

A **DragonQuest** Adventure

MAGEBIRD QUEST

by **Dave Sering**



Judges Guild



SEARCH FOR THE AZURE SEA FALCON
ADVENTURE ACROSS ALUSIA
NEW MONSTERS AND TREASURES

Approved for use with

DragonQuest

The Award-Winning
Fantasy Role-Playing
Game System



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Table Of Contents

Introduction	3
How To Use This Adventure	3
The Adventure	4
Suggested Player Characters	4
Map of the Town of Charity	6
The Town of Charity	7
Map of the Bronze Bullfrog Inn	8
Town Notables	9
Town Encounters	12
Journey	12
Random Encounters	12
Merchant Caravan	13
Special Encounters	14
Carzala	18
Road Encounters	18
Map of a Generic Town	20
Maps of the Dark Pony Inn and Brass Bugle Tavern	21
Generic Town	22
Town Notables	22
Town Encounters	25
Map of the Town of Seacroft	26
Deck Plans of the Windfoam	27
Player Characters	29
Deck Plans of the Saucy Lass	35
Map of Western Alusia	36
Deck Plans of the Windfoam	37
The Town of Seacroft	39
Town Notables	39
Town Encounters	46
Map of the Blue Boar Tavern	47
Port Facilities	48
Blue Boar Tavern	48
Map of the Silver Cutlass Inn	49
The Silver Cutlass Inn	50
Available Shipping	51
The Windfoam	51
The Saucy Lass	54
Sea Journey	55
The Rookeries	57
Random Encounters	59
Final Notes	59

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I. INTRODUCTION

The **Magebird Quest** is a grouping of adventure scenarios designed for use in conjunction with the fantasy role playing game produced by SPI, **DragonQuest**. This product is provided as a playing aid to the Judge or gamemaster in designing and moderating a **DragonQuest** campaign. This booklet is one of a series of adventures set in the campaign background mapped out in the SPI product **Frontiers of Alusia**.

This adventure booklet is composed of various chapters, including descriptions of the options available to the players in completing their task as well as the particulars and game statistics of the people and places involved in the adventure. These chapters include material and commentaries intended only for the use of the Judge.

The **Magebird Quest** is an adventure scenario which requires a Judge and a set of rules to utilize. The Judge must conduct the adventure for the players and presents the players with only that information which is intended for them. Players should never read the entire adventure, only those sections designated for their use.

This adventure is designed for a party of three to four characters. If more characters wish to participate, the Judge should toughen the opposition by increasing the numbers or strength of entities in the encounters. If fewer than three players take part in the adventure, strengths of the opposition should be lowered accordingly.

II. HOW TO USE THIS ADVENTURE

The Judge should read through the entire product before play begins to familiarize him or herself with the general situation. The Judge should then have one of the players read Section 6 aloud to the group to begin the adventure. The players may then make any preparations for the adventure that the Judge deems permissible. If the suggested player characters are not going to be used, the players must then provide characters which the Judge terms suitable. Provisions, equipment, or additional non-player characters are purchased or hired at this point. The players then begin the adventure by setting out from the small city they are in. The **DragonQuest Adventure Sequence** is in operation until the end of the adventure.

The Judge should guide the players through the adventure, referring to this booklet, the maps provided, and the second Edition of the **DragonQuest** rules, when necessary, to resolve a situation or determine a specific detail.

1. How To Read The Maps

Twelve maps or plans are provided in this booklet, including an overall players map of the western coast of Alusia where the adventure takes place, maps of each of three villages described, five floor plans of the Inns or Taverns, and three deck plans of the ships involved. Also desirable for the play of this adventure is the SPI product 3371 **Frontiers of Alusia** campaign adventure map and guidelines. This item is not absolutely required but its use will save a considerable amount of time and work upon the part of the Judge. Other **DragonQuest** adventures and accessories are hexed to this map to provide the Judge with the nucleus for an exciting fantasy campaign.

The scale of the Alusia Campaign Map is 5 miles per hex. The scale of the Players Map of Alusia is 40 miles per inch. The scale of the Village Maps is 42.2 feet per hex. The scale of the Buildings is five feet per square. The scale of the Deck Plans of the ships is one hex equals five feet or 25 millimeter figure scale. The keys to the maps are on the maps.

The Deck Plans of the ships are one hex equals five feet or 25 millimeter figure scale. The keys to the maps are on the maps. The game effects of most of the terrain types described should be obvious in most cases. Where an explanation of a particular feature is necessary, it will be given in the section of this booklet where it applies.

2. The Area and Room Descriptions

Outdoor areas will be described in terms of terrain type, noticeable features (such as strange vegetation or unusual rock formations) and possible encounters.

Building floors and ship deck plans will be described room by room, or area by area with other spaces or features receiving detailed description as necessary. The description format is as follows.

Room Label: This is a code number or word used to identify the individual rooms. Following the room label is a description of the room or chamber divided into general categories. These tell what the room looks like from the player point of view, including room dimensions, construction materials, contents and occupants.

Comments: This is a description of the characteristics of a room that only the Judge should initially know, including features of the room hidden from the players, items not obvious at first glance, quantitative description or actual statistics of the room or contents and any historical or informational commentary.

It should be noted that not every chamber receives the full descriptive treatment. Rooms or chambers not described may be considered bare for all game-related purposes, although the Judge may feel free to elaborate on them as he or she so desires.

3. Descriptions of Non-Player Characters

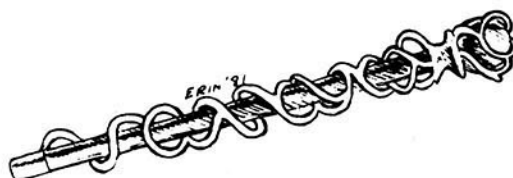
Important non-player characteristics will be given detailed numerical and qualitative descriptions. Less specific information about the other characters is provided so that the Judge can alter the difficulty of the adventure as necessary, depending on the skill of the players involved.

4. Special Encounters

An unusual aspect of the **Magebird Quest** is that some items do not have a fixed location at the beginning of the adventure. These Special Encounters are triggered by the normal Random Encounters rolls. The Random Encounters may happen repeatedly, but the Special Encounters usually happen only once.

5. General Course and Randomness

As the Judge reads through this adventure, he or she will note that the adventure is split into sections dealing with the different areas or modes of travel the player characters can take. The order of the sections is determined by the actions of the characters themselves. Some of the sections may not even be necessary and are used at the Judge's option.



III. THE ADVENTURE

The main thread of this adventure is the journey to the Rookeries to obtain a live specimen of the Azure-tipped Sea Falcon and the return journey with the live Falcon. It may take more than one game session to play this entire adventure. The starting, ending, and major destination of the players are fixed but the precise route to be followed is up to the players and the Judge. The adventure is intended to serve as a starting place for a campaign based in *SPI's* *Frontiers of Alusia*. Play of this adventure will provide the characters with a familiarity with a portion of the campaign universe and establish contacts which can prove useful in further adventures. The adventure level of difficulty is designed for adventurous characters just beginning their careers. It is a relatively "easy" task that will establish green characters as experienced adventurers. However, the Judge can easily raise the level of the opposition and place time limits on the journey which would strain experienced characters. The Judge must always keep in mind that the journey and the growth of the player characters is the major concern of the adventure. The object of the quest is rather trivial to the characters. The quest journey itself is their "rite of passage" to acknowledged Adventurer status.

Basic information on the nature of the adventure is presented to the players in the form of the Briefing for the Player (Section 6). This section can be read by the players or the Judge may read it aloud to them. Additional information is supplied to the players by the Judge as the characters enter situations in which more could be learned.

6. Briefing for the Players

Chingeel, Randmar and Ervin are all young adventurers' ready for their first serious mission. The big chance has finally come, courtesy of Randmar's mentor, Ashur Asafe, an eccentric old alchemist. Ashur desires a live specimen of the very rare sea bird, the Azure-tipped Sea Falcon, to complete a long-standing research project of his. The only place it is known to exist is one of the islets of the Rookeries, Harch Insel (58038 on the *Frontiers of Alusia* Map). Since Ashur is not at present in a position to provide any flying transportation, the party will have to travel the hard way. The nearest place a ship can be obtained is in Carzala at Seacroft or Seagate. The party must travel on foot or horseback there to hire a ship. Ashur has arranged for them to take jobs as guards with the caravan of Trelawny who is currently passing through Charity. This will take them in the right direction, provide guides and mutual protection as well as a little bit of pocket money.

The actual object of the mission is not going to be much of a problem. The major obstacle is going to be the journey there and the return with a live and very fussy specimen. The overall course of the journey can be plotted on the sketch map of Alusia which is provided. The characters are only familiar with the area in the vicinity of Charity.

7. Briefing for the Judge

Ashur Asafe, an Adept of the College of Naming Incantations, is dealing in a straight forward manner with the players. He has a number of important research projects underway which require his personal attention, preventing him from seeking the materials he needs himself. Ashur has a number of items that he needs and many of the other Masters and Adepts known to him also occasionally need adventurer teams to obtain special items. Ashur has a minor project involving certain special properties of sea birds that an old friend requested him to undertake. He felt that this relatively simple mission would be an excellent trial run. If

the characters complete this mission, Ashur will arrange for a little more training and send them out on a tougher mission.

One of the characters should be an apprentice Adept who has been known to Ashur for some time. The precise type of the other characters is not as important but one of them should have Beast Master skills for this adventure.

Ashur has given the apprentice Adept a cursory briefing of the intended mission. It is part of his testing of the characters that he will not volunteer information. The characters must specifically ask for more information. The apprentice Adept, Chingeel, is aware that Ashur believes in self-development of an individual. Chingeel is also aware that Ashur has a library which contains maps and scrolls of geographical information. The material in the library is not filed in an organized manner. It is almost a matter of pure chance whether a searcher finds the specific information he is seeking or not. Ashur has given Chingeel a letter of introduction to the Guildmaster of the Sailors at the Port of Seacroft which will gain help in obtaining accurate sea charts of coastal areas of Alusia in general and the Rookeries in particular.

While it is suggested that the player characters start out with Trelawny's caravan, they need not do so and may take their own route in any direction they choose. In such instances, the Travel Guide in *Frontiers of Alusia* will become much more important, as will the general encounters tables in the *DragonQuest Rulebook*.

8. Suggested Player Characters

The following three characters are suggested as being suitable for the playing of this adventure. Any or all of them may be replaced with other characters of similar level and assortment of skills. If the level of skills is changed significantly, the Judge will need to adjust the level of the opposition up or down as necessary. If the type of skills selected differs significantly, the Judge will be required to make major modifications in the encounters and the motivations of the encountered non-player characters.

Chingeel Radtharsen has been an apprentice of Ashur Asafe for more than a year now. A bastard from a small merchant family, he was extremely lucky that his uncle was able to arrange for him to be apprenticed to the old Alchemist. Chingeel has proved an apt student but Ashur feels that it is time for this youngster to try his wings. If Chingeel can succeed in this task, Ashur will teach him a bit more and send him out again.

Chingeel is well aware of his very low Weapons skills. He tries to avoid fights and prefers to talk his way out of problems. He takes great pride in his skills as an Alchemist and Healer although he is only beginning to realize the true extent of his ignorance. Chingeel hasn't yet come to the realization that he can learn at least something from every person he meets and is liable to be curt with those he considers below his station. His weapons are bronze so that he may use his magical abilities to attack and his Weapons skill to defend. His equipment and armor are used but of good quality and excellent repair. The riding mule is elderly and somewhat grouchy in the mornings but is also in excellent health with many more miles left to go.

Chingeel is wearing a sturdy set of travelling clothes consisting of tunic, cloak with hood, trousers, and soft leather riding boots. A second set of such clothes along with a finer set for formal wear is wrapped up in a fur cloak and strapped on top of one saddlebag. His leather corslet, reinforced leather cap and round shield are strapped on top

of the other saddlebag. He wears a small leather sidepouch which contains herbs, powders, and other equipment necessary to his Alchemical and Healing skills. A canvas backpack holds a few more necessities as well as the books, scrolls, tomes, and letters required on this mission. A small belt pouch contains a couple of coins. The rest of the funds entrusted to him are carried elsewhere.

While he has read what he can of the life and peoples elsewhere, Chingeel has never been more than 20 miles from where he was born. Brastor and Charity are all he knows. Ashur has tried to teach him some suspicion and caution, but these are lessons one can only learn for oneself. Chingeel is eager to see the world he has read so much about. His personality is still a little too open and trusting but he does learn rather rapidly. His memory is good and he never forgets a name or face, making it hard to trick him twice. Tall and still a little slender for his age, his tousled light brown hair and light hazel eyes above a snub nose still dusted with freckles give Chingeel a boyish and innocent appearance. Chingeel sometimes despairs of ever looking grown up but his boyish good looks are often attractive to the opposite sex. He hopes that completing this mission for Ashur will cause him to be thought of as more mature.

Ashur presented Chingeel with a letter of introduction to the Master of the Sailor's Guild at Seacroft. The Master, who is also the Portmaster, is Denton Hawklan, an old friend of Ashur's. Denton will provide access to the charts and maps his Guild has on file of the appropriate sections of the coast and the Rookeries.

Randmar Chaldon is the second son of a yeoman farmer and is not minded to follow in his father's furrows. Instead, he got himself apprenticed to one of the local Huntsmen and spent as much time with the Castellan's Borderers as he could. He acquitted himself well during the pursuit of some Thieves and a clash with some Orcs. There are few opportunities for advancement in some of the areas where Randmar wishes to specialize. At least he can't see any in the Brastor Holding. Ashur Asafe's offer looked pretty good to him. He has known the other two members of the party for a year or two now and feels that they stand a very good chance of success.

He is a plumpish short individual who nonetheless moves with a surprising amount of grace and precision. Still accustoming himself to the set of scale armor that Ashur purchased for him, Randmar has been running training jaunts through the fringes of the forest. This activity has sweated a few pounds off of him, a fact his current girlfriend doesn't mind at all. He has spent a lot of time practicing with his weapons and is about as good as he can get without a better teacher or more actual combat experience. Randmar also sought out a Falconer and learned what he could in a week or so about how to catch and care for the object of their search. He has made what handling gear will be required and practices its use on a bird of similar size to their object. Randmar now feels quite confident about his ability to handle and care for the Azure Sea Falcon once they capture it. In fact, he figures to catch at least two nestlings and to train one of them to hunt for him.

Randmar has a horse of his own, a sturdy nomad mustang from the grasslands. The mare is fairly intelligent as horses go but is very picky in that she objects to having anyone but Randmar riding her. Even if let loose or driven away, she will try to come back to Randmar. She responds to her name, Starblaze, and a few other simple commands. Randmar never mistreats her and objects to anyone else who mistreats animals.

This young man doesn't know for sure what he wants to do with his life but he is convinced that the opportunity to do it doesn't exist around Charity. His father has humored him as much as he can because he remembers how it was to have a case of wanderlust and indeed was himself one of the first few settlers in the Brastor Holding. Randmar is a quiet person, not inclined to argument, but once he makes up his mind, he is extremely stubborn about carrying through on his course of action. He will listen to the advice of others but always makes up his own mind. Randmar is loyal and will stick by his friends. He forgives mistakes in others but never forgets a serious mistake of his own. In fact, he broods a little too much on errors of his own which others have long ago forgotten. Randmar is a little vain about his appearance and fond of taking baths when he can, even in cold streams. He keeps his hair clean and trims it neatly as well as keeping his beard, a short, pointed one, well groomed.

His complexion is dark and weather-beaten to a dark tan from a lot of time spent in the outdoors. His eyes are brown and his hair a curly, lustrous black. His nose is a stub, tilted slightly upwards and set in a pleasant, if not handsome face. Randmar is always fighting a tendency towards plumpness, but a fondness for good food and ale makes it a hard and constant struggle. His clothing is of fair quality but subdued green and brown colors suitable for use in travelling. He also has a special cloak of a type that the Castellan's Borders use in their Ranger activity. It is hooded and a strange mottled green, light green, brown and tan with loops and irregular strips of other cloth sewn on (camouflage cloak adds 10% to Stealth in outdoor settings only). He keeps this cloak hidden and only uses it when or where he can preserve its secret. He is proud that the Borderers have trusted him with that secret and is on the lookout for a new technique that he can teach them.

Randmar has heard a lot of stories concerning Elves from his father and is anxious to become more acquainted with them. He wants to learn the Elvish language next. Working for Ashur Asafe, he considers to be his first big break and he is going to try to live up to it. There is a lot of world out there that he wants to see.

Ervin Keig is the youngest son of an impoverished family of gentry from one of the northern baronies of the Confederacy. He refuses to talk about his family or their history though the search for information about a plot that his father was wrongly accused of is one of his primary motivations. Ashur knew his family of old but is not talking about his knowledge. Ervin has travelled a fair amount with a troupe of Jugglers and Entertainers. He joined them to get access to the castles and houses of those whom he suspected of destroying his father. He has not been successful yet although he has run across a few hints and leads. While passing through Charity, Ervin was asked by Ashur to help in return for some training from a spy friend of his. Ervin thinks that this could certainly help him in the future. Besides, he knows Randmar and Chingeel and feels they could use his help. At the least, it will pay his way to some places he hasn't been before and should be useful material to make stories about.

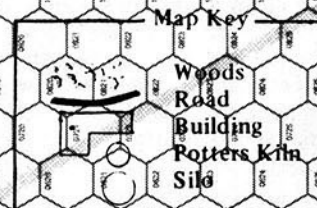
Ervin is of medium height and build but of high agility and dexterity. His movements are graceful and sure. His hair is light blond and his eyes are a deep blue. He must take care because his light complexion tends to sunburn very easily. The folk in the troupe have been giving him lessons in acrobatics and dancing but he hasn't had much time to practice. He has come to enjoy the life of wandering but feels a faint nagging resentment that he is enjoying himself while the rest of his family still suffers. Of generally sober mien, Ervin can be bright and cheerful if his singing or musical performance demands it. He has a very good voice and accompanies himself on the Harp very well. The

Hex Equals 42.24 Feet

Charity

N

- 1 Bronze Bullfrog
- 2 Shops
- 3 General Store
- 4 Town Hall
- 5 Sutan Nykyn's Townhouse
- 6 Wagonwright
- 7 Smithy
- 8 Grocer



troupe uses his performances to cover the shifts between scenes and to set moods. They have been training him to be a feature item for future performances. The troupe will miss him and desire his return. Ervin knows enough to gain a temporary job with any entertainment troupe and is accepted enough by them not to be casually betrayed.

He will try to help his two friends accomplish their mission, but if he runs across any hot leads to his own mission, will give it priority instead. He will never desert them if they are in trouble. He takes his responsibilities almost too seriously.

Trained till the age of ten in polite society, Ervin has continued to learn what he can from his family and friends. He is a fairly good horseman and swordsman though he has had no real combat experience. Ervin is a calm individual and refuses to let himself get rushed into anything. His clothes are bright and colorful though sturdy and practical. He carries his Harp in a special backpack along with other items of his trade.

IV TOWN OF CHARITY

The town of Charity is located at hexagon 29065 in the Brastor Holding as depicted on the map in the *Frontiers of Alusia*. It is located among the cultivated fields some 10 miles to the northeast of Brastor Castle. Its population is around 650 people of primarily Human race occupied in agriculture. Nearly 40 of the approximately 80 families live within the confines of the village while the rest are scattered about in small groups within the five mile hex. The major road passes through Charity from Emmitsburg in the east to Castle Brastor and Emmitt's Ford on the west. While most of the agricultural products are consumed in Charity itself, what surplus exists is packed to Castle Brastor. One of the major items of significance is the fortified dwelling of Ashur Asafe, the eccentric Alchemist, which is located about five miles to the northeast of town on the fringes of The Greenwood.

9. Ashur Asafe

Nowdays seldom seen in the town of Charity itself, the eccentric Alchemist, Ashur Asafe, has his residence to the north of town. On the edge of the Greenwood is a small rocky knoll about 900 feet in diameter with a tower on its summit. The tower is constructed of a rough-surfaced greyish stone and has a vaguely rumped and untidy air about it. It appears to be a well fortified residence, but definitely is not menacing. While only a few rooms are above ground in the tower, extensive chambers have been excavated out of the rock beneath.

While Ashur himself is often not available to callers due to the extensive amount of research he is engaged in, his housekeeper is always available. She greets all guests and makes them comfortable with a good meal until Ashur can talk with them. Several Gnomes are about the place, forming the maintenance crew as well as the Guard Force. They keep watch at the top of the tower and are on duty at the main door. While not especially well armed themselves, each has access to some fairly powerful defensive magic artifacts and mechanisms to repel intruders.

Ashur Asafe is a thin, elderly man of average height. His hair is white and his short goatee is neatly trimmed. His eyes are brown and are set deep into a craggy, wrinkled face. Ashur's clothing is always neat, clean and of fairly high quality. His movements are precise, quick, and economical. He speaks but little, though he is always courteous and helpful. Ashur is very professional and will do anything

or any task in his field for a price. His price is liable to be very high since he retired here ten years ago to devote himself to research. He has frequent needs of very esoteric materials for some of his projects and often sends an assistant or apprentice of his off with a team of adventurers to get them. He pays reasonably well but adventurers prefer to use him to contact Masters of skills or talents and arrange teachings for them. Completing a mission for Ashur serves as a very good reference to a number of the Masters of skills. He carries on a voluminous correspondence with many Masters of Alchemy and other related fields. There is a 98% chance Ashur will be completely familiar with any item in his or closely related fields.

Ashur Asafe's characteristics are as follows:

PS: 13	MD: 20	AG: 17	MA: 19
EN: 12	FT: 19	WP: 14	PC: 16
PB: 14			

Ashur is Vernal Stars-aspected. He carries a small bronze Dagger which has a Golden Gryphon sculpted to form the grip and pommel. Upon twisting the hilt a certain way the Gryphon springs free, animates and enlarges in size to defend Ashur as a normal Gryphon. He also wears a gold medallion around his neck that is sculpted with a likeness of a Chimaera. When the rim of the medallion is twisted, a small Chimaera appears and will attack at Ashur's bidding. This magical variant of a Chimaera is one-third the size of a normal Chimaera and consequently has reduced statistics of:

PS: 14 - 16	MD: 25 - 28	AG: 15 - 20	MA: None
EN: 10 - 11	FT: 18 - 19	WP: 14 - 19	PC: 13 - 20
PB: 3 - 7	TMR: 10		
NA: Hide absorbs 6 DP			

The range of the Cone of Fire Breath is 25 feet and at the base, the Cone is 10 feet in diameter. All within the Cone suffer D+7 damage. This Chimaera has a Bite like that of a Tiger (BC of 45% of doing +2). It only occupies one hexagon.

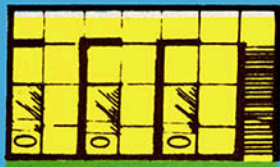
A jewel in the clasp of his belt may be removed and thrown similar to a grenade. It produces a cloud of stinking gas which occupies a central hex and the six surrounding hexes for 5 pulses. It causes no permanent harm but is a contact paralytic. Any skin contact has a 50% chance to cause the major voluntary muscles to "freeze" for 1D10 + 2 minutes. Ashur is immune to its effects.

Ashur is an Adept of the College of Naming Incantations. He knows the Generic True Name of all the chemicals he uses in his experiments at Rank 9. He also knows the Generic True Name of the major intelligent races at Rank 4. Ashur knows the following Counterspells (General Knowledge/Rank): Ensorcelments and Enchantments/3; Sorceries of the Mind/2; Illusions/2; Necromantic Conjurings/3; Black Magics/4. He also knows the Special Knowledge Counterspells of Ensorcelments and Enchantments/4; Fire Magics/4; and Black Magics/3. His rank in the College of Naming Incantations is T-1/12, Q-1/5, S-1/6, S-2/9, and R-1/5.

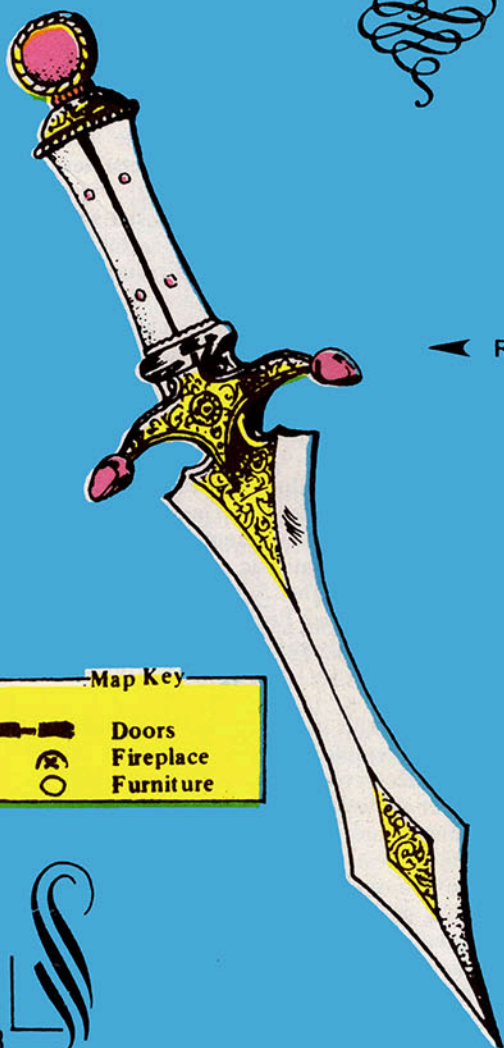
Ashur uses his magical skills in his researches to a considerable extent. He often employs minor magics in the form of humor and jokes. However, Ashur's humor tends to be very subtle and not at all destructive or embarrassing. He is a Rank 10 Alchemist, Rank 6 Healer, and a Rank 2 Ranger (specializing in Forest). Ashur knows 4 modern languages at Rank 7 or above and 5 ancient languages at Rank 6 or above. He has an extremely precise memory but does not bother to correct other people very often. He feels that it is sufficient that he himself remembers. Ashur seldom volunteers information, believing that each individual should find his or her own enlightenment.

First Level

Second Level

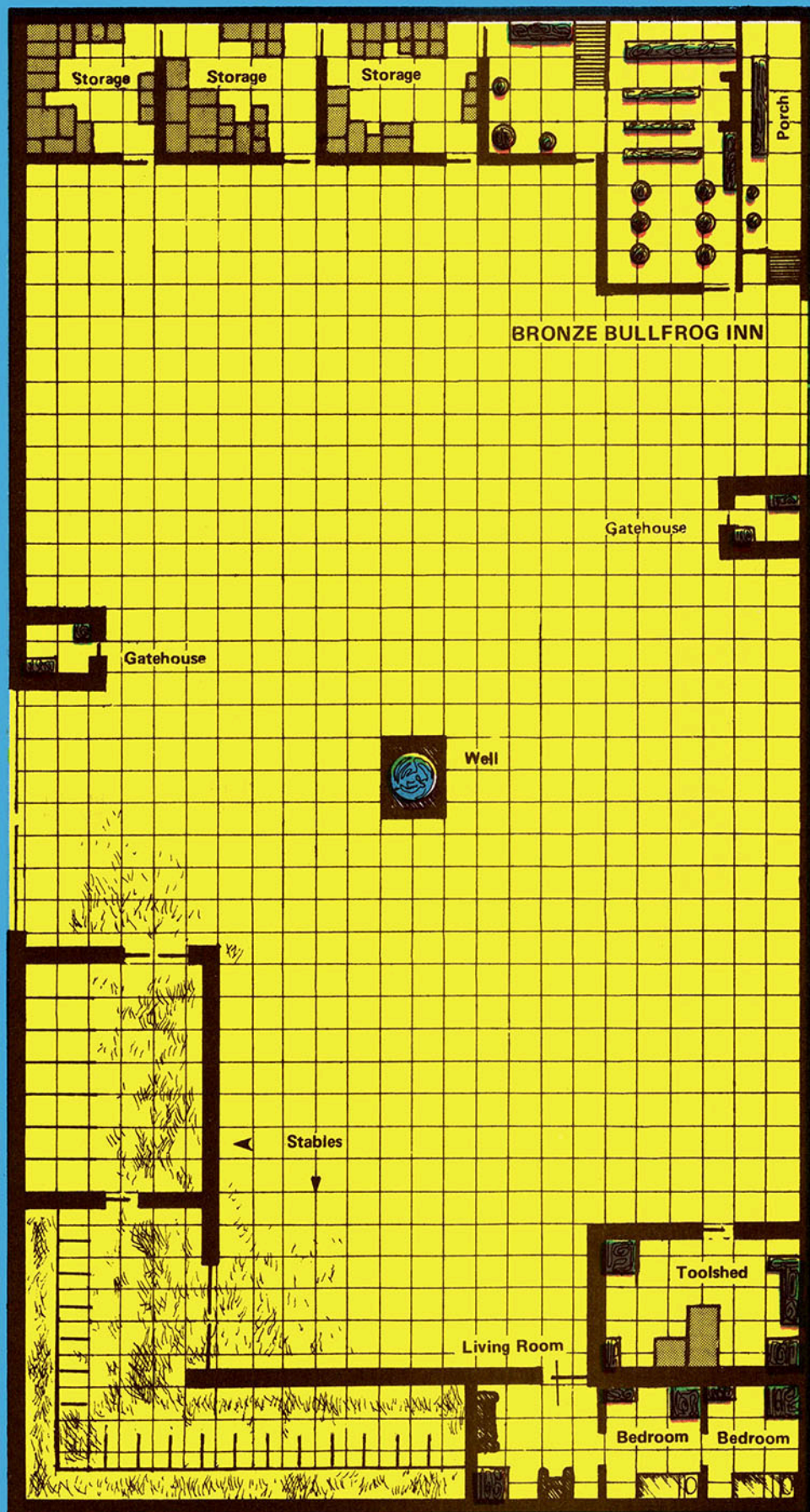


THE BRONZE BULLFROG INN



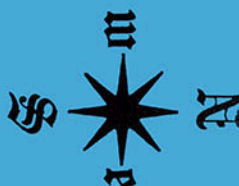
Map Key

- Doors
- Fireplace
- Furniture



One Square = 5'

TOWN SQUARE



10. Town Notables

Bronze Bullfrog Inn: The major place to be in town (and, in fact, the only place) is located between the north side of the road and the Town Square. The road is the usual cleared dirt track with maintenance limited to a few stones and shovels of dirt dumped into the worst potholes each spring. The Square is just an open area of mudpuddles or dust as suits the season. A fairly large L-shaped building of wattle and dub construction fill the northwest corner. Stables fill the opposite corner with another L-shaped building and the rest of the rectangular area is fenced off with a ten foot high row of vertical logs sharpened on the ends. The Inn is run by the three Clinden brothers, one of whom is always on hand. The Bullfrog sets a pretty good table and makes use of Gurney Malster's best brewed ale. The Common Room is 40 x 20 feet, well furnished with benches and tables as well as being lit by several candle lanterns suspended from the rafters on chains. The large fireplace has a spit and cooking ledge on the right where a hot pot of stew and a crock of ale set simmering. The bar is right alongside and has more ale as well as several local wines available. A basket of rye bread and crackers stands on one end of the bar while a basket of cheese stands on the other. Toward evening a joint of meat is cooked for supper along with another dish or two. Three 10 x 15 foot rooms are available above the Common Room, each furnished with a bed, chair, table, and wardrobe. The Stable is available for animals and the hayloft above provides a sheltered, comfortable place to sleep for those who don't want to spend much. The Inn is the major gathering place of all the townsfolk and the normal center of all activity. A well occupies the center of the courtyard and those who splash some of the bucket into the animal trough are welcome to drink their fill. The water is clear and sweet, somewhat unusual in the town.

All three of the Clinden brothers look much alike, large robust men with light brown hair, mostly lost to balding, and twinkling hazel eyes. All have extremely deep bass voices and provide an impressive chorus at the local shrine ceremonies. They frequently lead the singing entertainment at the Inn and provide free food and lodging for any troubador who will give a show. They are local folk who spent a year or two adventuring and occasionally spin a tale themselves.

Grahm Clinden, Merchant Rank 3, Thief Rank 2

PS: 18	MD: 16	AG: 17	MA: 11
EN: 16	FT: 20	WP: 12	PC: 10
PB: 14	TMR: 5		

Usually no Armor, Crude Club Rank 2; otherwise, Scale Armor, Battle Axe Rank 6, Mace Rank 4. A partner in both the Inn and the General Store, Grahm is quite content to be a Merchant and raise a family. He has had his fill of adventuring and now keeps the books. Nevertheless, he keeps in practice with his Battle Axe, "just in case".

Malvin Clinden, Merchant Rank 1, Beast Master 7

PS: 18	MD: 17	AG: 16	MA: 12
EN: 16	FT: 20	WP: 14	PC: 11
PB: 12	TMR: 5		

Usually no Armor, Whip Rank 8, Falchion Rank 6; otherwise Scale Armor, Glaive Rank 7. Also running a small stockfarm and animal training business, Malvin supervises the stables as well as sometimes tending bar. He has been courting a likely lass for a year now and is about to ask her hand in marriage. He finally feels that he is ready to settle down.

Coel Clinden, Merchant Rank 1, Bard Rank 2, Healer Rank 2

PS: 18	MD: 17	AG: 19	MA: 12
EN: 16	FT: 20	WP: 13	PC: 9
PB: 16	TMR: 6		

No Armor, Crossbow Rank 4, Hand Axe Rank 4. Not quite ready to settle down yet, Coel keeps looking for one more adventure. He helps out with whatever he can and is a good cook when he wants to be. Frequently, he will hire out as a Caravan Guard and also bosses those caravans of goods for the General Store or provisions for the Inn.

