

DARK HOLD

Goblin Adventures





Goblins All About!

Fantasy games are filled with the magnificent exploits of mighty wizards, powerful warriors and knights in shining armor.

This game isn't...

Dark Hold Goblins is dedicated to the small grovelling races which scratch out an existence in the dark catacombs through which other heroes stride like unto gods. Can you survive as one of a lost culture of Goblins living in the abandoned tombs of a long forgotten empire?

Dark Hold: Goblins is a Savage Worlds compatible sourcebook allowing players and game masters to run a campaign revolving around low level goblin characters. Inside you will find:

- A detailed history of the Dark Hold campaign setting.
- New character classes and templates to use Goblins as player characters.
- A short adventure to get the players started on their way.



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Goblin Adventures

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Introduction

"We must not look at goblin men,

We must not buy their fruits:

Who knows upon what soil they fed

Their hungry thirsty roots?"

Christina Rossetti, *Goblin Market and Other Poems*

Dark Hold is the first of a new line of role-playing games from Rebel Minis. Our intention with this line is to provide a framework of campaign settings and adventures that will also tie into our other lines. This specific book is easily supplemented with our line of Dark Hold miniatures, providing a one-shop gaming experience. You should be able to find as much or a little as you need to begin a campaign in this setting.

Dark Hold contains the well-organized structure you need to build an enjoyable campaign, as well as a fun, introductory adventure for quicker play. Where you go with the campaign from this starting point is up to you.

Buzulg's Dilemma

Buzulg screeched as he darted down the tunnel, grimy robe flapping in the musty air. The ancient dwarven hall might have cramped a human or shambling bugbear, but the goblin had no trouble racing along, terror driving his stubby legs. His toe talons scratched across crumbling stone and his wheezing filled the low archways. As he rounded the corner into another cobwebbed hall, a flock of bloodwings exploded from their nesting overhead. Several soft, hairy bodies struck Buzulg's head as the creatures flapped past, screeching at the disturbance.

Despite the noise of his flight, Buzulg had no trouble hearing his pursuer. The click-clack of its many legs echoed behind him as the beast scuttled along. A bloodwing's squeal indicated one of the creatures had been caught by a pincer claw and devoured. Such a tiny meal wouldn't sate the tunnel cracker's hunger. The crunch-and-munch of juicy goblin flesh and bones, though, offered it a rare feast. The click-clacking grew louder.

Whimpering, Buzulg picked up speed. He held nothing but a small wooden club while a leather pouch flapped on his belt. It contained the various treasures Buzulg had been gathering before he'd disturbed the tunnel cracker—a rat's skull, dwarf knucklebones, a few rusty nails, and a single copper coin embossed with the visage of one of Dark Hold's lost dwarven lords.

For a moment, his frantic thoughts turned to desperate measures. Should he pray to TaDrak the Overlord for help? While not one of the faithful, if Buzulg promised to don a collar and serve the divine taskmaster, perhaps he'd be spared. Of course, if he survived, he wouldn't necessarily have to *keep* that promise—

Perhaps responding to such treacherous thoughts, the tunnel shook around him. Buzulg wailed and hunched as stone cracked and dust filled the area. He covered his head with oversized hands. Pebbles plinked down, several striking his pointed ears and prodigious nose, but otherwise doing no harm. However, after he hacked a wad of phlegm from his throat and blinked his vision clear, Buzulg knew he was doomed.

Ahead of him, the floor had given way in the little quake. Now a black hole gaped four feet across, which might as well have been a chasm for Buzulg as he was no jumper. He edged over and peered down into the hole, wondering if he could climb down into a lower tunnel and continue his scamper for safety. He saw nothing but a bottomless drop lined with craggy stone. If he wanted to discover what waited at the bottom, he'd have to take the fast-and-screaming route.

A monstrous chittering made him spin about as the tunnel cracker skittered into view. Unfortunately for Buzulg, while he held no lantern or torch, his goblin sight still let him pick out the details of the predator in the gloom. The beast filled the tunnel with its carapace bulk, broad at the front while tapering down to a spiny tail at the rear—a strong, flexible tail it could easily thrust over its armored back to skewer soft flesh. Eight spindly legs thrust it forward, while two larger claws wove above six pairs of eyes. Beneath these was a clacking set of grasping mandibles that Buzulg knew thirsted for his tender guts.

While Buzulg never would've made the attempt in normal circumstances, terror proved a powerful taskmaster of its own. He raised his club over his head and cried, "Die, beastie!" Then he stepped forward and flung the weapon so it spiraled end-over-end at the tunnel cracker. It struck the beast straight above the eyes, but bounced off its carapace, clattering to the side. With a furious hiss, the tunnel cracker scuttled toward him all the faster.

Buzulg flicked a tooth in a rude gesture and then turned to sprint at the hole. Kicking off the edge, he flailed for the opposite side, fear and desperation giving him the strength to make the jump—almost. He struck the opposite edge hard and barely managed to grab hold while bruising his nose against the stone. Groaning, he heaved himself up and over, even as more rocks crumbled around him and toppled into the pit. Panting, he got solid floor under his feet again, legs and arms shaking from the effort.

Scampering a bit further, Buzulg turned and, emboldened by his narrow escape, taunted the creature at having missed its meal. The tunnel cracker didn't even pause at the hole's edge. Jamming legs into the sides of the walls, it used gaps and chinks in the stone to clamber up until it clung to the ceiling. Then it simply made its way over the hole until it dropped down on the other side.

Buzulg stamped a foot. "Not fair!" Then, realizing he should be running rather than arguing with the beast about to eat him, he whirled and resumed fleeing. The beast now clicked along close to his heels, and he expected a claw to decapitate him at any second. He'd never see his home again. Never hold his precious Hil-drag again and feel the tickle of her beautiful nose hairs as they cuddled for warmth. Never enjoy a warm belly full of beetle slop again.

These thoughts spurred him onward. Craving even a glimpse of home gave him strength to continue his mad dash. He kicked up dust and ran, surprising even himself each moment he remained alive. A glance back even showed he'd gained a little distance on the tunnel cracker, though Buzulg knew he'd tire long before the beast ever did. He had to do something.

Ahead, he recognized the portion of tunnel he was fleeing through. Goblin markings scrawled across the walls, indicating this territory belonged to the Snubsticks, Buzulg's clan! His fatigue-heavy legs lightened as he realized he'd almost made it.



A single torch burned far down the way, illuminating an archway in its guttering light. Several wooden, metal, and stone barricades were constructed in front of this to slow down intruders—but the usual goblin guards who should've been watching were nowhere to be seen.

"Help!" he cried. "It's coming! Save me!"

As he raced by, he snatched the torch from the iron ring it had been set in. Then he darted between the barricades and out into a larger chamber. His torch revealed the familiar sight of the clan's main gathering hall, where they met for communal meals or communal brawls.

Dozens of pillars circled the hall, supporting the domed ceiling far overhead. Tiered stone blocks formed strange, seemingly random stacks throughout the area, further cluttered by piles of rubble and detritus built up over the ages since the place had been abandoned. Piles of gnawed bones surrounded ashen fire pits, remnants of past meals. All the walls and pillars were engraved with cold dwarven faces, chiseled with the names of Dark Hold's ancient lords, and carved with long-forgotten glyphs as well as chains, instruments of torture, and countless beasts.

After a dozen paces, Buzulg stumbled to a halt and turned in a circle, dumbfounded. No one was there. The whole chamber stood dark and empty as far as he could see. Even when various families had shuffled off to their private chambers or work holes, someone should've been there...should've been waiting to help....

A roar made him turn back to the tunnel from which he'd emerged. Buzulg almost chuckled to himself as he realized the tunnel cracker's bulk had been stalled by the barricades he'd been able to slip past so easily. Any mirth died in his chest as a clatter and crash sent rocks, metal, and rotting wood spewing into the chamber, followed by the beast itself. A few rusted spikes had lodged in its shell, but it ignored these as it fixed its multi-eyed gaze on Buzulg.

It came forward slowly, cautious now that its prey had stopped running, claws raised, tail twitching. Buzulg backed away, considering his dwindling options. The tunnels had given him a slight advantage with his smaller size, able to maneuver just a tad quicker. He could make a dash for one of the other tunnels leading into further clan holdings but, here in the open, the tunnel cracker would no doubt be on him in a matter of seconds.

Then a rock pinged off the tunnel cracker's side. It paused and chittered angrily, searching for the new attacker. A larger rock sailed down from one of the stone tiers and struck a leg, making the beast lurch. Then another and another.

A raspy voice rang out, and Buzulg recognized it as Pellick, the clan leader.

"Dinner!"

At this shout, a rousing chorus went up, echoing from all around the hall. A dozen lanterns were unshielded and torches blazed, filling the chamber with light. Dazzled by the sudden glare, the tunnel cracker spun in place, unsure where to go. Buzulg had shielded his eyes, and so managed to make out the dozens of goblins who'd sprung from their hiding places.

Pellick, a scraggly goblin wearing patchwork leather and an iron skullcap, pointed down at the tunnel cracker.

"Make it mush!"

A hail of rocks, arrows, and javelins struck the tunnel cracker from all sides. It reared, trying to bat the missiles away, but soon retreated under the assault. A pair of fighters rushed past Buzulg, axe and swords in hand. They hacked at the beast and even managed to lop off one of its larger claws. With several legs crushed and pin-cushioned by spears and arrows, the monster turned and attempted to limp back into the tunnel and safety.

As it did, however, a goblin ran into view from around another pile. Buzulg recognized Abrask, the clan blacksmith. He wore a soot-stained apron and carried a large hammer—the same one he used on the anvil. With a bound, he leapt onto the beast's shelled back. His wiry arms strained as he swung the hammer and cracked it straight down onto the beast's back. After three such pounds, the monster collapsed, shell split wide, yellow ichor leaking from its cracked carapace.

Abrask rolled off the tunnel cracker's body as a dozen other goblins swarmed in. They hacked and pounded and chopped the beast to bits, laughing as they did. Once the tunnel cracker stopped twitching, they began tearing off its carapace and carving up the meat and organs. From one arched tunnel, an enormous pot was dragged into the hall by a mass of goblin women. Children rushed ahead to grab up pieces of the creature and throw them up into the pot.

Buzulg watched the whole thing while trying to calm his breathing and stop his legs from trembling. A slap on the back almost sent him sprawling. Pellick popped up beside him, large, blunt teeth exposed in a jowly grin.

"Close one this time, heh?" The clan leader chortled in satisfaction. "Been years since we caught ourselves a cracker this big. But worth it. Enough here to feed us all for a week. And I know Abrask will be happy to use that shell to make some new armor. Maybe he'll give you some to wear next time you're on bait duty."

Hildrag waved at Buzulg from the crowd now dissecting the catch. The terror of the chase ebbed from him and he managed a weak smile. It had gone well aside from that tunnel quake—oh, and the fact that he almost died a couple times.

"It's Ulfur's turn to bring back food."

Pellick shook his head. "You didn't hear? Ulfur ate some bad mushrooms. Died yesterday. You're our Chief Baiter now! Big, important job." After another slap, he headed off to join the revel.

Buzulg stared after, debating whether he should go back down the tunnel and see what was at the bottom of that dark hole. Chief baiters didn't last long after all....

Using the Dark Hold in your Campaign

Goblins, Really?

“A long-nosed, bulbous-bodied, three-foot-high lump of rubbery, green flesh was demanding my purse. What a laughable excuse for a highwayman. Then I saw the rest of them scamper from the bushes alongside the trail.

I stopped laughing.”

We typically view goblins as wretched, uncouth, and bumbling creatures. It’s hard to imagine caring about these loathsome beings, yet somehow, despite their flaws, they are inexplicably adorable—like a dog so ugly you just can’t help but love it. Despite their shortcomings, many people love goblins and want to explore what life would be like when playing as such critters. What happens when fate and evolution conspire to give an entire race of beings the short end of a dirty, gnarled stick? Can they rise above their lot in life...and can you as players find the nobility in this downtrodden race?

Goblins may be small, dirty, and ornery, but they’re also tenacious, cunning, and strong-willed. They’re cowardly, but the fear of retribution by their leaders allows goblins to perform extraordinary feats that far-braver beings wouldn’t even dare to attempt. Somehow, despite their apparent lack of redeeming qualities, goblins are actually the perfect adventurers—greedy enough to want to seek treasure and selfish enough to overcome their own fears to go after it.

Goblin adventurers are rarely the subject of legends, but they’re worthy of at least a shred of respect. After all, it was a group of goblin warriors who bravely entered the Cave of Desolation to recover the chief’s stolen nose ring from the maw of the great ogre Rogmak’og. Or so the goblin scribe Burrkot Tellsnolies tells us.

Playing a campaign centered on goblins has its own unique set of challenges, but if you overcome them you’re rewarded by a fun and memorable experience. Corraling a bunch of crazy and self-serving cretins to get them to go adventuring together can be a story in and of itself. Unlike most roleplaying games, goblins aren’t even allowed in bars, so to find your lucky adven-

turers it’s best to look to the desolate heart of the Dark Hold or the depths of the Spoiled Forest. Once you’ve managed to convince a group of goblin adventurers to do something, you can also bet they’ll have a heck of a time doing it; goblins aren’t known for being straightforward, and their rambunctious spirit is sure to get them into all sorts of amusing situations along the way.

In short, goblin campaigns are great because they encourage players to let loose and have fun. They can explore being zany without losing sight of the larger task at hand (which usually has something to do with finding food or treasure).

Where to Go from Here?

“There are few classes as intimidating as the goblin bounty hunter...intimidating to the poor sucker playing one.”

Johnathon Van Finkelstein, Gen Con champion
23rd level Fighter/Magic User

After you’ve decided to take the plunge and play a goblin campaign, you’ll need to whip up a few goblin characters. See **Playing Low-Level Characters** and [Goblin Creation Section] for more information about creating goblins for the Dark Hold setting.

When your group of “intrepid” explorers is ready to go, the GM should read through the rest of the book to get an overview of the campaign world. The Dark Hold setting has a lot of room to explore, and plenty of space for a creative GM to fill in their own sections of the map.

To get off on the right foot, GMs may want to run the sample adventure, [Who wants to be an Adventurer], for their players. It’s a great introduction to the world of Dark Hold and offers some example methods of motivating cowardly goons to do something heroic. The Dark Hold is an open-ended setting which can be dropped into the middle of any existing campaign setting—at least any campaign that has a couple of mountain ranges to hide your Dark Hold inside.

Additional adventures in the world of Dark Hold are on the horizon, but you don't need to stop playing your goblin campaign while waiting for them to be released. There are many unexplored valleys and caves in the region, so feel free to come up with your own stories to tell. Perhaps the player's goblins become outcasts and now need to scavenge nearby lands for food and treasure until they grow powerful enough to come back and extract revenge. On the other hand, they may have performed brave deeds worthy of the chief's attention and, as newly minted heroes of the clan, they may be asked to undergo additional quests.

In either case, what happens next is up to you!

Dark Hold Setting Rules

In the Dark Hold campaign setting we use a few general setting rules to give it that old tyme classic fantasy RPG feel.

Critical Failures:

When a character rolls double 1's on a Trait roll, he can't spend a Benny. He's stuck with the critical failure.

Multiple Languages:

Your character knows his cultural or national language plus an additional number of languages equal to half his Smarts die.

Silver Standard:

To keep this adventure in line with Savage Worlds' economy, \$1 is equal to 1 silver piece. 1 copper piece is 1/10th of \$1, and 1 gold piece is \$10.



History of Dark Hold

"The mysteries of the Karh-Grundek are diverse, legion, and lost to the passage of time. The only remnants of this hidden, enigmatic dwarf empire are the deserted halls of their cavernous excavations. That and the slave races they abandoned."

The Dark Hold is not a land of men. It was once a home to dwarves. They built and delved, creating an underground empire—one that was not to last.

Their long-abandoned, interlinked, underground fortresses, however, give the land its name. It's a land of mountains too harsh for even dwarves to manage. Goblins, though, are much better suited to this task, which is why the Karh-Grundek dwarves bred goblins as slaves. Once the empire collapsed, the goblins took over two high valleys and the upper levels of the Dark Hold itself, although nobody ventures further down. The goblins trade with the humans who hold the pass across the mountains.

The mountains around the subterranean Dark Hold are high and particularly harsh. The local climate is not conducive to farming, but the goblins raise pigs for meat and have some agricultural terraces in the valley itself. They also grow mushrooms and other edible fungi in storage caverns of Dark Hold proper, as well as "farming" certain insects and worms, some of them considered delicacies. Food, though, is one of their major imports—they trade artifacts and craft work for things they can't grow themselves. A major item of trade is artifacts powered by crystals, which are found in Dark Hold itself—and sometimes provide an incentive to descend into lower levels. Crystals are dangerous to use and work with, and the goblins have skilled artificers who can create crystal artifacts far more safely than other races. They do not raise horses or cattle, but do have some dogs. Pigs are also used as work beasts and mounts for jousting.

Most of the higher peaks are permanently snow-bound and the valleys themselves are snowed in during winter. Sledding is a popular pastime of grubblings—and some adult goblins. Winter, though, can be deadly even in the valleys between the peaks; it's not uncommon for the elderly or otherwise weak to die from the cold, even with the best precautions. It's warmer further into Dark Hold, but that has dangers of its own. The short summer is, however, warm and pleasant. (And, of course,

these goblins have what others might consider a twisted idea of good weather).

The natural vegetation of the valleys themselves falls into the alpine meadow classification—thin, scanty grass that's only good for goats and beautiful wildflowers every spring. Virtually no trees grow in the valley, and those that do are stunted pines twisted by prolonged exposure to crystal magics, depriving the goblins of wood for fuel or building—a fact they don't really care about. This also means there's little cover or shelter outside the villages proper. It's hard for even a skilled ranger to move through these valleys unseen. Carrion birds wait for the unwary to fall and a few wild goats stray into the valley, but there are few large animals. There are quite a few small ones—assorted mice and voles that live in the grass and are often trapped for a goblin stew pot.

Goblin villages come in two forms: either clans who have taken over parts of the Dark Hold, or rough stone houses that cluster very closely together into haphazardly designed villages. Covered walkways link their buildings, providing snow-free transit in the winter and a convenient way to move heavy items otherwise. Goblins use any excuse to gather together for meals or revelry, so each village has a large central hall that is seldom empty. In times of strife or war these halls serve as a central defensible location to rally troops—or refugees.

Setting of Dark Hold

Map Locations

IN THE VALLEY

Clan Name:	Town Name:
Swampers	Bogtown
Mud Wrigglers	Lake's Edge
Stone Keeper	Hold Gates
Stump Stompers	Grubnar's Folly

INSIDE THE DARK HOLD

Clan Name:	Town Name:
Rotsteel	Esan's Deep
Gristler	Grobknuckle Mines
WormFilth	Red Cursed Caverns

Other Locations in the Valley

The Draining Pools:

Two massive whirlpools empty out this bog of stagnant water once a week. Why the whirlpools develop with such regularity and where such a large amount of water could be draining and why is a mystery. Goblins that live in the swamps swear by the pools' weekly draining and then slow refilling. What would otherwise be a normal wetlands area teeming with life is subjected to weekly floods and droughts. The wildlife is aggressive and always very, very hungry, but then so are the Bogtown goblins.

Elves' Demise:

The ancient remains of a magnificent elf castle. Few goblins venture here as the overlords marked this site as forbidden and the remains are far older than the makers of the Dark Hold themselves. Yet, despite being forbidden, there are still tales of goblins brave enough to venture into the ruins. They report seeing only the dropped remains of ancient crystalline towers and elegant buttresses overgrown with vegetation.

