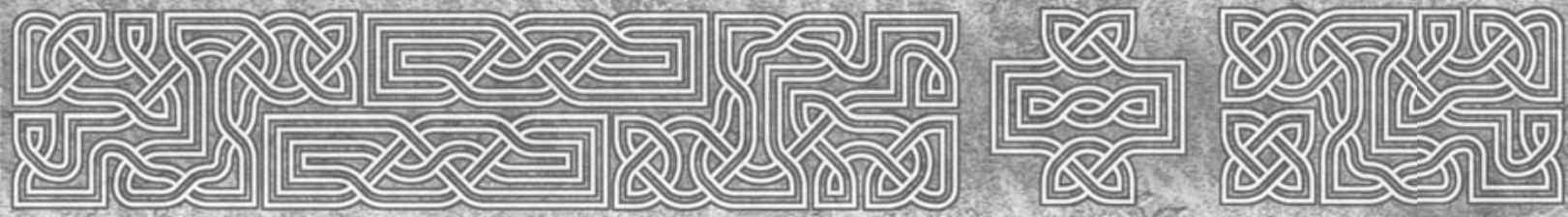


Michael Moorcock's

ELRIC OF MELNIBONÉ



Dream Realms



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DREAM REALMS

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INTRODUCTION

But we do not wish Prince Elric, for instance, to give his life, for that would mean he could not fulfil his destiny elsewhere. So you see, dear Lord Reynard, we act out of necessity, not sentiment, nor always decently, nor always courageously, in a highly complex conflict, full of subtle attack and counterattack. Imagine a large orchestra, in which every instrument must be in perfect tune if a particular piece of music is to be played, also perfectly and at a specific moment. Yet each member of that orchestra can be separated by thousands of miles or even thousands of years, scattered across the Multiverse, which, if not infinite, appears to be infinite. If only one of our heroes does not act as he is supposed to act, if events do not happen exactly when they are due to happen, if Elric and his avatars do not do what they must do precisely at the right moment, then there is no hope for any of us. Life will be extinguished. The Multiverse will collapse into inchoate primal matter, and there will be no intelligence, this time, to give it form.'

- Son of the White Wolf

Dreams play a pivotal role in the destiny of the Young Kingdoms and the Multiverse. Without the power he gained from twice embarking on the Dream of a Thousand Years, Elric of Melniboné would have been unable to fulfil the role given him by Fate; had he not shared a journey to the Dream Realms with the dreamthief Oone, he would have never conceived the aid needed to survive the second of those millennia-long quests.

Countless others have pierced the veil between the waking and sleeping worlds, from the early dreamthieves, who mapped the Dream Realms and in so naming them gave them their familiar form, to the Sorcerer-Emperors of Melniboné, who reigned for ten thousand years on the strength of dream-schooled sorcery, to less skilled rogues, who embarked upon slumberous adventures in desperation or by ill-chance.

Now you too can follow in these footsteps. From the couches of the Dreaming City of Imrryr, where a small portion of your soul can be traded for a thousand years of dreaming

life, to the dreams of the tormented, where a dreamthief's craft can ease pain and make profit, to your own dreams, where you may have to defend yourself against sorcerous attack – the Dream Realms offer power and peril as great as any found in the Young Kingdoms, and every adventurer should be prepared for both.

Dream Realms details the titular Realms as encountered by Elric and Oone in *The Fortress of the Pearl* and explores the variations hinted at by the dreamthief during that adventure. The Dream Realms present different vistas on every adventure, and the obstacles faced by Sorcerer-Emperor and mistress dreamthief are only a fraction of the perils a visitor to those lands might face. Yet certain patterns, either naturally extant or forced upon the Dream Realms by the Guild of Dreamthieves, do occur consistently. Only by studying these patterns and seeking them amidst a mess of illusions can dreamthieves practice their trade, and other dream travellers even manage to survive.

Dream Realms also serves as your guide to the enigmatic Dream Market, where the Guild of Dreamthieves meets to buy and sell dreams and nightmares alike. Here, travellers can hire dreamthieves or purchase already captured dreams from dream merchants, and here those few with the courage, character and determination to become apprentice dreamthieves can seek admission to the guild.

Dream Realms details the process by which Elric dwelt on Earth and visited adjoining spheres in *The Dreamthief's Daughter*, *The Skrayling Tree* and *The White Wolf's Son*, presenting an alternative means of travel between the Million Spheres, albeit one that carries a terrible price and deadly dangers. The entirety of the Multiverse is open to practitioners of the Thousand-Year Dream; this section does not detail even a fraction of the worlds one might visit, only the mechanism for doing so and some of those famously visited by Elric during his two millennia-long sojourns.

Finally, *Dream Realms* details the mysterious city of Tanelorn, a mystical dwelling seldom spoken of, and rarely seen.

ADVENTURES IN DREAMS

The Dream Realms are the most easily accessible planes in the Multiverse for nearly every man, woman and child in the Young Kingdoms visits them! Of course, an ordinary dreamer has neither understanding nor control of his voyage through the Dream Realms, rarely remembering more than scattered titbits of his adventures there, and gaining no benefit from his experiences. To truly explore the Dream Realms is, paradoxically, one of the most difficult to master of all the schools and traditions of sorcery.

The most experienced dream travellers are the Guild of Dreamthieves. Law-sworn walkers of the Moonbeam Roads, the dreamthieves painstakingly studied their dangerous – but lucrative – art and mapped the miasmic Dream Realms, either cataloguing or creating their present shape.

The rules for dreamtheft can be found on page 123 of *Elic of Melniboné*. For more on the dreamthieves themselves, see *Chapter 3: The Dream Market*.

Non-dreamthieves cannot participate in actual dreamtheft and find it dreadfully difficult to join another's dream, but they too can learn to achieve a certain lucidity and purpose within the Dream Realms. Certain curses and traumatic events may force this state upon a non-adept, but with practice, a person of exceptional willpower or sorcerous strength can impose his waking mind upon the Realms.

Alternatively, by use of a dream couch of Melniboné, anyone can use a powerful form of dreaming to explore the Million Spheres – for the price of a small portion of his soul. This form of artificial dreaming entirely bypasses the Dream Realms, using the same method of transfer to instead deposit the dreamer's consciousness on another plane, where he can live and study for thousands of years in as little as a night's unnatural sleep.

For more on the dream couches of Imrryr and some of the worlds the Sorcerer-Emperors of Melniboné have habitually visited with them, see *Chapter 4: The Thousand-Year Dream*.

DREAMS IN THE CAMPAIGN

The Dream Realms present many challenges to those who brave their depths – none, perhaps, as great as the challenge their use poses for Games Masters!

The most obvious problem with a dream quest is that it seems to require a dreamthief, either already in the party or temporarily attached to it. The former restricts dream adventures, while the latter is an imposition some players prefer not to deal with. **Why Do You Dream?** on pg. 8, suggests several ways to involve dreams and the Dream Realms in an adventure without the direct intervention of a dreamthief.

Even when one of the adventurers is a dreamthief, involving the rest of the characters in his profession seems superfluous at best, irresponsible at worst. Most people are ill-equipped to handle the Dream Realms, and the Guild of Dreamthieves knows it well. **Dream Companions** on pg. 7 provides one solution to this problem.

Games Masters and players should also be conscious of the different types of challenges posed by the Dream Realms. Adventurers cannot simply steamroll their way through a dream quest, no matter how powerful their swordsmanship or sorcery may be in the waking world.

CONTROLLING THE DREAMSCAPE

Within the Dream Realms, the form of matter is malleable and subject to the will and whims of dreamer and dream traveller alike. Experienced dreamthieves and sorcerers, as well as certain philosophers and warriors who practice

mental as well as physical discipline, can use this mutability to their advantage.

CHANGING THE TRAPPINGS

When a character enters the Dream Realms, whether as part of his own dream or another's, he changes how he and others perceive those Realms. Consciously or unconsciously, he moulds the vistas he encounters to conform to his memories and imagination. A conscious manipulator of the Dream Realms can use this ability to create terrain favourable to him and any companions he may have.



When a character dreams, he generates a version of the Dream Realms whose essence conforms entirely to his own psyche. If his memory is full of deserts, then deserts the Realms will be, interspersed with oases and camel trails and nomad camps. If he hails from a coastline, he might sail slumberous oceans in a ship of dreams. The guardians, monsters and inhabitants of the Realms also take on forms appropriate to their surroundings. Each of the seven Dream Realms imposes certain requirements of function, but the form is the dreamer's to mould.

When a dream traveller visits these Dream Realms, however, he also imposes something of *his* mind on them. His presence impinges upon the dreamer's imagination and generates, or discovers, new lands and peoples within the dreamscape.

A character with no formal training in the manipulation of the Dream Realms automatically makes a Persistence test at

–40% when he enters each of the seven Dream Realms. If successful, the dream traveller changes significant portions of the dreamscape to match his own: creatures, individual inhabitants, settlements and terrain type can all change to conform to his memories and desires; the Games Master makes these alterations. If unsuccessful, the dream traveller has no large-scale influence on the Dream Realm, although any temptations the Realm sends against him will still be tailored to his own psyche.

Dreamthieves, and others skilled in the manipulation of the Dream Realms, consciously adjust each Realm as they enter it. A trained character is one who has the Dreamthief or Dreamcrafting advanced skills. Upon entering each of the seven Dream Realms he may choose to make a test of one of these skills to alter the form of that Realm. If successful, he may choose to alter any number of aspects of the Dream Realm.

Unlike an untrained visitor, a skilled dream traveller can also choose *not* to alter the Dream Realm beyond giving specific form to its temptations.

Manipulation of the Dream Realms

Aspect Manipulated	Test Modifier
Change cosmetic elements only (e.g. the colour of the sky and dirt, the facades of buildings)	+20%
Change nonliving elements (e.g. the type of terrain, the shape of buildings, the course of rivers)	0%
Change animals and plants (e.g. substituting one monster for another)	–20%
Add or remove animals and plants (e.g. creating horses for the dream traveller to ride, removing interposing monsters)	–40%
Change intelligent creatures (e.g., making the inhabitants of a Dream Realm friendly, reducing their combat skills)	–60%
Add or Remove intelligent creatures (e.g. giving the dream traveller an army, removing guardians)	–80%

The dreamer whose dream is being visited cannot resist the alteration of his Dream Realm unless trained in such manipulation. If both dreamer and dream traveller are trained, the Dreamthief or Dreamcraft test is opposed.

Opposed Dream Manipulation

	Dreamer Fumbles	Dreamer Fails	Dreamer Succeeds	Dreamer Critically Succeeds
Traveller Fumbles	The Dream Realm becomes more hostile to both parties; neither controls the changes.	The Dream Realm becomes more hostile to the dream traveller, but the dreamer has no control over how it changes.	The dreamer can manipulate the Dream Realm normally. In addition, the dream traveller automatically fails the Dreamcraft or Dreamthief test to manipulate the next Dream Realm.	The dreamer is in no danger from the Dream Realm; even its normal temptations do not apply to him. He can otherwise manipulate it normally. In addition, the dream traveller automatically fails the Dreamcraft or Dreamthief test to manipulate the next Dream Realm.
Traveller Fails	The Dream Realm becomes more hostile to the dreamer, but the dream traveller has no control over how it changes.	The Dream Realm is unchanged.	The dreamer can manipulate the Dream Realm normally.	The dreamer is in no danger from the Dream Realm; even its normal temptations do not apply to him. He can otherwise manipulate it normally.
Traveller Succeeds	The dream traveller can manipulate the Dream Realm normally. In addition, the dreamer automatically fails the Dreamcraft or Dreamthief test to manipulate the next Dream Realm.	The dream traveller can manipulate the Dream Realm normally.	The Dream Realm is unchanged.	The dreamer can manipulate the Dream Realm normally.
Traveller Critically Succeeds	The dream traveller is in no danger from the Dream Realm; even its normal temptations do not apply to him. He can otherwise manipulate it normally. In addition, the dreamer automatically fails the Dreamcraft or Dreamthief test to manipulate the next Dream Realm.	The dream traveller is in no danger from the Dream Realm; even its normal temptations do not apply to him. He can otherwise manipulate it normally.	The dream traveller can manipulate the Dream Realm normally.	The Dream Realm offers no danger to either party; even its normal temptations are negated.

Acquiring Items

Dream travellers usually begin their adventures with nothing but the clothes on their backs. Weapons and other equipment are easy to come by in the mutable Dream Realms, however, although not always without a fight.

An untrained dreamer or dream traveller can only hope to stumble across the items he needs. The Dream Realms habitually provide everything necessary to pass through them save willpower, but they also habitually hide these provisions or make it a greater challenge to acquire them than to press on without them.

A trained dream traveller (see above) can make a conscious effort to manifest the items he needs to progress. This requires a Dreamthrift or Dreamcraft test. Unlike large-scale manipulation of the Dream Realms, this cannot be opposed even by a trained and lucid dreamer.

Acquiring Dream Items

Desired Item	Test Modifier
Mundane items (e.g. clothing, food or decoration)	+50%
Ordinary equipment (e.g. torches, rope, lockpicks)	+20%
Ordinary weapons and armour	—
Enchanted weapons and armour	–50%

The one thing neither conscious nor unconscious manipulators of the Dream Realms can determine is how the items they desire will arrive. Weapons, for example, are likely to appear if wished for but they may appear in the hands of a host of enemies, and the dreamer may soon wish he had sought less efficacious armament!

No item gained in the Dream Realms returns to the waking world, save for whatever outward form successful dreamthrift gives the captured dream.

Sorcery in the Dream Realms

Now Elric knew terror. But it was a familiar terror and within seconds he had regained control of himself. He knew that, whatever its name, he was about to enter a land where Chaos ruled.

It was only as the boat sailed under the carved rocks and into the grotto beyond that he recalled he had none of his familiar spells and enchantments; not one of his allies, nor his patron Duke of Hell, was available to him here. He had only experience and courage and his ordinary sensibilities. And at that moment he doubted if they were enough.

- The Fortress of the Pearl

While certain sorceries deal specifically with the Dream Realms – dreamthrift most famously – other types of magic are greatly impaired or outright impossible.

The Lords of the Higher Worlds and the Elemental Lords cannot extend their influence to the Dream Realms. Characters within the Realms cannot call upon any Pacts or Summonings they may possess, although they may be called upon to make Pact tests (for example, to escape the City of Inventive Cowardice in Paranor). On the other hand, whatever POW a character has dedicated to his Pacts is available for his use as long as he remains within the Dream Realms.

Rune Magic still functions within the Dream Realms, but the paths of mind required to access it are different and it operates at reduced effectiveness. To wield his rune magic in the Realms, a character must have at least 10% in both the Lore (Dream Realms) skill and either the Dreamthrift or Dreamcrafting skill. Even when accessible, Rune Magic costs twice as many Magic Points in the Dream Realms.

Skill: DREAMCRAFTING

The original sorcerous art from which Dreamthrift was derived, Dreamcrafting is the Chaos to the dreamthieves' Law – where their art is codified and careful, based on recognizing and even enforcing patterns, Dreamcrafting is both required to create those patterns and heedless of destroying them.

Dreamcrafting is an advanced skill and a form of sorcery. It must be learned, either from a mentor or a grimoire, and requires two advancement rolls to gain a minimum level. The minimum level of Dreamcrafting is equal to 10 plus the character's POW.

DREAM COMPANIONS

While most dreamers and even dream travellers enter the Realms alone, they do not need to exist there in solitude. Just as the Dream Realms provide both challenges and the means to overcome them, so too can they offer aid in the form of friends and allies.

There are three kinds of dream companions and each serves a different purpose, and functions in a different way.

Anyone who accompanies a dream traveller into the Dream Realms serves as a companion in full, as Elric of Melniboné did alongside the dreamthief Oone. Usually, this role is reserved for apprentice dreamthieves and mystical allies like Jhary-a-Conel's cat, Whiskers, because non-adepts are ill-equipped to withstand the Dream Realms. Not all dream travellers are as scrupulous as dreamthieves in good standing however, and any adventurer may find himself dragged into the Dream Realms to aid a reckless companion.

Dream travellers who entered from wildly divergent times and places nonetheless meet in Sadanor, the Land of Dreams-in-Common, as Jhary and Whiskers met Elric and Oone. The most likely meetings in this Realm are with analogues of familiar friends and allies; adventurers not brought into the Dream Realms for a companion's dreamquest may appear in Sadanor anyway – or rather, other selves from other planes may do so.

Dream travellers can also create effigies of their companions from memory. These effigies are fashioned from pure dreamstuff and are essentially extensions of the dream traveller, but they appear to have their own consciousness and take action as their originals would – or at least as the dream traveller imagines his companions would act. Effigies cannot pass through the Gates separating the Dream Realms, but having appeared once, they are likely to do so in each subsequent Realm, perhaps after its signature temptation is overcome.

Playing a DREAM COMPANION

A dream companion, unless brought in to the Dream Realms at the same time as the dream traveller, is a different character than the adventurer upon whom he is based, but a closely related one. In addition to reflecting the changeable nature of the Dream Realms, dream companions allow the players of other adventurers to join in the fun of a dream traveller's quest.

When playing a dream companion analogous to your usual adventurer, you may wish to alter some small aspects of your character's personality and appearance to indicate that this is a person from another part of the Multiverse. With the Games Master's permission, you can change out some of your character's Skills and perhaps even his Gifts and Compulsions on a one-for-one basis; since dream companions of this type are themselves dream travellers, substituting some skills for Dreamcrafting would be both appropriate and useful.

Effigies are in some ways simpler to portray, since they reflect your usual character. They should have the same traits and abilities, lacking only such gifts as you have chosen to hide from the dream traveller and which he has not chanced to discover. You may, however, wish to portray your character through the lens of the dream traveller's mind. A naive dream traveller will imagine your character's effigy a better man than he himself, while a cynical traveller may see the worst in him! Quickly discussing how the dream traveller's player sees your character should give you some ideas.

DREAM COMPANIONS AND IMPROVEMENT

Analogues and effigies are not, of course, the actual adventurers. How then should a Games Master handle character improvement when his players are playing these stand-ins?

The simplest, and probably best, solution is to offer the usual amount of improvement to all characters. Any other method penalises players for not being dream travellers themselves, and, if dream travel becomes a regular part of the campaign, will likely cause resentment of either the Games Master or those players who have made it their focus.

Why Do You Dream?

Dream adventures are at least as dangerous as those in the physical world and far less predictable, yet they provide less immediately tangible benefit than the wealth and power a skilled mercenary or ambitious sorcerer might acquire. So when should a character expose himself to more risks for the promise of less rewards?

The answers are as varied as the Dream Realms themselves and, as the Realms, differ for every individual.

A character may profit from dreamquesting in ways invisible to ordinary folk; he may wield dreams as weapons against his deadliest foes; he may seek strange treasures unknown in the waking world. Or, he may be drawn into the Dream Realms against his will, forced to defend himself in their vistas at once so alien and so familiar.

DREAMTHEFT

The most obvious reason for a character to delve into dreams is because the character is a dreamthief! Members of the Guild of Dreamthieves practice their trade on a regular basis and survive off the rewards given them by grateful dreamers and the commissions of dream merchants, and they both live well and do much good.

Dreamthieves, their apprentices and allies actively seek out dreamers with choice and unwanted dreams so that they might do business. While their adventurous lifestyle puts them in harm's way in the waking world often enough, it is in the Dream Realms that they face their greatest challenges and achieve their greatest triumphs.

DEFENDING YOUR DREAMS

Perhaps the most common reason non-dreamthieves embark on a dream quest is self-defence. Amongst the Million Spheres are many sorcerers and demons whose powers allow them to attack a sleeping mind or to cast an unprepared victim into deathlike slumber. Assailed by such dreadful powers, a character may become embroiled in his own dreams – or those of his attacker. Under certain rare circumstances, even a dreamthief may be persuaded to capture a dream from an unwilling subject (usually at the behest of a friend or family member).

When defending his dreams, a character has the advantage of familiar territory, for the battlefield is in large part

a reflection of his own psyche. His adversary typically possesses far greater skill at dream travel, however, and this disparity often proves the more significant.

A defensive dream usually begins rather than ends in the Nameless Realm, with the attacker launching a dream quest. See *Chapter 2: The Dream Realms* for more details on the usual structure of a dream quest and the Realms through which an attacker must pass.

ATTACKING THROUGH DREAMS

Not all characters are content to wait passively for dreaming danger to find them; some of sorcerous bent may choose to strike first, using their craft to reach into the dreams of their enemies for information – or to destroy them, body and soul.

Sorcery of this sort earns its wielder the enmity of the Guild of Dreamthieves and puts him into nearly as much danger as his target, but its power and utility cannot lightly be ignored.

To make an attack upon another's dreams, a character must make a Dreamcrafting test and expend 1 Magic Point. If the dreamer is trained in dream manipulation, this test is opposed by either his Dreamtheft or Dreamcrafting skill.



If the attacker succeeds, he and any companions he brings with him appear at the edge of Sadanor, the Land of Dreams-in-Common, and must make their way through the Dream Realms normally. If he fails, he gains a level of Fatigue.

When the attacker reaches the Seventh Realm, he must finally overcome the dreamer himself in dream-battle.

Dream Visions

'Willingly,' said Elric, 'though you have yet to explain how you came to know me.' Alnac nodded as if he had forgotten the matter. 'It is not complicated and yet it is remarkably complex, if you do not understand the fundamental workings of the Multiverse. As I told you, I'm a dreamthief. I know more than most because I am familiar with so many dreams. Let's merely say that I heard of you in a dream and that it is sometimes my destiny to be your companion – though not for long, I'd guess, in my present guise.'

- The Fortress of the Pearl

Some characters, including but not limited to dreamthieves, can enter the Dream Realms to see visions of distant events or those that have yet to occur in the waking world. Because every reality is a dream in some other corner of the Multiverse, and vice versa, these prophecies are likely to be informative, although the dreamer cannot be certain he sees his future and not that of a close analogue.

A character can make a Dreamthrift or Dreamcrafting test at -40% to attempt to learn of an upcoming event or identify a newly met or heard-of individual; this represents both conscious questing through dreams and dredging up snippets of dreams experienced in the past.

When attempting to prophesy in this manner, the character can learn the broad outlines of a possible future. When an adventurer under a player's control uses the ability, the Games Master should do his best to provide an accurate, if vague, description of what he expects will happen at a given place or time. Of course, this event may not transpire as the character believes it will, or may not even occur at all; in some world, it surely unfolds as he saw it, but the very act of observation may change the event in the character's own life.

When attempting to learn of another place or character, or of events that have already transpired, the Dreamthrift or Dreamcrafting test takes the place of the appropriate Lore test.

TREASURES OF THE DREAM REALMS

'Tomorrow,' he said. 'I must. But I am curious to know what reality I have created.'

'Oh, I think a dream or two has come true,' she said cryptically, kissing him on the cheek. '

And another will come true soon enough.' He did not pursue the question, for she had taken the great Pearl from the pouch at her belt and held it out to him.

'It exists! It was not the chimera we believed it to be! You still have it!'

- The Fortress of the Pearl

Finally, adventurers might enter the dream realms for the same reason so many embark on their dangerous career in the first place: the hope of fantastic treasures!

By a process even the dreamthieves only dimly understand, successfully capturing a dream causes it to become reality. It is removed from the dreamer's mind and manifests as an item, typically one represented in the dream itself. Thus, it is possible for a dreamthief to steal the dream of a sword and wake to find himself newly armed; to steal a dream of a pearl and meet the morning sun with glimmering riches in hand.

Such treasures of the Dream Realms are real, corporeal objects, possessing all the traits such an object would be expected to. Indeed, many possess some hint of their significance in the dream from which they were born, and may display unusual properties. However, these treasures are also the physical form of dreams and can be turned back into such by a dream merchant, and it in this form they are almost always more valuable.

To an adventurer, a dream-forged blade, perfectly balanced and sharp, may be worth more than the sword-dream from which it came. To buyers at the Dream Market, however, the dream's worth is incomparable, whereas the sword is just another piece of metal. The Guild of Dreamthieves services the latter, and it is a rare dreamthief who will leave a captured dream in physical form for long.

A dream-born item is always a flawless example of its type. Although not actually sorcerous, it is so finely made that it has double the usual armour points and hit points for an item of its type without the added Skill Penalty, and it will never wear out with age.



THE SEVEN DREAM REALMS

If you would accompany me and aid me in this adventure, you must know that I have determined we shall pass through seven lands. The first we call Sadanor, or the Land of Dreams-in-Common. The second land is Marador, which we call the Land of Old Desires, while the third is Paranor, the Land of Lost Beliefs. The fourth is known to dreamthieves as Celador, which is the Land of Forgotten Love. The fifth is Imador, the Land of New Ambition, and the sixth is Falador, the Land of Madness...

'Fanciful names indeed, madam. The Guild of Dreamthieves has a penchant for poetry, I think. And the seventh? What is that named?'

She paused before she replied. Her wonderful eyes peered into his, as if exploring the recesses of his own skull. 'That has no name,' she said quietly, 'save any name the inhabitants shall give it. But there, if anywhere, you will find the Fortress of the Pearl.'

- The Fortress of the Pearl

When the dreamthief's art was young, fledgling adepts of that mysterious profession charted courses through the dreams they stole. Theirs was true *mapmaking*, for it was as much creation as cartography; even the dreamthieves themselves do not know how much of the Dream Realms existed before their coming and how much they divided and made comprehensible by their craft.

According to the dreamthieves, there are seven Dream Realms: Sadanor, the Land-of-Dreams in Common, Marador, the Land of Old Desires, Paranor, the Land of Lost Beliefs, Celador, the Land of Forgotten Love, Imador, the Land of New Ambition, Falador, the Land of Madness, and the unnamed seventh Realm.

Stealing a dream requires the dreamthief to pass through a certain number of these Realms, but how many depends on the power of the dream he means to steal. Simple fancies, passing infatuations or minor nightmares require entrance to only the first few layers of a dream. Slumbering curses, ensnaring nightmares, all-consuming passions and mind-shattering visions lie deeper in the Dream Realms, with

the most powerful – and dangerous – dreams residing in the seventh Realm. Regardless of how deep the dreamthief goes, he passes through the Realms in order, beginning in Sadanor and finding passage from one to the next within the dream's context.

While those who have never made the acquaintance of a dreamthief do not consciously compartmentalise their dreams in this manner, the landscape of their slumbering minds is nonetheless navigable with dreamthief maps; either the Dream Realms have a real, separate existence in this form, or the dreamthieves have given them such through imagination and repetition. It is difficult for any dream traveller to avoid passing in order through the seven Dream Realms, and questing after shortcuts more often leads to disaster than enduring a voyage through as many Realms as necessary.

COMMON TRAITS OF THE DREAM REALMS

All seven Dream Realms are alike in the following respects:

The Dream Realms are highly erratic, changing their form to accommodate both individual dreamers and those who visit their dreams. They give form to the memories, fancies and theories of those within them to fashion improbable, sometimes impossible, realities.

Physical sustenance is unnecessary in the Dream Realms. Dreamers and dream travellers alike expend no energy, require no food or water and, unsurprisingly, need no sleep. Instead, dream travellers expend their psychic or spiritual energies; those who go too long without resting and fortifying themselves become morose, even suicidal. This renders them easy prey for the temptations of the various Realms.

Items of merely symbolic importance take on real substance in the Dream Realms. Just as the dreamthief's dreamwand transforms from symbol to tool in the act of entering a dream, so too do other symbols take on greater importance. Heraldic beasts become guardians of flesh and

blood, symbols of the Lords of the Higher Worlds become manifestations of those powers, weapon emblems become weapons themselves.

Perishing in the Dream Realms, or succumbing to their temptations, can either cause a dream traveller's physical body to wither and perish and his dreamself to decay into a part of the dream, or rob the dreamer of his soul and leave his body a lifeless yet unnaturally animate shell.

Creatures of dreamstuff cannot pass from one Realm to another unless they are born of the Seventh Realm. A creature with even the tiniest spark of the waking world in it, however, can move between Realms just like a dream traveller.

TRAVELLING BETWEEN DREAM REALMS

Although each Dream Realm is a full plane unto itself, with its own characteristics and natural laws, moving between two adjoining Realms is nearly as simple as entering the Dream Realms through ordinary sleep; one need only walk through a seemingly ordinary gate, often unguarded, exchanging one plane for another as easily as one might visit a neighbouring country in the waking world.

SADANOR, THE LAND OF DREAMS-IN-COMMON

As Elric felt his bones re-form and his flesh resume its familiar weight and contour he saw that the land they had entered seemed scarcely any different from that which they had left. Red desert stretched before them, red mountains lay beyond. So familiar was the landscape that Elric looked back, expecting to see the Bronze Tent, but immediately behind him now yawned a chasm so vast that no further side could be seen.

- *The Fortress of the Pearl*

The first of the Dream Realms as dreamthieves have imagined them – or, by imagining them, made them – Sadanor serves as a sort of meeting ground for dream travellers as well as a gateway into deeper dreams. Natural dreamers mingle here with visitors from the Million Spheres, thrown together by Fate, chance or the machinations of powerful sorcerers or the Lords of the Higher Worlds.

As with all the Dream Realms, the Land of Dreams-in-Common has no set form and little in the way of landmarks.

It may be an immense cavern or a world with a sunless sky; in other manifestations, it may be warmed by an apparently conventional cosmos, though this is no less illusory than the light which bears no source – nor any less real! Often, Sadanor appears as a wide plain, ocean or desert with distant mountains or sheer cliffs barring passage through anything but the Marador Gate. This seemingly natural barrier is called the Shark's Jaws by dreamthieves.

Sadanor is marked by one unchanging landmark: the landscape simply *stops* in the direction from which a newly arrived dreamthief perceives he came. Most commonly, it drops off into a chasm so vast the bottom and the other side become invisible, if, indeed, they have an 'other side' at all. Retreat from the Dream Realms is impossible; only success or total destruction await.

Despite a landscape lucid visitors from the Young Kingdoms cannot help but find disturbing, Sadanor is not a nightmarish Realm, and those who dwell in it for long stretches pose little danger. Indeed, the strangeness of the place serves as a sort of gentle introduction to the more bizarre, and far more dangerous, Dream Realms ahead.

Sadanor does not lack for dangers, however; most threats here come in the form of other dreamers and walkers of the Moonbeam Roads, for this is the Realm where dreams meet, and one's dream may be another's nightmare.

In addition, all who enter Sadanor, dreamthief or otherwise, must make a Persistence test. A failure leads the character into such a state of relaxation and ennui that they feel compelled to remain. In doing so they will become a timid shadow, much like the furtive spirits who already dwell here. To dispel the onset of ennui, another character must succeed in an Influence test opposed by the affected character's Persistence.

SADANOR AND THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE BONE

Some dreamthieves believe the Land of Dreams-in-Common is an aspect of what they call the Birthplace of the Bone: the bared, essential stuff of reality that is in other times and spheres called the Gray Fees. Sadanor takes on a much more specific form than the Birthplace of the Bone, but this constancy, like all the familiar patterns of the Dream Realms, may be imposed upon it by the dreamthieves.

All dreamthieves visit the Birthplace of the Bone as part of their training, granting them rare insight into the nature



and destiny of the Multiverse. They cannot agree, however, on whether this protean realm, which transforms itself to the minds and wills of its visitors, is one with all Dream Realms, Sadanor alone, or none at all.

THE SHARK'S GULLET

The pass leading to the Marador Gate is called the Shark's Gullet. It is also known as the Valley of Timid Souls. Dreamers and dream travellers who fear to go deeper into the Dream Realms and face the dangers therein, or who fear to face themselves, remain outside the gate. They are typically of weak character and become vassals of the power ruling the pass, though what that power is changes with the passage of time and between dreams. They rarely offer anything of value to those travellers who brave the dangers ahead, but nor do they effectively bar progress.

On the other hand, the Shark's Gullet provides an ample supply of weak-willed souls who will follow any strongman who swaggers into their community. In some dreams, particularly those set up by some outside agency to trap the dreamer, the Valley of Timid Souls plays home to a brutish warlord or cruel jailor who presses its inhabitants into his service. Taking out their fear and frustration on those even more helpless than themselves seems to give the inhabitants of the Shark's Gullet temporary relief from their terrors; or perhaps they simply fear their self-appointed master more than they do the enemies who seek to dislodge them.

Even the strongest minds drawn to the Shark's Gullet are ultimately small and shallow. When it is without a master it is a community of layabouts; when ruled, a community of petty thugs. The master of such a place cannot help but be somewhat like his subjects, and it is almost always possible to bribe one's way through the Valley of Timid Souls with a small gift and a glib tongue.

THE MARADOR GATE

The Marador Gate itself is quite unassuming compared to the strangeness preceding it; often a tunnel or even a simple doorway into the Shark's Jaws, it would be entirely imperceptible but for a subtle shift in atmosphere between the Realms.

MARADOR, THE LAND OF OLD DESIRES

There was no obvious transition from Sadanor to Marador, save perhaps a slight change of mood before the tunnel opened up into a vast natural hall of richly glowing blues and greens and golden yellows and dark pinks, all flowing one to the other, like lava which had only recently cooled, more like exotic plants than the rock they were. Scents, like those of the loveliest, headiest flowers, made Elric feel as though he walked in a garden, not unlike the gardens he had known as a child, places of the greatest security and tranquillity; yet there was no doubt that the place was a cavern and that they had travelled underground to reach it.

- *The Fortress of the Pearl*

In many ways, Marador is the first true Dream Realm. From this point forward, travellers face exclusively the stuff of dreams and nightmares, for while Marador is, perhaps philosophically, a constant, each incarnation of it takes a very different form. From this point, also, the Dream Realms typically appear as a series of caverns, forcing visitors from one gate to the next if they wish to continue their journey.

If Sadanor is superficially weird and unsettling to the new dream traveller, however, Marador is quite the opposite. It is an eternal halcyon day, locked into the form of fond memories of dreamer and visitor alike. While its particulars vary from dream to dream, Marador is typified by beautiful gardens, soothing atmosphere, gentle seashores, warm homes. All of these have an airy, mystical quality and are lit with a gentle glow that seems to permeate the air. Elsewhere in Marador, where it is more clearly a vast cavern, rivers of fantastical aspect and beauty flow. Molten gold or platinum, as cool as water, run through the changeable land, and sometimes even streams of liquid gemstones.

The natives of Sadanor are also beautiful: elegant, peaceful and calm. They appear as distant kin to dreamer or traveller, not close enough to be identifiable but sufficiently so to put a visitor at ease. They seem themselves dreamers, for they

speaking softly and somewhat distantly and rarely focus on a particular task.

Despite its beauty, or indeed because of it, Marador is much more dangerous than Sadanor. The natives, though friendly, conspire with the atmosphere of their Realm to offer weary travellers a respite that would be fatal to anyone not of their kind. Through clever sophistry, quiet insistence and their own peaceful demeanour, they attempt to entice travellers to give up pursuit of their hopes and ambitions. Better, say the folk of the Land of Old Desires, to dream of what might be than to attempt to effect it and fail.

Passing through Marador requires a Persistence test at -20%. Failure dredges up some memory of a time, place, person or event for which the character has a deep rooted emotional attachment. The character is overwhelmed by a desire to recapture that memory and dwell in it forever. The future and the present slip away and only the past remains. Shaking off this melancholy hindsight requires an Influence test from an unaffected character, opposed by the victim's Persistence.

THE PARANOR GATE

The Paranor Gate appears as a tunnel in the beautiful, luminescent walls of Marador; it is not spectacular in and of itself, though the vistas around it display the Realm's most breathtaking beauty.

Those who remain in Marador for long stretches quickly lose interest in activities like the guarding of gates or the extraction of tolls. As such, the Paranor Gate is almost never defended from this side, making it one of the easiest to pass through – provided a dream traveller can bring himself to leave the subtle temptations of Marador's inhabitants.

PARANOR, THE LAND OF LOST BELIEFS

Then she seemed to dismiss it and taking his arm led him under the twin cascades of cool gold into a further cavern, which this time suddenly filled with a gentle green glow, as if they walked beneath a canopy of leaves in autumn sunlight.

And Elric was reminded of Old Melniboné at the height of her power, when his people were proud enough to take the whole world for granted, when entire nations had been remoulded for their passing pleasure. As they emerged into a further cavern, so vast he did not at first realise they were still underground, he saw the spires and minarets of a city, glowing with the same warm green, which was as beautiful as his own beloved Imrryr, the Dreaming City, which he had explored throughout his boyhood.

'It is like Imrryr and yet it is not like Imrryr at all,' he said in surprise.

'No,' she said, 'it is like London. It is like Tanelorn. It is like Ras-Paloom-Atai.' And she did not speak sarcastically. She spoke as if she really did believe the city resembled those other cities, only one of which Elric recognised.