General Store: A fairly large building on the west side of the village green, their store specializes in nothing in particular. As a general store, it contains all the various goods that the villagers are likely to need but can't make themselves. Also, the proprietor Stopford Miner will order anything from Brastor Landing or even Seagate that anyone wants. Usually he prefers to ask what the need is and then try to suggest several alternatives from what he does have in stock. There is a 75% chance he will have something which could do the job and a further 25% chance it will do it better than the original item. Stopford will never suggest something harmful, priding himself on helping people. His partner Grahm Clinden does his books and records, but is most often across the street at the Bronze Bullfrog. The store is 60 x 30 feet on the ground floor and has a loft 30 x 15 feet in the rafters where Stopford lives. The General Store doesn't provide a very great profit but it makes enough for a comfortable living now that Grahm has a firm grip on the books. The building is the usual wattle and daub construction.

Stopford Miner, Merchant Rank 1

PS: 16	MD: 11	AG: 12	MA: 10
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 16	PC: 9
PB: 10	TMR: 4		

No Armor, Crude Club Rank 1, Dagger Rank 2. Stopford is an elderly old gent, inoffensive and liked by all in the village except the Constable.

Stopford Miner



Town Hall: Occupied by the Town Constable and the Town Clerk, this building serves as the meeting place for all official events. It is an open hall 60 x 30 feet with two small 10 x 10 brick annexes at either end. The north annex is the Armory where the Town Constable has his office, a supply of chains and shackles and the weapons for the village militia. The other annex at the south end is the office for the Town Clerk and Schoolmaster. The hall holds all town meetings and is rented out to any performing troupe that comes to town.

Ivor Nacky, Town Constable

PS: 19	MD: 19	AG: 16	MA: 10
EN: 12	FT: 19	WP: 10	PC: 9
PB: 11	TMR: 5		

Scale Armor, Quarterstaff Rank 8, Battle Axe Rank 7. None too intelligent, Ivor is good with weapons. Knowing he will never be good for much else, Ivor takes his job very seriously. He listens to the Town Clerk and has memorized all appropriate portions of the town laws and codes. He is quick to do his duty, even for the one man in town that he doesn't like, Stopford Miner. He tries to keep the peace as best he knows how, stops all fights and patrols against theft. The townsfolk are sympathetic and while he was given the job as sort of "make-work" originally, Ivor has turned out to do a pretty good job.

Nuala Tosser, Healer Rank 4, Town Clerk

PS: 16	MD: 18	AG: 17	MA: 12
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 16	PC: 11
PB: 16	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 3, Throwing Dart Rank 6. Nuala is the Village Healer, serves as the Town Clerk, and School Teacher as well as Keeper of the Village Shrine in the center of the Common. Her office as Town Clerk and School Teacher are in the Town Hall. She records all official functions and paperwork. She is better than Rank 6 in four modern languages. She teaches general history and the morals and philosophy of her culture. At least she gives as much as she can to students who only attend class several hours each week. She is not as skilled a Healer as she would like to be, feeling that she loses far too many patients. The townsfolk respect her though, because she has managed to save quite a few of them. A middle-aged spinster of sorts, she tries to be cheerful and helpful to all. Ivor always comes to her for advice whenever he is in doubt about what to do. Nuala is a large and robust woman, with her hair gone completely white. Her skill with Throwing Darts and a knowledge of some counterspells come from some time she spent in the temple of one of the large cities to the south. She will not talk about who she previously was or what she did although she was not raised here in Charity and only moved here 20 years ago. She is good friends with Ashur Asafe and they dine together from time to time. He supplies her with some special medicines and drugs as well as medical advice.

Mayor: The office of Mayor is filled by Sutan Winkyn, a prominent local Wool Merchant. He has a house in town on the east side of the Square, but most of his holdings are located at a large farm just north of town. Many of the local folk keep sheep and weave their own cloth. Sutan helped the local farmers to buy an extra sheep or two and markets the extra cloth they now produce. The farmers get a little extra money and Sutan makes a small profit as well. Sutan also raises horses on his farm and has a large stand of timber. He has made a practice of supplying wood to Wagonmaster Kian Gylmar, who builds wagons with it,

horses to Malvin Clinden who trains them, and having Coel Clinden take the wagons loaded with woolen cloth into Brastor Landing to sell the wagons, cargo, and horses at one fell swoop. Everyone makes a big city profit but one person has to go to the big city. All in all, he does a good job of being Mayor, trying to solve predicaments before they build up into problems.

Sutan Winkyn, Mayor, Merchant Rank 5

PS: 14	MD: 16	AG: 12	MA: 14
EN: 18	FT: 21	WP: 16	PC: 12
PB: 14	TMR: 4		

No Armor, Crossbow Rank 4, Hand Axe Rank 2. Sutan is a tall and lanky person with a shock of dark brown hair that bristles out in all directions. His eyes are green and his voice calm and gentle as he tries to persuade someone to a course of action that is to everyone's benefit. He always wears good quality clothing but none of it is gaudy or fancy. He is a solid member of Alusia's developing middle class.

Wagonwright: Kian Gylmar serves also as Carpenter though his business and primary love is building carts and wagons. He can make nearly anything out of wood and helps Blacksmith Uhler Tharden construct the tools and articles of everyday life. Though grumpy and complaining a lot about this younger generation, Kian always seems to have a couple of kids hanging around his shop, smelling the fresh wood shavings and trying to make a toy or tool out of scraps. Kian keeps a sharp eye on them but is always careful to show them the right way to do anything. His Half-Elven wife loves wood and is an excellent carver herself. Lyris, because of her background, is very careful as to the status of the wood she carves and how she treats it. She has taught Kian a lot about wood and its behavior that he hadn't known. Lyris often wanders out into the Greenwood north of town in search of various herbs and seasonings. She takes along one or more of Malvin Clinden's Guard dogs. She is very good with animals and the dogs simply adore her. The wild animals pose no danger to her and her only concern is intelligent beings. She knows some magic, a lot of counterspells, and is pretty good with a sling. Kian met Lyris during a short period of his life spent in adventuring. He returned to his hometown a couple of years ago and settled in. Kian is still a vigorous man in early middle age, his light brown hair only now beginning to show a tinge of grey. His dark brown eyes remain clear and piercing above his curly full beard. His dark complexion remains so due to weather-tanning. Kian prefers to work out in the open in front of his shop and often takes long walks in the countryside with his wife. Lyris is a slender sprite of a woman, not much given to conversation with those not firm friends but an active help to persons she knows. Her light blond hair has hints of both red and green in its highlights while her greenish-grey eyes sparkle with friendliness. She just recently told Kian of her feeling that their home is now "solid enough" to raise a family and that she will soon have a child. Kian will become more mellow over the next few months as it all sinks in.

Kian Gylmar, Mechanician Rank 4

PS: 20	MD: 18	AG: 17	MA: 9
EN: 18	FT: 21	WP: 12	PC: 9
PB: 14	TMR: 5		

Usually no Armor, Hand Axe Rank 4; otherwise, Scale Armor, Battle Axe Rank 6, Dagger Rank 4. Speaks Gnomish Rank 8.

Lyris Gylmar, Healer Rank 1, Courtesian Rank 1

PS: 17 MD: 18 AG: 19 MA: 19
EN: 17 FT: 21 WP: 14 PC: 12
PB: 19 TMR: 6

Usually no Armor, Sling Rank 7, Dagger Rank 6; otherwise, Leather, Javelins Rank 4, Knows some spells of College of Earth Magics and a number of counterspells, not an Adept.

The shop is a pair of buildings off of the south side of Thistle Street on the west side of town. The shop itself, 40 x 20 feet, is one building with the house, 30 x 20 feet, occupying the other side of the 50 feet square compound. Both buildings are wood frame construction with split-plank walls and shake shingle roofs. Sheds at the back of the buildings house stocks of lumber and usually a finished wagon or cart. Roll 1D10, on a 1 - 3 a two-horse wagon will be available; on a 4 - 10 a pony cart will be available for sale. Kian likes to bargain and it will take a pretty sharp customer to get a really good deal.

Blacksmith: The Ringing Anvil is a shop and smithy run by the Glowing Ember clan of Gnomes. It is owned by the clan and various individuals are assigned to work it in rotation. The area produces several agricultural products the Gnomes find useful and it is also being developed as a stopping point in proposed trade routes. The location in the village of Charity has proven to be ill-chosen for the trade routes and the clan has decided to move to Brastor Holding in the near future. Some of the clan have found employment with Ashur Asafe. As a smithy, the shop is doing reasonably well, prices are reasonable and the work is very high quality indeed. The clan has made it a practice to station their younger apprentices and journeymen here for a spell. They learn to speak Common better and become more familiar with the eccentricities of Humans. At the present time, one journeyman and one apprentice are here. Both have been here for several months and are well settled in. The village folk, with a few exceptions, are fairly indifferent to the Gnomes. "They do a good job and they don't bother anyone. They're all right." Kian Gylmar, who learned excellent Gnomish during his adventuring is their major friend and supporter in town. All three may be found evenings at a table in the Bronze Bullfrog drinking ale and playing knucklebones. Lyris Gylmar occasionally joins them, usually winning the knucklebones game, and causing the Gnomes considerable embarrassment with her slightly Elvish versions of classic Gnomish drinking songs. "They're too pretty and light and airey to feel right even if she does know the words and music very well." The two current residents of the shop live in a sturdy stone annex built next to the forge. The residence is 30 x 20 feet and has a slate roof set just a little too low to be comfortable to most Humans. The forge is a sturdy one set in a 40 x 20 foot stone building with solid walls on three sides and a swinging wooden shutter wall on the fourth. The smithy is located on Thistle Street just across from Kian Gylmar's Wagonwright Shop.

Hrongar, Journeyman, Mechanician Rank 4, Ranger Rank 2

PS: 14 MD: 13 AG: 15 MA: 14
EN: 9 FT: 18 WP: 20 PC: 16
PB: 11 TMR: 3

Usually Leather Apron (equivalent to Cloth Armor), Smiths Hammer (equivalent to War Hammer Rank 5); otherwise, Chainmail Armor, Hand Axe Rank 4, Shortsword Rank 4. A fairly mellow Gnome, he almost likes Lyris's songs although he could never admit it. His black thick beard is

braided into several strands which are usually tucked inside the top of his apron. On formal occasions, Hrongar has a set of matched silver rings he wears on the ends of his braids. He enjoys his work here and thinks the ale is pretty good. Hrongar is in complete agreement with the clan decision, feeling that this area is just not a big enough market to support a Gnomish smithy. He loves to bargain and hopes to gain Merchant skill soon. He gets along well with Humans and would not object to a little profitable adventure now and then.

Kelmond, Apprentice, Mechanician Rank 2

PS: 13 MD: 13 AG: 16 MA: 16
EN: 10 FT: 18 WP: 19 PC: 14
PB: 11 TMR: 3

Usually Leather Apron (equivalent to Cloth Armor), Smiths Hammer (equivalent to War Hammer Rank 2); otherwise, Chainmail Armor, Hand Axe Rank 3, Dagger Rank 2. Quite young and naive for a Gnome, Kelmond doesn't quite understand all the subtle hints of Human behavior yet. He speaks little and tries to remain uninvolved in what is going on around him. He is cautious rather than shy. Kelmond has found that he kind of likes living with Humans. Some of them can almost brew a civilized ale. He would like to move on to a larger city or town. Kelmond also desires to make more weapons and is tired of repairing plows and shovels.

Grocer: Hartwig Tinsnell is more of a butcher than a grocer although his wife Aline acts as an agent for several farmers. Aline displays a small selection of fruits, vegetables and grains and takes orders from the townsfolk for whatever they want. She tries to be fair to both the townsfolk and farmers with reasonable success so far. Her best profits have so far come from the spices and peppers that she sells to both groups. She is fast becoming the local expert on spices and their use in cooking. The shop is a large 40 x 20 feet building with a 15 x 20 foot area devoted to the shop and the rest to living quarters. A 10 x 10 foot shed attached to the rear of the house is where Hartwig does his butchery. He delivers some meats directly to the kitchen of the Bronze Bullfrog and to his other customers in town as well. The shop and residence are located on Thistle Street on the east side of the town Common. The prices are reasonable but both Tinsnells like to haggle over prices. Both husband and wife are quite comfortably into middle age, starting to become stout. Hartwig's black hair is quickly turning grey while his brown eyes still keep their sparkle. He is fond of practical jokes and tells many a raucous story over a good mug of ale. His wife is a little quieter but she knows even more randy tales than her husband and is the life of any sewing bee. Their two sons left home adventuring several years ago and have visited once or twice since. Both parents have urged them to settle down now while they are both intact and healthy. Nevertheless, ma and pa both take great pride in telling the adventures of their "little Lorin and wee Winton".

Hartwig Tinsnell, Merchant Rank 2

PS: 18 MD: 16 AG: 16 MA: 10
EN: 12 FT: 19 WP: 14 PC: 9
PB: 12 TMR: 5

Usually Leather Apron (equivalent to Cloth Armor), Butchers Cleaver (equivalent to Main-Gauche Rank 4, no shielding); otherwise, Leather Armor, Glaive Rank 4. Hartwig is a member of the town militia.

Aline Tinsnell, Merchant Rank 2

PS: 14 MD: 17 AG: 16 MA: 9
 EN: 13 FT: 19 WP: 16 PC: 10
 PB: 13 TMR: 5

No Armor, Dagger Rank 2. She can shoot a Crossbow at Rank 0 although she cannot load it.

Both Tinsnells are fairly well respected although there is a one in 10 chance of a slight resentment on the part of any townsfolk due to being the butt of one of Hartwig's practical jokes.

11. Town Encounters

1D10 (+2 Night)

- | | | | |
|----|--|------------|---|
| 1 | Children | 1D10 | Children at play (on a 1 on a D10 will run into path of Horse/Vehicle) |
| 2 | Animals | 1D10+2 | Small Domestic Animals (on a 1 on a D10 will spook Horse) |
| 3 | Animals | 1D10-3 | Large Domestic Animal (on a 1 on a D10 large Bull/Horse running free) |
| 4 | Peasants | 1D10-2 | Farmers on way to/From Market Place (on a 1 on a D10 Cart/Wagon breaks away/collapses) |
| 5 | Villagers | 1D10+2 | Local People doing business (on a 1 on a D10 an argument/fight breaks out) |
| 6 | See Special Encounters Chart for appropriate Village | | |
| 7 | Village Constable | on Patrol | (on a 1 on a D10 will stop to ask if the party has seen a particular thief) |
| 8 | Travellers | 1D10-3 | Transients headed toward/from village Inn (on a 1 on a D10 will make an obvious attempt to avoid party) |
| 9 | Animals | 1D10-6 | Small wild scavengers raiding village (on a 1 on a D10 will spook party's animals as they run away) |
| 10 | Soldiers | 1D10+3 | Sergeant and men at arms (on a 1 on a D10 will stop party and ask if have encountered bandit band) |
| 11 | Drunks | 1D10-3 | Drunken individuals (on a 1 on a D10 will be belligerent toward party but will collapse into sleep at any hint of action) |
| 12 | Nightwatch | 2 Citizens | on Patrol (on a 1 on a D10 will stop and politely inquire party's business) |

See Random Citizens Chart for minor NPCs as appropriate.

Special Town Encounters - Charity

- 1 - 4 A party of eight Gnomes is having trouble pushing a provisions wagon out of a mud hole. They are part of Ashur Asafe's Guard Force. If not involved in the scenario already, this may be utilized by the Judge as an introduction to Ashur Asafe should the party assist.
- 5 - 6 A small monkey-like animal is clinging to the Bronze Bullfrog statue on the top of the Inn and is throwing nuts and thatching twigs at passers-by. This is a pet of one of the local children. Rescuing the beast will provide a favorable reaction from some of the townspeople (roll 1 - 5 on a D10 for a 10% favorable modifier).
- 7 - 8 You observe a light-fingered individual approaching a merchant's belt purse with obvious intent to steal. Giving a warning will make the merchant favorably disposed to your party (5% modifier on deals with him, advice freely given). Not giving a warning will mean a chance (roll 1 - 2 on a D10) that the local Thieves group will contact your party.
- 9 - 10 A cage of small animals accidentally opens and nearly a dozen small valuable fur-bearing critters try to make an immediate get away. Allowing the animals to escape will produce nothing of any import. Capturing the animals, which are not dangerous, will produce the gratitude of the young seller. She will give you her own personal pet from these beasts since she couldn't bear to see it killed and skinned for fur. It is somewhat larger than the others, more intelligent, and easily trained. It looks like a cross between a squirrel and a koala bear. It is called a Zurlin and is rare. It's statistics can be taken to be the same as the Burmese breed of House Cat. It is easily trained as a watch beast and is very affectionate.

V. JOURNEY

The first portion of the journey is on the road to and through Emmitt's Ford to Tobintown. From thence the caravan will head out across the Sweet Riding to the Barony of Carzala. The player characters, if guards for Trelawny, will follow his route and procedures as detailed in Section 12. If on their own, the characters will need to utilize the following Encounter Tables with no additions for party size. The caravan is large and noisy enough to scare away most minor animal encounters and should therefore receive a modifier of -5% to the Encounter Chance and +5 to the Encounter Type.

The Special Encounters are indicated on the tables, but the Judge may wish to set them into whatever context is appropriate for the campaign he or she is moderating.

12. Random Encounters

01 - 06	+2 Buzzard	67 - 72	-4 Lion
07 - 12	+2 Dingo	73 - 78	+3 Dire Wolf
13 - 18	+5 Dingo	79 - 84	+3 Centaur
19 - 24	-2 Jackal	85 - 90	+5 Centaur
25 - 30	+1 Hyena	91 +	Special Encounter (1D10)
31 - 36	-3 Human		1 - 3 Silver Trails (19)
37 - 42	-1 Human		4 - 6 Grass Worm (16)
43 - 48	+5 Beeves		7 - 8 Brigands (18)
49 - 54	+10 Beeves		9 Elven Rangers (15)
55 - 60	+20 Beeves		10 Ring of Stones (17)
61 - 66	-6 Cheeta		

13. Merchant Caravan

Trelawny has been running caravans twice yearly for seven years now. He is based in Seagate where he has built a warehouse and ships his goods north to the rest of the Confederated Baronies. He specializes in monster and animal products but also deals in raw gems. As the third son of a moderately successful merchant family, opportunities in the family business at home were slim. His family financed his first venture seven years ago. Trelawny paid off his debt in two years and has since shown good profits. He is a respected member of the Seagate merchant community and is being considered as good husband material by a number of young ladies. His warehouse also serves as the storage point for a number of luxury goods shipped to him by the other branches of his family which he acts as agent for.

The route each caravan takes is fairly regular. It starts in Seagate and proceeds southeast to Arn's Ferry and thence southwest to Slippery Rock. Trelawny then strikes out almost due southeast across the Sweet Riding to Tobinstown. He then proceeds upstream along the west side of the Champion River to Westgate. At Westgate, Trelawny makes contact with one of his sources for gemstones. After resting several days, he crosses the Champion to the northeast at Hugler's Ferry. Sometimes he cuts cross country directly east to the South Lending, sometimes he follows the road through Lewiston. In South Lending, Trelawny picks up more gems and also valuable animal products, hides and furs. He then heads northwest to Lewiston, Emmitsburg, and Charity picking up animal products at each town. In the spring, Trelawny goes from the South Lending to the Trade Fair at Chapel Crossing before going on to Lewiston. He always visits Castle Brastor before crossing the Champion River again at Emmit's Ford. Following the road and passing through the hills to the northwest, Trelawny strikes out northwest aiming for Slippery Rock. Thence he returns to Seagate across Arn's Ferry.

Trelawny hires reliable guards and tries to band together with other merchants when crossing the Sweet Riding. He makes a practice of keeping one of the riding mules loaded with goods that are flashy but of low value so that he can cut this mule loose to act as a distraction. For the same reason most of the least valuable goods are loaded on one wagon.

Trelawny is an early middle-aged man of moderate height and average build. His hair is light brown and slightly wavy, though he frequently wears it in short braids. His eyes are light grey and his vision particularly keen. On the trail, he is most often found at the head of his caravan, sauntering along on his pale grey riding mule. His clothing consists of a light robe worn over a light leather corslet which is reinforced with horn or bronze plates at strategic points. He also wears a leather cap which is reinforced inside with bronze plates. The entire assembly cost 50 silver pennies and protects like ordinary leather although it has the advantage of being fairly comfortable and only being recognizable as armor at close quarters. The foot wear is

usually soft leather riding boots. The only weapons that Trelawny carries are a bronze ornamental Dagger and a brass-bound Quarterstaff that are always with him. Sometimes he also tucks a leather Sling and a couple of lead slingstones into his belt pouch. As a kid, he was very good with a sling and still keeps in practice.

Trelawny is an even-tempered man with no particular grudges. He likes to make a profit as well as any merchant, but has been known to take a percent or two lower immediate profit to enhance his long term gains. He is very curious about the source of some of the very strange gems he gets from one contact in Westgate, but isn't going to risk the nice profit he is currently making. Anyone who cheats him, though, is never forgotten. He won't go out of his way to take revenge, but if the opportunity presents itself, he will get even.

Three mounted Guards accompany the caravan: Beck, Rhys, and Gowen. The first two are armed with Javelins and the last is a Bowman. All three are members of a stock-raising clan which grazes Beeves on the Sweet Riding. They are familiar with the plains and all have a skill of Ranger 2 on the plains of the Sweet Riding only. They are usually riding one man out on either flank, a distance varying with the danger anticipated, and one at the rear of the caravan. They are all closely related to one another and each has made at least one trip already with Trelawny. They are paid well and it would be dishonorable to their clan to do less than their best as guards. They are of medium height and average build although wirey and very fit. The three have dark hair and grey eyes along with a light olive complexion. Their features are very similar as are their personalities. Each, however, has a different 'luck-totem animal' which leads to constant minor grumbling over who is hunting, cooking, and eating just what. The totems are: Beck: Plains Marmot; Rhys: Partridge; and Gowen: Antelope. Each must kill, cook, and consume different animals with different ceremonies or rituals. None of them are serious about it but its been sort of a clan tradition to continually hassle each other. The horses they ride are sturdy plains horses, sort of a cross between mustangs and quarterhorses. Each mounted Guard has two spare mounts and rotates horses frequently.



Caravan Personal Statistics

Name	PS	MD	AG	MA	EN	FT	WP	PC	PB	TMR	Weapon	Armor
Beck	21	19	13	7	14	20	13	5	12	4	Javelin	Scale
Rhys	15	25	12	7	13	19	10	5	14	4	Javelin	Scale
Gowen	17	16	22	7	14	20	14	5	9	6	Horse Bow	Leather
Ercan	16	20	18	6	18	21	18	5	10	6	Whip	Cloth
Cairn	19	15	16	8	17	21	12	5	9	5	Crossbow	Leather
Boyd	20	19	15	10	15	20	13	5	12	5	Whip	Cloth
Ewen	20	17	20	8	13	19	12	5	11	6	Crossbow	Leather
Oswin	15	20	15	7	14	20	14	5	9	5	Whip	Cloth
Wark	17	19	21	6	16	20	12	5	12	6	Crossbow	Leather

The three wagons are each pulled by teams of six draft horses or mules and three spare horses are along for emergencies. Each wagon has a driver and one guard. The drivers are all armed with Bullwhips. The guards carry Crossbows. All six are villagers or yeomen from the Seagate area. Of the drivers, Ercan and Boyd have each made four trips with Trelawny before while this is the first for Oswin. Of the guards, Cairn and Wark have made three and two trips while Ewen has made only one. All have known at least one of the others for several years and are quite loyal to each other and to Trelawny. The drivers are a few years older and view the caravan as a good job. The guards are younger sons or brothers and still view the caravan as an adventure. They are medium height and average build with black or dark brown hair cut short and short beards. They are in good health and Boyd's minor Healing talents and skills keep them so.

14. The Sweet Riding

The following is quoted from the *Frontiers of Alusia*:

Terrain Type: Plain
 Danger Level: Moderate
 Encounter Frequency: 24
 Encounter Chance: 20%
 Encounter Table Modification: +5

This wide valley of fertile grassland is the main communications and trade route between the Brastor Holding and Carzala and is used by the Barons of Carzala as an open range on which graze large herds of the famous Carzala Beeves and much smaller (but infinitely more valuable) ramudas of Artusian Warhorses.

Artusian Warhorses: Brigands inhabiting the Artusian Hills sometimes raid trade caravans or the herds of Beeves and Horses on the plains themselves. The hills and woods on the west side of the Champion River are the points of highest danger in the journey.

The Beeves themselves can be a danger to travellers if a stampede occurs. For the most part, it is easy enough to avoid a stampede in the daylight, but at night a perception roll with a difficulty level of 4 must be made to avoid fleeing into the path of the stampede.

While it is most probable that the adventurers will travel with Trelawny's Caravan across the Sweet Riding, in the event they do not, the Map and Travel Guide for the *Frontiers of Alusia* should be consulted.

VI. SPECIAL ENCOUNTERS

Of the Special Encounters herein detailed, the Grass Worm and Silver Trails are intended to be used more than once, to any number the Judge deems suitable. The encounter with the Ring of Stones should be used no more than twice unless the Judge is willing to elaborate on the why of such frequency. The Elven Rangers are an emergency assistance group at the disposal of the Judge to use as he or she sees fit. The Brigands are located in a certain area and will operate within a fixed radius of that home base. The Judge may relocate the home camp or cause it to be moved by a soldier's raid as necessary, to advance the adventure. The Judge is encouraged to add additional encounters or elaborate the ones provided as he or she sees fit.

15. Elven Rangers

This pair of Elves is somewhat disconcerting. Though they can be seen fairly far off across the plain, it is hard to keep track of them. They move along smoothly and silently and the eye just seems to slide off of them. The clothing is not bright colored and softly blends in. Though hard to tell ages, the one on the bay horse seems to exude greater dignity and wisdom than the other, who appears to be a formidable warrior. They are intent upon their own business and are travelling along at a steady rate.

They will exchange a polite greeting with any visible non-belligerent parties. They will ignore any parties who hide from them. The party should make a perception roll to determine if they notice the several keen-eyed birds which are quietly hovering just out of bowshot and watching them. Elerion and Kimeriel will help a party under attack by any of the traditional enemies of Elves. They will aid a wounded or sick person or animal. They will not intervene in any dispute that enemies or friends are not involved in. Defense against any attempted attack will be first by defensive magic spells such as Wall of Stone cast around each attacker or a Windstorm. Offensive magic will then be used and finally force of arms though both Elves will be more interested in a disengagement and withdrawal rather than a death-fight. They are aware of all that is going on around them through magic and their avian spies. If greeted politely, they will inform the party of the approximate location and numbers of the band of brigands. They will not assist the party to attack or defend themselves from attack. They consider this to be a Human affair and not worthy of their concern or involvement. The pair are on a diplomatic assignment from one High Elven group to another and consider such involvement an inappropriate use of their time and talents.

Elerion Eldahar is an Adept of the College of Earth Magic and a practitioner of the Pacifistic Branch. He is a Ranger, Healer and Troubadour of Rank 10 in each. He is chief negotiator and mediator between two groups of High Elves on a matter of historical and artistic concern. Tall and slender, Elerion is possessed of immense calm and dignity. His soft wavy hair is ash-blond, shading into frosty white. He wears a long grey-green cloak over subdued green and grey field clothing of very high quality but practical cut. A large silver medallion on a thin chain hangs around his neck. The runes and design proclaim his mediator status to any who read Elvish. His ceremonial clothing and jewelry are carried in his saddlebags.

Kimeriel Nithrodel is a warrior of great experience, high skills, and wide renown. He is honored to act as escort to Elerion and will follow any of his instructions. He is very defensive of his charge and highly alert whenever close to any possible danger. He is normally prepared to cast a Windstorm or Wall of Ice anytime he is close to a suspicious party. He will not let his guard down unless the party contains another Elf. His hair is also ash-blond but is cut short, barely peeking out from under his reinforced leather cap. His eyes are a light greenish grey and his sight even keener than the usual Elf. He is dressed in very high quality clothes and carries weapons of highest quality. His personality is very disciplined and he is unconcerned with purely Human affairs.

This pair is available for the Judge to use as appropriate. They can provide a non-threatening encounter at any point, give warning of impending danger, rescue the party from overwhelming odds, or heal the party after a severe combat. They will not linger and will be involved only as long as is necessary.

16. The Grass Worm

Natural Habitat: Open Grassy Plains

Frequency: Very Rare

Number: 1 - 3 (1)

Description: The Grass Worm is a large creature 25 feet long and up to 3 feet high. In shape it resembles a cross between a multi-legged crocodile and a flattened snake. It is slow-moving upon its 12 to 18 pairs of stumpy clawed legs and is of relatively low intelligence. They have large strong jaws with three to four inch fangs. Scavengers and carrion-eaters, the Grass Worm will not hesitate to eat any living prey that can't run away from it. The thick hide is covered with a coat of tough bristles usually green or light brown in color. The beast is a four hex figure.

Talents, Skills, and Magic: A Grass Worm has no skills or magical abilities, but does possess the special talent of spitting a thin stream of adhesive substance which can trap up to a man-sized creature in a web. Anyone who is within 60 feet may be attacked in this manner. The Grass Worm expends a Fire Action and the target against who the action is directed undergoes an attack as if from a Thrown Weapon (BC of 45%). A successful attack indicates the target has been struck by sticky strands of glue. The target suffers a temporary reduction of the Manual Dexterity and the Agility by D+1. For each Pass Action successfully executed, the target removes D+2 of this temporary penalty.

Movement Rates: Running: 120

PS: 60 - 75	MD: None	AG: 9 - 14	MA: None
EN: 25 - 30	FT: 24 - 25	WP: 12 - 16	PC: 14 - 18
PB: 7 - 9	TMR: 4	NA: Hide absorbs 8 DP	

Weapons: The Grass Worm does not use weapons, but may Bite (Base Chance of 45%, Damage of +6, no Rank). A Grass Worm can attempt to knock down a character in any of its four Rear Hexes. This type of attack is executed like a Shield Attack.

Comments: Grass Worms are fairly aggressive and defend a large territory from intrusion. They are slow-moving and fairly stupid, thus easy to escape. The Grass Worm's hide can be enchanted fairly easily so it is sought after by Armorers who will pay about 100 silver pennies per square yard. The fangs are minor charms worth about 40 silver pennies each for the four large fangs and 10 silver pennies each for the 30 smaller teeth.

17. The Ring of Stones

The top of a small rise about a half mile off to one side of the trail is crowned by a ring of standing stones. The rise is covered with a strange purplish grass which only grows 6 inches high, far less than the surrounding plains. There are 27 stones, each of which is a rectangular block of an oily dark grey marble, 2 feet by 4 feet by 6 feet high. The surface of the stone is crudely polished and 9 of the stones have a single rune or glyph of some sort cut into the top surface. The interior of the circle feels vaguely magical but definitely not menacing. When no moon is in the sky, the feeling of magic is much stronger and this circle becomes a Place of Power. It is not usually used as a place of sacrifice, so a Practitioner of Pacific Earth Magic may receive its benefit on any roll but a 1 on a D10. As an active Place of Power, the circle adds 20 to the Base Chance of performing any talent, spell, or ritual of the College of Earth Magics. As a non-active Place of Power (1 - 5 on a

D10 if the state of the moon has not previously been specified), the benefit is only + 5.

The ring does not appear to have been here very long, perhaps only 10 years or so at a maximum. Characters who read Giant Languages will recognize the runes and glyphs as having associations with Stone Giants and defensive magic of the College of Earth Magic. It is a minor place of power built by a travelling group of Stone Giants for a special series of ceremonies and has not been used by them since. Other travellers may have made use of it and may have performed a minor sacrifice here.

Upon a die roll of eight or greater on one die, one of the lesser Undead will have been attracted to this place of power. Roll a die to determine which one: 1 - 4 Ghost; 5 - 7 Ghoul; 8 - 10 Skeleton. The Undead cannot enter the circle of the stones, but will patrol its perimeter and attack anyone trying to leave the circle.

18. The Band of Brigands

Based primarily at their main camp at 29-057 in the Artusian Hills, this group can muster a total of seventeen men, five of which are mounted. Usually only fifteen are available for attacks since two of the lesser warriors are sent into Tobintown or Slippery Rock as spies. The band normally attacks only merchant caravans and does not raid the local villages. In fact, they discreetly give some of the loot to the villagers. This practice of spreading the guilt and profits makes it very unlikely that the villagers will warn merchant caravans of bandit attacks.

Usually informed of a caravans departure, composition and wealth by a spy in the village, the leader Kagasin can choose where and when his band will attack. He usually has Inko or Jadar follow the caravan at a distance. Where possible, the band waits until the caravan is going to have to traverse a difficult stretch of territory, ford a stream, or cross a gulley. The foot troops are positioned where they can attack to best advantage when the caravans choice of maneuver is restricted. The cavalry detachment of Frideen, Galmar, and Hasmal tries to overwhelm one or two of the guards. Inko and Jadar close in on the flanks shooting a guard if they can and trying to slow up any reinforcements to the threatened section. This attack usually causes the caravan to bolt away from the direction of attack towards the ambush set up by the foot troops. Then Mt'zama tries to spook the caravan animals into a stampede by casting a Wall of Fire or Bolt of Fire. At the right moment, Kagasin leads the foot troops in to attack. The brigands always try to split off one or two wagons from the main party. Kagasin prefers to overwhelm one or two wagons and take few casualties. He doesn't want to fight the whole caravan and win but end up with no men fit to enjoy the victory.