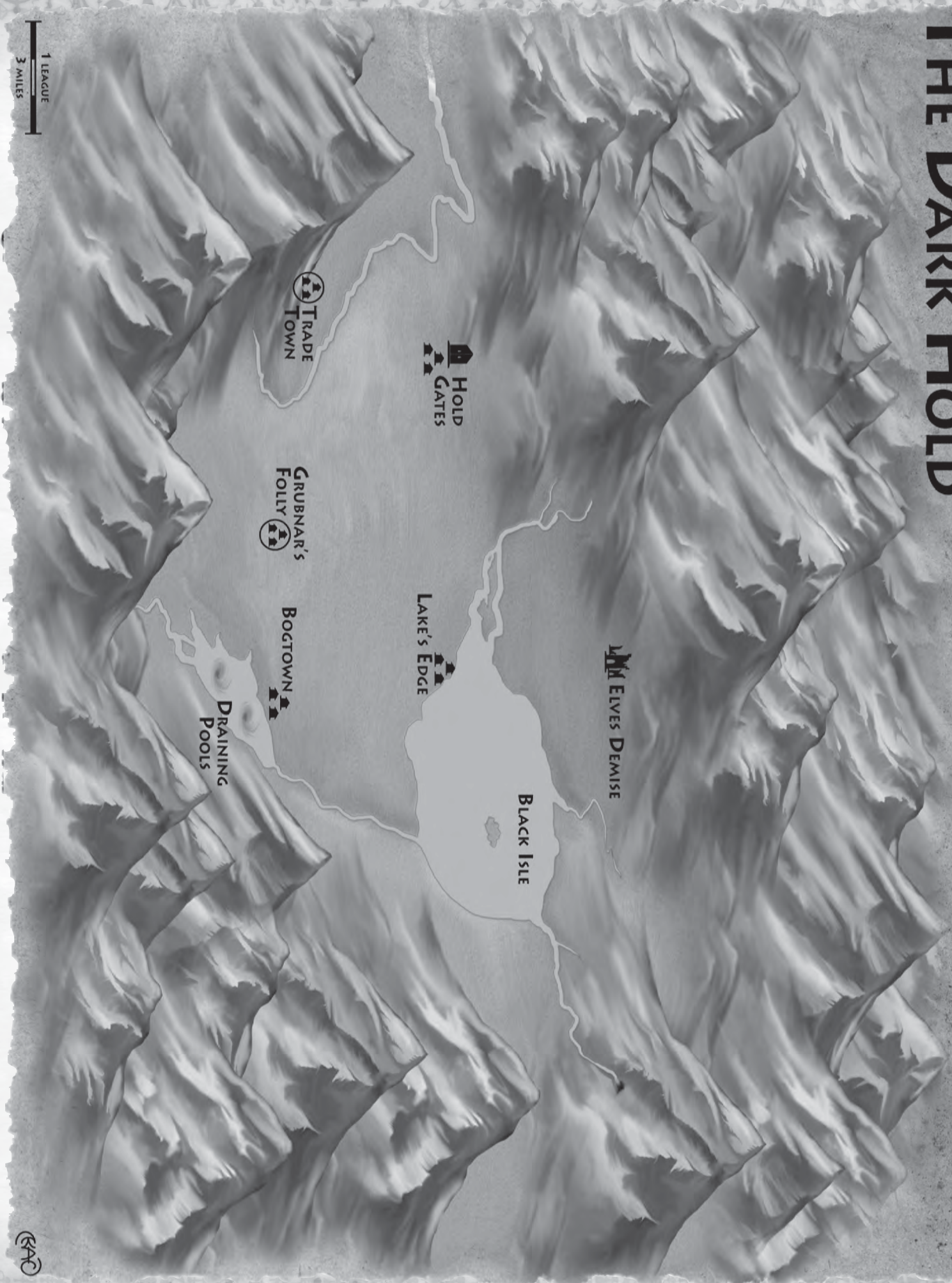
Trade Town:

Trade Town is a predominantly human settlement built around the only mountain pass into and out of the valley of Dark Hold. Goblins trade here for the goods that merchants bring across the pass. The town is small, but its wooden palisades are tall, which generally makes it safe from goblin raids. Only a few merchants and adventurers are allowed to enter the valley at a time and do so at their own risk.

Black Isle:

An islet in the center of the lake, the Black Isle is supposed to be haunted—and thus is mostly left alone by the goblins. This makes it a refuge for local bird life, but there are those rumors, and the fact that anyone who goes there, especially after dark, returns gibbering...if at all. From a distance, though, it just looks like a rocky island with a few scant trees on it.

THE DARK HOLD



Goblin Names

Of course, players are free to name their characters as they see fit. I had a wonderful campaign once in which a player named their character “Buddy Clownface”. Here are a couple of general suggestions about naming your goblins.

Dark Hold goblins come in two varieties. Those that live almost exclusively underground within the Dark Hold proper and those who either live in the valley or commonly venture out into the valley—their names tend to reflect this. Both breeds do tend toward a certain amount of snobishness at the other, but nothing serious.

Examples of Dark Hold Proper names:

Brack Darkmaker, Grakle Stonemasher, Rathol Grubseeker, etc., etc., etc.

Examples of Light Side Goblins:

Tralk Hogbaiter, Snarg Hillroller, Yegal Doorjammer, Wezal Stumpgnawer, etc., etc., etc.

Having been once enslaved by the Karh-Grundek, the goblins mistrust dwarves and aren't inclined to let them in their lands. They have no standing army as such, but post guards at the entrances to the levels of Dark Hold they occupy and on the raised pathways of the villages. If attacked, all goblins will raise arms except the youngest grublings, the elderly and infirm, and extremely pregnant females. However, they are more inclined to trick or harass intruders out of their land, especially if they aren't dwarves. In winter, they are well known for simply pelting stray traders with snowballs until they turn back. If pressed by a persistent intruder, the land itself becomes their strongest protection. There are only a few passable trails and there are no roads per say into and out of the valley. The rest is sheer cliffs and the like that are only navigable by experienced adventurers with proper mountain-climbing gear.

The stone of Dark Hold is particularly good for building and crafting; in fact, the goblins make most of their tools and kitchen implements out of stone. They have, however, pretty much no wood except what's imported from elsewhere. Crystals are commonly used to

provide heat, especially for high-energy applications such as smelting ore for what crude metalwork they have. For some low-heat uses they may burn dung or a mixture of dung and grass.

Despite that, some outsiders do find goblin festivals entertaining—mostly for the pig jousting. What the goblins call music is generally only to their taste, but there are exceptions to every rule. However, they are a great opportunity to acquire goblin work (and refined crystals) for prices that often make the long trip worthwhile to both merchants and adventurers.

The mountains themselves have been bored into by the Karh-Grundek to form the Dark Hold. The goblins of this valley occupy only the highest levels of the ancient dwarven fortress. Rumors of hazards and the harsh reality of predatory monsters together bar the goblin clans from colonizing the deeper caverns. Occasionally, bands of intrepid goblins (or crazy outsiders) attempt to access those depths; most never return. The few that do have come back loaded down with a wealth of crystals and other treasure to make the risk worthwhile to some, often to the shaking heads of elders. The main entrance



to Dark Hold is the home of the sprawling and wealthy Digger clan. They take advantage of their position to tax or waylay visitors and have the duty to either allow groups to pass or bar them entry. This duty is said to have been passed down upon them by the Overlords themselves. Mostly, this duty entails keeping young grubblings out or rounding up adventurers that might have wandering into the lower caverns. Some primitive maps exist of the upper levels and can be purchased from any goblin family, but the deepest depths have not been explored since the days of the dwarves. (Of course, maps of these deep depths show up, but are fakes, or assumed to be when those who use them to navigate don't come back, no doubt eaten by gruesome monsters).

Rumor also has it that there are underground routes that will lead you all the way through the mountains in both directions—routes that might provide a better trade road in the depths of winter when the passes are treacherous or even impassible. Nobody has proven the existence of such roads, though, and the humans who hold the trading post situated upon the only surface road to the outer world would very much like these rumors to be false.

The occupied upper levels are comfortable—if you happen to be a goblin. Many of the tunnels, built to dwarf-scale, are uncomfortably low for humans or elves, and the better rooms are pretty much all being used as somebody's home or storeroom (those rooms with the most reliably cold temperatures tend to be reserved for

the storage of ale, salted pork, and pots of preserved mushroom jellies and jams).

There are also some routes upward from the main entrance. These tend to be less used, due to the holes that look out across the valley. Watch posts from the ancient Empire, perhaps? At least some appear to have been used at some point as a dungeon, possibly open to the sky—always a frightening sight for dwarven prisoners. Now, they are mostly home to the nesting birds and worse; even small dragons have been seen on the heights. The goblins don't tend to worry about dragons, given they keep most of their livestock underground and, when dragons are sighted, they are quick to dispatch cart loads of live produce to appease them.

Each goblin community is situated around a massive chamber generally used as a hall for festivals and other events that might bring hundreds, even thousands, of goblins together. The rest of the time it sits unused and is only cleaned of vermin just before an event, which always helps fill out the communal stew pot. It is not, however, the throne room, which is always further down and deeper into the Dark Hold—in fact it was a mess hall for dwarven guards, a fact the goblins shrug about. Whatever they want to use it for, it is theirs now. Any treasures it once contained have long since gone—as have all the treasures of the upper levels—either converted to goblin use or traded away for human or elven baubles or delicious treats.



Characters in Dark Hold

Goblins. Everyone knows all about goblins. They're small. Weak. Cowardly. Easy to kill.

But yet... they survive in a world filled with larger, stronger, deadlier, creatures. Perhaps what we know is wrong... or, at least, incomplete?

History of the Goblins

*We are the little folk, we
Too little to love or to hate
But leave us alone and you'll see
How fast we can drag down the great!
(Kipling, A Pict Song)*

Long ago, most goblins were thralls to the dwarven overlords of the Karh-Grundek empire. They were ruled as chattel, slaves with no rights at all, beasts of labor to be used and disposed of as an owner saw fit. A lucky, valued few were given very limited social status, living as fourth-class citizens and doing the most demeaning and dangerous labors for little to no pay—often, the only “pay” was being allowed to continue living in dank caves or crumbling hovels.

Then the great dwarven empire fell. The goblins did not overthrow their masters, but they certainly helped drag them down when the opportunity arose. Filling menial roles throughout dwarven society positioned them to engage in large-scale disruption and sabotage, and the dwarves, used to a certain level of incompetence from their unwilling subordinates, didn't notice the extent of the damage until too late. Goblins were not the only race to take advantage of the chaos but they were one of the few to survive, to rebuild their culture, and thrive.

The goblins were free, free to make their homes in the ruins of the dwarven Dark Hold, or free to rebuild in the valleys between the crags. While many stayed in the ruins of their master's cities (goblins not being picky), a few set off for other lands, to mountain crags and dark forests. All found countless rivals and competitors, those who would drive them out of their homes, those who would prey on them, those who would enslave them anew. The goblins learned the value of cooperation and community, though, and they together have stayed free and prospered.

Appearance

“He was wearing a purple- and blue-checkered shirt, huge puffy yellow pants, miner's boots made for an ogre and held on with straps, and a turban on his head covered in glued-on copper pieces! How was I supposed to know that this was their king, and not their court jester?”

(Elgain, Royal Ambassador of the failed expedition to Dark Hold)

Goblins are short, large-headed, and long of both tooth and nose. They look comical to humans and many other races, and have learned to exploit this. After all, how could such a silly creature be a threat?

These goblins have an ability to work with the crystals, which soak in the considerable ambient magical energy from their environment. They can harness the crystal energy to produce some truly marvelous effects. Unfortunately, prolonged exposure to the crystals can mutate adult goblins, and has an effect on the unborn. It is not uncommon for goblin children to be born with oversized feet, extra fingers, ears that look like bat's wings, or any of thousands of other minor oddities. Only rarely are such mutations particularly harmful or advantageous. Even rarer are the few mutations that breed true, creating strange offshoots of the goblin race.

Goblin clothing and fashion are best described as “haphazard”. They wear whatever they like, in whatever combinations they like. Mixtures of handmade items, patchwork clothes sewn together from a dozen fragments of other garments, full suits of fine clothing tailored for larger races, such as elves, or clothes inspired by a sudden fad that caught fire in the local community; for example, if a knight of a holy order performed a great deed where the goblins see it, they may spontaneously start dressing in her colors, wearing her symbol, etc. Goblins love to mimic what they admire, though the object of their admiration is usually less than impressed by the ragamuffins following them around in what the goblins believe passes for their “hero's” style.

Leaders often dress in what they consider to be a regal and dignified style. It is rare that anyone other than a goblin would consider it such.

Goblin Personality

“Everything was fine until she picked the third bladder. It seemed the rest of the party knew the wineskin was filled with swamp water, mead, and—other items. The effects of dysentery were horrific.”

Kyleen Knightbridge, Royal Squire

Goblins are simple folk, at least on the surface. They enjoy broad, physical humor, and their jokes often lead to humiliation, but rarely to real or lasting harm—at least among themselves. When dealing with strangers, they may slide into cruelty and, in some cases, sadism, but always with a darkly humorous edge. They especially enjoy anything that deflates the pompous, either of the larger races they often war with or their own leaders if they grow too haughty.

Their games and sports are equally rough-and-tumble, generally with some form of rude humiliation for the loser and, occasionally, the participants and spectators. Tug-of-war where the losers are dragged into pits of sewage, for example, or a game where a fungal spore filled with foul liquids is rapidly tossed back and forth until the motion causes the insides to spontaneously explode over an unlucky catcher, are typical. These tricks become deadly when turned against enemies: goblins will use rope traps to entangle invaders and haul them to spiked chasms or hurl fungal balls containing blinding spores or swarms of vicious insects at their foe. A well-honed team of goblin sports enthusiasts can be as dangerous as any war party.

Goblins respect cunning and trickery more than brute force; well, they *respect* brute force, but will follow someone who rules by might only until they can be taken down. A ruler who earns respect by cleverness can expect something at least vaguely resembling genuine loyalty, and perhaps even proactive effort on the part of their followers. That said, when properly motivated, goblins are an industrious lot and quite skilled at coming together in the face of adversity.

There are minimal gender-role differences among goblins. Goblins are notoriously fast-breeding, but goblin women only carry one child at a time (twins occur in perhaps one in ten thousand pregnancies and are considered a great omen; triplets are unheard of). A pregnant goblin's body diverts very few resources, com-

pared to most other humanoids, to nurturing the fetus. As such, infants are born very small and weak, but caring for them and feeding them is a communal responsibility. A single goblin woman can birth two dozen or more healthy babies over the course of her life. Most of the time, this just about keeps up with the death rate, as goblins rely on strength of numbers when confronting their foes and aren't particularly sentimental.

Naturally, not every child survives to adulthood. Goblin life is hard. Goblins value the children of their community and protect them, but don't coddle them. “Too happy child, too short life” is a common goblin saying. It's expected that goblin children will be disobedient, tricky, and deceitful. It's a moment of pride when a child outwits a guardian, a sign they're maturing to adulthood... assuming they survive whatever misadventure they set out on.

Goblin relationships are fluid. There will usually be loosely defined groups of 3 to 4, of mixed genders, who form a quasi-family, but these groups sometimes “connect” to each other through a shared partner (the relationships are usually described as Uncle/Aunt in human terms, though genetically this is not so). Those few goblins who survive to old age are given honorifics best translated as “Grandparent”, and they hold this position for multiple families, often with the loosest of suspected genetic ties.

Goblin chiefs may be of either gender, and generally “rule” by popular acclaim rather than force. Challenging a chief in times of peace is common, and the conflict is usually non-lethal. In times of war, it is rare to make such a challenge. Only if the tribe feels the current chief will lead them to doom will a challenger be tolerated.

Goblin leaders take on many different titles based on their specific tribe's traditions. “Grand Ultimate Emperor of the Twelve Glorious Realms” could easily be the title of the chieftain of a group of 20-odd goblins whose territory consists of a few rooms in a forgotten sub-cellar of Dark Hold.

Food and Drink

*"Stew for you and stew for me,
Stew for the brave and stew for the free.
Find a rat and trim its fat.
Catch a bat and mix with cat.
Go on. Shoo, or you're for the stew."*

As slaves, goblins survived by eating whatever was available or easily scavenged. They learned to draw nourishment from anything even vaguely organic. Their teeth can gnaw bones down to the sweet marrow and tear apart old leather. Their stomachs can handle pretty much anything that gets down their gullet, and what they can't digest will be expelled one way or another. Each goblin clan maintains a massive communal stew pot that all goblins can scoop out a bowl from at any time. Meat is rarely thrown in the pot, but the gristle, fat, and tasty organs all go into the bubbling mix. No one really *likes* eating from the stew pot, but no goblin has ever turned down a free meal. Besides, the stew pot serves as a communal gathering point, and a place to share gossip, boast, flirt, or show off a new prize.

The digestive tracts of Dark Hold-bred goblins are especially robust and capable of digesting anything with even a slight nutritional value. This makes them excellent scavengers, and this is nowhere more evident than in goblin trail rations. When on the move, a goblin will pick up tasty morsels like a dead squirrel and perhaps some overripe berries, molding leaves, and dirty roots, then mix it all together in a handy bladder and attach the lot to their belt. A few days later, they have a nicely fermented meal that can be enjoyed at leisure. Other races call these "bladder surprises", not only for the contents but for their effect on non-goblins should they be brave enough to taste one.

Crafters and Conjurers

"You wouldn't expect a goblin to have such a flare for the dramatic, but when your work of art is as likely to burst into flame as not, it doesn't hurt to add a little suspense to the proceedings."

Halok Tumblethorn, Halfling Artisan

Goblins have a reputation as poor craftsmen and, while their work looks rough, this not entirely deserved. They are experts at making do with minimal materials, and their "crude" items are far better than most other races could hope to craft given the same circumstances and the poor-quality materials found in Dark Hold. Likewise, they do not waste: they will use an item until it is absolutely broken. They also tend to ascribe special powers or blessings to tools, weapons, or armor that performed well in a given circumstance and these "lucky" items will be treasured and used far beyond their reasonable lifespan. (And, who knows? Sometimes they really are lucky...)

Goblins have a special gift in a key area: they are the only species that can safely carve the magical crystals found in the deepest parts of the world. Others can use them, but risk mutation, death, or worse from the uncontrolled magical energies. Goblins are especially skilled at shaping them and use them to create items of power, from fairly minor trinkets to world-warping artifacts. Goblin carvers are naturally resistant to the warping side effects of the crystals, and have a preternatural ability to sniff out hidden crystal caches. This more than any other ability seems to be why the goblins were enslaved by the overlords.

The education of a carver is a long and dangerous one, and often ends messily in apprenticeship. Just because goblins *can* safely shape the crystals doesn't mean they always *do*, and accidents during the process can lead to anything from a goblin gaining a foot-long nose that make musical noises when they sneeze to a burst of chaotic magic that fuses the nearest 20 goblins together into a massive creature of unbridled fury. Mutations are for the lucky; complete immolation is far more common.

Some goblin crafters leave the warrens of Dark Hold and travel to the nearby communities to ply their trade and see the world. Often, this is done at the behest of a powerful lord, merchant, or patron who wishes items made to their specification. Wise folk who wish to employ a goblin carver will send an escort to fetch them and bring them safely to their destination, as these treks can become prolonged misadventures. Rarely, someone will simply imprison or enslave the craftsman; this invariably ends very poorly. The carvers have many tricks they can use to escape or send a message, and the rest of their tribe will descend on the captor and enact justice.

Crystal Rules

Arcane Background [Crystal Apprentice]

Arcane Skill: Crystal Smything (Agility)

Starting Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 3

Crystal Apprentices can implant the powers they know into crystals using the 'quick carving' rules. You can invest up to 5 power points in each crystal.

Crystal Master

Type: Power Edge

Requirements: Veteran, Crystal Apprentice, Agility d8+, Smarts d8+

Crystal Masters are goblins who have truly studied the art of crystal smything, and have the extra eyes and flowers growing from their nostrils to prove it! They may invest up to 8 Power Points into a Crystal, add +2 on any Notice checks to identify magical crystals, and may spend a Benny to negate a crystal critical failure result.

Crafting

Savage Worlds is not a game dedicated to the mundane details of making items, even magical ones. As a result, these rules focus on adventurous crafting -- the art of rapidly jury-rigging some sort of useful device out of stone knives and bear skins... or out of quartz shards and geode fragments, as the case may be.