- The Fortress of the Pearl

Where Marador is close, comfortable, even cloying, Paranor impresses with its vastness, for just the first of its many caverns is large enough to encompass an immense city that seems to be the sum of all great cities across the Million Spheres, a sort of faux-Tanelorn. Even this is not the whole of Paranor, for fields and wilderness stretch from the city in all directions, and beyond these lay other, smaller caverns, populated by less dangerous settlements, as well as by creatures dredged from myth and madness. On an earthly plane, a cave system of such size would be unimaginable, yet Paranor is as subterranean as the last Dream Realm.

The temptations of Paranor are similar to those of Marador, but subtly different and more debilitating. Paranor offers not the shallow peace and untested innocence of memory but the even more hollow succour of hypocrisy and wilful blindness. It is a Realm for those who were wrong and refused to admit it, for those who cling knowingly to falsehoods because the truth is more than they can bear. These poor fools become imprisoned in the city at the heart of Paranor, which the dreamthieves call the City of Inventive Cowardice.

The fields surrounding this palatial prison are less dangerous than the city itself, but they are all untamed wilderness. Those who become lost here roam the land, unwilling to

risk the city's seductive assistance. Some of these dream travellers, though wise to the dangers of the City of Inventive Cowardice, are not by their wisdom rendered hospitable, and clashes with travellers, or the dreamstuff echoes of travellers, are common.

In further caverns lay further cities, smaller and less enticing; dreamthieves, who avoid the City of Inventive Cowardice like no other danger, sometimes stop at these settlements to rest and gather their resources. The small cities of Paranor are generally inhabited by natives of the Dream Realms rather than visitors, and these natives are as often friendly – and harmless – as not. However, like so much in dreams, the cities of Paranor are mercurial; a safe haven in one dream may house native nightmares in another.

Finally, the wilderness of Paranor holds other dangerous dream-creatures. Nearly any monster of the corporeal and higher worlds may be found here, from savage animals to beasts of Chaos, conjured from the imagination of some dreamer as either champion or nightmare. Still other creatures, entirely unknown in the waking world, are born here from pure imagination. Paranor suits the effigies of most physical beasts better than other Dream Realms, so here they feast upon travellers whose flesh provides no sustenance save to the instincts their dream-creator supposed them to have.

THE CITY OF INVENTIVE COWARDICE

And now Elric looked closer at the walls, which were like jade, and he saw dark shapes within the walls and he saw that the dark shapes were the figures of men, women and children. He gasped as he stepped forward to peer at them, observing living faces, eyes which were undying, lips frozen in expressions of terror, of anguish, of misery. They were like so many flies in amber.

- *The Fortress of the Pearl*

The many-faced city at the heart of Paranor is more illusion than anything else in the Dream Realms. Its great spires and minarets and skyscrapers and palaces and cathedrals invariably remind the dream traveller of the greatest cities of his experience; its very size promises greatness, the ability to make real beliefs that cannot be.



All it actually offers is grotesque imprisonment.

Its very existence is a lie, powered by the lies its inhabitants tell themselves, and it is far more prison than paradise. Those within, self-convinced to the point of self-destruction, become trapped within the very walls they build with their hollow dreams, merged for eternity into the green stone.

Anyone viewing the City of Inventive Cowardice from afar must make an Influence test or a Pact test, if the character has a Pact. This tests the strength of personal belief and if the Influence or Pact test fails, then the character immediately begins to doubt their current personal beliefs and philosophies and fixates, instead, on some trivial, unimportant principle or belief from the distant past. An unaffected character can try to reverse the victim's introversion with an opposed Influence/Persistence test; if successful, then the affected character retains the strength of their convictions and can move on; he does, however, suffer a reduction in either the Influence or Pact skill of 1D20%. If the test fails, then the affected character forsakes whatever it was that drove him and sees in the

City of Inventive Cowardice a reflection of his distant state of mind or conviction and wanders into the city streets to pursue it.

Anyone who enters the City of Inventive Cowardice is lost forever; no dreamthief can rescue him, nor any other power save, perhaps, the direct intervention of a Lord of the Higher Worlds. He becomes another shade imprisoned within the walls of the city.

Other Cities in Paranor

The City of Inventive Cowardice is not a city at all, but rather a trap wrought at a cyclopean scale. Paranor's other settlements, however, are actually inhabited. These smaller cities – the largest of which, when visited in the dreams of urban folk, rival the capitals of the Young Kingdoms – house natives of the Dream Worlds and the occasional lost traveller.

Though their size and appearance change depending on the dream, the cities of Paranor all share certain traits, reflecting the Realm's nature. Paranor is a Realm much more akin to Law than the rest of the Dream Realms, and its people tend toward that degenerate form of Law that neither progresses nor evaluates its practices.

The cities of Paranor tend to be somewhat shabby, squalid affairs for their size, poorly maintained and poorly run. Rulers and citizens ape the tired traditions of their ancestors or follow degenerate customs.

Paranor's inhabitants tend toward xenophobia and paranoia, and are deeply suspicious of outsiders. On the other hand, few of these folk are violent by nature; their natural passivity makes them poor warriors, and they dislike the chaos of battle.

Some dreamthieves have learned to barter with the people of Paranor's cities; this is a sophist's game and a scholar's, requiring the visitor to first learn the city's mantras and maxims, and then to weave an argument from them. Learning the local customs requires a Streetwise test; if the character succeeds, he gains a +20% bonus to all Influence tests made against the people of that particular city. This knowledge becomes useless outside the dream in which it is gained.

The Celador Gate

The Celador Gate, at the far end of Paranor, is the most obvious a dream traveller experiences to this point; fitting for a more settled Realm, it takes the form of a worked gateway, often fanciful and richly decorated with streamers and pennants.

The gate is sometimes guarded, occasionally fiercely, by either a dreamer who subconsciously guards his dreams or by travellers who have encamped there. Dreamthieves prefer to pass by stealth or subterfuge, but at times are forced to give battle to the gate's defenders. If the gate proves too well fortified to assail on foot, a would-be dream traveller may have to seek siege equipment and the men to man it in the smaller settlements of Paranor.

Snout-Faced Women

Savage dream-marauders, the snout-faced women are one of the 'native' terrors of Paranor. Perhaps in some isolated wilderness of the Young Kingdoms, or some distant and unexplored branch of the Million Spheres, they exist outside the Dream Realms, but they are most commonly encountered here.



The snout-faced women are a squat, sturdy, almost dwarfish people, short and muscular. They possess porcine features to various degrees, with the subtlest able to pass for unattractive humans and the most extreme appearing almost as humanoid pigs. They dress, if at all, in simple animal hides, and wield primitive spears or their own spiked tusks.

The snout-faced women also carry nets fashioned from the very essence of Paranor. Anyone successfully entangled by such a net must make a Persistence test opposed to the net's (equal to its wielder's, usually 60%) or lose all will to struggle and fight.

Not especially dangerous to seasoned warriors, the snout-faced women can nonetheless pose a threat, for like most creatures of dreamstuff they have no need of rest or recuperation and hunt obsessively, waiting for a moment of weakness to spring their ambush.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR	3D6	(11)
CON	3D6	(11)
DEX	3D6	(11)
SIZ	2D6+4	(15)
INT	2D6	(7)
POW	3D6	(11)
CHA	1D6	(4)

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/5
4-6	Left Leg	-/5
7-9	Abdomen	-/6
10-12	Chest	-/7
13-15	Right Arm	-/4
16-18	Left Arm	-/4
19-20	Head	-/5

WEAPONS

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Spikes	40%	1D6+1+1D2	-
Net	60%	Entangle	1/5

SPECIAL RULES

Combat Actions:	3
Damage Bonus:	+1D2
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+0

SKILLS

Athletics 60%, Dodge 60%, Persistence 60%, Resilience 60%

CELADOR, THE LAND OF FORGOTTEN LOVE

They passed between the towers and here Elric's nostrils immediately were filled with the rich smells of leaf and turf. All around them were massive oak trees and elms and birches and every other kind of tree, yet all of them, though they formed a canopy, grew not beneath the light of the open sky but were nurtured by the oddly glowing rocks in the cavern ceilings. Elric had thought it impossible for trees to grow underground and he marvelled at the health, the very ordinariness, of everything.

- *The Fortress of the Pearl*

Celador is another wilderness cavern, much smaller and more intimate than vast Paranor. It is deeply forested, with lush greenery and rich, fertile black soil. Whereas Paranor seems like it would take days or weeks to cross if time flowed as it does in the waking world, Celador feels like a small woodland retreat, a day's walk. Yet it is even easier to become lost forever in Celador than in the Realm before it. Few animals and fewer intelligent beings dwell in Celador – many come here, but few survive for long!

The first challenge facing those who would enter Celador comes from the Realm's guardian. Until this point in the Dream Realms, only temptation and the occasional foreign element threatened the soul of the dream traveller, but in Celador, the Realm itself pits martial skill against its visitors. The Count of Magnes Doar (see below) is typically Celador's guardian, a formidable barrier indeed.

Celador's native temptation takes the form of embodied illusions – the shades of those a dream traveller has

loved and lost, or for whom he felt unrequited love. The shades need not represent a romantic interest; dead or neglectful parents, siblings, even friends may appear in Celador's forests.

Regardless of the form the illusion assumes, the temptation it offers is much the same: in Celador, a dream traveller can feel as if he has regained the love he thought lost to him. This love is only a phantasm, of course; the Realm cannot grant true happiness, only its illusion, and anyone who embraces that illusion will become lost forever amongst the trees. Each character must make a Persistence test at -40% to resist the temptation of their previous love. Failure causes him to drift from the path and engage with the shade of his lost love, making it solid.

The object of the character's love has its own Persistence, figured as for a dream of this realm: an Intensity of 4D4 and a Persistence of five times the Intensity. When the character engages with the shade, an opposed test occurs between the character's Persistence (with a -40% penalty) and the shade's Persistence. For each win in the shade's favour, the character temporarily loses POW equal to its Intensity. A success on the character's part merely resists the shade's pull, but a critical success allows the character to break free from the reverie entirely. If the character loses all his POW, his will is broken and he remains in Celador, forever trying to recapture a love that should never have been pursued again.

In addition to its shades and its guardian, Celador poses one final danger. The dreamthieves say it is here, in the Land of Forgotten Love, that the most important decisions are made. And nowhere are those decisions harder to make rationally than here, amidst an atmosphere intoxicatingly, inexplicably romantic! Dream travellers see in their companions all that is most desirable; more than one friendship among dreamthieves has blossomed into love here, but even more have been shattered by infatuation and subsequent bitterness.

Even decisions with no bearing upon love tend to occur in Celador. The atmosphere of the Realm makes it conducive to decisiveness, to the swearing of great and terrible oaths and to bold, unwavering decisions. As dangerous as these can be in the long term, they often provide the psychic strength, the spiritual fortitude, to carry dream travellers through the trials ahead.

THE COUNT OF MAGNES DOAR

Unlike the Realms before it, Celador is defended with force of arms. Typically, these arms belong to the Count of Magnes Doar, guardian of this Realm. A figure out of a fairy-tale, the Count resembles a cross between human and rabbit, clad in shabby bronze plate armour and wielding an aged spear. His ears and teeth are large, his flesh furred and gray, and even his movements are lapin-like. Despite his comical appearance, the Count is a fierce and cruel opponent, for his equipment is far better than it looks and by his sorcery he transforms the souls of those he slays into the trees of his Realm.

Some believe the Count of Magnes Doar symbolises the impediments lovers must overcome to be together; others say he is born of the madness love inspires; still others think him a hero or villain from ancient legend, forgotten save within the Dream Realms, where he remains trapped for eternity.

The Count is essentially impossible to bargain with. He cannot be bribed or intimidated, and cannot be persuaded to abandon his post. He is a cunning tracker, with a nose more bloodhound than rabbit, and only the stealthiest dream traveller can hope to evade him. Most dreamthieves grow accustomed to fighting the Count, though they put their very souls at risk with each such clash.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR 10
CON 12
DEX 14
SIZ 7
INT 14
POW 11
CHA 5

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	6/4
4-6	Left Leg	6/4
7-9	Abdomen	6/5
10-12	Chest	6/6
13-15	Right Arm	6/3
16-18	Left Arm	6/3
19-20	Head	6/4

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Spear	63%	1D8-1D2	2/5
Sword	60%	1D6-1D2	3/8

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	3
Damage Bonus:	-1D2
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+14

Skills

Athletics 30%, Dodge 70%, Persistence 50%, Resilience 50%

Armour

A suit of flimsy-looking plate armour that is stronger than it looks and does not seem to inhibit movement.

Spells

Tree of Sorrow 80%. This rune, cast on a dead body, traps the soul and causes the corpse to take root, growing into one of the trees of Magnes Doar's forest. A new life from old, but the soul is ever aware of itself and feels nothing but eternal pain for its loss of movement, and eternal hunger due to the lack of nourishment.

The Imador Gate

The Imador Gate is unmistakable: a silver arch, seemingly filled with rippling, shimmering quicksilver that suspends itself unnaturally on a vertical plane. Even in a citified region it would stand out; in wooded Celador it seems out of place, an obvious intrusion from another Realm. The gate is undefended and harmless, a welcome change from the difficulties preceding it.

Imador, the Land of New Ambition

Elric stepped, side by side with Oone, through the shimmering silver gateway into Imador, called mysteriously by the dreamthieves the Land of New Ambition, and found himself at the top of an heroic flight of steps which curved downward towards a plain which stretched towards a horizon turned pale, misty blue and which he could almost have mistaken for the sky. For a moment he thought he and Oone were alone on that vast stairway and then he saw that it was crowded with people.

Some were engaged in hectic conversation, some bartering, some embracing, while others were gathered around holy men, speech-makers, priestesses, story-tellers, either listening avidly or arguing.

- The Fortress of the Pearl

Perhaps the most hospitable of all Dream Realms, save for certain incarnations of the Nameless, Seventh Realm, Imador provides weary dream travellers with something of a respite after the emotional turmoil and physical danger of Celador and the subtle temptations preceding it. It, too, can be dangerous to the unwary, though, and its atmosphere is contusive to unwariness.

Imador offers such temptations as it has to offer frankly and without subterfuge, and embracing them, though dangerous, is not so wholly destructive as in previous realms. Still, those on a dream quest cannot afford the distractions Imador offers, and for others' sakes if not their own must be on their guard.

Upon entering Imador, dream travellers find themselves at the top of a steep incline – typically, a cyclopean staircase fashioned from unknown stone, although dreamthieves have encountered incarnations of Imador that featured earthen ramps and even a seemingly natural mountain path.

People throng the incline like the main street of a busy city. The further a dream traveller descends, the richer these 'people of the steps' become; beggars crowd around the passage from Celador, while near the base of the steps, every man and woman could be monarch of vast holdings across the Million Spheres. Between lie practitioners of every profession imaginable, many of which would be impossible to comprehend. Acrobats and magicians, watersellers and fortune tellers, caravaneers and courtesans all mingle pleasantly here, amidst thousands of other professionals. The people of the steps are the people of new ambition; those near Imador's entrance have only their dreams to spur them on, while those near the end speak to what glories the ambitious might achieve. Even the beggars appear handsome and purposeful, despite their poor apparel.

Communicating with the people of the steps is difficult, as they are not all likely to speak the same language as the dreamer and appear to be effigies or lost souls drawn from the Million Spheres. Experienced travellers may eventually

find a common language with some – those near the bottom of the steps generally possess greater erudition and are more likely to share a tongue with a traveller – but rarely acquire any useful information. Nor are their goods of more than superficial value, although they believe otherwise; their food is tasteless, ashen on a traveller's lips, their weapons are weak and brittle, and their clothes, however fine their appearance, will not hold up to a journey. The people of the steps do not themselves offer any new temptations directly; only their pauper to power progression serves to remind dream travellers of the rewards of the ambitious.

Beyond its initial incline, Imador spreads into a wide, flat plane. The Falador Gate is still far enough in the distance to be out of sight, the land sports no landmarks but the steps, and the 'sky' of the cavern roof is filled with cloudless blue luminescence. Imador's plains give the impression of limitless potential – but no clue as to how that potential might be used. Here one of the maxims of the Guild of Dreamthieves, 'Offers of guidance must always be accepted, never trusted,' shows its worth, for Imador usually provides a guide to dream travellers who reach its plains.

Imador's Guide

'A fresh goal is sometimes preferable when the road becomes impassable.'

- *The Fortress of the Pearl*

The Land of New Ambition commonly provides its eponymous temptation, its guardian and the way to pass through it in a single package. Imador's guide is an extremely powerful manifestation of the Dream Realms, partaking equally of the Realm's nature and the dreamer's psyche.

When Elric of Melniboné and the dreamthief Oone sought the Fortress of the Pearl, Imador's Guide was Lady Sough, a manifestation of Varadia, the Holy Girl of the Bauradim who the pair sought to rescue from slumbering imprisonment. Although every dreamer's guide to Imador is unique, Lady Sough is not atypical, and anyone dreamquesting in the dreams of any Bauradim may meet an aspect of her.

Lady Sough appears as an idealised, adult version of Varadia, exceptionally tall, proud and powerful because the Holy Girl felt herself weak and small. She wears regal but simple robes and travels Imador veiled, although she makes no special effort to keep herself covered. Her regal and queenly bearing belies her role as guide.

Lady Sough genuinely wishes to help visitors, provided they do not demonstrate ill-will, but she is as much a part of Imador as of Varadia – as are all Imador's guides only partly their dreamers' creatures. She will suggest myriad courses of action which seem to her perfectly sensible, but which, if followed, will slow and distract the dream traveller from his goal or even trap him forever. She insists that passing through the Falador Gate without further aid is high suicidal, cautions that the dream traveller does not have the correct supplies, or weapons, or allies, and suggests new courses that might promise great rewards.

Imador's guide – Lady Sough or otherwise – entreats every character who seeks passage with her to seek out a new course of action. Provided the character is wise enough to attempt to reject his advice, he requires a Persistence test opposed by her Influence. If the character succeeds, Imador's guide sighs but continues to lead the character where he wants to go. If Imador's guide succeeds in the opposed test, then her offers of new ideals to pursue are compelling and the traveller can do nothing but follow her to whatever strange adventure she promises.

Imador's guide's influence grows as she discovers more about what each traveller wants or is looking for. For every hour spent with her, Imador's guide's Influence increases by 2D6 and she makes another attempt to persuade travellers to pursue new ambitions. Every hour, make a separate roll for each character and keep track of the scores.

If, after several attempts, Imador's guide has failed to convince the characters to accompany her, she leads them to the Falador Gate.

Lady SOUGH, Imador's Guide

CHARACTERISTICS

STR 10
CON 10
DEX 12
SIZ 10
INT 16
POW 20
CHA 15

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/4
4-6	Left Leg	-/4
7-9	Abdomen	-/5
10-12	Chest	-/6
13-15	Right Arm	-/3
16-18	Left Arm	-/3
19-20	Head	-/4

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 3
Damage Bonus: -1D2
Movement: 4m
Strike Rank: +14

Skills

Boating 40%, Driving 40%, Influence (base) 70%, Lore (Imador) 100%

Declining the help of Imador's guide, or worse, actively attacking her will invoke her wrath and almost certainly doom the offending dream traveller to wander the Land of New Ambition for some time – perhaps forever. The dreamthief's maxim regarding guidance is born of long and painful experience, and should not lightly be cast aside!

THE ROAD OF IMADOR

Imador's guide, if her help is accepted and a course to the Falador Gate firmly set, always leads dream travellers down a long, apparently man-made passage through the fifth Dream Realm. Most commonly, this passage takes the form of a long, shallow canal, winding its way like a river through the wilderness of Imador. The only boat to be found here is, of course, in the possession of Imador's guide, who also serves travellers as boatman and navigator. It is as beautiful a riverboat as the dreamer can imagine, a sleek, seaworthy

craft with a prow like a dreamwand and a gilded hull. At other times, Imador's road is a road in form as well as function, every bit as long and winding but plied by a richly appointed wagon rather than a boat.

For all that the road of Imador is long and curving, it is the only sure, safe way through the Realm. Creatures of dreamstuff and stranded, predatory travellers stalk the canal's gently sloping banks or the packed dirt of the roadside, unable to attack travellers on the road but quick to pounce on and devour any who stray from it. This is why dream travellers require the aid of Imador's guide: only she knows the location of the road, or perhaps accepting her guidance brings it into existence. Without her, a visitor to this Realm would have to fight through countless dangers and spend years of dreaming time forging through trackless steppe to find the Falador Gate.

THE FALADOR GATE

Rising from the road or waterway by which the dream traveller journeys across Imador, the Falador Gate is an immense edifice of rough-worked stone, completely covered with mosaic of indecipherable, disturbing design.



The gate is by far the most massive yet; though it is only a doorway with no attendant fortifications, it towers over even the most spectacular incarnations of the Celador Gate. It seems to portend the dangers ahead, and if its mosaics could be interpreted by sane minds, they would likely remove whatever sanity they found.

The Falador Gate opens as soon as anything not of pure dreamstuff approaches it, and its opening is like the sudden arrival of a storm at sea. Howling, tearing wind whips from the gate and threatens to capsize carts and boats. Every combat round, the wind deals 1D6 damage to every hit location on Imador's guide's vessel, ignoring any armour points it may have. Imador's guide will attempt to steer the vessel through the wind; this requires six successful Boating tests (if the vessel is a boat) or Driving tests (if a cart or carriage). Adventurers can aid in the process by making Boating or Driving tests of their own.

If the vessel is destroyed, Imador's guide emits a wail of despair and vanishes. Passage into Falador is still possible but without the protection of Imador's guide and her vessel, it will take longer and be far more dangerous.

Once the initial blast of wind passes, the Falador Gate falls into deathly silence, as suddenly, inexplicably placid as it was raging and destructive a moment before. Truly, it is the door into madness.

Falador, the Land of Madness

The mighty barrier of obsidian rock suddenly started to flow. A mass of glassy green flooded down into the water which hissed and began to stink and mountains of steam rose ahead of them. As the steam gradually dissipated, another river was revealed. This one, flowing through the narrow walls of a deep canyon, appeared of natural origin and Elric, his mind now keyed to interpretation, wondered if it was not the same river they had crossed earlier, when he had fought the Pearl Warrior on the bridge.

Then the barge, which had seemed so sturdy, appeared all at once fragile as the waters tossed it, roaring steadily downward until Elric thought they must eventually reach the very core of the world.

Standing with Lady Sough in the prow of the boat, Oone and Elric helped her use the tiller to hold a course that was almost steady. And then, ahead, the river ended without warning and they had tipped over a waterfall and before they knew it were landing heavily in calmer water, the barge bobbing like

a scrap of bread on a pond, and overhead they could see a sky like diseased pewter in which dark, leathery things flew and communicated with desolate cries above palms whose leaves resembled nothing so much as viridian skins stretched out to await a sun which never rose. There was a rich, rotten smell about the place and the constant splashing and distant roaring of the water filled a silence broken only by the flying creatures above the rocks and the foliage which surrounded them.

- *The Fortress of the Pearl*

The first thing a dream traveller notices upon entering the Land of Madness is its stench – unpleasantly earthy, like a body that died long ago in the woods, or an abandoned slaughterhouse. The sky here is brown, clouded in shifting and ominous patterns, as though the clouds are themselves alive – as, indeed, they may be. The ground is dark and spongy, the water reddish, equal parts wine and blood. Falador's ugly landscape does not portend an empty threat, for of all the Dream Realms it is the most overtly dangerous.

Chaos rules Falador. Its protean touch is visible in every inch of the Realm, which is not unlike the domains of those Lords of the Higher Worlds sworn to it. Duke Arioch and his ilk might feel at home here, but no lesser being can, and all dream travellers pass as quickly as possible through the Land of Madness.

Imador's guide remains with the dream traveller, provided he will have her. Always enigmatic, the guide becomes downright incomprehensible in this Realm, babbling at length about the slightest obsession of the dreamer of whom the guide is an aspect. Nonetheless, the guide's service, if not her conversation, remains vital in this Realm, where the swiftest road to the final Gate is the surest escape from madness and death.

Creatures of Chaos lair throughout Falador, and unlike many of the beasts of earlier Dream Realms, these monsters are corporeal, aggressive and difficult to avoid. The complexity and power of the monsters of Falador depends on the dreamer; a raving madman or sworn servant of Chaos will grant incredible, almost invincible strength to Falador's lunatic natives, whereas a balanced mind produces somewhat lesser dangers. Unfortunately, since dreamthieves penetrate this deeply for only the choicest dreams, and other dream travellers do so only out of desperation, Falador is almost always well-stocked with creatures made strong by the dreamer's own fear-madness or obsession.

The deeper one goes into Falador and the more perversions of reason the Realm throws against the minds of those used to the waking world, the more one questions whether the madness lies within or without. This is Falador's temptation: to internalise the madness without and so become one with it. Every character must make a Persistence test for every hour spent within Falador's domain or gain 1D4 Insanity Points (see the Insanity rules in the *Elric of Melniboné Companion* for details). As Insanity grows, so self-esteem falls and those affected begin to see their own lives as things of turmoil and despair. The will to offer resistance of any kind is eroded steadily in Falador and for every failed Persistence test the character also gains a level of Fatigue, even if he has undertaken no strenuous activity.

Monsters of Falador

It would be impossible to even begin a catalogue of the sights and sounds of Falador, for every nightmare is its own miniature universe here, and every grotesque thing born of those nightmares lairs somewhere in the Realm. Any monster can put in an appearance in the Land of Madness, and those of more normal aspect are here twisted into weird Chaos-shapes in mind, body or both.

The following are creatures Elric and Oone encountered in Falador; the menagerie of horrors they were fortunate enough to avoid are left to the Games Master's discretion. Game Masters may wish to consult the Chaotic Features table in *Elric of Melniboné* or the expanded Chaotic Features table in the *Elric of Melniboné Companion* for ideas, as the creatures of Falador are, if not demons themselves, at least the nightmares the dreamer imagines demons to be.

Balis Jamon, Lord of Blood

One of the largest demons of Falador, but fortunately one of the simplest, Balis Jamon, called Lord of Blood, is an immense amphibious giant with a tusked, boar-like face, a nearly impenetrable leathery hide, and a great gaping hole where his abdomen should be. This emptiness torments Balis Jamon and entices him to demand tribute in organs; he may demand anything from hearts to the kidneys of anyone who passes by his watery lair in the rivers of the Land of Madness.

Needless to say, most dream travellers are unwilling to consent to impromptu surgery by a mad giant! Balis Jamon is more than capable of taking what he wants, however. Most mortal weapons cannot penetrate his unnaturally

thick hide; for that matter, most mortals cannot even reach anything but his snatching arms to strike.

Balis Jamon is, to the good fortune of all who pass through Falador, as dull-witted as he is powerful. Any small object bearing a vague resemblance to a human organ will fool Balis Jamon into believing his tribute paid.

Characteristics

STR 30
CON 20
DEX 20
SIZ 50
INT 8
POW 12
CHA 5

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	20/14
4-6	Left Leg	20/14
7-9	Abdomen	20/15
10-12	Chest	20/16
13-15	Right Arm	20/13
16-18	Left Arm	20/13
19-20	Head	20/14

Weapons

Type	Weapon skill	Damage
Unarmed	75%	2D8

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	4
Damage Bonus:	+2D8
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+14

Skills

Influence 55%

Armour

Thick, impenetrable hide. No armour penalty.

Flying Beasts of Falador

These pterodactyl-like monsters soar over Falador, breaking the disturbing silences of the place with their even more disturbing cries. The flying beasts of Falador are predatory dream-demons, but quite lazy; most dream travellers pass

through their territory without attracting their attention, but when their random urges drive them to ground, they become terrifying foes.

The flying beasts like to swoop down and grapple prey, then drag them off to either drown in the thick, soupy water of Falador or drop them to their deaths against the Land of Madness's cliffs. If their victims prove too large to carry off, they settle for tearing with their talons.

Characteristics

STR	2D6+6	(13)
CON	3D6	(10)
DEX	4D6+3	(17)
SIZ	2D6+6	(13)
INT	2D6	(7)
POW	2D6	(7)
CHA	1D6	(3)

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	3/5
4-6	Left Leg	3/5
7-9	Abdomen	3/6
10-12	Chest	3/7
13-14	Right Wing	3/4
15-16	Left Wing	3/4
17-20	Head	3/5

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage
Talons	60%	1D8+1D2

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	3
Damage Modifier:	+1D2
Movement:	2m, 8m when flying
Strike Rank:	+12

Skills

Athletics 45%, Perception 100%, Resilience 30%, Survival 80%, Unarmed 60%

Armour

Tough leathery hide. No armour penalty.

Headless Horses

Some of the most grotesque of Falador's inhabitants, the headless horses much resemble ordinary equines – save that, as their name implies, they have open, seeping wounds at the ends of their necks, as though they were all beheaded.

Despite their apparent lack of sensory organs or means of consuming prey (or much of anything else), the headless horses are both alert and predatory. They are nearly impossible to escape on land, due to their supernatural speed, but will not cross or even approach water.

Characteristics

STR	2D6+24	(31)
CON	3D6+9	(19)
DEX	2D6+3	(10)
SIZ	2D6+15	(22)
INT	2D6	(7)
POW	3D6+3	(13)
CHA	1D6	(3)

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Hind Leg	3/9
4-6	Left Hind Leg	3/9
7-10	Abdomen	3/10
11-14	Chest	–/11
15-17	Right Front Leg	3/9
18-20	Left Front Leg	3/9

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage
Hooves	70%	1D6+1D12

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	2
Damage Modifier:	+1D12
Movement:	12m
Strike Rank:	+8

Skills

Athletics 75%, Resilience 60%

Armour

Unnatural hide, save for the front of the chest, which is unprotected. No armour penalty.

Beast-Men of Falador

Falador's most common natives are a misshapen rabble of human, half-human and entirely inhuman creatures. All bear the touch of Chaos and signs of malnutrition; they resemble nothing so much as a horde of demonic beggars, but what they beg for is the blood and flesh of dream travellers.



The people of Falador are cannibalistic savages and quite powerful, but they lack the stomach for a fair fight. If their overwhelming numbers and repulsive appearance do not leave their victims quivering, they will fall back in surprise and panic, unable to stand against superior skill and courage.

Characteristics

STR	2D6+6	(13)
CON	3D6	(10)
DEX	3D6	(10)
SIZ	1D6+9	(12)
INT	2D6	(7)
POW	3D6	(10)
CHA	1D6+3	(6)

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/5
4-6	Left Leg	-/5
7-9	Abdomen	1/6
10-12	Chest	1/7
13-15	Right Arm	1/4
16-18	Left Arm	1/4
19-20	Head	-/5

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Hatchet	30%	1D6	3/6
Spear	20%	1D8	2/5
Natural	50%	1D6	—

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	2
Movement:	3m
Strike Rank:	+8
Traits:	*One in four beast-men has some type of natural weaponry – horns, claws, and so on.

Skills

Athletics 26%, Resilience 20%, Stealth 26%

Typical Armour

Leather shirt. -4% skill penalty.

The Last Gate

The Last Gate appears as a huge alabaster arch, strikingly pristine against the tumultuous, ever-changing and soiled landscape at the maddest reaches of Falador. Approaching it, a traveller smells clean air for the first time in what invariably seems an eternity, fresh, salty air like an ocean breeze. Though no happier Realm is visible through the arch, just coming close to it offers almost irrational hope.

Even as the arch promises safety, however, Falador makes its final, most desperate attempt on the minds of dream travellers. Characters must make one last Persistence test or gain 1D8 Insanity Points. Those who endure and manage to keep their sanity are delivered from the Land of Madness and birthplace of nightmares – though what they will find beyond, not even the wisest dreamthief can say.

THE SEVENTH REALM

Again Elric experienced that strange frisson of recognition at the landscape before him, though he could not remember ever seeing anything like it. Pale blue mist rose around cypresses, date palms, orange trees and poplars whose shades of green were equally pale; flowing meadows occasionally revealed the rounded white of boulders and in the far distance were snow-peaked mountains. It was as if an artist had painted the scenery with the most delicate of washes, the finest of brushstrokes. It was a vision of Paradise and completely unexpected after the insanity of Falador.

- The Fortress of the Pearl

All the Dream Realms are shaped by both dreamer and dream traveller, but the Seventh Realm, the Nameless Realm, is the most changeable of all. It is the depths of the dreamer's psyche made manifest, the darkest secrets revealed and the most cherished hopes realised, and it is both more wondrous and more terrible than all the other Dream Realms combined.

Whether it portends weal or woe, the Nameless Realm's appearance is paradisiacal after the horrors of Falador. It generally reflects the homeland of the dreamer, or the place where he feels most comfortable, but every visitor imparts something of his own most cherished refuge upon it, and these impressions echo down through the ages. Water here is cool and placid, sunlight is bright and soft, clouds drift lazily and infrequently, trees grow broad and sheltering. Even such buildings as appear give an impression of almost fairy-tale beauty, at once intimate and majestic.

In the dreams of a balanced, happy and contented individual, all this welcoming scenery is truthful. In such minds, the Nameless Realm becomes the inner Tanelorn, that city which is itself a dream to so many weary souls. Yet, though more peaceful and pleasing than any of the Realms

preceding it, such a Nameless Realm does not tempt well-intentioned travellers to remain; it is there for them to visit in their own dreams, and an example of how they might order their minds so they might reach it.

The Nameless Realm *can* be dangerous, however, if either the dreamer or dream traveller is a wicked or tormented soul. In either case, the landscape is an illusion, one which steadily breaks down as the traveller proceeds into the seemingly endless rolling hills and rich pastures. Hints of secret fears and hates manifest themselves as blemishes, at first almost imperceptible, on the landscape.

At the heart of an unbalanced dreamer's version of Nameless Realm, these blemishes *become* the landscape, a spreading blight where every tree and beast is a more grotesque aspect of absolute Chaos, or where all life fades into the timeless gray of absolute Law. Visions of any Lords of the Higher Worlds with whom the dreamer has formed Pacts, or of servants of those Lords, may appear at any time and assail interlopers. Even those who share the same Pact are not spared, for these are not beings possessed of such reason as the gods possess, but mindless effigies representing the dreamer's conception of the Lords and their minions.

When it is the dream traveller whose character is unbalanced, the Nameless Realm is if anything even more aggressive. The dreamer conjures imaginary protectors from his subconscious and throws these against invaders, and the Realm itself seems to bolster their powers. Legendary heroes, or at least shadows thereof, appear alone or in whole armies; riddles and mazes spring up as though from thin air, failure to navigate them meaning death.

Sadly, even when both parties are innocent, confusion – usually on the part of the dreamer – can lead to conflict. Only the most experienced dreamthieves know the subtle turns of thought, phrase and blade required to pacify a mind retreated into itself, and even they fail as often as they succeed.



THE DREAM MARKET

There's a fine trade in almost any sort of dreams, no matter how bizarre or terrifying. There are merchants who purchase them and customers who would buy them. We distil them, of course, into a form which can be transported and later translated.'

- The Fortress of the Pearl

As the Dream Realms reflect the thoughts, fears and desires of their visitors, so too the Dream Market – but here, every flight of fancy and terrifying nightmare is made real and conveniently packaged for sale to the connoisseur. Here the Guild of Dreamthieves meets to conduct its business, and here dreamthief, dream merchant and dream customer come together to barter over treasures more precious than gold.

Whether buying or selling dreams, seeking to contract the services of a dreamthief or hoping to become one, or simply in the right – or wrong – place at the right time, characters can always find what they seek at the Dream Market... but not always what they need.

The Dream Market is not a plane or branch of the Million Spheres, nor a city, nor a quarter of a city, nor a place at all. It is more a matter of *time* than *space*, for it will eventually exist anywhere and everywhere.

When the Dream Market opens in a place, it adopts familiar trappings. It can appear as a bazaar in a desert metropolis or a shopping mall in an industrial one; it can fill much of a city but fits comfortably into a single out-of-the-way shop. Inside the Dream Market, time and space do not behave quite like they do outside, and it is entirely possible for a tiny, single-storey shop in a squalid village to contain dozens of dream merchants' stalls, a vast guildhall, and room enough for customers and merchants to browse the dreams of their choosing.

Like the Dream Realms from which it derives its goods – and of which it may be a manifestation – the Dream Market's function never changes, while its form never stays the same.

FINDING THE DREAM MARKET

'And then you would sell it, you say, at your Dream Market?'
'Perhaps.' She was clearly unwilling to discuss this aspect of the matter.

'Where is that market held?'

'In a realm beyond this one, in a place where only those of our profession, or those who attend upon us, may travel.'

- The Fortress of the Pearl

Like the Dream Realms themselves, the Dream Market is both trivially easy and frustratingly difficult to reach.