Attacking on the ground, Kagasin has Lardo lead the main force in. Lardo charges right in with his usual ponderous rush. Neeru and Osso stick right close to him on either side and prevent flank attacks on him. Moki dances along at Lardo's back, carefully trying to cast Javelins and pin a target for Lardo, Neeru or Osso to chop down. Kagasin then directs Disto and Enda to attack a weak spot with arrows and Javelins while he leads Ardan, Broden, Crisden and Klassin in to break the last resistance. Frideen has rallied the cavalry force and stands by to counterattack any rescuing force. If any unit gets in trouble, Mt'zama throws a Wall of Smoke for them to take refuge in. The brigands try to minimize their own casualties and will flee if obviously overmatched.

Kagasin: The leader of the band, Kagasin has spent the last several years building up a respectable outlaw force. At the present time, he commands more than fifteen men, though not all of them are usually present at one time. He is a dour and bitter man, his older brothers having at one time set him up to take the blame for a crime they pulled. He is trying to build a very strong band, but as yet has only one other person of talents or skills beyond weapons handling. He has the 'muscle' but no skills. His discipline is quite harsh but fair. If he can find a few more skilled people he can pull off some really worthwhile strikes.

Kagasin is always trying to improve his weapons and skills and encourages those he meets to tell of their exploits so that he may learn from them. He has been careful not to rob any local people and he helped run off a band of Orcs a couple of months back. Thus, the local inhabitants are not likely to betray his band. He is tall and fairly sturdily built with a dark complexion. His face bears several scars and his knuckles are burnt from torture he received at the hands of a sadistic noble who once captured him. The beard and hair are glossy black and deliberately worn long to disguise the scars. His voice is deep and has the ring of command. He has stored a number of arms and provisions caches in the areas surrounding his several camps in case of emergencies. His clothing is of good quality cloth but of subdued colors and practical cut. He is fastidious and keeps himself as clean as his outdoor life permits. Not especially a ladies man, he enjoys feminine company and is inclined to spare female opponents.

Right now, Kagasin is still inclined to distrust Mt'zama simply because the Magician hasn't been working with the band long enough. The next person he wants to recruit is a Healer.

Mt'zama: A Human Adept of the College of Fire Magics, Mt'zama was recently rescued from a slave caravan by Kagasin's band of brigands. Initially, the brigands sought merely to rip off some slaves which they might sell elsewhere. Because of his stature and complexion, Mt'zama attracted Kagasin's attention. He held it with a few minor demonstrations of magic. Kagasin released him on condition that he would serve as Mage for two years. This was but a month ago. Mt'zama has regained his physical health and is now at his peak shape.

He is a six and a half foot tall man of very slender build with an olive complexion. His hair is short, extremely curly and has hints of red in a dark brown color. Deep violet eyes glow darkly on either side of a proud eagle's beak of a nose. Mt'zama is a silent type of personality, inclined to stay on the fringes of action and avoid direct involvement. He is very even-tempered and seldom becomes emotional. He is fairly honest and will do nothing to harm Kagasin or his band. He would prefer not to serve Kagasin for the entire two years but will not leave him in the lurch. Mt'zama's primary purpose in life is to hone his personal magic skills and search for information on those unknown parties who had him kidnapped and sold into slavery.

Ardan, a solid peasant type, was cheated out of his late father's farm by a local rich Merchant. His personal revenge upon one of the Merchant's businesses led to him being declared an outlaw. Kagasin took him in and while rather unimaginative, Ardan loyally follows Kagasin's orders.

Broden is another peasant who was forced into a career of outlawry because of economic oppression. The local tax official had it in for his family and forced them off their farm. An articulate young man, he has a virulent hatred of the local government officials and tries to injure them every chance he gets.

Crisden is a romantic youngster to whom the life of a legendary outlaw appealed. He fights well but as soon as he kills his first opponent or receives a bad wound, a lot of the romance will disappear.

Disto was brought up as a Hunter's child when abandoned at age of three. His foster parents had four more children to raise on a very inadequate pension. This was the only occupation open to him at the time. He gives his foster parents what he can even though they keep trying to persuade him to take a safer occupation. Slender of build, quick and eager to please, Disto is a very cheerful individual given to practical jokes.

Enda is a bitter old man, though still hale and hearty himself, having lost all his close family to disease. His hair is all gray and his face and chest are laced with thin scars. Enda seldom speaks and then only when necessary. He is loyal to his companions for he now has no one else.

Frideen, a Mercenary Warrior fallen upon hard times, was recruited by Kagasin to lead his small force of cavalry. Very accomplished as a Cavalryman himself, he is finding it a challenge to teach others his skills. Of fair complexion and light brown hair, Frideen is a moody and sullen person away from his horse. When mounted, he becomes cheerful and talkative.

Galmar, also a Cavalryman, is progressing well for not really liking horses. He has learned to manage his mount and weapons quite well in a short period of time. He is smart and good looking, but as fourth son of a poor family had little career prospects in legal professions. He is loyal to Kagasin now, but wants to strike off on his own as soon as he can.

Hasmal, after flubbing an apprenticeship as a Butcher, has found something he is good at. He is fond of his horse, enjoys grooming and feeding her, and is learning to ride quite well. He practices with his weapons even more than he is required to and is almost ready to advance a Rank with each. In fact, he has taken to hunting rabbits and other game for the camp pot with his Javelins. His personality is still a little juvenile at times, but when he matures a little more Kagasin is thinking of making him a squad leader. Hasmal is a tall wiry youth with dark brown hair and eyes. He is missing the little finger on his right hand due to an accident at the Butcher Shop.

Inko, as this Horse Nomad is called by Kagasin, observed the brigands raiding a merchant caravan and joined in the attack with glee. He just sort of tagged along with the band afterwards. He serves as a scout and provides supporting arrow fire. He is normally a lone wolf type and he doesn't like to get into close quarters. Twice, though, for no reason the brigands can discern, Inko has thrown down his Bow and gone screaming into the midst of the action with his Battle Axe. He has Berserker tendencies which are triggered one time in six by the sight of long blond hair on an enemy. This short, bow-legged, dark complexioned man will not reveal his personal name, though he says he belongs to the Grasscat Tribe.

Jadar is a companion of Inko, who brought him into camp a month or so ago. He is more talkative and easier to get along with than Inko. Jadar is not a Berserker and remains on the fringes of any combat. He delights in hunting and supplies much of the band's meat. In spite of his lesser Physical Strength, he often throws other members of the brigand band due to his greater skill in wrestling. "Jadar, use-name. I-Grasscat Tribe." is all he ever has said about himself.

Klassin was a slave in a caravan that Kagasin attacked. Even though chained and nearly naked, he took out two armed and armored guards with an iron soup ladle. Kagasin freed him to join the band. He has proved a good cook and an eager, though not yet skilled, warrior. Skinny and starved when freed, this tall light complexioned lad has put on some muscle. About next month his Physical Strength will go up one.

Lardo, while not very fast-moving, is a formidable fighter due to his high Strength and Dexterity. With his Poleax and War Hammer, he is the shock point of any foot attack. Not particularly intelligent, he is cunning and takes every opportunity to increase his bag of combat tricks. His name refers to his stoutness and enormous girth of belly. Nevertheless, he is respected by all members of the band for his fighting prowess and willingness to devote his strength to work tasks. A minor talent of his that is also well appreciated is his fine singing voice and good stock of ballads. His short brown hair and light hazel eyes are set off by an enormous handlebar moustache.

Moki has been a member of the band since the very beginning and though fairly intelligent, is lazy and procrastinating. He doesn't do any more chores than he is forced to, but always keeps his gear and weapons in excellent shape. He tends to hang back in the second rank of an attack and snipe with his Javelins since his skill with a Short Sword is low. Not a coward, he does the best he can to support his fellows with what skills he has. He is of medium height, dark complexioned, with light brown hair sprinkled with grey and dark green eyes.

Neeru is one of the newest members of the band, being one of a pair of orphaned brothers cast out by a small farming village. The village headman told them where to seek out Kagasin who promptly took them in. Though enthusiastic, his skills are not of sufficiently high a level to be very useful yet. Still somewhat frightened at being out of his village environment, Neeru is quiet and shy. He is of medium height with black hair and blue eyes along with a fair complexion. The elder brother, he considers Osso to be somewhat in his care. There is a 50% chance that Neeru will go berserk if he sees Osso injured or killed.

Osso, Neeru's younger brother, is also one of the newest members of the band. He, too, is quite enthusiastic but unskilled. He has a more outgoing and talkative personality than his brother, but is still an untried youth. Lardo has taken Osso under his wing and tries to help with whatever he can. Osso has come to admire Lardo and respects him even more than Kagasin.

19. The Silver Trails

A trail crosses the path ahead at right angles. The trail is about 3 feet wide and appears to be bare earth covered with a fine sprinkling of a silvery sand. Roll 1D10 to determine the nature of the trail encountered.

1 - 4 The trail curves slightly to the left and to the right several times before fading out in a patch of tall grass several hundred yards from the path. The trail may be traversed in reverse and will lead back to the path.

5 - 8 The trail proceeds straight for five hundred feet and then turns slightly to the left or right. Looking back along the trail, sight becomes very blurry. Trying to move back toward the path along the Silver Trail is very exhausting, like wading through heavy glue. Stepping off the path is not possible. The trail in five hundred more feet comes back to the path again. Roll 1D10 on the following table to determine just where.

- 1 - 2 Same side, 1D10 x 100 yards ahead on path
- 3 - 4 Same side, 1D10 x 100 yards behind on path
- 5 - 6 Opposite side, 1D10 x 100 yards ahead on path
- 7 - 8 Opposite side, 1D10 x 100 yards behind on path
- 9 Same place, same side
- 10 Same place, opposite side

9 - 10 The trail proceeds straight for five hundred feet and then turns slightly to the left or right. Looking back along the trail, sight becomes very blurry. Movement back along the path is not possible nor is stepping off the path. The trail in five hundred more feet comes back to the path again. Roll 1D10 on the following table to determine just where.

- 1 - 2 Same side, 1D10 miles ahead on path
- 3 - 4 Same side, 1D10 miles behind on path
- 5 - 6 Opposite side, 1D10 miles ahead on path
- 7 - 8 Opposite side, 1D10 miles behind on path
- 9 Same place, same side
- 10 Same place, opposite side

Unless they are in constant physical contact with each other, each person or animal that enters the trail experiences a different time delay of 1D10 minutes. The Judge should roll a die for each individual and note the number of minutes experienced. This encounter is of little significance or threat to the party. It is in the form of a minor puzzle that the Judge may make available as a possible escape route to a beleaguered party.

Brigand Personal Statistics

Name	PS	MD	AG	MA	EN	FT	WP	PC	PB	TMR	Weapon	Armor
Ardan	19	18	18	6	18	21	10	5	10	5	Glaive	Scale
Broden	20	19	18	7	14	20	9	5	12	6	Spear	Leather
Crisden	19	18	17	8	15	20	11	7	11	5	Spear	Leather
Disto	20	19	16	7	12	19	10	5	13	5	Short Bow	Cloth
Enda	19	18	17	8	16	20	9	5	12	5	Javelin	Leather
Frideen	23	16	19	8	14	20	8	5	10	5	Lance	Plate
Galmar	22	18	13	8	18	21	12	6	9	4	Spear	Scale
Hasmal	21	17	18	5	15	20	10	5	11	5	Javelin	Scale
Inko	21	18	19	6	18	21	12	7	10	6	Horse Bow	Leather
Jadar	18	18	21	6	18	21	11	7	12	6	Horse Bow	Leather
Klassin	18	20	22	8	12	19	11	6	11	6	Spear	Leather
Lardo	23	20	11	6	17	21	11	5	10	4	Poleaxe	Leather
Moki	20	16	20	8	16	20	15	6	11	6	Javelin	Leather
Neeru	20	21	18	8	15	20	12	7	12	6	Falchion	Cloth
Osso	20	15	18	8	13	19	10	5	13	6	Falchion	Cloth

VII. CARZALA

See the **Frontiers of Alusia Guidebook** for the background summary on the Barony of Carzala.

The every 2 Hours Encounter Frequency for Carzala on Peasants and Soldiers is for the open fields without road. On a road hex the Encounter Frequency for Soldiers and Peasants would increase to every 20 minutes. In the towns themselves, all manner of folk are constantly present and the Judge must shift to the Random Encounters Table under the appropriate town (Sections 11, 22, and 24).

20. Road Encounters

The following short encounters are given to the Judge to permit him or her to spice up encounters along the way.

Resident: A number of Peasant types on their way to or from market are momentarily blocking the road as they attempt to get a loose wheel back onto a cart. There is a great deal of childish screams and giggles as a small furry pet leaps from the arms of one of the children. The small furry and bushy-tailed critter pelts madly down the road in the party's direction with a pack of children in hot pursuit. Reaching the party the pet leaps onto one of the member's boots and quickly scurries up the clothing to the shoulder. Whatever it is delivers itself of a furious chattering scolding speech as it wraps its tail around your neck and clings to your ear with both paws. The little what-ever-it-is seems to be quite unharmed although peeved at one of the children. The critter can easily be soothed. One of the children will confess to having pinched one of the pets sensitive little paws by accident. The children are very sorry that Chippee would want to run away and will promise to take better care in the future of their pet. The wheel is now fixed. Those characters with Thief or Beast Master skills should make a Perception Roll with a Difficulty Level of 3 to notice that this little beast would be easily trained.

Merchant: On the road ahead, a small merchant caravan of a Merchant, two apprentices, and ten pack mules winds its way towards your party. As it gets closer, one of the packs comes loose spreading bright-colored cloth bolts all over the road. Several of the mules are spooked and jerking loose, bolt in your direction.

If your party catches the bolting animals or turns them back, the Merchant will be grateful and suggest a good Inn to stay at in the next town. Mentioning his recommendation to the Innkeeper will knock a little bit off the standard price. The Innkeeper is more likely to give complete information to questions on the town.

If the party ignores the plight of the Merchant, he will simply shout at them as he runs by and will then ignore the party.

Soldier: Coming up the road from behind is a hard-riding group of horsemen. A glance at them reveals that they are Cavalrymen of the Baron's Guard. Their leader glances at your party in passing and quickly brings his small troop of six riders to a halt. Four of the troops spread out to block the road. The young officer pulls a scroll from his belt pouch and reads it aloud. The scroll is a description of a thief wanted for a serious robbery. The description closely matches one of the party. The troopers are authorized to take the entire party back for questioning. The Cavalry will fight if resisted and they are obviously well-trained Soldiers, veterans all. A Perception Roll is called for at this point of Difficulty Level 2. If anyone in the party successfully makes it, they will mention the "distinctive scar on the left shoulder" that was part of the description. All the party knows that the suspect has no such scar. When it is brought to his attention, the Troop Leader will inspect both shoulders of the individual. The Troop Leader will then give the party clearance to continue and will resume

his own rapid journey.

If no one notices the scar discrepancy, the Troop Leader will request the party accompany him to the next town at as rapid a pace as they can manage. Any attempt to resist will be taken as admission of guilt. At the next town, the Constable will immediately try to check the identity of the suspect against the description and notice the discrepancy.

Fighting the troops is not a good idea, but the statistics of the Troop Leader and a typical trooper are provided here:

Troop Leader, on Quarterhorse

PS: 19	MD: 18	AG: 16	MA: 12
EN: 16	FT: 20	WP: 15	PC: 10
PB: 12	TMR: 5		

Leather Armor, Buckler, Lance Rank 4, Broadsword Rank 6, Dagger Rank 6.

Trooper, on Quarterhorse

PS: 20	MD: 18	AG: 15	MA: 10
EN: 17	FT: 21	WP: 10	PC: 10
PB: 11	TMR: 5		

Leather Armor, Buckler, Lance Rank 5, Broadsword Rank 5, Dagger Rank 7.

Quarterhorse

PS: 43	MD: None	AG: 18	MA: None
EN: 20	FT: 37	WP: 9	PC: 18
PB: 11	TMR: 12	NA: Hide Absorbs 3DP	

Kick BC = 45% + 5D
Bite BC = 20% - 1D

Brigand: Several Thieves have set an ambush at a point where the road ahead is overhung by trees and tall brush. All are armed with Short Bows and Crossbows and will seek to obtain surprise on any group that numbers even half of their own. None of them are armored and only Daggers are carried. There is one leader and at least six followers. The Judge may increase or decrease the number of followers to balance the threat to the party. The Thieves want only the party's valuables, not their lives. The party leader has statistics as follows:

PS: 19	MD: 18	AG: 17	MA: 11
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 13	PC: 10
PB: 15	TMR: 5		

Crossbow Rank 4, Dagger Rank 6

A typical Brigand would have statistics as follows:

PS: 18	MD: 15	AG: 14	MA: 9
EN: 12	FT: 19	WP: 10	PC: 8
PB: 11	TMR: 5		

Short Bow or Crossbow Rank 3, Dagger Rank 5



This group of Thieves has had extremely poor fortune lately. They are dead flat broke with not a single silver penny to the entire band. At this point, they could even be persuaded to take paying jobs!

The ambush is not set very well. The Judge should make a hidden die roll and whatever the result should announce the detection of the ambush at a point just a little out of Bow range.

Reaver: As the party rounds a bend in the road, they hear a loud burst of drunken cursing. A skinny youth comes running out to the road easily dodging two ill-flung Hand Axes and a bucket. Staggering along behind him is a very drunken fighter-type person in Chainmail. The drunk is after that last skin of wine that no-good servant of his has hidden away somewhere. The youth says there isn't any more and that the other three Reavers have drunk it all. Two more heads pop up over the bushes, stare bleary-eyed at the party and then fall back down again. The youth will try and seek temporary refuge with the party although he isn't interested in leaving his group. "They ain't bad to me or nuthin. It's just drunk out. Can I buy a skin of wine off you folks?" If the party chooses to sell a skin of wine, the Reavers will pay no more attention to them. If the party goes on, the youth will hide in the bushes to elude his drunken friend. The Reavers will ignore the party if possible.

If the party chooses to attack, the drunken Reaver in Chainmail will defend himself with a Broadsword. Two more Reavers will join the fight next turn and two more the turn after that. They are all wearing Chainmail and the reinforcements will be carrying Bucklers. All are armed with Broadsword and Dagger. There are Crossbows in the bushes but the Reavers will not think of them unless subjected to missile fire themselves. The youth will dive into the bushes and try to circle back around to one of the Crossbows. The youth can only fire the Bow once at a skill Rank 0 for he does not know how to reload. The youth is Rank 2 with a Dagger. The youth has statistics as follows:

PS: 14	MD: 16	AG: 18	MA: 14
EN: 16	FT: 20	WP: 15	PC: 8
PB: 14	TMR: 6		

The Reavers are all Rank 6 with Broadsword but will operate at Rank 3 the first pulse due to drunkenness. Each succeeding pulse they will increase Rank by one up to Rank 5. Normally Rank 5 with the Crossbow, they will operate as if Rank 2. Their statistics are:

PS: 18	MD: 15 (17)	AG: 10 (16)	MA: 7
EN: 14 (18)	FT: 14 (21)	WP: 6 (12)	PC: 4 (10)
PB: 10	TMR: 3		

Those figures in parenthesis are their normal, non-drunk values. The Reavers will be very annoyed at the disturbance and will not take prisoners. These Reavers have some 600 silver pennies worth of loot in the saddlebags of their Quarterhorses. The horses are tethered much further back from the road.

Adventurer: In another small clearing off to the side of the road, the party notices a cheery campfire as night approaches. As the party draws nearer, the sounds of a harp and a clear voice singing an old ballad float through the still air. Should the party approach openly, they will be hailed politely and asked their business. If the reply is polite, the party will be invited to spend the night. There are three folk around the campfire, not all Human. The party gradually becomes aware of a much larger number of bedrolls around the fire and the presence of some more figures out in the bushes. There is a much larger party here than they had at first supposed.

The group around the fire comprises an Elf Troubador, a Human Adept, and a Halfling. Coming in out of the bushes are two Dwarven Fighters with Crossbows, a Human Ranger type, an Elven Forester, and a very large black Bear whom the rest of the group around the fire seems unconcerned with. Their horses are picketed a short distance away. The statistics of the party are as follows:

Timrothilen, Elf, Troubador Rank 6, Ranger Rank 4

PS: 14	MD: 21	AG: 19	MA: 17
EN: 18	FT: 23	WP: 15	PC: 12
PB: 15	TMR: 7		

Leather Armor, Small Round Shield, Rapier Rank 7, Hand Axe Rank 4.

Iola, Human, Adept of the College of Fire Magics Rank 8, Healer Rank 3

PS: 12	MD: 21	AG: 19	MA: 20
EN: 15	FT: 21	WP: 14	PC: 10
PB: 14	TMR: 6		

Short Sword Rank 6, Dagger Rank 7, Counterspells Rank 2
Thilip, Halfling, Spy Rank 4, Merchant Rank 4

PS: 12	MD: 19	AG: 18	MA: 10
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 19	PC: 10
PB: 16	TMR: 6		

Mace Rank 4, Dagger Rank 6, Sling Rank 7

Krandrar, Dwarf, Mechanician Rank 5, Ranger Rank 2

PS: 23	MD: 18	AG: 12	MA: 10
EN: 17	FT: 21	WP: 18	PC: 11
PB: 9	TMR: 3		

Chainmail, Small Round Shield, Battle Axe Rank 7, Crossbow Rank 5.

Throndak, Dwarf, Mechanician Rank 4, Ranger Rank 2, Merchant Rank 2

PS: 21	MD: 18	AG: 13	MA: 12
EN: 18	FT: 21	WP: 17	PC: 10
PB: 10	TMR: 3		

Chainmail, Small Round Shield, Battle Axe Rank 7, Crossbow Rank 5

Ragnal, Human Ranger Rank 4, Beastmaster Rank 2

PS: 19	MD: 19	AG: 18	MA: 11
EN: 15	FT: 20	WP: 14	PC: 12
PB: 11	TMR: 5		

Leather Armor, Longbow Rank 8, Broadsword Rank 5, Dagger Rank 7.

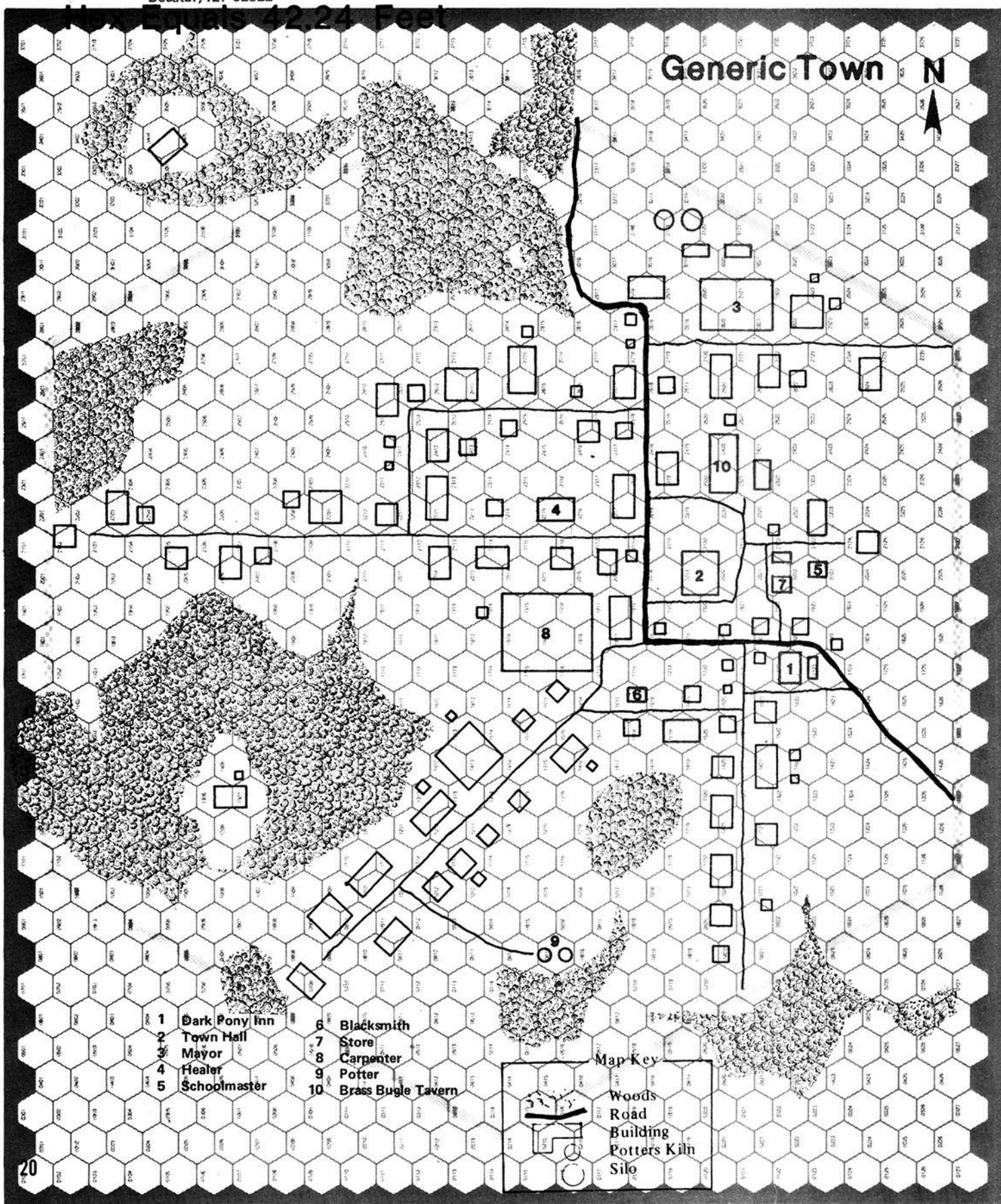
Leofric, Elf, Ranger Rank 4, Healer Rank 4

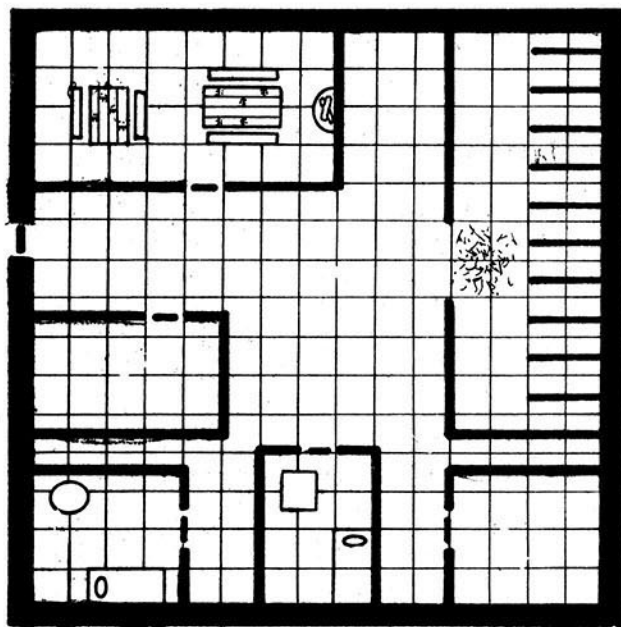
PS: 18	MD: 20	AG: 20	MA: 16
EN: 15	FT: 22	WP: 16	PC: 11
PB: 14	TMR: 6		

Leather Armor, Longbow Rank 8, Broadsword Rank 6, Dagger Rank 6.

Barnas, Shape-Changer, Courtesian Rank 3, Healer Rank 2, Alchemist Rank 1

PS: 20	MD: 15	AG: 15	MA: 6
EN: 20	FT: 22	WP: 14	PC: 12
PB: 8	TMR: 5		

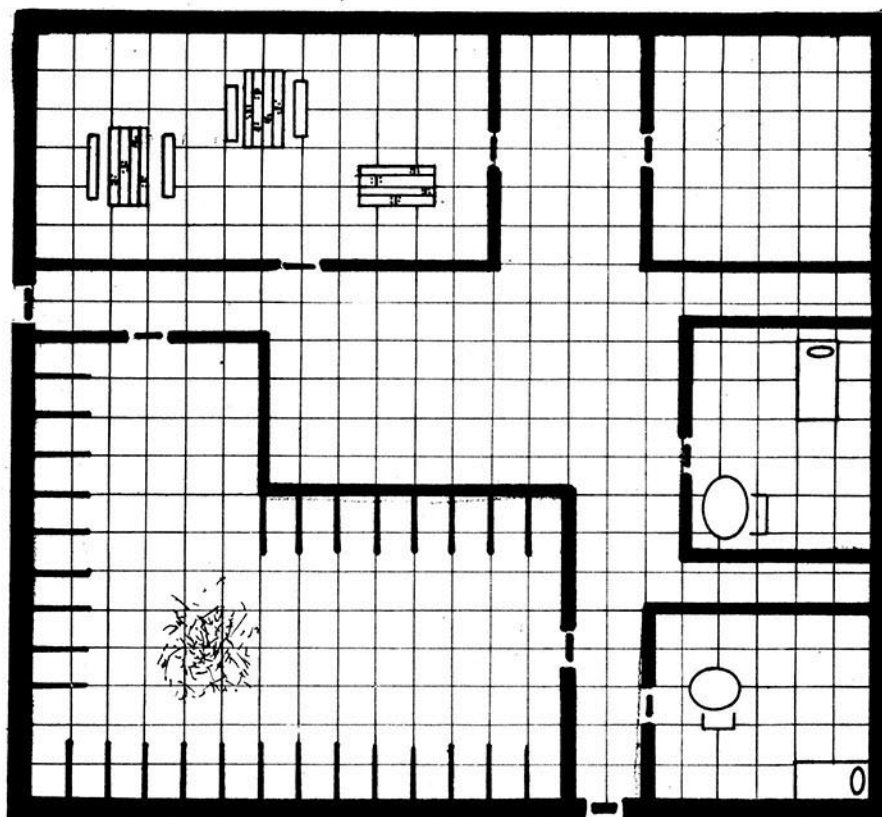




1 square = 10'

DARK PONY INN

BRASS BUGLE TAVERN



Small Round Shield, Battle Axe Rank 4, Dagger Rank 7
Barnas, as Bear

PS: 39	MD: 12	AG: 15	MA: 5
EN: 33	FT: 37	WP: 14	PC: 18
PB: 8	TMR: 6	NA: Fur absorbs 5DP,	Regenerates

This party of adventurers is fairly indifferent to your party. The Judge may use them as a team of rescuers who will intervene, take all the money and jewels of the attackers, what weapons they can use, and ride off into the sunrise or sunset as appropriate.

Pilgrim: A group of five or six Peasants are grouped around a single slight figure in light green robes. They are flailing at the center figure with colored lengths of rope and chanting slogans in some unknown tongue. A large party of other Peasants and a few Merchants watches on in interested silence. A Perception Roll with a Difficulty Level of 4 is called for at this point. If any of the party is successful, they will recognize the activity as a harmless religious ceremony. Any attempt at "rescue" by the party will result in the panicked flight of all concerned except the robed figure. The robed individual will quietly and calmly explain to the party the meaning of the ceremony they are interrupting. The 'teacher' is named Govind and is a Troubador Rank 4 as well as a Healer Rank 5. His statistics are:

PS: 12	MD: 16	AG: 15	MA: 17
EN: 18	FT: 21	WP: 19	PC: 13
PB: 12	TMR: 5		

He is armed with a Quarterstaff in which he is Rank 7. Govind is not interested in joining the party but will provide minor healing if he can.

VIII. GENERIC TOWN

This unnamed small town is provided for the Judge to use as necessary. The party may take different routes to get to their final destination and will probably need a general purpose town or two. Only the center section of the town is detailed. It can be assumed that there are a little more outlying farmer's huts and hovels than are shown. Any items not encountered at the first use may be utilized on succeeding times. For the most part, Inns and Taverns will probably be the places visited. Consequently, this town has two listed though only one would be likely to be found. If more than two are required, the Judge is encouraged to change a few names and details and run it by the players again. This town is assumed to have a population of about 600.



21. Town Notables

Dark Pony Inn: A small but cheerful place, its busy status is due to both the road traffic and local custom. The proprietor, "Brawny" Bertil Staneson, sets a good table and has fair accommodations for a couple of people. The hayloft above his stable is also available as sleeping quarters for a slight fee. The Common Room is lighted by several large oil lamps hung from the ceiling by chains and the large fireplace at one end. Tables and benches occupy the rest of the 40 x 20 foot room. The second story contains three private rooms, one 20 x 20 feet and two 10 x 15 feet. The private rooms are furnished with simple wardrobes, plain wooden tables and chairs, as well as a comfortable wooden bed with a feather pillow. In the Common Room, a hot pot of stew, good rye bread, and foamy ale are always available. In the late afternoon, a good meal with meat, vegetables and cooled wine is prepared. Cheese and breads are frequently available.

Bertil Staneson, Merchant Rank 5

PS: 21	MD: 15	AG: 15	MA: 8
EN: 17	FT: 21	WP: 14	PC: 12
PB: 15	TMR: 5		

He is a large, brawny and burly man of middle age with dark hair and bright blue eyes. He is a calm individual with a light clear voice that cracks to a deep roar on the infrequent occasions that he becomes excited. He wears a heavy leather apron which provides the equivalent of Cloth Armor protection. While Bertil wears a large Dagger, which he is Rank 6 with, his favorite weapon is a large wood-splitter's Maul which he keeps tucked in a corner behind the bar. Bertil wields it as a War Club at Rank 5. Bertil is unmarried but is seriously looking. In the meantime, several village youngsters help out cleaning and serving drinks in the evening.