Quick Carving

A goblin crystal smith can form useful magical crystals out of things on hand.

- ⌘ Make a Notice or Survival check to find potential crystals in the area. This is at a -2 penalty if not within the Dark Hold region, but at least nearby. Farther outside Dark Hold, it's up to the GM if the

check can be made at all. Each raise produces one more potential crystal, *or* halves the time required for the search (by default, an hour).

- ⌘ Choose a power to implant. The trappings of the power can be determined at this time.
- ⌘ Make a Crystal Smything roll. This is at a -2 using improvised tools (a short sword or dagger for carving, instead of a crystal carving kit), and cannot be done with no tools. This process takes about an hour, as well.
- ⌘ A normal success produces a 'slightly flawed' crystal. The exact flaw is not known until the crystal is used.
- ⌘ A raise produces an unflawed crystal, or, allows it to be made in half the time.
- ⌘ A normal failure produces nothing, just a waste of time
- ⌘ A critical failure produces a badly flawed crystal, but the crafter is convinced it's flawless. For maximum fun, the GM should make the roll secretly.

Flaws

Even when working without undue time pressure under the best conditions, crystal carving is more art than science, and more Pollack than Rembrandt, at that. When hastily chipping away at some lump of rock and trying to ignore the sound of the *wugruziklumkum* (literally 'big thing that wants to eat me, eek') bellowing behind the hastily-erected and rapidly-weakening barrier, it's not so much 'art' as 'desperate prayer'.

Thus, as noted above, even success carries some hint of failure.

Minor Flaws

Unless otherwise noted, all effects last for 1d6 hours. These are suggestions; feel free to create your own charts!

Roll 1d6. On a 1-3, roll on the Physical table; on a 4-6, Mental.



TABLE 1-A: PHYSICAL

- 1 **Spots and Stripes:** User's skin turns some garish color for several hours.
- 2 **Oaf!** User's Strength increases by one die... and their Agility drops by two dice!
- 3 **Potato Head:** User's sensory organs are shifted to odd and inconvenient places... their eyes might be on their kneecaps, or their nose might be in exactly the worst place on the body to put a nose, if you know what I mean, and I think you do.
- 4 **All Thumbs:** User's fingers grow to four times their normal size. While this might be useful with time and training, that's not the case here. Any Agility checks which require manual finesse are at a -2.
- 5 **What big eyes you have!:** User's eyes, ears, and nose all increase dramatically. This does grant a +2 on Notice checks, but the user is now hypersensitive... any Raise on a Notice check makes them Shaken; they can recover by making a Spirit roll as normal.
- 6 **Chronic Flatulence:** Well, the description says it all. The user is a walking violation of the Geneva Convention's rules regarding gas warfare. They have a -2 on Stealth checks due to both noise and odor. Their allies will not voluntarily get within 10 feet of them.

TABLE 1-B: MENTAL

- 1 **Foolhardy:** User will ignore caution and common sense. They're not suicidal, but they will always pick the most direct course of action.
- 2 **Cowardly:** User gains the 'Yellow' hindrance for the duration. If they already had this, they become Foolhardy, instead.
- 3 **Dain Bramaged:** User's Smarts (and associated skills) drop by a die, and they must make a Smarts check for normal actions if the GM thinks it will be amusing. ("What you mean, boots go on feet, not hands?")
- 4 **Paranoia:** User becomes extremely suspicious of his friends and allies, and will act as if he is among foes at all times.

TABLE 1-B: MENTAL

- 5 **Delusion:** User is convinced he is something *other* than a goblin, and will act accordingly, most likely based on very shallow knowledge of non-goblin behavior. ("Me am Gronk Hammers-masher, dwarf! Me drink lots of ale!")
- 6 **Pedant:** Any Smarts check takes 1d3 times as long, as the User continually expounds upon what they're doing and explains it, at length, to the idiots around them.

TABLE 1-C: MAGICAL

Because of the wide range of effects, not all these results will be applicable to all possible spells. If that happens, reroll, or create an appropriate flaw of similar intensity.

- 1 **That Wasn't So Bad:** A minor, but harmless, secondary effect accompanies the unleashed magic. A smell of blooming roses accompanies the blast of a fireball, or an entangle spell produces streamers of brightly colored confetti instead of the writhing tentacles expected, but is just as strong.
- 2 **Half a Loaf:** The spell is roughly half as powerful as it should be, in terms of damage, duration, range, or some other factor (GM's discretion).
- 3 **A Little Leakage:** The spell targets appropriately, but also selects an inappropriate target: A Healing spell heals an enemy as well as an ally; a bolt strikes a foe but also a friend.
- 4 **Loose Magic:** Normally, the power points invested in a quick-carved crystal recover at one point/hour after the crystal is activated. In this case, the energy is dispersed, and will return at a rate of 1 point every 2 hours.
- 5 **Luck Eater:** The crystal discharge "eats" on the User's Bennys. If they have none, the User becomes Fatigued for 1-6 hours.
- 6 **Trigger:** One other crystal within a LBT feet also activates! Whoever is carrying it can pick a target, if needed. All effects of that crystal, including flaws, target whomever was carrying it, as if they had voluntarily invoked it.

Serious Flaws

These are more dangerous than Minor Flaws, and can sometimes dramatically turn the tide of an encounter. Hey, no one said life as a goblin was easy! “Nasty, brutish, and short” doesn’t just describe the goblins themselves! Unless otherwise noted, these effects last 1d6 hours.

TABLE 2-A: PHYSICAL

- 1 **Long Term Injury:** Roll a random minor flaw (1-3 Physical, 4-6 Mental), but it lasts for 1-6 days.

- 2 **Shining Beacon Of Nope:** The user glows as bright as a torch, in coruscating and brilliant colors. No amount of clothing will dim this light, making stealth quite impossible. The rapidly shifting colors that flood the area also give a -2 to sight-based Notice or Investigation checks when looking for secret hinges, picking up small clues, etc.

- 3 **Captain Klutz:** User’s Agility, and all Agility-based skills, are reduced to d4.

- 4 **Mostly Armless:** The user’s arms are replaced with something else. They may turn into floppy tentacles, twigs, well-carved marble, or rubber, but they’re basically useless. Anything held is dropped, and weapons can’t be wielded.

- 5 **Leadfoot:** Literally. The user’s lower legs and feet become heavy metal. Excellent! Speed is halved, as is carrying capacity. The user’s Parry score is reduced by 1, as their ability to dodge or react is severely hampered.

- 6 **Aren’t you a little short for a goblin?:** User’s size changes to -2, with the usual effect on Toughness. Their clothing and gear does not shrink, however.

TABLE 2-B OR NOT 2-B: MENTAL

- 1 **Fear Is The Mind Killer:** User gains a major phobia (as per the Hindrance) to something fairly common in the general environment where the crystal was used.

- 2 **Shining Beacon of Dope:** User’s Smarts, and all Smarts-based skills, are reduced to d4.

- 3 **Purple Monkey Bicycle!:** The user gains severe aphasia. They can speak only in nonsense phrases, but can point or gesture as needed. Players should get a Benny if they pull this off in an amusing fashion.

- 4 **Pain Broadcaster:** Whenever the user is injured, all allies within 30’ must make a Spirit check or become Shaken, as the user’s pain is transmitted to them.

- 5 **Involuntary telepath:** The user’s thoughts are sent out to all around them (100’ radius). Not only is this embarrassing, it alerts enemies to their presence. In melee, they have a -2 to attack rolls, as they are transmitting their tactics into their opponent’s mind.

- 6 **King Of The World!:** The user is convinced they are the Chosen One, who will lead the goblin people to glorious world conquest. They will treat all around them as minions and flunkies, and will need to be convinced that any current mission they’re on is somehow going to further their plan for rightful conquest if they’re going to be any help at all.



TABLE 2-C: MAGICAL

Because of the wide range of effects, not all these results will be applicable to all possible spells. If that happens, reroll, or create an appropriate flaw of similar intensity.

1 **Better Them Than Me!:** All allies within a LBT, *except* the User, suffer a random *minor* flaw effect (roll for each to see if it is physical or mental).

2 **Cruel Reversal:** The power in the crystal has a reversed effect: A damaging spell is harmful, or an entangle spell targets the User and their allies, instead of the desired area.

3 **Distorted Echo:** A secondary effect of virtually any sort goes off. It uses the same power points as the original, but its nature and targets are up to the GM. Generally, it should not be positive in nature, though it can spread its effects to friend and foe alike.

4 **Shuffle:** All characters within a LBT of the User are moved 1d6" (6-36 feet) in a random direction. This should not place them into immediate danger (not into lava or off a cliff). If this happens, use the nearest location that is not *inherently* damaging. (Being next to an angry dragon, for example, is just fine...)

5 **Bottom Gear:** The User's equipment (*all* of it) suffers some form of devastating transformation: Armor turns into sponge cake, swords become wooden playthings, or a selection of fine crafting tools becomes a pile of dirty cutlery. This effect will wear off in 1d6 hours... which can be nasty if someone's eaten the sponge cake.

6 **Taint Right:** Any use of any power by any ally of the User, or the User themselves, for the next 1d6 hours, produces a minor flaw effect. This includes crystals, spell casting, weird science, and anything else that uses the power rules.

Imitation

"My first encounter with a goblin cleric of the ever-blessed light was intriguing. Her interpretation of the sacred scrolls was...creative."

Jen Talespinner – Travelling cleric

Goblins are easily enthralled by other cultures. If something catches their eye, they will become instantly obsessed by it, and such fads can sweep through a goblin city with terrifying speed. Sometimes this becomes part of the goblins' culture permanently: for example, the goblin Swine Cavalry was inspired by a human puppet show featuring pig-riding knights. To the goblins, this was "just the best way to do it", and they quickly mastered the art of riding into battle (and breeding pigs ideal for the task). The fact that the cavalry is also remarkably effective in running down foes through underbrush didn't hurt either. At other times, a fad spreads, peaks, and vanishes in days or weeks.

Campaign Note: The GM can simply declare a new fad has taken hold (perhaps, everyone must speak in rhyming couplets or be thought horribly uncouth), and then declare it done sometime later. Those who refuse to follow a current fad have a -2 Charisma penalty.

Gods of the Dark Hold Goblins

"For a people teetering between the dark of the underhold and the light of the valley, they are far less afraid of the dark than I would expect—or than they should be."

Pieter Oaken-Hammer – Sword for hire

The goblins of Dark Hold have lived in isolation for so long that they have developed their own degraded religion separate and unique from that common among other goblin nations. A few of the gods that the Dark Hold goblins worship are the same as those prayed to by their former dwarven overmasters, though portrayed with debased and twisted visages.

The Dark Hold goblins are very atavistic and firmly believe that their gods walk amongst them. However, the gods are rarely seen, and when called upon, rarely appear. Many goblins believe that there are, in fact, no gods, and that the gods arose as distorted legends of powerful goblins and dwarves dead for untold ages. These atheistic goblins are scorned by most other goblins (and other races who hear of their philosophies), but, strangely enough, they have created their own object of worship: Yag the Normal, a god with no godly powers, who represents every goblin. Yag's worshipers are scorned even more for this belief, and the irony of their not believing that gods exist but praying to a non-god is lost on them.

TaDrak the Overlord

Epithets: The Overlord, The Master, Teller of Tasks

Symbol: Whip and Chain

Favored Weapon: Staff (for beating and poking)

Raiment: The faithful will wear a collar and sackcloth. The material of the collar determines the status of the adherent; rope being the lowest, followed by leather, iron, and gold.

Teachings: Do as you are told or face the lash.

Holy Texts: An ancient book of tasks handed down from the overthrown dwarf masters. The tasks must be completed daily—but with as little effort as possible.

TaDrak appears to his worshipers as a stout dwarf wielding a whip and a staff. He is the very epitome of the former masters of the Dark Hold, at least as their goblin slaves saw them. His armor is rough-forged and linked chainmail, stained with the blood and tears of the countless goblin slaves who suffer beneath his iron rule. He whips the faithful to ensure their work is complete and prods them in the direction of their tasks with his staff. Upon his belt hangs the Sack of Favors, a mystical artifact from which stale bread, copper coins, or rusted trinkets are handed out to the worthy.

Yag the Normal

Epithets: Every goblin's goblin

Symbol: A roughly drawn goblin head

Favored Weapon: Sharpened stick

Raiment: Cloth tunic and a thick belt.

Teachings: There are no gods and you should only do as you like.

Holy Texts: None

Yag's priests are little more than rabble-rousers who will share their opinion with anyone who will listen without attempting to force a fist down their throat for speaking blasphemy. These priests believe that there are no gods. Has anyone ever seen one? No! But if there were gods they would be like Yag, who is just like any other goblin: just as strong and just as smart!

Vas Teth of the Night

Epithets: He who takes. The night that walks

Symbol: Two red eyes in shadow

Favored Weapon: Fangs

Raiment: A cloak of shadow.

Teachings: The night is to be feared. Safety in numbers.

Holy Texts: Scrawled cave paintings of a beast with fangs and blood-red eyes.

The literal translation of this god's name from the ancient dwarvish tongue is "sweetened fangs", and his appearance and legends are drawn from the descriptions of those goblins who have encountered this god and lived to tell the tale—although those goblins are obviously liars as Vas Teth comes in the night and no survivors are ever left. There are a few cave paintings scrawled in blood by mortally wounded goblins who claim to have seen Sweetened Fangs. These few rarely live more than a few days before their wounds fester and they die, but in that time their fevered chanting and rambling prayers reveal much about the truth of the world—and the next one. Their words hold power and are a conduit to the strength of something, something that lives in the dark and eats goblins.

Selthik the Soft

Epithets: The Healer. The Watcher of the Weak

Symbol: A bloodstained bandage

Favored Weapon: A quarterstaff festooned with gems, bones, and other tokens

Raiment: Robes stained with blood.

Teachings: Heal the injured.

Holy Texts: Ancient manuals of medical and healing lore, a mix of useful facts, dubious folk cures, prayers, and rituals to ward off disease.

Selthik is the goblin god of healing, a rare and precious luxury during the times of dwarven oppression. He appears as an aged goblin shaman holding a staff decorated with dried herbs, bones, magical crystals, and other gew-gaws. Depending on the legends being recounted, he can be a wise and compassionate healer or a madman trying nonsensical cures with tragicomic consequences. A lot of folklore and techniques are attributed to Selthik, and they vary greatly in their efficacy. Those submitting themselves to the care of Selthik's priesthood may be very pleased with the results, or very dead.

Voltekis the Gorged

Epithets: The Devourer, The Insatiable

Symbol: An overflowing stew pot

Favored Weapon: Net

Raiment: Fine clothing in the style of dwarven feasting gear, stained in a thousand places.

Teachings: Eat, drink, and be merry, for who knows when we'll get another chance?

Holy Texts: It's a cookbook! A cookbook!

Goblins can eat anything, and in almost any amount. Voltekis is the embodiment of this. During the long ages of enslavement, Voltekis was a god of ravaging hunger, of the misery and starvation the goblins suffered. He was portrayed as wasted and thin, and was prayed to in the hopes he would pass by and devour some other poor goblin's soul. Since liberation, though, Voltekis has become a bloated and gorged god of indulgence, and goblins pray he'll visit them and leave some leftovers. Fat chance of that (pun intended), for Voltekis represents consumption without guilt or limit, thus making him also a god of greed, pride, and arrogance. Many tales begin with Voltekis enjoying some grand feast or party, then pushing beyond his limits and ending up in slapstick, embarrassing situations, but never quite learning his lesson.

Borkrog the Wise Fool

Epithets: The Stumbler, The Fortunate Idiot

Symbol: A goblin prancing merrily off a cliff

Favored Weapon: A wooden club

Raiment: Fool's motley.

Teachings: If you fall into a cesspit, look for a diamond. Madness holds wisdom.

Holy Texts: A collection of crude and simplistic fables and stories that hold multiple meanings and are more than they seem.

Borkrog embodies the goblin's love of jokes, pratfalls, crude humor, and laughing at the powerful... and everyone else. He is the god of those who take great chances, especially if it's being done in a way that's daring, random, and spontaneous. He is mad and capricious, but there is always a nugget of purpose in his actions—sometimes, many purposes that can contradict each other. He is almost never invoked deliberately, but is often thanked after a fortuitous escape. His myths and legends teach goblins that winning in an unfair fight is better than losing in a fair one, and besides, when the odds are stacked against you, everything is fair. Borkrog helped the goblins endure their long imprisonment by teaching them to find the funny side of everything, even their own suffering.

Personalizing your Goblin Characters

Dark Hold goblins are a little different from goblins you or your players may have encountered before. Here are few edges, backgrounds, and such to help you create Dark Hold goblin characters.

Goblin Racial Template

Efficient Digestion: Goblins can eat and digest almost anything. They get a +2 bonus to Vigor rolls against ingested poisons and diseases caused by rotting food.

Short: Goblins average only about 4' tall. This gives them a Size of -1 and subtracts 1 from their Toughness.

Low-light vision: Goblin eyes are accustomed to the dark. They can see in the dark and ignore attack penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.

Stout: Goblins are stout of body. Goblins start with a d6 Vigor instead of a d4.

Edges

Background Edges

Benign Mutation

Requirements: Goblin, Novice

You were born with a useful physical quirk. The exact details should be worked out with the GM. A few typical examples:

Huge Nose: Even for a goblin, you've got a massive shnozz! You gain a +4 on Notice checks involving scent, as well as the Tracking skill if the creature being tracked had a body odor of any sort. This can also apply to sensing illusions (if they ought to have a smell, but don't), and so on.

Gnarled Teeth: You could serve as the "before" picture in an orthodontist's office. You also gain a bite attack of Str+d6.

Warty Skin: Your skin is covered with thick calluses, bumps, and protrusions, giving you +2 Armor.

Arcane Background (Crystal Mage)

Arcane Skill: Crystalsmything

Starting Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 3

A Crystal Mage prepares their powers ahead of time by creating crystals, which can be used by themselves, or given to other adventurers. When crafting a crystal, for each success and Raise infuses 1 use into the crystal (so a *bolt* power with three raises would be able to be used 4 times before it would crack). The Crystal Mage, however, must invest the number of Power Points needed to activate a power into the crystal, which stay invested until the crystal is used up (or the *permanency* power is used on it)

To activate a crystal after it's made, the user must make a Spirit roll.

Crystals aren't perfect though, and sometimes have unintended side effects. On the roll of a 1 on the Skill die when using a crystal, there's a malfunction; use the Weird Science Malfunction Table in the Savage Worlds core rules.

New Power

Permanency

Requirements: Veteran, Arcane Background (Crystal Mage)

Power Points: 5+ power being made permanent

Range: Self

Duration: See text

This power allows a character to make a power permanently activated on an item. It requires 50 gold pieces worth of material, knowledge of the power that the caster wishes to permanently cast, and a number of hours of work equal to 5 + the power point cost of the spell. Once this power is cast on a crystal, the Crystal Mage will recover his power points at the normal rate.

Lucky Item

Requirements: Novice

You have a special item, usually a weapon, suit of armor, or tool, that you consider lucky. This item is badly worn and battered, but still performs normally. It will never break from normal use and has +4 Object Toughness against Called Shots to the item.

Combat Edges

Disgusting Spew

Requirements: Novice, Goblin, Vigor d8+

Goblins can eat and digest almost anything. Some have stomachs that border on being a living alchemist's lab. A goblin with this Edge can spit for 2d4 acid damage to a range of 1/2/4 (use Throwing as the relevant skill). On a raise, the target is blinded for a round. On a roll of "1" on either the attack die or the wild die, the Goblin's stomach is empty and they cannot use this ability until they've had another good meal.

Leadership Edges

Goblin Leader

Requirements: Novice, Command, Wild Card

Goblin leaders are exceptional, and can accomplish tasks that would seem daunting to others. When spending a Benny to re-roll, the character uses a d8 as a wild die instead of a d6.