Dreamthieves and dream merchants always know the location of the nearest entrance to the Dream Market; they have but to contemplate the matter for a moment and the shortest path across the Moonbeam Roads becomes apparent. This does not ensure *safe* passage through the Multiverse, only swift.

The Guild of Dreamthieves can also 'invite' a guest to the Dream Market; in this case, it is less a matter of finding the Market than of it finding *you*! Any portal, such as a doorway, portcullis or cave entrance, can become a temporary entrance to the Dream Market. Stepping through a portal thus transformed is like stepping through the Gates of the Dream Realms: the atmosphere instantly changes and the expected surroundings conform to the functional outline of the Dream Market. Since almost anyone can step through such a portal and it requires the reconfiguring of the Dream Market to the lines of its new entrance, the Guild uses this power only when its interests or the life and soul of one of its members are in deadly danger.

For uninvited characters, the path to the Dream Market is considerably more circuitous; most dreamthieves believe it is impassable, so rarely does one not of their guild or invitation enter it.

Characters may stumble across the Market by accident – or Fate – when its doors open in a new location, but far more

commonly, just discovering the location of an entrance becomes an adventure.

The first step to finding the Dream Market is simply discovering its existence! The oaths binding dreamthieves prevent them from advertising their customs or their place of business, and dream merchants conclude most of their sales on the buyers' home planes. Rumours, and even a few accurate records, exist in the Young Kingdoms, but almost exclusively in the East; the lands once ruled by Melniboné have little interaction with dreamthieves, perhaps because the latter fear or distrust the Bright Empire's own dream magic.

Once a character knows what to look for, he can seek out information on the Dream Market, scouring the Young Kingdoms and beyond for the scraps of information that escape the watchful eyes of the secretive dreamthieves. This requires a Lore (world) test at Melniboné 50%. The dreamthieves do not necessarily discourage visitors, but they seem to prefer those who chance across their enclave or who devote considerable effort to its discovery.

Regardless of how diligently a character pursues the Dream Market, he cannot find an entrance to it if he bears ill will toward the Market or the Guild of Dreamthieves, save by



following an invited guest or a dreamthief. Nor will random chance grant him entry; the Dream Market seems to almost consciously protect itself and its business.

Sorcerers of exceptional knowledge and power may be able to circumvent the Dream Market's defences and access it directly. This requires either consulting a powerful demon or a Lord of the Higher Worlds, or using a rune or combination of runes dedicated to piercing concealment. Whether the attempt succeeds or fails, the Guild of Dreamthieves may become aware of someone searching for on their sanctuary; a critical success hides all evidence, however.

Buying a Dream

Most characters who come to the Dream Market, either for business or pleasure, hope to purchase a dream. The dreamthieves refine captured dreams into physical form and the dream merchants hawk the resulting wares. See **Treasures of the Dream Realms** on page 9 for details on the forms stolen dreams may take. Dream merchants are also responsible for converting the dreams they sell back into consumable form – a process nearly as esoteric as dreamthief, though far less dangerous.

The dreams for sale in the Dream Market are captured from unhappy or tormented dreamers met by travelling dreamthieves. The dreamthieves help these unfortunates and then sell the fruits of their labour; such dreams are not always unpleasant, for what brings woe to one dreamer may delight another. Dreams of a lover many years dead might bring the original dreamer to tears or remorse, for example, yet removed from their context and given to another, these dreams depict only beauty and happiness.

When a customer wants to purchase a *specific* dream, however, he must contract with the Guild of Dreamthieves to acquire it. It is in pursuit of contracted dreams, which are often rare or difficult to capture, that dreamthieves meet, aid, and in aiding rob, countless others across the Million Spheres. Contracting for a specific dream costs far more than simply buying a random dream; the dreamthieves' prices are in accordance with the difficulty of finding a dreamer who both possesses the dream and wishes he did not, and the difficulty of capturing the dream once found.

Contracted dreams cannot be bought at the dream market at which the dreamthief was hired. Weeks, months or perhaps even years after contracting for the dream, the buyer will be visited by a dream merchant, dream in hand.

THE PRICE OF DREAMS

The costs below are merely estimates. The Guild of Dreamthieves takes many things in exchange for their services: currency their members can spend to keep themselves on their journeys, rare food, drink and decor to enliven the Dream Market, items of power or interest, and especially favours. Most dream merchants prefer to barter for services rather than goods.

All purchased dreams can be used once, after which they are expended.

DREAM COSTS

Dream Type	Cost	Intensity
Emotional or Soothing Dream	100 gold	1D6
Intense Dream	120 gold	1D8
Nightmare	150 gold	2D6
Skill Dream (basic)	200 gold	2D4
Skill Dream (mundane advanced)	300 gold	3D4
Skill Dream (runic, High Speech or sorcerous)	500 gold	4D4
Prophetic Dream	600 gold	4D6

Emotional or Soothing Dreams: These dreams give a dreamer a better night's rest. When he uses the dream, he recovers from one level of Fatigue per hour, rather than per two hours as normal. In addition, a character who has just dreamt an emotional or soothing dream may spend a Hero Point to remove two Insanity Points rather than the usual one (see page 20 of the **Elric Companion**).

Intense Dreams: These dreams are favoured by thrill-seekers who do not wish to endanger themselves in the waking world. They have no mechanical in-game effect.

Nightmares: These dreams are usually purchased by entities with strange or deranged psyches. They have no mechanical in-game effect.

Skill Dreams: These dreams are highly prized because they allow a character to subconsciously improve his abilities. When a character gets at least eight uninterrupted hours of sleep and dreams a skill dream, he gains one improvement roll at -40% in the relevant skill. This does not count against the character's usual improvement rolls.

Prophetic Dreams: These dreams are the most valuable of all. They grant a character insight into a possible future of himself or someone around him. A character who dreams a prophetic dream gains the same benefits as if he had used the Dreamthief or Dreamcrafting skills to attempt a dream vision.

USING PURCHASED DREAMS

There are two ways to experience a purchased dream.

The safer and more common way is to dream it as one might one's own dreams, passively and unconsciously experiencing the dreamscape. This grants the benefits outlined in **Buying a Dream**, above.

Less commonly, however, adventurers may wish to dreamquest through a purchased dream. This allows them to consciously understand the events of the dream, and is typically used to view the memories of the original dreamer. Visiting a dream in this manner works the same as an ordinary dreamquest and carries all the usual dangers.

THE GUILD OF DREAMTHIEVES

'A dreamthief,' she began, 'does exactly what the name implies. We steal dreams. Originally our guild were true thieves. We learned the trick of entering the worlds of other people's dreams and stealing those which were magnificent or exotic. Gradually, however, people began to call upon us to steal unwanted dreams – or rather the dreams which entrapped or plagued friends or relatives. So we stole those. Frequently, the dreams were in no way harmful to another, only to the one who was within their power...'

Elric interrupted. 'Are you saying that a dream has some material reality? That it can be seized, like a volume of verse, say, or a purse, and slipped free of its owner?'

'Essentially, yes. Or, I should say, our guild learned the trick of making a dream sufficiently real for it to be handled thus!' She laughed openly at his confusion and some of the care went away from her for a moment. 'There is a certain talent needed and a great deal of training.'

- The Fortress of the Pearl

In addition to the market proper, the Dream Market also houses the guildhall of the Guild of Dreamthieves. The guildhall's form changes to match the Market's, so it

sometimes appears as a tent, sometimes a ship, sometimes a palace, sometimes a hole-in-the-wall office or apartment. Regardless of its trappings, it is always large enough to house however many dreamthieves and dream merchants have business within it, with room to spare for other visitors.

The guild itself often seems equally mercurial, as befits an organization that was formed from the Chaos-devoted professions of theft and sorcery but now swears by the solidity and constancy of Law. In this manner, the dreamthieves seem to have come closer to the Cosmic Balance than to either of the two extremes, though far more of their number have pacts with Law than Chaos and they frown upon conventional sorcery.

Dreamthievery began as exactly what its name implies: a form of sorcery by which cunning, callous rogues stole dreams from the sleeping and packaged them for sale. The process has changed little since its ancient origins, but its practitioners have been almost entirely transformed by their experiences. In the Dream Realms, greed and heartlessness can be lethal, and disorderly minds quickly succumb to myriad temptations. As the early dreamthieves imposed their wills and patterns on the Dream Realms, their actions also imposed Law upon them.

Today, dreamthieves steal a dream mostly because the dreamer or his family asks for the dream's removal; they whisk nightmares from tossing, turning children and excise infatuation from otherwise promising adolescents, cure sleeping curses and solve mysteries locked in subconscious memories.

Of course, the guild and its members must support themselves, and they hardly object when they receive thanks and payment from those whose dreams they capture *and* those they eventually sell the dreams to!

Guild Leadership

The Guild of Dreamthieves is always led by a small council of at least two master dream merchants and a single master dreamthief. No one guildmaster is permitted to dictate the guild's actions, nor is more than one dreamthief ever allowed to sit at the guild's highest council. The reason is simple: even a master dreamthief can too easily lose his mind or his soul within the Dream Realms, and if such an individual were to gain control of the guild for even a short time, he could do irreparable harm.

BECOMING A DREAMTHIEF

With her foot, Oone traced the cracks in the red earth. 'To learn more you must become an apprentice dreamthief...' 'Willingly,' said Elric. 'I'm sufficiently curious now, madam. You spoke of your laws. What are they?'

- *The Fortress of the Pearl*

Dreamthievery is a demanding and difficult profession, to say nothing of dangerous! Lucid dreaming always exposes the dreamer to the myriad temptations of the Dream Realms, and when those temptations are clothed in the guise of another's dreams, they become all the more difficult to detect and resist. Character and cunning are required in equal measure, and the slightest failure of either dooms both body and soul.

Physical danger also attends upon the dreamthief. In addition to the usual dangers of travel in foreign lands and worlds, dreamthieves habitually anger sorcerers canny enough to place dreaming curses. Such masters of the arcane may know of the Guild of Dreamthieves and take measures to prevent their intervention – measures few dreamthieves, despising sorcery as they do, can match in the waking world.

Despite the risks, however, many, having encountered a dreamthief, hope to join the guild.

Theirs is not an easy task.

Most apprentice dreamthieves are recruited by senior dreamthieves who, often subtly, test the candidate's character and abilities in and out of the Dream Realms. Those who come to the Dream Market seeking to apprentice themselves untested are usually turned away. Occasionally however, the Guild of Dreamthieves considers a particularly dedicated applicant – after all, he had either the skill or the good fortune to find the Dream Market in the first place!

The subtle tests an applicant faces at the hands of the guild's council of senior members are even more difficult than those a senior dreamthief sets his apprentice.

TESTS OF DREAMTHIEVERY

Before a would-be dreamthief ever sees the Dream Realms, his character and abilities are tested and retested.

The first challenge is of course finding or lucking into the Dream Market or the sponsorship of a senior dreamthief. The elders of the guild consider good fortune at least as useful a trait as sorcerous or scholarly skill – arguably more so, for the Guild of Dreamthieves sees itself as serving of the Balance and see the hand of the Balance in the workings of Fate.

A candidate is permitted to attempt the tests to come as often as he likes, but the Guild of Dreamthieves will not board him at the guildhall. Unless he can persuade a senior dreamthief to permit him to tag along, he will have to find the Dream Market a second time six months or more later.

Tests of Body

Once a candidate reaches the grounds where he will be tested, he must first demonstrate the minimum level of physical ability required of a dreamthief. While the dangers of the Dream Realms do not necessarily require extreme physical vitality, they do require skill in the *application* of strength, and the kind of mental toughness they demand is best cultivated by training for physical fortitude; besides, the life of a dreamthief involves many adventures outside dreams as well as in.

The dreamthieves tests of body vary quite a bit depending on the tutor's particular emphasis. They all involve at least some sort of exercise requiring considerable endurance and

at least a modicum of combat skill, but a swordmaster-dreamthief will give his prospective student different tasks than one who prefers to eschew weapons and hone unarmed fighting arts.

Typically, the tests of body involve at least one test of physical prowess (Athletics or Riding, for instance) at –10% and at least one duel, in which the candidate must prove himself at least able to defend against the dreamthief's attacks and ideally to hold his own.

Tests of Mind

A would-be dreamthief is next challenged to demonstrate the proper strength of mind to become a dreamthief. Without a firm grasp of logic and the will to apply it even in the face of the evidence of his senses or the words of someone he respects, how can he hope to withstand the temptations of the Dream Realms?

The dreamthieves' tests of mind take the form of a verbal questioning, rapid and increasingly aggressive. The first questions are simple logic puzzles, escalating into philosophical browbeating of the worst sort. The candidate must address the underlying logic of the questions, resist giving into the dreamthief's authority and finally understand *why* his tutor is using such a tactic.

In game terms, the tests of mind take the form of a series of three Persistence tests at +20%, +10% and –10%, followed by an opposed Influence test against his tutor.

Tests of Heart

Once a candidate demonstrates the physical abilities and strength of mind required of a dreamthief, he faces his most important test: one of character.

Unlike the tests of mind and body, the tests of heart have no set form or even function. Each individual dreamthief has his own ideas about what makes him capable of surviving the Dream Realms and bringing honour and success to his guild, and it is this principle he will seek in an apprentice.

Tests of heart should generally not involve mechanics at all; rather the senior dreamthief puts his would-be apprentice into one or more situations where the candidate must make a moral choice important to the dreamthief. If the candidate chooses what the dreamthief considers the correct choice and displays the courage to act on that belief, he will be accepted.



THE THOUSAND YEAR DREAM

Every action he or his enemies take in one realm, he takes in a million others, save that these selves, as real as you or me, are the creation of a particularly powerful form of dreaming.'

- *The White Wolf's Son*

In the opalescent halls of Imrryr, called the Dreaming City, another kind of dream holds sway. Here, Melnibonéan aristocrats sacrifice portions of their souls to power 'dream couches'. By means of these magical devices, they walk the Million Spheres and experience countless lifetimes in the span of a single night of unnatural slumber. Melnibonéan sorcerers thus study with the greatest masters in the Multiverse and obtain ancient knowledge no mere human could live long enough to comprehend.

This is the magic of the Thousand Year Dream.

Unlike journeys to the Dream Realms, which are but a lucid form of the dreaming all mortals do, the Dream of a Thousand Years takes a Melnibonéan's sleeping self to other spheres entirely. It is akin to dreamthievery and to adventures on the Moonbeam Roads, partaking of elements of both but identical to neither.

As in a Dream Realm, the dreamer neither ages nor requires food or sleep, instead consuming spiritual or psychic sustenance. As in a Dream Realm, the dreamer must take pains to keep his determination and his balance, lest he fall into self-destructive depression. As in a Dream Realm, the dreamer can be killed, and if slain, will die in body as well as soul.

Yet the spheres a dreamer visits upon the dream couches are not Dream Realms. Rather than sending his dreaming consciousness to those familiarly strange climes, as even the inhuman race of the Dragon Isle does in an ordinary night's sleep, he instead loses that part of his soul not consumed by the process to wander the Multiverse. Years pass for the dreamer while his body experiences only a heartbeat, a function of the wildly divergent passage of time in the different planes. He may study with the greatest masters,

gain experience of war and governance, and see not one world but many, preparing him for the cruel, competitive life of a Melnibonéan aristocrat. He may make history on other worlds, believing the whole time that those worlds are but reflections of his own.

Melnibonéans themselves only dimly understand the nature of their dream couches; most believe the worlds they visit are created whole-hog by the couch or by their own psyches, never realising that they walk other spheres parallel to their own. Indeed, it is rare they even know such spheres exist, save for the Higher Worlds where the gods of Law and Chaos reside.

Use of the Dream Couches

Before he is ready to enter the Thousand Year Dream, a young Melnibonéan prepares himself by learning the rudiments of sorcery and swordcraft, by observing his elders as they practice their cruel arts, and finally by partaking in at least three series of shorter dream quests upon the dream couches: the Dream of Twenty Years, the Dream of Fifty Years, and the Dream of One Hundred years. Thus fortified, he fasts and meditates for many days before at last declaring himself ready.

Whether he is ready or not will invariably be born out during his dream.

Whenever a character uses a dream couch, regardless of the length of his dream, he *permanently* loses 1 point of POW as the dream couch requires part of his soul. He may obtain this much and more on his dream travels, but he cannot prevent this loss, nor is there any cure for it save improving his abilities over time and practice.

Fallen Dreamers at the Arena of Lost Souls

He had seen men like them in Imrryr once, when he had gone with his father on one of those rare times when Sadric chose to take him upon some local expedition, out to an old arena whose high walls imprisoned certain Melnibonéans who had lost their

The Thousand Year Dream

souls in pursuit of sorcerous knowledge, but whose bodies still lived. They, too, had seemed to be possessed by a cold, raging hatred against any not like themselves.

- The Fortress of the Pearl

Occasionally, a Melnibonéan sorcerer perishes in the course of a Dream of a Thousand Years in such a manner that his soul is extinguished but his body lives on. Such soulless husks are tragic, but extremely dangerous, for they possess both a measure of sorcerous knowledge and a murderous envy of their brethren who still possess a soul.

The Bright Empire imprisons its soulless citizens in an ancient arena outside Imrryr; a majority of these lost their souls during dreamquests for sorcerous power beyond their ability to control.

Occasionally, it behoves other Melnibonéans to consult the dark wisdom of the hateful creatures jailed in this Arena of Lost Souls, for they are thought to possess a greater than typical understanding of those spheres closely attuned to Chaos. Speaking with the soulless requires special permission from the Sorcerer-Emperor of Melniboné, but the wardens who maintain the arena-prison may permit visitors a clandestine encounter with its inmates in exchange for a favour or a particularly exotic gift.

Most of the soulless are incoherently insane, babbling, screaming, dripping idiot invective as they claw at the bars

of their cells. Some, more dangerous by far, remain lucid and can even mimic the appearance of normalcy (or at least what passes for it amongst the sorcerers of the Bright Empire), but this is just a ruse by which they hope to wring the life from the unsuspecting. Nonetheless, the lucid soulless retain the knowledge, though not the power, they possessed in their prior lives; they barter this dark wisdom in exchange for promises of freedom or human sacrifice.

Unfortunately, the lucid soulless sometimes escape imprisonment. In their reduced state, they cannot wield the immense magical knowledge they possess, but they retain the cunning that typifies Melnibonéan nobility. Those who escape seek to effect terrible vengeance on the living, reserving special hatred for their own people.

Melnibonéan Soulless

Typical of sorcerers who lost their souls while dreamquesting, these accursed Melnibonéans have little left but their undying hatred of those not thus afflicted. Most gibber and rage mindlessly, but some few are lucid enough to fool the unobservant. The same dreams that robbed them of their souls also gave them great and terrible magical knowledge.

Characteristics

STR 11
CON 12
DEX 13
SIZ 13
INT 19
POW 0
CHA 18

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/5
4-6	Left Leg	-/5
7-9	Abdomen	-/6
10-12	Chest	-/7
13-15	Right Arm	-/4
16-18	Left Arm	-/4
19-20	Head	-/5

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Rapier	80%	1D8	3/8



Special Rules

Combat Actions: 3

Damage Modifier +0

Movement: 5m

Strike Rank: +16

Skills

Command 50%, Courtesy 52%, Dodge 30%, Evaluate 50%, First Aid 45%, Healing 40%, Influence 60%, Language (Common) 60%, Language (High Speech) 95%, Language (Low Speech) 90%, Lore (Animal) 60%, Lore (Beast Lords) 45%, Lore (Chaos) 90%, Lore (Dragon) 87%, Lore (Elements) 60%, Lore (Imperial Court) 30%, Lore (Law) 25%, Lore (Melniboné) 90%, Lore (Plant) 50%, Lore (World) 50%, Persistence 70%, Riding (Horse) 50%, Sing 55%, Stealth 50%.

Pacts, Runes and Summonings

None*.

* Soulless have a POW of 0 and cannot use magic of any type. However, a soulless Melnibonéan is likely to possess extensive *knowledge* of runes and summonings, allowing them to teach what they cannot themselves do.

Gifts and Compulsions

Hatred of the Ensouled

THOUSAND YEAR DREAMING WITHOUT A DREAM COUCH

But Elric of Melniboné was desperately sending his mind out into the unseen worlds around him, the myriad worlds of the Multiverse, where he believed he might find the one thing which could help him. He had deliberately fallen into a dream, a slumber known by his sorcerer ancestors as the Sleep of a Thousand Years, by which he had earlier learned his wizard's craft. He was now too weak to do anything else but send his failing spirit into the astral worlds beyond his own. By this means he sought his sword, Stormbringer, calling its name as he slept, knowing that if he died on this, his last desperate dream quest, he would die here, also.

- Son of the White Wolf

Only a mighty sorcerer, trained on the dream couches and with experience of dreamthievery, can hope to repeat the millennium-long journey of his youth without resorting to the dream couches. Elric of Melniboné will one day manage the feat, embarking on a Thousand-Year Dream while he

THE THOUSAND-YEAR DREAM IN THE CAMPAIGN

If visits to the Dream Realms pose difficulties for the Games Master, the Thousand-Year Dream only exacerbates these. A character who embarks upon a Dream of a Thousand Years will have more adventures, face more perils, live more *lives*, than all the other characters in the group combined. Upon his return – provided he *does* return – he will benefit from a millennium of knowledge and practice.

Fortunately, there are several ways a Games Master can incorporate a Thousand-Year Dream into a campaign without it completely neutering the former or derailing the latter.

The first and most obvious is to *make* the Thousand-Year Dream the campaign. As in the later novels of the Elric Saga, all the characters are dream travellers, walkers of the Moonbeam Roads, or natives of one of the planes visited by the other adventurers. This is an excellent way to frame a Multiversal campaign, but can even take characters to the familiar Young Kingdoms, which are, after all, but one of the Million Spheres.

Another way to incorporate the Thousand-Year Dream is to have one character experience it, but only slowly reveal the power he acquired – approximately at the pace his companions advance in the waking world, for instance. Because of the nature of the lessons learned on the dream couches of Imrryr, it is perfectly possible for someone who, for example, studied sorcery with the Kakatarawa to neither consciously remember visiting their gilded longhouse, nor to immediately be able to call to mine the mystical powers he now possesses.

A hybrid approach allows for the benefits of both: the character dreaming his Dream of a Thousand Years will likely be drawn to analogues of his companions during his long journey; it is thus possible for all the adventures, or at least aspects thereof, to be present for a few of the crucial moments of one character's Thousand-Year Dream. After playing out one or two sessions of the Dream to give its flavour and demonstrate its dangers, the Games Master can return the campaign to the waking world.

hangs from the mast of Jagreen Lern's flagship; thus he will regain his sword Stormbringer for his final battles.

To even attempt this supreme feat of dreamquesting, a character must have experienced at least one Thousand-Year Dream upon the dream couches and have the Dreamcrafting or Dreamtheft skill at 10% or higher. The character must then make a Dreamcraft test at -100%.

The Visited Realms

The Thousand-Year Dream can take those who embark upon it to any far-flung corner of the Million Spheres. Not only would it be impossible to survey the entire swathe of worlds the dreamer might visit, but even detailing a few such worlds lies outside the scope of this book. Included below are brief descriptions of some of the worlds Elric of Melniboné visited on his Dream of a Thousand Years, along with some of the reasons other characters might follow in his footsteps, and some of the creatures they might encounter.

Kakatanawa

Nothing I had heard could have prepared me for my first sight of the Kakatanawa 'longhouse.'

While it was easy to see how the phrase fitted the conception, the reality was utterly unlikely. Their longhouse was not only the size of a mountain, it appeared to be made of solid gold! Standing out about a mile from the shore, this mighty, glittering pyramid rose at the centre of the frozen lake. The Kakatanawa longhouse dominated even the brooding peaks which completely surrounded it.

Under a paling blue sky reflected in the great plain of ice, Kakatanawa gleamed. An immense ziggurat, as high as a skyscraper, it was an entire city in a single structure. The base was at least a mile wide, and the tiers marched up, step by enormous step, to a crown where what might be a temple blazed.

- The Skrayling Tree

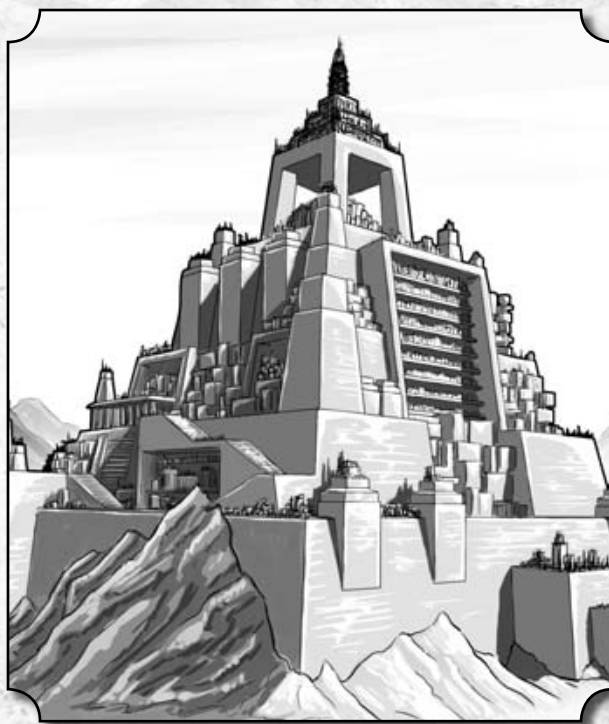
Save dreaming Imrryr herself, no location holds greater importance to the Sorcerer-Emperors of Melniboné than the gilded lodge of Kakatanawa – despite the fact that only a handful of Melnibonéan rulers consciously remember their long apprenticeship in that fantastical realm! Kakatanawa is the most common destination for Melnibonéans embarking on a Dream of a Thousand Years, and it is here, under the glimmering roof of a city of gold and above the boughs of

the tree at the heart of the Multiverse, that the greatest feats of sorcery are imparted to the Bright Empire's rulers.

Kakatanawa exists on a version of the world called Earth, in the seemingly trackless heart of the Rocky Mountains on the continent later visitors would know as North America. The city is more ancient than the history Earth's surviving peoples know – more ancient, indeed, than humanity as they understand it! The lands around it seem almost a Dream Realm in themselves, for concepts of space and time automatically accepted in other spheres are malleable here – if they apply at all.

A civilized, civilizing race, the Kakatanawa brought mastery of many crafts mundane and magical to the neighbouring tribes. Sworn to Law but with great respect for the Balance, they considered themselves guardians of the Multiverse. They allied with Nihrain, the people of Fate and forgers of the black swords Stormbringer and Mournblade. They also allied with ancient Melniboné, thinking that perhaps by binding their land of Law to a kingdom of Chaos, they could achieve Balance.

But just as Melniboné's destiny is to be consumed by its worship of Chaos, Kakatanawa's fate was to stagnate and fall under the rule of Law. Self-appointed guardianship



doomed the Kakatanawa and has at times come close to dooming the Multiverse, for in conceiving of the Million Spheres as a great tree in their care, they eventually caused this to be the case. And a tree, though vaster than reality, can be contained – or cut down.

Today the mile-long golden longhouse of the Kakatanawa is nearly empty, with only a handful of its ancient builders left in a city meant to house millions; at least ten thousand years of tending the tree at the heart of the world and of tutoring the future Sorcerer-Emperors of Melniboné are passing. Elric was the last Melnibonéan to spend much of his first Thousand-Year Dream studying sorcery with the Kakatanawa, living among them under the name of White Crow.

The oaths that bind the Kakatanawa to the defence of the great tree that is the Multiverse, outlived the glory of their culture. Though their mighty longhouse is nearly empty, those few still dwelling within it are perhaps the most powerful warriors their race ever produced, capable of holding off foes natural and supernatural alike.

Adventurers who walk the Moonbeam Roads or travel in dreams still seek Kakatanawa to learn from its people, to aid them in their guardianship, to plunder their fantastic treasures or, in the service of some mad Lord of the Higher Worlds, to do battle with them and do harm to the great tree.

EARTH

One of the stranger planes visited by Elric of Melniboné, and one intimately tied to both his dreaming life and his eventual, apocalyptic destiny, Earth is a world where the arcane science has little power, but other sciences, unfamiliar to the people of the Young Kingdoms, hold sway. In later eras, Earth, like the somewhat similar realm that houses the Dark Empire of Granbretan, possesses weapons and artefacts surpassing all but a handful of magical relics from across the Million Spheres.

ERAS OF EARTH

Elric of Melniboné's millennium-long sojourn on Earth began in the tenth century by the local calendar. For those following in his footsteps, this era, all that came before it, and the first half of Elric's second Thousand-Year Dream can be considered the Earlier Earth: the period when Earthly science had yet to outstrip that of the Young Kingdoms and neighbouring dimensions.

Beyond this period – such as in Earth's 20th century, when Elric visited the world across the Moonbeam Roads as well

FIREARMS AND OTHER EARTHLY GEAR ON OTHER WORLDS

Not all Earthly accoutrements function on all worlds. Firearms will not function in the Mittelmarch, for example. Whether such items will work in more Earth-like spheres, such as the Young Kingdoms, is up to the Games Master and a good way for him to prevent their proliferation.

It is also possible to restrict the *reproduction* of Earthly artifice without necessarily preventing its *use*. Indeed, this need not be a function of the differing physics of the various branches of the Multiverse; characters from the Young Kingdoms would have to spend a good portion of their lifetimes retraining to even understand the principles of Earthly science, much less how to apply it to manufacturing. While the Dream of a Thousand Years would grant sufficient time to do so, the memories it leaves are more on the level of instinct and subconscious thought than rote learning.

as through his dreams, and when his descendents Oona and Ulric von Bek make their home – is the Later Earth: the period when sciences strange to the people of the Young Kingdoms rise to rival the heights of sorcery.

Dream travellers who have no particular business in this world are most likely interested in the Later Earth, which is a more unusual – and potentially useful – sphere to the inhabitants of other planes.

ARTEFACTS OF THE LATER EARTH

Perhaps the most compelling reason for adventurers to visit Earth in their dreams is its peculiar science, which allows for the mass-production of items of power surpassing all but the most legendary sorcerous artefacts. Even Elric was once surprised and injured by the weapons of the latter Earth, though the supernatural vitality granted him by Stormbringer proved more than a match for bullets as well as blades.

Visitors to the later eras of Earth can equip themselves with weapons and equipment far surpassing those found in the

Young Kingdoms and, if they can find a way to transport their gear across the Million Spheres, will gain incalculable advantage over their foes and rivals on other worlds.

Included below are a few common weapons of the later Earth. Other types of equipment might prove equally useful, but their game mechanical function is the Games Master's purview.

Assault Rifle: A rifle designed for automatic fire. This firearm can be used to fire up to three times per combat action. The character declares how many shots he wishes to fire before making his attack; each shot after the first imposes a –20% penalty on all his attacks.

¹An assault rifle holds a 24-round clip. It only needs to be reloaded after 24 attacks.

Pistol: A basic one-handed firearm, originally used by military officers, now also popular with police and anyone who needs to conceal his weapons.

²A pistol holds a 6-round clip. It only needs to be reloaded after 6 attacks.

Rifle: A basic hunting rifle in a classic longarm design. It is larger and longer than an assault rifle, so each shot deals more damage.

³A rifle holds a 6-round clip. It only needs to be reloaded after 6 attacks.

Shotgun: A longarm designed for close-range firepower.

For every 5m away from the attacker his target is, a shotgun deals 1D8 less damage.

⁴A shotgun holds a 5-round clip. It only needs to be reloaded after 5 attacks.

Submachine Gun: A man-portable machine gun, typically between pistol and carbine size. This firearm can be used to fire up to three times per combat action. The character

declares how many shots he wishes to fire before making his attack; each shot after the first imposes a –20% penalty on all his attacks.

⁵An assault rifle holds a 30-round clip. It only needs to be reloaded after 30 attacks.

THE MITTELMARCH

I found it hard to turn my head, but when I did so I saw that the band of sparkling brilliance had grown much higher and was rising into the darkness, illuminating every kind of grotesque shape. I saw frozen rock that seemed organic, that assumed the shapes of fabulous beasts and buildings, of people and planets. Etiolated crags. A silvery light contrasting with the utter blackness of the farther reaches. A place of deep, alarming shadows. A monochrome world in extremes of black and white. A mysterious spectacle.

- *The Dreamthief's Daughter*

The Mittelmarch is an underground plane closely related to both Earth and the Dream Realms. In some ways, it is Earth's cosmic opposite, for here sorcery is as strong as anywhere in the Multiverse, but Earthly science has no power. The Mittelmarch's closeness to Earth makes travelling between the two worlds comparatively easy; one need only find a certain grove or cavern at the right conjunction of the Multiverse to pass between these realms. As a result, each has many legends of the other.

A vast, underground land, the Mittelmarch is dominated by a race of peaceful but powerful scholar-sorcerers: the Off-Moo. Their great city, Mu Ooria, welcomes visitors from other worlds regularly, and is one of the safest and wisest sources of wizardcraft in the Million Spheres. Although no sun lights Mu Ooria, the city is bright with sorcerous light, and many who visit it find themselves more at peace than in their homelands.

WEAPONS OF THE LATER EARTH

Weapon	Skill	Damage	Range	Load	STR/DEX	ENC	AP/HP	Cost
Assault Rifle	Longarms	2D8	175m	1 ¹	7/–	4	5/5	200 silver
Pistol	Small Arms	2D4	15m	1 ²	6/–	1	5/2	50 silver
Rifle	Longarms	2D10	200m	1 ³	5/–	4	4/5	100 silver
Shotgun	Longarms	4D8*	20m	1 ⁴	5/–	3	4/5	75 silver
Submachine Gun	Small Arms	2D6	15m	1 ⁵	8/–	1	5/2	150 silver

Beyond the domain of the Off-Moo likes Uria-Ne, the land beyond the light. Here the Mittelmarch becomes considerably less friendly. Tribes of Earth humans who could not tolerate the pacific Mu Ooria lurk in Uria-Ne, maddened by the darkness and degenerated into savagery and cannibalism. Worse are the huge blind troogs, natives of the Mittelmarch who may have inspired legends of trolls and ogres in nearby worlds; they are larger and tougher than the humans, and better adapted to the darkness. Even the panthers of the Mittelmarch, great black cats who are dear to the Off-Moo for keeping the human and troog hosts from growing too large, prey on explorers as readily as on the natives of Uria-Ne.

CITIES OF EARTH AND THE MITTELMARCH

He pointed to the skyline of Mirenburg. 'What you observe,' he explained, 'is a mirror of the city you will find on the surface. Do not ask me how this phenomena can be. I lack the intellect to explain it. But in a certain place the upper city and the lower city connect and allow us to move from one into the other. I think you will find the upper city more familiar. I cannot be sure, but it might even exist on the same plane as your own.'

- The White Wolf's Son

Several Earth cities also have analogues in or adjoining the Mittelmarch, most famously Mirenburg, whose undercity is ruled by the humanoid fox Lord Reynard.

It is possible to reach a variety of versions of these cities via the Mittelmarch, including their Earthly incarnations in various eras, but it is not always advisable. Travellers have little way of predicting which aspect they will arrive in or when. A 20th century man might stumble into the Mittelmarch through the Mirenburg of his world and emerge into the city hundreds of years earlier or later – or in another world entirely.

Dream travel and the Moonbeam Roads are far more reliable ways of reaching a given place and time; the Mittelmarch is a pathway reserved for the desperate, the powerless and the ignorant.

GRANBRETAN

As we moved, I turned the wheel, trying to get as good a picture of the city as I could. I was sure it was London – what they called Londra – though there wasn't a single familiar building or street. A busy, baroque city, with everything anthropomorphized. Slaves, naked but for masks, hurried on

errands. Shops displayed their wares, most of them pretty ornate and many of them impossible to identify. Groups of warriors marched together along narrow thoroughfares over which those same grotesque buildings loomed. The bus was soundproofed, so I could hear the street noises only faintly.

- The White Wolf's Son

Late in his second Thousand-Year Dream, Elric of Melniboné's desire to protect his descendents and the Multiverse call him to a branch of the Million Spheres more commonly the haunt of another incarnation of the Eternal Champion: the Dark Empire of Granbretan, sworn foe of Dorian Hawkmoon.

This realm has little or no congress with the Young Kingdoms – to their good fortune, for it is dominated by a nation at least as cruel as Melniboné or Pan-Tang at the heights of their power, and armed with strange devices against which the Young Kingdoms would have little protection. Despite its comparative remoteness, it is a realm where the last Sorcerer-Emperor of Melniboné left his mark – and as such, a realm that other adventurers of the Young Kingdoms might reach, or which might reach *them*!

For more on the Dark Empire, the lands ill-fated enough to be its neighbours and those who fight against its tyranny, see the **Hawkmoon the Roleplaying Game**.

CREATURES OF THE VISITED REALMS

The creatures of the Million Spheres are even more varied than the planes on which they exist. Those below are but a handful who famously encountered Elric and his allies during his Thousand-Year Dreams.