Brass Bugle Tavern: A large but run-down establishment, the current management is of much lower caliber than the founders. Trost and Orah Akkers took over from the previous owners about three years ago. They haven't the skills or the interest necessary to run the tavern at its former level of excellence and soon the local folk and travellers went elsewhere. Trost and Orah do all the work with the help of one surly lout that can't find any work elsewhere. The Common Room is 60 x 30 feet with a second story above which has the Akker's living quarters and a couple of rooms to rent. The large stables are in an adjacent wing but few folk will sleep in the loft there since the roof has not been kept in repair. The furnishings in the private rooms are shabby and musty from little attention. The Common Room is ill-lit and the food there is not very good. The stew is soupy and burnt tasting, the bread moldy, and the ale sour. The prices aren't very high, but few patrons feel they have gotten their money's worth. The food is not spoiled and will cause no illness but indigestion. Trost and Orah are a small-statured couple for Humans, half a head below the normal height. They are somewhat obsequious and not very aggressive. Their statistics are:

Trost, Merchant Rank 0

PS: 16	MD: 10	AG: 12	MA: 7
EN: 12	FT: 19	WP: 12	PC: 5
PB: 7	TMR: 4		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 3, Crude Club Rank 1

Orah, Merchant Rank 0

PS: 12 MD: 15 AG: 14 MA: 10
EN: 14 FT: 20 WP: 14 PC: 5
PB: 8 TMR: 5

No Armor, Dagger Rank 4

Both have light brown hair and dark brown eyes. They are trying to do the best they can but they simply aren't skilled enough to run a good Inn.

Market Place/ Town Hall: A large open sided pavilion with a row of small enclosed rooms along one side, this building is set just to one side of the Village Green. Weekly markets are held in the area with a larger market held once a month for the surrounding countryside. The Town Constable uses one room as his office and another as the village jail. The office also doubles as the armory for the town militia unit. Arnulf Forfot serves as the Town Constable. A Sergeant of the Baron's Guard, he retired several years ago to this relatively peaceful post. He can read and write Common at Rank 4, but is very familiar with all the normal routine letters and procedures of the Baron's business. His Strength and Agility have declined a bit and arthritis lowers his Dexterity 2 points on cold mornings. Otherwise, Arnulf remains in excellent shape. He is attentive to his duties and well respected by the Townsfolk. Two citizens serve each night as Watch in rotation among the population. Arnulf is always on call. His statistics are:

Arnulf Forfot, Military Scientist Rank 2, Ranger Rank 2

PS: 23 MD: 19 AG: 16 MA: 10
EN: 12 FT: 19 WP: 12 PC: 9
PB: 11 TMR: 5

Chainmail Armor, Buckler, Quarterstaff Rank 8, Broadsword Rank 6, Battle Axe Rank 7, Dagger Rank 9. Arnulf can speak 4 other modern languages at Rank 3. He is a stern and gruff old soldier and tries to keep things neat and orderly. He is not completely rigid in his application of the letter of the law since his shrewd understanding of Human nature lets him know when to make exceptions.

The Mayor, Michol Scerehog, also holds any town meetings in this building. It serves as the site for any official function such as tax gathering, militia muster or drill, and festivals.

Nichol Scerehog, a rich stock raiser, has served as Mayor for ten years. While a few folk have a complaint or two, for the most part the villagers are satisfied with the job he has done. He lives in large house on the north edge of town. The house is the usual stone foundation with wattle and daub walls and thatched roof but it has a nice stone chimney and is twice the size of the other houses in town. A barn, two sheds, and several large stockpens complete his establishment. Usually several prime Beeves are in his stockpens being fattened for market. Also, two or three riding horses are in the process of being broken and trained. While Nichol is the more prominent public figure, all townsfolk are aware that the business is run very strictly by his wife, Gleda. Their statistics are:

Nichol Scerehog, Merchant Rank 4, Beast Master Rank 2

PS: 16 MD: 16 AG: 14 MA: 10
EN: 15 FT: 20 WP: 12 PC: 9
PB: 10 TMR: 5

No armor, Falchion Rank 6, Whip Rank 4, Dagger Rank 3.

A middle-aged man of stocky build inclining toward fat now. Nichol has light gray eyes and light brown hair now almost all gray.

Gleda Scerehog, Merchant Rank 8, Beast Master Rank 1

PS: 12 MD: 18 AG: 18 MA: 12
EN: 16 FT: 20 WP: 19 PC: 11
PB: 10 TMR: 6

No Armor, Dagger Rank 6.

A thin spry middle-aged woman, Gleda is well known for her stubbornness and patience. Her long silver hair is normally worn in a single large braid. She is neat, clean, and always well dressed. She is well content with the status quo and actively seeks to keep things stable.

Healer: Fenella Ganter moved here less than a year ago to replace one of her aunts who had been the village Healer for the previous 20 years. While single right now, she has her eye on Bertil Staneson as possible marriage material. She fits in well because she grew up in a nearby village and was known to most of the local folk. She is proving to be a fairly good Healer and has a good empathy with her patients. She doesn't mind going out at night to heal someone on an outlying farm, especially since one of the farmers presented her with a trained guard dog. Her house is just off the main square and is a little larger than normal (40 x 15 feet). The house is divided into two rooms, the main one (25 x 15 feet) being a sort of combined office/hospital ward. The rear room (15 x 15 feet) is Fenella's private living quarters and is furnished very simply. White-Tip, the large guard dog is usually lying in the doorway. Fenella is a slender young lass with light brown hair and hazel eyes. She has a cheery disposition and is well thought of by the local folk. When not at home or out on call, she frequents the Dark Pony Inn. While she has a way with animals and feels completely safe even out at night, Constable Arnulf Forfot insists on sending one of the village night patrol along with her "just in case". Her statistics are:

Fenella Ganter, Healer Rank 5

PS: 12 MD: 18 AG: 19 MA: 19
EN: 16 FT: 21 WP: 14 PC: 10
PB: 17 TMR: 6

No Armor, Quarterstaff Rank 1, Dagger Rank 1

White-Tip, Guard Dog

PS: 10 MD: 20 AG: 20 MA: None
EN: 17 FT: 33 WP: 18 PC: 20
PB: 9 TMR: 8 NA: Fur absorbs 3DP

Bite: Melee BC 60% + 1 Damage

Close BC 60% + 3 Damage

Grocer/Spices: Denzil and Thylda Worter run what passes for the grocery store in the village. Since most folk are farmers or still keep a family garden plot, their relatively small shop can supply the entire village and the through traffic on the road as well. The shop is a fair sized building just off the market square with another smaller building immediately behind as living quarters. The shop is 30 x 20 feet, a single open room with a partial storage loft as a second story. Small quantities of fresh meat and vegetables are available each morning for sale. The shop makes most of its money through selling journey provisions to travellers and spices to the local townsfolk. They have an excellent assortment of spices and flavors for such a small town store. Thylda pays Fenella a small fee to frequently check over

their stock of medicinal herbs and keep them fresh and potent. The family has two sons, Medart and Paget. Medart is the oldest and went off adventuring several years ago. He hasn't been back since, nor has the family heard word of him. Paget has shown a lot more interest in the store and at age 16 has begun to learn how to run it. He has a hopeless crush on Fenella Ganter who thinks him "a nice kid". The entire family looks much the same, with average height, slender build, dark brown hair, and intense blue eyes. Statistics are:

Denzil Worter, Merchant Rank 4

PS: 17	MD: 16	AG: 15	MA: 10
EN: 15	FT: 20	WP: 14	PC: 8
PB: 12	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Crude Club Rank 2, Dagger Rank 3

Thylda Worter, Merchant Rank 3

PS: 10	MD: 18	AG: 15	MA: 11
EN: 16	FT: 20	WP: 15	PC: 9
PB: 13	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 2

Paget Worter, Merchant Rank 0

PS: 12	MD: 18	AG: 16	MA: 12
EN: 15	FT: 20	WP: 13	PC: 6
PB: 14	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Crude Club Rank 0 (-2 Damage), Dagger Rank 1

Blacksmith: Hasket Goffe maintains one of the best Blacksmith Shops for several villages around. In addition to the usual tools and metal parts, he and his son also make weapons and repair armor. His son, Gwyn, is teaching himself how to make armor. He has finished a helmet, shield and 2/3 of a coat of scale armor. Hasket can also make locks and keys as well as some types of traps. He has made many of the weapons for the village militia and also keeps trying to provide extra bits and pieces of armor for the militia. Hasket wants all the advantages he can get if he ever does have to actually fight. The Smithy is on a side street just off the market place and has an outdoor as well as an indoor forge. The Smithy is of sturdy brick construction with a slate roof. The building is fairly small, 20 x 20 feet and one entire side opens out for extra working space. The family lives in a modest house adjacent to the Smithy. The home is 40 x 20 feet, built of sturdy timber, and is two stories. The Goffe family consists of Hasket, wife Nedda, sons Gwyn, Bergen, Haddon and daughter Devra. Gwyn is 18 years old, but the other children are all under 12 years. Statistics are:

Hasket Goffe, Mechanician Rank 5, Merchant Rank 2

PS: 23	MD: 20	AG: 15	MA: 12
EN: 19	FT: 21	WP: 10	PC: 8
PB: 10	TMR: 5		

Normally Leather Apron (treat as Cloth Armor), Smithy Hammer (treat as War Hammer Rank 5); otherwise, Scale Armor, Small Round Shield Rank 3, Battle Axe Rank 7, Mace Rank 5.

Gwyn Goffe, Mechanician Rank 1, Merchant Rank 0

PS: 22	MD: 20	AG: 16	MA: 10
EN: 18	FT: 21	WP: 12	PC: 7
PB: 12	TMR: 5		

Normally Leather Apron (treat as Cloth Armor), Smithy Hammer (treat as War Hammer Rank 4); otherwise, Leather Armor, Halberd Rank 4, Battle Axe Rank 5.

Nedda Goffe, Merchant Rank 3

PS: 12	MD: 17	AG: 17	MA: 12
EN: 16	FT: 21	WP: 17	PC: 9
PB: 13	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Quarterstaff Rank 2, Dagger Rank 2.

Hasket and Gwyn look very much alike, both being medium height with very broad shoulders, light blue eyes with just a shade of purple, and blond hair, that like their complexions is perpetually smudged with soot from the forge. Both are somewhat slow of speech but quite intelligent. Gwyn is known for the poetry he composes while working metal with his hammer at the forge. Nedda is fairly tall and still slender after so many children. Her long blond hair is just beginning to shade into silver and her pale green eyes still sparkle with wit and intelligence. She keeps the business accounts straight and knows who owes what right down to the last penny.

Schoolmaster/Town Clerk: Trigg Hallard supplies what little schooling the village children get. The Baron has insisted that all children between the ages of 6 and 12 must have four hours of schooling per week and pays a clerk to provide a class in each town. Trigg teaches local history, legends, and laws. He tries to teach each child to write their own name. For those who want to try, he will teach very basic math. For additional payment, Trigg will teach additional subjects. He knows six modern languages at Rank 6 or better and can read and write four ancient languages at Rank 3. Constable Arnulf calls upon his services whenever any translation problems crop up. Trigg serves as the Town and County Clerk, making official copies of all deeds, wills and legal papers. He also records all tax payments to the Baron. He is a sour old bachelor. As a youth, he committed several indiscretions in his home town, one of the northern baronies which Trigg has never named. As a result, he was exiled. He feels that his position is beneath his talents and complains about the lack of respect he is shown. He teaches classes in the Town Hall and lives in a nearby hut. He keeps a small collection of scrolls, books, and writing material. Trigg has been writing down a lot of Gwyn Goffe's poems which would be very popular if sold to a Bards Guild. Trigg's appearance generally matches that of his hut - rumpled and smudged. His hut is on a back street near to the Town Hall and is a one room 20 x 20 foot wattle and daub structure with a thatch roof. He is a source of all legends, rumors, and information for the entire Barony though some (30%) of his information is inaccurate. His statistics are:

Trigg Hallard, Troubadour Rank 2

PS: 12	MD: 12	AG: 15	MA: 15
EN: 17	FT: 21	WP: 15	PC: 10
PB: 9	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 2. Trigg is a Rank 1 Adept of the College of Ensorcelments and Enchantments. He knows the counterspells of his college at Rank 0.

Carpenter: Alcan Binner does most of the wood carving of intricate items the village requires as well as serving as building supervisor for any construction work. He is a local boy who served a long apprenticeship with the previous village carpenter. He is thoroughly familiar with all currently used forms of wooden construction. He carves wooden implements, furniture, tools, and anything else the villagers haven't the skill to do for themselves. He is fast friends with the Goffe family of Blacksmiths and frequently works with them on the manufacture of items. He provides the wooden handle frames and other parts necessary for the many items required in a medieval technology. He is frequently called upon by the Miller just out of town

to fix or rebuild some of the water mill machinery. Though middle-aged, he has only recently married to a bride much younger than himself. Alcan and his wife, Elvina, were recently the proud parents of twin boys, Norvin and Irvin. His combined shop and home is an excellent advertisement for his skills. He has built a small compound which includes his shop, home, and storage sheds for lumber and finished products. The compound is 100 x 100 feet and is located just off the market place square. The compound is surrounded by a light lattice work fence which has some carved fenceposts. The shop is 30 x 20 feet with framed plank sides and a thatched roof. The house is also framed plank sides and a thatched roof, although it is 40 x 20 feet and also has a fieldstone fireplace and chimney at one end. A sawyers pit occupies one corner of the compound while open storage sheds line much of the compound walls. Elvina has also been learning woodcarving and has developed a light sure touch which has made Alcan very proud of her.

Alcan is a sturdy and gnarly-looking individual with bright blue eyes and a bushy ash-blond beard and long hair. Formerly, rather gruff and taciturn, his marriage has mellowed him to the point he often smiles and even says "good morning". Elvina is a bright little sprite of a woman who has been a very good influence on her husband. She is working on civilizing him and teaching him manners and has made remarkable progress. She is slender, with ash-blond hair and green eyes. Her complexion is fair with a tendency toward freckles. Both the Binnars are considered excellent citizens and are greatly respected by the villagers. Their statistics are:

Alcan Binner, Mechanician Rank 3, Merchant Rank 2

PS: 18	MD: 22	AG: 17	MA: 12
EN: 17	FT: 21	WP: 12	PC: 10
PB: 12	TMR: 5		

Usually, No Armor, Carpenter's Mallet (use War Club Rank 4), Dagger Rank 6; otherwise, Leather Armor, Crossbow Rank 5, Hand Axe Rank 4.

Elvina Binner, Mechanician Rank 0, Merchant Rank 0

PS: 14	MD: 19	AG: 17	MA: 14
EN: 18	FT: 22	WP: 14	PC: 11
PB: 17	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 3.

Potter: Gale Croker is new in town, having arrived here only six months ago. It took him a while to set up his kiln and find the proper materials. Within the last two months, he has gotten into full production and now can supply any type of pottery desired. He is a large man, rough and uncouth-looking, as well as inclined toward sarcastic speech. He isn't very polite but he carries through completely on any business deals or promises he makes. When he sits down at his Potter's Wheel and grabs a lump of clay, his whole manner alters. He has no attention for anything in this world other than the clay in his hands and the article he is molding. His hands become deft and quick as he hums melodiously to himself. Gale is a Shape-Changer, a strain of Human with the ability to transform himself into the form of a Boar. He doesn't speak about his past and no one in the village knows what he is. Fenella Ganter suspects something is not usual or normal with him and Constable Arnulf just doesn't trust him, though he doesn't know why. Gale is completely unconcerned for the people of the village. It is a quiet and comfortable place to him. As long as its people don't mess with him, he isn't going to do anything to harm them. He is well above average height and is very burly with coarse black hair and dark brown eyes. He doesn't talk much with the villagers but comes into the tavern each night for one quiet mug of Bertil's dark ale. His

rude hut is located next to his kiln on the south edge of town. The hut is only 10 x 10 feet and constructed of dried mud and brushwood. The kiln is also 10 x 10 feet and is of much better construction. His wares are neat, well-made, and of fair price. Many of the villagers are pleased with Gale's work and his business is expanding. His statistics are:

Gale Croker, Merchant Rank 3

PS: 21	MD: 16	AG: 14	MA: 10
EN: 17	FT: 21	WP: 14	PC: 12
PB: 8	TMR: 5		

Usually no Armor, Crude Club Rank 2, Dagger Rank 4; otherwise, Leather Armor, Battle Axe Rank 7, Mace Rank 5.

Gale Croker, Wereboar Form

PS: 25	MD: 16	AG: 23	MA: None
EN: 23	FT: 28	WP: 10	PC: 14
PB: 7	TMR: 7	NA: Special - Regenerates	

Tusk 50% BC -1 Damage

Trample 20% BC -3 Damage

He will not change to his Wereboar form unless necessary to save himself.

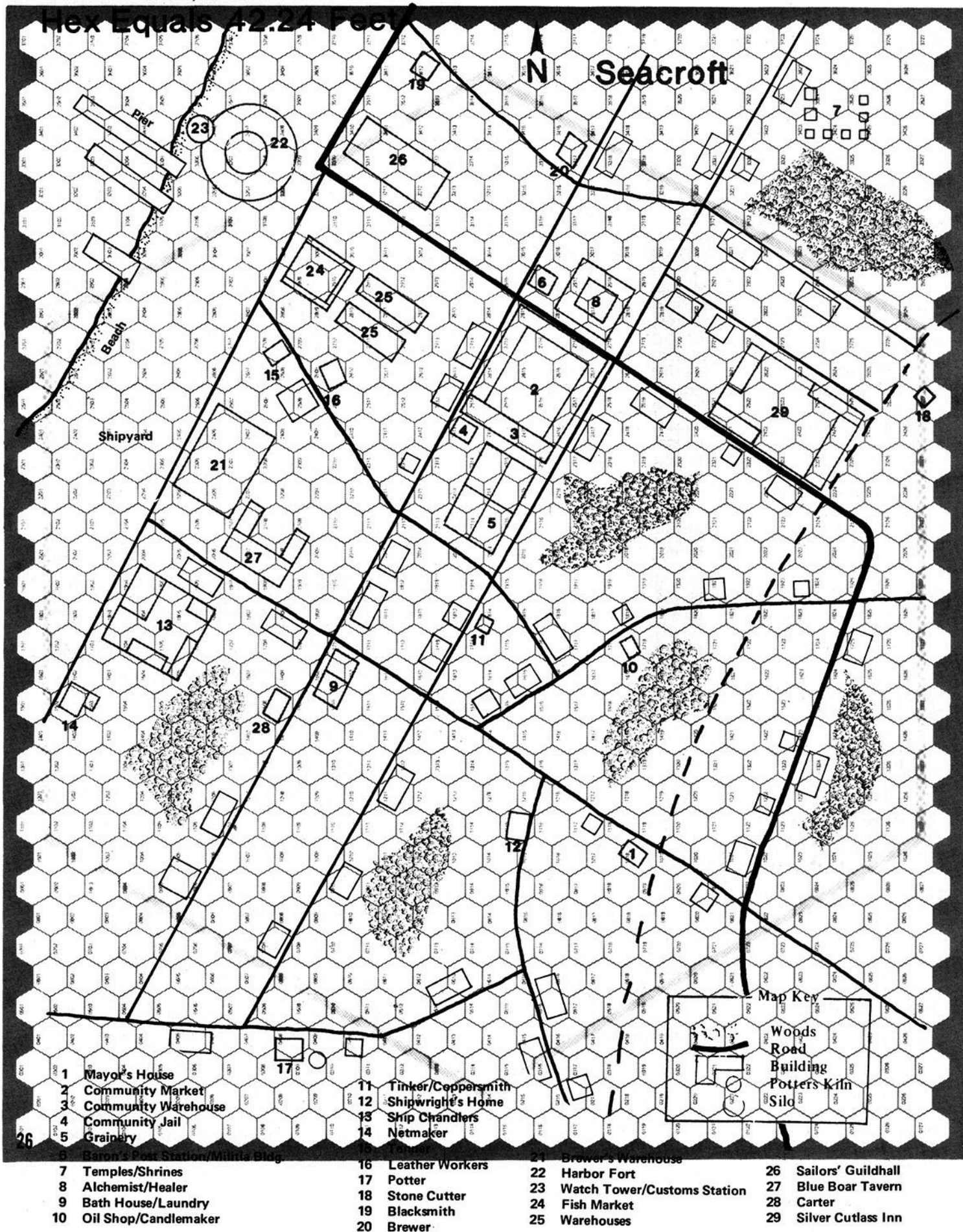
22. Town Encounters

1D10 (+2 Night)

- 1 Children 1D10 Children at Play
- 2 Animals 1D10 Small Domestic Animals
- 3 Animals 1D10-3 Large Domestic Animals (Roll 1D10 again, on a 1 Nichol Scerehog's Prize)
- 4 Peasants 1D10-3 Farmers on way to/from Market Place
- 5 Villagers 1D10-3 Local People
- 6 See Special Encounters
- 7 Village Constable on Patrol
- 8 Travellers 1D10-3 Transients
- 9 Animals 1D10-6 Small Wild Animals Raiding Village
- 10 Soldiers 1D10 Men At Arms
- 11 Drunk 1D10-3 Drunken Individuals
- 12 Nightwatch on Patrol - 2 Citizen Guards

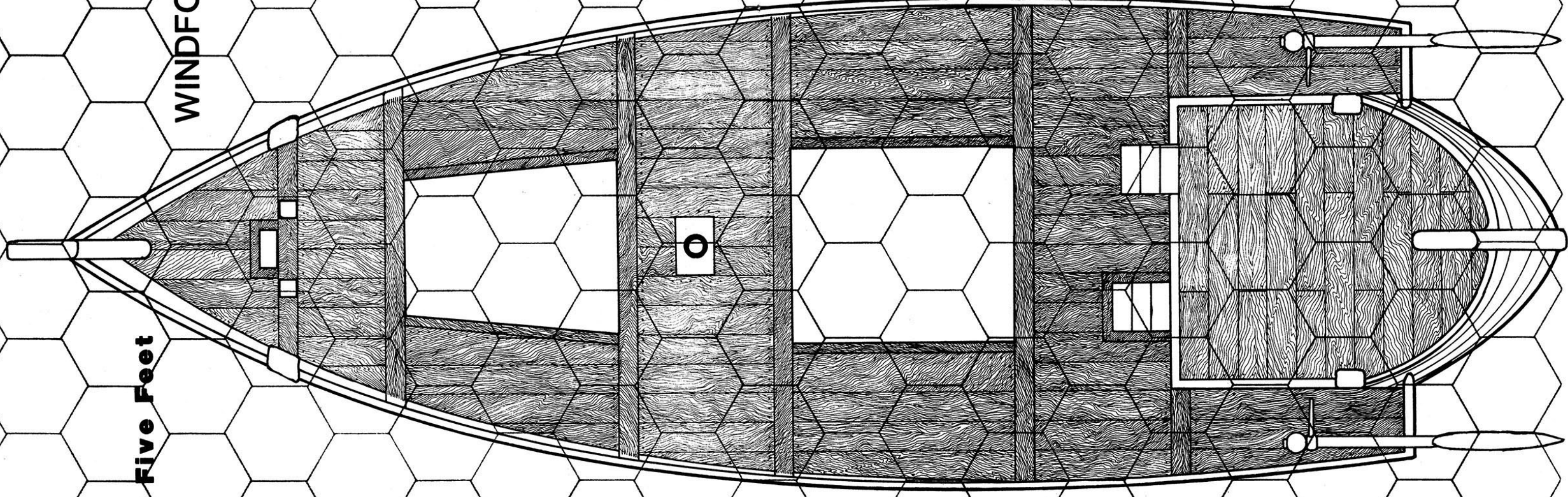
Special Town Encounters - Generic Town

- 1-4 A pack animal escapes from a small party of Merchants and runs in your direction. If you try to stop or turn the animal back, the Merchants will be grateful and will pass on a warning about a band of Reavers they heard was in the area.
- 5-6 Several small verminous animals start pestering the party. If the party disposes of them, the neighboring shops will be grateful and be favorably disposed (5% modifier) towards the party.



One Hex Equals Five Feet

WINDFOAM 1



PRIMARY CHARACTERISTICS

Stunned on 4⁺

PS	MD	AG	MA	WP	EN
15	19	19	16	18	10

CHARACTER NAME: Ervin Keig

PC	8	TMR	6	PB	19	DEF	19	FT	10
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RACE <i>Human</i>	☒ M ASPECT <i>Winter Stars</i>	SOCIAL STATUS <i>Impoverished Gentlefolk</i>	BIRTH <i>legit.</i> <i>Fourth</i>	HAND <i>Right</i>	<i>23</i>	<i>18</i>
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COLLEGE: *Illusions*

MAGIC RESISTANCE: 18 %

SKILLS	RANK	%	SPELLS	RK	%	RG	DU	POSSESSIONS	WT
Horsemanship	5	77	T-1 witchsight	1				Cloth Armor	6
Stealth	2	67	T-2 image	0				Quarterstaff	3
Troubador	2		G-1 flash	1				Rapier	2
Harp	1		G-2 visual	1				Sheath	2
Sing / Chant	2		G-3 audio	0				Main Gauche	1
			G-4 olfactory	0				Sheath	1
			G-5 tactile	0					
			Q-1 fog	0				Side pouch	6
								Backpack	28
								Saddlebags	20
								Weight carried by Horse	
Common	10								
Read/write	8								
Elvish	4								
Read/Write	2								
Dwarfish	4								
Read/Write	2								
								TOTAL WEIGHT	69
								AG MOD	-7

MONEY	AMOUNT	VALUE IN SILVER
COPPER FARTHING	80	20
SILVER PENNIES	78	78
GOLD SHILLINGS	14	168
TRUE SILVER GUINEAS		-
TOTAL VALUE IN SILVER		266

SPECIAL ABILITIES: Has 100% chance of impersonating a person of noble birth

EXPERIENCE POINTS

EXM

Name Trelawny True Name _____
 Race Human Home _____ Aspect Life
 Notes: Merchant, Caravan Leader
Mounted on Riding Mule

PS	AG	MA	MD	EN	WP	Armor	Languages/RK
<u>14</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>Leather</u> <u>4DP</u>	<u>Common</u> 9 <u>Elvish</u> 8 <u>Dwarf</u> 6 <u>Orc</u> 4
PC	TMR	PB	FT	DEF /SHLD/ TOT			Skills/RK
<u>10</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>21</u>	<u>18</u> - <u>18</u>		<u>None</u>	<u>Merchant</u> 8 <u>Ranger</u> 2

Weapon	RK	IV	SC	DM	Notes	College	Ensorcements & Enchantments
#1 <u>Qtrstf.</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>33</u>	<u>55</u>	<u>+2</u>	<u>M</u>		
#2 <u>Dagger</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>31</u>	<u>35</u>	<u>D</u>	<u>RMC, Bez.</u>	<u>G-1/4, G-2/1; G-3/2; G-6/2;</u>	Talents/RK
#3 <u>Sling</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>36</u>	<u>40</u>	<u>+1</u>	<u>R</u>	<u>G-8/1</u>	<u>T-1</u> 1

Stealth 57% Horse 59% Magic Resistance 19%

Name _____ True Name _____
 Race _____ Home _____ Aspect _____
 Notes: _____

PS	AG	MA	MD	EN	WP	Armor	Languages/RK
<u> </u>	<u> </u>	<u> </u>	<u> </u>	<u> </u>	<u> </u>		
PC	TMR	PB	FT	DEF /SHLD/ TOT			Skills/RK
<u> </u>	<u> </u>	<u> </u>	<u> </u>	<u> </u> <u> </u> <u> </u>			

Weapon	RK	IV	SC	DM	Notes	College
#1 _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
#2 _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
#3 _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Stealth _____ Horse _____ Magic Resistance _____

[illegible]

Name Kagasin True Name _____
 Race Human Home _____ Aspect Sun
 Notes: Bandit, Brigand Leader

PS	AG	MA	MD	EN	WP	Armor	Languages/RK
<u>20</u>	<u>20/16</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>Chainmail</u> <u>6DP</u>	<u>Common</u> <u>8</u> <u>Elvish</u> <u>5</u>
PC	TMR	PB	FT	DEF /SHLD/ TOT			Skills/RK
<u>8</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>16</u> <u>8</u> <u>24</u>			<u>Ranger</u> <u>4</u>
						<u>Buckler</u>	

Weapon	RK	IV	SC	DM	Notes	College
#1 <u>Battle Axe</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>33</u>	<u>99</u>	<u>+4</u>	<u>RM (A-2)</u>	
#2 <u>Broadsword</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>32</u>	<u>90</u>	<u>+4</u>	<u>M</u>	
#3 <u>Dagger</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>30</u>	<u>67</u>	<u>D</u>	<u>RMC</u>	

Stealth 85/73% Horse 38% Magic Resistance 13%

Name Mizama True Name _____
 Race Human Home _____ Aspect Death
 Notes: Merchant, Brigand Adept

PS	AG	MA	MD	EN	WP	Armor	Languages/RK
<u>14</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>21</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>None</u>	<u>Common</u> <u>10</u> <u>R/W</u> <u>8</u> <u>Elvish</u> <u>8</u>
PC	TMR	PB	FT	DEF /SHLD/ TOT			Skills/RK
<u>20</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>13</u> <u>-</u> <u>13</u>			<u>Merchant</u> <u>1</u>
						<u>None</u>	

Weapon	RK	IV	SC	DM	Notes	College
#1 <u>Shortsword</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>37</u>	<u>75</u>	<u>+2</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>Fire Magics</u>
#2					<u>Bronze</u>	
#3						

Stealth 49% Horse 16% Magic Resistance 20%

DragonQuest CHARACTER RECORD		PRIMARY CHARACTERISTICS								Stunned on 4+			
		PS 16	MD 16	13	AG 10	9	MA 20	WP 16	EN 11				
CHARACTER NAME: Chingee Radtharsen		PC 8	TMR 4	PB 15	DEF 13	9	FT 19						
RACE Human	XM ASPECT F Moon	SOCIAL STATUS Merchant		BIRTH Bastard	HAND Right								
RANK	Weapon	IV	SC	DM	CL	RG	USE	ARMOR		PROT	AG MOD		
2	Broadsword, Bronze	18/17	75/2	+3	B	P	M	Leather		4	-1		
2	Dagger, Bronze	18/17	64/61	-1	A	8	RMC						
								RANK	SHIELD	DEF	MOD		
								2	Large Round	4%	-3		
unarmored \ armored													
COLLEGE: Naming Incantations		MAGIC RESISTANCE: 16%											
SKILLS		RANK	%	SPELLS				RK	%	RG	DU	POSSESSIONS	WT
Horsemanship	Mule	2	28	T-1	Aura	2						Shield	10
Stealth		0	27	Q-1	Dissipation	1						Leather Armor	18
Alchemist		1		S-1	Charming	1						Broadsword	3
Healer		1		S-2	Obedience	1						Sheath	2
				R-1	Divination	1						Dagger	2
				All Counterspells								Sheath	
				At Rank 0								Sidepouch	6
												Backpack	28
												Saddlebags	20
												Weight carried by Mule	
Common		10											
Read/write		7											
Gnomish		5											
Read/write		3											
												TOTAL WEIGHT	89
												AG MOD	-9
MONEY		AMOUNT	VALUE IN SILVER	SPECIAL ABILITIES:									
COPPER FARTHINGS		60	15										
SILVER PENNIES		43	43	EXPERIENCE POINTS									
GOLD SHILLINGS		200	240										
TRUESILVER GUINEAS			-	EXM									
TOTAL VALUE IN SILVER			298										

Name Elerion Eldakar True Name _____
 Race Elvish Home _____ Aspect Vernal Stars
 Notes: Noble, Skilled Negotiator
Mounted on Quarterhorse

PS <u>12</u>	AG <u>20</u>	MA <u>18</u>	MD <u>16</u>	EN <u>12</u>	WP <u>20</u>	Armor <u>Cloth</u> <u>1 DP</u>	Languages/RK <u>At least</u> <u>Fluent in</u> <u>12 languages</u>
PC <u>16</u>	TMR <u>6</u>	PB <u>17</u>	FT <u>19</u>	DEF / SHLD / TOT <u>20</u> <u>8</u> <u>28</u> <u>Buckler</u>		Skills/RK <u>Ranger</u> <u>10</u> <u>Healer</u> <u>10</u> <u>Troubador</u> <u>10</u>	

Weapon	RK	IV	SC	DM	Notes	College <u>Earth Magic, Pacifistic</u>
#1 <u>Dagger</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>45</u>	<u>92</u>	<u>D</u>	<u>RMC</u>	<u>G-1/10; G-2/10; G-3/10; G-4/10;</u>
#2 <u>Shortswd.</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>41</u>	<u>81</u>	<u>+3</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>G-5/8; G-6/10; G-7/6; G-8/5;</u>
#3 <u>Qtrstf.</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>44</u>	<u>103</u>	<u>+2</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>G-9/6; G-10/9; G-11/6; Q-1/4;</u>
						<u>S-1/5; S-4/10; S-5/10; S-12/5</u>

