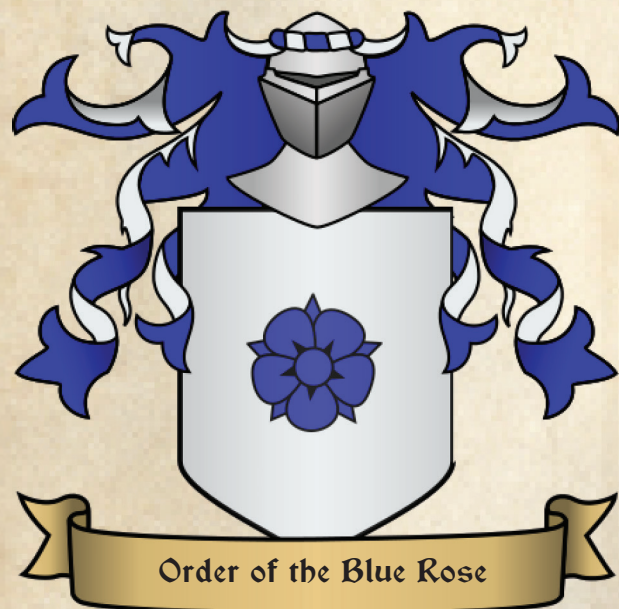
Marshalls will wear +3 full maille.

Seneschalls will wear +4 full maille.

Grandmasters will wear +5 full maille.

All members of the orders are trained in Mounted combat, lance, Knight Broadsword and Large Shields.

### Heraldry





# Afterword

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# Curse of the Casket

An adventure for a group of low level  
adventurers keen for experience

Can they transport a package for a noble  
gentleman, dressed all in black who avoids  
bright sunlight.

The rewards are high and danger seems low.

Or is it.....