KAKATANAWA

It was now daylight outside, and the figures I had seen on the lawn were in fact about a dozen American Indians in colourfully decorated breechclouts, leggings and leather shirts. Their heads were shaven, apart from long scalp locks, and their faces were painted. In their hands were various weapons, including stone tomahawks, lances, bows and shields.

- The White Wolf's Son

Dwellers in the golden longhouse, protectors of the Skrayling Tree, the Kakatanawa are a great and noble people, sworn to Law but dedicated to the Cosmic Balance, mighty in war

and wizardry and intensely reclusive. Not entirely human, they may be distantly related to the Melnibonéans; at the very least the two races have enjoyed a long partnership, though the latter rarely recall it.

The Kakatanawa are considered giants by most humans. To people from the Earth which is their Spirit World, they at first seem to stand between seven and ten feet tall. In fact, their extraordinary height is a function of reality, not race; visitors to Kakatanawa sometimes see all the other peoples of the continent as midgits and their hosts as ordinary men, albeit ones of exceptional stature and bearing, while those who appear amongst the dwarfish Pukawatchi see ordinary folk tower over them, while the Kakatanawa appear to be of truly titanic proportions! This strangeness of scale is due to the golden lodge of Kakatanawa's proximity to the tree at the heart of the Multiverse; reality is stretched thin here, and the Grey Fees are close at hand. When in scale with their guests, Kakatanawa are still among the tallest human or human-like peoples, but not supernaturally so.



Kakatanawa are a tall, pale, finely-featured race, somewhat resembling the Indians of the northwest, such as Hurons and Mohicans. Most are muscular, and almost all are in good condition, for they are great believers in honing their minds and bodies, and in the synergy between the two.

Warriors of great renown, Kakatanawa rarely shirk from a fight and train to win those battles they find themselves in. The Kakatanawa are not an aggressive tribe, save against those who threaten their city or their charge, but their reach is

considerable and, when their civilization was at its height, they terrified many armies of Chaos across the Million Spheres.

Characteristics

STR	3D6+6	(16)
CON	3D6+6	(16)
DEX	3D6+6	(16)
SIZ	2D6+6	(12)*
INT	3D6+6	(16)
POW	3D6+6	(16)
CHA	3D6+6	(16)

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/6
4-6	Left Leg	1/6
7-9	Abdomen	2/7
10-12	Chest	2/8
13-15	Right Arm	-/5
16-18	Left Arm	-/5
19-20	Head	-/6

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Lance	55%	1D8+1D	22/5
Short Bow	65%	1D8	2/4
Tomahawk (melee)	60%	1D6+1D	22/6
Tomahawk (thrown)	60%	1D6+1D	22/6

Special Rules

<i>Combat Actions:</i>	3
<i>Damage Modifier:</i>	+1D2
<i>Magic Points:</i>	16
<i>Movement:</i>	4m
<i>Strike Rank:</i>	+16
<i>Traits:</i>	*Kakatanawa encountered outside their native lands often appear to be giants. A typical Kakatanawa is actually SIZ 12, but can be as much as SIZ 24 (if encountered in ordinary, human regions) or SIZ 36 (if encountered in the lands of the Pukawatchi). His STR goes up in proportion to his apparent SIZ, so a Kakatanawa among the Pukawatchi typically has STR 40 and SIZ 36.

Skills

Acrobatics 40%, Athletics 50%, Boating 30%, Dodge 50%, Endurance 50%, Lore (animal) 55%, Lore (plant) 45%, Perception 45%, Resilience 50%, Stealth 55%, Survival 50%, Tracking 50%



Typical Armour

Leather leggings, breechclout and sleeveless leather shirt. 1-2 AP, -6% armour penalty.

Gifts and Compulsions

Protect the Tree at the Heart of the World

Pukawatchi

I had not realised from the conversations I had overheard that the tallest Pukawatchi could scarcely reach my chest. They were conventionally formed little people. Their scrawny bodies were heavily muscled. They showed a tenacity of attack which made you admire them. I assumed they had evolved in similar circumstances to the African bushmen. Unlike Ayanawatta, they were a square-headed, beetle-browed people, clearly from a different part of the world altogether, yet they dressed in deerskin, with breechclouts, fur caps, decorated shirts and moccasins. But for their features and diminutive size, they might have been any tribe east of the Mississippi.

- The Skrayling Tree

As the Kakatanawa appear as giants to men of other realities, so do the Pukawatchi seem dwarfish. As with the Kakatanawa, whom they both fear and hate, their size is a reflection of the oddities of scale of their world; visitors from other planes who spend most of their time in Pukawatchi lands come to share their diminutive stature.

Originally a tribe of peaceful and canny smiths who dwelt deep in the earth, they were driven from their original homes by a great tumult among the races and emerged a race bent on empire. With their potent techniques for forging weapons both magical and mundane, they came close to dominating their continent, until their power waned and their four legendary treasures were taken by White Crow.

The Pukawatchi are not exceptionally dangerous warriors, although their weapons are of much higher quality than any of their neighbours. The most dangerous among them are their shamans, who in these waning days of their people take as totems the most brutish and violent of elemental lords.

Characteristics

STR	3D6+3	(13)
CON	3D6+3	(13)
DEX	3D6	(10)
SIZ	3D6	(10)*
INT	3D6+3	(13)
POW	3D6	(10)
CHA	3D6	(10)

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/5
4-6	Left Leg	1/5
7-9	Abdomen	3/6
10-12	Chest	3/7
13-15	Right Arm	1/4
16-18	Left Arm	1/4
19-20	Head	3/5

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Lance	25%	1D8	3/6
Short Bow	50%	1D8	2/4
Tomahawk (melee)	30%	1D6	3/7
Tomahawk (thrown)	30%	1D6	3/7

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	2
Magic Points:	10
Movement:	3m
Strike Rank:	+11
Traits:	*Pukawatchi encountered outside their native lands often appear to be dwarfs. A typical Pukawatchi is actually SIZ 10, but can be as small as SIZ 6 (if encountered in ordinary, human regions) or SIZ 3 (if encountered in the lands of the Kakatanawa). His STR goes down in proportion to his apparent SIZ, so a Pukawatchi among the Kakatanawa typically has STR 6 and SIZ 3.

Skills

Athletics 28%, Boating 25%, Craft (any one) 25%, Endurance 28%, Lore (animal) 25%, Lore (plant) 20%, Perception 15%, Resilience 10%, Stealth 25%, Survival 25%

Typical Armour

Leather clothes, fingerbone vests and helmets of mammoth tusk; although the Pukawatchi can work metals and even produce enchanted items, they do not do so often or in great quantities and reserve what they do make for weaponry. 1-3 AP, -12% armour penalty.

Cowardly Serpent

This last thought came as I watched, virtually mesmerized, while a long, gleaming neck rose and rose and rose from the river until it blotted out the light. Vast sheets of water ran off its body and threatened to capsize the canoe as, with a shout to me to steady us, Ayanawatta took one of the spears from beneath his feet and threw it expertly into the flesh I had assumed to be hugely dense. But the spear went deep into the creature, as if into a kind of heaving, wet sawdust, and the water bubbled with the thing's hissing breath. It groaned. I had not expected such a noise from it. The voice was almost human, baffled. It thrashed violently until the spear was flung free, and then it disappeared upstream, still groaning from time to time as its head broke the water, trailing a kind of thin, yellow ichor like smoke.

- The Skrayling Tree

The rivers around Kakatanawa are occasionally menaced by dangerous creatures outside their own time. Cowardly serpents are one example of such. Nearly as huge and terrifying as the more famous sea serpent, they may be degenerate kin to dragons or perhaps a form of elemental with a particularly corporeal appearance, or perhaps aquatic dinosaurs stranded outside their time.

Regardless of their nature, these river serpents are powerful monsters, easily capable of capsizing canoes and devouring their passengers. Their flesh, however, is not the hard scale one might expect of such a gigantic creature, but soft and blubbery; a well-thrown or -thrust spear can pierce the river serpent's flesh, and even arrows can harm it. What's more, they are known as cowardly serpents because they habitually flee at the slightest injury.

Nonetheless, their sheer size and the power of their great jaws suffice to make cowardly serpents a threat.

Characteristics

STR	10D6	(35)
CON	8D6	(28)
DEX	3D6	(10)
SIZ	10D6+5	(45)
INT	3	(3)
POW	1D6	(3)
CHA	3D6	(10)

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-4	Tail	-/15
5-9	Abdomen	-/15
10-14	Chest	-/16
15-18	Neck	-/15
19-20	Head	-/14

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage
Bite	80%	1D10+2D6

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	2
Damage Modifier:	+2D6
Movement:	6m (swimming only)
Strike Rank:	+6
Traits:	Night Sight

Skills

Perception 30%, Stealth 50%, Survival 45%, Swimming 130%, Tracking 40%.

Kenabik

The size of a three-story building, its brilliant feathered ruff was flaming with a thousand hues in that deepening light. I have never seen so much colour on one animal. Dazzling peacock feathers blazed purple, scarlet and gold, emerald and ruby and sapphire. Such beautiful plumage disappeared from the Earth countless millions of years before. Its brown-black beak looked as if it had been carved from a gigantic block of mahogany. Above the beak two terrible brilliant yellow eyes glared, each the size of a dressing mirror. The mouth snapped and clacked, streaming with pale green saliva. As we watched, the thing lifted a yelping prairie fox in its right front claw and stuffed it into its maw, gagging as it swallowed.

The creature had a hungry, half-crazed look to it. It stretched its long neck down to the ground and sniffed, as if hoping to find food it had overlooked. It then stood upright on massive back feet which had a somewhat birdlike appearance, though its forepaws more resembled lizard claws.

- *The Skrayling Tree*

Like river serpents, the kenabik are a species outside their own time. Theirs is a tragic exile, for though naturally herbivorous, they cannot survive on the plants existing so far from their native haunts, and in desperation turn to eating meat which both disgusts them and cannot sustain them. Worse, they possess intelligence of a fairly high type and regard their reluctant carnivorous diet with a moral as well as biological abhorrence.

The kenabik is a gargantuan creature, one of the largest land animals ever to walk the Earth or any other world. Their long necks and powerful bodies are muscled to reach the uppermost tips of primeval forests and to fend off predators nearly as large as themselves. They are a late breed of dinosaur, perhaps meant to exist in planes in which the age of their kind never ended.

Despite their abhorrence for meat-eating and its ultimate futility, kenabik are still ravenous and half-mad predators, and those who encounter them rarely have any choice but to take their lives or die trying – the latter being far more likely.



CHARACTERISTICS

STR	8D6+25	(48)
CON	8D6+32	(55)
DEX	2D6	(7)
SIZ	10D6+30	(65)
INT	1D6+6	(9)
POW	3D6	(10)
CHA	3D6+3	(13)

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-2	Tail	2/25
3-4	Right Rear Leg	2/24
5-6	Left Rear Leg	2/24
7-9	Abdomen	2/25
10-12	Chest	2/26
13-14	Right Front Leg	2/24
15-16	Left Front Leg	2/24
17-18	Neck	2/23
19-20	Head	2/24

WEAPONS

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage
Bite	90%	2D10+2D12
Stomp	90%	1D8+2D12

SPECIAL RULES

Combat Actions:	2
Damage Modifier:	+2D12
Movement:	6m
Strike Rank:	+8

SKILLS

Athletics 70%, Lore (Plant) 20%, Perception 50%, Survival 100%.

ARMOUR

Scales and feathers. 2 AP, No armour penalty.

URIA-NE BARBARIAN

'More than one army has been lost here,' said the scholar casually. 'Besides, you are unlikely to get back to the place you left and equally unlikely to find an entrance to our world again. No, you will journey to the darkness, beyond the river, and there you will learn to survive or perish, as fate decides. There are many others of your kind out there. Remnants of those same armies. Whole tribes and nations of them. Men as resourceful

as yourselves should survive well and no doubt discover some means of flourishing.'

Gaynor was contemptuous, disbelieving. 'Whole nations? What do they live on?'

Scholar Fi began to turn toward the settlement. His patience had expired. 'They are primarily cannibals, I understand.'

- The Dreamthief's Daughter

Humans lost in the land beyond the light in the Mittelmarch, the barbarians of Uria-Ne are as low a human type as imaginable. They were cast out of the refuge of Mu Ooria for being irredeemably violent and thuggish, and in the lightless caverns where man is not naturally meant to dwell they have only been reduced to further savagery. They are blind killers, even cannibals, yet for all their undirected violence they are easy prey for the other creatures of Uria-Ne.

More powerful forces sometimes recruit the barbarians of Uria-Ne, promising them a return to the light or a chance at revenge against the Off-Moo.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR	2D6+6	(13)
CON	3D6	(10)
DEX	3D6	(10)
SIZ	3D6	(10)
INT	2D6	(7)
POW	2D6	(7)
CHA	2D6	(7)

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/4
4-6	Left Leg	-/4
7-9	Abdomen	1/5
10-12	Chest	1/6
13-15	Right Arm	-/3
16-18	Left Arm	-/3
19-20	Head	-/4

WEAPONS

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Club	30%	1D6	2/4

SPECIAL RULES

Combat Actions: 2

Movement: 4m

Strike Rank: +8

SKILLS

Athletics 16%, Resilience 20%, Survival 10%

TYPICAL ARMOUR

Ragged hides. 1 AP, -4% armour penalty.

MITTELMARCH PANTHER

I'd seen it once before. In my dream. A gigantic cat, far larger than the largest tiger, jet black, its red tongue lolling from a jaw filled with sharp, white fangs, and two enormous curving incisors. A sabre-toothed panther, its long tail lashing even as it ran, was keeping pace with us. A creature of my dreams. Running beside the raft as the current bore us towards the Off-Moo capital!

Now Fromental could see the beast. He knew what it was. 'These cats are never normally found this close to the river, as they loathe and fear it. They hunt the Lands Beyond the Light. The cannibals are their natural prey. They're greatly feared because they can see in the dark, if not in the conventional sense. Though it seems those eyes look at you, in fact the beast is completely blind.'

'How do they hunt? How is that beast able to follow us?'



'The Off-Moo tell me it is heat. Somehow the eyes see heat rather than light. And their sense of smell is extraordinary. They can pick up certain scents that are a mile or more away.'

- The Dreamthief's Daughter

The great black panthers of the Mittelmarch are the only inhabitants of Uria-Ne friendly to the Off-Moo. These powerful cats are extremely intelligent predators, deadly dangerous to those who do not have the protection of the Off-Moo. The panthers prey on the troogs and other savages in Uria-Ne, keeping their numbers thinned to the point they cannot mount a concerted assault against Mu Ooria.

Mittelmarch panthers look like living shadows with their sleek, flawlessly black coats and fluid movements. They are almost impossible to see in the darkness of the Mittelmarch and extremely stealthy in even brightly lit regions. Though their eyes cannot see colours in the normal spectrum, they can see a creature's heat signature and can effectively see in the dark.

Despite their exceptional size and intellect, the panthers of the Mittelmarch hunt much like great cats on any other plane in the Multiverse, stalking their prey until the time is right and then pouncing for the quickest possible kill. They are, however, much more courageous than undirected animals when it comes to fighting a foe who has given offense to they or the Off-Moo.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR	3D6+9	(21)
CON	3D6	(10)
DEX	3D6+12	(24)
SIZ	2D6+12	(19)
INT	1D6+6	(9)
POW	3D6+3	(13)
CHA	3D6	(10)

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Hind Leg	2/6
4-6	Left Hind Leg	2/6
7-9	Hindquarters	2/7
10-12	Forequarters	2/7
13-15	Right Front Leg	2/6
16-18	Left Front Leg	2/6
19-20	Head	2/6

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage
Bite	75%	1D8+1D6
Claw	75%	1D6+1D6

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	4
Damage Modifier:	+1D6
Magic Points:	13
Movement:	6m
Strike Rank:	+16

Skills

Athletics 80%, Dodge 60%, Resilience 40%, Perception 80%, Stealth 95%, Survival 40%

Typical Armour

Sleek hide. 2 AP, no armour penalty.

Off-Moo

My voice sounded coarse and heavy in my own ears. I could scarcely open my mouth and not gape. At first I thought I had come upon my doppelganger, but this figure was far taller and thinner, even though his long, thin triangular features were an exaggerated version of my own. He too was an albino. But his skull must have been at least twice the length of mine and about half the width and was framed by a conical headdress that went to a point, exactly mirroring the length and shape of the scholar's face. The hat fanned over his shoulders across a garment identical to my own, with long 'mandarin' sleeves and a hem that trailed the floor. I could not make out the size or shape of his feet. His robe, however, was woven from the same fine silk as the one I wore. His slanting ruby eyes, his long ears and strangely shaped brows all made his face a parody of my own.

- The Dreamthief's Daughter

Scholars of the stones, the Off-Moo are the most developed and civilized species of the Mittelmarch and its (usually) undisputed masters. They are mighty sorcerers, a match for the Young Kingdoms' Pan-Tang if not ancient Melniboné herself, but unlike those nations are neither aggressive nor inclined to deal with the Lords of the Higher Worlds. Rather, the Off-Moo are a gentle, philosophical people, interested in the scholarship of magic more than its destructive practice.

The Off-Moo welcome the company of travellers and are an excellent source of information on occurrences in

nearby planes. Many dream travellers and walkers of the Moonbeam Roads visit their capital city of Mu-Ooria on a regular basis to enjoy their hospitality or to inquire after mystical or practical philosophies.

Although they are reluctant to give battle, the Off-Moo are far from helpless. In addition to their sorcery and their alliance with the panthers of the Mittelmarch, the Off-Moo can call crystal shards from the cavernous roof of the Mittelmarch to crash into their foes with terrifying precision. These attacks can only be used in Off-Moo territory and are based on the Off-Moo's Sing skill.

Characteristics

STR	2D8+1	(10)
CON	4D6	(14)
DEX	2D6	(7)
SIZ	3D6+3	(13)
INT	3D8+4	(17)
POW	3D6+3	(13)
CHA	3D6	(10)

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/6
4-6	Left Leg	1/6
7-9	Abdomen	1/7
10-12	Chest	1/8
13-15	Right Arm	1/5
16-18	Left Arm	1/5
19-20	Head	1/6

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage
Unarmed	10%	1D3
Crystal Shards	60%	2D6

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	2
Magic Points:	13
Movement:	3m
Strike Rank:	+12

Skills

Boating 20%, Evaluate 50%, First Aid 50%, Healing 90%, Lore (Animal) 50%, Lore (Chaos) 30%, Lore (Law) 60%, Lore (Plant) 50%, Lord (World) 50%, Persistence 30%, Resilience 30%, Sing 60%.

Typical Armour

Stony skin. 1 AP, no armour penalty.

Troog

Behind these was as bizarre a collection of monsters and grotesques as ever came shuffling and hopping out of a picture by Bosch. Perhaps, after all, the painter had been drawing from experience rather than imagination? They were long-limbed, long-headed, with huge myopic eyes. They had snuffling, exaggerated snouts, showing they used scent more than sight. These loose-limbed travesties were much larger than the men who rode ahead of them, like toy soldiers modelled to two different scales. They were clearly savages, armed with maces and axes. Archers were in their ranks, and swordsmen. A mob rather than a disciplined army. 'Troogs,' said Oona.

- *The Dreamthief's Daughter*

In stark contrast to the quiet nobility of the Off-Moo, the other native humanoids of the Mittelmarch are massive brutes – the troogs. Troogs are subterranean man-beasts of prodigious size and strength. Their cruelty and stupidity are equally famed. Visitors unfortunate enough to enter Uria-Ne, the land beyond the light, must be ever vigilant lest the troogs catch and devour them.

The troogs share with the Off-Moo elongated skulls and bodies and pale skin, but here the resemblance ends. They are nearly mindless monsters, ravenously predatory and occasionally cannibalistic, the antithesis of their cultured nemeses.

Despite their savagery, the troogs are just bright enough to recognize their betters in combat; a sufficiently potent warlord, usually a visitor from some other plane of existence, can bind these beast-men and man-beasts to his will and wield them as a blunt instrument against his foes.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR	4D6+3	(17)
CON	4D6	(14)
DEX	1D6+6	(9)
SIZ	6D6	(21)
INT	1D6+3	(6)
POW	1D6	(3)
CHA	1D6+3	(6)

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	2/7
4-6	Left Leg	2/7
7-9	Abdomen	2/8
10-12	Chest	2/9
13-15	Right Arm	2/6
16-18	Left Arm	2/6
19-20	Head	2/7

WEAPONS

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Great Axe	35%	2D6+2+1D	63/10
Heavy Mace	35%	1D8+1D6	3/10
War Sword	35%	1D8+1D6	4/10

SPECIAL RULES

Combat Actions:	2
Damage Modifier:	+1D6
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+7

SKILLS

Athletics 40%, Endurance 60%, Resilience 60%, Survival 20%

TYPICAL ARMOUR

Tough hide. 2 AP, no armour penalty.



The Thousand Star Dream



A VENGEANCE LONG DREAMT OF

Five years ago, General Lannar of Paraluis suddenly turned on the city's merchant-count ruler and slew him before the whole court, then fought his way free and disappeared amidst the confusion. For half a decade hence, the new count of Paraluis has sought his predecessor's slayer across the Young Kingdoms to no avail. Scant weeks ago, however, rumours reached the court telling of a man answering to the general's name and description surfacing in neighbouring Paraluis.

Before this news reached the court at large, it came to the attention of one luminary thereof: Contessa Abelia, sister to the present count and General Lannar's lover before his shocking treason. The contessa, long harbouring feelings and plans for her one-time consort, will stop at nothing to find and shelter him until she can discover why he returned after so many years of self-imposed exile.

Enter a group of mercenary adventurers, eager for coin and patronage in Paraluis or perhaps moved by the contessa's beauty or the general's mystery!

This scenario can be divided into roughly four parts:

- * In the first, the adventurers are recruited by Contessa Abelia and sent to rescue – or capture – Lannar before the authorities reach him. In the process, they may have to face off with the Lannar or with the soldiers of Count Barudro. Once they reach Lannar, they must use either persuasion or force to bring him to Abelia's estate and discover the nature of his ailment.
- * In the second part, the adventurers must seek the Dream Market in the hopes of buying back Lannar's stolen dream – a dream containing his memories of his murderous treason, including the reason for it. Unless they number a dreamthief among them, they will need to research a way to the Market and, having found it, gain entry and purchase Lannar's much-coveted dream.
- * In the third part, the adventurers must quest through Lannar's dark dreams, which seem bent on keeping

their secrets at any cost. They must pass through all seven Dream Realms, culminating in a nightmarish Nameless Realm where an effigy of the assassin's master waits like a spider at the heart of its web.

- * If the adventurers survive their dreamquest and return to the waking world, they must finally bring to justice Jaran Dhol, the Quarzhasaati expatriate who planned Count Obrelca's assassination and General Lannar's disgrace. But the reality may prove even more dangerous than the effigy...

COUNT BARUDRO'S SEAT

Paraluis is a small Ilmioran city-state a bit more than five days' ride from Ilmar; it is essentially a tributary of the larger merchant city and its ruling count, Barudro of House Farrad, though nominally independent, depends on trade with Ilmar to maintain his seat.

Paraluis tends to trail behind Ilmar culturally as well as economically. Most of its buildings are baroque and gothic in the northern fashion of the last century, all heavy stone and detailed statues of gargoyles and grotesques, but older construction in a hodgepodge of styles breaks up the monotony. Only a handful of buildings, most notably Count Barudro's half-built palace, show off the new, Melnibonéan-influenced fashions now all the rage in Ilmar. These buildings appear especially out of place and, to non-Melnibonéans, vaguely unsettling, but Paraluis is if anything more a slave to fashion than the city it tries to ape.

Only about thirty thousand souls dwell in Paraluis proper, but Count Barudro nominally rules ten times that number because of the many prosperous farming villages, market towns and cattle baronies surrounding the city. The cattle barons rarely pay much heed to the count, however, save when they come to Paraluis to do homage. Many of the great manor houses dominating the city lie fallow for seasons or even years on end, and as a result Paraluis sometimes seems like a ghost town, overlarge for its population.

Using This Scenario

A Vengeance Long Dreamt Of is intended to introduce the Dream Realms and Dream Market to a campaign while keeping the action grounded in the Young Kingdoms. It assumes characters equivalent to at least the Veteran starting level will face its challenges; inexperienced adventurers probably lack the martial, magical and social skills to prevail.

Era of Play

This scenario takes place a few years after Elric destroys the desert city of Quarzhasaat in *The Fortress of the Pearl*. Campaigns set earlier in the Elric Saga may not need to change, depending on what the players decide to do. Rather than consulting Quarzhasaati expatriates in Ilmar, the adventurers may have to travel to Quarzhasaat itself. In this case, Jaran Dhol should not still have contacts among the Sorcerer Adventurers; Quarzhasaat in its final days is sufficiently dangerous to outlanders!

Customising the Scenario

The Games Master should, of course, feel free to modify this scenario as he sees fit – especially if one or more players possess this book! Contessa Abelia could easily be made into a villainess and Count Barudro an unwitting beneficiary or pawn. If the party includes a dreamthief and the contessa assumes a more sinister role, Jaran Dhol need not even appear!

Another option is to exchange General Lannar for an existing character in the campaign – possibly even one of the adventurers! Lannar's abilities are consistent with those of a starting Veteran character, in part to make this substitution easier. If one of the players wants to play a character with amnesia, working him into the Lannar role is an excellent way to personalise the scenario.

Private feuds among the cattle barons are common since the death of the previous count and the disappearance of his killer, General Lannar. As such, mercenaries find ample work in this region.

Five Years Ago - The Truth

Paralius's problems began close to six years ago, when Jaran Dhol, recently exiled from Quarzhasaat, arrived in the city seeking employment. Dhol wove impressive tales of how his service raised mighty lords from the gutters of his home city, which, with Quarzhasaati arrogance, he truly believed made the cities of the Young Kingdoms seem like villages. Contessa Abelia of Farrad, and niece of Count Obrelca, was immediately taken with Dhol's grandiose promises. With such a captivating creature as head of her personal guards, she thought, even her brother Barudro would have to acknowledge her as foremost among Paralius's aristocracy; certainly no lady of court could boast a more impressive servant.

Abelia was also carrying on a long affair with a country knight who had risen to prominence in Paralius: General Lannar. Count Obrelca frowned on this match as he wished to wed his niece to a noble of Ilmar and thus enhance his city's prestige, but Abelia and Lannar becoming lovers was an open secret. If the count pretended not to know for propriety's sake, he was the only one.

At the same time, Barudro, heir to the childless count, grew ever more resentful of Lannar and his Abelia. Barudro knew Abelia was as ambitious as he, and wondered if her ambitions were not closer to fruition. He began to fear that if Obrelca were ever reconciled to Abelia and Lannar's marriage, the county would pass to the general, who despite his low station was much beloved of the populace and greatly respected in Ilmar.

Jaran Dhol recognized all of these fears, jealousies, ambitions and obsessions even before he took service with Contessa Abelia. To his jaundiced eye, the nobles of Paralius were as squabbling children. He knew that in short order, he could control or destroy any of them, and so he set about preying on every weakness he could find.

At first, his strikes were merely psychological. He encouraged Abelia and Lannar's romance – and, in their company, shook his head sadly at Count Obrelca's intransience. He spread rumours among Abelia's other servants that the count planned to send her away, or to strip Lannar of his titles or, in moments of greatest weakness, even to execute them both. Dhol also played on Barudro's fears and ambitions, whispering that Abelia schemed to steal his inheritance and Lannar would be her sword.

The three young nobles became increasingly agitated – each believing Dhol was their faithful servant, each blind to the Quarzhasaatim's scheming. Now Dhol began the second part of his plan. Into their wine he introduced trace quantities of a potion crafted by the alchemy of the Sorcerer Adventurers: a drug which, as it began to build up in their systems, played up their wildest impulses and suppressed their caution.

Six months after Jaran Dhol's arrival, Abelia, Lannar and Barudro were all on the verge of collapsing from nervous exhaustion. Short-tempered and increasingly paranoid, they lived in a world of conspiracy almost entirely hallucinatory – and their madness was to take bloody form soon enough.

Dhol began the final stage of his plot at the start of summer, knowing that Lannar, Barudro and Obrelca would closet themselves in the count's palace to discuss the season's possible military campaigns. He told Abelia her uncle had commenced a plan to marry her off to a noble of Ilmar and would announce it within the month. Thus, she would speak to Lannar of her fears and her resentment. Then, he told Lannar that Count Obrelca had grown to fear the general's popularity and planned to execute him – and Abelia with him, believing she supported his treason. Thus, the general would seek answers from the count. Next, he told Barudro that Lannar plotted against the count, and suggested Barudro play along until the last moment. Thus, Lannar would believe he had the support of both possible heirs.

Finally, Dhol seeded the Lannar's wine with the heaviest dose of his potion yet; and so treated, the general existed in a dream-like haze where the slightest intimation took on nightmarish import.

When Lannar and Barudro met with the count to discuss the summer's campaigns, Lannar demanded to know the truth of Obrelca's plans for Abelia. Barudro watched from

the sidelines, content to let this play out – just as Dhol had said it would. And just as Dhol had predicted, Lannar's drugged mind interpreted Obrelca's annoyance at being thus challenged by his vassal as a threat to Abelia's life. Flying into a sudden rage, Lannar drew his sword and struck the stunned count down, calling for Barudro to aid him.



But Barudro did not aid him; as he had planned, he drew his blade, but turned it on Lannar instead, naming him traitor and oath breaker. He cut the now signature scar in Lannar's cheek and drove him from the palace at sword's point, calling for his guards the whole time.

Lannar, still half-mad from Dhol's drugs but growing more lucid by the moment, began to realise what he had done. Unsure of what he sought – comfort perhaps, or condemnation – he galloped to Abelia's estate and flung himself, still armoured and clutching his bloody blade, against her gates, crying out for her. But Abelia, terrified by the site of her lover in bloodied armour and warned by Dhol that he had gone mad and attacked her uncle, did not come. She stood at her window and wept for Lannar, but, herself nearly maddened by terror and confusion, she did not come.

Lannar, believing Abelia had abandoned him, remounted and rode into the wilderness.

In Lannar's absence, Barudro became Count of Paraluis. He continually hounded the Lannar, but in truth was happy enough just to be rid of the troublesome general. For her unwitting aid, Abelia was rewarded with exile from the court on Barudro's order, so that he might distance himself from his sister.

Dhol, of course, maintained at least enough contact to remind Barudro of the secrets he knew... and might tell, if not properly rewarded for his aid and his silence. There is essentially nothing in Paralius he cannot have, or anything else in Barudro's power to grant. The Quarzhasaatim rules the city in all but name.

The adventurers may never know the full extent of what went on in Paralius five years ago, because all those who might tell them a part have only incomplete knowledge themselves. Regardless, these events lay the groundwork for the scenario, both in the Dream Realms and the waking world.

Getting the Adventurers Involved

Unless the adventurers are already involved in the intrigues of the Paralius court, they are unlikely to hear the news of General Lannar's resurfacing, but if they have spent any time in the city, they will surely have heard of the general himself: since his shocking betrayal he has become something of a household demon for the people he once defended, his name a curse. While the transition between rulers has had little effect on the common folk, bloody regicide still offends them and they despise Lannar as the worst sort of oath breaker.

Thus, it may cause the adventurers considerable discomfort when cloaked, armed men approach them at whatever inn or tavern they are staying and ask to speak to them about Lannar!

These men are Contessa Abelia's personal guards, and their leader, Jaran Dhol, accosts the adventures in this fashion to shock them and make them worry for their heads. A Quarzhasaati Sorcerer Adventurer exiled from his doomed city before Elric of Melniboné sacked it and slaughtered its ruling and warrior classes, Dhol is still unused to the gentler customs of the Young Kingdoms and prefers to put prospective subordinates on the defensive from the outset.

Dhol's Offer

'I do not suggest, of course, that such estimable travellers as yourselves would become involved with Lannar – thrice-damned be his name!' The cloaked man flashes a smile that gleams like his emerald eyes – cruel and predatory, like a hunting cat's. His grin seems to make exactly the suggestion his words belie. 'You see, I represent a certain person whose good name was much defamed by the mischance of association with that devil-spawn.'

'My employer seeks reliable individuals to investigate a matter relating to the traitor and ensure that Count Barudro is not misled by viper tongues. Reliable... and discreet. I am given to understand you are both?'

If the adventurers seem willing to hear more, Dhol shows them the carrot to match the stick of his threat: a large purse which, when opened, proves full of nothing but gold. The coins are worth approximately 100 gold. The Quarzhasaatim fingers these casually as he speaks, but refuses to quote an exact price for the service he wishes to contract. Nor will he be explicit about the job. Both, he insists, are for his employer to expound on, and he offers to lead the adventurers to her estate.

Should the adventurers refuse, either to hear more of his offer or to accompany him to his employer's estate, Dhol will threaten them further. He notes that men are routinely hanged for the merest intimation of association with Lannar. However, the Quarzhasaatim cannot actually back up his threats; Contessa Abelia does not want any attention drawn to Lannar, much less a connection made between him and the captain of her personal guards! This is simply Dhol's style of negotiation.



A Mischance Along the Road



If the adventurers are either enticed or spooked into accompanying Dhol, he leads them to Abelia's estate on the outskirts of Paralius.

THE COURT OF THE CONTESSA

Contessa Abelia's estate is a sprawling, baroque compound. The iron gates swing open to admit Dhol, his men and the adventurers. As the guards manning the gates openly bear the contessa's livery, allow each of the adventurers a Lore (World) test to recognise their insignia as belonging to the present count's sister. Characters who critically succeed will also recall that the contessa was reputed to be General Lannar's lover before he left Paralius.

Dhol quickly ushers the PCs to the great double doors of the manor, four metres of solid oak carved with the yellow gryphon rampant of Farrad. These, too, open at Dhol's approach, each manned by two liveried guards. Dhol motions for his men to remain here and doffs his cloak, revealing a cloth-of-gold version of the house livery and a wickedly curved sabre.

Adventurers who succeed at a Perception test notice that Dhol seems nervous now, as though he regrets bringing them here. Curtly, he orders the adventurers through a series of smaller chambers before bringing them to a halt. If they do not appear to have deduced the identity of his employer, he names her now: Contessa Abelia. He instructs the adventurers to show proper respect, then ushers them into what appears to be a dining room, decorated with paintings of knights and hung with a great banner of a yellow gryphon.

At the far end of an oaken table sits Contessa Abelia. She is dressed simply but elegantly in a floor-length gown, her waist-length blonde tresses gathered in a severe ponytail in the local fashion. Her lovely face is tight with worry, her eyes are half-lidded, and her motions are slow and somewhat unsteady. A Perception test tells observant adventurers that the contessa is at least mildly drunk. Wordlessly, she motions for Dhol and the adventurers to seat themselves.

When you have taken your seats, the Contessa Abelia folds her gloved hands before her and addresses Dhol. 'These are the... mercenaries?' She speaks quietly, though whether because it is her nature or in some futile attempt to disguise the mixture of trepidation and distaste in her tone, you cannot say.

'They are,' Dhol says. 'I am confident they will suit My Lady's purposes.'

The contessa turns to you and manages a thin smile. 'I sincerely hope so.'

Abelia quickly explains the situation. She was very close to General Lannar prior to his treason; when he slew Count Barudro and quit the city so suddenly, she was devastated, not just that her lover harboured such treachery, nor that he was lost to her, but that he would have kept whatever drove him to slay the count from her. Ever since, she explains, she has been haunted by the fear that he acted as he did out of some misguided belief he was championing her cause. After all, it was her brother who assumed leadership of the city when the previous count died, though she has gained nothing from his ascension – no, she says bitterly, she lost her noble uncle, the man she loved, *and* her brother's trust.

As she speaks, Abelia's voice grows stronger and she seems to grow in both confidence and passion. She will answer any questions the PCs may have about General Lannar and her involvement with him. She explains how he had always been a calm, steady man, a paragon of honour and fortitude. To this day she cannot imagine how he could have changed so much and turned against the count he spent his life serving. She admits, however, that he seemed increasingly harried and temperamental in the last few months before the assassination.

Once the adventurers have finished asking Abelia about her past involvement with Lannar, she gets to the real reason she had Dhol bring them here:

This morning, a messenger from neighbouring Lannar arrived, bearing news of the traitor-general. After five years' absence, he seems to have surfaced at last, or at least a man answering to his name and description. Yet, the messenger said Lannar seemed unafraid to go about openly so close to the site of his treason. Abelia wishes to know if this man is truly Lannar, and if so, she wants to see him again and have from him the truth of his actions.