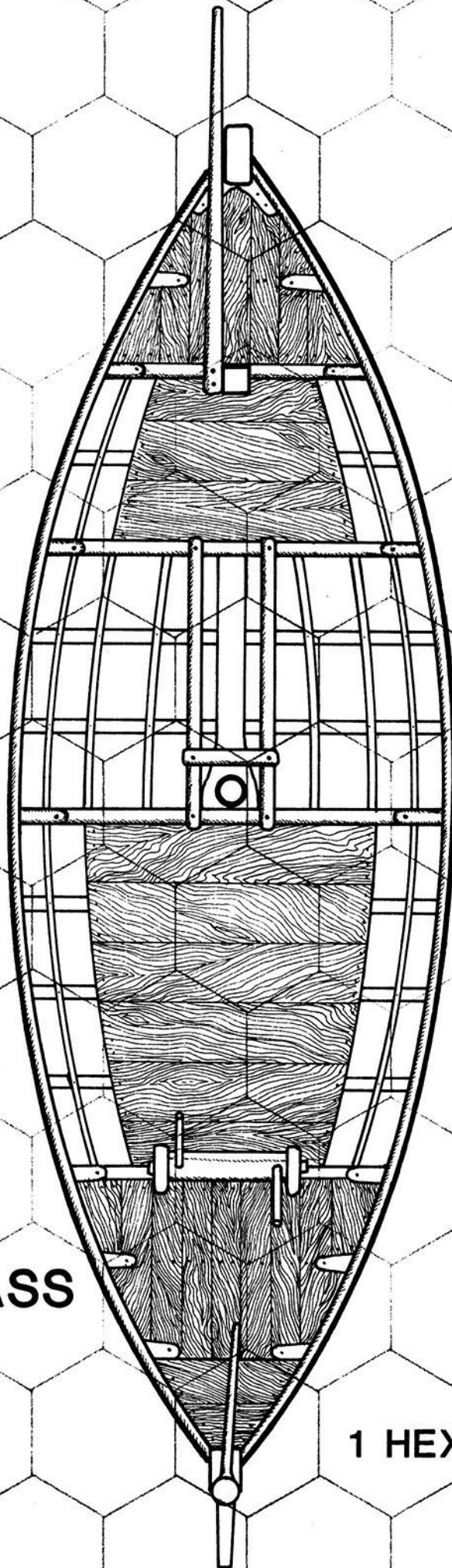
Stealth 85% Horse 68% Magic Resistance 20%

Name Kimeriel Nithrodel True Name _____
 Race Elvish Home _____ Aspect Autumnal Stars
 Notes: Lesser Nobility, Experienced Mercenary
Mounted on Quarterhorse

PS <u>18</u>	AG <u>19</u>	MA <u>11</u>	MD <u>18</u>	EN <u>16</u>	WP <u>15</u>	Armor <u>Leather</u> <u>4 DP</u>	Languages/RK <u>At least</u> <u>Fluent in</u> <u>4 languages</u>
PC <u>16</u>	TMR <u>6</u>	PB <u>18</u>	FT <u>20</u>	DEF / SHLD / TOT <u>18</u> <u>12</u> <u>30</u> <u>Small Round</u>		Skills/RK <u>Ranger</u> <u>10</u> <u>Beast Master</u> <u>9</u> <u>Healer</u> <u>2</u> <u>Mil. Sci.</u> <u>6</u> <u>Troubador</u> <u>4</u>	

Weapon	RK	IV	SC	DM	Notes	College <u>Air Magics</u>
#1 <u>Longbow</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>43</u>	<u>103</u>	<u>+4</u>	<u>R</u>	<u>G-1/5; G-2/2; G-3/4; G-4/8;</u>
#2 <u>Spear</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>40</u>	<u>86</u>	<u>+3</u>	<u>RM</u>	<u>G-5/5; G-6/9; G-7/6; G-8/3;</u>
#3 <u>Broadswd.</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>41</u>	<u>95</u>	<u>+4</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>Q-1/3; Q-2/2; S-1/4; S-3/2;</u>
<u>Qtrstf.</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>44</u>	<u>107</u>	<u>+2</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>S-7/4; S-12/8</u>

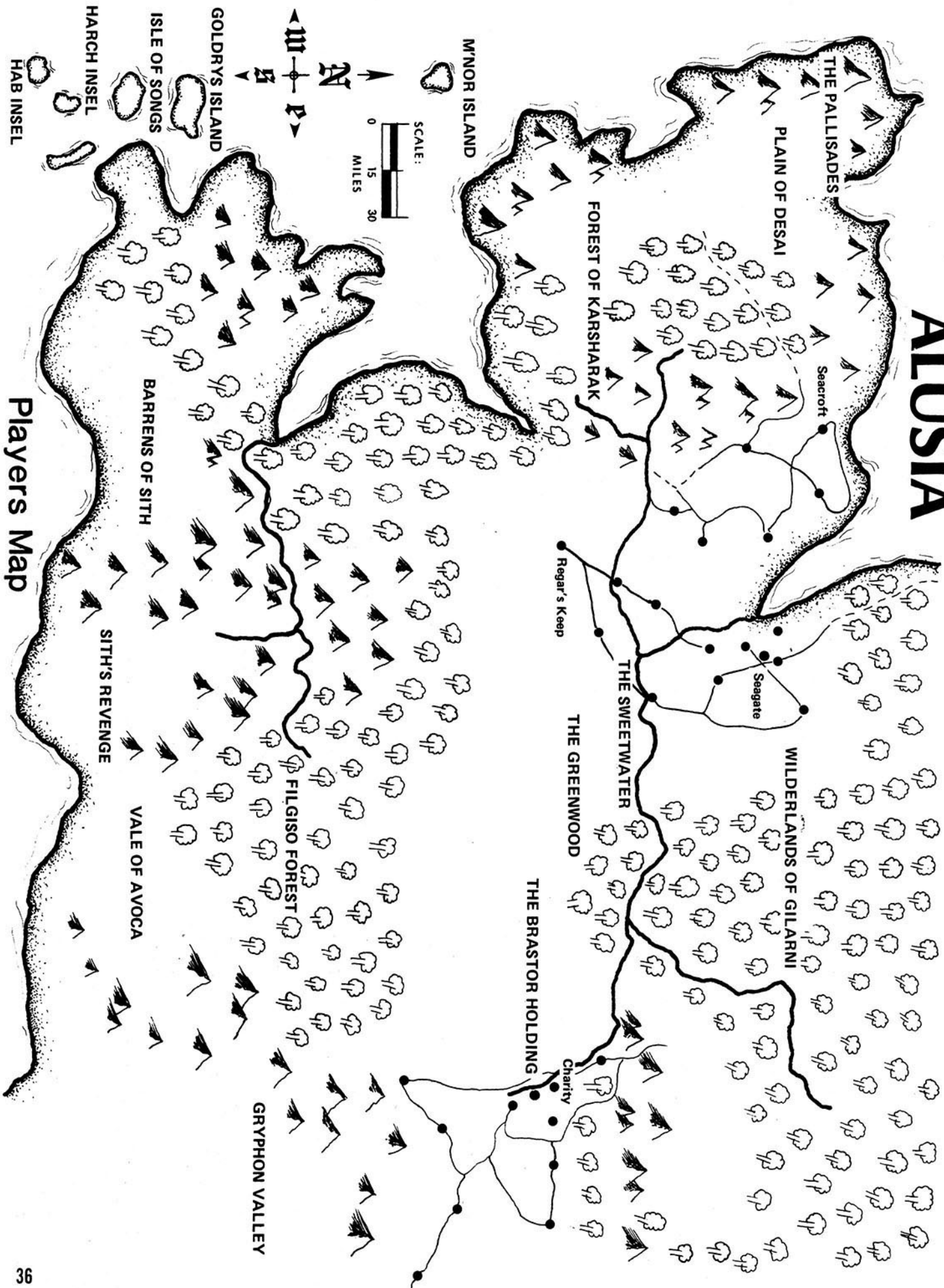
Stealth 102% Horse 81% Magic Resistance 15%



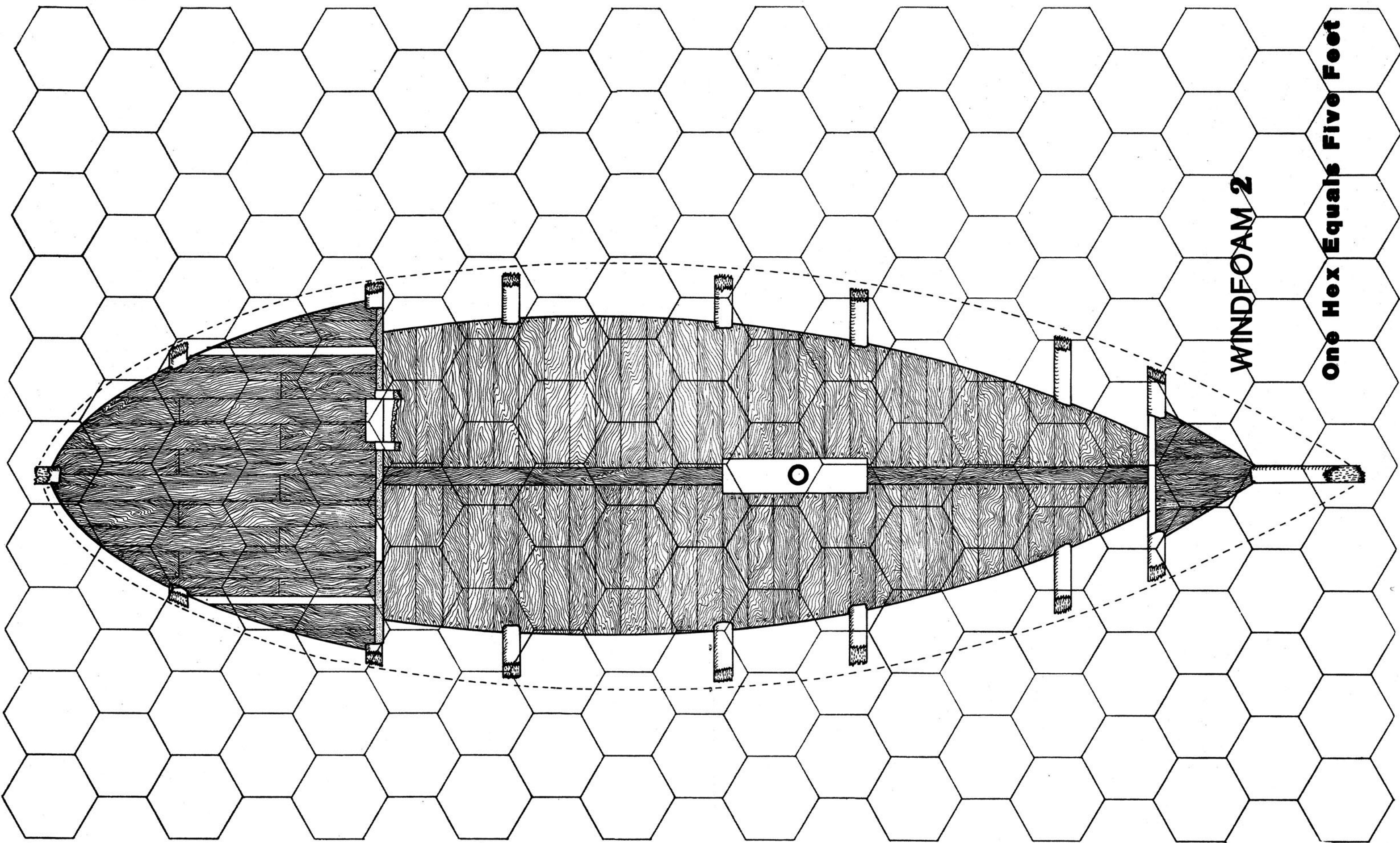
SAUCEY LASS

1 HEX = 5 FEET

ALUSIA



Players Map



WINDFOAM 2

One Hex Equals Five Foot

- 7-8 You observe a small urchin attempting to steal some food from a shop owner. Giving a warning will make the shop keeper friendly toward you. She will serve as an accurate source of local information. Not giving a warning will cause the urchin to keep an eye on your party and unobtrusively give a warning about other Thieves in the area.
- 9-10 You catch a glimpse of a large wild animal out of the corner of your eye. While not sure, it appears to be a large wild Boar. Investigation of this phenomenon will show a set of Boar tracks, a confused area, and then a set of man's footprints which rapidly become lost in the myriad of prints in the dark alley.

IX. TOWN OF SEACROFT

Located on the southern shore of Confederation Bay and having a very good harbor, the town of Seacroft makes most of its living from traffic and trade upon the sea. Commercial traffic by Merchant Ships is not nearly as important as is fishing. Most of the Merchant Ships prefer to dock at Seagate, just up the Sweetwater River. Nevertheless, some Merchant will take on or discharge certain cargoes here because it is less supervised, and the Baron's officials easier to bribe. The harbor serves as a refuge during storms for ships in distress. The population of 1300 has better than 100 family households in the town proper around the harbor with the rest a little more scattered in the immediate vicinity. There haven't been any raids by pirates, Human or otherwise, for some time. Nevertheless, a sharp watch is still maintained from the top tower of the Harbor Fort and the alarm bell is ready to sound. The citizen militia takes turns standing watch to supplement the Mercenary Fort Garrison. The townsfolk are very proud of what they have accomplished in the last 30 years. They feel their town is certain to continue to grow. They like living here even if the smell of curing and drying fish gets a little overpowering at times.

The hex location of the town itself is number 07025 in Carzala on the map in *Frontiers of Alusia*. A road runs north along the coast and then east to Northfield. The road swings through town and then heads southeast to Monch's Corners. The town itself is set up on the edge of the break between the plains and the slope down to the seacoast. While a small stone pier has been run out into the harbor, along with a couple of wooden wharfs, most of the sea vessels are drawn up on the beach. Most of the vessels are fishing boats and small coasters which do not exceed 50 feet in length. With the aid of a wooden roller or two, it is very easy for the crewmen to run their boat up on the beach and out of the reach of the tide. Drying racks for the catch stretch for quite a distance down to the south of the beach. Several old retired fishermen are always on watch with Slings and Crossbows to prevent creatures and Human varmints from stealing the preserved catch. They too have an alarm bell but it has a different tone and always sounds in pairs of rapid rings: ding - ding, ding - ding, ding - ding. All available townsfolk will pick up a varmint eradicator or two and proceed to the drying racks.

The two taverns and inns featured here are special to the adventure, but may be utilized as ordinary taverns if required.

23. Town Notables

Owning to the fact that the major economic activity is fishing and sea-borne trade, the Mayor of Seacroft has little to do. Many of his official functions have been taken over by the Harbor Master who is also head of the Sailor's Guild. Along with the Baron's Customs Inspector, these three individuals make up the official power structure in Seacroft.

Garet Robfram, Mayor/Town Clerk, utilizes the Sailor's Guildhall for the infrequent times that he must hold an official function on his own. He has a number of official ceremonial duties and also serves as an independent reporting source of the activities of the Sailors. Mostly, however, Garet serves as the Town Clerk and Official Recorder. The Baron has traditionally paid little interest to what went on at Seacroft as long as the trade mostly stopped at Seagate anyway. Garet also supervises the two junior clerks which the Baron has assigned to teach the children. He doesn't have much of an imagination and is very content with his lot in life. Garet realizes that Harbor Master, Denton Hawklan, has much more power than he does, but he doesn't want to think about that. With his short, pudgy appearance and shiny bald head, Garet is none too impressive physically. He has a very melodious deep bass voice which is rather startling from such a short body. His fringe of hair has turned white as has his neat little goatee. His eyes are a strange lusterless black, making it hard to see the pupils. He recently re-married, four years after his first wife died of a wasting illness. Garet is very solicitous about his "little Elda's health". Little Elda is considerably tougher and smarter than Garet gives her credit for. The Robframs live in a well-built medium sized house just below the crest of the slope on Bluebell Street. It is built of stone with a slate roof and is 40 x 40 feet. The 10 x 20 foot area entered just inside the front door serves Garet as an office and is where he keeps his records. The rest of the house is Elda's domain and she makes Garet toe the line about neatness and cleanliness. The neighbors think her a fussy little chick but like her a lot anyway.

Garet Robfram, Mayor/Town Clerk

PS: 16	MD: 14	AG: 16	MA: 7
EN: 10	FT: 18	WP: 14	PC: 11
PB: 10	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 2

Elda Robfram, Astrologer Rank 1

PS: 17	MD: 17	AG: 17	MA: 15
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 14	PC: 11
PB: 16	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 3, knows some Counterspells.

Denton Hawklan, Harbor Master, is the real power in the town, due as much to his position as to his talents and personality. He rose to prominence as a local Sea Captain and became very active in the Sailor's Guild. His house on Marlin Street is often a meeting place for all the local Sea Captains. He has tried to become respectable, but certain individuals know of certain unsavory events in his past career and can exert pressure on him to slant things their way. He never breaks the law and doesn't flout custom, but is happiest when he can set his own precedents on handling a situation or problem. Denton is a tall slender man of late middle-age, with a deep brown weather-beaten complexion. His wild shock of dark brown hair above clear hazel eyes has only recently become tinged with silver. He has had to turn his ship over to his younger cousin who isn't a bad Sea Captain himself. His duties will find him at the Sailor's Guild Hall (15% during the day), the Customs Station

(30%), walking around the harbor facilities (10%), sailing a small boat in the harbor and fishing (20%), or at home (25%). Denton just can't stop wanting to be on the sea and tries to get in a much fishing as he can. The local folk don't mind since it puts him out where anyone who needs him can see him instantly. In fact, one of the harbor guards has made up a series of blunt wooden Crossbow Quarrels with certain messages carved in them. When someone needs the Harbor Master, he just splashes the appropriate message alongside the small boat for Denton to pick up. The Sailors and Fishermen are all sympathetic and figure he is doing a pretty good job.

During his travels as a Ship Captain, Denton came to do some business with Ashur Asafe and still will do a job for him on occasion. Denton will read Ashur's letter and provide whatever copies of charts are necessary. In game terms, this will mean access to the coastal section of the **Frontiers of Alusia** map. Denton will also recommend that they simply hire outright one of the coastal fishing boats. He will not recommend the Windfoam, though he will be unable to tell the player characters why. Should the players insist on taking the Windfoam, Denton will look concerned and warn them to be on their guard. Captain Baskor is one of those who has something on him. Should the players defeat Captain Baskor, the rules of the Guild state that the players should be prosecuted. However, Denton will find a loophole or technicality that will let them off.

Denton Hawklan, Navigator Rank 8, Merchant Rank 4

PS: 18	MD: 18	AG: 14	MA: 17
EN: 12	FT: 19	WP: 14	PC: 10
PB: 14	TMR: 4		

Usually no Armor, Dagger Rank 6; otherwise Chainmail, large Round Shield Rank 4, Sabre Rank 7, Speaks four languages better than Rank 6, knows a fair number of Counterspells.

His house is located on Marlin Street and is run by his widowed sister for her two young children and Denton. Denton is quite happy about the arrangement but keeps an eye open for husband material for his sister, Jensine. Her two young children are getting a little extra schooling from the Town Clerk and spend some time running errands for the Sailor's Guild. Often they will go fishing with their uncle in his boat. Bevil is eleven years old and his sister, Alda, is ten.

Jensine, Merchant Rank 1

PS: 14	MD: 16	AG: 16	MA: 16
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 16	PC: 11
PB: 16	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 4

Fedor Girthtran, the Baron's Customs Inspector, is a young noble nonentity posted here to keep him out of trouble. He is just learning and this is his first government post of any responsibility at all. Six months ago, he hadn't the foggiest notion of what he was supposed to be doing. Garet and Denton took him under their wing and tried to teach him as much as they could. While having an exaggerated sense of his own self importance, Fedor has learned quite rapidly and now almost always knows what questions to have the Harbor Guard Sergeant ask for him. The Sergeant, old Scar Jenkin, is pretty good at hinting what questions need to be asked. Fedor doesn't know what to do with all the answers, but Jenkin does. This post isn't really very important but Denton and Garet have both reported to the Baron that within another six months, Fedor should be ready to move on to a post with some real responsibility.

Fedor is tall and slender and very physically fit. He

spars a lot with the Harbor Garrison with practice Swords, but old Scar Jenkin still keeps teaching him things with a Sword his fancy instructor never knew. His hair, is long and blond, setting off his deep blue eyes well. His face is almost classically handsome. Unfortunately, his personality is very undeveloped because he never had to do anything for himself. Jenkin has been assigned to gently kick this callow youth into manhood and as his constant companion, has made a fair start.

Fedor Girthtran

PS: 19	MD: 19	AG: 18	MA: 7
EN: 18	FT: 21	WP: 10	PC: 8
PB: 22	TMR: 5		

Usually no Armor, Rapier Rank 4; otherwise, Chainmail Armor, Broadsword Rank 4, Speaks 3 modern languages better than Rank 6.

Scar Jenkin, Military Scientist Rank 2

PS: 18	MD: 17	AG: 16	MA: 12
EN: 16	FT: 20	WP: 18	PC: 12
PB: 14	TMR: 5		

Scale Armor, Small Round Shield Rank 4, Broadsword Rank 6, Glaive Rank 8, Speaks 4 modern languages better than Rank 6 although only reads/writes Common at Rank 4, knows some Counterspells.

Fedor is staying in one of the rooms at the Officer's Quarters in the Harbor Fort while Jenkin has a small room in the Sergeants Quarters.

Community Market: The largest building in the town is the open square and the roofed over booths which surround it. There is a well and a horse trough in the center of the open square. The booths are leased out each Market Day to the local Merchants and to travelling Merchants Caravans. Each booth is enclosed on three sides and has a couple of hooks for hanging up temporary signs. The dimensions of the booths range from 10 x 10 feet to 10 x 30 feet. The Mayor and Town Crier have charge of organizing and running each Market. Patrols of three or four Guards are provided from the Harbor Fort to keep order. All of the local Merchants have a booth or share one with another Merchant each Market Day. Usually at least one, and more often, three to four travelling Merchants are also there. On occasion, a Troup of Entertainers will also be there.

Community Warehouse: Occupying the fourth side of the square is a large low building, 80 x 30 feet, with a couple of municipal offices built into one end and the rest devoted to storage. Part of the storage is for community emergency supplies. The rest is rented out to Merchants and private citizens for whatever purposes they care to use it for. The offices are that of the Town Crier and the Village Constable.

Town Crier: Guido Duskford serves as the local equivalent of the newspaper. His leather lungs and ringing voice make all official announcements for the Baron or any other government official. He also, for a few coppers, announces special sales or bargains for shopkeepers throughout the day. Although Guido's voice seems to be able to knock over dogs and small children at fifty paces, he has an excellent singing voice. Most often in the evenings, Guido can be found in one of the taverns strumming away on his lute and singing popular songs or ballads. He is also in demand as entertainment for parties. Guido is, in fact, a fairly good Troubadour and Bard. He lives in a loft up above the office of Town Crier in the Community Warehouse. It isn't much but it is free! In another year or so, Guido will have saved up enough to make his big debut at the Baron's Castle is Seagate. He is of medium height and build, with an exceptionally broad chest. Dark brown eyes, light brown hair and

a handsome face should prove useful in his future career. Guido dresses well but not in a flashy manner. He is well-liked and not a few young lasses will be sorry to see him go.

Guido Duskford, Troubador Rank 4

PS: 14	MD: 18	AG: 18	MA: 16
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 19	PC: 10
PB: 18	TMR: 6		

No Armor, Crude Club Rank 2, Dagger Rank 3

Village Constable: Ames Lankard occupies most of his time keeping the Town Jail and making spot checks for violations of town laws. Ames grew up in this town so there isn't much that does go on he doesn't know. He is very sympathetic and it is very seldom that he has to charge someone with violation of a serious law. He usually prefers to talk to the folk concerned and see if he can suggest a way of correcting the situation. Ames was injured in an accident while a youth and consequently walks with a serious limp. While Ames can take care of himself, any attempted attack on him is likely to bring most of the nearby citizens out in an angry mob to his defense. Usually, though, he has flattened any trouble-maker faster than the citizens can muster. Ames is an artist with his Quarterstaff. Most rowdies tend to forget about his Staff as a weapon, thinking Ames needs it to get about.

Ames Lankard, Military Scientist Rank 2

PS: 18	MD: 17	AG: 12	MA: 12
EN: 17	FT: 21	WP: 16	PC: 12
PB: 14	TMR: 4		

Leather Armor, Quarterstaff Rank 9, Broadsword Rank 4.

Ames is tall and slender with very long arms. His hair is light brown, cropped short, with dark brown eyes over a thick bushy beard.

A small solid brick and stone building just behind the Community Warehouse serves as the Community Jail. After a wild weekend, there can be as many as a dozen no-longer-so-rowdy drunks locked up in it.

Grainery: Also constructed just behind the Community Warehouse is a large Grainery capable of holding almost 25,000 bushels of grain. Ames and Guido inspect it daily and Garet inspects it once a week. These stocks are held in case of famine, siege or other disaster. Surrounding farm land is taxed to provide this reserve. It is held here for a couple of years and then sold for feed and replaced with fresh grain. It is a town tradition that someone demands to see the grain reserves once every week or so and that the Mayor will answer that challenge with a guided tour.

Baron's Post Station/Militia Building: A small stables and armory, this establishment is kept tidy by an old retired Castle Guardsman. Four to six fresh horses are kept here for use by message carriers on official business of the Baron. Also, the Arms and Armor for the town militia are stored here. The building is right downtown and close to the Market Square for troops to muster and do a little drill there. A certain number of citizens from each ward report here each night to be armed for their once-a-month Night Watch to supplement the Mercenary Troops.

Old Wolmar Greyvan is either on duty at the little desk just inside the door or at the tavern across the street. Often he dozes at the desk but only after he has finished his chores. It's a nice easy job and it gives him plenty of time to talk to anyone. Wolmar is a gold-mine of old tales about the Barony and the towns of Seacroft and Seagate in particular. An ale or even just a friendly question will set him going. He is really a pretty good story teller and has an excellent memory. If something was known publicly of a military nature in the last 30 years, there is a 90% chance that Wolmar will know all about it. He doesn't always

remember the exact dates and figures, but the names, places, and relationships will be accurate if he knows anything at all about it.

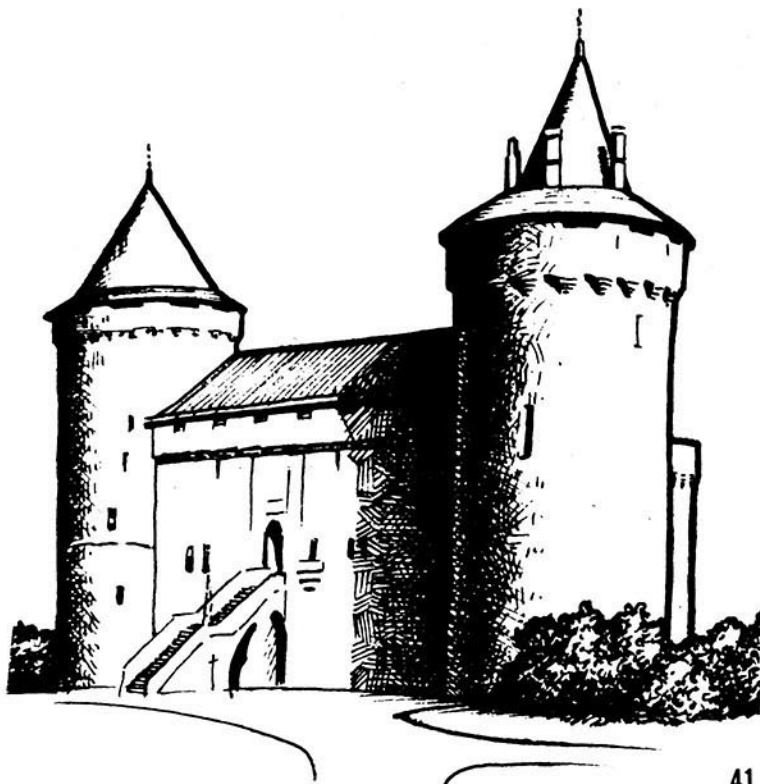
Wolmar Greyvan is a thin and sometimes shakey old man, but he is still spry and his mind is clear. Two talon scars mark his right cheek and if asked, he will tell a real good tale about them. The tale is very convincing, but Wolmar will never tell the exact same tale about his scars twice running. No one is sure how he got them but no one cares because it's neat just to listen to his latest version of what really did happen to him. It's the only thing he won't tell the truth on. His one clear blue eye and cloudy grey one twinkle with delight when someone actually asks him how he got those scars!

Wolmar Greyvan, Military Scientist Rank 2, Troubador Rank 1

PS: 14	MD: 14	AG: 14	MA: 10
EN: 10	FT: 18	WP: 16	PC: 10
PB: 10	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Broadsword Rank 4, Spear Rank 4.

Temples/Shrines: For some reason, no temples or shrines are located within the center of town. A large open lot on the northeast edge of town has several small shrines and temples surrounding it. Each is dedicated to a particular diety or principle, but none seem to overshadow any of the others. They all seem to be made with relatively unskilled labor, even though they do have a certain level of rustic charm about them. There were several more permanent temples and shrines built in Seacroft, but last year, over a two month period, they all burnt down. Even one which was made almost entirely out of stone burnt down! Obviously, something unusual was involved but considerable investigation by all concerned has failed to turn up anything of note. Until such time as they can find the cause, their temporary shrines permit them to keep the faith they feel. A consensus of opinion has come about that only one source or person is the cause of the problem. All the faithful, of whatever degree, have been urged to cooperate with each other to find the culprit.



Alchemist/Healer: Connal Vardister runs a large Alchemists Shop in the center of town. In addition to his drugs and preparations, the Alchemists Shop is also known as a place of Healing because Connal's sister, Karitsa, and brother, Phelim, who are both excellent Healers base themselves there. The building is a large two-story affair built around an open courtyard. The streetside section holds the shop on the bottom floor and Connal's laboratory on the upper floor. Each of the other three sections holds one of the Vardister siblings and their husband/wife/lover, as the case may be. They have an excellent reputation for competency. They also have an excellent reputation for sympathy, never charging more than the patient could afford to pay. They are considered the best all-around Healers in the town although they themselves will send an occasional patient to someone else who specializes. The entire building is built of stone with a wooden shake shingle roof. The building is 100 feet square with a 40 foot square open courtyard in the center. An archway on Marlin Street permits litters or wagons to be driven right into the premises.

Connal Vardister, Alchemist Rank 8, Healer Rank 1

PS: 16	MD: 18	AG: 14	MA: 20
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 18	PC: 12
PB: 10	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 4, knows most Counterspells at at least Rank 4. He is a tall slender middle-aged man with a shock of snow-white hair and brown eyes, soft-spoken and very polite, and a bachelor.

Karitsa (Vardister) Steenmil, Healer Rank 5, Alchemist Rank 2

PS: 16	MD: 18	AG: 16	MA: 20
EN: 16	FT: 20	WP: 19	PC: 13
PB: 16	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 3, knows most Counterspells at Rank 3. Short, bouncy and rather matronly with long blond hair and clear green eyes. She has a light, clear voice that likes to laugh.

Thacher Steenmil, Military Scientist Rank 2

PS: 20	MD: 18	AG: 17	MA: 10
EN: 18	FT: 21	WP: 12	PC: 8
PB: 14	TMR: 5		

Usually Scale Armor, Glaive Rank 9, Broadsword Rank 5.

Dark, taciturn man, Thacher is totally devoted to his wife, guarding her on calls at night (or either of her brothers). Short of build, his frame is mostly solid muscle, but he is a highly intelligent fellow who also composes excellent poetry.

Phelim Vardister, Healer Rank 6, Alchemist Rank 1

PS: 17	MD: 18	AG: 14	MA: 20
EN: 15	FT: 20	WP: 16	PC: 12
PB: 10	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 4, knows most Counterspells at Rank 3 or better. Tall and slender, he is almost a twin of his brother. He is a widower, but looking to remarry.

Oil Shop/Candle Maker: Lenox and Coela Palesard run a small shop on Thisten Way which sells light sources to the townsfolk or travelers. The most popular item with the people of Seacroft is the oil lamp made of clay. Coela has a special way of making lamps which burn longer and brighter than those from any other shop. Special scented oils are available for lamps as are some perfumed candles. Rushlights and torches can also be bought here for very low prices. Because of all this flammable material, the shop itself is constructed of stone, clay, and slate with any exposed wood beams plastered over with clay. In addition, Lenox has made a deal with an Adept of the College of Water Magic to have a Water Sprite put out all fires larger than those of a certain size. Coela has recently put in a line of special equipment for adventurers. This material includes small, shuttered oil lamps made of metal, waterproof containers for tinder, special flints and steels, as well as leather skins for holding lamp oil. Lenox or Coela can arrange for any special light source to be made, but they will charge a premium price for their services. They live on the second floor of their 30' x 20' shop. Some covered sheds behind the building store additional materials.

Lenox Palesard, Merchant Rank 3

PS: 14	MD: 16	AG: 16	MA: 12
EN: 12	FT: 19	WP: 12	PC: 10
PB: 12	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 4, Hand Axe Rank 3.

Coela Palesard, Merchant Rank 3

PS: 14	MD: 17	AG: 16	MA: 13
EN: 13	FT: 19	WP: 13	PC: 10
PB: 13	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 5.

Tinker/Coppersmith: Romer Latmer is the town's leading tinker and coppersmith. He will work with almost any kind of small metal item and can forge his own sheet or barstock. Usually, Romer purchases his raw materials from one of the local smiths. Lately, he has been getting some of his materials from a clan of Dwarves in the mountains south of town. An excellent Mechanician, Romer puts in most of his time on making useful items for everyday life. His skill is such that his work has a level of grace and simplicity that puts it above his competitors' work. He charges just a little bit more, but his customers are quite satisfied.

Romer's shop is on Marlin Street; it is a small, two-story, wooden building 20' x 20'. Built of wood and thatch, shutters open the entire front of the lower floor so that Romer can have excellent light in which to work and prospective customers can see him creating his wares. He lives alone, but, after a year of courting, he is nearly ready to ask for the hand of young Janna Rodsteen, the daughter of a local shipwright.