Archetypes in Dark Hold

Many of the core Savage Worlds archetypes work well for goblins, as do those in the Fantasy Companion. This section discusses how they may work and how to modify them if necessary.

Face

Goblins aren't pretty. Goblin "faces" are skilled at dealing with others, but don't rely on their good looks. Replace the "Attractive" edge with "Charismatic". (Alternatively, the goblin could be a mutant with features that *are* attractive to other races!)

Fighter, Fencer

Goblins do well with light weapons and a style of dancing around their opponents.

Fighter, Great Weapon

Few goblins use large weapons, but some can. They are often seen by their enemies as clowns dragging around weapons far too large for them, right up until they smash their target's brains in.

Leader

Goblin leaders rarely stand out as targets—you want to show your followers how *not* to be cut down! Stealth should be taken as a skill.

Mage

Most goblin wizards rely on crystal magic to enhance their skills.

Martial Artist

Goblins are quite good at fighting bare-handed, or with improvised weapons, and frequently adopt a comical, stumbling, style a la Jackie Chan. A goblin monk can take out a half-dozen enemies, but non-goblins watching will swear it was all by dumb luck. The goblins know better.

Priest, Healer

Goblin priests have a surprisingly honest and irreverent attitude towards their gods. Whichever one they worship, they will tend to pray to them and talk about them as if they were real people they knew, not distant and unknowable entities.

Rogue

Some would claim this archetype applies to all goblins. While a bit of an exaggeration, goblins need stealth and trickery to survive in a world full of enemies, and most of them master a few tricks as part of growing up.

Playing Low-Power Characters

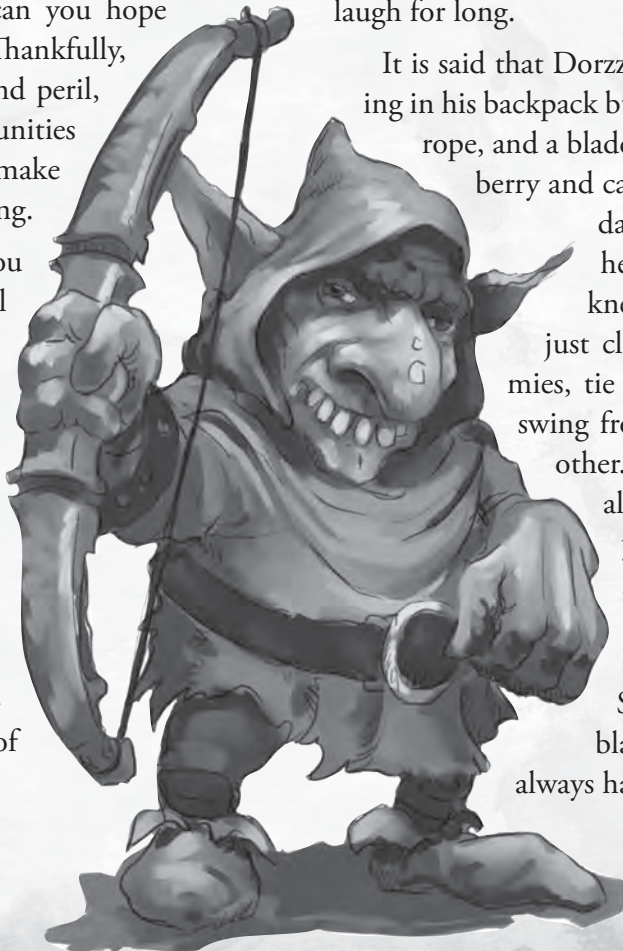
"There is nothing more amazing than an old Goblin—and precious little more dangerous."

Goblins die—in droves. It's a fact of life that most die before making it to the ripe old age of five. A lucky few will reach the venerable age of ten before death claims them. Fewer still reach their teens, a perilous age for any race.

Legends tell of a brave goblin warrior named Dorzzot Stumpnose who went on many adventures and discovered lots of ancient treasure. He was a goblin who was the match for any warrior of the so-called noble races. In fact, at his funeral the nobles of all the local kingdoms attended and bade his soul swift passage to the darkest reaches of the Dark Hold. Few goblins ever manage to achieve such great status as Dorzzot, but that doesn't stop them from trying.

You may become one of those goblins, but like all of the others you have to start somewhere. You begin life as a Novice like anyone else, and only through great deeds and brave adventures can you hope to achieve Legendary status. Thankfully, your world is full of danger and peril, so you'll have plenty of opportunities to rise through the ranks and make a name for yourself, or die trying.

As low-level Novices, you won't have access to powerful magic spells or items of supreme power. You'll need to use your wits (insofar as goblins *have* wits) and strength of numbers to defeat life's challenges. Don't worry, one day you'll have the power to wield almighty artifacts, but until then you'd better get used to rusty swords and dented shields to make the most of things.



Dark Hold is filled with vast treasures and long-forgotten artifacts from the days of the dwarven overlords, but all of the easy pickings have been long since looted. Most of the upper levels have been plundered by your fellow goblins and their ilk long before you decided to make your fortune. But don't worry; your Uncle Jollygreencheeks will be able to find you a place on his mushroom farm. Or you can venture out into the sunlit valley to make your fortune. Or perhaps glory awaits in the pitch-black bowels of the lower levels of Dark Hold.

You won't have much to start with, but that doesn't mean you don't have options. Your strongest attribute and ally are your goblin kin. There is safety in numbers, they say, but here is also strength. A cunning goblin war party can take down much stronger opponents often with the most rudimentary of weapons.

Goblins are nothing if not resourceful, and they're not above fighting dirty. When dealing with threats larger than yourself (and, let's face it, that's almost everything), you can make good use of Agility and Smarts Tricks to unbalance and shake your enemies. Stronger foes might laugh at such tactics, but when you poke them in the eyes and bite them on the heel, they won't laugh for long.

It is said that Dorzzot started his career with nothing in his backpack but a rusty dagger, a long piece of rope, and a bladder filled with his aunt's huckleberry and cat stew. Long after ditching that dagger for a superior longsword, he kept that spool of rope. He knew rope was good for more than just climbing; he could trip up enemies, tie up prisoners (for dinner), and swing from one side of a chasm to the other. The lesson here isn't that you always need to carry rope (though you probably should), but that it's important to find unconventional uses for everyday items if you'd like to survive to see Seasoned status. Rope and a full bladder—an adventurer should always have a full bladder.

Introductory Adventure

"Who Wants to be an Adventurer?"

I. Introduction:

Welcome to Dark Hold, a name that describes both a sprawling mountain range and the massive, decrepit ruins of a dwarven fortress that has languished in the wild mists for untold centuries. It is within the Dark Hold ruins that goblins—once a slave race of the unforgiving dwarven overlords—have rebuilt their lives and their culture in the haunted shadows of their former masters. They have proven a wily, tenacious lot, somehow surviving despite their constant clan fighting, viciousness, and suspicion of their own kin.

Yet the goblins are not the only ones to exist in the forgotten towers, holds, and mines. Many ravenous beasts lurk alongside them, hungering for goblin flesh, or that of any unwary adventurer to the region. Why would anyone dare to delve into such a foreboding place? When the dwarves vanished, they left much of their wealth, weaponry, and secret knowledge behind where it could be plundered by the daring and devious. Over the years, much of this has been scavenged or destroyed. The halls of the Dark Hold are vast though, and many are certain there remains much to be plundered. Besides, what sort of goblin can resist the lure of shiny things?

GM Notes:

Who Wants to be an Adventurer? is intended for 3 to 6 Novice Rank characters. The adventure can be easily modified for higher or lower difficulty by adding/subtracting encounters, or by making the enemies stronger. You have a better idea of your players' capabilities, and so should feel free to adjust any elements in order help them enjoy the adventure. Ultimately, having fun is the point!

II. Setup

Setting: The Grobknuckle Mines

Much of the Dark Hold sits atop deeper mines and ruins, darker regions most goblins are afraid to explore—and would prefer to forget exist altogether. This particular goblin clan has unknowingly settled near a set of old mines that were sealed from the surface long ago. These mines have since become a moldering maze, a dusty warren filled with undead, burrowing beasts, and traps laid to protect whatever dwarven treasure might have been left to languish.

There are three main levels to the mines, each with their own hazards.

Dramatis Personae:

The "Good" Guys

Chief Shmeck – A tough, no-nonsense goblin who is a high-ranking adherent to TaDrak the Overlord. He keeps the clan in line with the help of several bodyguards who thrash any dissenters near to death.

Shmack – Chief Shmeck's son, the grubling is one of the most cowardly goblins you've ever met, and that's saying something. He's afraid of just about everything, and you're surprised the Chief cares enough to send anyone after him.

Drudgers – An odd goblin who is one of the few curious to learn more about goblin and dwarf history; he joins the band in hopes of exploring the new mines.

The Bad Guys

Bloodwings – Ranging from the size of a goblin's fist to a goblin's head, these furry, leather-winged beasts subsist on fresh blood, which they procure by grasping their prey with sharp claws and thrusting a sharp proboscis into the victim's flesh.

Rocknibblers – These oversized worms have segmented purple-and-green bodies, growing up to four feet long. They have a circular maw on one end filled with several rows of rotating teeth that allow them to eat rocks and gems for nourishment—though they’ve a fondness for bones.

Undead – These shambling skeletons and mummified remains come from various species, including dwarves, goblins, kobolds, and humans that have been cursed into a mockery of their former life.

Blindwolves – Eyeless, hairless, and pale, these are ravenous beasts that have been stuck underground long enough to mutate into a decrepit version of their lupine ancestors. While blind, they have keen senses of smell, hearing, and can feel nearby vibrations in the earth.

Akrunst Grobknuckle – A dwarven ghost who has possessed the young Shmack by the time the party finds him. He is viciously greedy and will do anything to protect “his” mines and the treasure it holds. He sustained his spirit within a magic mining pick, which Shmack unwittingly picked up to protect himself from the creatures down there.

Adventure Structure

This adventure is set up as a straightforward dungeon crawl, with the adventurers focused on a specific quest objective. Obstacles, monsters, and other dangers will block their way, but once they reach the end, it can be assumed whatever was cleared out before remains cleared for them to return to the beginning—unless you want to increase the difficulty by making a safe return to the starting point another objective.

III. Entry

“Recruiting” the Characters

Scene 1: Goblin Settlement

For several generations now, the Gristler goblin clan has made its home in a series of chambers and tunnels along a southernmost edge of Dark Hold. Built on the surface of the ruins, this settlement allows them to scavenge the surrounding forest and mountains while also having a nearby hole to scamper to and defend should any dan-

ger appear. Yet one danger they couldn’t account for was the wrath of Nature itself. As the clan huddled indoors during a recent thunderstorm, brutal winds caved in one of the outer walls, killing several goblins. In the aftermath, the goblins discovered the collapse had uncovered a previously unknown tunnel leading into hidden depths of the Hold. Another unfortunate development occurred during the storm as well, and the clan’s chief has ordered a select handful of goblins to appear before him....

Read this to the PCs to set the scene:

Chief Shmeck sits on a pile of rubble as if it were a throne, gazing down into the mysterious hole the storm has exposed. He wears a multicolored robe, spattered with mud, and holds a wooden stave capped with iron as a scepter. A gold collar rings his grizzled neck, marking his devotion to TaDrak the Overlord, one of the more brutal goblin gods. At your approach, he squints with a blind, filmy eye while the other peers at you with obvious disapproval. Two bigger goblins stand by his side, clad in studded leather and with cudgels in their scarred fists.

The chief shuffles around to face you, large nose crinkling. He speaks in a crackly whisper, forcing you to lean in range of the guards’ weapons to listen.

“My son, the cowardly Shmack, has been missing since the storm. No doubt he ran off with all the thunder and lightning overhead. And where do you think he went to hide?”

He thrusts his scepter at the hole. “We goblins love the deep and the dark. It is where we are born and where we toil. But some of us forget the deepness holds much danger.” He hacks and spits down into the dark. “As much as Shmack shames me with his laziness and constant sniffing, he must be returned. That is your task. In the name of the Overlord, you may not refuse.”

If anyone in the group asks what happens if they don’t want to comply, the chief’s guards loom closer and the chief laughs.

“You will have your legs broken and be thrown down into the darkness anyways. Do you want to go on two legs or crawl, hm?”

CAVERNS OF THE DARK HOLD



If anyone in the group asks why the chief wants his son back so much, the chief will point to his blind eye.

"My mate gave me this when I let our last grubling get carried off by misthawks. If you fail to find him, don't bother coming back at all, or I'll take all your eyes to her to keep mine."

Once the group accepts, the chief introduces another goblin who will accompany the party. Read this description and greetings.

You recognize the clan's sage, Drudgers, a fat, bald goblin with a sprout of white whiskers from his knobby chin. He holds a shabby backpack and has a variety of scribe instruments tucked into pouches around his rotund waist. As he shuffles forward, the chief jabs at his belly with his scepter.

"Drudgers requests to go along with you. He thinks this could be a chance to learn more about this place and discover all sorts of lost knowledge." When Drudgers isn't looking, the chief sticks a finger in his own ear and wiggles it around, indicating the goblin must be loony. He then chews and swallows the glob of wax which stuck to his nail.

The party has two hours to prepare. They can scrounge up a few supplies and weapons, linger around the settlement, and talk to Drudgers. However, the chief's bodyguards are always in sight, making sure none of the party attempts to flee or hide. If anyone strikes up a conversation with Drudgers, he stutters and hops in place, appearing enthusiastic about finding ancient secrets down in the dark. Obviously, he's insane, even by goblin standards. A few questions might include:

–What do you think is down there?

"I have no clue! Isn't that a great little mystery to solve? Hopefully we won't get eaten. Hard to solve mysteries if you're eaten."

–Can you do any magic to protect us?

"Er...no. But I can tell you what mushrooms are safe to eat and spot many other hazards."

–Do you have any useful knowledge that will help?

"Um...go willingly, so you don't get your legs broken? Oh, and praying to the Overlord for help is the worst idea ever, no matter how bad the situation gets."

Once the group is ready, they either head down into the entrance on their own or are herded down by the bodyguards.

IV. Level One – The Poison Pools

(A) As the party descends, they can either light their way with lanterns and torches, or use their goblin sight to see in darkness—though everything is cast in black and white. Within a few minutes, the surface light is lost, and the rough tunnel takes a sharp turn and ends in another opening, leading into a larger, squarish tunnel. The walls here have been worked, though long ago, and corroded iron beams brace the walls and ceiling. Ancient metal tracks curve across the floor, though they crumble under any touch. Oddly, this new tunnel seems moist, with water dripping all around and numerous puddles and pools across the floor.

GM Note: On this level, all water sources are contaminated. Something in the environment is fouling the pools and puddles. Should any goblin trip and fall into a pool or sample any water from the floor or walls, they must make a Vigor roll or they'll take a level of Fatigue, suffer severe nausea and be unable to walk for 1d6 x 10 minutes. This Fatigue can kill.

The party now has the option of going left or right down the mining tunnel. Both sides trail off into the distant darkness, giving no clue of which way to go. At this juncture, a successful Smarts roll will allow one of the party members to spot sodden footprints leading off to the right—obviously small enough to be that of a goblin grubling, and recent too, as they've not yet filled with water.

Going Left

Whether or not they spot the footprints, if they choose to go left, they'll follow the tunnel along for an hour. Goblins traveling down the corridor will need to make an Agility roll against trips and stumbles in the mushy, unsteady ground, or find themselves getting a mouthful of nasty water - see the GM note above.

At last, they'll see the tunnel open up into a larger room ahead. Even with their goblin vision, they can't make out much beyond the threshold. The chamber is all murk and mud, and the ceiling stretches out of sight. The only things they can make out are a few clumps on the floor. Here, a main scenario can play out, triggered in a few ways.

Disturbing the Peace

(B) If any of the party members approach the threshold with a currently lit torch, lantern, or any other light source, a flock of six Bloodwings will immediately swoop down from the ceiling and attack. This will also occur if a party member makes any particularly noisy disturbance, such as calling for Shmack, or trying to make an echo in the chamber.

If the group creeps in under the cover of darkness, there are three distinct piles to inspect. If they check the one nearest on the left, have one of them stumble into a deeper pool, at least up to his waist. Even if the party member saves against contamination, the noise will also bring the Bloodwings down on their heads.

If they check the middle pile, almost on the other side of the room, halfway there, Drudgers will whisper he wants to inspect the chamber better, maybe make a few sketches. At this point, he'll draw a small wand and wave it about until it lights like a tiny candle. The party will glimpse a large mining shaft ringed with stone pillars and broken stairs spiraling up into the darkness... before the Bloodwings descend. None of the stairs are accessible from their level.

Lastly, the pile off to the right isn't trapped, but is a broken down, ancient mining cart half-lodged in the mud. Something appears to be inside the part sticking out. A successful Agility roll will allow one of the party members to yank out what first appears to be a rough stone. On turning it over, however, it will be split in half, exposing its crystalline interior (a geode). When this is seen, Drudgers will light his wand to get a better look at the marvel...and the Bloodwings will attack.

The other two piles are just useless junk, though goblins are scavengers, and may wish to pry bits of rusty metal or scraps of carved stone to keep in their pouches—though they'll only have the time and safety to do this after defeating the Bloodwings.

Bloodwings

Ranging from the size of a goblin's fist to a goblin's head, these furry, leather-winged beasts subsist on fresh blood, which they procure by grasping their prey with sharp claws and thrusting a sharp proboscis into the victim's flesh.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor 6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d10

Pace: 7, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities:

Blood Sucker: Str+d4. Characters hit must make a Strength roll or suffer a level of Fatigue.

☞ **Infrared Vision:** Bloodwings don't suffer lighting penalties against warm-blooded creatures.

☞ **Flight:** Flying Pace of 7".

☞ **Quick:** Bloodwings have the Quick Edge.

☞ **Size -2:** Bloodwings are about the size of a housecat.

☞ **Small:** Attackers subtract 2 from their attack rolls.

After the Bloodwings are defeated and the piles inspected, the rest of the chamber will prove a dead end, forcing them to go back the way they came.

Going Right

If the party goes right, either following the footprints, simply choosing that path outright, or coming back that direction heading left, the tunnel quickly slants downward, causing their footing to be even trickier. If the party did not spot the footprints earlier, have Drudgers pipe up and point a set out, saying:

"By the Overlord, are those footprints? Could those be from Shmack? They must be!"

Assured they're on the right track, the party can move forward, cautious in the mud. The slope will continue for a good while, with a few short offshoots that will prove to be dead ends. A few more tracks of footprints appear. If desired, trigger a small mudslide and have Agility rolls needed to avoid being caught in it. If a party member does get stuck, a Strength roll would be needed to dig or pull them out before they're smothered.

At last, the ground levels out and a stretch of level, if rough, rock offers itself.

On Solid Ground

(C) This part of the mine shaft looks a little less worked. Deeper in and deeper down. Still, plenty of evidence of old mining excavations, including the occasional pile of bones and strewn-about gear. It speaks to dwarven craftsmanship that any of this ancient equipment has survived for so long, though not being exposed to the elements might explain it too. None of it looks valuable though, and most of it crumbles to rust if picked up.

Several hours into their trek, the party will come across a stretch of rocky floor with dozens of odd holes cored through it. Drudgers will study this with a squint and muse:

"What could these holes be? Erosion? Ventilation for deeper shafts? They certainly don't look natural."

Some holes are as small as needles. None of the holes are quite big enough for a goblin to fall into fully, but there's definite danger of tripping and either getting stuck in one or breaking an arm or leg in one. Peering down into a hole will reveal an almost perfectly smooth boring coiling down into nothingness. A successful Notice roll will allow a party member to pick up on odd rustling noises in the depths, but nothing comprehensible.



There's no way to proceed without getting through this section. Each member needs to make an Agility roll to traverse the section without incident. If any fail the character gets stuck requiring a Strength roll to pull them free. A critical failure results in the character taking 2d6 damage.