Abelia knows she must act discretely in this manner lest she further incite her royal brother's suspicions, so she dares not send her own guards, even disguised. With this in mind, she begs the adventurers to find Lannar before news of his return reaches the crown, or failing that before the royal guards can capture him.

Abelia is prepared to pay 50 silver upfront to cover the adventurers' expenses and ensure their discretion. She offers to pay them a further 150 silver when they return to her with General Lannar – or whoever the man turns out to be. Whether the adventurers accept her commission or not, Abelia presses the advance on them and insists they keep it.

Silencing the Impertinent

If the adventurers do not accept Abelia's commission, Dhol leads them out of the servant's entrance of the manor and toward what he calls 'the back gate.' Once he has placed the gardens between them and the house, he whistles to six of his hand-picked men, who fall upon them and attempt to ensure their silence – permanently.

House Farrad Guards

Characteristics

STR 13
CON 11
DEX 10
SIZ 13
INT 8
POW 7
CHA 9

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/5
4-6	Left Leg	-/5
7-9	Abdomen	5/6
10-12	Chest	5/7
13-15	Right Arm	-/4
16-18	Left Arm	-/4
19-20	Head	3/5

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
War Sword	45%	1D8+1D	24/10

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	2
Damage Modifier:	+1D2
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+9

Skills

Athletics 30%, Dodge 17%, Language (Common) 60%, Resilience 40%.

Armour

Chain shirt and steel helm. -13% armour penalty.

If the adventurers fight free and rush the manor, or emerge victorious and return there gore-spattered and vengeful, Contessa Abelia is horrified and insists she knew nothing of this plot. She genuinely intended to let them go, but whether the adventurers are inclined to believe this and spare her is up to them.

If the adventurers escape the estate without killing Jaran Dhol and attempt to contact Count Barudro, they will find the Quarzhasaati exile is one step ahead of them. The guards, under the command of Dhol, will arrest the adventurers under a charge of attempted burglary and unless they resist they will be clapped in irons for their 'crime'.

Seeking Lannar

If the adventurers accept Abelia's offer, Dhol provides them with instructions on how to reach the man who appears to be General Lannar. He was last seen in the neighbouring city of Caros, walking around in broad daylight despite the lurid scar that marked him as a traitor, dealt him by the current Count Barudro on the steps of the throne room. Lannar's seeming nonchalance, Dhol cautions, may mean he has the backing of the barons of Caros who have long been enemies of Paralius – or it may bespeak supernatural aid so potent Lannar fears no human power.

Dhol encourages the adventurers to depart for Paralius immediately, lest they lose their commission because Count Barudro's guards capture the traitor before the adventurers can reach him. Contessa Abelia's stables provide horses for those characters who do not already own them.

Finally, Dhol gives the adventurers directions to a meeting place where he wants them to bring General Lannar: the house of a former servant in Paralius's Merchant's Quarter.

Assuming the adventurers set off at Dhol's urging, they can reach Caros before word of Lannar's appearance spreads, giving them a chance to capture the ex-general or persuade him to return with them without competition. If they wait, however, guards from Paralius may reach him first, forcing the adventurers to choose between abandoning their commission or angering Count Barudro.

Unless the Games Master wishes to reintroduce an old nemesis or further torment the adventurers with a chance

A vengeance long dreamt of

encounter, the road to Caros is uneventful. It is a day and a half ride from Paralius, so if the adventurers left immediately, they will arrive in the early morning.

They should have no trouble finding someone in Caros who saw Lannar, as he is notorious as he is in Paralius. Investigation or asking any local contacts eventually leads the adventurers to the Silver Crayfish inn on the outskirts of town. Lannar makes his lodgings here, or rather he sleeps here in-between his days in the country. If the adventurers arrive during the day, Lannar will be out; the innkeeper eagerly shares what information he has about his infamous guest:

- * He answers to both the name and description of the famous General Lannar, but not to the title of General.
- * He seems confused by the hostility many of the locals show him, but not terribly worried.
- * He is every bit as dangerous a swordsman as his reputation promises; without ever drawing blood, he disarmed a pair of thugs and sent them packing after they drew blades on him in the courtyard outside the inn.
- * He spends most of his days riding the countryside, though whether he is sightseeing, as he claims, or looking for something in particular, the innkeeper does not know.

If asked for any assistance short of actually crossing blades with Lannar or turning his inn into a battlefield, the innkeeper is happy to oblige. He even suggests the adventurers could poison Lannar's wine if they do not want to meet him in battle.

MEETING THE TRAITOR

Either by waiting at the Silver Crayfish or following his trail into the wilderness, the adventurers can eventually catch up to Lannar. The latter – provided the adventurers learned the general direction Lannar rode off in from the innkeeper – requires a Tracking test.

However the adventurers meet Lannar, he is initially polite but wary. He has learned to distrust the local people, who have already attacked him once. Certainly he is curious and concerned about the hatred the locals seem to bear him, but he is also canny enough not to accompany any old sell-sword claiming to represent his interests – especially one employed by a lover he has no memory of!

The adventurers can convince Lannar to accompany them to Paralius with an Influence test at –10%. Failing this,

they can also earn his trust if they aid him against Count Barudro's guards when they strike (see below).

Of course, the adventurers can also attempt to subdue Lannar at sword's point. While they can probably kill him without overtaxing themselves, this does not complete their commission; taking Lannar alive should be a significant challenge, requiring both good fortune and good planning even on the part of very skilled adventurers.

A Noble Ambush

If the adventurers waited until morning to set off for Caros, if they do not convince Lannar to come with them on the first day they arrive, or if they were otherwise delayed, a patrol of Count Barudro's guards will track Lannar down. The guards have been instructed to watch for anyone who tries to make contact with the former general and then to apprehend both him and his 'co-conspirators'. Their master cares little if they return with only the heads of those they 'apprehend'.

Once the guards see the adventurers speak with Lannar, they sweep down, hoping to snag both as per their orders.

COUNT BARUDRO'S GUARDS

CHARACTERISTICS

STR	14
CON	12
DEX	12
SIZ	13
INT	10
POW	6
CHA	9

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	5/5
4-6	Left Leg	5/5
7-9	Abdomen	5/6
10-12	Chest	5/7
13-15	Right Arm	5/4
16-18	Left Arm	5/4
19-20	Head	5/5

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Glaive	50%	1D8+1+1D2	2/10
Military Pick	45%	1D6+1+1D2	3/10

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 2

Damage Modifier: +1D2

Movement: 4m

Strike Rank: +11

Skills

Athletics 35%, Language (Common) 70%, Persistence 40%, Resilience 30%, Riding (Horse) 13%.

ARMOUR

Chain shirt, leggings and coif. -35% armour penalty.

Returning to Paralius

Assuming Lannar and the adventurers evade capture in Caros, they should be able to lose any pursuers in the wilderness between it and Paralius. The Games Master may wish to call for Survival tests to find the swiftest, safest path back to Paralius. This journey is an excellent opportunity for the adventurers to grill Lannar about his mysterious past and how he lost his memory, gathering clues for when they seek to recover his secrets.

Lannar knows the following:

- * He has not suffered recent lapses of memory, and did not even realise he had lost a part of his past until he came back to Ilmiora and discovered he was decried as a traitor.
- * Since his run-in with the thugs several days ago, Lannar has been trying to determine what, if anything, he has forgotten. He remembers his childhood as a minor noble of Paralius and his last few years as a mercenary sell-sword, but the period in between is indistinct.
- * When Lannar recalls his mercenary days, he remembers being morose when outside of battle, but not what caused his misery. To the best of his recollection, he began feeling better about three months ago; his sunny mood prompted him to return to his homeland.

Unless they have been especially heedless of secrecy, the adventurers can lead Lannar to the meeting place specified by Jaran Dhol without further incident. Dhol and four of his loyal guards have been waiting for the adventurers here since two days after their departure; if they took more than a week to return with Lannar, Dhol will be short-tempered and impatient. However, he brightens upon seeing the ex-general.

Dhol offers to pay the adventurers now if they will leave Lannar in his charge. If the adventurers take him up on his offer, this may be the last they see of either man; Dhol will have Lannar killed rather than returning him to Abelia's estate.

If Lannar came with the adventurers willingly, he objects to this arrangement. Secretly, he is uncomfortable around Dhol and suspects they knew each in the past and were not friends. He would prefer the adventurers join him as guests of the contessa, who he does not remember.

Dhol voices no objections to the adventurers coming back to the estate – though privately, he resolves to dispose of them at the first opportunity for such meddling.

Reunion

If the adventurers decide to accompany Lannar to Abelia's estate, Dhol will take them there once night falls (or immediately if it is already night). He also insists they wear concealing cloaks if they have not already taken this precaution. On the way, he explains that Count Barudro's guards have been unusually aggressive in searching travellers; if the adventurers fought the guard detachment in Caros, Dhol mentions rumours of dissidents putting them to the sword and smiles to indicate he knows full well who was responsible.

As the party pass through the estate's wrought iron gates, Dhol will, with feigned casualness, ask if Lannar remembers those gates. Lannar confesses he does not; Dhol seems to doubt this, but shrugs and keeps walking. The guards certainly recognise Lannar! They have clearly been told to expect him or else they would not allow him to enter – just as clearly, however, they did not expect to actually see him alive!

Dhol leads the party up to the manor's gates and into the same dining chamber where they met Contessa Abelia before. Once again, she sits at the far end of the great oaken table, head bowed, and looks up as they enter.

This time, however, Abelia nearly jumps to her feet. She stares at Lannar as though at a ghost, wordless, eyes wide and mouth agape. Unless her daze is interrupted by the adventurers, she takes a few halting steps toward Lannar, then runs to him and clasps both of his hands in hers, gazing up into his eyes.



'Lannar,' Abelia whispers. 'I... I did not dare to believe. I have so much to say – so many questions, but—'

'Calm yourself, My Lady,' Lannar says. 'I have as many questions and, I fear, fewer answers.'

'It is to be 'My Lady,' then?' She takes a deep breath and steps back. *'You must hate me.'*

'Worse, madam,' he says gravely. 'To my regret, I do not know you at all.'

Lannar escorts Abelia to the nearest chair and suggests she be seated. Gingerly she does so, and in a shaking voice asks Dhol and the adventurers to join her. Dhol pipes up at this point, saying the adventurers, though no doubt deserving of courtesy after their sterling work, must be very tired and would surely like to be paid that they might return to their lodgings. Abelia addresses them:

'You shall be paid in full, gentlemen, for you have succeeded beyond my imaginings; however, I pray you will attend upon us but a while longer, for I may have further employment for you.'

Observant characters may notice, with a successful Perception test, that Dhol scowls at the contessa's offering of further work.

Quickly, Lannar and Abelia hash out what the adventurers likely already know: the extent, but not the nature, of Lannar's memory loss. Abelia is convinced by the childhood stories Lannar does recall, and that he is the man who was once her lover. She expresses the hope that his lapse of memory may represent some cruel sorcery placed upon him to cause him to turn against Count Obrelca. Lannar is clearly uncomfortable with the assumption that he slew the city's ruler, even under the influence of sorcery. He is also uncomfortable with the closeness Abelia assumes should exist between them, and though he remains polite, he stays an equally polite distance from her.

At the end of this brief interview, Abelia explains why she wanted the adventurers to stay. She hopes they, with their knowledge of strange arts and distant lands, can find a way to restore the missing pieces of Lannar's memory.

At this point, if one of the characters is a dreamthief, he should have a fairly good idea of what happened to Lannar. If none of the adventurers are dreamthieves or if they choose not to raise this possibility, Jaran Dhol does so. He knows something of the dreamthief's craft from his days in Quarzhasaat. Dhol liberally sprinkles his description of dreamtheft with invective against the Guild of Dreamthieves, who were never friends of the Sorcerer Adventurers.

While the practices and motives Dhol ascribes to the dreamthieves are wildly inaccurate, his grasp of the broad outline of dreamtheft is correct: he knows that dreamthieves use dreamwands to enter the dreams of others and take control of them, and that these dreams are then refined into a physical form and sold at a so-called Dream Market.

DREAMTHIEF CHARACTERS

If the adventurers number a dreamthief among them, diagnosing Lannar's amnesia and guessing how to circumvent it should be quite simple. If the dreamthief's player does not hit upon the solution, allow a Perception test to reveal the following information:

General Lannar's condition bespeaks a major dreamtheft in his past. While it is unusual for a dreamthief to take such a large amount of a person's memories, it is not unheard of; if Lannar was deeply pained by his reminiscences, nothing less would have sufficed.

There may still be time to recover Lannar's dreams, however. If they were recently captured, as seems likely, you may be able to buy them back at the next Dream Market and study them yourself.

SEEKING THE DREAM MARKET

Whether by their own knowledge or Dhol's, the adventurers have learned that Lannar's condition likely stems from dreamtheft – and that the mystery of his treason and regicide likely lies locked in a dream sold at the Dream Market.

Abelia will pay handsomely for those memories. Having seen Lannar again, she now prays he was under the influences of sorcery or coercion, and will do anything to clear his name, or at worst keep him hidden from her brother. Though she won't admit it, she also hopes Lannar will consent to having his memories restored and will eventually recall their love. If the adventurers are willing to continue in her employ, Abelia offers a further 300 silver as well as whatever price the mysterious dream merchants wish to exact in exchange for Lannar's stolen dream.

Obviously, if the party includes a dreamthief, they will have no trouble finding and reaching the Dream Market. Otherwise, they need assistance.

Dhol's Advice

Being Quarzhasaatim, Dhol knows something of the Guild of Dreamthieves. His knowledge is far from perfect, skewed as it is by his instinctive hatred of the dreamthieves and by the rumours and legends surrounding them in Quarzhasaat. However, he knows the broad range of their abilities and the rumours about their habits.

If the adventurers do not seem to have any leads, Dhol points them toward a possible solution. He suggests the adventurers seek information on the Dream Market at the Library of nearby Ilmar. There is a moderately-sized community of Quarzhasaati expatriates in the city who

may have brought manuscripts and scrolls on the subject of dreamtheft from their ruined city.

Dhol advises the adventurers thus because he does not believe they can glean useful information from something a dreamthief stole and, more importantly, because he wants the nosy sell-swords far away from Contessa Abelia. Otherwise, even without Lannar's likely unrecoverable memories, the adventurers might stumble upon some clue as to Dhol's past dealings. By directing the adventurers to a region where other Quarzhasaatim dwell and where he has renewed many of his pre-exile contacts, Dhol hopes to send them into a trap.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF ILMAR

Ilmar lies seven days' ride northeast of Paralius, but the intervening territories are relatively safe by Ilmioran standards. This is another excellent opportunity for the Games Master to introduce an unrelated side adventure or random encounter, should he feel the adventurers need seasoning or a break in their routine.

The characters' real danger begins in Ilmar itself, where Dhol's renewed contacts among the expatriate Sorcerer Adventurers wait. The most likely sources of information on the Dream Market are the Quarzhasaatim who fled their dying city and settled in Ilmar, and the city's great library, where scrolls and manuscripts from as far as Elwher reside.

QUARZHASAATI CONSULTATION

If the adventurers visit the Quarzhasaati community in Ilmar, they find a squalid, squabbling, self-imposed ghetto near the city's waterfront. The Quarzhasaatim are still struggling to find a place in the world now that their insular city has been wiped out, and those in Ilmar find the very openness that allowed them to settle in the city makes them uncomfortable. Without ever pooling their resources or even planning, they have bought up a few blocks worth of tenements along the waterfront and live and work there almost exclusively.

A sign, elegantly painted over a rotting board, proclaims the street before you the Avenue of Triumphant Resurgence; it appears to be boarded over an older, Ilmioran sign.

It also appears to be lying.

Avengeance Along Dream Market

The street smells sweet, almost cloying. Exotic narcotics, perfumes and spices mingle with the scent of the sea breeze. A building in the fashionable faux-Melnibonéan style rises on one side, surrounded by squat, crumbling tenements. Even the tower designed to mimic the spires of Imrryr appears shabby, and is incongruously painted in the curling filigree of a people long opposed to the Bright Empire.

Those people, dressed in bright, concealing clothes, peer suspiciously from their stalls and windows as you approach their street. Several vendors begin packing away their wares, apparently unwilling to sell to outsiders, and mothers hiss for their children to quit the street and return to the tenements.

The adventurers will find no friends here unless they number a Quarzhasaatim among them. If they are of the Young Kingdoms, they need a Persuasion test at –20% to even convince one of the insular Quarzhasaatim to speak to them, much less tell them anything useful, and if any of their number are visibly Melnibonéan, no amount of bribery or cajoling will suffice.

If the characters manage to persuade a Quarzhasaatim to talk with them, they require a further Persuasion test at –30% or a bribe of at least 10 silver before he provides any actual information. Even then, the odds are against him telling the truth or knowing anything useful about dreamthieves.

D20 The Quarzhasaatim...

1-10	... claims to know a way to contact the Guild of Dreamthieves, but is lying in the hopes of being further bribed. A Perception test reveals his duplicity; he actually knows nothing useful.
11-15	... admits he knows nothing of the Guild of Dreamthieves or the Dream Market.
16-18	... claims he knows nothing of dreamthievery, but is lying because he does not wish to share his knowledge with outsiders. A Perception test reveals his duplicity; he actually knows that a scroll discussing the Dream Market is stored at the library of Ilmar.
19-20	... tells the adventurers that a scroll discussing the Dream Market is stored at the library of Ilmar.

When the adventurers prepare to leave the Quarzhasaati enclave, they should make a Streetwise or Perception test at –20% (only one, but whichever is more favourable). If any character succeeds, he notices a group of four Quarzhasaatim tailing the party.

This group is comprised of former Sorcerer Adventurers. Although they drove Jaran Dhol from Quarzhasaat at sword's point years ago, they have resumed their past arrangement with him in the hopes of bettering their lot in the Young Kingdoms. Dhol sent a sorcerous messenger to their leader, describing the adventurers and declaring them enemies of the Quarzhasaatim – not that the Sorcerer Adventurers require anything but the promise of gold and future exaltation to draw steel against outsiders.

The Sorcerer Adventurers will tail the party to whatever lodgings they take in Ilmar, but will not attack on the first day unless their spies among the expatriates inform them the adventurers got what they wanted and plan to leave the city. The Sorcerer Adventurers prefer to strike helpless foes under cover of darkness.



If the initial attack by the Sorcerer Adventurers fails, they will make a second attempt 1D3+1 days later, provided the adventurers are still in Ilmar.

The Sorcerer Adventurers actually involved in the attacks do not know they serve the interests of Jaran Dhol, although many will recognise his name. If they risk capture, they will attempt to commit suicide rather than subject themselves to the sort of torments their Quarzhasaati experience leads them to expect. Any captured Sorcerer Adventurers

are difficult to coerce due to their expectations and get a +20% bonus on Persistence tests to resist torture; however, a Persuasion test at -30% will get them to tell what little they know – mostly the names of their immediate superiors in the expatriate Sorcerer Adventurers.

SORCERER ADVENTURERS

CHARACTERISTICS

STR 10
CON 11
DEX 15
SIZ 9
INT 11
POW 9
CHA 10

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/4
4-6	Left Leg	-/4
7-9	Abdomen	-/5
10-12	Chest	-/6
13-15	Right Arm	-/3
16-18	Left Arm	-/3
19-20	Head	-/4

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Scimitar	60%	1D6+1-1D2	4/10

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	3
Damage Modifier:	-1D2
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+13

Skills

Alchemy 30%, Lore (Quarzhasaat) 40%, Perception 40%, Persuasion 30%, Stealth 55%, Streetwise 60%

THE LIBRARY OF ILMAR

Provided they reach the library alive, the adventurers can set about researching dreamthievery and the Dream Market.

Finding a suitable reference requires a Lore (Dream Realms) test, which defaults to a Lore (World) test at -40%. If the adventurers learned of a relevant scroll from a Quarzhasaati

expatriate, they get a +40% on this test. Any character that succeeds at this test learns of a location said to serve as an entrance to the Dream Market. While lost to the Quarzhasaatim due to their millennia of isolation, this 'Cavern of the Waning Tide' also appears in the legends of the Young Kingdoms. By triangulating the myths of both regions with a Lore (World) test at +20%, scholarly adventurers can find the rumoured Dream Market entrance.

In addition, any character that succeeds at the initial Lore (Dream Realms) or Lore (World) test may choose to learn Dreamcrafting the next time he obtains improvement roles. See page 6 for details.

If the adventurers fail in their own, independent research, they may consult with the master librarians of Ilmar. The librarians take 1D4+2 days to assemble the requisite materials, delaying the adventurers' return to Paralius and potentially exposing them to further attacks by the Quarzhasaatim. In addition, none of the characters have a chance to obtain the Dreamcrafting skill.

THE CAVERN OF THE WANING TIDE

The adventurers' research in Ilmar reveals a possible entrance to the Dream Market: a sea cave on the Ilmioran coast, three days' ride from Ilmar. Quarzhasaati legend speaks of a man reaching the market of stolen dreams through a 'Cavern of the Waning Tide' and Ilmioran history gives a map to a location with the same name.

The cavern, as its name implies, lies beneath sea level at high tide, making it a dangerous place to explore. At low tide, it dries out enough for adventurers to plumb its depths, but when the tide comes in, it traps and drowns anyone unfortunate enough to remain inside.

The Cavern of the Waning Tide is aptly named. As the waters recede, you see its entrance slowly yawning up from the cliffs. Deep shadows hide its depth, but from the echoes of water rushing from it, you must assume it goes fairly far into the earth.

A Survival or Lore (World) test, or a conversation with the local fishermen, reveals that the cavern is fairly safe for hours during a low tide. The locals avoid it because it is said to be haunted, but occasionally adventurous youths slip off

A dangerous place to explore

to explore it. The only real danger is to a lone spelunker, who might break a leg and be unable to climb out and back up the cliffs; a party of adventurers has nothing to fear but the ghosts.

Of course, according to the legends about the Dream Market, its door only opens just before the tide rushes into the cavern...

The cavern is a tunnel about twenty meters almost straight into the cliff, sloping gently up to a domed cave approximately ten metres in diameter. A protrusion on the far wall might once have been a carved doorway but is now worn almost flat. If the adventurers stay until the tide begins to come in, this ancient doorway opens onto the Dream Market.

The roaring echo of the tide nearly deafens you, but somehow you pick out the sound of stone grinding on stone. Even as the water laps at your boots, you realise the carved doorway on the far wall has, against all logic, opened. Old, natural stone that seemed perfectly flat moments before now appears to be a rather prosaic, man-made tunnel, complete with well-formed steps and a carved wooden handrail. Though the stairway appears natural, it could not possibly be, for it goes much further up than the top of the hill over your heads.

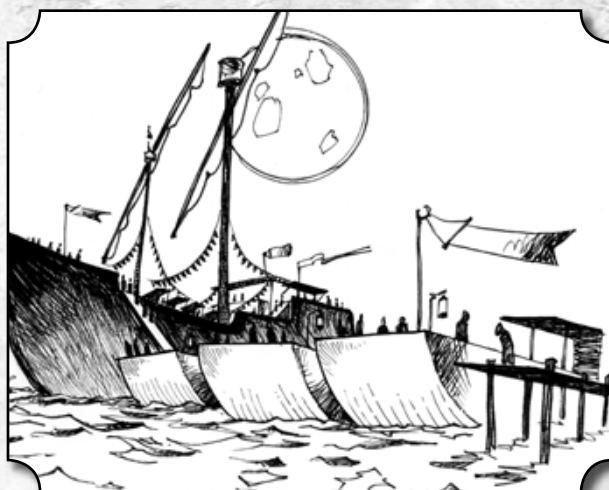
This passage leads to the Dream Market – but only because the dreamthieves allow it. Even this remote entrance would be closed to outsiders under ordinary circumstances. The door opens for the adventurers because their quest is one favoured by many in the Guild of Dreamthieves. While their agendas are stretched across many worlds and their interests further still, the dreamthieves do good where they can – subtly, as only those gifted with visions of the future can. Indeed, General Lannar's dream may have been stolen precisely so he would return to his homeland and set into motion the events of which the adventurers are now a part.

Buying a Dream

As you reach the top of the stone steps, you find yourselves standing on a rocky island, at most as wide as the cave you just emerged from, surrounded by a great dark sea. A rickety wooden pier extends an indeterminable distance toward what appears to be a flotilla of brightly lit and festively coloured tents. No stars appear to shine overhead, nor can you detect any movement that would imply clouds. Save from the rock you stand on, you see no sign of land.

The Dream Market at Last!

This incarnation of the Market resembles a small flotilla of barges, slowly drifting with the current of a dark, viscous river under a starless sky. The shoreline is shrouded by the surrounding gloom, lying outside the range of the barges' many colourful lanterns – if there even *is* a shoreline. Despite the ominous surroundings, the Market itself is brightly lit and gaily decorated, with something of a carnival atmosphere. Dream merchants hawk their wares from seemingly makeshift stalls and a motley group of dreamthieves and customers drift from barge to barge across hastily-constructed rope bridges.



The guildhall of the Guild of Dreamthieves takes the form of a small galleon to which the various barges are lashed; its ramps only descend to admit members of the guild entrance.

General Lannar's dream is being auctioned off by the dream merchant Mahorn of Collier. Adventurers can find who has the dream with either a Streetwise test or a Perception test at –20%, as the dream is a valuable one and Mahorn has made a point of advertising it. While this makes it easier to find – especially after the difficulties the adventurers may have faced in reaching the Dream Market to begin with – it also drives up the demand and hence the price.

Like most dream merchants, Mahorn is not especially interested in material goods. He conducts a curious auction in which all manner of wonders – from extraordinary feats of derring-do, to promises of service, to fortunes that would

bankrupt Ilmar's ruling families – are bid, with no rhyme or reason to which bid is prized the most. Yet, everyone involved seems to have an instinctive understanding of who is currently winning.

If the adventurers come within shouting distance of Mahorn's stall, he flags them down and asks them if they wish to bid on the most valuable dream of this incarnation of the Dream Market. This dream, he assures them, has it all: passion, glory, hope madness, betrayal, despair; everything one could ask to enliven one's nights and inspire one's days!

If the adventurers offer Mahorn any monetary amount within their – or Countess Abelia's – means, both the dream merchant and his other customers appear insulted. To buy a dream as valued as General Lannar's, the adventurers must offer something besides mere coin. What that something is, is up to the Games Master and the inventiveness of the players; this is an excellent place to lay the seeds of a future adventure. Whatever the adventurers end up bidding, Mahorn seems satisfied and declares them the winners of the auction. The other bidders go away nodding to themselves in resignation, as though whatever the adventurers offered was an item or service of truly singular value.

Once the adventurers have purchased the dream, Mahorn asks if they know how to experience it. If they do not (and only a dreamthief or a character with the Dreamcrafting skill will), Mahorn offers to assist them in using their new purchase. He cautions that while merely *experiencing* the dream would be harmless entertainment, plunging into it in search of truths, or at least facts, will be every bit as dangerous to the adventurers as capturing the dream was to the dreamthief he bought it from. If the adventurers ask about restoring General Lannar's memories, Mahorn explains that dreamtheft cannot be reversed; the general could dream quest through his own stolen psyche, but he would experience the events chronicled therein as an outsider. They will never again be a part of him.

Mahorn can provide the adventurers with enough forewarning of the dangers of the Dream Realms that they should not be caught unprepared by anything they encounter within.

Mahorn also explains that if the adventurers use the dream within the Dream Market, they will wake to find themselves in the Cavern of the Waning Tide, dry and rested – provided they wake at all.

Finally, Mahorn warns that what they see within Lannar's dream will be what the general remembers and what he imagined; figuring out which past is real and which is illusory may be impossible, and even the 'real' may not be the full truth.

The Stolen Dream

Having purchased General Lannar's dream, the adventurers must now quest through it to find the missing chapters of his life – including, most importantly, why he betrayed and killed Count Obrelca five years ago.

See **Chapter 2: The Seven Dream Realms** for more details on each of the Dream Realms the adventurers must pass through to complete their dream quest. Each Realm is detailed below only insofar as it differs from the usual incarnation; the same patterns and temptations that typify the Dream Realms are present in Lannar's dreams, in addition to the new threats and opportunities detailed below.

When the adventurers enter the Dream Realms, all their weapons, armour and special equipment are left behind in the waking world; only their clothes and a few mundane items remain with them, and even these are but the unconscious manifestations of their dreaming minds.

The Land of Dreams-in-Common

This incarnation of Sadanor resembles the land around Paraluis but for the ominous presence of the Shark's Teeth mountains. Gentle, rolling hills and grasslands rise steadily toward the mountains, growing rougher and more boulder-strewn the higher their elevation. Behind the adventurers, a vast chasm looms, its far side and depths as murky as the water around the Dream Market.

The Valley of Timid Souls here takes the form of a shantytown crowded against the walls of the pass called the Shark's Gullet. Its ruler is a nameless thug in crude, makeshift plate armour that covers his entire face and body. Anyone who openly enters his territory incurs his paranoid wrath. He believes dream travellers have come to steal his treasure, which he keeps in small jewelled box and wears around his neck like an amulet. Yet, if this box is ever opened, it is completely empty – and seeing its emptiness destroys the nameless thug utterly.

A Waning Tide of Dreams

The nameless thug is a manifestation of Lannar at his lowest ebb, fearing the loss of Abelia so much he will do anything to keep her, but considering himself unworthy of her love because of it. In a fight, he is a poor imitation of the real Lannar, and his 'followers' in the Valley of Timid Souls are even less impressive; nonetheless, he is armed and armoured, and if the adventurers cannot slip past him or force him to look into his box, he will pose a dangerous first obstacle.

Nameless Thug of Sadanor

STR 15
CON 14
DEX 8
SIZ 11
INT 7
POW 7
CHA 7

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	4/6
4-6	Left Leg	4/6
7-9	Abdomen	4/7
10-12	Chest	4/8
13-15	Right Arm	4/5
16-18	Left Arm	4/5
19-20	Head	4/6

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Greatsword	55%	2D8+1D	24/12

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	2
Damage Modifier:	+1D2
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+7

Skills

Athletics 40%, Dodge -12%, Dreamcrafting 20%, Influence 30%, Language (Common) 50%, Resilience 40%, Riding (Horses) -12%.

Typical Armour

Rusty plate armour which provides less than normal protection but is typically difficult to move in. AP -42%.

The Land of Old Desires

Lannar's Marador is a sea cave and a meadow rolled into one. Gentle waves wash its sloping shores. Brightly coloured fish, crabs and even sea birds dart about its outskirts, apparently oblivious to the lack of a sky. The settlement near the entrance of the cave resembles an Ilmioran country estate. Where the gabled manor should display the livery of its owners, however, it is instead decorated with blank white pennants; the undecorated flag wafting above the house is at half-mast, as if in mourning.

While armed conflict is unusual in Marador, it can potentially occur in this version of the Realm. The male inhabitants, who wear the tunics and leggings of Ilmioran squires, often engage in lazy mock battles with wooden practice swords. These youths are happy to loan their blades to dream travellers; they are quite incapable of fighting effectively and will flee if attacked.

Although its trappings are unique, this Marador is typical for the Land of Old Desires and behaves in accordance with the Realm's general rules. The young squires and their female companions, a bevy of dreamily pretty Ilmioran noble girls, offer the Realm's signature temptation.

The Land of Lost Beliefs

Lannar's version of Paranor is full of towering cathedrals and castle walls, representative of the chivalric ideals he once clung to. Aside from having a more than typically Ilmioran cast, the territory is very typical of the Land of Lost Beliefs, as are the dangers.

Aside from the eternal, towering, tempting edifice that is the City of Inventive Cowardice, the settlements of Lannar's Land of Lost Beliefs are unusually small, more forts than cities in their own right. These are typically dogmatic and rigid, highly, perhaps dangerously, attuned to Law, but they are relatively welcoming to dream travellers who obey their laws. They may be persuaded to assist travellers with an appeal to chivalry, especially if they can be convinced they owe a debt of honour.

In addition to the native dangers of Paranor, dreamstuff warriors wearing the livery of the Count of Paralius patrol the land in bands of five. These warriors are identical to their counterparts in the waking world, and indeed dream travellers who have crossed swords with the count's guard may see the faces of men they have slain. They attack anyone and anything outside the cities with mindless ferocity.

The Celador Gate in this Dream Realm should appear quite familiar to the adventurers: it is the gate of Contessa Abelia's estate reproduced on a grand scale. A small host of twenty dream warriors in Paralius livery camp outside the Celador Gate; if their sentries spot someone approaching the gate, they rouse their companions and launch an attack. As such, it may behove the adventurers to recruit aid in the nearby cities before attempting the gate, especially if they have yet to acquire arms and armour.

THE LAND OF FORGOTTEN LOVE

Celador is one of the most powerful of Lannar's Dream Realms, as it was the fear of losing his love that led him astray and the belief he was used and rejected by her that nearly destroyed him. Yet, because the Realm already conforms so closely to its dreamer's waking torments, it is perhaps the least changed from its usual form.



The Count of Magnes Doar (see page 17) is either known in Ilmioran legend or an integral part of this Dream Realm, for he appears here much as he does elsewhere. Observant characters may notice, with a Perception test, that this version of Magnes Doar wears an old and tattered version of the yellow gryphon rampant of Farrad over his battered armour. In addition, Magnes Doar is somewhat more powerful than usual due to the strength of Celador's hold on Lannar. Magnes Doar gains +5 STR and +5 POW in this incarnation.

Celador's temptations are also stronger than usual. Persistence tests to resist its shades are made at -30% rather than -20%.

In addition to the shades of their own loved ones, adventurers in Lannar's Celador will occasionally catch glimpses of an aspect of the ex-general himself, forever running after a shade of Contessa Abelia. Following the pair through the densely-packed trees of Celador is difficult, requiring a Persistence test, but adventurers who do so will see the dream-Lannar on his knees before the gates of Abelia's estate. He wears ceremonial armour and a surcoat stained beyond recognition with blood, and clutches a naked blade in one gauntleted hand; with the other, he desperately claws at the wrought iron gates, wailing the contessa's name. Abelia does not reappear, however, and where the path to her manor should be, Celador's cave walls rise. This aspect of Lannar is incorporeal, and will fade if approached.

THE LAND OF NEW AMBITION

Lannar's Imador is a particularly anaemic incarnation of the Realm, especially following on from the powerful Celador; the ex-general is not an ambitious man by nature and after his old life was destroyed by his sword's point, he found little to rouse his spirits in distant lands and foreign adventures. Dreamthieves will find it an unusually close, confining incarnation of the Realm, grey, drab and lifeless.

The great stair of Imador is more built up than usual, more resembling a winding, sloping street than a staircase suspended in nothingness. Despite this extra construction, or perhaps because of it, it seems unusually barren. The myriad people of the steps go about their business at some distance from each other, interacting amongst themselves and with others only rarely. They seem surprised to have visitors and the merchants among them make only a token attempt to hawk their drab wares.

A Manganese Dragon Dreamt of

Beyond the stairs, this Imador continues its listlessness. Its gentle hills under a starless sky resemble those of Lannar's Sadanor, save that no Shark's Teeth interrupt the endless flatlands and that the grass here is short and malnourished.

Imador's Road is, as seems most common, a canal, and its guide is an aspect of Lannar himself, as the steersman of a small riverboat. He gives no name for himself but, if pressed, will say he is sometimes called the Walking Wound. A Lore (World) test at -20% reveals that this is one of the epithets given Lannar during his mercenary days. Statistically, the Walking Wound is identical to General Lannar save that he possesses the Dreamcraft skill at 50%.

But, cloaked all in black and slumped on his bandage-sheathed greatsword as though crippled without it, speaking in dull mutters and rarely making eye contact, the Walking Wound is a both pitiful and sinister figure, barely recognisable as even kin to the pleasant gentleman the adventurers met earlier in their quest. This is the guide to the Land of New Ambition for a man whose only new ambition when he dreamt this dream was death.

As he poles the riverboat down Imador's Road, the Walking Wound suggests the adventurers divert from their path to the Falador Gate. In dolorous tones he catalogues a handful of the dooms awaiting them within if they do not seek aid, making a mantra, almost a song, of the many deaths and worse. Although his tales of woe are intimidating, his suggested alternatives are anaemic and even he seems to know it; his Influence does not rise over time as that of Imador's guide's usually do.

THE LAND OF MADNESS

Lannar was very close to madness when he was saved from himself by a dreamthief. As such, his version of Falador is at least typically powerful and perhaps worse than most. It is also unusually large: the Walking Wound's riverboat takes six hours to make the crossing.

This version of Falador resembles a series of canals with high stone walls set at bizarre, unnatural angles. Unearthly landscape appears beyond the walls, hills and houses and living creatures seeming to melt into each other and into the deep, gloomy shadows cast by the grey and red light pulsing like a beating heart from somewhere overhead.