Romer Latmer, Mechanician Rank 6, Merchant Rank 2

PS: 16	MD: 20	AG: 16	MA: 10
EN: 12	FT: 19	WP: 16	PC: 12
PB: 20	TMR: 5		

Usually Leather Apron (equivalent to Cloth Armor), Dagger Rank 4; otherwise, Leather Armor, Small Round Shield Rank 3, Spear Rank 4, Hand Axe Rank 4. Romer is tall and slender with thin, agile fingers. His hair is long and soft brown above a pair of pale purple eyes. He is handsome and very polite and soft-spoken. He is respected in the community and never refuses to help when a neighbor needs aid.

Bath House/Laundry: Ginerva Ventron runs this large establishment on Bonita Street. She bosses everyone concerned to ensure that the customers get good service. The help hops when she yells, but they like her quite a bit because she is very fair. The only one who doesn't hop is her husband, Humbert, usually because he is too drunk to even twitch. Ginerva and Humbert have a large brood of kids that make themselves useful around the establishment. The business has a couple of regular employees who do the skilled work and a constant need for strong backs to do the pushing and moving. Ginerva makes a practice of hiring anyone who needs a temporary job. She provides a warm place to sleep, meals, use of the bath or laundry facilities, and a lot of hard work to keep her employees busy and healthy. She will even help them try to get other jobs more suited to their skills. All her friends and former employees drop by frequently to use the baths or have their laundry done. At the same time, they pass on the latest rumors from the town and surrounding area. If a rumor is known at all, one of the bath attendants at Ginerva's will know all about it.

The Baths are two courtyards with heated and cooled pools of water for the bathers. Attendants are available for massage or exercise, but, if amorous exercise is desired, Ginerva will send the client across the street where there are better accommodations. The Baths have a reputation for a low-key, hassle-free attitude and feeling. The only interruption comes when Humbert staggers in drunk. Ginerva tends to take care of that very quickly. She has a special small pool where the water temperature is kept just above freezing. Humbert sobers up remarkably quick after he "accidentally stumbles" into the pool. There are even a couple of semi-crazy northern Barbarians who use it from time to time and say that they enjoy it. Prices for the baths and laundry services are reasonable. Unless they prefer to go to the stream out of town or wash in the harbor, almost all the citizens wash themselves at the baths, and have their clothes washed at the laundry whenever they can afford it.

Ginerva's establishment occupies an area several hundred feet square. Much of that space is devoted to drying lines for the laundry. A couple of kids are usually atop the wall with a sling and some pebbles to keep aerial vermin away. Due to the constant heating fires and the flimsy construction, portions of the baths or laundry frequently catch on fire. All the water in the establishment makes it easy to put such fires out again, but a constant watch must be kept just in case. The water itself comes from a special set of artesian wells that Ginerva's father had specially dug by a high rank Mechanician when the town was first founded.

Ginerva Ventron, Merchant Rank 4

PS: 14	MD: 14	AG: 16	AG: 16
EN: 16	FT: 20	WP: 17	PC: 10
PB: 14	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 3.

Humbert Ventron, Merchant Rank 2

PS: 16	MD: 16	AG: 14	MA: 10
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 10	PC: 9
PB: 12	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 1, Crude Club Rank 1, Whip Rank 1.

Other workers may be taken from the Random Citizens Table as necessary.

Shipwright: Though his house is in this portion of town, on Rain Street, most of Conlon Rodsteen's activity takes place down at his shipyard just off the beach. The house is a modest-sized, two story building 40' x 30' with a stone foundation and well-built wooden upper sections. The roof is made of split wood shakes. His wife, Iola, and two daughters, Gwenda and Janna, also spend a lot of time at the shipyard. Iola and Janna help with the business accounts and bargaining, while Gwenda is more "unladylike." Gwenda has enjoyed working with wood since she was a little tyke. Over the years, she has turned into a skilled carpenter and woodcarver. She built her own small fishing boat and uses it often. Much of the decorative carving on her father's boats is hers. Two young fishermen are courting her, but she hasn't made up her mind to marry yet. Her sister, Janna has decided on Romer Latmer which is fortunate because Romer is seriously considering putting a marriage proposal to her. Janna has made a concerted effort to persuade the young man to do just that, and expects to marry him whether he likes it or not! Conlon laughs at his daughter's activities and remembers Iola's campaign to hook him and how he has been perfectly happy ever since. Conlon is a leading member of the Sailors' Guild and has great influence, although Iola frequently delivers her own sharp opinions where they do the most good. Conlon is liked and Iola is respected by the community at large. Conlon will be found at home (40%), at the shipyard (40%), or at the Sailors' Guildhall (20%).

Conlon Rodsteen, Mechanician Rank 3, Navigator Rank 1, Merchant Rank 1

PS: 17	MD: 17	AG: 14	MA: 12
EN: 12	FT: 19	WP: 16	PC: 12
PB: 14	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 3, Hand Axe Rank 4. Conlon is short, stocky, and sturdily built with a stentorian voice. His hair is now white and contrasts with his deep green eyes.

Iola Rodsteen, Merchant Rank 5

PS: 16	MD: 16	AG: 14	MA: 16
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 16	PC: 12
PB: 20	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 3, Whip Rank 2. A well-built woman of medium height, though middle aged, still quite handsome, her hair is still dark auburn above deep green eyes.

Janna Rodsteen, Merchant Rank 2

PS: 17	MP: 18	AG: 19	MA: 12
EN: 17	FT: 21	WP: 14	PC: 9
PB: 23	TMR: 6		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 2. Janna is a well-built young woman of medium height, very graceful and agile. Her dark brown hair is worn long, and a lock frequently almost covers one of her deep green eyes.



Gwenda Rodsteen, Mechanician Rank 2

PS: 22 MD: 16 AG: 17 MA: 12
EN: 16 FT: 20 WP: 20 PC: 9
PC: 23 TMR: 5

No Armor, Dagger Rank 3, Hand Axe Rank 4. Gwenda is a petite little woman with an incredible strength for her size. She also has more "stubborns" than people twice her size. Her nice figure, long, blond hair, and pleasant voice often help her to get her own way. Most of the time, she doesn't bother to bat her sweet little blue eyes at her targets because she has already overwhelmed them with sheer skill and talent anyhow!

Ship Chandler: Located fairly close to the beach on Sand Street, the shop of Griswold Kibel specializes in the equipment and supplies needed for sea travel. He has a lot of material in his shop, stored in the three sheds in back, or available from friends. Griswold is an untidy little spider of a man who always seems about to get lost in the confusion of his web. Nevertheless, if given a minute or two to think about it, he has a 90% chance of coming up with any item out of his own stock as long as it is for a small to moderately-sized ship. There is a further 90% chance that Griswold will know of someone else in town who will have it if he does not. Otherwise, for a fee, he will contact a good blacksmith, carpenter, or what-have-you and supervise the construction of the item for the party. Griswold is 99% familiar with anything having to do with small boats and sea-faring. The fishermen joke with him a lot, but any fisherman will tell you that he trusts Griswold completely when it comes to gear. His prices are reasonable, and the goods and services are excellent. Griswold has one problem; the sight of a gem or jewel offered as payment causes him to completely strip his mental gears! Payment in coin causes no problems, but even a little ruby or emerald will send him over the edge. If the locals don't already know and trust the party, one of the neighbors will send a kid over to keep an eye on the bargaining and report if jewels or gems are flashed. Should that happen, one of the neighbors will come over and keep an eye on things until the town constable can get there.

Griswold lives in a loft above the store. He lives alone, but several distant cousins check up on him from time to time. All his closer relations disappeared under circumstances it hurts him to talk about. While his building is only 50' x 30', the yard and sheds behind stretch for another 100 feet or so. His neighbors think him a "nice old wacky" and feel that, on the whole, he pulls his own weight in the community.

Griswold Kibel, Merchant Rank 4

PS: 14 MD: 12 AG: 12 MA: 10
EN: 10 FT: 18 WP: 10 PC: 10
PB: 9 TMR: 4

No Armor, Belaying Pin (equivalent to War Club Rank 4). A small, thin little man, slow and delicate in his movements, Griswold has only a fringe of white hair around his bald pate, and his light blue eyes are somewhat cloudy and, often, somewhat blurry.

Netmaker: Macer Scoffin, located just up the street from Griswold's Ship Chandlery, runs a netmaking and repairing service for the fishermen. An old fisherman himself, one of his legs was bitten off just below the knee while rescuing a comrade. Since that time, Macer turned all his skills and experience to helping other fishermen work better and more easily. He has designed some new hooks and a new style of net. His new net doesn't catch any more fish, but it certainly doesn't catch any less, and it costs the same and takes one less crewman to operate most of the time. His

ropes, lines, and cords are some of the best that can be bought. He lives in a small back room, 10' x 10', behind his 30' x 30' one-story wooden shop. He was a tall and agile man before his accident, and his long arms still help him to get about in his shop. He frequently goes fishing with Denton Hawkton out in the harbor where the two of them test Macer's newest equipment. His white shock of hair and bright blue eyes are common sights along the waterfront; often he is deeply immersed in argument with Denton about some technical point. Usually it doesn't take long for them to come to a common conclusion, but several subjects remain on which they have agreed to disagree.

Macer Scoffin, Sailor Rank 3, Mechanician Rank 3

PS: 18 MD: 18 AG: 8 MA: 12
EN: 17 FT: 21 WP: 16 PC: 10
PB: 10 TMR: 3

No Armor, Dagger Rank 4, Fishing Gaff (equivalent to Javelin Rank 5).

Tanner: Ulric Fellsill has been running a Tannery establishment for nearly 20 years at this location on Tarbish Street. Only over the last several years has he begun to make a decent living at it. His wife, Tessa, finally convinced him to let her do the accounts for the shop as well as for the home. Her Merchant skill and sharp mind have finally convinced Ulric's stubborn pride that he needed help. Only after five years is he admitting that he feels a lot better with Tessa doing the figures. Both husband and wife are short and stocky, and their skin is often covered with the stains of the tanning process. Their dark black hair has only recently begun to get tinges of silver. Her blue eyes and his green ones often twinkle merrily as they banter back and forth in a language unknown to the people of the area. The language is Hill Kobold, which they speak at Rank 7; they learned it from an old family friend while they were both still youngsters. Their own youngster works as a crewman on a merchant ship which occasionally calls at Seacroft. Kinde has just been promoted to Third Mate, and Ulric and Tessa are very proud of him. He brings new kinds of hides on every visit for his parents to try to tan. He has also found a few special "spices" that keep the leather supple longer and repel bugs and small vermin. On a roll of 1 or 2 on D10, Kinde will be visiting his folks.

Ulric Fellsill, Merchant Rank 1

PS: 18 MD: 16 AG: 16 MA: 10
EN: 14 FT: 20 WP: 13 PC: 10
PB: 12 TMR: 5

No regular Armor but will be wearing special Leather Apron which has no Agility Loss but give him a Protection of 3 from the front three hexes only, Stirring Staff (equivalent to Quarterstaff Rank 6).

Ulric Fellsill



Tessa Fellsill, Merchant Rank 4

PS: 16 MD: 16 AG: 17 MA: 12
EN: 16 FT: 20 WP: 14 PC: 11
PB: 12 TMR: 5

Leather Apron (equivalent to Cloth Armor), Stirring Staff (equivalent to Quarterstaff Rank 4)

Kinde Fellsill, Sailor Rank 3, Navigator Rank 1

PS: 20 MD: 17 AG: 17 MA: 11
EN: 18 FT: 21 WP: 14 PC: 10
PB: 14 TMR: 5

Usually no Armor, Dagger Rank 4; otherwise, Leather Armor, Small Round Shield Rank 2, Broadsword Rank 4

Leather Worker: An old friend of the Fellsill's, Ingram Combes, has had his shop on Tarbish Street nearly as long as they have. For most of that time, he and his wife, Lucia, had been trying to convince Ulric to let Tessa manage the books. For the last several years, Ingram has been happy to see Ulric prosper as he himself has prospered. The Fellsills provide very good leather and Ingram has the skill to make the most of his material. His garments look good, wear well, and are comfortable. He has set several new fashions with accessories of his own invention. Much of the fine detailed decoration on his items is put there by the nimble fingers of his wife Lucia. Their business is fine, their health good and their two daughters both married and moved elsewhere in town. Ingram should be happy, and he is, except that he had an idea for a present for his wife's birthday next week that he wanted to make. He can't quite get it to come out right and it bugs him. The solution is so simple he just can't see it. Any player making a Perception Roll of Difficulty Factor 5 will suggest the proper solution and receive an extra 5% off of the price of whatever they buy at his shop. The shop is a two story wooden building 30 x 30 feet with the lower front opening onto the street. Both Combes look much a like, tall and slender with quick agile fingers. They are soft-spoken, although both sing ballads very well. Their eyes are brown while his silver hair retains just a hint of red and hers is snow-white.

Ingram Combes, Mechanician Rank 5, Merchant Rank 3

PS: 16 MD: 20 AG: 14 MA: 10
EN: 10 FT: 18 WP: 16 PC: 12
PB: 16 TMR: 5

No Armor, Dagger Rank 4

Lucia Combes, Mechanician Rank 2, Merchant Rank 3

PS: 15 MD: 20 AG: 14 MA: 12
EN: 12 FT: 19 WP: 16 PC: 12
PB: 17 TMR: 5

No Armor, Dagger Rank 3.

Potter: Another of the solid citizens of Seacroft is Hyder Boales, the head of the Boales family potteries. The shop is located on Basilisk Run as are the majority of the Boales family houses while the kilns and clayworks are located off to the south of town where the fumes won't bother people. The Boales family has the only pottery in town and is constantly busy. A town of 1300 is always breaking an incredible quantity of cups, mugs, bowls, etc. Now that some of the newest construction for some of the nobles houses has taken to using clay roofing tiles and floor mosaics, there is a large demand there as well. The four married Boales sons are all in the business as is the remaining unmarried son. Hyder Boales keeps his sons in line

and keeps the work strictly organized. Running a successful pottery requires strict attention to detail and adherence to schedule. In spite of his monopoly, the prices are fairly reasonable and the quality is pretty good. There is a lot of friendly rivalry among the brothers as to who can do the best job on any given item. The claypits to the south of town produce a good quality pottery but Hyder and the boys are always looking for better. Only a few new items are being tried at any one time. Emphasis is upon large quantities of well-proven styles and articles. Nevertheless, Hyder has been considering adding a brick-making operation. He is ready to try an experiment with the help of Janvel Hewder, the local Stonecutter.

The Boales and their wives have always tended to look much alike, with unconfirmed rumors of a little touch of Dwarfish blood in the ancestry. No one in town much cares since the Boales are all sturdy, dependable folk that carry through on any promises they make. What one knows, they all soon know so some people have taken to dealing with the entire Boales clan as if it were one business. Hyder and his sons all have statiscits that are the same. It is possible to distinguish between them by scars and hair color but no one much bothers.

Hyder Boales, Merchant Rank 6, Mechanician Rank 3

PS: 16 MD: 18 AG: 16 MA: 12
EN: 14 FT: 20 WP: 16 PC: 10
PB: 14 TMR: 5

No Armor, Shortsword Rank 5.

Sons Starke, Newn, Jeph, Strack and Roark range from Rank 4 to 1 in Merchant and Rank 1 to 2 in Mechanician.

Stone Cutter: Janvel Hewder has a small shop on the outskirts of town but does most of his work on the site of the building or statue. Janvel is a Dwarf of the Iron Fist Clan and is sometimes involved in the rivalry with Clan High Fastness. It doesn't effect his work with and for Humans so most of the town of Seacroft pays no attention to the old Dwarven feud. While he makes a reasonable living at stonecutting and the quality of his work is very good, Janvel's real job is to serve as a spy and intelligence agent. He is to gather information on threats to Dwarves in general and to his Clan in particular. In addition, he serves as a business agent for his Clan and arranges contacts and deals.

In the last ten years, Janvel has done reasonably well on the intelligence, business deals, and has even managed to do quite a lot of stonework. Right now he is working with the Boales family to get a brickworks started. He figures it will make a profit and encourage new construction work. The rooms up above his shop are a little large for a single Dwarf and he often has guests as various members of his Clan pass through town on business. In another year or two, he can go back to his Clan and someone else will take his place there as agent and stonecutter. Janvel is a typical Dwarf in appearance, short and stocky with a bushy black beard and hair setting off dark brown eyes. His clothing is always subdued. Although he seems to buy at least one bright feast cloak each year, no one has ever seen him wearing it. It puzzles his neighbors but because Janvel is so quiet and polite, none of them are going to bother him.

Janvel Hewder, Mechanician Rank 5

PS: 22 MD: 20 AG: 16 MA: 12
EN: 19 FT: 21 WP: 21 PC: 12
PB: 17 TMR: 4

Usually Leather Apron (equivalent to Cloth Armor), Stone Cutters Mallet (equivalent to War Hammer Rank 5); otherwise, Chainmail, Crossbow Rank 5, Battle Axe Rank 6.

Blacksmithy: Beck Hornvid runs a very good Blacksmithy on Griffin Way, which, though he is a Human, always seems to have a lot of Dwarven work around for sale. Occasionally, he is seen to have a Dwarf or two working on his back forge, but never for very long. Beck, in fact, runs a sort of spy shop for the High Fastness Clan of Dwarves. He makes a number of trips for them to Seagate and is paid quite well. Actually, Beck is a pretty good Smith but the Dwarves still look down on anything he does as "only Human work". He makes a pretty good living doing special errands for the High Fastness Clan, but just once he would like to do some item that would be good enough to force the Dwarves to accept him as a Smith also.

Beck is a large burly man, broad-chested and with shaggy black hair almost down over a set of piercing dark brown eyes. He is often wearing fancy clothes. Not fancy in that they are above his social station, but fancy in that he obviously does not work at his forge in them. Beck is single and a very eligible bachelor. As yet, his connections with the Dwarves have made some townsfolk hesitant to associate with him even though it is now becoming apparent that his activities are not harmful.

Beck Hornvid, Mechanician Rank 4, Merchant Rank 3

PS: 22	MD: 18	AG: 16	MA: 10
EN: 16	FT: 20	WP: 12	PC: 10
PB: 17	TMR: 5		

Usually no Armor, Dagger Rank 3, Smiths Hammer (equivalent to War Hammer Rank 4); otherwise, Scale Armor, Glaive Rank 6, Broadsword Rank 4.

Brewer: Ames Portham and his wife, Lina take a good quantity of the surplus grain and turn it into something their fellow citizens like even better, Ale! Were it not for the fact his feet aren't furry, his neighbors would swear that Ames and Lina were very big Halflings. They aren't but no one would care if they were. The Brewmaster and his wife turn out large quantities of very fine ale. Lina has been experimenting with certain spices and she has come up with a couple of popular blends. They have imported a lot of wine when they could, although several local farmers have now taken to growing grapes and certain sweet berries. A friendly rivalry is now on between Ames, the farmers, and the Brewmaster of the Dwarven Clan Iron Fist as to who can get the best vintage out of their material. Frequent tasting sessions are held whenever any of the participants are in town which frequently develop into parties. All concerned are convinced that in addition to being nice to drink, their new wines should prove a commercial success as well.

The Portham house is a modest affair on Griffin Way, stout wood on a stone base with a thatched roof. It is two stories, 30 x 20 feet with a large garden out back. A small wine and ale cellar has been dug out underneath for "business samples". Most of the business, though, is done at the large warehouse facility over on Sand Street where large sheds have been built over the top of extensive wine and ale cellars. Ames prefers to sell only to the inns and taverns, but Lina has built up a nice little side-line. She and some of the other wives have invented a sort of "fast food" business. At breakfast, lunch and supper, certain women on each square or street set out a small stand with hot meat rolls and a small cask of ale. A quick snack for a small coin. In fact, Lina has organized a small company of wives that are looking to start catering meals to building sites and such like. Ames won't admit it, but he is secretly rooting for her to make a success of it.

Ames and Lina are both short, pudgy individuals with high laughing voices. Both have light brown hair and blue eyes. Both delight in wearing bright colorful clothes.

Ames Portham, Merchant Rank 4, Alchemist Rank 1

PS: 18	MD: 19	AG: 17	MA: 10
EN: 16	FT: 20	WP: 14	PC: 12
PB: 15	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 4.

Lina Portham, Merchant Rank 3

PS: 16	MD: 18	AG: 18	MA: 11
EN: 17	FT: 21	WP: 16	PC: 12
PB: 16	TMR: 6		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 3.

24. Town Encounters

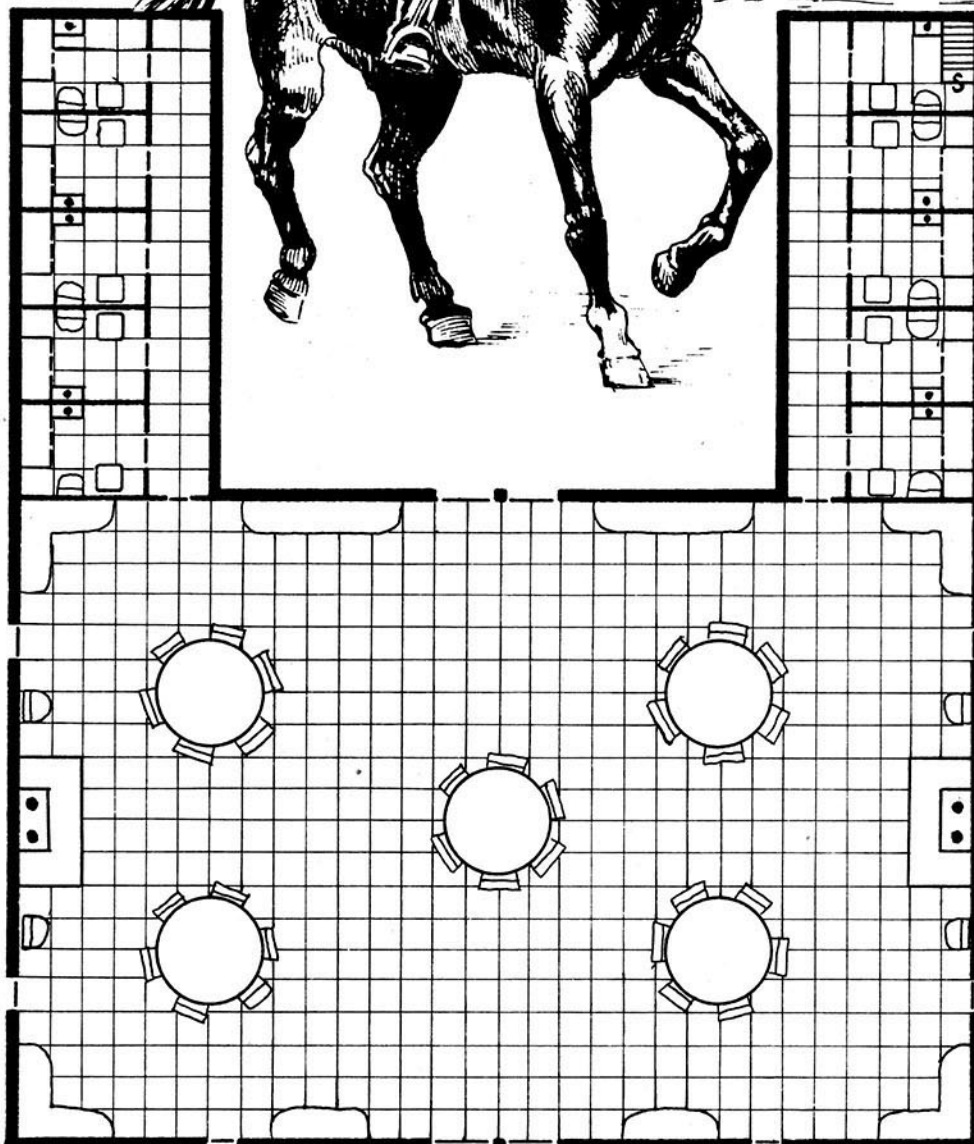
See Chart 11 on page

Special Town Encounters - Seacroft

- 1 - 2 A party of D - 3 drunken Sailors are arguing in the middle of the street as to what direction the harbor last got lost in. Informing them of the way to go will get you a drunken belch for your thanks and a clear path as the Sailors stagger on off towards their ship. They are too clumsy and have too short an attention span to be belligerent.
- 3 - 4 At night you notice a strange form of man-like shape and size concealed in some shadows. Aware that you have spotted it, the shadow emits a hoarse croak and vanishes into the darkness. Investigating will reveal some strange tracks which appear as if they had been made by a man-sized frog. The tracks, if followed, will lead down to the beach and vanish in the surf line. A Perception Roll of Difficulty Factor 5 will be necessary by anyone with a Tracking skill span to perceive that these tracks also bear some resemblance to those of Saurime.
- 5 - 6 You observe a light-fingered individual approaching a Merchant's belt purse with obvious intent to steal. Giving a warning will cause you to receive a rotten cabbage in the middle of the back as an accomplice causes a distraction necessary to let the thief get free. Not giving a warning will mean a chance (roll 1 on a D10) that the local Thieves group will contact your party.
- 7 - 10 While passing by an occupied table at a local tavern, you notice two businessmen in earnest conversation being eavesdropped upon by a furtive individual in the corner. If warned, they will look, shrug, say "Oh him! Never mind." and go back to their conversation. The individual will be annoyed because he considers himself a sort of superspy for the Baron. In fact, almost all the citizens of Seacroft know about him and are rather amused. No one pays old Stenton any mind at all figuring his harmless delusion will keep him amused.



THE BLUE BOAR TAVERN



1 Square = 2.5'

Map Key	
+	Secret Door
— — —	Doors
⌒	Fireplace
○	Furniture

25. Port Facilities

The facilities connected with ships, seaborne trade, and sailors are all located around the harbor. All are built below the break in the slope with the rest of the town of Seacroft straggling up the slope to the break or crest.

Harbor Fort: The largest and most prominent building in Seacroft is the harbor defense fort. Made of dark gray rough stone, this circular structure was built on a rocky section of the beach. It is a large shell keep or hollow circular tower, 120 feet in diameter with an interior courtyard 40 feet in diameter. The outer walls range from 10 feet thick at the base, to about 6 feet thick at the top. Parapets along the top and slits in the walls permit archery fire in all directions. A well in the courtyard supplies water. While not the strongest fortress in the Confederacy, it serves quite well to ward off pirate attacks on Seacroft. It normally has a garrison of some 40 to 60 mercenary men-at-arms. They are tasked with patrolling the countryside and coastline in the vicinity. They are supplemented by the Seacroft Militia which consists of every able-bodied man and not a few hardy women patrolling a night or two each month to keep in practice.

The Harbor Watch is constantly kept on top of a tower built up two more stories above the top of the wall on the seaward side of the fort. The Customs office is built into the base of the tower.

Customs Station: The Baron maintains a representative at Seacroft to enforce his taxes and tariffs as well as to keep him informed as to what is going on. This is Fedor Girthran's normal station and the Mayor, Garet Robfram and the Harbormaster, Denton Hawklan, may often be found here as well.

Market: The covered stalls and open area of the Fish Market do not occupy as large an area as the Community Market, but it certainly smells as strong. Not every stall is open every day. It depends upon which boats come in that morning and how good the catch was. At least a couple of stalls will always be open with some sort of fresh fish for sale. Much larger quantities of dried, salted, or otherwise preserved fish are always available from the warehouses.

Warehouses: Several large buildings are located just back of the Fishmarket. These serve as storage facilities for the preserved fish. Also goods from a merchant ship may be temporarily held here. A number of men from the Sailor's Guild keep an eye on the place to prevent pilferage and several large cats have staked out their vermin-hunting territory there.

Sailor's Guild Hall: The largest building other than the Harbor Fort is the Sailor's Guild Hall. Since both the merchant sailors and fishermen are members, the hall has to serve over several hundred members. It is the main social and political center of their lives. It tries to expedite the smooth flow of business while taking care of the interests of its members. The 50 foot wide by 150 foot long Guild Hall is often rented out to other groups and serves as a true community center. The Mayor, Garet Robfram, often uses it since there is no Town Hall.

Shipyard: At the present time, no ship larger than 50 feet in length has been built here. Shipwright Rodsteen has built many a fishing boat or small coastal trader but has yet to launch a large merchant ship. His repair work has been more than adequate. One shipping line in one of the northern Baronies is sending some of their ships here for their annual refit due to Conlan Rodsteen's high quality and low prices. The Harbormaster is quite happy to assist since it means more jobs for the sailors in town. Most of the fishing boats have little problems in docking or repairs since it is easy to just pull them up on the beach. No part

on a fishing boat is so large or heavy that a couple of men can't pull it out or put it back in again.

26. Blue Boar Tavern

Catering mostly to ruffians, thugs, and roustabouts, this building is located down by the harbor on Bluebell Street. It is rough, noisy and there are a lot of fights, but probably only two or three people a year get killed here. However, it serves as the headquarters for the crime element in Seacroft. The Thieves Guild folk can be contacted here for a fee. Almost any type of sale or purchase can be arranged for a coin or two. The Town Constable drops in here often just to try to keep on top of things. The local ruffians are aware that Ames Lankard is no easy meat and give him a lot of respect. Consequently, he'll never catch anything more than a minor rumble on the building premises themselves.

The main Common Room is 40 feet wide by 60 feet long and has large stone fireplaces at each end. The decor is large rough wooden benches and tables lit by several large oil lamps suspended from the rafters by chains. There are two wings leading off to the north at either end of the main room. Each of these wings has several smaller rooms in it where private games might be had or more private deals made. Food here is coarse and cheap but filling. The ale is some of the Portham's best vintage.

Hedwig Dured runs the Blue Boar for some absentee landlord that no one in town has yet admitted to identifying. He has a rather muscular crew of bartenders and barmaids to help keep order though he often swings a mean bung starter himself. He participates in some smuggling ventures and has several hiding places constructed in the nooks and crannies of the building. His major item of this ilk is a secret underground escape tunnel which runs from a panel beside a fireplace in the room where he spends most of his time to another building not far away. This other building is a small Carters shed and stables. The Carter keeps his carts, wagon, ponies, and a riding horse or two for Hedwig. Sometimes, a special visitor is conducted in blindfolded to meet with Hedwig and a mysterious cowed figure Hedwig claims is his boss. Only a few of Hedwig's most trusted thugs even know that there is a secret passage, much less where it runs and how to open it.

Hedwig himself is a dark surly individual of medium height and pale olive complexion. His stringy long black hair is seldom combed and his bushy full beard is not well cared for. His dark brown eyes are often bloodshot. He has a short temper and a tendency to use abusive language, being fluent in the invective only of more than eight modern languages. He wears good quality clothing that is dirty and ill-cared for though all his weapons receive meticulous care.

Hedwig Dured, Merchant Rank 4

PS: 18	MD: 20	AG: 17	MA: 14
EN: 11	FT: 19	WP: 16	PC: 10
PB: 10	TMR: 5		

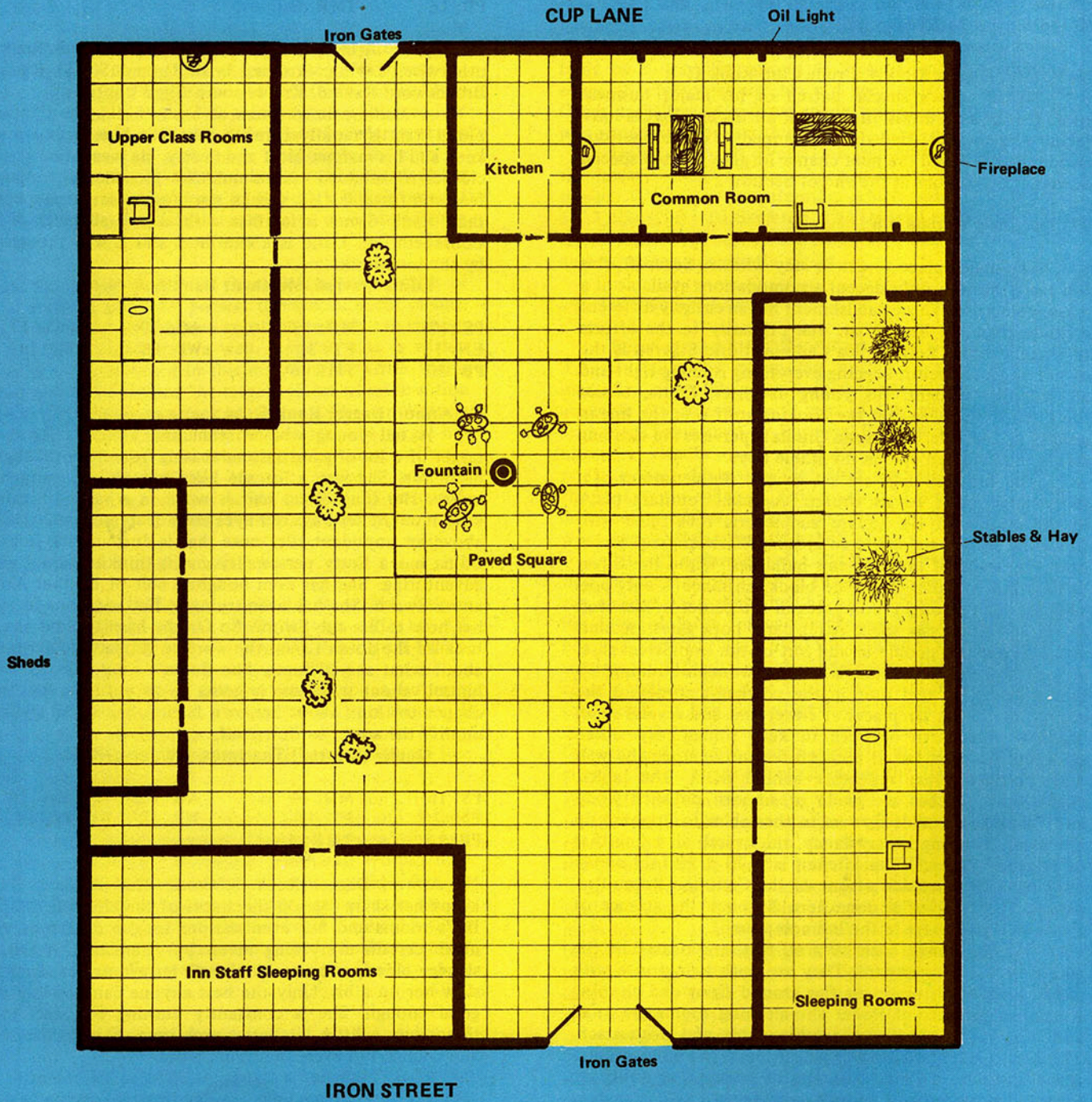
Usually no Armor, Dagger Rank 5, Whip Rank 6; otherwise, Scale Armor, Crossbow Rank 4, Flail Rank 4. Hedwig knows several minor Counterspells at Rank 1.