However, if any party member gets stuck or breaks a limb, this will unleash the Rocknibblers from the holes. Four of the rock-boring beasts will slither out, disturbed by the vibrations of the party member's fall and rescue efforts. If the party member was injured, there will be no time to heal or mend them before the fight begins.

Rocknibblers

These oversized worms have segmented purple-and-green bodies, growing up to four feet long. They have a circular maw on one end filled with several rows of rotating teeth that allow them to eat rocks and gems for nourishment—though they've a fondness for bones.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d6

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 9 (1)

Special Abilities:

☞ **Armour +1:** Natural armour.

☞ **Bite:** Str+d4.

☞ **Burrow:** Can burrow and reappear within 5" (takes 3 rounds).

☞ **Exceptional Hearing:** No penalties for dim or dark lighting.

☞ **Resistances:** -2 damage from acid and fire.

Rocknibblers are ravenous and will not stop attacking until dead. If the fight goes on for more than three minutes, two more will emerge and join the confrontation. Once the beasts are killed, the party can move beyond this area. If the party traversed the holes without incident, this conflict can be avoided altogether (or Drudgers could be used to cause a disturbance and force the fight, if desired).

(D) After this stretch, the group will find a pit, 50 feet wide, with the remains of an iron-and-stone crane-and-pulley system on one edge. The crane is inoperable. However, a check of the pit itself will reveal a series of stone steps circling it, allowing the group to descend.

V. Level Two – The Shambles

(E) It takes the party half an hour to reach the bottom of the pit. Once there, read this to set the scene:

Several long, low tunnels stretch out from the circular base. One is blocked off by an old cave-in a few hundred feet down and doesn't present an option. The other two are marked by similar features: a sickly green glow emanating from their depths and a foul, stale stench lingering in the air. You hear muted moans and clicking noises, and then a louder clatter as if someone—or something—has fallen in the distance. The echoes make it impossible to tell which tunnel the noise came from.

Build up the tension about which tunnel to choose, as if the fate of the adventure rests on the right choice. Really put them through the wringer on this choice, if possible. All discernment or detection rolls come back uncertain and unhelpful, no matter how high the roll. It's a total gamble, but this could mean success or disaster.

Whichever tunnel they choose, take a deep breath, shake your head ominously, and have them proceed down it. Then read the following:

A few hundred feet down, one wall suddenly ends, exposing the tunnel you didn't select just to the side. Apparently, the miners originally had separate shafts operating, but eventually joined them as they removed all viable ore and rubble.

Ignore any glares on the players' parts and simply proceed as if nothing unusual happened. Fifty feet beyond the point where the tunnels converged, a strange feature invades the raw rock.

Wrong Kind of Shiny

(F) Luminescent green mold clings in stringy patches from the walls and ceilings, as well as lumps on the floor. It fills the whole of the tunnels with the green glow detected from the entrances, a light that plays tricks on the group's eyes, making them see movement where there is none and throwing strange shadows everywhere. A Notice roll will allow a party member to realize that each patch of mold forms the shape of a humanoid body part—a hand there, a skull there, a ribcage there, and so on.

Drudgers will give the group a warning to the effect of:

"If I were me...and I am...that is to say, while I would love to inspect the glowing stuff closer, I'd think again. Which I have. Thought again, that is. See, in magic, a green glow often suggests a foul spell, like necromancy. Then again, it might be a healing glow. But in nature, while green suggests a healthy plant or tree, it can also be rot or poison. So what I'm really saying is, who can tell? But if I were me, I'd stay clear."

GM Note: This mold is poisonous, though not immediately deadly. Coming into brief skin contact with it will cause immediate dizziness and require a Vigor roll to avoid falling over and coming into contact with even more mold. Longer exposure will cause the victim to hallucinate and see horrific nightmares until they are pulled clear. They will require Healing in order to recover immediately, or it will take an hour to recover on their own. Consumption of any sort results in horrible stomach cramps and bleeding from the nostrils acting as Lethal Poison (Vigor roll at -4 or death in 2d6 rounds. Success results in 1 wound and Exhaustion). If the character dies they will rapidly deteriorate and fall to the ground as another pile of glowing mold.

The mold is ubiquitous throughout the tunnel, which requires two hours to traverse. Throw in a few near-misses and stumbles to up the tension, if desired.

Mold Monsters!

(G) Halfway through the tunnel, an unavoidable attack will occur. Read this right before it occurs:

As you trudge along, attempting to avoid contact with the glowing mold, you keep catching strange movements out of the corner of your eyes. There's nothing there when you look straight that way, though. It's almost as if the mold itself is moving, quivering when you pass it by, like it's alert to your presence.

Then, without warning, the ground cracks and splits open all around you. Bony figures emerge, lurching up to become mold-covered skeletons of all shapes, sizes, and species. You recognize goblins, dwarves, humans, and kobolds among the bunch. Mold clings to their skeletal frames, holding joints together, congealing in skulls and ribcages. As one, the undead fix gleaming, green eye sockets on you and shamle forward, arms reaching.

Eight undead ambush the group. Fortunately, they are easily dispatched, with little more than a single swing required to send them tumbling back to the ground, never to rise again. Unfortunately, any successful hit from one of them on a party member will affect them like they'd contacted the mold to whatever degree is necessary.

Moldy Skeleton

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7

Edge: Extraction

Gear: Spear (Str+d6, Reach 1, +1 Parry)

Special Abilities:

- ↔ **Bony Claws:** Str+d4.
- ↔ **Extraction:** Moldy skeletons make an Agility roll. On a success, one opponent doesn't get a free attack when they disengage.
- ↔ **Fearless:** Moldy Skeletons are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- ↔ **Fleet of Foot:** Running die is d10
- ↔ **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; called shots do no extra damage.

Once the undead are defeated and the various affected party members (if any) have recovered, the group may continue without further attacks. They will require another hour to reach the end of the mold-covered stretch, and further bumbings can be introduced to torment them along the way.

At the end of this shaft, another pit presents itself. However, this one offers no obvious way down. It's not nearly as deep as the first—in fact, the bottom is visible about 40 feet down—but deep enough a fall would be 7d6 damage. Climbing has a -4 penalty, as the sides are made of a rock that crumbles under any hard grip. If any member party member has it, they can offer a coil of rope from their supplies. If not, Drudgers will look at them all as if they're crazy and say:

"Nobody thought to bring rope? Good thing someone here has more in their skull than beetle mush."

He will produce a length of rope from his pack, long enough to secure to a nearby rocky outcropping and dangle for there to be a short drop at the bottom.

VI. Level Three – The Gem Crypt

Dirty Dogs

(H) Just as the last group member hits the ground from the rope, warbling howls will emerge from the single tunnel off to one side. The group has half a minute to prepare before a trio of Blindwolves emerges. Describe them as:

These beasts have little in common with their furry, lupine ancestors. Their shape is vaguely canine, though every inch of their skin is white, wrinkled, and hairless. Thin, long tails trail behind them, and the smallest light source reveals some of their bones through transparent patches of skin. However these beasts became trapped down here, it's apparent a strange magic has adapted them to their subterranean abode. Each creature is eyeless, and has a pink, quivering snout. Their jaws hang open to reveal massive fangs, and their front paws look like droopy paddles with ivory claws.

Blindwolves

Eyeless, hairless, and pale, these are ravenous beasts that have been stuck underground long enough to mutate into a decrepit version of their lupine ancestors. While blind, they have keen senses of smell, hearing, and can feel nearby vibrations in the earth.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Tracking d8

Pace: 8, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 9 (1)

Special Abilities

- ↔ **Armour +1:** Fur and Chitin.
- ↔ **Bite:** Str+d6; Go for the Throat.
- ↔ **Blindsense:** Can sense things within 4" that can't be seen, as if in Dark lighting.
- ↔ **Scent:** Can navigate, track, and detect creatures by scent (range 6", halved for upwind and doubled for downwind, doubled again for very strong scents). Only adjacent creatures can be pinpointed accurately.
- ↔ **Evil:** Affected by powers and abilities that work on evil creatures.
- ↔ **Fast Runner:** Roll d8 when running instead of d6.
- ↔ **Go for the Throat:** Target least-armoured location on a raise.
- ↔ **Size +1:** Increases Toughness by +1.

The Blindwolves will work with a pack mentality, splitting up and orienting to come at the group from three sides at once. Since they don't need sight to target prey, they won't be fooled by any illusion or other visual trickery. At the same time, as the group is fighting, a fourth Blindwolf is digging up through the earth beneath them. Half a minute into the fight, Drudgers will scream and leap back just as the beast emerges from where he stood a moment before. The newest Blindwolf will target him, and the team has the option to let him die or rush to the rescue.

Once the Blindwolves are eliminated, the group (with or without Drudgers) can proceed through the tunnel. It is the roughest tunnel yet, with many sections unworked or only half-dug out before being abandoned. Bones and bits of equipment litter the earth, and the oppressive weight of the depths the team has reached is keenly felt.

Treasure for the Taking

Then a wondrous thing! Tucked into a little side tunnel, no more than six feet deep, is half-a-dozen piles of gleaming, polished gems. Rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires...they all lie in little heaps, somehow left behind and untouched all these centuries. This is the sort of shiny wealth a goblin's dreams are made of, and it's all there for the taking.

If Drudgers is with the group and one of the party moves to touch or grab a gem, he will cry for them to stop, saying:

"Wait-wait-wait! There's something wrong here." He snatches your hand away and prances about, crouching to peer at the gems. "Yes, yes, see? Each pile is identical, just oriented a bit differently so they look like different piles. These must be illusions of some sort."

If Drudgers is not with the group (i.e. death-by-Blindwolf) then no warning will be issued; a team member will need a Notice roll in order to notice that each pile is in fact identical when viewed from different angles.

If any pile is touched, whether Drudgers is there to give a warning or no, a large explosion is set off. A fireball shoots out, hitting anyone standing directly before the piles for 2d10 damage. Anyone standing off to the side must make an Agility roll in order to dodge the fiery splash. The gems will disappear, and the group will be left with nothing but their smoldering selves.

If the trap is triggered, booming laughter will be heard from further down the tunnel. If the trap is not triggered, a cry of rage will sound.

Master of the Mines

(I) Once the group is recovered and ready, it's just a short tromp further until the tunnel widens into a larger cave. It appears to have been the scene of an old riot. A single dwarven skeleton lies off to one side, still clad in scraps of armor. The bones of what must have been slaves lie around it. A dwarven taskmaster subjected to murderous mutiny? But what mainly catches the group's eyes is this:

Across the cave, a lone figure stands in filthy leathers. Pointed ears stick out from the person's head, with black, scraggly hair slicked to a lumpy skull. It's Shmack! He ignores you at first, chipping away at the rock with a mining pick that, oddly, looks almost brand new. A large gem gleams with a chilling light at the end of the pick's handle. Where did the grubling find such a thing, and why is the lazy chief's son working away with such fervor?

At last, Shmack spins around and stares at you. There's an odd glint to his wide eyes, almost as if a blue light is flickering deep inside the sockets. Then he gives a snaggletooth grin and guffaws in a most un-Shmack-like voice.

"Ah, good! The slaves I called for. Such a sorry-looking lot you be, for sure. What are you standing there gawping at?" He waves at the walls. "Get your picks out and get to work!"

Shmack will not immediately attack, and the group will be able to ask a few questions before he's roused to anger. Such as:

—Shmack? Are you okay?

He gives you a wild look. "You want to be smacked? Why, I'll gladly oblige if you dawdle there any longer."

—Who are you?

The grubling sticks out his thin chest. "You're looking at Akrunst Grobknuckle, head taskmaster of this here mine, and don't you forget it. But don't worry. I won't let you forget it, even if I have to carve my name into your skulls!"

—You're a ghost?

"A ghost? Nonsense! We dwarves live for centuries—and we never forget the faces of unruly slaves. So keep that in mind as long as you're working under me if you don't want to be ghosts yourselves."

It should be obvious Shmack is possessed by a dwarven ghost. The instant any of the team becomes demanding, insulting, or otherwise defiant, the ghost will become enraged and scream about flaying their hides off and using their bones as cart tracks. He'll then charge, pick swinging.

Akrunst Grobknuckle A dwarven ghost who has possessed the young Shmack by the time the party finds him. He is viciously greedy and will do anything to protect "his" mines and the treasure it holds. He sustained his spirit within a magic mining pick, which Shmack unwittingly picked up to protect himself from the creatures down there.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d12+2, Notice d12, Taunt d10, Stealth d12+4, Throwing d12

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 5

Gear: Chilling Touch (Spirit + d6)

Special Abilities:

☞ **Fear -2:** Ghosts cause Fear checks at -2 when they let themselves be seen.

☞ **Weakness (Contact with Pick):** If the Pick is knocked from a wielder's grasp, Akrunst will stop possessing his victim (called shot to the arm, Strength challenge to knock out of hands). A freed victim will be disoriented for one round and unaware of what occurred while possessed.

Akrunst Grobknuckle's Pick

An unbreakable mining pick made of unknown metal. A handy weapon and a handy tool—if you don't mind sharing.

Special Abilities: Wielders are provided these edges:

☞ **Edges:** Alertness, Steady Hands

☞ **PICK:** (Str+d6+1), +1 to strength rolls, possessed by ghost of Akrunst Grobknuckle unless item has been blessed to uncursed, in which case this effect is negated.

☞ **Weakness:** If the gem build into the pick is removed or destroyed (-6 called shot) the pick becomes a normal weapon, though with a +1 to damage.

The trick in this fight is how the group can subdue the ghost without harming Shmack (at least, too much). The easiest way is to knock the mining pick out of his hands. Once he is out of contact with it, the ghost loses influence over him and he'll fall to the ground, unconscious. Other ways would be with a paralyzing magic, grappling the young goblin, or otherwise restraining

him until the pick can be wrested away. However, if any party member takes the pick for themselves, they'll start becoming possessed in turn and, if not convinced or forced to drop it within two turns, will continue the fight as Grobknuckle.

The only way for the pick to be taken up without possession is if a party member breaks the gem off the handle. Once this is done, both the pick and the gem can be taken without further harm to the wielders.

After Shmack is subdued and the dwarven ghost is disempowered, the group can now return to their clan's hold and report on the success or failure of their quest. If any of them rifle through the remains of the dwarven skeleton in the final cave, they will discover enough gold coins for each party member to receive one.

VII. Aftermath

If Shmack is saved:

Chief Shmeck will be...well, not overjoyed, but at least pleased his mate doesn't have a reason to scar his other eye. He'll grudgingly praise the group and name them heroes among goblins, at which point they will be given lifelong adventuring duty—meaning he'll be tasking them to head into other dangerous portions of the Dark Hold to bring back further riches and weapons to bolster the clan's strength. Aren't they lucky?

If Shmack is killed:

If the goblin grubling is killed in any fashion during the final fight, the group will need to bring his body back to the surface. Even if they convincingly blame a subterranean creature on the grubling's death, Chief Shmeck will be enraged. The group will be stripped of everything they have except their tattered clothes and exiled from the clan. They will be forced to now fend on their own in the wilds and grim dungeons of Dark Hold. Further adventures will be required to rebuild their strength and survive.

If Drudgers is alive:

He will be overjoyed at the knowledge, sketches, and samples he's brought back, and will offer his sagely services to the group for the foreseeable future (unless they've been exiled).

If Drudgers is dead:

No one will be particularly sad or surprised, but he won't be able to offer any support for future adventures.

VIII. Rewards

XP INCREASE AS DEEMED NECESSARY :

Now we don't want to tell you how to run your campaign, but if it were my game I'd be giving the players a little bit extra for finishing it intact—or mostly so. It's a challenging game with some pretty hard encounters (blindwolves, anyone?) soooo... I'd give 4 XP to the survivors at the end of the game.

... not that we'd tell you how to run your game....

Crystal Geode:

While not a precious gem, it's definitely shiny! Easily able to be traded with other goblins for supplies, armor, or weapons after the adventure (*only procurable during the Bloodwing encounters*).

Shinies!:

A gold coin for each party member—more wealth than any other goblin in the clan has seen. If any party member reveals their possession of this to the chief, he will demand at least one given to him as tribute (only gained if the dwarven remains at the end are searched).

Grobknuckle's Gem:

The dwarven ghost is now trapped in the soul gem once affixed to the pick. When tapped three times, it shines an incredibly bright, blue-white light...but whenever it's illuminated, it also spews a loud, unending tirade of dwarven curses. Tapping three times again turns it off. This can also be offered to the chief as a gift. If this is done, the chief will bestow a single favor upon each of the party members (to be claimed at any time) and proclaim the gem as a sign of goblin dominance over dwarves.

Goblin Faire

All the goblin clans have gathered for the annual fair, and events like belching, cow patty fling, hog jousting, grub hunting, and rat races. But this year is different. This year, whoever wins gets to marry the chief's most lovely daughter, Thistlehead the Warted. Will you win the hand (or maybe even the whole) of Thistlehead and become the next goblin chief?

Part One: Our Gob Faire is the Best Gob Faire...

The Mud Wrigglers at Lake's Edge are hosting the largest and grandest Goblin Faire of the year, in celebration of Great Chief Frogburp's birthday. But more than that, the Great Chief is looking to carry on his legacy, and means to choose a successor from the participants at this year's Faire.

The Goblin who has the *least* points from participating in each of the Faire's events will earn the right to marry the Chief's daughter, Thistlehead, and will become the next Great Chief. Goblins earn points for their place in each event (for instance, placing 5th earns you 5 points, while placing 1st earns you 1 point). If someone doesn't enter an event, they earn 10 points for it.

The events are: Belching (Vigor), Cow Patty Fling (Throwing), Hog Jousting (Riding and Fighting), Grub Hunting (Survival), and Rat Races (Gambling).

Belching

"Let 'em rip!" - Fesh Notoes

This contest is largely opposed Vigor. Each goblin stands on the stage and gives his best, loudest, most stinky belch he can. Bonus points for chunks! The goblin with the highest total Vigor roll takes the prize.

Cheater!

Characters can choose to cheat in these competitions. Doing so gives them a +2 to whichever roll they're trying to achieve, but if they roll a 1 on the Trait die, regardless of the Wild die, they get caught. Use the Social Conflict rules for any disputes.

If the characters are known by the judges, don't forget:

Helpful NPCs: +4

Friendly NPCs: +2

Neutral NPCs: 0

Unfriendly NPCs: -2

Hostile NPCs: -4

Cow Patty Fling

"Let's here all bow our heads in thanks of the Betsy and her bounty of discs for this here Faire." - Ghet the cow lover

Much like the discus, but smellier. The goblins each throw three patties, and are doing their best to cover the "Scarymen" scarecrows in muck. As the pies strike, roll damage, which represents the coverage and splatter. The Goblin who covers the most of their "Scaryman" (ie rolls the highest amount of damage) is the winner. Because the scarecrow is static, they need a 4 to hit, and it has a Toughness of 5. Average Cow Patties do Str+d4 "damage" against Scarymen.

Hog Jousting

"You ever seen a hog the size of Madshred's boy? That things a monster!" - Old Rugg

Hog Jousting is one of the more dangerous – and hence, more popular – event. Contestants ride their pigs in a head-on collision towards each other, while holding long staffs designed to send the opposing rider sailing off their mount. Killing the losing goblin is pretty common, however, the technical rules is that the first Goblin to be knocked from his mount loses.

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Characters participating roll the lesser of their Fighting or Riding Skill, and take an additional -2 if they happen to be riding an unbroken mount. However, having a Wild Pig that is broken gives the character +2 to his roll to account for his pig's ferociousness.

There is no Initiative; both sides roll their Fighting rolls at the same time, with any successful attacks being resolved in the same action (which means both parties could be injured in a single run). The last goblin standing gets first place, and places trickle down from there to those who managed to survive the various turns (with those who faced the winner, but lost getting preference in placing).

Grub Hunting

"You've got till the sun's directly overhead to find as many grubs as you can. Get going! Time's running out!" - Dunt Horsefeet

This event test the goblin's Survival skill. This is a Dramatic Task involving the Survival Skill, and the gatherings of this make up a huge bulk of the Champion's Feast at the end of the Faire. The characters have no penalty to the Dramatic Task, and they can't make a group roll unless they're cheating to give all the grubs to one individual.