This Falador is truly a land of nightmare, offering comparatively little physical danger but many terrors. In

addition to sporadic attacks from any imaginable demon or monster and the maddening effects of its atmosphere, it wears down the psychic reserves of dream travellers. Every hour, the adventurers must make Persistence tests at -10% or gain one level of fatigue from the stress of constant watchfulness.

The Games Master should also roll on the Falador Random Encounters table, below, once per hour. Any monster from the Young Kingdoms or beyond can appear here; the ones listed below are merely suggestions.

FALADOR RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

D10 roll	Monster Group
1-5	No encounter
6	1D3+1 Headless Horses (page 23)
7	1D4+2 Flying Beasts of Falador (page 23)
8	2D6 Beast-Men of Falador (page 24)
9	2D4 Count Barudro's Guards (page 52); roll once on the Chaotic Features table on page 117 of <i>Elric of Melniboné</i> for each guard
10	Unique Demon*

* A unique demon is a named creature such as Balis Jamon, Lord of Blood. The Games Master is encouraged to create his own example, taking inspiration from the demons of the Elric Saga and the Chaotic Features table.

The Walking Wound falls silent as soon as the adventurers pass through the Falador Gate; while he continues to guide his boat down the canals, he no longer responds to the adventurers in any way. As wonders and horrors unfold around him he seems oblivious to it all and completely introverted. The only way to prompt a response from him is to attack him directly; he will fight an adventurer who strikes him, but even then ignore anyone who does not join the battle. None of the monsters of Falador will attack him, nor does his presence intimidate them at all.

THE SEVENTH REALM

When the adventurers at last pass through the Seventh Gate in the Nameless Realm, the weird canals open onto an open sea resembling Ilmioran coastal waters. Cloudless skies open overhead, and a rocky beach leads to a lush, green shore. Before the adventurers can take in the scenery, however, the Walking Wound suddenly snaps to alertness.

Upon leaving Falador, the Walking Wound throws his head back and begins roaring with insane laughter. Suddenly, he

throws his armoured shoulder against the tiller and, propelled by unknown forces, the riverboat rushes toward the rapidly approaching shore!

The adventurers have time for a single action each; they can make either an Acrobatics test to dive from the riverboat or an Unarmed attack against the Walking Wound to try to grapple him from the tiller. If not stopped, the Walking Wound rams the riverboat into one of the rocks jutting from the shore, crashing it in an explosion of wood and rivets. The Walking Wound himself vanishes in the ensuing chaos, and any adventurers still on the boat suffer 1D6+2 damage to 1D4 locations (armour applies normally). If prevented from his seemingly suicidal rush, the Walking Wound continues to cackle madly and attempts to throw himself, fully armoured, into the waves. He will not attack adventurers now, even in self defence, and seeks only his own destruction.

However the adventurers proceed from this point, the terrain around them undergoes subtle changes; within what seems like a few minutes of walking, the adventurers realise they have somehow entered a familiar building: an analogue of Contessa Abelia's manor house. The proportions of the walls and ceilings seem slightly off, as though the manor is not built at right angles, and all the portraits hanging on the walls depict their subjects facing away from the painter. If the adventurers go to the dining room where they met the contessa in the past, they will see the following:

Ghostly figures of Contessa Abelia and General Lannar, both younger than you know them, sit together in the dining hall, gazing out through windows that seem to overlook an endless void.

'I fear for you,' Abelia whispers, her head pressed to her lover's chest. Somehow, you can hear her voice as loudly as if she addressed you. 'My uncle is troubled.'

Lannar inclines his head. 'The count? Why?'

'You know why. He fears you grow too popular, too powerful, with the soldiers. Now you court me.'

'He fears I plan to rise against him? That's preposterous.'

Abelia lowers her eyes. 'Men have died for less. Captain Dhol tells the most terrible stories of the courts of Quarzhasaat...'

'Paralius is not Quarzhasaat, my love, nor Ilmiora's hills the Sighing Desert,' Lannar says, laughing. But his laugh rings hollow, and it does not banish Abelia's frown. Abruptly, he reaches for one of the glasses of wine beside him and downs it in one gulp.

If the adventurers approach the shades or watch until the above scene concludes, they fade like the memories they represent. The room remains solid, but of the ghostly couple, only their wine glasses remain as though they are the only reality. If the adventurers think to look at them, they see they are filled not with wine but with a viscous, bubbling fluid.

Whichever exit the adventurers choose to take from the dining hall, they find themselves back at the entry hall, where Lannar's ghostly figure appears again, this time accompanied by the future Count Barudro and Jaran Dhol. Lannar appears more solid than before, Barudro about the same, but Dhol is little more than an evil, familiar grin in a swirling mist of shadows.

'You are bold to speak thus,' Barudro says gravely. He lays a hand on Lannar's shoulder and gazes into his eyes. From your vantage point, it appears the future count stares straight through the general toward you. Abruptly, Barudro snorts a laugh. 'Or else as drunk as I!'

'I am not so drunk I do not know myself,' Lannar says angrily. His words sound slurred. 'If I am endangered, what matter – but if it's true that the count threatens Abelia – his own niece!'

'What matter?' Barudro, still laughing, now appears to prop himself up on. 'Oh, Uncle doesn't mean it. He's always talking about hanging this traitor or that, but what comes of it? He's too soft for it.'

'You are so confident, My Lord?' Dhol drifts up between the two men, both of whom turn to him. 'Weaker men than your count kill for far less in my homeland. Who can say what drives a man to murder? Dangerous treason, perhaps, or a betrayal by one he loves.'

'But there has been no such betrayal,' Barudro says, suddenly reasonable. He seems to share Dhol's grin – and his sobriety. 'Has there?'



'Does Count Obrelca know this? Can he be certain? Or do his angry words betray some hidden fear?' Dhol shrugs. 'Ah, life is full of such questions.'

The ghostly figures fade once more. Again, the only thing remaining from their scene is a tray with three glasses and an unopened wine bottle, propped on an end table. Again, adventurers who think to investigate it find it filled with a strange fluid.

There is nothing more to find in the manor itself; to proceed, the adventurers must leave it through its front gates. This takes them to the final scene of Lannar's dream: the assassination of Count Obrelca at the count's palace in Paralius.

As soon as the adventurers step through the doors of Abelia's manor, they find themselves standing on the steps before the count's palace. It rises, all marble columns clad in baroque carvings, before them, while behind a teeming mass of people mill like a stormy sea. If they bump into any of the passers-by, they find these dreamstuff effigies are fully embodied; they will bump back or storm off complaining of the adventurers' rudeness. The sea of people is impossible to pass through.

The great cast iron doors of the count's palace are open, and the crowd slowly funnels the adventurers toward the entrance. When they step inside, they see Count Obrelca, an old Ilmioran merchant-nobleman fat with age and easy living, glaring at Lannar; Barudro stands off to one side, arms crossed, a faint smile on his lips. All three are clearly physical beings like the crowd outside.

'I have been told you've taken to drink, General,' Count Obrelca says, 'but until now I scarcely imagined you would appear before me in such a state!'

'If I am drunk, My Lord, it is with righteous rage,' Lannar snarls. 'Now answer truly - do you suspect ill of Abelia and I? Do you think we wish you ill? Truly? Your own niece?'

'I would not have said so,' Obrelca says, taking a step back, 'but perhaps I am wrong! Why do you speak thus?'

'I have heard—'

'Lannar,' Barudro says, sounding the very voice of reason, 'I think you had best lie down. You're distraught—'

Lannar shrugs the future count off. His hand flies to the hilt of his sword. 'Twas you I heard it from! You and Jaran Dhol. Or are you betraying her as well?'

'You are mad,' Obrelca snaps. 'Guards, disarm him. For his service's sake, I pray he needs but time to recover his wits. If he persists thus, he will speak treason I cannot afford to ignore.'

But no guards appear; indeed, the chamber appears empty but for you and the three figures of Ilmioran nobility.

With dreadful slowness, Lannar's greatsword slides from its sheath, and in an instant he is the Walking Wound, dead-eyed and mad as when you lost him.

At this point, the adventurers can intervene to save Count Obrelca. Lannar will fight the adventurers as he did the count's guards five years ago – mad, his mind poisoned with words and drugs alike – and Barudro will stand back, waiting for his uncle's death before he draws his sword.

Even if the adventurers defeat Lannar, they cannot change the past of the Young Kingdoms. Perhaps their victory echoes in some distant Realm where Count Obrelca's rule continues for many years, but in their own, defeating Lannar simply disperses the madness of his dream.

If Lannar is defeated, however, the chamber grows dark, and from the doors of the count's palace comes the mocking laugh of Jaran Dhol. The Quarzhasaatim enters the chamber amidst a train of shadows that now resolve into viscous black liquid like that the Lannar-shade was drinking at Abelia's estate. Dhol applauds sarcastically as his bizarre conveyance lifts him up to where the adventurers were fighting.

'Very impressive, gentlemen,' the Quarzhasaatim says. 'You have changed nothing, but how heroically you display your futility! How unlike this one—' he snaps a hand toward Barudro. The future count's eyes widen and he gags as a dagger appears in his throat. '—who will not seize for himself what he would betray friend and family to obtain!'

Barudro falls to the stones, clutching his ruined neck until his hands slump lifelessly.

'You people of the Young Kingdoms are so easy to control,' Jaran Dhol continues, chuckling to himself. 'You do not even dream of the arts we possess in Quarzhasaat! Our simplest alchemy – a

drop here, a drop there – and such wits as you possess are taken from you. Treason becomes reason and family, foes.'

Dhol's laughter and his grin fade. 'But enough talk; by arts I tortured from a thief of dreams I fashioned this trap for anyone who entered the good general's mind to discover the truth of his fall, and now – I close that trap on you!'

The adventurers must now fight Dhol's dream-effigy if they wish to escape alive. Dhol's effigy is deadlier in dreams, his powers established by his stolen dreamcraft and enhanced by the dark power Lannar attributes to him. Lannar's subconscious recognises Dhol as the source of his nightmares, and this has made the Sorcerer Adventurer far more powerful than he would be in the waking world. In addition to his improved parameters, his armour and weapons are made of shadowstuff which cannot be sundered and provides him with powerful protection. Blows to the shadow train where his legs should be do him no harm whatsoever.

JARAN DHOL, NIGHTMARE

CHARACTERISTICS

STR 20
CON 15
DEX 20
SIZ 18
INT 14
POW 18
CHA 14

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-6	Shadow Train	5/-
7-9	Abdomen	5/6
10-12	Chest	5/7
13-15	Right Arm	5/4
16-18	Left Arm	5/4
19-20	Head	5/5

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage
Shadow Scimitar	70%	1D6+1+1D6
Shadow Dagger	70%	1D4+1+1D6

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	4
Magic Points:	18
Movement:	6m
Strike Rank:	+17

Skills

Alchemy 80%, Acrobatics 60%, Dreamcrafting 100%, Language (Common) 60%, Language (High Speech) 30%, Language (Opish) 50%, Language ('pande) 100%, Lore (Chaos) 45%, Lore (Dream Realms) 80%, Lore (Elementals) 50%, Lore (Quarzhasaat) 75%, Lore (World) 50%, Perception 50%, Persistence 50%, Resilience 60%, Stealth 100%, Streetwise 85%.

Typical Armour

Shadowy robes.

Pacts, Runes and Summonings

Rune of Blight 30%
Rune of Concealment 30%
Rune of Darkness 30%

Legendary Abilities

Linguist

UNFINISHED BUSINESS IN THE WAKING WORLD

Once the nightmare is defeated the adventurers wake to find themselves lying in the Cavern of the Waning Tide. The tide appears to have come and gone while they slept, for the cavern is soaked – yet the adventurers themselves are completely dry. Whatever happened when they passed through the (now closed) door, they were obviously *elsewhere*.

At this point, how the adventurers proceed is largely up to them.

Provided they completed their dream quest, they now know most of the details of General Lannar's fall: Jaran Dhol's scheming, Barudro's betrayal and Abelia's possible complicity.

This presents the adventurers with something of a problem. Their patroness appears to be implicated by the memories they have recovered and her guard captain is certainly a chief suspect. In short, they seem more likely to find payment in steel than gold!

What's more, the dream seems to implicate Count Barudro as well – making the attacks by his guards seem more sinister in hindsight. Cautious adventurers may decline to return to what is likely to be a hostile Paraluis – but the more heroic types will likely want to have done with this

A Mendingance Along Dreamt of

conspiracy once and for all. Nor is retreat necessarily the wisest course. Depending on how the adventurers deal with the discoveries made in this scenario, they may make two permanent and powerful enemies in Count Barudro and Jaran Dhol, and possibly Contessa Abelia as well.

If the adventurers attempt to confront Dhol directly, they will have to go through Abelia's guards. While they attempt to force their way into the contessa's presence, Dhol will cut his losses, poisoning Abelia and Lannar if he can or, failing that, taking Abelia hostage. If worst comes to worst, he will flee to Ilmar to take direct control of his network of former Sorcerer Adventurers.

If, however, the adventurers pretend not to know who was behind Count Obrelca's assassination, they may be able to persuade the contessa of her guard captain's wickedness and possibly even expose his use of alchemical potions to control her. Lannar, who already distrusts Dhol, will readily believe any intimation of treachery on his part, and will lend his considerable influence to winning Abelia over. In this manner, the adventurers may be able to get the drop on Dhol and prevent his escape.

Even if the adventurers manage to surprise Dhol, and either slay or capture him, dealing with Barudro will be far more difficult. Even if they *can* reach him and strike him down, they must consider the potentially disastrous consequences for Paralius and their employer there.

The Games Master could easily set further adventures in Paralius – perhaps even a full-scale civil war. If she survived, Contessa Abelia will likely flee the city, but righteous rage and self-interest both compel her to fight her brother. General Lannar will go with her if they both live and is unlikely to survive her death. Either or both would be delighted to have the adventurers' aid once again – and would be willing to pay them handsomely for their proven services.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE LANNAR, DISGRACED GENERAL

Lannar was once the leader of Paralius's armies, a local hero of some renown, admired for his handsomeness, courage and fealty. Now he is exiled and accursed, his name synonymous with treason and regicide. Five years ago, he

betrayed and slew Count Obrelca on the very steps of his throne room.

However, Lannar neither knows nor cares about his black reputation. He stumbled from Paralius in a haze of drug-induced madness, was turned away from the estate of his frightened lover, Contessa Abelia, and eventually became a travelling mercenary. He tried to drown his sorrows in the blood of those he was hired to slay, but fighting for coin only seemed to further blacken a soul he already considered accursed. Lannar finally lost all hope and might have taken his own life had not a member of the Guild of Dreamthieves found him in his misery.

The dreamthief took pity on the disgraced general and, after a dreamquest more perilous than any foe Lannar had faced in the waking world, captured the dreams tormenting the ex-general and plucked them from his mind.

Lannar, recalling only fond memories of his homeland, has wandered back to Paralius in the four months since his dreams were stolen. Unfortunately for him, nearly everyone in Lannar sports a better, if incomplete, memory of his treason, and it is only a matter of time before he is apprehended or lynched.



Lannar is a moderately sized but muscular man in his mid thirties. He wears his golden hair, beard and moustache long and flowing, giving him a somewhat wild appearance, and his face, famed in Paralius, is hard-worn by cares and rough living and marked by a livid scar along his right jawbone. He dresses in the leathers of a common mercenary.

Lannar is a tragic figure, but hardly a blameless one. The adventurers may ultimately decide that, however he was brought to his crime, he remains a murderer and deserves death for it. Once reminded of the many sins staining his hands, Lannar may not disagree with their assessment – but he will fight to the death to ensure that Jaran Dhol and Count Barudro are brought low with him.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR 15
CON 14
DEX 10
SIZ 11
INT 9
POW 7
CHA 13

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/6
4-6	Left Leg	-/6
7-9	Abdomen	-/7
10-12	Chest	-/8
13-15	Right Arm	-/5
16-18	Left Arm	-/5
19-20	Head	-/6

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Greatsword	80%	2D8+1D	24/12
Lance	50%	1D10+2+1D2	2/10

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 2
Damage Modifier: +1D2
Movement: 4m
Strike Rank: +9

Skills

Athletics 55%, Boating 50%, Command 70%, Courtesy 30%, Influence 45%, Language (Common) 80%, Language ('pande) 20%, Lore (World) 40%, Persistence 70%, Resilience 60%, Riding (Horses) 65%, Shiphandling 20%.

Abelia, Contessa Farrad

Abelia is the younger sister of Count Barudro of Paralius. Ironically, her brother's ascension has destroyed her as a political force in Paralius and left her a legacy of sorrow. When her uncle, the previous count, was cut down by his faithful general, Lannar, Abelia was left without her uncle *and* her lover. Because she was widely suspected of engineering the assassination, she lost her brother's trust and the respect of the court and very nearly her life.

Abelia *was* indirectly responsible for Lannar's treason, though she does not realise it. Through her, the exiled Quarzhasaatim, Dhol, met both the former general and the future count and played upon the fears and ambitions of both.

Indeed, Abelia is unaware of just how precarious her position is. Her brother was willing to throw her onto the fire to protect his stolen throne, the captain of her guard schemes with many factions right under her nose, and the one man she could have trusted implicitly, Lannar, does not even remember her face!

Abelia is a small, slender woman in her mid thirties. She was a celebrated beauty in her youth, but five years of miserable and lonely exile at her estate have left her worn and haggard. She is pale and her face is lined with worry and tears, and she is often drunk. Unbeknown to Abelia, the wine in which she drowns her sorrows is lightly laced with an alchemical sedative that numbs her wits and makes it easier for Jaran Dhol to control her. Nonetheless, her golden hair and blue eyes still shine when exposed to the sun.

Despite her present poor circumstances, Abelia was once a powerful lady of the court. She has allowed herself to be brought low, but she could easily be raised back up to the heights of power if she could but escape the serpent's tongue of Jaran Dhol.

A Malignance Along the Path of

Abelia subconsciously allowed herself and those around her to be destroyed; she blinded herself to Jaran Dhol's treachery long before his drugs robbed her of the ability to see it, mostly because of his promises of greater power and wealth. She coveted her uncle's throne, though she would never admit it, and she shut her doors on her lover not from disgust at his regicide but from self-loathing at how she had secretly hoped for it.

If Abelia is not a villainess, it is only because circumstances have made her too soft for the task. The Games Master could easily adjust this scenario to account for a wicked Contessa Abelia, perhaps making her the power behind her brother's throne.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR 9
CON 11
DEX 12
SIZ 8
INT 13
POW 10
CHA 14

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/4
4-6	Left Leg	-/4
7-9	Abdomen	-/5
10-12	Chest	-/6
13-15	Right Arm	-/3
16-18	Left Arm	-/3
19-20	Head	-/4

WEAPONS

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Knife	20%	1D3-1D2	4/4

SPECIAL RULES

Combat Actions:	2
Damage Modifier:	-1D2
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+12

SKILLS

Command 30%, Courtesy 75%, Evaluate 50%, Influence 70%, Language (Common) 110%, Language (High Speech) 10%, Language (Low Speech) 40%, Lore (Ilmioran Politics) 50%, Lore (World) 50%, Persistence 50%.

JARAN DHOL, Exiled Sorcerer Adventurer

The captain of Contessa Abelia's personal guard and the instigator of General Lannar's misfortunes, Jaran Dhol is a Quarzhasaatim, one of the few of that introverted race to leave the false security of his desert home and make his fortune in the Young Kingdoms.

Dhol is a tall, gaunt man with swarthy skin, curly black hair cropped into a short beard, a shaven head and piercing, predatory, almost luminous green eyes. Though not an especially large man, he manages to seem imposing even to those much taller than himself. He moves with warrior's grace and is rarely seen without a curved sabre belted to his waist.



Once a member of the Cerulean Brotherhood of Sorcerer Adventurers, Jaran Dhol escaped death in his home city of Quarzhasaat twice over: once at the hands of his countrymen, and a second time by being absent when the city was sacked by Elric of Melniboné. Under the orders of one member of the city's ruling council, the Six and One Other, Dhol attempted to steal a priceless relic from the estate of another councillor. When his attempt was betrayed, his employer set him up to take the blame, disowning him and casting him on the mercy of the ruthless rulers of Quarzhasaat.

Dhol, however, was more than a match for his brothers in the Sorcerer Adventurers. Besting them in both sorcery and swordplay, and his employer in cruel cunning, he



assassinated his treacherous master and fled into the desert, eventually surfacing in Paralius five years ago.

In the Young Kingdoms, Dhol found that simpler schemes and frank combat were the norm. With the old, decadent cunning of Quarzhasaat and the dark wisdom of a Sorcerer Adventurer, he was able to ingratiate himself with Contessa Abelia and rise high in her service and esteem. It was Dhol who, by slow and subtle temptation, convinced Barudro, Abelia's brother, to scheme against his uncle the Count Obrelca. It was also Dhol who played on General Lannar's fears for his beloved to eventually drive his sword's point into Count Obrelca's heart.

Dhol essentially controls Abelia's household, though he leaves the contessa with the illusion of mastery.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR 13
CON 10
DEX 14
SIZ 11
INT 14
POW 12
CHA 14

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	4/5
4-6	Left Leg	4/5
7-9	Abdomen	4/6
10-12	Chest	6/7
13-15	Right Arm	4/4
16-18	Left Arm	4/4
19-20	Head	-/5

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Sabre	70%	1D8	4/1
Dagger	70%	1D4+1	4/6

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	3
Magic Points:	12
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+14

Skills

Alchemy 80%, Acrobatics 60%, Dreamcrafting 60%, Language (Common) 60%, Language (High Speech) 30%, Language (Opish) 50%, Language ('pande) 100%, Lore (Chaos) 45%, Lore (Dream Realms) 80%, Lore (Elementals) 50%, Lore (Ilmioran Politics) 30%, Lore (Quarzhasaat) 75%, Lore (World) 50%, Perception 50%, Persistence 50%, Resilience 60%, Stealth 100%, Streetwise 85%.

Typical Armour

Breastplate, scalemail skirt, scalemail shirt. -26% AP.

Pacts, Runes and Summonings

Rune of Blight 30%
Rune of Concealment 30%
Rune of Darkness 30%

For more information on Rune Magic, see **Magic of the Young Kingdoms**.

Legendary Abilities

Linguist

BARUDRO, COUNT PARALIUS

Scheming, ambitious Count Barudro of Paralius rose to power after his uncle's assassination. Although he was a friend of General Lannar's and has him to thank for the throne, none is more diligent in seeking out the escaped murderer, nor more resolved to seeing him hang. This is in no small part because Barudro was at once player and pawn in his uncle's death!

Barudro is the brother of Contessa Abelia. Through her, he met the former Sorcerer Adventurer Jaran Dhol – and Dhol, recognising and playing on Barudro's worst instincts, led him to betray his friend General Lannar, his sister Abelia, and his uncle Obrelca. Of the three Paralius nobles, only Barudro was fully cognisant of the crime the Quarzhasaatim plotted, but even he does not understand Dhol's motives.

Though in his early forties, Barudro looks younger than his years and closely resembles his sister. He is somewhat short and slender, with dark blue eyes and golden hair, which he keeps cut short and severe. He favours royal garb that reminds his court of his warrior youth and martial successes, and often appears in public in his ceremonial plate armour.

Adventurers would be hard-pressed to bring Barudro's crimes to light or to get people to believe their word over his. Unless they are particularly crafty or powerful, they may have to settle for bringing low Jaran Dhol and perhaps holding the threat of exposure over Barudro's head – and his crown. He could become a valuable, if untrustworthy, resource if thus blackmailed. Unseating him, on the other hand, would likely require an army.

Characteristics

STR 13
CON 10
DEX 11
SIZ 10
INT 12
POW 8
CHA 14

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	6/4
4-6	Left Leg	6/4
7-9	Abdomen	6/5
10-12	Chest	6/6
13-15	Right Arm	6/3
16-18	Left Arm	6/3
19-20	Head	6/4

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
War Sword	65%	1D8	4/10
Lance	40%	1D10+2	2/10

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	2
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+11

Skills

Athletics 30%, Command 55%, Courtesy 60%, Influence 50%, Lore (Ilmioran Politics) 55%, Lore (World) 30%, Perception 50%, Persistence 40%, Resilience 40%, Riding (Horse) 50%.

Typical Armour

Ceremonial plate armour embossed with the yellow gryphon rampant of his house. Armour penalty –52% (because it is designed for ceremony rather than swordplay, Barudro's armour imposes a further –10% armour penalty in addition to the –42% penalty typical of full plate armour). He also has a suit of more practical full plate he wears when on campaign, which imposes the usual penalty.

DREAM TRAVELLERS AND OTHER PERSONALITIES

The inhabitants of the Dream Realms and those who visit them, the notables encountered by Elric of Melniboné on his Thousand-Year Dreams – each has his or her role to play in the destiny of the Multiverse and the most famous incarnation of the Eternal Champion. Friends and foes alike can also influence the destinies of other adventurers, or become their ultimate dooms.

Of course, characters visiting the Dream Realms need not encounter these powerful entities in the flesh; all brighten or haunt the dreams of more than a few inhabitants of the Multiverse, and in some cases the Young Kingdoms. A dream traveller can never be entirely sure if his slumberous encounters with these heroes and villains pit him against their actual selves or reflections thereof.

ALNAC KREB

The young man regarded him with some sympathy and good will. He had startlingly handsome features with dark, humorous eyes in his gleaming black flesh. On his short, curly hair he wore a skull cap decorated with peacock feathers and his jacket and breeches seemed to be of black velvet stitched with gold thread, over which was thrown a pale-coloured hooded cloak of the pattern usually worn by the desert peoples in these parts. He rode up slowly on the loping, bovine mount which had cloven hooves and a broad head, a massive hump above its shoulders like that of certain cattle Elric had seen in scrolls depicting the Southern Continent.

At the young man's belt was a richly carved stick of some kind with a crooked handle, about half his height, and on the other hip he wore a simple flat-hilted sword.

- *The Fortress of the Pearl*

Friend and apprentice to Oone and, briefly, companion to Elric of Melniboné, Alnac Kreb is typical of an inexperienced but talented member of the Guild of Dreamthieves.

Alnac is a tall, dark-skinned, well-formed young man, typically found wearing the clothes common to a traveller

in whatever region he finds himself. He likewise adapts his armament and custom to better present himself as, if not a local, at least a less exotic visitor than he actually is. Alnac can easily be identified as a dreamthief by those who know what to look for, however, because he is never far from his dreamwand.

Alnac's manner is garrulous, his conversation clever and his courage unquestionable. He makes friends easily and goes to great lengths to assist them.

Prior to his ill-fated attempt to capture the dream ensnaring Varadia, Holy Girl of the Bauradim, Alnac might meet characters in the flesh. A man who makes friends easily and actively seeks to do so, he could easily become an ally to a group of adventurers, perhaps serving as their introduction to the art of dreamthievery. After he meets his doom, echoes of him may appear in the Dream Realms as the mad, lethal Pearl Warrior – though Alnac's soul was laid to rest by Oone and Elric, its echoes remain, especially in Falador.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR	10
CON	13
DEX	14
SIZ	12
INT	13
POW	13
CHA	15

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/5
4-6	Left Leg	-/5
7-9	Abdomen	-/6
10-12	Chest	-/7
13-15	Right Arm	-/4
16-18	Left Arm	-/4
19-20	Head	-/5

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Scimitar	60%	1D6+1	4/10

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	3
Magic Points:	13
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+13

Skills

Athletics 50%, Courtesy 60%, Dodge 55%, Dreamtheft 90%, Language (Common) 90%, Language ('pande) 75%, Lore (Dream Realms) 90%, Lore (Million Spheres) 65%, Perception 70%, Persistence 55%, Resilience 55%.

Ayanawatta

Above me a man's face regarded me with stern amusement. He was a complete stranger, but instinctively I knew I had no reason to fear him. I had found my imagined warrior. The smooth-shaven face was well-proportioned, even handsome, and decorated with elaborate tattoos etched across his forehead, cheeks, chin and scalp. His head was mostly shaven, the only piece of hair worn in a long, gleaming black lock interwoven with three bright eagle feathers, but his healthy copper skin told me that he was not one of those who had captured my husband. He wore earrings, and his nose and lower lip were pierced with small sapphires. On his temples, cheeks and chin was a deep scarlet smear of paint. Running down either side of his chest were long, white scars. Between these scars a design had been pricked into his skin. On his well-muscled upper arms were intricately worked bracelets of raw gold, and around his throat he wore a wide band of mother-of-pearl which seemed to be a kind of armour. His tattoos were in vivid reds, greens, blues and yellows and reminded me of those I had once seen displayed by powerful shamans in the South Seas. A nobleman of some sort, confident of his own ability to protect the wealth he displayed with such careless challenge.

- The Skrayling Tree

The heroic warrior and lawgiver celebrated by Longfellow as Hiawatha, Ayanawatta is a great fighter and a better companion. He is a tall man with the lean muscles of one who makes constant use of all his abilities – mental and physical alike – simply to survive. He possesses the unassuming, understated nobility of a natural ruler. Despite this, or perhaps because of it, he is garrulous, humorous and frank.

Ayanawatta is a close friend of White Crow – the young Elric of Melniboné on his first Dream of a Thousand Years. The two have shared many hunts and adventures, both in the last days of the Kakatanawa when they defended the Tree at the Heart of the World and in other times and realms.

Any walker of the Moonbeam Roads or dream traveller may encounter Ayanawatta. His warm, open manner will likely make fast friends of well-meaning adventurers, but if they mean him ill, or threaten innocents – man or beast – they will quickly find him their most dangerous foe.

Games Masters can use Ayanawatta as a guide to the dreaming North America where most of his adventures take place or as an out-of-time visitor to the Young Kingdoms or another realm where the characters are active.

Characteristics

STR	16
CON	15
DEX	19
SIZ	13
INT	15
POW	11
CHA	17



Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/6
4-6	Left Leg	1/6
7-9	Abdomen	2/7
10-12	Chest	2/8
13-15	Right Arm	-1/5
16-18	Left Arm	-1/5
19-20	Head	-1/6

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Lance	80%	1D8+1D2	3/6
Short Bow	65%	1D8	2/4
Tomahawk (melee)	110%	1D6+1D2	3/7
Tomahawk (thrown)	85%	1D6+1D2	3/7

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	4
Damage Modifier:	+1D2
Magic Points:	11
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+17

Skills

Acrobatics 64%, Athletics 130%, Command 80%, Courtesy 55%, Dodge 84%, Influence 110%, Language (Common) 100%, Language (High Speech) 100%, Lore (Animal) 100%, Lore (Elementals) 80%, Lore (Million Spheres) 50%, Lore (Plants) 75%, Lore (World) 100%, Perception 80%, Persistence 75%, Resilience 80%, Stealth 84%, Survival 70%, Tracking 70%.

Typical Armour

Leather trousers, breechclout and decorated vest. Skill Penalty -6%.

Pacts, Runes and Summonings

*Ayanawatta's magic operates under principles unknown in the Young Kingdoms.

CHAMOG BORM

A tall, handsome young man stood there, his head covered by an old burnoose, his body clad in a light brown robe with long sleeves. He seemed pleased to see visitors.

'Greetings to you,' he said. 'I am Chamog Borm, currently in exile. Have you come with good news from the Court?'

- The Fortress of the Pearl

A legendary hero of Quarzhasaat before that country's attempt to wage sorcerous war with the Bright Empire of Melniboné devastated its surroundings, Chamog Borm left a legacy of chivalric grace and courage that resonates in legend and song to the present day. Because of his fabled heroism, he is often encountered in the dreams of Quarzhasaatim and even the neighbouring Bauradim nomads, often serving as a guardian of the Seventh, Nameless Realm.

Chamog Borm's appearance and manner are courtly and refined, but he has the physique of a man of action. He is of Quarzhasaati extraction, with dark hair, a deep golden brown tan and pale, piercing green eyes. Depending on his circumstances when encountered by dream travellers, he may be dressed in Quarzhasaati finery, one of his collection of legendary armours, or the clothes of a simple farmer or traveller.

Chamog Borm is helpful and friendly to dream travellers seeking to aid the dreamer who summoned him, for if he has any fault at all it is that his loyalty far outstrips his sense. He may sometimes join a group of adventurers in battle; more commonly, if he has failed to protect the dreamer himself, he will offer other heroes the accoutrements of his craft: dreamborn weapons and armour of myriad description, always perfectly fitted for his allies. Chamog Borm's collection of swords, axes, bows, lances and shining armour is nearly as legendary as the hero himself.

Should Chamog Borm see a dream traveller as a foe of the dreamer, however, he brings all these formidable resources to bear against said foe. Only the mightiest warriors can stand against even a dreamstuff effigy of this storied hero.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR	19
CON	14
DEX	11
SIZ	13
INT	12
POW	12
CHA	15

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-16
4-6	Left Leg	-16
7-9	Abdomen	-17
10-12	Chest	-18
13-15	Right Arm	-15
16-18	Left Arm	-15
19-20	Head	-16

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Greatsword	110%	2D8+1D4	4/12
Lance	100%	1D10+2+1D4	2/10
Scimitar	120%	1D8+1D4	4/10

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	2
Damage Modifier:	+1D4
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+11

Skills

Athletics 60%, Command 75%, Courtesy 100%, Dreamcrafting 40%, Influence 60%, Language (Low Speech) 40%, Language ('pande) 110%, Lore (Dream Realms) 60%, Lore (Ancient World) 100%, Perception 50%, Persistence 90%, Resilience 60%, Riding (Horses) 58%.

Typical Armour

Full plate armour. Skill Penalty -42%.

GHO FHAZI

Lord Gho Fhaazi was modishly coiffed and clad. His black hair and beard were teased into symmetrical ringlets, the long mustachios were waxed and pointed, the heavy brows bleached blonde above pale green eyes and a skin artificially whitened until it resembled Elric's own. The lips were painted a vivid red. He sat at the far end of a table which slanted down subtly toward his guest, his back to the light so that he almost resembled a magistrate sitting in judgement on a felon.

Elric recognised the deliberateness of the arrangement and was not put out by it. Lord Gho was still relatively young, in his early thirties, and had a pleasant, slightly high-pitched voice. He waved plump fingers at the plates of figs and dates in mint

leaves, of honeyed locusts, which lay between them, pushed the silver flask of elixir in Elric's direction with an awkward display of hospitality, his movements revealing that he performed tasks he would normally have reserved for his servants.

- *The Fortress of the Pearl*

An altogether too typical nobleman of Quarzhasaat, Gho Fhaazi is greedy, power-hungry and treacherous. He makes grandiose promises and backs them with grotesque torments, but is far more likely to deliver on the latter. A life of decadent luxury has left his body bloated and weak and dulled whatever wits he may once have possessed.

Lord Gho hopes to become one of the Six and One Other, the ruling council of the doomed, dried-up city of Quarzhasaat. He will stop at nothing to elevate himself to that exalted company, either unaware or uncaring that the Six and the Other despise him.

Adventurers who visit Quarzhasaat may find employment with Lord Gho, who is as profligate in hiring swords as in any other pursuit. This will be at best temporary employment, however, for the lord's temper is fickle and a mercenary's first failure will earn him exile at best, gruesome death at worst.

As many enemies as Lord Gho has in Quarzhasaat, he is even more hated by the nomads, the Bauradim, who see him as the manifestation of everything they despise in their citified neighbours.

The Games Master can use Lord Gho as patron, antagonist or both to characters who visit Quarzhasaat before its sack at Elric's hands. Even after his death, he cuts a sufficiently loathsome figure to appear in the dreams of nomad and Quarzhasaatim alike.

Characteristics

STR	7
CON	11
DEX	6
SIZ	14
INT	10
POW	8
CHA	11

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-15
4-6	Left Leg	-15
7-9	Abdomen	-16
10-12	Chest	-17
13-15	Right Arm	-14
16-18	Left Arm	-14
19-20	Head	-15

Special Rules

<i>Combat Actions:</i>	1
<i>Movement:</i>	4m
<i>Strike Rank:</i>	+8

Skills

Courtesy 40%, Evaluate 120%, Influence 80%, Language (Opish) 40%, Language (pande) 110%, Lore (Plant) 50%, Lore (Quarzhasaat) 130%, Perception 50%, Persistence 50%.

JHARY-A-CONEL

For a description, see pages 67-68 of the Elric of Melniboné Companion.

Characteristics

STR	11
CON	13
DEX	15
SIZ	11
INT	17
POW	25
CHA	18

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/6
4-6	Left Leg	1/6
7-9	Abdomen	1/7
10-12	Chest	1/8
13-15	Right Arm	1/5
16-18	Left Arm	1/5
19-20	Head	1/6

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Dagger	60%	1D4+1D2	4/6
Rapier	60%	1D8+1D2	3/8

Special Rules

<i>Combat Actions:</i>	3
<i>Movement:</i>	4m
<i>Strike Rank:</i>	+13

Skills

Athletics 60%, Courtesy 90%, Dodge 60%, Influence 95%, Language (Common) 100%, Lore (Multiverse) 150%, Mechanisms 85%, Perception 100%, Persistence 90%, Resilience 70%

Armour

Baggy, gaudy clothing for 1 point. Jhary suffers no skill penalty for his clothing.