Four thugs or bouncers are either tending bar or are hanging around the Blue Boar at all times. Typical statistics would be:

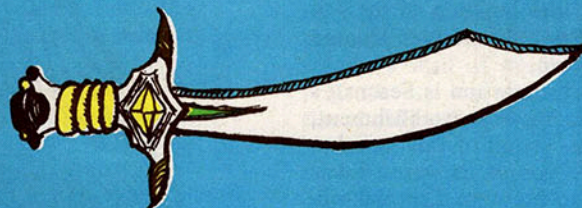
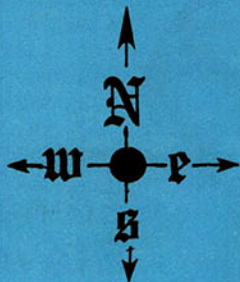
PS: 20	MD: 17	AG: 16	MA: 10
EN: 12	FT: 19	WP: 10	PC: 8
PB: 10	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Quarterstaff Rank 4, Dagger Rank 3, Hand Axe Rank 3.

One Square = 5'



SILVER CUTLASS INN



Map Key	
S	Secret Door
—	Doors
⊗	Fireplace
○	Furniture

Two barmaids or cooks are also present most of the day with two more being called in for busy hours. Typical statistics are:

PS: 16	MD: 17	AG: 16	MA: 10
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 14	PC: 10
PB: 16	TMR: 5		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 4, Crude Club Rank 1.

Hedwig has a special hatred of his major business rival, the Silver Cutlass Inn, which all his employees have taken over as well. Hedwig has planned to cause a serious accident to his rival the next chance he gets. See the special Scenario Suggestions at the end of Section 27.

27. The Silver Cutlass Inn

The major place to eat or stay while in Seacroft, this Inn really has the only decent accommodations available at a reasonable price. This establishment has an entirely different attitude than the Blue Boar, due primarily to the efforts of three people. Retired Sea Captain, Edric Stavred is the owner and proprietor, keeping everything running right and all accounts straight. His young daughter, Edina, bosses the kitchen and sees that the cooking staff toes the line in quality and service. Old cousin Gunila supervises the cleaning maids and keeps an eye on the stable boys.

The Inn buildings are set around the perimeter of a fairly large open paved square. A small fountain plays in the middle of the square and several tubs filled with flowering shrubs are scattered around. Flowering ivy grows over the walls of most of the buildings. While the Silver Cutlass Inn occupies all of the block, entrance is only possible through wrought iron gates in the center of the Iron Street and Cup Lane sides. After dark, both gates are shut and a porter lets people in and out of the Iron Street gate.

The Common Room is a large wooden building, 30 feet wide by 80 feet long in the northeast corner of the courtyard. It has fireplaces at either end and several small charcoal braziers in between to keep things cosy. Small oil lights are provided at each 10 feet or so along the wall with polished brass reflectors behind them. The tables, chairs, and benches are made of smooth polished wood and Edina often adds flowers to the tables to brighten up the place. Nothing is very fancy, the overall air being that of relaxed comfort. The kitchen is a 20 x 30 foot annex built onto the backside of one of the Common Room fireplaces. The cooking is done here although the storage of the food is elsewhere in the Inn compound.

Two buildings, each 30 x 60 feet, are located on the east side of the courtyard. They are both two stories with stables and hay storage on the ground floor and sleeping rooms on the second floor. The sleeping rooms are small and simply furnished with a table, chair, and clothesrack. The bed is of wood with a woven cord net supporting a straw mattress. Varying amounts of blankets or quilts are provided in accordance with the weather.

The better class accommodations are located in another 30 x 60 foot building of wood with a thatched roof, though sleeping rooms are located on both floors. These rooms are furnished a little better, including a feather mattress and either a fireplace or charcoal brazier to provide warmth.

The Inn Staff stays in the final building of the Inn which is a single story stone building, 30 x 60 feet, located on the southwest side of the courtyard.

The Silver Cutlass Inn is fairly new and is Seacroft's first attempt to provide a higher quality establishment. Most of the citizens of Seacroft are proud of this new Inn and drop in from time to time to sample its wares. Edric Stavred has asked Ames Portham to brew up a special vintage just for the Silver Cutlass. Edina, with the help of several noted good cooks, is trying to develop some special meat dishes for the patron.

Edric Stavred, Merchant Rank 6, Navigator Rank 7

PS: 20	MD: 18	AG: 17	MA: 16
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 14	PC: 12
PB: 16	TMR: 5		

Usually no Armor, Dagger Rank 6, Crude Club Rank 2; otherwise, Leather Armor, Small Round Shield Rank 4, Broadsword Rank 6. Knows some minor contrips.

A medium height man of bushy build, the Captain's blond hair is rapidly turning gray. His blue eyes are still keen and his manner bluff and hearty. He wears fine quality clothes of subdued colors and tries to make all his guests feel comfortable. He speaks six modern languages better than Rank 6 and is familiar with almost all parts of the Confederation. Edric is a fine host and is well thought of by the townsfolk.

Edina Stavred, Merchant Rank 2

PS: 17	MD: 18	AG: 19	MA: 17
EN: 15	FT: 20	WP: 16	PC: 11
PB: 20	TMR: 6		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 4.

A tall young woman, slim and athletic, she is the target of a lot of good natured teasing from the local eligible bachelors. She sees a lot she likes but no one enough to marry. Her long blond hair is worn in a pair of braids to keep it out of her way. Her eyes are a deep green and sparkle above an impudent tilty nose that is dusted with freckles. Edina has a feisty personality and is thinking about going adventuring. She has even bought a suit of Leather Armor and a Sword. She has been trying to find someone to teach her how to use the Sword. So far she hasn't found anyone because she doesn't want the word to get back to her father about what she is doing. She doesn't want him to worry himself about what she is going to do until she has had a chance to think about her own future. She is still trying to modify the armor to fit herself.

Gunila (Stavred) Thartmos, Merchant Rank 2

PS: 16	MD: 14	AG: 12	MA: 14
EN: 12	FT: 19	WP: 18	PC: 14
PB: 14	TMR: 4		

No Armor, Dagger Rank 3, Crude Club Rank 2. Gunila keeps her sharp eye on the status of the cleanliness of the Inn's rooms and her even sharper tongue on the move to make certain everything meets her standards. A tall and slender elderly woman, she hasn't let age or her silver hair slow her up a bit. Only the best anyone can possibly do is good enough. She is constantly pushing her staff to do things just a little bit better each time. Few people really like Gunila, but everyone respects her.



Edina Stavred

The Silver Cutlass Inn is the scene of a possible adventure for the party. While staying at the Inn, a fierce thunderstorm approaches. Other travellers stop in, their journeys halted by the menacing storm. A spirited gambling game starts up with the characters active participants or kibitzing spectators and lasts well into the wee morning hours. The player characters become friendly with Captain Edric who promises to see what he can do to help them on their way. Meanwhile, back in the kitchen, a tired Edina is just finishing some special cooking for the next day. A shadowy figure sneaks up behind her and quickly subdues her. The kidnapper passes his victim to his accomplices outside the kitchen, splashes a lot of cooking oil around the kitchen, and flings a lighted torch into it as he makes a hasty exit. The resulting blaze should be fairly easily contained since the kitchen was built to be as fire-proof as possible. The Captain is immediately worried about the absence of his daughter until a ransom note is found pinned to the door of the living quarters. The Captain is immediately even more worried since the sum demanded is absurdly high and could not possibly be met by anyone in town. It is obvious that the kidnapper has a personal grudge against the Captain. The Captain is immediately suspicious of Hedwig Dured, the operator of the major competition in town, the Blue Boar Tavern. Edric wants the characters to quickly scout the Blue Boar to see if they can find a trace of his daughter there. He goes to her bedroom and plucks a hair from one of her hair brushes. Tying the hair to one of the party's finger rings, he throws a quick spell on the hair which will make it point to where she currently is.

At present, Edina is tied up and held prisoner in one of the back rooms of the Blue Boar. Only one of the bouncers is guarding her. If the player characters get close enough, they will overhear the guard tell her that she will soon be hidden out of town until she can be sold as a slave. Attempting to rescue her now will pit them against the one guard plus whomever he can summon. Waiting until later means that they might be able to get more help, but at the risk of not knowing where she will be. The spell on the hair can only be done once and it will soon run out.

If the party does wait and get reinforcements, the Judge should have the spell last just long enough to point underground and behind them as Edina is taken through the tunnel to the waiting cart in the stable. The hair will point to the cart as it starts to move and then will go limp. Two bouncers will be guarding and Hedwig Dured will be driving. All are armed and armored. It will be difficult to rescue Edina before the bouncers or Hedwig can try to kill her. The tactical problem should provide an opportunity for any of the player characters to demonstrate any potentiality for Military Scientist skill.

Should Edina be rescued, there is a 50% chance she will become infatuated with one of the player characters. If the suggested player characters are being used, roll one die to determine the individual: 1 - 3 Chingeel, 4 - 6 Randmar, or 7 - 10 Ervin. Once "taken" with one of the characters, she will want to join them on their adventure. Edric won't stand in his daughter's way although he will very thoroughly check out the ship they will be using. If the party is using the Saucey Lass, Edric will simply ask Rendel Harenc to keep an eye on his little girl. If Baskor's Windfoam is being used, Edric will give the proper information on the activities of the crew. If the player characters have taken over the Windfoam, Edric will ask an old friend of his to be the Ship Master and will help gather a fairly trustworthy crew.

Brockden Rungard, Navigator Rank 7

Usually no Armor, Dagger Rank 5; otherwise, Leather Armor, Battle Axe Rank 6. Brockden knows several general counterspells at Rank 1. A squat, stocky little shrimp of a guy with an immense booming voice, Brockden retired from most shipping a year or two ago and now helps out Conlon Rodsteen down at the shipyard. An excellent sailor, Brockden has always had too little ambition and too much wanderlust to make the best of captains over a long term.

X. AVAILABLE SHIPPING

While there are normally a number of ships and small craft available for hire at Seacroft, just right now, the fishing fleet is out, and no scheduled merchant ships are expected in for some weeks. Only two vessels are available for hire in port. Inquiring in the harbor area or asking around the taverns will lead the characters to the Windfoam and the Saucey Lass.

Further inquiry will give the information that no one will talk about the Windfoam, while everyone seems to be amused by, but have a great respect for, Rendel Harenc and his seamanship. Depending upon the amount of adventure encountered up to this point, the Judge may decide to have the party use the Windfoam, regardless. In such instances, this will be only the first or second time this ship has called at Seacroft; consequently, no one local will know anything bad about the ship or her crew.

28. The Windfoam

The good ship Windfoam is not such a nice ship. Although well-built and in excellent condition, her captain is "Iron Fist Baskor." This Captain believes in keeping his operating expenses as low as possible by kidnapping a crew and forcing them to work the ship. The ancient practice is known as "shanghaiing." He travels Confederation Bay north and south carrying cargos between the baronies. Because of connections with the Thieves' Guild and a few judicious bribes to officials, Captain Baskor has little trouble. Harbor patrols turn a deaf ear to any screams of pain from the Windfoam. The ship is currently in port and is making ready to sail. Her crew is a little short-handed, and Baskor is looking for some more strong backs.

If the characters choose to negotiate with Baskor, he will hem and haw for a minute or so and then allow as "My cargo isn't really perishable. I could hire out for as much as a week's diversion." A Perception Roll should be called for at 4x PC plus 5x any Merchant or Navigator Rank in the party. If the roll is successful, the character will notice that the cargo is, indeed, perishable and must be at the destination port in a few days. After a short bargaining session, the Captain will give a fairly good price and tell the characters that he wants to leave very early tomorrow morning. The characters may come on board tonight and catch a little bit of sleep before the voyage starts.

Iron Fist will drug the party, if he can, with a sleeping potion in wine. Or, he and the bullies of his crew will jump the party members one at a time and subdue them. The characters will wake up the next day a number of miles out to sea, bound in chains, and wearing only rags. Iron Fist has no intention of sailing south to the Rookeries. He has just acquired a new batch of slaves. His crew already comprises himself and the First Mate, two senior seamen, and four guards or bullies. There are six other poor wretches chained in the hold that Captain Baskor uses for slave labor.

Baskor is a large, beefy man with a florid complexion. He used to be a real brawler several years ago but is now quite out of practice. He tends to wear high-quality clothes that don't quite fit and are now in poor condition. Some of these were stolen from a wealthy passenger Baskor disposed

PS: 18	MD: 17	AG: 16	MA: 17
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 14	PC: 12
PB: 12	TMR: 5		

of two years ago. His hair is shaggy and matches his bushy, black beard. The eyes are light brown and frequently blood-shot. When he takes his time to dress well, Captain Baskor is a most impressive individual. He is quick-tempered and will go to incredible lengths to get revenge on someone he feels has wronged him. With all his faults, he sails his ship well and has a sort of "feel" for possible navigational hazards.

Captain Baskor's statistics are as follows:

PS: 19	MD: 18	AG: 14	MA: 9
EN: 16	FT: 20	WP: 14	PC: 9
PB: 12	TMR: 5		

He is moon aspected. He also carries a Whip and a Cutlass with which he is Rank 6 and Rank 5 (utilize Sabre) respectively. Baskor knows no magic but has skills of Navigator Rank 8 and Merchant Rank 5. He knows 3 modern languages at Rank 6 or above and 3 more at Rank 3.

The First Mate is "Windy Woart," a tall, slender man with wiry muscles. He has been with Baskor for more than 10 years. Not very intelligent, Woart is quick, loyal, watchful, and very sadistic in his treatment of the slave crew. His statistics are:

PS: 17	MD: 18	AG: 19	MA: 8
EN: 18	FT: 21	WP: 16	PC: 8
PB: 13	TMR: 6		

Woart carries a Whip with which he is Rank 10 and also has a Hand Axe with which he is Rank 4. He speaks only Common. He has a Navigator Skill Rank 6, Merchant Skill Rank 2, and Mechanician Skill Rank 2. He knows no magic himself and wears a special amulet which gives a protection of 15% against spells of the College of Water Magics.

The two senior seamen have been with Baskor for a year or two and have worked out. He pays them well to do their jobs and keep their mouths shut. The first is Choate, a tall, blond man from one of the northern baronies. His statistics are:

PS: 17	MD: 15	AG: 14	MA: 10
EN: 17	FT: 21	WP: 12	PC: 8
PB: 7	TMR: 5		

Choate is Rank 4 with the Cutlass (Sabre) slung over his back and Rank 8 with the Dagger in his belt. He knows no magic and speaks only 2 modern languages better than Rank 6. He is a Rank 4 Sailor. The other seaman is Gare, a fairly short and stocky man with a heavy black beard and a dark complexion. He is a surely, taciturn individual who has never divulged from whence he came. His statistics are:

PS: 18	MD: 14	AG: 15	MA: 9
EN: 16	FT: 20	WP: 11	PC: 8
PB: 9	TMR: 5		

Gare is Rank 4 with a Sling and Rank 7 with the Dagger in his belt. He knows no magic and speaks 3 modern languages better than Rank 6. He is a Rank 3 Sailor and a Rank 2 Healer.

The four guards have little seamanship among them; they serve only as a cheap way of keeping the slave crew at work. Their fighting prowess is sufficiently low that they do not serve as much of a deterrent to pirates. Each of them is dressed in Leather Armor and, when on duty, is armed with a Whip as well as a Broadsword. Their names are Bengt, Athol, Quan, and Kegan. Their statistics are:

Bengt:

PS: 14	MD: 15	AG: 14	MA: 8
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 14	PC: 7
PB: 9	TMR: 5		

Athol:

PS: 17	MD: 16	AG: 16	MA: 9
EN: 17	FT: 21	WP: 9	PC: 6
PB: 10	TMR: 5		

Quan:

PS: 15	MD: 19	AG: 14	MA: 9
EN: 11	FT: 19	WP: 12	PC: 5
PB: 12	TMR: 5		

Kegan:

PS: 16	MD: 14	AG: 16	MA: 12
EN: 12	FT: 19	WP: 11	PC: 5
PB: 11	TMR: 5		

All in all, they are not very bright but do follow Captain Baskor's orders to the best of their limited ability. They have Rank 3 with both the Whip and the Broadsword.

The characters may also assume the slaves to be pretty much the same although there are several useful skills hidden among them. There is also a traitor or informant hidden among them; this is a fact that the characters should be allowed to discover only through hard experience. The statistics for the slaves are:

PS	MD	AG	MA	EN	FT	WP	PC	PB	TMR
14	12	14	12	14	20	13	9	8	5
13	13	12	9	15	20	12	8	9	4
12	15	13	14	13	19	14	12	7	5
13	15	12	8	12	19	9	10	6	4
14	13	13	18	16	20	14	9	9	5
15	12	14	17	11	19	11	14	8	5

Captain Baskor



At least one or two individuals can be selected by the Judge to have a skill rank or two appropriate to whatever action is being contemplated. Tools and materials will need to be made or stolen, but the basic skill and knowledge would be there. The attitude would be pretty sullen and down-trodden. The player-characters will have to start something on their own but could inspire the slaves to join.

For example, at least one of the slaves will have some slight training in Thief or Spy skills and would be able to pick the locks on the slave shackles if only he could get a proper piece of something to use as a lockpick. Perhaps he has been tearing on a splinter of wood in the dark with his teeth and fingernails trying to get it down into the shape he needs. Or, one of the previous slaves could have stolen a bit of metal and carefully concealed it in an odd corner. Such an item would only be discovered by a very thorough search. As yet another alternative, while the slaves are loading or unloading cargo at some port, one of the player-characters will notice a small nail or other bit of metal that would serve as a crude lockpick. A final way is to have an old friend of an apprentice Thief recognize him and tell a fellow Guildmember about him. The Guild would then make sure that he got a pair of lockpicks to use in an escape if he could. If he wasn't good enough to escape with some lockpicks, the Guild would think he ought to remain a slave!

The first escape attempt will not succeed as it has been betrayed by the fink or spy among the slaves. All the slaves will be able to do will be to get on deck before the entire armed crew pops out of hiding. The slaves will be flogged and their bodies stripped; their slave quarters will also be searched. All of the player-characters and the Thief will have to make a Perception Roll with a Difficulty Factor of 5 to notice that one of the slaves screams loudly but doesn't seem to show any blood or bruises. If anyone notices this, they will tell the other ring-leaders. The Thief will have been smart. He will have let the crew find one of his two lockpicks or else something he could have used as a lockpick in order to lull them into a false sense of security. The next night, or the night after, would be an excellent time to stage another breakout attempt, especially if the first item in the breakout is to "off" the spy. In such an instance, it may be best for the Judge to have Baskor, Woart, a sailor, or a guard be drunk from celebrating the suppression of the mutiny. Drunkenness temporarily reduces Strength, Dexterity, and Skill Levels 3 - 5 points.

They should succeed in sailing the ship to the nearest port which will be Seacroft. However, the voyage should be fraught with difficulties and near-accidents due to lack of seamanship knowledge on the parts of the player-characters. An attack by Sea Devils might add a little amusement. Also, as soon as the ship anchors, the rest of the ex-slaves immediately jump ship, never to see the Windfoam again. Upon taking stock of their resources, the characters find that there is little ready cash on board ship. They can't get their hands on any of Baskor's money on shore. They don't have any sort of title or claim to the ship other than current possession. It also looks a lot like they are pirates. The Harbor Guard would seize the Windfoam on mere suspicion of wrong-doing and would try to sort it out through the Sailors' Guild. While involved in this little problem, perhaps they stay at the Silver Cutlass Inn to drown their troubles in mugs of ale. The mini adventure suggested at the end of Section 27 would provide a way out of the difficulties for the player-characters.

The Windfoam travels between the port of Seacroft and several of the other ports on the other side of Confederation Bay. She takes several days to reach her port and another few days to unload and load on new cargo. The return journey takes about the same amount of time. She has a length of 80 feet, a beam of 25 feet, and a draught of 8/12 feet empty/loaded. The ship carries a cargo of 100

tons or 4,500 cubic feet. The ship has a maximum speed under sail of 5 to 6 knots or nautical miles per hour when running before the wind. When reaching, or sailing at an angle to the wind, she would average 4 to 5 knots. Tacking, or sailing against the wind, she would be most able to average 2 to 3 knots. In map terms, this translates to 110 miles (22 hexes), 74 miles (15 hexes) or 37 miles (7 hexes) of distance covered in one sixteen-hour day of sailing in a brisk wind. The Windfoam has a crew of from 9 to 12 men, depending upon the number of passengers working their way. She can carry up to 10 passengers if also carrying cargo. If not carrying cargo, the Windfoam can squeeze in up to 60 men.

This type of ship is termed a "round ship" due to the relatively low ratio between the width and the length of the hull. It is most often encountered in the more restricted sea areas where its ability to maneuver under sail is an asset in the hazards of shoals, rocks, and foul waters. Its lanteen-rigged sail permits the vessel to tack quickly with only a couple of crewmen handling the sail. Though the Windfoam does carry several large oars, called sweeps, this ship was not made to be moved by rowing. Even under severe lashing, the most the slaves could do would be to turn the ship in the open sea or shift from one berth to another in a calm harbor.

Owing to her rounded bottom and deep draft, the Windfoam does not normally run herself aground to make it easy to unload her cargo. She ties up alongside a dock or wharf to transfer her cargo. If the items carried were relatively small, it would be possible to anchor the ship in deeper water and transfer the cargo to small boats which could easily be run up on shore. The small ship's boat, or skiff, would be used for this cargo transfer. Normally, it's not large enough to carry a worthwhile amount, but Captain Baskor occasionally indulges in a little smuggling. The skiff is towed behind the ship on a rope or lashed down on top of the main hatch opening.

The Windfoam is shown in Plans I and II on page 27. The pointed end is the front of bow end, and the more rounded end (with the shelves on either side carrying large oars for steering) is the rear or stern. The major features of the main deck, moving from bow to stern, are the cutwater (a vertical extension of the keel or ship's backbone), the hawsehole (through which the anchor ropes pass), the bitts (a pair of sturdy posts), the forward cargo hatch, the mast, the main cargo hatch, and the cabin. Steps on the forward side of the cabin lead up 4 feet to a railed-in section of the roof. Steps at the other side of the front wall of the cabin lead down 4 feet into the interior of the cabin. The roof of the cabin serves as the place where the steersmen stand and control the course of the ship with the right angle projections (called tillers) on the ends of the large steering oar. One of the guards stands on the main deck just in front of the cabin when on duty. He is armed with the usual Leather Armor, Whip, and Broadsword.

The next deck, Plan II, is the cargo hold. At the very front, there is an area raised three feet and walled off from the rest of the cargo hold. This area is for the storage of the anchor ropes which lead up through a hole in the main deck (hawsehole). Frequently, when not working, the slaves are shut up in the rope locker or are chained to the ship's sides and bulkheads at this point. The major open section of this deck is the cargo hold. It is eight feet from the floor of the cargo hold to the underside of the main deck. A large, round timber, called the mast, projects vertically from a reinforced section of the keel up through the cargo hold and continues through the main deck to support a long, horizontal pole, called the boom, which carries the sail. Two large rectangular holes in the main deck above are the cargo hatches through which the materials carried by the ship are loaded and unloaded. Normally, when at sea, these openings are

covered over with waterproof hatches or leather sheets. At the rear of the cargo hold is a wall which separates the cargo from the cabin area. There is a small door or hatch in this bulkhead or wall which leads into the cabin. The floor of the cabin is raised four feet from the level of the cargo hold floor with steps leading up another four feet through another hatch onto the main deck of the ship. The floor boards are removable and serve as a hiding spot for some of Captain Baskor's goods. The rear wall of the cabin is formed by the rear portion of the ship's hull. There are a pair of niches on each side of the cabin which are formed by platforms supporting the steering oars on the deck above. The cabin is lit by several small, glass windows which have stout wooden shutters to protect them. A heavy wooden door also fits tightly into the opening to the cabin. The crew and high-paying passengers sleep in the bunks built into the sides and rear of the cabin. A small brick hearth is located against the front wall of the cabin where the cook can sometimes prepare meals. Those passengers paying minimum fare or working for their trips sleep on the main deck when the weather is nice or on top of the cargo when the weather is foul.

Windfoam is seldom at sea for more than three to five continuous days. Her voyages tend to follow the coastline, and she usually anchors at night. Only under the most favorable of conditions would she continue under sail at night or cut directly across open sea areas.

29. Rendel Harenc and the Saucey Lass

The Saucey Lass is a small coaster or a large fishing boat and is drawn up on shore with her proprietor relaxing against a pile of fishnets and contemplating the end of a repair job. Rendel is a slim, middle-aged man with a bald head and a large, white bushy moustache. He seldom wears more than a pair of leather shorts and, consequently, is toasted brown by the sun and wind. He is also currently wearing a number of daubs of tar, remnants of the material used to caulk his boat. When the fishing fleet last sailed, he was ill and had a repair job to do on the Lass. His normal crew sailed with other friends and relatives for this trip. Rendel had just finished repairs when the characters walked up. He is the sole owner of the ship and is rather proud of her. Rendel Harenc has been fishing these waters all of his life and is familiar with the coast and its inhabitants. While known as a practical joker and a quick wit, he is also known as an excellent seaman and navigator.

Rendel was born in Seacroft and is quite happy to stay there. However, a little bit of money can always persuade him to take someone else anywhere they wish to go. His price will be a lot lower than that of Captain Baskor, but he will immediately provide a list of items, equipment, or supplies that the characters will "find of great comfort and utility on the voyage." Any character inquiring of other sources will discover that Rendel is right. A party could get by without spare food, water, a water-proof canvas sheet, extra rope, weapons, or gifts for the sea folk. Most wouldn't want to try, especially in the direction the party proposes to go.

Rendel can easily come up with another seaman and a boy to round out his crew. His own statistics are:

PS: 17	MD: 18	AG: 16	MA: 11
EN: 15	FT: 20	WP: 14	PC: 10
PB: 10	TMR: 5		

He has a pleasant personality though his jokes tend to put a lot of people off. He has a great respect for the sea and all its inhabitants. Rendel has come to an accommodation with almost all of the intelligent sea beings in the area. He never

takes more than he needs and is quick to help any in distress. Rendel is Life-aspected. His weapons are Spear Rank 4, Sling Rank 5, and Dagger Rank 7. While not an adept of the College of Water Magics, Rendel knows Predict Weather (T - 1) at Rank 8, the Spell of Speaking to Seabirds (G - 3) at Rank 6, the Spell of Navigation (G - 5) at Rank 4, and the Spell of Speaking with Aquatic Mammals (G - 7) at Rank 6. He knows no other magic. Rendel is a Rank 8 Navigator, a Rank 2 Healer, and a Rank 0 Mechanician. He knows the coast very well even as far south as the Rookeries. Most encounters at sea with intelligent beings can be turned into friendly encounters if the party has followed his suggestions regarding proper gifts to bring with them.

Bion is the other old sailor that Rendel will bring along. He is semi-retired and no longer does much fishing, but he has a very sure touch with boat handling. He is a skinny old man with a bushy shock of white hair on a nut-brown complexion. His statistics are:

PS: 12	MD: 17	AG: 15	MA: 9
EN: 12	FT: 19	WP: 16	PC: 10
PB: 8	TMR: 5		

Bion is a garrulous old coot, constantly spinning tales and arguing with Rendel over the fine points of this or that technique. However, Rendel is an old friend, and, in any emergency, Bion will obey his orders without question. Bion knows no magic but has a Rank 6 Navigator Skill. He is armed with a small Dagger with which he is Rank 4, but he has no other weapons. He used to be a harpooner and could probably (40% chance) still cast a Spear or Javelin at Rank 4. Bion spends a lot of his time teaching skills to his young nephew, Felam.

Felam is an untried youngster who aspires to be a fisherman. He has always liked boats and felt comfortable on the water. His age is about 14, and, consequently, his statistics are:

PS: 12	MD: 17	AG: 18	MA: 11
EN: 14	FT: 20	WP: 11	PC: 8
PB: 14	TMR: 6		

He carries a Dagger with which he is Rank 2 and can use a Crude Club at Rank 1. He is bright, eager to please, and excited at the prospect of becoming a real sailor. He does listen to Bion and will pick up a lot of information from him. Felam will listen to the characters as well, but he is committed to a life on the sea. He knows no magic and is a Rank 0 Navigator. He knows just enough about the situation to know when to yell for help.

The Saucey Lass, herself, is structurally a large, open boat. She is solidly built of wood and lovingly crafted though there is not a bit of decoration on her. At the bow, a long pole projects forward several feet forming the bowsprit to which the sail-handling ropes are attached. A small portion of the bow is enclosed to serve as a storage locker for equipment. Several beams extend across the open hull of the boat, stiffening the ship's structure, holding the mast in place, and serving as spots to fasten the ropes of the rigging or fishing tackle. The bottom of the hull has a number of flat planks fitted into it to provide a place to work or to set cargo. The open area of the hull is frequently closed off by lacing a waterproof canvas cover from one side to the other. The stern of the boat has another enclosed section about 10 feet long. This serves as storage area for food and water, provides a space for the helmsman to operate the single, centerline rudder, and has a small, windlass or catspan mounted at the front edge. This catspan can be used to raise or lower the sail, haul in the nets or fishing lines, or to raise the anchor.

The Saucey Lass has a hull length of 45 feet and an overall length of 53 feet. She has a beam or width of 15 feet and a draught or depth of 2½/4 feet when empty/loaded. She carries a cargo of 5 tons or a maximum of 20 passengers in crowded conditions. Three men are normally required to work her although, once underway, a single helmsman can handle her easily. It is normal for the coaster to travel during daylight hours and beach or anchor for the night. Owing to its shallow hull, the Saucey Lass can easily travel up rivers and streams but sails much better when she is carrying at least a partial load. Running before the wind, the Saucey Lass makes 8 nautical miles per hour which, in a 16-hour sailing day, means a distance of 150 miles (30 hexes). Reaching across the wind at 6 knots means 110 miles (22 hexes) per day. Traveling close-hauled against the wind at 4 knots means a distance of 75 miles (15 hexes) per day.

XI. SEA JOURNEY

Section 30 below contains the Encounter Table to be used first while at sea. If a Special Encounter is indicated, move on to the appropriate section of 31 through 35. The Confederation Bay is not inhabited by Merfolk and therefore all encounters with them should be changed to an encounter with Humans in a Merchant Ship.

The Judge should remember if the players have hired the Saucey Lass to have Rendel attempt to talk any threatening creatures or beings away. In any case, the vessel is not too likely to go out very far from the coast line. In case of pursuit, the Captain is likely to try to take refuge on shore if he can. Many Sea Creatures will be hesitant to go into shallow water.

30. Random Encounters (Ocean)

01 - 06	+1 Human
07 - 12	+3 Human
13 - 18	+5 Human
19 - 24	+10 Human
25 - 30	-3 Barracuda
31 - 36	+1 Shark
37 - 42	+3 Shark
43 - 48	+5 Shark
49 - 54	-3 Eel
55 - 60	-4 Eel
61 - 66	-2 Octopus
67 - 72	+2 Manta Ray
73 - 78	+6 Manta Ray
79 - 84	+1 Harpy
85 - 90	+1 Killer Whale
91+	Special Encounter (1D10)
1 - 3	Merfolk (31)
4 - 6	Wavepack (32)
7 - 8	Pirates (33)
9	Sea Demons (34)
10	Flying Shark (35)



31. Merfolk

A large group of Merfolk are seen in the distance as the vessel cruises along. They easily close in on their sea-horses but appear more inclined to talk than fight, though all are armed and armored. At least one of the Merfolk speaks fluent Common and hails you to halt. They will call up reinforcements if you do not stop. Their reinforcements will include a large Squid or Kraken which they will use to disable the rudder. They will not attack until after they have had a chance to warn the vessel and crew that it nears a sacred area and should turn aside. The Windfoam may not stop, but Captain Baskor will at least reduce sail to hear their message. The Windfoam seldom strays out of Confederation Bay so she will not encounter Merfolk as a normal occurrence. If travelling in the Saucey Lass, Rendel will insist that the party stop. The Merfolk will recognize Rendel and greet him by name. He will exchange minor gifts with the leaders of the group and then request an escort around the sacred area. The Merfolk will quickly agree to his request and provide two riders to escort him around the sensitive place. Rendel will make no attempt to evade them and will even exchange gossip with the escort riders. He will introduce the party to the riders but will neither recommend nor warn the Merfolk of whatever he thinks they are up to.

If travelling by themselves, the characters will have to make their own responses. Anyone with even a Rank 0 Navigator will be aware of what is intended. The Merfolk are simply trying to prevent problems. Polite speech, a token gift, and a request will have them escort you on your way with very little fuss. At all times, there will be visible at least twice the number of fighters present that are in the vessel with a number of more things or creatures glimpsed below the surface. This is a situation in which manners and politeness will get the characters everything.