If a goblin fails, he simply doesn't bring back enough grubs, but earns his rank based on how many tokens he managed to get. Anyone who fails on the draw of a Club encounters a Swarm of Blood Crickets: hand-sized blood-sucking insects. They're still tasty if defeated and roasted with salt, but won't count towards the grub count.

Blood Cricket Swarm

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Notice d6

Pace: 10, **Parry:** 4, **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

☞ **Bite:** Blood Crickets inflict hundreds of bites each round, hitting automatically and causing 2d4 to everyone in the template. Damage is applied to the least armored location.

☞ **Swarm:** Parry +2, Cutting and Piercing weapons do no real damage, but area effect spells and bludgeoning attacks work normally.

As a side note, some characters may have abilities like the *beast friend* power that lets them talk to animals. If the character can justify other Edges or Spells as being helpful in their quest, feel free to give them a +1 per ability that helps for a single pass per ability.

Rat Races

"Each one o' these beauties is bred from a winner, 'cause the losers all go straight to the chefs to become pies for the Champion's Feast!"

Ironically, this event is based not on whose rat is fastest, but rather, who wins the most while betting on the races. If the characters have a rat to enter, they can, but the real win is in the winnings.

Each goblin participating decides how much they wish to bet, then makes a Gambling roll. Consult the chart below to determine how much money they win.

The goblins can try to inspect the rats before the race through Persuasion, Intimidation, Stealth, or whatever seems appropriate. Characters who see the rats can make Notice rolls to get a feel for the various contenders: a success grants them a +1 to their Gambling roll; a raise gives them a +2.

Gambling!

GAMBLING ROLL	ODDS	PAYOUT
Failure	0 to 0	Lose entire amount that was wagered
Success	1 to 2	Gain half the amount that was wagered
Raise	1 to 1	Gain an amount equal to what was wagered
2 Raises	2 to 1	Gain twice the amount that was wagered
3 Raises	3 to 1	Gain three times the amount that was wagered

Continue to multiply the winnings by the number of Raises for any additional Raises.

Part Two: The Missing Maiden

At the end of the last event, the judges are doing the final totals for points, when there's a bellow from Grand Chief Frogburp's tent. The characters can choose to go try to figure out what's going on, which requires getting through the crowd (Strength or Agility), and close enough to the tent to hear (Stealth and Notice).

Characters who don't try to listen (or fail to) get an announcement that one more event has been added to the Faire: Find Thistlehead! She has gone into some nearby caverns said to be haunted, and it's the future Chief's job to bring her back out safely.

What those who eavesdrop find is that a random note was left, demanding Frogburp turn over his staff, hat, and 1000 gold pieces.

What even the characters don't know is that Thistlehead wrote the note herself and plans to give the Chief's gear to her beloved, a timid goblin named Rett Bubble-nose, and name him the next chief, despite her father's wishes.

Part Three: Into the Caverns

Instead of making a map of the caverns, we use an abstract method to determine the goblins misadventures. The characters are trying to navigate by either intuition and what limited tracking is available, so they make a group Smarts roll every twenty minutes spent exploring. For each success they receive an Advancement Token, two with a raise. When they finally have 10 tokens they get to the Thistlehead. After each Smarts Round, the Game Master draws a card from the Action Deck and, if it is a Club, runs the encounter below. The encounters are described in brief, but the GM is free to expand them as she sees fit.

Deuce – Tentacles.

The heroes are passing by murky water when a long tentacle lashes out from beneath the water and coils itself around a goblin at random! The tentacle has Fighting d8, Strength d12+2, Parry 6 and Toughness 9. A goblin grabbed by the tentacle is dragged into the water the next round and is subject to the Drowning rules.

Three – Bloodwings.

The characters have come across a Bloodwing nest. If they can succeed in a group Stealth roll, they can avoid them.

Bloodwings (2 per character)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor 6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d10

Pace: 7, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities:

- «> **Blood Sucker:** Str+d4. Characters hit must make a Strength roll or suffer a level of Fatigue.
- «> **Infrared Vision:** Bloodwings don't suffer lighting penalties against warm-blooded creatures.
- «> **Flight:** Flying Pace of 7".
- «> **Quick:** Bloodwings have the Quick Edge.
- «> **Size -2:** Bloodwings are about the size of a housecat.
- «> **Small:** Attackers subtract 2 from their attack rolls.

Four – Rusty Gate.

The heroes find a rusty gate blocking their path. Its lock can be opened with a Lockpicking (-2) or Strength (-4) roll, which can be a group roll. In case of failure the party must go back, losing two Advancement Tokens.

Five – Crites.

The characters step out into a cavern, only to find a pack of Crites, apparently set to guard this area.

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Crites (2 per character)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 8 (2)

Special Abilities

- ⚡ **Crystal Skin:** The hard structure of the crites gives them Armor +2 (except against Bludgeoning damage).
- ⚡ **Claws:** Str+d6 damage.
- ⚡ **Fearless:** Not affected by fear or intimidation.
- ⚡ **Weakness (Bludgeoning):** Crysleens take double damage from bludgeoning attacks.

Six – Fungus.

The walls of this area are full of strange, luminescent fungi, similar to putrid bubbles. If the goblins continue down the passage, they must make a Spirit roll or suffer the effects of the *fear* Power, due to the terrifying hallucinations caused by the fungal spores. Going around the area costs the character one Advancement Token.

Seven – Map.

The characters come across a piece of parchment with a small map of the local caverns. They get +1 to their next roll.

Eight – Unlucky Alchemist.

The group finds a dead Alchemist with a bag of potions. Characters can make a group Notice roll to find 1 potion for each success and raise. Game Master's decision on what Powers the potions possess.

Nine – Deadly Fall.

The cavern ends abruptly in a 50 foot drop! The goblin leading the group must make a Notice roll or fall over the edge. Luckily, the heap of garbage on which he lands halves the damage.



Ten – Dire Ratling Ambush!

A group of Dire Ratlings ambushes the goblins. They hide in the shadow and attack from behind, trying to use Stealth to get the Drop. The Dire Ratlings start 12" away from the heroes.

Dire Ratling (1 per character)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Swimming d4, Intimidation d4

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 6 (1)

Gear: Short Swords: (Str+d6), Short Spear: (Str+d6, Parry +1, 2 Hands, Reach 1), Broken and Rusted Two-handed Sword: (Str+d10, 2 Hands, -1 Parry)

Special Abilities

- ⚡ **Bite:** Str+d6.
- ⚡ **Claws:** Str+d4.

Jack – Dwarven Magic Stone Trap.

While the goblins are examining one of the caverns, they see a large, strange-looking disk. If anyone puts pressure on it (like stepping on it), it glows briefly, and then explodes in 1d6 rounds in a LBT for 2d8 damage, AP 2.

Queen – Lucky Break.

The goblins find a set of recent tracks through a muddy part of the caverns and immediately gain one additional Advancement Token.

King – Foulbear Attack.

Foulbear (1)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities

- ⌘ **Beak:** Foulbears can bite for Str+d6.
- ⌘ **Claw:** Foulbears can claw for Str+d4.
- ⌘ **Foul Aura:** Anyone within 2" of a foulbear must make a Vigor check or be unable to approach any closer. A critical failure on this check results in the victim vomiting profusely for 1d4 rounds. Goblins get a +2 on this check.
- ⌘ **Foul Hug:** A foulbear that hits with a raise on a claw attack has pinned his foe. The opponent may only attempt to escape the "hug" on his action, which requires a raise on an opposed Strength roll. Each round they are "hugged", they must make a Vigor check at -4 (-2 for goblins) or gain a level of Fatigue from intimate exposure to the vile morass that is the flesh of the foulbear.
- ⌘ **Size +2:** Foulbears are as large as the largest bears and always walk on their hind legs.

Ace – Loot.

The party finds an abandoned iron-bound chest which might hold something useful or valuable. It can be opened with a Lockpicking roll, but it is also protected by a deadly trap, detectable with a Notice roll at -2. In case of failure, a poisoned needle pierces the skin of the character opening the coffer. The chest holds assorted jewels and trinkets worth 2d4 x 100 GP.

Joker – Mysterious Shadow.

Someone is following the goblins. It's Rett, Thistlehead's beloved. He's worried about her, and fears she may have gotten in over her head and is now trying to find a way to help her without getting himself killed. If the characters recruit him, he's an Extra, but he can grant a +2 bonus to attempts to negotiate with Thistlehead.

Rett Bubblenose

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d8, Lockpicking d6, Throwing d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 4, **Toughness:** 5(1), **Charisma:** 0

Edges: Luck

Hindrances: Cautious, Deathwish: protect Thistlehead

Gear: Dagger (Str+d4), Leather Armor (+1)

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Efficient Digestion:** Goblins can eat and digest almost anything. They can go twice as long as a human before checking for Thirst and Hunger.
- ⌘ **Low-Light Vision:** Goblin eyes are accustomed to the dark. They can see in the dark and ignore attack penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting.
- ⌘ **Short:** Goblins average only about 4' tall. This gives them a Size of -1 and subtracts 1 from their Toughness.

Part Four: The Eagog

When the characters finally track down Thistlehead, she's gotten in way over her purple, spikey-haired head. She's cowering in a corner as an Eagog looms above her, getting ready for lunch. As she spots the other goblins, she cries out for help, distracting the Eagog for a moment and it turns towards the characters. Time to draw initiative!

Eagog [WC]

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d10, Stealth d10, Survival d6, Swimming d8

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 7, **Toughness:** 10 (1)

Special Abilities:

- ⚡ **Armor +1:** The skin of an eagog is thick and warty, giving it some armor protection.
- ⚡ **Claws:** Str+d8.
- ⚡ **Bite:** Str+d6.
- ⚡ **Egg Sack:** There is a 20% chance the mucus string contains eagog eggs.
- ⚡ **Fear:** Goblins have an innate dread of the eagog. Other races consider it just another monster and do not need to make fear checks.
- ⚡ **Mucus String:** Notice check at -2 to spot it. Failure means the unlucky creature entangled, as per the spell.
- ⚡ **Size +2:** The eagog is about as big as a large bear.

Part Five: Homecoming

If the characters didn't save Thistlehead, the goblin with the best score still becomes the chief's heir, and the chief passes away from grief within a few months.

If the character rescue Thistlehead, then the Chief will choose one of the heroes (probably the one who dealt the killing blow). Thistlehead will try to convince the characters to tell everyone Rett killed the Eagog. If they do so, she'll be Helpful towards them, but she'll be Unfriendly if they claim the glory themselves, which will make marriage a bit awkward at first.

If the characters didn't have the best score, those goblins with better scores hold a grudge, which makes for further adventures. And, of course, now that this year's Faire is over, it's time to start planning for next year. At least, after everyone has recovered from the Champion's Feast!

Bestiary

Thistlehead the Warted

She is a well known goblin with more warts than you've ever seen. QUITE the catch, lads!

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Lockpicking d6, Throwing d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 5, **Charisma:** -1

Edges: Brave

Hindrances: Curious, Stubborn

Gear: Dagger (Str+d4)

Special Abilities:

- ⚡ **Efficient Digestion:** Goblins can eat and digest almost anything. They can go twice as long as a human before checking for Thirst and Hunger.
- ⚡ **Low-Light Vision:** Goblin eyes are accustomed to the dark. They can see in the dark and ignore attack penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting.
- ⚡ **Short:** Goblins average only about 4' tall. This gives them a Size of -1 and subtracts 1 from their Toughness.



Goblin Chief Frogburp

A prodigious belcher from an early age.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Taunt d6, Throwing d6

Pace: 5, **Parry:** 7, **Toughness:** 6, **Charisma:** -2

Edges: Benign Mutation: Warty Skin, Disgusting Spew, Strong Willed

Hindrances: Cautious, Mean

Gear: Chief's Staff (Str+d4+1, +1 Parry, 2 hands), Chief's Hat (grants +2 to Notice rolls)

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Efficient Digestion:** Goblins can eat and digest almost anything. They can go twice as long as a human before checking for Thirst and Hunger.
- ⌘ **Low-Light Vision:** Goblin eyes are accustomed to the dark. They can see in the dark and ignore attack penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting.
- ⌘ **Short:** Goblins average only about 4' tall. This gives them a Size of -1 and subtracts 1 from their Toughness.

Goblin Contender: Burbblegut [WC]

The grossest goblin in the Mud Wiggler clan.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d6, Survival d6, Throwing d6

Pace: 5, **Parry:** 4, **Toughness:** 7, **Charisma:** -2

Edges: Disgusting Spew

Hindrances: Ugly, Obese

Gear: Higgun (Farm Pig)

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Efficient Digestion:** Goblins can eat and digest almost anything. They can go twice as long as a human before checking for Thirst and Hunger.
- ⌘ **Low-Light Vision:** Goblin eyes are accustomed to the dark. They can see in the dark and ignore attack penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting.
- ⌘ **Short:** Goblins average only about 4' tall. This gives them a Size of -1 and subtracts 1 from their Toughness.

Goblin Contender: Greb Madshred [WC]

Reigning champion of the Hog Joust.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d4, Intimidation d6, Riding d8, Survival d6, Throwing d4

Pace: 6, **Parry:** , **Toughness:** 6, **Charisma:** 0

Edges: Brawny

Hindrances: Arrogant

Gear: Bugger (Broken Wild Pig: +2 to Fighting rolls while mounted)

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Efficient Digestion:** Goblins can eat and digest almost anything. They can go twice as long as a human before checking for Thirst and Hunger.
- ⌘ **Low-Light Vision:** Goblin eyes are accustomed to the dark. They can see in the dark and ignore attack penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting.
- ⌘ **Short:** Goblins average only about 4' tall. This gives them a Size of -1 and subtracts 1 from their Toughness.

Goblin Contender: Gax Swampfoot [WC]

Gax collects his own patties for the tournament. Will the characters figure out that he's cheating? Will the judges even care?

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d6, Notice d8, Survival d4, Throwing d8, Repair d8

Pace: 8, **Parry:** 4, **Toughness:** 4, **Charisma:** 0

Edges: Fleet-Footed

Hindrances: McGyver

Gear: Wilbur (Farm Pig), Special Cow Patty Frisbies (Str+d4 damage against Scarymen, +2 to Throwing rolls)

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Efficient Digestion:** Goblins can eat and digest almost anything. They can go twice as long as a human before checking for Thirst and Hunger.
- ⌘ **Low-Light Vision:** Goblin eyes are accustomed to the dark. They can see in the dark and ignore attack penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting.
- ⌘ **Short:** Goblins average only about 4' tall. This gives them a Size of -1 and subtracts 1 from their Toughness.

Goblin Contender: Shar Scarcheek [WC]

Shar's a goblinette, but she's interested in becoming the next chief nonetheless.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d10, Notice d6, Riding d6, Survival d6, Throwing d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 5(1), **Charisma:** 0

Edges: Luck

Hindrances: Greedy (Major)

Gear: Bogs (Broken Wild Pig; +2 in Hog Jousting competition), Leather Armor, Knives (Str+d4)

Special Abilities:

- ↻ **Efficient Digestion:** Goblins can eat and digest almost anything. They can go twice as long as a human before checking for Thirst and Hunger.
- ↻ **Low-Light Vision:** Goblin eyes are accustomed to the dark. They can see in the dark and ignore attack penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting.
- ↻ **Short:** Goblins average only about 4' tall. This gives them a Size of -1 and subtracts 1 from their Toughness.

Wild Pig

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 8(1)

Special Abilities:

- ↻ **Armor +1:** Thick hide
- ↻ **Gore:** Str+d4
- ↻ **Scent:** +2 on scent-based Notice rolls.

Goblin Contender: Quix Nosepick [WC]

Quix makes his living in the dangerous areas outside of Dark Hold, making his a big contender in the Grub Hunting competition.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Notice d6, Riding d4, Survival d10, Throwing d4, Tracking d8

Pace: 4, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 5(1), **Charisma:** 0

Edges: Woodsman

Hindrances: Cautious, Greedy, Lame

Gear: Gummy (Farm Pig), Never-full backpack (magical bag that holds as much as four backpacks and always weighs 5 lbs.), Leather Armor, Walking Stick (Str+d4, 2 hands, Parry +1)

Special Abilities:

- ↻ **Efficient Digestion:** Goblins can eat and digest almost anything. They can go twice as long as a human before checking for Thirst and Hunger.
- ↻ **Low-Light Vision:** Goblin eyes are accustomed to the dark. They can see in the dark and ignore attack penalties for Dim and Dark Lighting.
- ↻ **Short:** Goblins average only about 4' tall. This gives them a Size of -1 and subtracts 1 from their Toughness.

Farm Pig

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 7(1)

Special Abilities:

- ↻ **Armor +1:** Thick hide
- ↻ **Gore:** Str+d4
- ↻ **Scent:** +2 on scent-based Notice rolls.

Pursuit Of The Perfect Pig

Introduction

"It was a vision, I says!"

Gorblek Swinefeeder spoke to the mob.

"There I was, restin' wit' me pigs... you gots to be a pig to know a pig, I says... and I opened me eyes to the sky.. and there I saw it! The most perfect pig of all! The swine of the gods!"

Raucous laughter, rude comments, and a piece of mushy fruit were all hurled at Gorblek. He caught the fruit, swallowed it, burped "Thank ye!", and continued.

"I ain't a learn-ned gob, but I knows my lore! Ye all do! Remember, when ye was grublings, and the priests tried to teach somethin' to ya, bout the bad old days of the dwarves?" Here, Gorblek's voice took on a deep, rumbling tone, as he tried to imitate the solemn intoning of the priests: So Blukkbek spaketh until his master, Thorgrim Axebeard, and asked, 'When, Master, shall we goblins be as mighty as the dwarves?', and Thorgrim smacked Blukkbek, and responded, "When pigs fly!"

Gorblek paused, then breathed deeply, and intoned once again, his voice as sonorous as he could make it: "So it was prophesied! So it has come to pass!" He paused, then continued. "Wings, it had! Great feathered wings! But a pig for all that!"

Some of the crowd applauded. Some booed and hissed. It quickly dissolved into a raucous mob. Gorblek had told this story every night for weeks. Most considered him crazy. A few, though, were starting to catch his passion. What if, they wondered, he was right?

Starting Off

The vision of Gorblek has spread through Dark Hold. The prospect of a flying pig mount... even of a race of flying pigs... has seized the imaginations of a few adventurous goblins. They have decided to pursue the legend.

Gorblek is a villager of the Mud Wiggler clan, a swine-tender by trade, and allegedly fairly competent at it. He will be happy to tell his story to any who listen. It is straightforward enough, but he has a habit of

becoming easily sidetracked and veering off into other tales. The essence is this: While napping in the pens on a sunny day, he looked up, and saw a giant pig, as large as the largest swine, sailing across the sky, supported by great, white, flapping wings. It banked, dove, and ascended with grace and speed, then flew off to the north.

A single success on a Notice roll will reveal Gorblek is hiding something. Either bribery or intimidation will eventually cause him to confess that the pig was not alone. A human flew besides him, and seemed to be directing him.

"The humie was all in purple an' gold, an' he had a great staff of fire and lightnin', and looked like he told the Great Swine Of The Air, as I'm callin' it now, or perhaps the Prophesied Pig is better, I'm thinkin, but anyway, he was wavin' his big stick around an' the pig was followin' it."

Find the Humie, Find the Pig

Despite Gorblek's insistence that the pig (and the human) flew away north, it's hardly certain that's the way to go (though the PCs are free to just run straight north until they find something -- it's what PCs do, after all). The flyers could have veered off in any direction afterwards. But purple-robed flying humans are only *slightly* more common than flying pigs of any color, so if the human could be identified, perhaps that's the way to go.

There's several ways to do this:

Find goblin traders or travelers who deal with humans a lot, and ask them. They may well want bribes, or a promise they'll get to ride the pig when it's found, or some errands performed.

Find a human village and stomp through it, demanding the peasants tell all about "the flying man and the purple pig", or vice-versa, as the case may be.