Pacts, Runes and Summonings

Cosmic Balance 120%

Gifts and Compulsions

Eternal Companion, Traveller of the Million Spheres, Whiskers
Extremely fond of his hat. Prone to being captured and taken prisoner.

WHISKERS, JHARY-A-CONEL'S CAT

For a description, see pages 68-69 of the Elric of Melniboné Companion.

Characteristics

STR	3-50
CON	7
DEX	18
SIZ	3-50
INT	6
POW	12
CHA	13

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1	Right Front Leg	-1/2
2	Left Front Leg	-1/2
3-4	Forequarters	-1/4
5-6	Hindquarters	-1/3
7-11	Right Wing	-1/2
12-17	Left Wing	-1/2
18	Right Rear Leg	-1/2
19	Left Rear Leg	-1/2
20	Head	-1/3

Note: the Hit Points above are for normal size. They increase by 1 point for every 5 points of SIZ.

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage
Bite	40%	1D6
(Damage Modifier depends on Whisker's STR+SIZ)		
Scratch	60%	1D3
Swallow	80%	Digestion

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 3

Movement: 6m on the ground and in the air

Strike Rank: +9

Skills

Athletics 60%, Dodge 40%, Resilience 46%, Perception 55%, Stealth 65%, Survival 50%



Johannes Klosterheim

His face was fleshless, a cadaverous skull. His eyes were set so deep in their sockets, it seemed a vacuum regarded you. His thin, pale lips forced a partial smile as he saw my surprise.

'I think my former master, Lord Gunnar, knows the nature of this place, but do not fear, my lord. It cannot do you harm. You do not recall me? I understand. You lead so many and such varied lives. You meet people far more remarkable than myself. You don't remember Johannes Klosterheim?'

- *The Skrayling Tree*

Cursed with immortality though he desires oblivion, skilled in sorcery though he has little natural talent for it, Klosterheim is an Earthling devil-worshipper. He is a fallen priest and a devotee of Lucifer, but has often expressed disappointment with his luminous master and thrown in his lot with aspects of Gaynor the Damned.

Klosterheim is a tall, powerfully-built man, but his large frame is belied by his cadaverous appearance. His skull is almost fleshless and his eyes are dark and set deep in their sockets; he has little more flesh on the rest of his bones, and what little he possesses is in the form of tough, stringy muscle. In realms where he does not disguise himself as a native, he adopts the fashions of a Puritan, though whether out of familiarity or irony is difficult to say – perhaps even for Klosterheim himself, whose theology and understanding of the Million Spheres are inconstant at best.

At various times, Klosterheim has played the role of a Nazi spiritualist, an advisor to Granbretan, and a sorcerous attaché to Pukawatchi shamans. Klosterheim owes no allegiance to any of the mortal powers he has affiliated himself with; he assumes and casts off such roles as convenience dictates, just as his perennial alliance with Gaynor the Damned is one of common cause. While his most famous clashes with the Eternal Champion came on Earth and spheres close to it, he is capable of traversing the Moonbeam Roads and visiting more distant realms – albeit not without danger and difficulty. Characters need not visit an aspect of the world we call Earth to encounter this dangerous inhabitant thereof.

Klosterheim is a formidable opponent, capable of subtlety and even a kind of charm when the situation calls for it, but by inclination blunt and brutally direct. Coming from a world of weak magic, he lacks the natural talent many of his allies and adversaries wield, but he is a diligent, obsessive student of the black arts; he is at his most dangerous when

he can advise a more gifted sorcerer. Nor does he shirk from physical combat, where he is capable of fighting with most of the weapons of his world, including firearms.

Games Masters can use Klosterheim as an antagonist on almost any world, or perhaps many worlds. He is in many ways easier to incorporate into a campaign than the Eternal Adversary, because, while their intentions and methods are often similar, Klosterheim does not possess the overwhelming, legendary power of Gaynor the Damned. Even inexperienced characters could conceivably defeat Klosterheim in open battle, yet the web of deceptions and local alliances at his command can endanger the most seasoned adventurer.

Also unlike the Eternal Adversary, Klosterheim might serve as at least a temporary patron to characters. For all his ultimately self-destructive ambitions, Klosterheim plans for the long term, and in certain spheres at certain times his goals may coincide with the characters' rather than clashing. Of course, one could scarcely find a less trustworthy ally!

Characteristics

STR	12
CON	14
DEX	10
SIZ	15
INT	16
POW	9 (9 dedicated to Lucifer)
CHA	11

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/6
4-6	Left Leg	-/6
7-9	Abdomen	-/7
10-12	Chest	-/8
13-15	Right Arm	-/5
16-18	Left Arm	-/5
19-20	Head	-/6

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Dagger	75%	1D4+1+1D2	4/6
Pistol	80%	2D4	5/2

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	2
Damage Modifier:	+1D2
Magic Points:	9
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+13

Skills

Courtesy 40%, Influence 60%, Language (Common) 80%, Language (German) 100%, Language (High Speech) 70%, Lore (Chaos) 50%, Lore (Beast Lords) 25%, Lore (Elementals) 75%, Lore (Law) 75%, Lore (Million Spheres) 40%, Lore (World) 100%, Perception 30%, Persistence 75%, Resilience 70%, Stealth 50%.

Pacts, Runes and Summonings

Pact (Lucifer)	90%
Rune of Barring	30%
Rune of Chaos	40%
Rune of Contact	30%
Rune of Deception	40%
Rune of Enhancement	30%
Rune of Law	60%

Manag Iss

The rider was taller than Elric, very thin, with a gaunt dark face and black eyes. His head was shaved and both his lips were decorated, apparently with tiny tattoos, as if he wore a mask of fine, multicoloured lace across his mouth. The spear was not sheathed and Elric prepared to defend himself, knowing that his chances against even so many human beings were greater than they had been against the firebeetles.

The man frowned at Elric's statement, puzzled for a moment. Then his brow cleared. 'We did not hunt the firebeetles. We saw what was happening and realised that you did not know enough to get out of the creatures' way. We came as quickly as we could. I am Manag Iss of the Yellow Sect, kinsman to Councillor Iss. I am of the Sorcerer Adventurers.'

- *The Fortress of the Pearl*

The leader the Yellow Sect of Sorcerer Adventurers, Manag Iss is something of an aberration in Quarzhasaat: a man of reasonable good humour, middling realism and passable honour. Despite these traits, he doomed himself to death on Stormbringer's blade by obeying Quarzhasaat's corrupt ruling council, the Six and One Other.

Manag Iss is a tall and very thin man, almost scarecrow-like, but his gaunt frame hides coiled muscle honed to riding, stealth and swordsmanship. He is equal parts bodyguard, assassin, soldier and policeman, and something of an alchemist besides; understandably, while he is passing skilled at all these arts, he achieves mastery of none of them.

Despite the name of his order, Manag Iss possesses little in the way of sorcerous ability. Like most of his modern brethren he relies on tricks and alchemy to approximate what his ancestors achieved through true sorcery. He is far more skilled with a blade than a rune, possessing only enough training in the mystic arts to understand how badly he and his are outmatched by a true supernatural power.

Manag Iss prefers to avoid unprofitable conflicts and is quite willing to negotiate with his enemies. His greatest flaw is his unwavering obedience; he will commit the most brutal atrocities, fight against the most overwhelming odds, if he cannot convince his superiors to back down from their often mad schemes.

If the Games Master sets his campaign before Elric's sack of Quarzhasaat, Manag Iss might serve as an ally, or at least a worthy adversary, to adventurers whose path takes them to that doomed, decadent city of the sands. Of course, Manag Iss's relatively respectable qualities may serve only to doom characters who make the mistake of trusting him.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR 10
CON 9
DEX 14
SIZ 15
INT 13
POW 9
CHA 11

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/6
4-6	Left Leg	-/6
7-9	Abdomen	-/7
10-12	Chest	-/8
13-15	Right Arm	-/5
16-18	Left Arm	-/5
19-20	Head	-/6

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Scimitar	70%	1D6+1	4/10

Special Rules

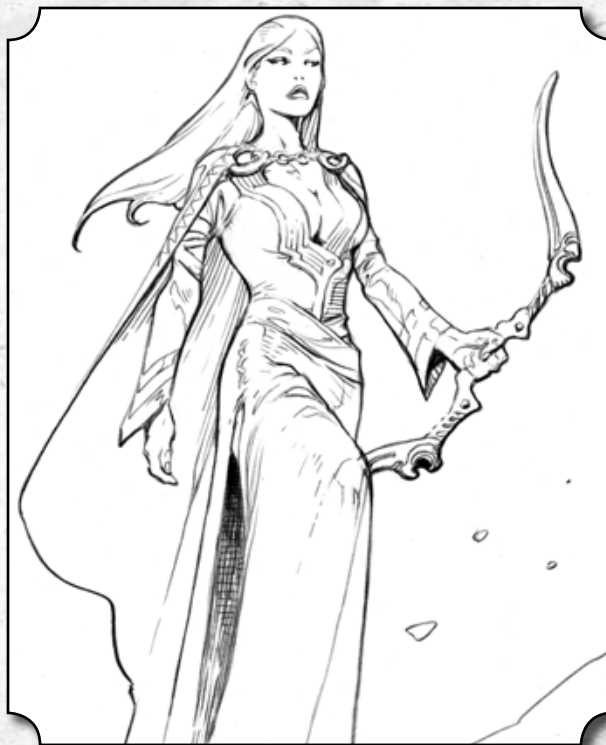
Combat Actions:	3
Magic Points:	9
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+13

Skills

Acrobatics 30%, Alchemy 30%, Command 30%, Courtesy 50%, Influence 30%, Language (Opish) 45%, Language ('pande) 100%, Lore (Quarzhasaat) 60%, Perception 55%, Persistence 55%, Resilience 50%, Riding (Camel) 50%, Riding (Horse) 60%, Stealth 50%.

Oona

A woman's voice, low and commanding. Her face hooded against the evening's chill, she stepped forward out of the tall man's shadow and took my hand. A strong, soft, dry handshake. The cloth of her cloak and the tunic beneath had a strange shimmering quality and the shades were unfamiliar. I wondered if this were some sort of stage costume. She might



have been a German demigoddess in one of those interminable folk plays the Nazis encouraged everywhere.

- The Dreamthief's Daughter

Conceived in dreams, born in a distant reality and destined to walk the Moonbeam Roads as a Knight of the Balance, Oona, sometimes called the Dreamthief's Daughter, later von Bek, is the daughter of Elric of Melniboné and the dreamthief Oone.

Like her father – and like her eventual husband Ulric von Bek – Oona is an albino. She much resembles her mother in other respects. With her crimson eyes closed, she could be a statue of Oone in marble or ivory, but those who know to look find something of a Melnibonéan cast to her fine features. The blood of dreamthief and Sorcerer-Emperor has mingled in her to produce a singularly talented adventuress and a very striking woman.

Oona rejects the Guild of Dreamthieves and the practice of dreamtheft, questioning the ethics of capturing dreams even from willing subjects. She learned the fundamentals of dreamthievery from her mother, including how to walk the Moonbeam Roads, but she puts these arts to work as a Knight of the Balance rather than a dreamthief. Her skill at dreamcraft also seems to play into the special bond she has with the Mittelmarch's panthers in general, and one of the great cats in particular.

Among her other talents, Oona is a shapeshifter. Her transformation of choice is a small albino rabbit (indeed, her albinism is a constant in all her forms), and in this guise she can travel at phenomenal speeds. She also assumes the form of the White Buffalo Woman while fighting to defend Kakatanawa, though becoming such a potent totem is only possible for her in an environment like the icebridge around the gilded longhouse where the walls of reality are thin.

In addition to her skills as a dimensional traveller and shapeshifter, Oona is an expert archer. The bow is her weapon of choice and she never goes into danger without a quiver full of arrows; she generally avoids both firearms and melee weapons, either from preference or because her archery is such she has no need of them.

Prior to her marriage to Ulric, Oona involves herself in conflicts on many worlds, but she is most commonly

encountered on Earth and nearby planes such as the Mittelmarch and Granbretan. Her later adventures are exclusively in these realms and only when her family is threatened; unfortunately, this is not as uncommon as she would like.

Oona makes an excellent guide for new visitors to the Moonbeam Roads. She is more resourceful than powerful, so she often has need of other adventurers to share her quests across the Multiverse. She is particularly likely to take an interest in dream travellers, as both her parents practiced this art and she is adept in it as well.

Characteristics

STR	11
CON	13
DEX	15
SIZ	12
INT	17
POW	25
CHA	17

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-/5
4-6	Left Leg	-/5
7-9	Abdomen	-/6
10-12	Chest	-/7
13-15	Right Arm	-/4
16-18	Left Arm	-/4
19-20	Head	-/5

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Dagger	60%	1D4+1	4/6
Nomad Bow	125%	1D10	2/5
Rapier	50%	1D8	3/8

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	3
Magic Points:	25
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+16

Skills

Acrobatics 55%, Athletics 50%, Courtesy 60%, Influence 70%, Language (Common) 100%, Language (High

Speech) 100%, Language (Low Speech) 50%, Language ('pande) 75%, Lore (Animal) 45%, Lore (Dream Realms) 50%, Lore (Million Spheres) 100%, Lore (Plant) 45%, Lore (World) 80%, Perception 90%, Persistence 80%, Resilience 50%, Riding (Dragon) 25%, Riding (Horse) 50%, Survival 80%.

Pacts, Runes and Summonings

Summon Panther of the Mittelmarch 100%

Oona also possesses the ability to transform into an albino rabbit. This power is not covered by any particular rune or pact and is unique to her.

Oone

For a description, see page 157 of the Elric of Melniboné rules.

CHARACTERISTICS

STR 12
CON 14
DEX 13
SIZ 10
INT 18
POW 25
CHA 17

HIT LOCATIONS

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/5
4-6	Left Leg	1/5
7-9	Abdomen	2/6
10-12	Chest	2/7
13-15	Right Arm	1/4
16-18	Left Arm	1/4
19-20	Head	-/5

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Rapier	75%	1D8	3/8

Special Rules

Combat Actions:	3
Movement:	4m
Strike Rank:	+16

Skills

Athletics 60%, Courtesy 80%, Dodge 75%, Dreamthief 120%, Language (Common) 100%, Language ('pande)

75%, Lore (Dream Realms) 100%, Lore (Million Spheres) 70%, Perception 86%, Persistence 65%, Resilience 60%

Typical Armour

Leather (-14% Skill Penalty)

Legendary Abilities

Empathic Wound

Varadia

Upon this, her little hands folded on her chest, which rose and fell with profound regularity, lay a young girl of about thirteen years. She had the strong beauty of her people, and her hair was the colour of honey against her tawny skin. She might have been sleeping as naturally as any child of her age save for the startling fact that her eyes, blue as the wonderful Vilmirian Sea, stared upward towards the roof of the Bronze Tent and were unblinking.

- The Fortress of the Pearl

The Holy Girl of the Bauradim, Varadia is a living history of that nomad people. Her memories extend back generations, and the wisdom she gleans from them and from her own strong character is without compare. All the peoples of the Sighing Desert, save the inhabitants of old, dying Quarzhasaat, give her immense respect and seek her advice whenever possible.

Despite her weighty responsibilities and ageless wisdom, Varadia is in appearance and general character a girl in her early teens. She is slim and has very refined features, tawny skin and luminous blue eyes. It is only in those eyes that the age of her memories becomes clear, for her gaze is astonishingly clear and insightful.

Varadia was assaulted and drugged by Quarzhasaati Sorcerer Adventurers under Lord Gho Fhaazi's orders because the lord believed she held the key to the Fortress of the Pearl. She did, in fact, possess both fortress and pearl – in the dreams into which she retreated for fear of her attackers. Elric of Melniboné and the dreamthief Oone eventually freed her from this self-ensnarement during the sequence of events leading to Elric's sack of Quarzhasaat.

Varadia remains the embodiment of the collected wisdom of the Bauradim and one of the best sources of information and advice in the Young Kingdoms. As she grows into her own knowledge and adds it to the long centuries she has inherited, she only becomes a more valuable guide.



Adventurers might seek Varadia to ask after any topic the Bauradim might know about, including news of both sides of the Sighing Desert, the eternal city, Tanelorn, the history of Quarzhasaat, and even many aspects of the Dream Realms. They might also be employed by the Bauradim, either at Varadia's suggestion or to protect or rescue her from another invader seeking to take advantage of her powers.

Characteristics

STR 6
CON 8
DEX 11
SIZ 7
INT 21
POW 24
CHA 17

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	-3
4-6	Left Leg	-3
7-9	Abdomen	-4
10-12	Chest	-5
13-15	Right Arm	-2
16-18	Left Arm	-2
19-20	Head	-3

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 2
Damage Modifier: -1D6
Magic Points: 24
Movement: 4m
Strike Rank: +16

Skills

Courtesy 50%, Influence 60%, Language (Common) 100%, Language (High Speech) 55%, Language ('pande) 140%, Lore*, Persistence 55%, Riding (Camel) 40%.

* Varadia counts as having 150% in all Lore skills that can be learned in the Young Kingdoms.

Legendary Abilities

Linguist

Gifts and Compulsions

Keeper of the Bauradim Knowledge

White Crow

The rider approaching me was clearly a warrior of the region, but with subtle differences of dress, black face paint, shaven head, scalp lock worn long, a lance and a war-shield held in his left hand, his right gripping the decorated reins of his huge mount.

- The Skrayling Tree

Before he became Sorcerer-Emperor of Melniboné, Elric experienced the Thousand-Year Dream for the first time. He lived and studied with the Kakatanawa in their golden longhouse, learning the ways of sorcery and the mysteries of the Multiverse. During this time, he went by the name of White Crow.

White Crow is a younger Elric, more athletic and vigorous as all his dreamselfs. Even his future daughter, Oona, did not at first recognise this version of the future Melnibonéan monarch. Beneath his albino skin and the black face paint he typically affects, White Crow sports the lean muscles of a hunter and warrior. He is only at the cusp of manhood, but there is no boyish softness in him, no weak-blooded lassitude and little of the customary Melnibonéan decadence and reliance on sorcery.

Nor is White Crow afflicted with the bouts of despair and self-doubt his elder self forever struggles against. In mind as well as body, he is a healthier Elric, vigorous, confident and even affable. He is a good friend to Ayanawatta and of the Kakatanawa, and quickly befriended Oona when she visited the plane where he dwelt.

On the other hand, White Crow is not yet the supreme sorcerer of the last days of the Young Kingdoms. He is still learning his craft and forming his pacts with elementals and demons, and in the land of his dreamquest he cannot call upon many of the familiar allies of Melniboné, such as Duke Arioch. As a warrior he is Elric's lesser, and the version of the Black Sword he wields as a war-lance is no match for the Stormbringer of the Young Kingdoms.

White Crow is likely to be friendly toward, and a useful ally to, other adventurers provided they come to the lands of the Kakatanawa in good faith. Elric's doom is far from him when he bears this name, and even his philosophical musings are on hold as he enjoys the wondrous realm around him and the companionship of heroes he considers

his equals. And of course, his hellblade is not in the habit of lunging into the hearts of his friends as Stormbringer is!

All of this makes White Crow somewhat easier for a Games Master to introduce to his players than the full-fledged last Sorcerer-Emperor of Melniboné. Far more than Elric, White Crow both seeks and needs the aid of other adventurers, and while he is powerful enough to give them significant aid, he is not so overwhelming that they cannot keep pace.

Characteristics

STR 11 (15)
CON 11 (15)
DEX 15 (19)
SIZ 15
INT 23
POW 28 (4 POW dedicated to Arioch, 1 POW dedicated to Flamefang)
CHA 18

Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/6
4-6	Left Leg	1/6
7-9	Abdomen	1/7
10-12	Chest	1/8
13-15	Right Arm	-1/5
16-18	Left Arm	-1/5
19-20	Head	-1/6

Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP/HP
Lance	70%	1D8+1D2	3/6
Short Bow	60%	1D8	2/4
Tomahawk (melee)	80%	1D6+1D2	3/7
Tomahawk (thrown)	65%	1D6+1D2	3/7

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 3 (4)
Damage Modifier: +1D2
Magic Points: 23
Movement: 5m
Strike Rank: +19 (+21)

Skills

Athletics 64%, Command 60%, Courtesy 89%, Dodge 101%, Evaluate 50%, First Aid 70%, Healing 55%, Influence 90%, Language (Common) 90%, Language (High Speech) 100%, Language (Low Speech) 100%, Lore

(Animal) 90%, Lore (Beast Lords) 82%, Lore (Chaos) 75%, Lore (Dragon) 80%, Lore (Elements) 100%, Lore (Imperial Court) 90%, Lore (Law) 55%, Lore (Melniboné) 100%, Lore (Plant) 107%, Lore (World) 84%, Persistence 85%, Resilience 40%, Riding (Dragon) 86%, Riding (Horse) 76%, Riding (Mammoth) 91%, Shiphandling 50%, Sing 65%, Spear 80%, Stealth 86%, Streetwise 45%, Survival 90%, Tracking 70%, Throwing 78%, Unarmed 60%, Witch Sight 75%.

Typical Armour

Leather leggings and vest. -4% Skill Penalty.

Pacts, Runes and Summonings

Pacts with all Beast Lords at 55% or higher
Pacts with all Elemental Lords at 45% or higher
Pact (Arioch) 50%
Pact (Dragon) 75%
All Summonings at 60% or higher

Gifts and Compulsions

The Black Lance

The Black Lance

White Crow's 'black lance' is a version of the black runesword he is destined to heft in another life. It is identical to Stormbringer in all respects (see page 156 of *Elric of Melniboné*) save that it adds to White Crow's Spear skill (which it benefits from) rather than his 1H Sword skill.



TANELORN

Tanelorn had taken many forms in her endless existence, but all those forms, save one, had been beautiful. She was beautiful now, with the soft sunlight on her pastel towers and her curved turrets and domes. And banners flew from her spires, but they were not battle banners, for the warriors who had found Tanelorn and had stayed there were weary of war. She had been here always. None knew when Tanelorn had been built, but some knew that she had existed before Time and would exist after the end of Time and that was why she was known as Eternal Tanelorn.

- The Vanishing Tower

The one constant in an ever-changing Multiverse. The one place of solace and rest for those who have suffered the weariness of lifetimes. The single, calm oasis of the psyche where nightmares are banished and the predations of gods condemned to futility. This is Tanelorn, the Eternal City; the one place where those who are free from pacts, compulsions and otherworldly masters can seek guaranteed refuge from the Eternal Struggle.

Every realm of the Multiverse knows of Tanelorn; its name is legendary, its existence mythical. Tanelorn does not hide, yet is the most elusive of cities to find. Its geographical location one day might shift on the next – or it might simply cease to have any existence in a realm for a considerable period of time, before mysteriously returning, as though not a day had passed.

This chapter concerns Tanelorn. The city is described in detail, as are its very special characteristics. What place does Tanelorn have in *Dream Realms*? The answer is simple: *everyone* dreams of Tanelorn at some time. Its name might not be known, but its sense of peace is tangible. Such is the strength of Tanelorn's that dreamers are forever compelled

to seek it out. Few will succeed though; Tanelorn does not permit those who have made a pact to gods of any kind. Only those who follow the Balance, or no gods at all, can find Tanelorn. Everyone dreams of Tanelorn, but only the free can ever find it: for the rest – only torment can be the result of the search.

DREAMING OF TANELORN

As said, everyone dreams of Tanelorn, although most do not know they have done so. Tanelorn emanates its dream signature throughout the Multiverse, permeating the sleep of every living person. Images of the city are fleeting, but are always tantalising and of the sweetest nature. One awakes, having dreamed of Tanelorn, refreshed, invigorated and full of hope for the world.

That, at least, is the case for most people. But adventurers are not most people. They have seen things, been to places and performed acts that most humble dreamers would consider nightmares. For adventurers, the dream signature of Tanelorn is more profound and it may not leave the dreamer feeling at all refreshed or invigorated. The dream signature of Tanelorn differs from dream to dream and person to person; mostly it is random, because the fabric of the Multiverse can disrupt, distort and weaken the dream signature.

When dreaming, the chance of dreaming of Tanelorn is equal to the Critical Range of the character's Persistence skill. Then, use the Dreams of Tanelorn table to determine the nature and Intensity of the dream. Any character who has a Pact with a Lord of Law or Chaos should add *half* the value of their Pact, rounding up, to the result of the 1D100 roll.

Tanelorn

Dreams of Tanelorn

1D100	Nature of the Dream	Intensity
01-30	Hazy and intangible; but Tanelorn calls its name.	1D6%
31-40	The city shimmers as though through a heat-haze, its towers and minarets a vagueness in the distance.	1D6+6%
41-50	The city's walls loom vividly and indistinct people can be seen on the battlements, but their features are unclear.	2D6+6%
51-60	The city streets present themselves; wide boulevards that are lined with pleasant houses and shops. The sounds of business and happiness can be heard in the background.	2D6+12%
61-70	The streets of the city are clear and real. A profound sense of peace falls over the dreamer. You feel at home here.	2D6+30%
71-80	People smile at you and nod; you feel one of them and at one with them.	3D6+40%
81-85	You find yourself in one of Tanelorn's fine taverns, drinking and making pleasant conversation. These people are your friends.	3D6+50%
86-90	A pleasant guide of the preferred sex guides you through the streets to a small, but beautiful house. <i>This is yours</i> , he or she says. <i>Welcome</i> .	3D6+70%
91-95	You see people you know in the streets: loved ones thought lost; comrades from old campaigns. They smile and wave – and you wave back, content at having regained them.	3D6+80%
96-00	Tanelorn fills your senses. You have been here many months or years and cannot imagine ever being away from the place. You will remain here until you die; you can never grow bored.	1D6+90%

The character should make a 1D100 roll against the intensity of the dream. The roll's result determines the after-effect upon waking.

Critical Success	You feel compelled to seek-out Tanelorn, making it your consuming goal.
Success	You know you will find Tanelorn one day; or it will find you.
Failure	The dream fades as do all dreams, but you long for the next.
Fumble	You remember nothing of the dream and feel strangely hollow.

Pacts with Law and Chaos

Those characters who hold a Pact with a Lord of Law or Chaos have the propensity to dream most vividly of Tanelorn, because both Law and Chaos would oppose and destroy the city, if they could. Some cults actively seek-out Tanelorn to do just that; and, in the case of such Pacted characters, the Intensity of the dream is handled differently.

If the intensity of the dream is a Critical or standard Success, the character must also make a test against his Pact. If he succeeds, he gains Hatred of Tanelorn as a Compulsion (if he does not already have such a Compulsion). This can simply be the desire to harm the city, or it can be a Grand Passion (see *Cults of the Young Kingdoms*, page 150) with a value of POW+CHA+10+1D10. His dreams of Tanelorn

are those of destruction and hatred for the Eternal City, and his chance of dreaming about carrying out these acts is equal to the Hatred of Tanelorn percentage.

Such characters are driven to find Tanelorn, and to destroy it. Characters compelled in this way will make alliances with other enemies of Tanelorn, actively seeking them out, and striking whatever bargains need to be struck in order to bring-down Tanelorn's walls. The collapse of the city becomes a consuming focus for such characters; but for them, Tanelorn is most elusive, further compounding their frustration and anger. Those who are driven to hate the city can never find it unless given significant supernatural aid. If they travel in a party that includes genuine pilgrims, then the pilgrims too will never find Tanelorn – until the cancerous influence in their ranks has been expelled.

FINDING TANELORN

Dreaming of Tanelorn establishes the desire and possibility; finding her is a different task entirely. Many spend their lives in search of her; others stumble across her as if by accident. There is no logic to it, and a greater desire to find Tanelorn does not guarantee an easy quest.

There are no mechanics for finding Tanelorn: the Games Master decides when that time is right. If the characters have sworn no allegiances, made no Pacts, then it will be an *easier* task for them, but by no means straightforward. Tanelorn is found when she wants to be found – or when an individual needs finding.

TANELORN DESCRIBED

'She is Tanelorn. She is the city of eternal sanctuary. Usually neither Chaos nor Law dare attack here. She is the embodiment of the Grey Fees.' Oona came to my rescue. 'The Grey Fees are the lifestuff of the Multiverse – you could call them the sinews, muscles, bones and sap of the Multiverse – the original matter from which all else derives. The original home of the Holy Grail. Although creatures can meet in the Grey Fees, even dwell there if they choose, any attack on them, any fight that takes place within the Fees, is an affront to the very basis of existence. Some would call it an affront to God. Some believe the Grey Fees to be God, if the Multiverse itself is not God. I prefer to take a more prosaic view. If the Multiverse is a great tree, forever growing, shedding limbs, extending roots and branches in all directions, each root and branch a new reality, a new story being told, then the Fees are something like the soul of the entity. However crucial the struggle, we never attack the Grey Fees.'

- The Dreamthief's Daughter

Tanelorn can appear in any realm, at any time. In most realms she assumes a consistent appearance and place but that appearance can change depending on the nature of the realm the city occupies. For simplicity, this description looks at how Tanelorn manifests in the Young Kingdoms (and other, similar realities).

In the Young Kingdoms, Tanelorn most often manifests in northeastern Ilmiora, building herself amongst the green, rolling vales and between two deep, calm rivers that even the Ilmari have yet to name. She resembles a small city-state; walled, with two gates, and a series of watchtowers that circle the wall. The wall is ten metres high and two and two and a half metres in thickness. Each identical watchtower

is eighteen metres high and punctuated by arrow slits up and down its length. The towers are surmounted by slender minarets which reach a graceful point, colourful flags and pennants flying from each, although the designs they display are for none of the Young Kingdoms nations.

The walls are made from a yellowish stone that, when struck by the sun, exudes a warm, inviting radiance. Despite the immensity of the walls, Tanelorn is not uninviting: seen from a distance, she is like a crown placed on the head of a sleeping giant. Closer, it is obvious that although the walls are built for effective defence (and Tanelorn has needed them on many occasions), and pocked by the marks of previous battles, they do not invite hostility. The walls are as much an expedient way of defining the city's boundaries as they are a means of protection.

Crenulations line the battlements of the walls, and Tanelorn's protectors – warriors who volunteer their services – patrol regularly, armed with the weapons they favoured when living outside Tanelorn. The guards are vigilant; Tanelorn, whilst symbolising peace, has found herself under attack many times in the past, and from both mundane and supernatural foes. Her people, although at one with themselves and their city, are always ready to defend her against the violent will of those powers who cannot abide what Tanelorn represents.

The gates – which align north and south – are topped by a pair of gatehouses of a similar type to the watchtowers. Tanelorn has no moat, but a deep ditch surrounds the walls, and the gates incorporate three metre-wide drawbridges, lowered and raised on large, winch-driven chains, to span the ditch. Anyone approaching Tanelorn finds the drawbridges lowered and the great, iron and oak gates, open: Tanelorn only closes herself to newcomers when an attack is suspected.

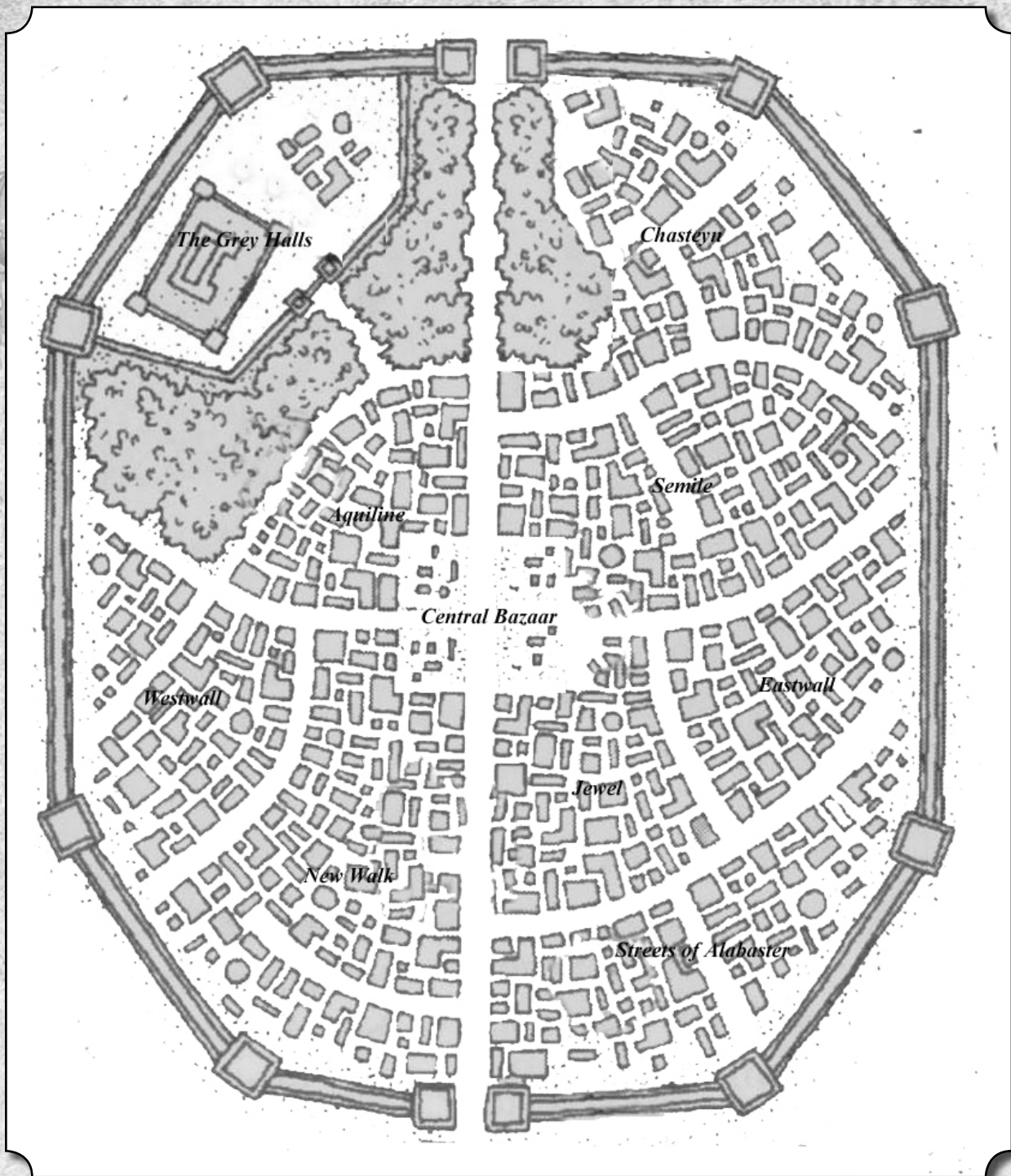
ENTERING TANELORN

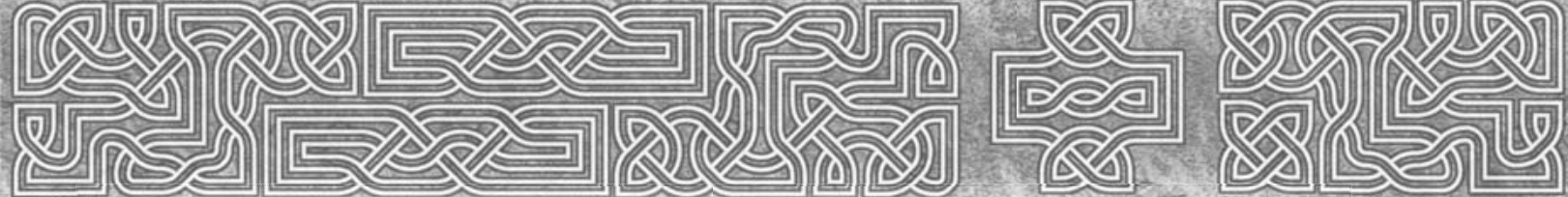
Tanelorn accepts anyone and everyone that fulfils two conditions:

- * They come in genuine peace, to live, work and love in city, defending it when necessary.
- * They have rejected all gods and renounced all Pacts before attempting to enter the city.

Any character who has an active Pact, and/or has a Compulsion or Grand Passion of Hatred of Tanelorn, is denied entry to the city. As that character approaches it, the







drawbridge is raised, guards appearing on the battlements of the walls, towers and gatehouses. A simple warning is issued, along these lines:

'Gods are unwelcome in Tanelorn, good sir, because this is a city of pure, free hearts. Release your burden and then return to us and you will be welcomed with open arms.'