32. Wavepack

The Wavepack is something quite new in this area and only fragmentary tales of it have come to more civilized ears. It appears as a bunch of glowing red balloons on top of the water. Each balloon is from one to three feet in diameter and floats along at the surface of the water with from 8 to 12 thin ropey tentacles dangling beneath the surface.

Natural Habitat: Ocean

Frequency: Uncommon

Number: 50 - 1,000 (500)

Description: Each individual member of the Wavepack is a gas-filled float with eight to twelve long thin tentacles attached. They appear in immense numbers floating along with the tips of ones tentacles hooked through the other's tentacles, uniting the whole pack into a single mass. They rarely grow a float larger than 3 feet in diameter. The color is a bright red which glows in the dark. The tentacles can deliver an electric shock to its prey and then transfer the prey to the digestive orifice.

Talents, Skills, and Magic: The Wavepack has no magic, special skills, or talents.

Movement Rates: Swimming: 25, Drifting: As Windspeed

PS: 6 - 8	MD: 14 - 16	AG: 5	MA: None
EN: 5 - 6	FT: 10 - 11	WP: 17 - 19	PC: 4
PB: 5 - 7	TMR: 1	NA: Hide absorbs 2 DP	

Weapons: The Wavepack attacks with its tentacles, wrapping them around the prey and giving it an electric shock. It can attack up to 5 times each pulse with a pair of tentacles. These tentacles entangle but do no other damage. The Base Chance for each attack is 20%, but damage is only done at the end of the pulse if a Wavepack rider is still attached. A person armed with some form of stick or staff can free one person including him or herself from one Wavepack member's tentacles by executing a Pass Option in a single pulse. Electrical damage will be +1. Wavepack members do no damage to each other.

Comments: Wavepacks are normally found only in deep water. They have no eyes and hunt by sensing sound and water vibrations of that type. If a party in a boat remains perfectly still, the Wavepack will not sense them. Note that each pack member occupies one hex and can attack as if any of the surrounding six hexes are its front.

33. Pirates

A moderate-sized Merchant Ship is seen in the distance and appears to be in obvious trouble. Her sail is flapping loosely and some sort of pump appears to be trying to fight a leak. Several bodies can be seen on her decks as the vessel draws closer. A Perception Roll by anyone with a Difficulty Factor of 2 is required to detect that something is amiss. If successful, they will notice some of the "bodies" are moving and don't appear injured or that the "damage" is fake.

When close to the derelict, a shower of Grenados filled with burning sulfur will be hurled onto the deck of the rescuer, as well as grappeling hooks. Then, with a shout, the pirate crew will attack, trying to storm and board. The pirate crew will be at least equal to the crew of the rescuing vessel. The pirates will all be wearing Leather Armor, carrying a Buckler, and armed with a Sabre or Hand Axe as well as a Dagger. They would rather capture for slavery than kill. If obviously overmatched, they will break off the attack, retreat to their own ship, and try to escape. They take no recruits and either sell into slavery or strip of valuables and release. Statistics for ten different pirates are presented here. Reuse as necessary to make up whatever number is required.

PS	MD	AG	MA	EN	FT	WP	PC	PB	TMR
17	15	12	7	12	19	15	9	12	4
15	17	18	6	14	20	10	6	10	5
17	15	17	9	12	19	11	5	9	5
16	15	16	5	18	21	14	5	8	5
15	15	17	5	17	21	18	10	7	5
19	12	16	8	15	20	10	10	6	5
16	18	19	9	14	20	14	11	5	6
17	11	19	10	18	21	12	5	9	6
18	15	18	10	12	19	11	7	10	5
19	14	17	8	15	20	10	9	12	5

Pirates are armed with Sabre Rank 3 - 6 and Dagger Rank 3 - 4 or Hand Axe Rank 3 - 4 and Dagger Rank 3 - 4.

They are assumed to have no magic ability but the Judge may give them various protective amulets to even the odds as necessary. The ship the pirates are in will be similar in size and type to the one characters are on, if not in fact, slightly smaller.

34. Sea Demons (Sea Lizard Man)

Natural Habitat: Ocean

Frequency: Rare

Number: 1 - 50 (8)

Description: Sea Demons are an aquatic form of Suarime or Lizard Men whose bodies are somewhat smaller and lighter than their land cousins. The scales remain prominent and the tail is enlarged and flattened from side to side for swimming. The claws remain on the now slightly webbed hand and the tongue is still forked. The length is about 6 feet and the color ranges from greenish-yellow to greenish-blue.

Talents, Skills, and Magic: Sea Demons fight normally underwater but suffer a penalty of 2 each to Agility and Endurance when fighting completely on land. They can hold their breath for longer than 30 minutes at a time. They have their own language but will only rarely (5%) speak any language comprehensible to men. They do not normally use magic, although intelligence varies widely.

Movement Rates: Swimming: 350, Running: 75

PS: 21 - 24 MD: 8 - 11 AG: 7 - 11 MA: 10 - 15
EN: 14 - 16 FT: 20 - 23 WP: 14 - 18 PC: 9 - 13
PB: 8 - 11 TMR: 7/2 NA: Scales absorb 6 DP

Weapons: The Sea Demons prefer the simple weapons like the Spears and Clubs of their land relatives. Three in ten of the Clubs are set with Shark's Teeth and do an extra +1 of damage. The Sea Demons will seldom use Shields, even discarding those they capture. Their claws have a Base Chance of 35% of hitting and of doing +1 Damage.

Comments: Sea Demons will eat anything, normally fish, and sea fowl, but have frequently trained large Sharks to hunt in packs for them. Occasionally a Sea Lizard Man will be found hitching a ride on a Shark by holding on to the dorsal fin.

The Sea Demons represent an attempt by the Saurime to extend their territories out into the oceans. As yet, they are very rare and are found only in certain restricted shallow areas. The Merfolk are their greatest enemies, but they will attack anything that looks like Humans if they think they can win.

A Sea Demon encounter with the Windfoam or a larger ship is not very serious since Humans are up on decks where the Sea Lizard Men must come to them to do much damage. The Saucey Lass is an easy target for them and could be swamped quickly. In such instances, the Judge may wish to introduce a patrolling group of Merfolk warriors to even the odds. The Merfolk take incursions of Sea Demons into their territories very seriously and make every effort to wipe them out.

35. Flying Shark

Natural Habitat: Ocean

Frequency: Rare

Number: 1 - 10 (1)

Description: Flying Sharks are much like their more normal cousins, except for the fact that they have muscular fleshy "wings" with which they propel themselves and flat tails somewhat similar to that of a Whale. They generally vary from light gray to black, and grow to 50 feet in length, with a 45 feet wingspan.

Talents, Skills, and Magic: Flying Sharks get their name from the fact that at times they leap up out of the water and glide through the air for up to half a mile. They have also been known to leap onto ships or beaches and attack Humans. They move on land by flopping forward on their wings, and can stay out of water one minute for every five points of fatigue they have.

Movement Rates: Sea and Air: 400, Land: 200

PS: 35 - 45 MD: None AG: 12 - 16 MA: None
EN: 25 - 30 FT: 40 - 50 WP: 8 - 10 PC: 9 - 12
PB: 6 - 8 TMR: 8/4 NA: Skin absorbs 7 DP

Weapons: Flying Sharks Bite (Base Chance 50%, +8 Damage) and underwater can buffet with their wings (20% chance, +2 Damage).

Comments: As with normal Sharks, the flying kind can sense movement in the water and are more aggressive. They are also more sensitive to blood, being able to sense blood from as much as 10 miles away.

XII. THE ROOKERIES

The islands on the southeast side of Sweatbread Passage are termed The Rookeries. There are three islands in all, connected by reefs; Isle of Songs, Harch Insel, and Hab Insel. Two other larger islands, Pug's Island and Goldry's Island, complete the archipelago. The party is interested in this area because it is the only known nesting site of the Azure-tipped Sea Falcon. The party must search to find a nest. It will take 5 man days to thoroughly search a five mile hex to the point at which the party can be fairly certain that there are no nests there. Each island has a certain percentage of having a nesting site on it. The chart below gives thy percentage chance of finding a nest after searching a five mile hex.

Island	Chance
Harch Insel	95%
Hab Insel	90%
Isle of Songs	90%
Pug's Island	80%
Goldry's Island	70%
M'nor Island	60%
Rocky Coastline	10%
Other Coastline	01%

Should the Judge desire any additional material to assist him or her in detailing islands, please consult **Island Book I** of the Campaign Hexagon Subsystem, Product #61 for \$2.75.

36. Random Encounters

01 - 06	+1 Human
07 - 12	+3 Human
13 - 18	+3 Rat
19 - 24	+1 Mongoose
25 - 30	-1 Turtle
31 - 36	+1 Goblin
37 - 42	-8 Python
43 - 48	-1 Wildcat
49 - 54	+2 Buzzard
55 - 60	+5 Baboon
61 - 66	+8 Scorpion
67 - 72	-2 Asp
73 - 78	+2 Tarantula
79 - 84	+2 Gnoll
85 - 90	+1 Harpy
91+	Special Encounter (1D10)
	1 - 2 Merfolk (31)
	3 - 4 Pirates (33)
	5 Sea Demons (34)
	6 - 10 Griffins (38)



37. The Azure-Tipped Sea Falcon

The rare bird known as the Azure-Tipped Sea Falcon has several unique properties. The first is the incredible speed of its flight for an animal which does not use magic. It is capable of sustained level flight in excess of 100 miles an hour with a top sprint speed of 130 miles an hour. In an attack dive, it is capable of better than 180 miles an hour. The second ability concerns its ability to adjust the blue hue of its feathers to match the particular shade of the sky that it is flying in. This ability produces an effective camouflage and greatly enhances the Falcon's hunting success. The third ability is that of underwater flight nearly half as fast as it can fly in air. The natural or magical basis of this third ability is still under dispute, but its existence has been confirmed.

The adult Sea Falcon is a moderate-sized bird, reaching slightly over 2 feet in length. It has long pointed wings, a large head, a longish tail, powerful hooked beak, a short neck, and heavily feathered thighs. The feet and legs are unfeathered and are tipped with long sharp talons. The adult female (termed Falcon) is 10 to 25% larger than the adult male (termed Tercel). The overall color pattern varies and is under the conscious control of the bird. At rest, the body is a light slate gray above with a whitish belly. The head, tips of the wings, and tips of the tail are a deep azure blue. This blue color can spread inwards from the extremities until the entire bird is azure blue. The extent of this spread is controlled by the bird until it matches the sky background.

The Sea Falcon nests on a rocky ledge, commonly high up on a cliff. The nest is composed of twigs and grasses and is carefully woven into the cracks and crannies of the ledge. The Sea Falcons mate for life and tend to nest in the same general area each year. The Falcons migrate to the tropics each fall and return each spring. Normally a pair of young are raised each year. The adult Sea Falcon is extremely difficult to train, requiring a Beast Master of Rank 9 or greater. The young birds, though, are very much easier and even a Beast Master of Rank 1 can tame one.

Natural Habitat: Rocky Seacoast

Frequency: Very Rare

Number: 1 - 2 (1)

Description: The Sea Falcons are the second largest of the hawks, reaching a length of slightly over 2 feet. The feathers of the Sea Falcon are blue or light gray although the color is variable on the live bird. The beak and claws are a glossy black.

Talents, Skills, and Magic: Natural abilities include their excellent eyesight and incredible flight speed. The Sea Falcon can change the hue of its feathers to match the blue of the background sky. The Sea Falcon can also fly underwater at a rate of 600 yards per minute.

Movement Rates: Flying, Air: 1200, Flying, Water: 600

PS: 3 - 5 MD: 18 - 20 AG: 20 - 22 MA: 3 - 5
EN: 6 - 7 FT: 9 - 11 WP: 8 - 10 PC: 20 - 21
PB: 10 - 12 TMR: 23/12 NA: Feathers absorb 1 DP



Weapons: In Close Combat, a Sea Falcon can attack with two claws and its beak in the same pulse without penalty. The claw attacks have a Base Chance of 80% and do -3 Damage while the beak attack has a Base Chance of 65% and does -4 Damage. The Sea Falcon cannot attack in Melee Combat.

Comments: When trained as a hunter, the Azure Sea Falcon will bring 1000 - 1500 Silver Pennies.

Ashur Asafe wants the bird in excellent health and full possession of all its abilities. Training it as a hunter will permit him to handle it during his researches and also ensure the state of its health. Ashur does not really care whether the specimen he gets is a male or female, but would give a bonus to the party if he can have both sexes for comparison. The completion of his research project will require the sacrifice of one of the birds, a fact Ashur will tell the party only if they specifically ask.

Anyone with Beast Master talent will be aware that it will be much, much easier to catch and train the young birds than to try and capture and tame the adult birds. Any nest that the party discovers will be located on a rocky ledge halfway up a 150 to 200 feet high cliff which plunges vertically into the sea. When the party succeeds in reaching the nest, thick leather gloves will be necessary to catch the two young birds and place them in the capture sacks. The Judge should be reminded that the adult birds are not likely to be idle if they see an attack on the nest. However, the adults will frequently be off hunting for food. There is a 10% chance of both adults being present, a 11 - 40% chance of one adult being present. If both adults are gone, there will be a 1% chance of the return of an adult each minute. This chance is cumulative.

The training of the young birds to accept handling in captivity will take only two or three days of work at a stationary camp on land. After that, the training may continue while the party travels.

In order to maintain health, the birds must be exercised regularly. Their fledgling hunting instincts must be awakened and honed. Each bird must have at least one hour of exercise per day or it will lose one point of Endurance. The Falcons are temperamental, very fidgety and prone to frequent loud discordant screeches until they have had their exercise. While the Falcons will eat fresh killed meat, they much prefer to kill their own prey and will lose one point of Endurance per week after the first in which they are not permitted to kill and immediately eat a mouse or fish.

The birds receive much the better exercise when allowed to fly free, though this does run the risk of escape from the dominance of the Beast Master. The birds can be exercised while tied on a tether line but it takes three hours to properly exercise a bird in this fashion. The Judge may deliver a hint which will speed things considerably. As Beast Master, Randmar Chaldon will have the background knowledge and skills of Falconry, but Chingeel Radtharsen knows the Spell of Charming at Rank 1, and the Spell of Compelling Obedience at Rank 2. Chingeel can Charm or Compell the bird to do what Randmar knows is right for it. Besides, Charming the bird to fly about in its normal behavior is going to have a very low resistance roll.



38. Singing Gryphons

It is likely that the first indication of this encounter will sound like a cross between a howling dog and a whining violin. The result is wierd, but not unpleasing. There is a 40% chance that it will stop when anyone tries to investigate. If it does not, the investigator(s) will eventually find two Gryphons sitting crooning to each other on a ledge.

These Gryphons were raised from the egg by a Beast Master who loved music. He would often sit by the fire at night playing a mandolin and singing. The Gryphons soon learned to sing along.

When they were about half grown, the Beast Master died of a fever and they soon reverted to a wild state. They still remember him singing, however, and still every once in a while, will sit and croon to each other.

They will be attracted to any singing or playing they hear and will join in. In fact, if the encounter occurs at night, they will probably crawl up next to the fire and sit basking and singing along. They will still be wild and shy, and can easily be frightened off, but if nothing happens to frighten them and their reaction to the singers is good, they might actually follow them. With a little patience and plenty of time, they might be trainable on a small scale. They will always be wild, however, and never even slightly in control of the players. Probably in a day or two, or perhaps longer, they will fly off again having tired of Human company.

The statistics given below refer to both creatures. In cases where they differ, the females are given in parenthesis.

Movement Rates: Running: 200, Flying: 500

PS: 34	MD: 18 (16)	AG: 19	MA: 8
EN: 28	FT: 31 (32)	WP: 14	PC: 22 (16)
PB: 1	TMR: 4/10	NA: Hide absorbs 6 DP	

XIII. RIVERS

Travel by water was one of the most efficient journey modes in a medieval technology. River travel was a most important means of transportation. The players may attempt to utilize such river vessels to get to their destination. The Judge will be required to adjudicate journeys by river. Different rates of travel will come about over the same stretch of the river depending upon whether the movement is with the current or against the current. For example, a canoe which travels at 5 miles per hour in still water will, in a 2 mile per hour current, average 3 miles per hour going upstream and 7 miles per hour going downstream. Current speed varies according to the conditions of the river bed and surrounding terrain. The base speed for a river current is given in the chart below.

Terrain	Current	With	Against
Plain, Fields, Woods	1 mph	32 Miles	16 Miles
Hills, Mountainous	2 mph	40 Miles	8 Miles
Marsh	½ mph	28 Miles	20 Miles
Rapids	+2 mph		

Ships may travel up river D + 2 hexes or to the first ford, whichever comes first.

Falls are impossible to boats of any size. Rapids are impossible to large boats. Small craft (under 20 feet long) may attempt passage of a rapids hex. The Base Chance of upsetting the boat is 25% minus the Rank of Sailor skill. Further injuries or damage to the party and craft may result. The Judge will need to adjudicate the probabilities based upon party precautions taken, skills exercised, other circumstances, etc. Damage will primarily be water soaking, impact as if from a short fall, and drowning.

39. Random Encounters

01 - 06	+2 Buzzard
07 - 12	+5 Rat
13 - 18	-1 Mongoose
19 - 24	+1 Land Turtle
25 - 30	+5 Dingo
31 - 36	+5 Human
37 - 42	+10 Human
43 - 48	-4 Wildcat
49 - 54	-6 Bear
55 - 60	-4 Wolf
61 - 66	-4 Troll
67 - 72	-8 Python
73 - 78	+20 Piranha
79 - 84	+1 Fossegrim
85 - 90	+5 Nixie
91+	Special Encounter (1D10)
	1 - 4 Kelpie (40)
	5 - 10 Moonship (41)

40. Kelpie

On a bank of the river, the party will see what appear to be two of the most beautiful horses in the world. As they watch, one of the horses will lift his head, shake it and give a loud snort. It will then occur to each and every member of the party what a pleasure it would be to ride such a beautiful beast. This will be true even if the characters happen to hate horses. At this point, each player should make a Magic Resistance roll.

If the roll is successful, the horses will undergo a horrifying transformation. Their skin will shrivel, crack and fade away, leaving a horrifying picture of muscles, tendons, and pulsing veins. The beasts on the shore are Kelpies.

Natural Habitat: Rivers, Lakes, or Oceans

Frequency: Uncommon

Number: 1 - 6 (1)

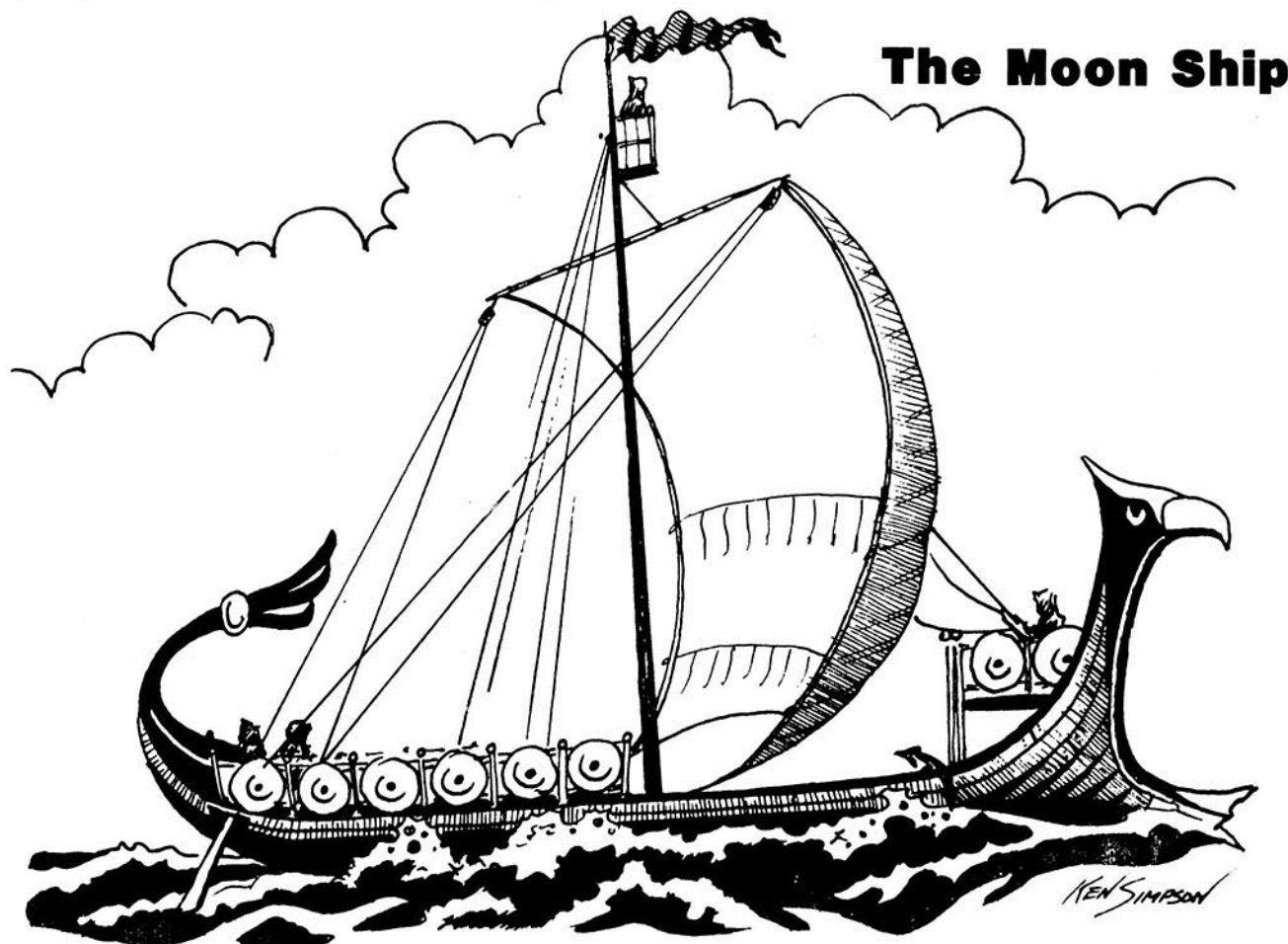
Description: Kelpies are very much like a horse in form, but have no outer skin. Their muscles, tendons, and veins are fully visible. They live near the shore and come ashore seeking Humans for they are fond of Human flesh.

Talents, Skills and Magic: Kelpies have a talent which combines Charming and Visual Illusions. As a result of this talent, any character who misses his normal Resistance roll will see the Kelpie as a very handsome normal horse, and will feel an overwhelming urge to ride it. Once mounted, the character will see the Kelpie for what it is, but will be unable to dismount due to a sort of glue the beast secretes. The Kelpie will then run to the water and dive in, seeking to drown his victim. The victim may try to free himself once a pulse by rolling is PS or less on D100. He will drown after being underwater for two seconds for each Endurance point he presently has. Anyone who makes his Resistance roll against a Kelpie must roll on the Fright Table.

Movement Rates: Running: 600, Swimming: 400

PS: 80 - 85	MD: None	AG: 20 - 25	MA: 1 - 6
EN: 35 - 40	FT: 50 - 60	WP: 12 - 15	PC: 20 - 23
PB: 1 - 3	TMR: 12/8	NA: None	

Weapons: If attacked, a Kelpie will Kick, Bite, and try to Trample as a normal horse would. It has a Base Chance of 55% with its Kick, +7 damage; 35% with its Bite, +2 damage; or can try to Trample, 35%, +8 damage.





XIV. FINAL NOTES

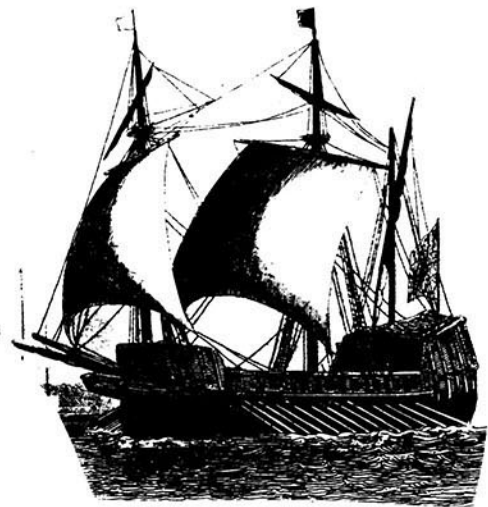
The Magebird Quest was written to be as complete as possible and to save the Judge labor wherever possible. However, everything the players might need to know could not possibly have been covered so the Judge will have to exercise both imagination and discretion.

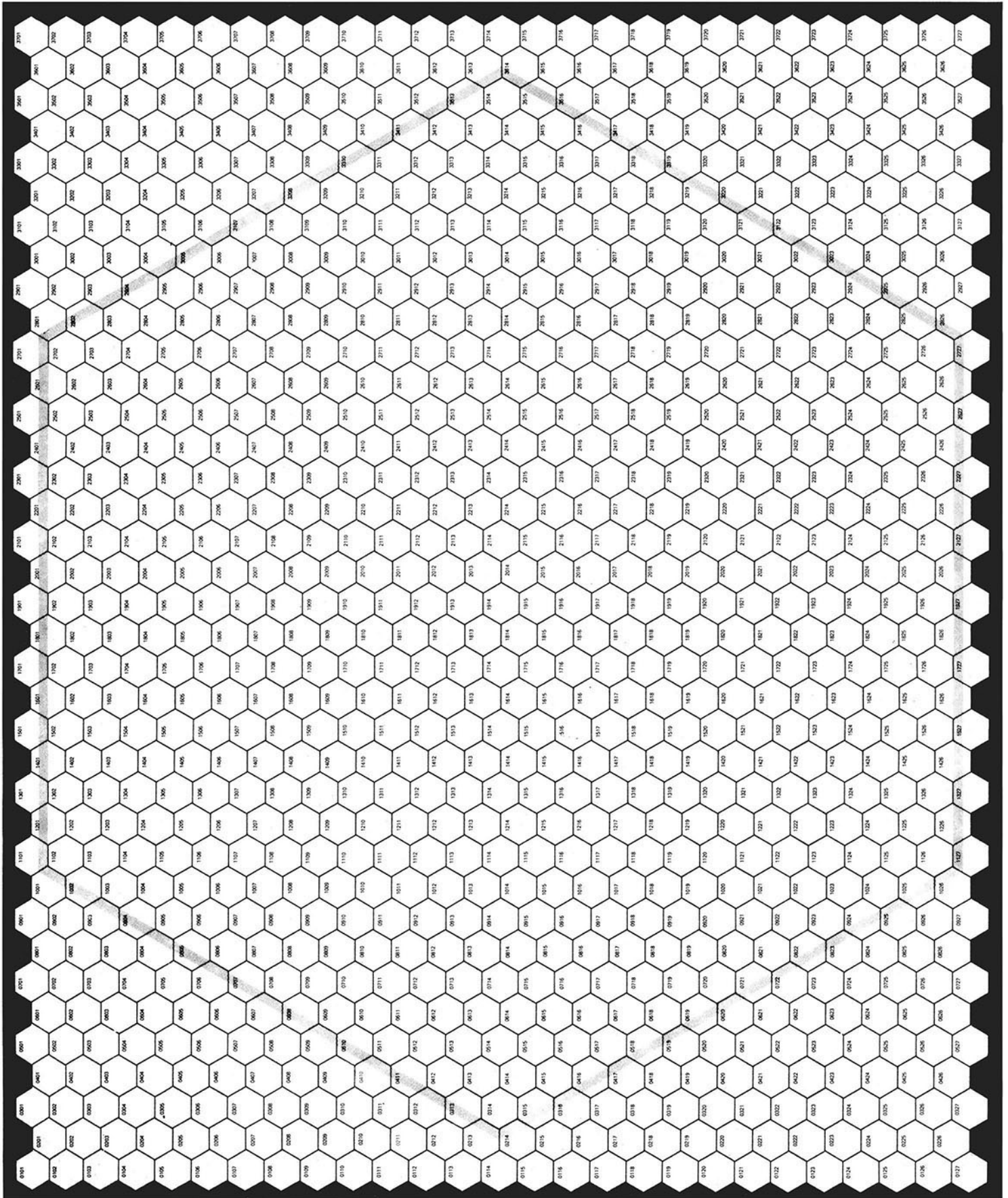
Although the variable nature of this product makes it unlikely that any two adventures will ever be played out the same way, it is suggested that the Judge make minor alterations in the placements, numbers, and motivations of the encounters described herein. Such changes might also be made to keep the adventure consistent with the rest of the Judge's Campaign World. This booklet is intended as a guide for the Judge rather than a scenario restricting him or her.

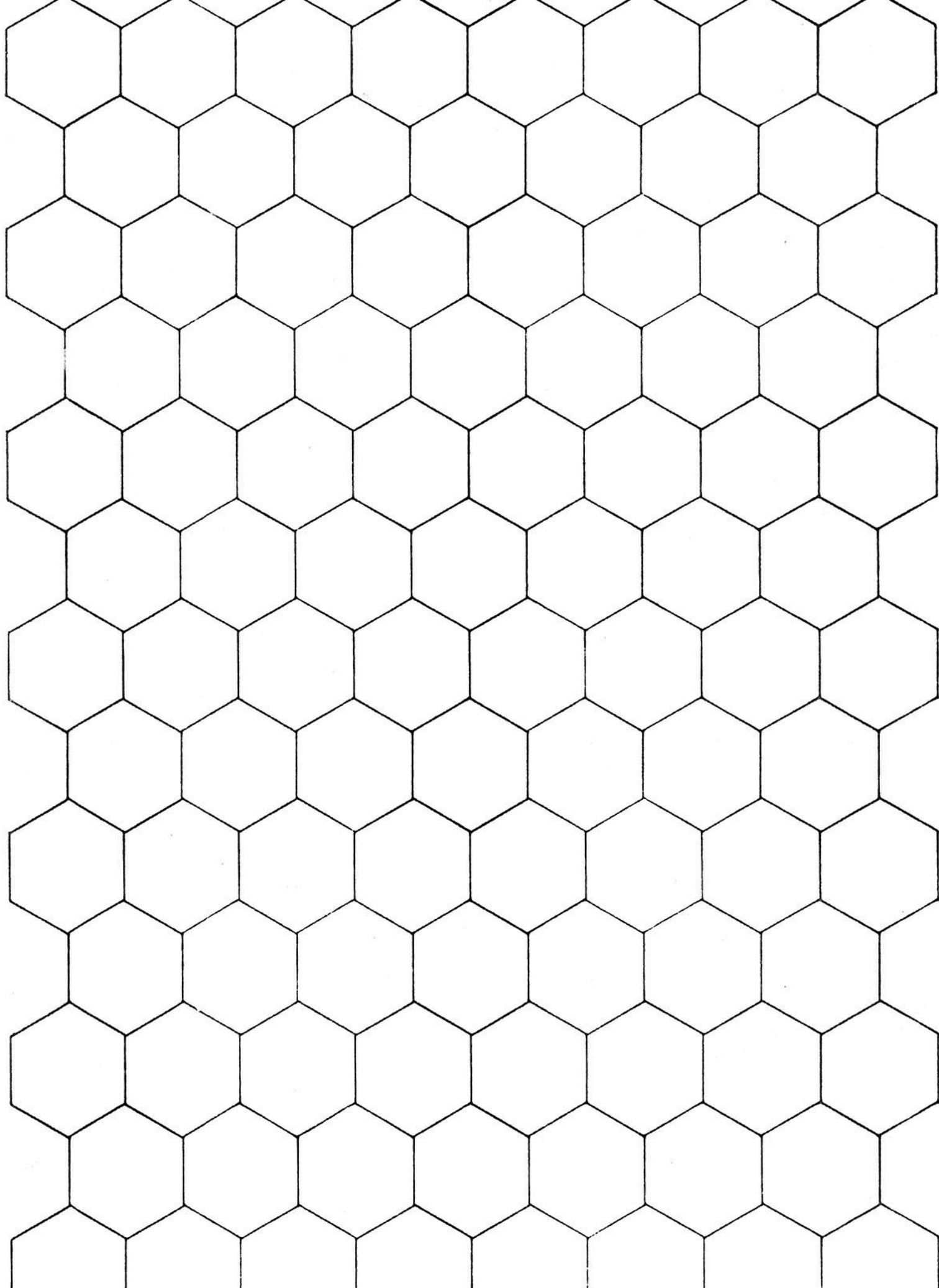
41. The Moon Ship

Each night as they travel up the river, the party will see a ship sail past them. It is a beautiful ship, some 50 feet long, with a lateen sail and 15 oars to the side. The prow of the ship is shaped like a Heron's head, and the stern like a Heron's tail. The sail is pure white with intricate blue designs around its edge. The ship is filled with Elves, each in gleaming Chain Mail with winged vizored Helms, Bucklers, and Broadwords. This display is definitely more than natural as the boat is totally silent despite the fact that its oars are being used and the opposite bank of the river can clearly be seen through it.

On the first few nights, the Moon Ship will simply sail past and out of sight, going in the same direction as the party. On the fourth night, however, the scene will be different. On that night, just after the Moon Ship has passed the party, a number of small boats will put out from both shores. The Elves will instantly drop their oars and spring to repel the boarders. A fight will rage for 10 minutes, after which time pale ghostly flames will spring up on the ship and it will sink still burning. During this battle, if the party listens very carefully, they will hear the faint echo of cries and clash of arms. If they check the spot where the Moon Ship went down, they will find the charred remains of a ship and several small skeletons in rusting Chain Mail. They will not see the Moon Ship again.







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