Find a shaman or other mystical type, and ask them to perform some ritual or another to seek answers.

Again, side-quests and other distractions may ensue. There's No Such Thing As A Free Vision!

Eventually, one way or another, the party will identify the human as Vasaragos The Twisted, a reclusive wizard who came to the valley a few years ago, mostly to escape assorted torch-and-pitchfork mobs. He has taken up residence in a mountain tower that is, in fact, part of the ancient Dark Hold fortress -- a watchtower the dwarves used to keep an eye on the Western lands. It's far from any known goblin strongholds, though, and the way to it from the rest of Dark Hold is only vaguely defined.

Information gained on Vasaragos will vary. Whatever skills are ultimately used: Streetwise, Intimidation, or Persuasion, the results will be:

Failure:

Only that Vasaragos exists, and is normally seen "coming from that-away".

Success:

Vasaragos is a powerful and capricious wizard, who has taken up residence in the Old West Watchpoint, and sometimes appears in towns to purchase supplies.

One Raise:

Vasaragos brought with him an army of orcs, which he keeps as guards.

Getting To The Tower

Overland

Finding the tower by an overland route is not too difficult. It's a two day march along a heavily overgrown and crumbling pass that cuts between steep cliffs, with occasional wider spots where clusters of trees and vines have taken root. On each day of travel, the party might encounter (roll or choose)

1 Foulbears: The goblins run across a mated pair of foulbears defending their nest.

2 Rope Bridge: A very shaky-looking rope bridge across a steep ravine. (40' drop). A Repair roll might fix it up enough, but this will take several hours, or a Survival check might find another way across, likewise wasting time... there's a howling of wolves in the

distance. If the PCs chance it as-is, each must make an Agility check to cross without peril; failing the check places them dangling from the slats in bridge (and gives everyone after them a -2 on their checks). Saving the dangler is an exercise for the PCs. If they choose to spend the time to make Repair or Survival checks, draw a card from the initiative deck: if it's black, the wolves will attack before they're done. It's hard being a goblin!

3 Falling Rocks: Everyone must make an Agility check: Failure=2d6 damage, Success=1d6 damage, Raise=no damage *or* take 1d6 for yourself and have someone who failed completely take only 1d6, as you protect them.

4 Ruins of a Campsite: The campsite is mostly charred black, as if by heavy flame, though the trees nearby show no signs of fire damage. Four human skeletons, burned to a crisp, are scattered around the camp. Searching will reveal some minor useful items survived: 1d6 x 100 worth of weapons, armor, or perhaps a shiny piece of jewelry.

5 Freshwater Lake: The water is crisp, cool, and refreshing, and the only animal around is a brightly-colored mallard paddling contentedly on the surface. It definitely looks like it would be delicious roasted up. If attacked, it will suddenly emerge from the lake, where it will be revealed the duck is the 'head' of what is otherwise a 20' long python. (Use the 'Snake, Constrictor', statistics, but the Bite does only Str damage, as ducks don't have much in the way of fangs.) This is, by the way, is the legendary and fearsome ducksnake.

6 An Uneventful Day: Nothing dangerous or interesting happens.

Once at the outer edge of the tower, the PCs will find the ground entrance to be very well guarded. A new palisade wall has been built, and a patrol of (relatively) well-disciplined orcs maintains a watch. Sneaking in isn't impossible, but it will be very risky. It may also be possible to bluff through -- for example, by posing as crystal crafters eager to work for a great wizard, or "skilled swineherds, the best in the valley... exotic breeds a specialty!", or something like that. The guards weren't hired for their brains, after all, and a good ploy might well work.



Underground

The fact the tower connects to the rest of Dark Hold means there's an underground route, though not an easy or obvious one... or it would have been explored long ago. Because the adventure should not grind to a halt due to the failure to make a Perception roll, use the following rules:

The difficulty of finding the route is -4 to Perception. Each group roll represents a day of searching -- exploring little-used tunnels, moving some rocks to see if they block something, swimming into a foul pond to see if it connects to an underground cave, and so forth. For each day spent, the penalty drops by 1 (but never less than 0). After five days, no matter what they roll, they will have found a promising route: An ancient dwarven brewery had a secret second cellar. The cellar had been found long ago and ignored, but one wall of it was built over a cavern entrance... and the PCs realized the wall was crumbling, and broke it down, revealing a tunnel system no living goblin has explored.

On each day of searching, roll a d6 and add one for each day spent after the first. On a roll of 5 or more, an encounter occurs.

1 "We wanna bes venturers!": A group of grublings, hearing of a quest to steal a massive horde of gems from a dragon, shows up wearing tin-pot armor and wielding wooden swords, demanding to join the adventure. If allowed to 'help', they impose an additional -2 on Perception checks as time is constantly wasted trying to keep them from getting killed or just getting them out of the way. Getting rid of them (hopefully non-violently) is up to the PCs.

2 Bloodwing Nest: Searching disturbs a hive of bloodwings (6 in all) which swarm out around the PCs.

3 Griteswarm: 2d6 feral grites (no goathleen in sight) attack!

4 Cursed Treasure: The PCs break into the tomb of a dwarven wizard. On the decaying corpse is a non-magical, but valuable, gold band with small rubies forming the dwarf's clan symbol. It's easily worth a gold coin or two... but as long as it's carried, the bearer's Spirit die is reduced by one step, as dark visions haunt their sleep and eerie shadows and echoing footsteps seem to follow them by day.

5 Crystal Trove: A growth of 1d4+1 crystals, suitable for harvesting and processing.

6 Pack Rat Scrounging Band: 4 pack rats are searching the area. They can be fought or possibly bargained with. If peaceful communication is established, they can reveal much about the region, granting a +2 on the next day's Perception checks.

Eventually, the route will be found. The path twists through abandoned dwarven fortresses, forgotten caverns, and lost tunnels. Eventually, the PCs find a long, winding staircase that leads directly into a sub-basement of the wizard's tower! (Feel free to toss in a few encounters en-route, of course, though this may depend on how long it took to find the passage. No sense wearing them down before they even get to the tower!)

The Tower

The tower is quite large, as Vasaragos needs room for his experiments, as well as barracks for his guards. Most of the PC's time will be spent sneaking around, not doing an exhaustive, room-by-room, search. This is not an unoccupied dungeon where the inhabitants of 10 x 10 room 16-B do not pay attention to the sounds of slaughter coming from 10 x 10 room 16-C. If it is known that intruders are in the tower -- and especially if bodies start turning up -- things will go on high alert, the tower will be searched and scoured from top to bottom, and everyone will be flipping to the 'Character Creation' section of the rulebook. So keep the 'crawl' in 'dungeon crawl'.

Locations

The Outer Barracks

The bulk of the orc mercenaries live in crude barracks around the base of the tower. Originally built for dwarves, they are severely cramped for orcs. This leads to short tempers and bruised heads. The orcs are not clean or well-disciplined, so the barracks are a mess of filthy blankets, unwashed eating bowls, and weapons scattered almost randomly. At most times, there will be 2d6 orcs in a given building, off-duty, while the rest patrol and perform other tasks. The exception is meal-times; no orc, except those too sick to move, misses the chow line.

The Inner Barracks

A small number of orcs, perhaps two dozen, are quartered within the tower. These are the elite of the unit, those trusted to directly serve Vasaragos. The rooms they've been assigned were intended for human visitors to the fortress, and so, are moderately comfortable. They have d6 Smarts and d8 Notice, but are otherwise typical orcs. At any time, there will be 1d4 such 'off duty'. They are eager to prove their worth and will be more likely to seek to capture or kill intruders themselves than to sound the alarm, though if they start losing a fight, they're not too proud to call for help.

Private Lab

Vasaragos has a small, private, workroom/lab/library, near the Vats. This crowded room is lined with bookcases and filled with small tables, each of which is in turn covered with papers, scrolls, and body parts (some in dissection trays, some floating in bottles filled with foul liquids).

The Vats

The ceiling of one level of the tower has been knocked down, so that two levels are joined in one immense chamber filled with great glass tubes, huge vats of bubbling liquids, a webwork of pipes and funnels, and all manner of cages stacked floor to ceiling in a haphazard fashion, with the entire assemblage linked by a mad spiderweb of ladders and bridges. Half the cages are inhabited by captured creatures ranging from horses to jellyfish; the others are empty and awaiting new occupants. A half-dozen orcs clamber up, down, and across, hauling food and water to the specimens and removing waste. Two others serve as supervisors, examining the ongoing processes and making notes. They have the airs of careful researchers, but this is mostly an act; Vasaragos has been trying to turn them into useful lab assistants, but while they can adapt some of the mannerisms, let's face it... they're still orcs. An examination of their "scientific records" will show crude scratches, stick-figure doodles (including one of a stick figure in a pointy hat, scowling, labeled 'da boss'), and 'observations' such as 'someting in tank 3 (crossed out) 4 (crossed out) da big one is ded and smells bad'. [[Design note: It would be great if this 'note' could be a piece of art... I can send a sketch of how I imagine it...]]

If a fight breaks out, it will be a wild fracas across bridges, with endless opportunities for things to explode, fall, catch on fire, and so on. The glass tubes contain Vasaragos' mutant creations in various stages of development; any one which breaks could unleash just about anything unimaginable into the room.

Globlins

Being in such a goblin-rich environment, it is hardly surprising that Vasaragos has experimented on them. Oddly, the highly mutagenic nature of goblins works *against* his techniques -- they tend to reject traditional magical bioengineering. One of the few stable results -- though not what Vasaragos wanted -- was the creation of the goblin, a goblin/ooze hybrid. Only one was created... but it escaped easily, and began prowling the tower, seeking food and revenge. It got more of the former, and divided, and now, a small colony of them exists in the tower's many crawlspaces, hidden passages, pipes, and shafts. Over time, the formerly identical copies have begun to become individuals, with varying skills and attributes. This stat block represents the baseline.

The original goblin was badly traumatized by the transformation, and this has persisted in all copies. Globlins are highly suspicious of outsiders -- even other goblins -- and can be unstable and random in their behavior. Maintaining any alliance with one will take patience and effort, but could be worth it, as they are very knowledgeable about the tower and its inhabitants.

Goblin

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d6, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Throwing d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- ↻ **Size -1:** Globlins are the same size as goblins, though more diffused.
- ↻ **Wall Walker:** Their sticky bodies can easily traverse walls and ceiling.
- ↻ **Seep:** Globlins can pass through openings no more than a few inches wide.
- ↻ **Gooley Tentacles:** Str+d4 damage, Reach 1. Globlins have highly flexible limbs. They can stretch them in combat to attack their foes.

The Swiviary

This is the ultimate goal of the adventure -- the swiviary at the top of the tower. There are a dozen pens, roughly the size of a horse stall, arranged in a semi-circle around a massive slop pit, all of which is contained under a wooden latticework dome. The gaps in the lattice are no more than 6 inches square. At one end of the dome is a door, securely locked, twelve feet wide and high. This door leads out to a flat patio that overlooks the valley below. The entrance to the swiviary is through a trap door in the floor, within the dome -- this allows people to enter and leave without opening the main door and possibly releasing the pigs.

There are always four orcish pig-tenders on duty. They refresh the slop pit, clean up droppings, and help keep the pigs contained... sort of. The fact is, flying pigs are hard to control. The residents, mostly piglet-sized, fly from stall to stall, dive into the slop and splatter it on their attendants, try to ram through the lattice (often necessitating emergency repairs), and so on. The pig-tenders, forbidden to do any harm to Vasaragos' experiments, are limited to oversized butterfly nets and lassos to try to get them down and into their pens. Hilarity may ensue if one or more of the flyers ducks down into the trapdoor and begins exploring the tower itself.

Pigwinglets (4)

About 50 lbs and perhaps two feet long, these spirited young animals love a good wallow in the mud, followed by an invigorating flight.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 4, **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities:

- ↻ **Size -1:** Pigwinglets are about the same size as a goblin.
- ↻ **Flight:** Flying Pace of 8".
- ↻ **Bite:** Str
- ↻ **Magical Creature:** Pigwinglets have Arcane Resistance.

Pegasus [WC]

Pegasus is immense, the size of the largest wild boar. His wings are beautifully multihued. A magical collar set with a large violet crystal is fastened around his neck; this restricts his flight to within 500 feet of the matching crystal, which is normally kept in the wizard's quarters. (Not enough properly-carved crystals exist to make collars for all the pigwinklets.)

Pegasus is as smart as the average goblin, though he cannot speak. He can make crude markings with his hooves, and will react to speech around him, grunting happily if freeing him is discussed, or making threatening gestures if "bacon" is mentioned.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Acrobatics d6, Fighting d6, Notice d8, Stealth d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Gore:** If Pegasus can charge at least 6" before attacking, it adds +4 to damage.
- ⌘ **Flight:** Flying Pace of 10".
- ⌘ **Magical Creature:** Pegasus has Arcane Resistance.
- ⌘ **Size +1:** Pegasus is larger than most humans.
- ⌘ **Tusks:** Str+d4.

Vasaragos [WC]

Vasaragos is everything mad wizards are supposed to be: Arrogant, megalomaniacal, pompous, and deadly. He is very powerful and should not be confronted directly, except by equally powerful PCs. This stat block is a baseline; it should be tweaked and changed to fit the exact nature of the campaign. [[Note: This is based off the arch-mage in the Fantasy Toolkit. Feel free to edit as desired.]] He will always have four orc bodyguards unless he is in his private lab; in such a case, he will have 10 extra power points and three bonus spells (chosen by the GM on as-needed basis, round-to-round) to represent the many small items of arcane worth he has scattered around, open spell books, runic traps, etc. Seriously, do not beard a wizard in his lair.

If the foes seem weak, Vasaragos will use slumber first, to get more specimens for his work. If they seem like they could even possibly hurt him, he will not hesitate to use lethal force.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (Arcana) d12, Notice d8, Shooting d10, Spellcasting d12+2, Stealth d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 7(1)

Edges: Arcane Background (Magic), Connections, Improved Rapid Recharge, New Power, Power Points, Wizard

Hindrances: Curious, Mean, Vengeful

Treasure: Worthwhile.

Gear: Staff of Deflection (Str+d4, Reach 1, Parry +1, 2 hands, -2 to attack rolls made against Vasaragos), Boots of Flight (Allows Vargus to Fly with a Pace of 10"), Leather Armor (+1)

Spells: (40 Power Points) Armor, Beast Friend, Blast (fire), Bolt, Confusion, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Fear, Puppet, Slumber, Summon Ally



One Page Adventures

Temptation's Lonely Heart

For the most part, the tunnels below Dark Hold go deep into the mountain...where the dwarves mined crystals, ores, and gems, and possibly awakened hideous beasts. Some, though, lead upward. The goblins have explored those that lead to what appears to have been a dwarven dungeon with cells open to the sky—a nightmare to any of the “burrowing” folk. There are some passages, however, that lead into the mountains, up toward the peaks, that remain sealed and unopened.

Rumor has it that a large crystal called the “Dragon’s Heart” rests in one of those passages. It’s worth a lot even in its raw form, even more in the hands of a skilled goblin artificer.

That’s enough treasure to take a risk for, right?

Past the Ancient Seal

The tunnel was sealed off at some point and getting the door open will require that the characters work out how to open it (think the gate to the Lonely Mountain). GM suggestion: Bennies should be given for clever planning on the part of the party members.

On the other side of the door is a dusty corridor that smells deserted. The character’s footsteps seem to be the only ones left here in centuries, but as they move further in, rat-like tracks can be seen. These are not dire rats, but regular rats, although there seem to be considerable numbers of the tracks. Cobwebs drape across the tunnel and several side doorways. If checked, the side doorways lead to small rooms that appear to have been living quarters. (Small amounts of loot (coins, the odd piece of jewelry) may be found at the GM’s discretion if the rooms are searched thoroughly).

At the end of the corridor, it opens out into a larger room. This room appears to be a banquet hall set up for a number of dwarves to dine. The skeleton of a dwarf clothed in the remnants of rich clothing is at the far end of the table, still seated as if waiting for his meal. He does not, however, move. Behind the table are two doors.

The Door on the Left

If the characters open the door on the left, they will find the rat swarm. 2d8 rats (regular, ordinary rats) will attack. Once the rats are defeated, they will find that this door led to the kitchen. There’s no food left and the pots and pans are of little value, but they will find a chewed-on note in dwarvish. If any of the characters can read it (Knowledge skill required), it mentions, “the crystal” and “in the tower.”

The Door on the Right

The door on the right leads to another corridor. A door at the end reveals a richly appointed bedchamber, but it appears to have been stripped, perhaps by its owners, perhaps by some prior treasure hunters. Nothing of value remains except the tapestries, which crumble if touched and will obviously not survive being removed. At one end of the bedchamber is another door leading to another corridor.

A maze of other doors lies beyond, with stairs both up and down. If the party goes down the stairs they will find themselves back in Dark Hold proper via a secret door...which closes and seals thoroughly behind them.

If they go up, they will end up in the tower. At one time this tower extended high above the Dark Hold; apparently it is some sort of mystically enhanced watchtower. The tower has long since crumbled and from the valley floor is indistinguishable from the rock of the mountains. The interior of the tower is composed of small interlocked caves, all dank and musty from water seeping in from outside.

The tower has become the nest of a foulbear. It stinks even as they approach, a smell that seems to combine dung, old food, and the stench of sweat. Strips of flesh hang off of its body; what feathers it has are rotted.

The foulbear will attack immediately if the characters step into the tower room—other ways of dealing with it might be possible if they hang back. GM Note: Allow the players to exercise their imaginations. The tower is littered with objects that can be used as projectiles and the slabs of rock that make up the tower’s roof may be unstable.

Foulbear

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities

- ↔ **Beak:** Foulbears can bite for Str+d6.
- ↔ **Claw:** Foulbears can claw for Str+d4.
- ↔ **Foul Aura:** Anyone within 2" of a foulbear must make a Vigor check or be unable to approach any closer. A critical failure on this check results in the victim vomiting profusely for 1d4 rounds. Goblins get a +2 on this check.

↔ **Foul Hug:** A foulbear that hits with a raise on a claw attack has pinned his foe. The opponent may only attempt to escape the "hug" on his action, which requires a raise on an opposed Strength roll. Each round they are "hugged", they must make a Vigor check at -4 (-2 for goblins) or gain a level of Fatigue from intimate exposure to the vile morass that is the flesh of the foulbear.

↔ **Size +2:** Foulbears are as large as the largest bears and always walk on their hind legs.

If the party defeats the foulbear, they will be able to search the tower room. Sadly, either the rumors are false or the heart-shaped crystal has long since been removed. They will, however, find other, smaller crystals that they could potentially sell for a value of <x per player> or have made into minor artifacts. The trip was at least somewhat worth it—to the survivors.



Should We Eat It?

“A humanoid baby has been discovered on the side of the road. There are three questions on everyone’s minds: first, where are its parents? Second, what are those strange birth marks? Third, and perhaps most importantly, should we eat it?”

Set-Up

A group of player characters and one Extra per PC (minimum 3) are traveling through the valley to their home.

Scene 1

You’re heading home after a long adventure when someone in your group notices two pairs of human-sized footprints leading away from your path into the valley. As you follow the tracks, you spot a horde of giant rats rummaging through a backpack. Tattered clothing is strewn about the area and there are signs of a struggle.

Fight

Giant Rat (1 per character)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d6, Notice d8

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

↔ **Attach:** Creatures hit by the giant rat’s bite must make an opposed Strength roll. Failure means the giant rat automatically grapples the creature. When damaging an opponent in a grapple, the giant rat deals its Bite damage instead of simply its Strength damage.

↔ **Bite:** Str+d4

↔ **Size -1:** These rats are the size of a large goblin, but twice as pretty.

Scene 2

After the fight breaks out, everyone hears the sound of a baby wailing. If the characters are actively engaged with the rats in combat they must succeed with a Raise on a Notice roll to detect the source of the sound. After combat ends, they must simply succeed at a Notice roll to detect the source.