All others are allowed to pass across the drawbridge and into the city without question. The guards do not hinder passage and no questions are asked. Tanelorn senses her enemies, and denies them, but those who have successfully found Tanelorn are destined to be there; she will not delay them entry.

The Rules of Tanelorn

Tanelorn has few rules; its citizens are self-governing and lead peaceful lives. The militia is needed only when the city is threatened and even then, its warriors are highly skilled soldiers from a myriad cultures who will gladly lay-down their lives for the city.

Crime is almost non-existent; there is little need for theft or burglary, and anyone caught engaging in such acts is expelled from the city immediately. Tanelorn does not enforce capital punishment for rape, arson or murder; expulsion suffices, but the guilty individual finds himself at the mercy of whatever he sought to escape once beyond the city's gates.

A person can leave Tanelorn voluntarily, and return to it, if he can find the city again. Those who are expelled may never return, and find the gates closed to them if they try.

Defences

As a walled city, Tanelorn is structured for defence. Its walls are high and strong, and there are enough warriors and resources in the city to guard against a short siege. The Grey Lords exude a powerful magic that makes Tanelorn impregnable to mundane attacks, and this is why, in the city's history, it has taken supernatural foes and vast, sorcerer-backed armies, to threaten its security. However its impregnability is finite; a massive army could, sooner or later, overrun the city or besiege it into starvation. Yet its walls hold many retired heroes who will offer their services in its defence, be that serving on the walls or in the streets as militia, or as questing heroes who go out into the Multiverse or dream realms to find the things Tanelorn needs for its defence.

A Lord of Law or Chaos, such as Miggea or Narjhan, poses the biggest threat. Driven by the sole need to destroy the Eternal City, they are prepared to go to massive lengths to achieve their aim. When threatened by such terrors, the Grey Lords recruit heroes to help, sending them out to find the tools and enchantments needed to counter the threat. Characters who become residents of Tanelorn, and find their city under such an attack, can expect to find themselves questing, or forming part of a quest (accompanying the likes of Elric, Rackhir and other notable heroes) to save the city.

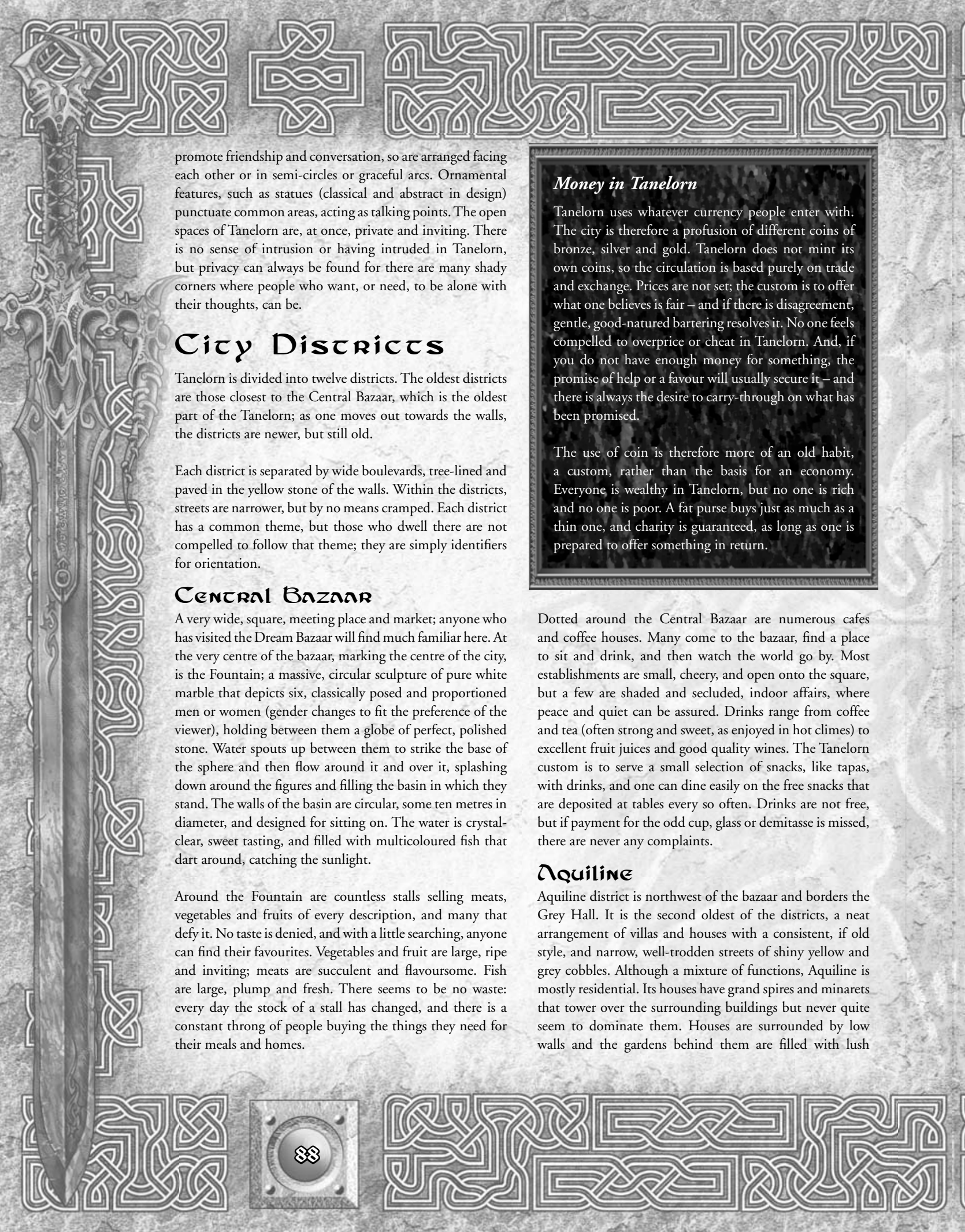
Architecture of Tanelorn

Tanelorn's architecture is never the same when viewed by any two people. All the buildings will be in familiar places, but their representation, to an individual, is based on what is most comforting to them. An Ilmorian perceives the buildings to have classic, Ilmari designs and familiar motifs. A Dharijorian sees a less aggressive style Dharijorian style, but comfortingly Dharijorian nonetheless. The architecture fits the vision and the ideal; thus Tanelorn is all cities to all people.

Its buildings are a mixture of the ancient, the very old and the old. There are few new structures, and nowhere are the signs of new building. Buildings range from low, small cottages, sandwiched between grander houses and villas, through to larger, seemingly municipal structures with clearly identifiable purposes: taverns and inns; shops and workshops; bathhouses and warehouses. All are made from the same yellowish stone of the walls, and in the right light, the buildings have a comforting radiance to them. Archways and doors give egress, and, during the day, it is the custom to leave doors open, almost inviting entry. Verandas and porches are a frequent sight; balconies overlook the streets. It is custom for Tanelorn's residents to sit and watch the city go about its business and, as evening falls and the city takes on a splendid, warm glow, these verandas, porches and balconies are filled with people relaxing, musing on the day just past.

Almost every building has a garden or courtyard attached to it. Many are small, private affairs, with a stretch of lawn or a small, bubbling water feature. Courtyards are shaded, but never glum, and Tanelorn's residents do not block their gardens from general view, although walls provide an innate privacy. Archways lead through into communal gardens and quadrangles where benches and other seating invite casual relaxation. These seating arrangements are designed to





promote friendship and conversation, so are arranged facing each other or in semi-circles or graceful arcs. Ornamental features, such as statues (classical and abstract in design) punctuate common areas, acting as talking points. The open spaces of Tanelorn are, at once, private and inviting. There is no sense of intrusion or having intruded in Tanelorn, but privacy can always be found for there are many shady corners where people who want, or need, to be alone with their thoughts, can be.

City Districts

Tanelorn is divided into twelve districts. The oldest districts are those closest to the Central Bazaar, which is the oldest part of the Tanelorn; as one moves out towards the walls, the districts are newer, but still old.

Each district is separated by wide boulevards, tree-lined and paved in the yellow stone of the walls. Within the districts, streets are narrower, but by no means cramped. Each district has a common theme, but those who dwell there are not compelled to follow that theme; they are simply identifiers for orientation.

Central Bazaar

A very wide, square, meeting place and market; anyone who has visited the Dream Bazaar will find much familiar here. At the very centre of the bazaar, marking the centre of the city, is the Fountain; a massive, circular sculpture of pure white marble that depicts six, classically posed and proportioned men or women (gender changes to fit the preference of the viewer), holding between them a globe of perfect, polished stone. Water spouts up between them to strike the base of the sphere and then flow around it and over it, splashing down around the figures and filling the basin in which they stand. The walls of the basin are circular, some ten metres in diameter, and designed for sitting on. The water is crystal-clear, sweet tasting, and filled with multicoloured fish that dart around, catching the sunlight.

Around the Fountain are countless stalls selling meats, vegetables and fruits of every description, and many that defy it. No taste is denied, and with a little searching, anyone can find their favourites. Vegetables and fruit are large, ripe and inviting; meats are succulent and flavoursome. Fish are large, plump and fresh. There seems to be no waste: every day the stock of a stall has changed, and there is a constant throng of people buying the things they need for their meals and homes.

Money in Tanelorn

Tanelorn uses whatever currency people enter with. The city is therefore a profusion of different coins of bronze, silver and gold. Tanelorn does not mint its own coins, so the circulation is based purely on trade and exchange. Prices are not set; the custom is to offer what one believes is fair – and if there is disagreement, gentle, good-natured bartering resolves it. No one feels compelled to overprice or cheat in Tanelorn. And, if you do not have enough money for something, the promise of help or a favour will usually secure it – and there is always the desire to carry-through on what has been promised.

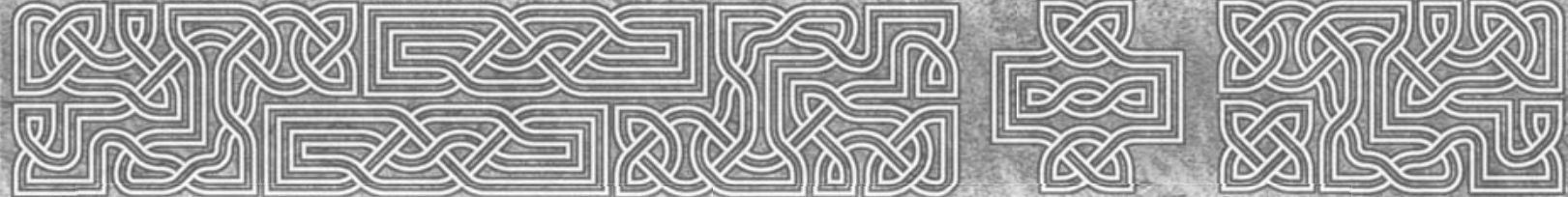
The use of coin is therefore more of an old habit, a custom, rather than the basis for an economy. Everyone is wealthy in Tanelorn, but no one is rich and no one is poor. A fat purse buys just as much as a thin one, and charity is guaranteed, as long as one is prepared to offer something in return.

Dotted around the Central Bazaar are numerous cafes and coffee houses. Many come to the bazaar, find a place to sit and drink, and then watch the world go by. Most establishments are small, cheery, and open onto the square, but a few are shaded and secluded, indoor affairs, where peace and quiet can be assured. Drinks range from coffee and tea (often strong and sweet, as enjoyed in hot climes) to excellent fruit juices and good quality wines. The Tanelorn custom is to serve a small selection of snacks, like tapas, with drinks, and one can dine easily on the free snacks that are deposited at tables every so often. Drinks are not free, but if payment for the odd cup, glass or demitasse is missed, there are never any complaints.

Aquiline

Aquiline district is northwest of the bazaar and borders the Grey Hall. It is the second oldest of the districts, a neat arrangement of villas and houses with a consistent, if old style, and narrow, well-trodden streets of shiny yellow and grey cobbles. Although a mixture of functions, Aquiline is mostly residential. Its houses have grand spires and minarets that tower over the surrounding buildings but never quite seem to dominate them. Houses are surrounded by low walls and the gardens behind them are filled with lush





trees, flecks of colour peeking through the foliage hinting at flower gardens beyond. Aquiline is home to those who have lived in Tanelorn the longest. Some of the inhabitants are nigh on immortal and many have forgotten much of their home cultures, such is the length of time they have been in Tanelorn. Aquiline district has a memory; the collective of all those who live here. The buildings encourage a sense of history, but its residents complete it. Faces and eyes are old, and the stories that can be found tell of times and ages that may seem impossible to younger ears, but all are true. Yet hearts and spirits are young; this is not great age, but great maturity. Aquiline seems to carry the bulk of Tanelorn's wisdom, its residents having learned all the lessons they can from their experiences, and now ready to impart it to those who pass through Aquiline's streets.

Notables of Aquiline

Jean du Qersen: An aged knight from the Duchy of Almerq in the lands once known as Grande Yspanyaal. Jean is round-faced, friendly to all, and immensely tactile. He speaks rapidly in a thick accent that is peppered with laughs and chuckles, and his deep brown eyes sparkle with ancient mischief. He fought in the Psychic Wars in the service of the Queen of Yspanyaal and saw tragedies that he hints at but does not embellish. Every so often his voice trails away when he touches on a subject that sparks a painful memory, but his eyes soon flash as he supplants it with something far more optimistic. Too old to fight, but still too young to die, Jean came to Tanelorn as a young man, seeking an elixir of youth for his queen, but found peace instead. 'I will never leave here,' he says between sips of coffee and a cigarillo (of which he has an endless supply), 'and would never wish to. Though I scabbarded my sword when I walked through the gates, I will draw it to defend Tanelorn with what remains of my life!' And he has done so, several times. Stories tell of Jean's mustering of the reserves against several attacks by different foes, his calm presence and firm orders holding the streets of Aquiline from bloodshed.

Sefarius the Science Saint: Bald-headed, long-bearded Sefarius claims he was worshipped as a saint in his home country of Nofroq, and became a saint through accidental martyrdom. He says he died twice, and this is his final life, and so he knew he must seek Tanelorn if it was to be lived wisely. He claims to have been here for five centuries, and none challenge that claim, although his memory of Tanelorn's history is often vague. Sefarius is an alchemist and a healer, for all his shady past, and he prepares all manner of potions and balms in his workshop attached to

his splendid, spired villa. When not in the workshop he is in his herb garden, tending to the many plants that are used in his potions. When night falls, he retires to his tower to watch the motion of the stars through a bronze and silver telescope which, he claims, was a gift from the Alabaster Sultan himself.

Semile

Another old district, Semile is an even mix of dwellings and workplaces, many of which are the homes of those who work Central Bazaar. The buildings are tall and narrow, some with dozens of floors, and this is the district for renting a comfortable room or suite instead of taking a cottage or villa. Semile is busy and vibrant; a contrast to stately Aquiline. The people here found Tanelorn through hard work and honesty, or a need to make good on that promise to themselves. It is a Semile custom to engage in song whilst working, and different tunes from many different cultures vie for prominence, echoing around the tall buildings and between the narrow, worn cobbled alleys. There is no shortage of goodwill in Semile, and shortage of work either. Blackboards outside houses and tenements advertise the need for help in all manner of tasks, with a welcome extended to new arrivals in Tanelorn. At the heart of the district is the rambling Moonbeam Traveller Inn, a place of low beams, two long bars, and secluded corners where the juggadors play their complex games with startlingly coloured cards, dice and finely crafted playing pieces. Moonbeam Traveller is where many new arrivals in Tanelorn find themselves before establishing a home. The food and drink is good and cheap, and it is easy to find Tanelorn's rhythms and learn its customs whilst adjusting to the city's peculiarities.

Notables of Semile

Kassandra of Lehm: The Moonbeam Traveller's owner and a legendary juggador from her own realm, which, she says, is a mirror image of the Young Kingdoms. Kassandra is tall, graceful, with a fox-like face and wide, almond eyes, framed by a mane of dark brown hair. She does not play the games anymore, but enjoys watching those who do and, on occasion, is willing to teach the rules of the various different game forms to those willing to learn. She came to Tanelorn having lost her love to a cruel fate and having renounced all faith in the higher powers that failed to protect him. She thought that becoming a juggador – a player of the game of time and fate – would bring her lover back, but it only led to further sorrow, and so she sought-out Tanelorn. She is a friendly and kind face to newcomers, even though she





has been in Tanelorn for decades, and never tires of news from the equivalent regions of the Young Kingdoms to her own. In her Young Kingdoms, she says, Earl Aubec became the emperor of the known world, ruling from Imrryr with Eloarde as his Empress. He fell from grace when he turned to the worship of certain Chaos Lords who bear little relation to the familiar names, and in this way, doomed the Young Kingdoms to centuries of terror.

Baron Blare: Affecting the dress of a Napoleonic French general, his blue tunic dripping with medals, this wide-faced man with huge side-whiskers and uneven teeth claims to have never raised a hand in anger, despite being the hero of many battles against The Ironside. He appears to own the largest of the tenements with rooms for rent, but never collects the money owed. He likes to sit on his balcony sipping from a bottle of cognac and chortling loudly at those who wave to him and care to make small talk. He carries a military sabre at his hip, but its hilt is rusted to uselessness and is bound into the scabbard with a length of scarlet ribbon that is sealed closed with aged wax. He left Tanelorn several times – usually just before an attack by some power or another – but always found the city again, claiming it an inconvenience that he missed a good battle. His comrades are Lord Bragg and Duke Bray, and they meet to drink and reminisce at the Moonbeam Traveller or the Tower of the Hand.

CHASTEYN

Largely residential, Chasteyn borders the northeast wall and is a quiet district of contrasting styles but each building is equipped, without fail, with either a spire, minaret or slender tower. Known as the District of Styles to some, it has a very high female population and a distinct air of culture and artistic pursuit. This is the place to hear the finest poetry and storytelling, for it attracts those who discovered Tanelorn for all things to do with beauty and self-expression, and women are invariably those with the greatest natural talent for such things. Despite its demographic, men are welcome, but brutishness and lack of appreciation for the arts is frowned upon. The women of Chasteyn wear yellow ribbons in their hair showing their belonging to the district, but their hearts are found in their pursuits, and the results of their efforts are on display in the streets, in gardens, on terraces and draped the high points of the towers and minarets. As the evening begins, the women of Chasteyn take to their towers and move to the balconies, conducting low conversations with each other from on high, whilst watching the sunset. Some work while they talk; others just lean on the balcony railings, watching the city stretch out

before them. A few have husbands or lovers, and this is a time for fondness and affection, willingly displayed as night falls over Tanelorn.

Notables of Chasteyn

The Barbary Rose: The buxom, raven-haired Barbary Rose once travelled the Multiverse as a privateer, and fought against Granbretan for a time, with her lover, Mikhail. He went to seek Tanelorn in Italia and she in the places where she thought it most likely. The Rose waits for Mikhail to find her, but is at peace with his absence, and devotes herself to the making of fine lace and the composition of mournful sonnets. Although her past is behind her, her pistols and cutlass are still in her spired rooms, and when Tanelorn needs defence, she dons the most appropriate weapons for the conflict and joins the men on the walls. Her dark eyes conceal a certain sorrow and several lifetimes of experience. She hankers for the sea and a tall ship, and her poems concern the peace of the ocean and how it compares to the human heart. In the evenings, she gazes towards the south gate, which she knows Mikhail will use when he finally finds Tanelorn, and they are rejoined as the single person they were destined to be.

THE GREY HALLS

The Grey Halls are where Tanelorn's mysterious custodians make their home. These six lords of the Grey Fees are immortal and enigmatic, rarely venturing beyond the walls that separate the Grey Halls from the city proper, but knowing everything that goes on in the city they care for. The Grey Halls resemble a stately mansion of conflicting designs and styles, with elements borrowed from a dozen different cultures and different time of history. It looks like an administrative building, but little administration is conducted here, because Tanelorn regulates itself. Instead, the Grey Lords have turned the building into a museum – a testament to the myriad cultures that find Tanelorn and make it their home. Its halls are filled with examples of art, science and magic, all of it arranged in neat order and a logical sequence that should make little sense. The Grey Lords spend much of their time in contemplation or discussion, and occasionally wandering the exhibits together to marvel at the collection.

The Grey Lords have no names and are very similar in appearance, even though they say they are not birth-brothers. Tall, patrician features capped by manes of long, grey hair, neatly braided and tied at the nape of the neck. Three are bearded and three clean-shaven; their grey eyes are knowing and innocent at the same time, and their

voices are smooth and sonorous, especially when they engage in harmonic song. They are custodians of Tanelorn, but not its owners or rulers. The Grey Lords may issue orders for Tanelorn's defence, but they are not its generals or warlords. Each Lord hails from a different reality, but they share the soul of the Grey Fees and are accomplished wanderers of the Moonbeam Roads, having appeared in many guises, in many realms, and for many reasons. They know the secrets of the Multiverse and the importance of the Grey Fees; they symbolise the spirit of the city, but are neither gods nor men. They are dedicated to life, and are yet immortal themselves. They hate the bringing of death, but will commit to that act in Tanelorn's defence. Tanelorn cannot exist without the Grey Lords, and they cannot exist without it. The city and the Grey Lords form The Seven, that which is the heart of the Multiverse. It is their dreams which resonate throughout the million spheres, calling to those who are destined to find Tanelorn, and their will, channelled, that brings them here.

Next to the Grey Halls are the Grey Houses, a collection of villas and restful bungalows that are used to treat those who arrive in Tanelorn suffering from extreme psychological or physical trauma. Many who find Tanelorn are escaping something that deeply threatens them – or have surrendered a Pact that makes itself felt in distressing ways. Such people are brought straight to the Grey Houses where the Grey Lords themselves tend to the stricken, nursing them gradually back to health, in serene, secluded surroundings whilst, at the same time, learning more of their recent history and, importantly, if their presence in Tanelorn might trigger an assault. Some of the residents of the Grey Houses never leave, such is their level of distress; even Tanelorn's gold-washed streets will never bring them the true peace they seek and it is better for them to reside here, with the Grey Lords in attendance, where they can be cared for until the end of the days.

Westwall

Westwall splays from the westerly wall of the city, running across towards the Central Bazaar. This district, lively and colourful, is home to the remarkable Tower of the Hand, a large, mauve-stoned structure located roughly in Westwall's centre and fashioned to resemble a human hand, some ten metres high and thirty across its palm, its fingers and palm cupped into a symbol of peace and openness, each digit forming a delicately angled tower. Elric himself has used the Tower of the Hand as his refuge when in Tanelorn, and this wondrous building is all things to all

people. Within that cupped palm and fingers one finds rest, solitude, study, healing, grace and comfort. Its master is the enigmatic Jannaku Carrel, the building's architect, custodian and knower of its secrets. This small, smiling man with a child-like face and shaved skull, understands immediately the needs of those who truly require the Tower's services, having his patient staff of yellow-robed geishas conduct the arrival to one of the appropriate finger towers where those needs can be met. Jannaku never seeks payment and his guests may stay for as long as they need to; he never seems to run out of room. All he asks in return for his hospitality is a donation of a story. The story is transcribed by one of the yellow-robed geishas on long scrolls of vellum. At night, Jannaku listens to each new story brought, reclining in the central hall (located in the palm of the tower), puffing on a hookah, surrounded by his geisha and any guests who care to join him. Every story is entrancing: the hookah does more than relax the listeners (all are invited to share the fragrant tobacco); it heightens the listener's appreciation of the story, taking him into its realms as though as shared dream. Others, Jannaku included, wander through the story realm, taking on the roles of the other characters as needed, everyone present becoming part of the consensual hallucination.

Elric's Dreams

There is every chance that Elric might be encountered in Tanelorn, if he is alive in the time of your campaign, and, if so, he can be found, from time to time, at the Tower of the Hand. He always shares a story with Jannaku, although is sometimes reluctant to do so, and his stories are always autobiographical. When these stories are shared, the listeners can become a hallucinatory part of Elric's life, sensing what he sensed, seeing what he has seen and becoming involved in the things he has done. Many of these tales are disturbing, for they reveal the dark layers of the albino's soul and the painful experiences he has endured. However the transcribing of the stories serve to exorcise certain painful memories, bringing solace to the one who experienced them. This is why Elric returns to the Tower of the Hand time and again, undergoing Jannaku's Narrative Catharsis, and sharing his memories with a wider world.

Tanelorn



Elsewhere in Westwall district are pleasant taverns and rambling, peaceful villas. This is a district populated by old warriors; those who have fought their entire lives and now seek the peace Tanelorn offers. There are many battle-scarred veterans who, and most have spent time in the Tower of the Hand. They still wear the liveries of their allegiance as a mark of who they once were; the uniforms of Filkhar, Lormyr, Ilmiora, Shazar, Lym-an-Esh, Germania, Lashmar, Cromaigne and a dozen other distant (and some extinct) nations are represented here. The old soldiers are at peace now, old enmities forgotten, swords stored away, and the only battles played out on the chessboards that can be found in every tavern and inn, public garden and street corner. Some buildings of Westwall resemble chess pieces; the Spire of the Queen stands just north of the Tower of the Hand, an implacable edifice of white marble, home to the reclusive Queen of Kings who sacrificed her kingdom to a power unknown because she had no choice. She sometimes walks the streets of Westwall, clad in a white gown, her pale hair flecked with blue and silver, conversing with the old soldiers who pause over their chessboards. She has a sad smile but an accommodating way, and although mournful of what she has lost, she seems at peace with it now.

Notables of Westwall

Brut of Lashmar: This stocky Dharijorian axeman hails from a time when the Bright Empire was strong and controlled the whole of the Young Kingdoms. He fought as a mercenary, serving, for a time, in the unit known as the Straw Dogs. When he finally tired of the carnage he went in search of Tanelorn and found himself the passenger on a strange, black ship crewed by a blind captain and a mute helmsman. He recalls little of his voyage, but dimly recollects someone who may have been Elric or someone very like him. He has recorded his stories in the Tower of the Hand but does not visit there now, because he has found peace. His house is near to the tavern he frequents daily, the Lotus Eclipse, a small, restful place with windows surrounded by roses. A companion is Rackhir, the red-dressed archer from the Unknown East who also ventured with Elric and together the two have defended Tanelorn several times. Brut, when called to arms, commands the soldiers of Westwall, working in concert with Rackhir and others to hold the city fast.

Rackhir the Red Archer: The Warrior Priest of Phum shed his Pact with Vezhan, the Winged Lord of Chaos, and sought Tanelorn, finding it after many adventures across several worlds. For a time he ventured with Elric and he visits the albino when he returns to Tanelorn, although he never

mentions the visits to Brut or others of his acquaintance. Rackhir still mourns the death of Sonara, his one-true love, but has reconciled his pain through stories told to Jannaku in the Tower of the Hand. His days now are spent sipping the sweet tea served at the Lotus Eclipse, discussing trivia with Brut and others, engaging only in games of chess when the mood takes him. Like Brut he commands the troops of Westwall, taking charge of its archers, and every now and again he takes down his bow and practices at a shooting range set up behind the villa he occupies in the shadow of the Rook Tower.

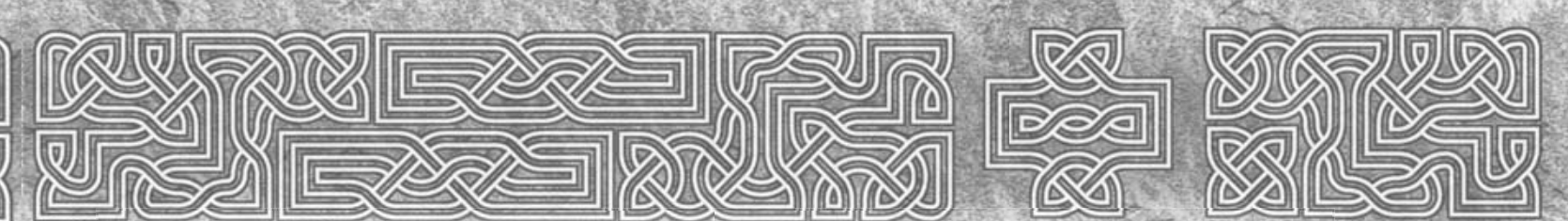
Jurgen: A tall, muscular, dark-haired man hailing from a land he calls Skandia, Jurgen is badly scarred across his face, the result of a fire he does not speak about. His search for Tanelorn is relatively recent, and not a conscious decision. He socialises little, although he takes tea at the Lotus Eclipse now and then, and indulges in the odd game of chess. He too served as the leader of the Straw Dogs, but he does not recall Brut and believes that they may be different aspects of the same person; the tales they have left at the Tower of the Hand bear certain similarities. He also knows the Barbary Rose, but does not socialise with her. He has yet to defend Tanelorn, but when that time comes, he will serve without flinching, taking his destined place between Rackhir and Brut.

Jewel

The district of gems is filled with glistening spires studded with gems of every kind, creating a blaze of colour when caught by the light and filling the streets with radiance. Jewel district is the home of those who gave up all material things to find Tanelorn; those who were unafraid to endure grinding poverty or had it forced upon them – their reward is here. Beggars and kings live side by side as equals, able to enjoy a life of comfort and peace amongst the gem-studded spires, but untainted by need, greed or avarice. Each gem represents one of the souls who has either passed through Tanelorn or resides here still, and the most radiant gems are those of the current residents and the most brilliant those who gave their lives in Tanelorn's defence.

Notables of Jewel

The Duke of Thibes: Reduced to poverty through treachery, the duke embraced his new-found freedom and wandered the world in search of Tanelorn, finding it decades ago. He gravitated to Jewel by way of the Grey Houses, such were his emotional wounds, but now he is a healthy man, old, and wise in many things. His home is the Emerald Peak, a slender tower studded with emerald and jade, where he welcomes



all who come into the district, explaining Tanelorn's ways and recommending the best district for them to find a home. He has only pity and sympathy for those who have lost all, and listens to the tales of loss with patience and a knowing smile, explaining with simple eloquence that loss of one kind is the discovery of something else.

Wathnel of Kamden: An actor or poet from Londra's streets, Wathnel shed his mask and left the city 'by mistake', as he often claims, led more by drink than any kind of ideal. His travels across Europe brought him into contact with the forgotten underclass of the continent – the drunks, the scoundrels and the tramps – and their allegiance only to the bottle, the glass and the vat. He survived with his ready wit and ability to turn a good performance, regardless of how much he had drunk, and found Tanelorn when he mistook it for a city filled with taverns. A spell with the Grey Lords and long tales spun-out in the Tower of the Hand has calmed his need for alcohol, and he spends his days gently mocking the Duke of Thibes' wisdom, although he would never truly question it.

Streets of Alabaster

This district is built of the soft, white stone, its buildings carved into a panoply of strange, abstract designs that would, in any other context disturb, baffle and confound but, in Tanelorn, appear completely natural – as though the wind itself had sculpted these towers and low, wide structures into profoundly beautiful, natural shapes. This is a place for artists of all kinds, and they inhabit the weirdly sculpted buildings as though encased in the workings of their own imagination. The architecture of the Streets of Alabaster promotes natural creativity: artists who find Tanelorn and make their home in its streets produce their finest works – masterpiece upon masterpiece. The central performance hall, the Theatre Everlasting, stages daily recitals, concerts, exhibitions and readings to showcase the artists' work. Naturally the Theatre Everlasting attracts many from across the city to its performances, and there is always something to satisfy every kind of humour. Comedies are popular, but tragedies too, and plays that celebrate the heroic but never pander to jingoism are false sentimentality. The district seems to quell the nationalistic tendencies of the more voluble artists, allowing them to see into the fundamental truths of their work.

Notables of the Streets of Alabaster

Nadrine of the Diamond Robe: Dressed in her blue and emerald diamond-patterned robes, this beautiful red-haired woman is foremost amongst the poets of Tanelorn. Her

features are distinctly Melnibonéan, although she claims to know nothing of the Dragon Masters, and claims to hail from an island kingdom that has been subjugated for decades by a brutish beast-people that curse civilisation with their every breath. Her poetry is both intensely personal and deeply erotic, moving all who hear it to depths of emotion they have never previously discovered. Nadrine never writes down her words, for fear their spirit will be stolen; instead, everything is memorised, and although others might transcribe her eloquence she refuses to place quill to parchment in a bid to immortalise her own words.

Mersule of Aflitain: A Shazarian sculptor-knight, who was ever a better warrior than artists whilst abroad in the Young Kingdoms, here has found his forte. His sculptures in bronze, marble and alabaster are stunning recreations of their subjects, or soothing abstract renditions reflecting the architecture of the district in miniature. His home and studio is filled with hundreds of examples of his work, from tiny, perfect statuettes through to life-sized works of Tanelorn's heroes that are displayed in the recesses lining the outside of the Theatre Eternal. He takes it upon himself to craft the statues of those who have given, or who will give, their lives for Tanelorn, but, although he is one of these heroes (being an accomplished swordsman and rider) he refuses to carve his own image.

Eastwall

The eastern counterpart to Westwall is a mixed district of businesses and residences, its people content to follow their daily routines in the Bazaar and the mazes of shops, bistros and cafes that are strewn haphazardly throughout Eastwall's narrow, tilting streets. The emphasis is on fine crafts – a counterpart to the Streets of Alabaster's art. Fine furniture and useful goods of excellent quality are to be found here, their creators inspired to excellence in the same ways as the artists of the neighbouring district. Eastwall rarely sleeps; many of its eateries and watering holes open throughout the night, closing during the day and reopening in the evening. Next to them are the craftshops and workshops where cabinetmakers, carpenters, smiths of every sort ply their trades. The work is painstaking, with pieces commissioned taking months or years to complete; but Tanelorn fosters and rewards patience, and goods made in Eastwall are designed to last lifetimes.

Notables of Eastwall

Cerulus Luscelle: A winemaker from the Loireness Realms turns the most humble fruits into wines of quality. He was once Pacted to the Lords of Law but claims that his talents





owe nothing to this his old promises and were even stifled by them. Here in Tanelorn, where gods may not tread, Cerulus is free to perfect his craft, and his wines are found throughout the city.

Sanariir the Maker: An imposing man with ebony skin and deep brown eyes who is, arguably, Eastwall's foremost cabinetmaker. His massive hands wield chisels, planes and saws with the delicacy of a master, the intricacy of his etching and fretwork stunning to behold. He has an affinity with wood that suggests allegiances to Grome or other earth deities – although, of course, in Tanelorn, he has none. Sanariir's speciality is cabinets: cabinets of such ingenious design and quality of workmanship that he is unparalleled beyond Tanelorn. His cabinets are replete with hidden drawers and cupboards (which themselves encase even more hidden areas), and in some he leaves cryptic messages, carved on small pieces of oak or elm, that hint at his former life and the secrets he needed to escape. It is a common thing to hunt for Sanariir's little engravings and, when one is found, the taverns buzz with the news as the lucky owner tries to unravel the meaning of whatever The Maker has said in his carefully hidden gem.

New Walk

Newcomers to Tanelorn are brought to New Walk. This largely residential district consists of pleasant villas and small houses where new arrivals are allocated either a room or small house for a temporary period before they can move into one of the other districts. The streets are tree-lined, welcoming, and offer small shops and taverns that are designed to help newcomers acclimatise to Tanelorn's peaceful ways.

The district houses the Welfarers. These are Tanelorn residents of long standing who volunteer to guide new arrivals through the city, point out amenities, and help the arrival to settle into Tanelorn life over the course of 1D3 weeks. The guides come in all shapes and sizes, but any new arrival will find that a guide from his own culture,

or one similar to it, finds him automatically; perhaps it is an old friend who has found Tanelorn, or someone who simply shared a similar time and space before coming to the city. The Welfarers are patient and gracious, taking time to explain how the city works but never overloading the new arrival with information. If the arrival is physically or mentally traumatised, as is often the case, then they are taken to the Grey Houses to be treated before being brought back to the city.

Welfarers also watch the condition of the new arrival during the period of their acclimatisation. If the arrival shows signs that Tanelorn does not agree with him, or brings disruptive influences, then, at the end of the acclimatisation period, that arrival must make a successful Persistence roll to remain in Tanelorn. If he is successful, then more efforts are placed into helping him settle in. If the roll fails, he is politely asked to leave and, if he becomes unruly, aggressive or spiteful, then one such as Rackhir or Brut is sent for, to escort the individual from the city.

The Rules of Tanelorn

Tanelorn has few rules; its citizens are self-governing and lead peaceful lives. The militia is needed only when the city is threatened and even then, its warriors are highly skilled soldiers from myriad cultures who will gladly lay-down their lives for the city.

Crime is almost non-existent; there is little need for theft or burglary, and anyone caught engaging in such acts is expelled from the city immediately. Tanelorn does not enforce capital punishment for rape, arson or murder; expulsion suffices, but the guilty individual finds himself at the mercy of whatever he sought to escape once beyond the city's gates.

A person can leave Tanelorn voluntarily, and return to it, if he can find the city again. Those who are expelled may never return, and find the gates closed to them if they try.

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