A human baby is tightly swaddled and tucked safely in some tree branches about 20 feet overhead (a 2d6 damage drop). It’s uncertain how the baby could have gotten there because there are no signs of its parents or guardians aside from the demolished backpack.

To retrieve the baby without injuring it, the players must succeed on a Climbing roll to reach it, an Agility roll to safely grab and hold on to it, and another Climbing roll to return to the ground. Succeeding with a Raise on the first Climbing roll gives a +2 bonus to the Agility roll and subsequent Climbing roll.

Goblins are clever. If the players come up with another solution to retrieve the baby, work with them to do so. In any case, it’s a good idea to play up the dramatic tension of possibly dropping or injuring the infant.

Once the baby is safely on the ground, it can be more easily inspected.

It’s a human female and by the sounds it’s making, it isn’t happy. Players can make a Persuasion roll to try to sooth it, but they need to succeed with a Raise to get it to calm down completely.

The baby is swaddled tightly, but its face and hands seem to be covered in strange birth marks. Any character can make a Common Knowledge roll (those with an Arcane Background gain a +2 bonus) to identify the birthmarks as mystical in nature. Success with a Raise reveals some of them to be protective runes while others are beyond the scope of anyone’s understanding.

If someone specifically says they’re searching the baby *or* if someone success on a Notice roll, they find a note tucked into the baby’s blankets.

The note magically appears to readers in their native language. It reads: “If you’re reading this, it means something has happened to us. Please take care of Elora. She must get to Trade Town before the next full moon. Much is at stake. Please help.”

Any player with an appropriate nature background may make a Common Knowledge roll to realize the next full moon is in three days.



Scene 3

Even if the baby was previously soothed, it begins fussing again. It spits up, pees, burps, and otherwise makes distasteful noises and smells. GMs should tailor the gross factor to taste, but the idea is that the baby makes itself a nuisance to a bunch of goblin adventurers.

Unless one of the players suggests it first, one of the Extras suggests everyone ignore the note and eat the obnoxious thing. Goblins tend to be protective of their own young so some might find this objectionable, but he insists that because it's a human baby it's okay to eat.

Debate

There are three different opinions about what should be done with the baby.

Ignore the note and eat the baby. "That thing is obnoxious and I'm hungry. Let's eat!"

Take the child to Trade Town and make sure it arrives on time. "Who knows where this thing's parents are? Maybe we should search for them after we take the baby to Trade Town."

Take the baby home and raise it among the tribe. "If the baby is really mystical, perhaps it's better to bring it home and raise it. Maybe it would bring great fortune to our tribe!"

Players and Extras should debate about what to do with the baby. If you'd like, you can use the rules for Social Conflict in the *Savage Worlds Deluxe* to determine which side wins the debate.

Scene 4 (Optional)

Fight?

Unless the hungry goblins are completely convinced they shouldn't eat the baby, one of them tries to snatch it and take a bite. Some of his friends will try to join in the feast.

Unless everyone else is amenable to this, chances are a fight will break out.

Fight

A minimum of three Extras attempt to eat the baby. They fight to fend off anyone who attacks them but don't necessarily use lethal force. At least one attempts to grab the baby and run away.

If it comes down to determining the baby's defenses, it has d4 for all of its Attributes. It has a Parry of 2, but it has a Toughness of 8. Every time something strikes it, the birthmarks glow faintly. This includes any bite attempt made to eat it.

Scene 5

If the baby survives the encounter, it's up to the rest of the group to decide what happens next. GMs are encouraged to use this adventure to springboard a campaign and continue the storyline. Here are a few scenarios to get your ideas flowing:

The baby is eaten or otherwise killed. Do the goblins simply head home? What happens as a result of the baby not reaching Trade Town?

The goblins take Elora home and raise her as their own. Do they ever discover the nature of her birthmarks? Do her guardians come looking for her?

Elora makes it to Trade Town, but not before the third night is up. What happens?

The goblins reach Trade Town with Elora before the next full moon. What happens? Do her guardians appear and thank them? Does she thwart some great evil? Or does she simply get to meet her new adopted family?

Kitchen Chaos

The Story So Far

The Garidgh Clan is particularly proud of their soup, the recipe of which is not given to anyone other than the clan's women. This soup is not made every day, due to the rarity and value of its secret ingredients - some of which, it is rumored, come from beyond the mountains.

Traditionally, a special batch of the soup is made for their fall festival, to which goblin kind from all over Dark Hold come, for soup, other feasting and, of course, the Garidgh Cup, coveted by pig jousters everywhere.

Setup

It's almost time for the feast and the cooks are working hard. Until, that is, one of them comes out of the kitchens screaming! Apparently something or someone is attacking the feast and eating the food.

If it's not stopped, then there won't be a feast. It's already eaten most of the artistically rotted pig carcass set out and how are they going to find another one at this short notice?

The monster has to be stopped, but the cooks seem to have different opinions on what it is. Is it a fowlbear? A dire ratling? Nobody seems to be quite sure...

Invading the Kitchens

It's time to pick up some weapons and find out what's going on. When the group enter the kitchens, though, everything is quiet. They see the bones of the pig corpse - they're definitely going to have problems replacing that. The soup vat is also completely empty and, oddly, has a lot of soup stains on the outside.

Two of the cooks are hiding in the corner and they say "It's in the pantry!"

A moment later, a tremendous crash comes from that direction. When the adventurers move to investigate, they will find a shifting mass of rotten food, the stench hovering between nauseating and appetizing. It will not attack them immediately, but will rather try to get past them and away, although it will claw at them with bone claws as it goes past.

If the adventurers corner the monster in the pantry, it will fight them there. Anyone who is not armed may be able to use food or implements as an improvised weapon. Otherwise, it will make its escape into the kitchens.

The golem absorbs any food it touches. And it has a goblin's definition of food. When it does so, it gets bigger.

Chasing the Monster

If the monster escapes the pantry, it will crash out into the kitchens, knocking over a table and scaring the cooks, who had cautiously started to return.

The head cook will do her best to assist the adventurers in taking the beast down, fighting with a frying pan used as a club. Again, it will absorb any food it touches into itself, so the sooner it can be defeated the better!

Once defeated, the golem will fall apart into its constituent (and perfectly edible by goblin standards) parts. The special soup was apparently serving as its blood.



Food Golem [WC]

Made up out of a good part of the goblin feast, the food golem is simply an animated monster that will attack anyone who gets between it and accessible food. When destroyed, it returns to its constituent parts.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

↔ **Absorbs food:** Heals one wound per five pounds of food absorbed.

↔ **Size +1:** Increases toughness by +1

Gysha the Cook [WC]

Gysha is the head Cook of the clan, and the one in charge of making the special soup - and everything else for the feast. She's a tough old goblin female who's managed to survive into middle age - no mean feat.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Cooking) d8, Survival d6, Taunt d6, Throwing d10

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 6, **Charisma:** -2

Edges: Benign Mutation: Huge Nose

Hindrances: Bad Eyes (Major)

Gear: Frying Pan (Damage 1d6)



Pig Hunt

The next pig jousting tournament is a mere three days away and you intend to be the champion. The only problem is, you don't have a pig.

Set-Up

At least one of the players intends on entering the next pig joust at the Goblin Faire. Those who don't intend to enter may be friends or members of the jouster's entourage who have been contracted to help find the perfect pig. This scenario leaves plenty of room for multiple players to obtain mounts, if necessary.

Scene 1

By decree of the Great Chief Frogburp, your tribe will be hosting a pig joust four days from yesterday. Everyone has already lost one day to prepare because he killed the original messenger, so news of the event is spreading slowly.

On the plus side, your group is one of the first to find out and that gives you a head start on preparing. On the downside, your pig recently succumbed to the dinner table, so now you need to find a suitable mount for the tournament.

Players should decide who is going to be participating in the joust and who will be acting as support. Everyone who wishes to participate needs to find a pig, and they need to find one before the competition begins in three days' time.

Knowing where to look for the perfect pig isn't straightforward. It's Common Knowledge that there are pig farms where they can purchase mounts, but farm raised mounts are average at best. If the players are willing to spend a few coin on an average pig, they can make a Smarts roll to realize farm-raised pigs are not prize winners.

Players may roll Survival, Knowledge, or any other applicable skill to realize a wild boar is a much better option. Wild pigs are untamed and harder to control, but they're much sturdier than farm pigs and will hold up better in the joust. Success with a Raise means they not only understand this, but they have a good idea of where to look.

Without a Raise, the characters may attempt to gather information among the locals to get an idea of where to look for wild pigs. Because news of the joust is just now spreading they may wish to stay quiet about the specific reasons they're asking for this information. Any time a character fails a roll when asking about pigs, another goblin realizes what's going on. When it comes time to joust, there are other goblins who also possess wild boars.

Scene 2

Wild boars can be found in the valley outside the goblins' caves. There are many dangers in the valley, including:

- «» Wandering monsters
- «» Terrain hazards such as rocky slopes and marshy ground
- «» Getting lost
- «» Being forced to sleep outside overnight

Choose a few challenges for your players as they search the wilderness for wild pigs.

Finding a wild pig takes time and effort. The characters must succeed in a Dramatic Task using Tracking to locate their pig. They need 5 tokens, with each pass taking 12 hours. If the characters fail, they run out of time and will have to buy a farm pig. On the draw of a club, not only do they run out of time in this task, they'll have to get an Old Farm Pig – reduce their Strength and Vigor by one die type and adjust the Toughness.

If successful, they discover a team of wild pigs. There are easily enough in a group to provide one for each joust. However, they must capture or tame each one individually. Allow creative use of skills and Edges to capture the pigs.

If the players have at least 12 hours to spare when they return home with their pigs, they may attempt to quickly train their mounts for riding. A successful Riding, or other appropriate roll allows them to break the mount in 12 hours while a Raise does it in 6. Unbroken mounts give the rider -2 to any rolls made while riding.

Now the players are ready for the pig joust!

Wild Pig

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 8(1)

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Armor +1:** Thick hide
- ⌘ **Gore:** Str+d4
- ⌘ **Scent:** +2 on scent-based Notice rolls.

Farm Pig

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6,

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 7(1)

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Armor +1:** Thick hide
- ⌘ **Gore:** Str+d4
- ⌘ **Scent:** +2 on scent-based Notice rolls.



Tomb Raider Raiders

Set-Up

The party overhears a discussion between two well dressed goblins in a local tavern. They are discussing a local antiquities dealer who is planning to auction off a priceless artifact of the Karh-Grundek Empire – the fabled Sword of Kathaltor. The pair are bemoaning the fact that neither one can afford what is expected to be a huge asking price. There is an opportunity here you think.

Scene 1

The party could approach one or both of the goblins and join their conversation. Should they ask the goblins if they want to hire a team of experienced burglars they will be hesitant at first but fairly easy to convince if the party pushes a little. On the other hand the party might also want to freelance by stealing sword and then trying to sell it to one of the goblins.

What is known of the sword is that it can bestow a magical healing radiance upon a subject. Each year the owner, one Temekal Snotgrubber, demonstrates its powers at the annual festival honoring Selthik. Only a single penitent, who pays for the privilege mind you, is granted the healing boon. The sword is the highlight of the festival and Temekal who is getting on in years wishes to pass the honor of wielding the sword to a worthy individual – willing to pay for that honor of course.

Scene 2

When the party decide to burgle the artifact dealer they will probably scout out the area. If so they will discover that the artifacts dealer has a small cottage at the edge of town. The cottage is surrounded by a high fence and a broad open, well-manicured lawn. From a distance the cottage doesn't look like it is well protected, but it is well known that Temekal is a fiendish trap layer.

The lawn is littered with Pit traps, trip wires, and dead drops. None of the traps will actually hurt the player but will be annoying as they try to silently make their way to the cottage.

There is one final trap, Temekal's dog, BoneGnawer. In spite of his ferocious name, BoneGnawer is a small dog no bigger than a typical Goblin's foot. His bite is harmless but his bark is loud. If the party does not silence him with a treat, a tummy rub or nice steak he will bark nonstop until Temekal wakes.

If Temekal is awoken he will rush into the room and confront the players. Temekal is old but still a formidable opponent (use the Paladin template). If pushed or defeated he will reveal that the sword has no healing powers at all. Sure it can glow, but the healing ability was a deception he and a few friends play upon the crowd each year. However the joke is getting old and a few of the townsfolk are getting suspicious. Temekal would be more than happy to just give the sword away, having it stolen is almost as good.

Dog alarm disarm bone

This item appears to be a normal bone, but is in fact made of putty with a few choice scraps of meat glued to it. Most animals will be fooled by the shape and smell of the fake bone and when they begin chewing upon it will find their teeth stuck tight into the body of the bone.

The Sword of Kathaltor

Special Abilities:

- ↔ Short Sword (Str+d6),
- ↔ Twice per day the sword will bestow the *light* Power when it hits a target with its blade. (NOTE: this is the first target hit twice per day and is not controlled by the wielder)

Temekal Snotgrubber

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Battle) d4, Lockpicking d6, Notice d4, Shooting d8, Survival d6, Swimming d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 8 (2), **Charisma:** -1

Edges: Brawny

Hindrances: Major: Bloodthirsty, Minor: Mean, Vengeful

Gear: Chain Hauberk, Axe, Spear

Mushroom March

Set up

Bogtown is having its annual mushroom festival and the party have arrived to join the festivities. One of the party have an uncle or aunt who are participating in the festival's mushroom meal melee competition. The contest is a wild and raucous race where contestants rush to get their mushroom based meal to the judges. The rub is that each contestant must have a booth featuring their delicacy and once the contest begins they must be able to get their meal to the judges. The relative needs help.

Act One

Bogtown has set up a festival site outside of town in a small mostly dry meadow. Nearby there is a large swamp so there will be no lack of muck and mud for contestants to grow their mushrooms with. The festival grounds are filled with goblin families enjoying games of chance, sampling the wares of the various mushroom farmers or eating exotic foods from a line of small carts. Here and there you can see other races, their heads of poking out and far above the main body of the crowd. As the party approach the line of carts all under a ratty banner proclaiming "Mushroom Meal Melee Contestant" an ancient looking goblin woman races out to meet them.

"Sunny Jim" she exclaims "I haven't seen you since you were knee high to a piglet! It's you great-aunt Gertie but everyone just calls me Greasebucket Gert. How is you mother?"

It is unclear which of the party she is addressing and as the conversation progresses it becomes less and less clear, but she seems to know someone. Very strange, but she seems harmless if a little scattered, she also is frantic to get someone to help her run her mushroom stew cart. Apparently she needs at least 3 goblins to run the cart to be able to enter the contest. Her ungrateful cousins ran off this morning – or were arrested during a brawl at the beer garden – she's unsure which. But she needs the help, and is willing to split any profits and the grand prize.

Act Two

If the party agrees to help the weird old Goblin, they will find that running a Food cart during the festival is more of a challenge than you would expect. First, the other carts all give you stink eye and try to make your life difficult by stealing your customers, trash-talking Gertie's famous mushroom and fungus stew or sabotaging your ingredients. Seems each of these food carts will be a rival during the final tasting contest.

As if that weren't enough, the goblins frequenting the stalls all would rob you blind if you look away for a minute and the judges – oh the judges they all demand free samples and bribes. It's exhausting work but the old bird really needs your help, but man the final contest is three days away.

Act Three

It's the day of the final contest and you have to prepare the stall for the final tasting contest. A raised dais with five tables is set 100 feet away from the line of food stalls across a rough grassy meadow. Gertie shows up with a small cart holding a number of tools and four wooden wheels. Just as she does, you can see the greedy goblin judges whom had been sucking you dry looking for handouts and bribes, sit themselves at the tables on the dais. Around you the vendors who had also been making your life difficult all set about attaching axles and wheels to their stalls transforming them to ungainly carts.

Gerti is jumping up and down enthusiastically explaining the rules. "The first five carts what gets to the dais and stops in front of a table get to be judged." "You don't get there you don't get judged. No weapons, no deaths, everything else is fair play. "I'd recommend making the cart real strong cause it'll get bumped and bumped hard! I brought lots a bowls so's you can give all the contestants free samples if'n youse know what I means."

The party must assemble the chassis for the cart and mount the stall on it. This will require a group Repair roll. Once completed the cart will have the following stats:

The party may all fit in the stall/cart but at least 2 able-bodied goblins are required to push/pull it. One goblin is needed to steer. The rest can be used to fend off other goblin carts throw food and such at rivals, but must also cook their meal from scratch. The meal must be ready for presentation by the time the cart arrive at a judges table.

Food Stall/Cart

Size: Medium (cart) **Acceleration:** 1

Top Speed: 5 **Toughness:** 8 (5)

Crew: 3 **Armor:**

Front: 8 (5) **Sides/Top:** 8 (5) **Rear/Bottom:** 8 (5)

If the party's cart arrives at the dais and in front of a judge then they may present their meal. A Knowledge (Cooking) (Smarts) roll is required to see if their meal is the winner. Modify this by any bribes they may have provided the judges. Also let the player describe the ingredients and flavor of their meal to the judges. Give them secret points if they do well, especially if their description makes you gag.

The winner of the Contest gets a nice ribbon and if Gertie's recipe wins, even though it was the players, she will give each player a single silver piece as a reward.

Contestants

For any challenge assume the contestants have a d6 ability (i.e Knowledge (cooking) (Smarts)). Should you wish to completely fill out the stats for these contestants you can do so:

Team 1 Nibbles and Bits

Frik Gnarlblade Oogblatt Fursniffer
Nibbles Ruk Snotlicker

Team 2 Fangblister's SPICY Tacos

Fwalt Fangblister Guswort Pusgeyser
Snibble fliksnout Bulker Backblemish

Team 3 Thornwalker Chili

Gundy Thornwalker Grib Dormond
Putchent Prater Flaget Cinder

Team 4 You need Clead!

Vermot Clead Shind Lowbrow
Ilker Ashe Loach Grimspackle

Team 5 Lumpturdle Turtle Jambalaya

Ilster Lumpturdle Scree Lampsasher
Dingot Bitterbiter Stumpfy Clumpsputter

Team 6 Ardknobble's

Ackrat Ardknobble Bex Bigguns
Catsy Crawlke Dib Dundunnelly

Team 7 The Hollfodder Triplet's Trimasu and Steak Stop

Een Hollfodder Feen Hollfodder
Gween Hollfodder Thoat Greenbristle

Team 8 Gysha's Gyros

Gysha Elgoth Yothal
Jukal Mosslicker Kyle Tinderpile

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Appendix 1: New Creatures

Crysteen, Crites, and Gonthleen

Crysteen

When the dwarves abandoned Dark Hold, many imagined that those dark passages echoed only with the ghosts of the past, when in fact the sounds that one would hear resounding in the tunnels are very much a present concern of any goblin brave enough to venture forth.

With the absence of the dwarves and the tempting, even nourishing, magic of the crystals, creatures that once hid in fear spread out, and some even flourish. The dwarven Crystal Wardens were actually instrumental in the creation of new forms of life. This wasn't deliberate, but was a side effect of their greedy desire for power using the crystals. Two races were created as the magic flowed through Dark Hold. The first of these was the crysteen, a humanoid race of living crystal. They are masters of the crystal magic but very susceptible to blunt attacks. They began their existence as a peaceful race whose only desire was to use their magic to create art and beauty. These desires are not well-suited to life in Dark Hold, and frankly the crysteen were a little slow to begin with, but the dwarves put up with them as slightly annoying, marginally workable slaves.

The crysteen soon learned that they could only survive if they learned to defend themselves. Too often they were taken advantage of by the other denizens of the Dark Hold. When the Overlords held sway this was simple abuse and an occasional beating. When the dwarves left, the beatings became ambushes and the abuse became wholesale slaughter. They have no idea why these creatures attacked them, and now, after centuries, they are wary of any that they come across. They have become anxious and aggressive out of a sad necessity.

Their society is largely democratic in nature, which was always a bone of contention with the Overlords who saw their predilection for equality as a mental abnormality. Some of them still manage to create art and beautiful crystalline architecture. Their underground villages are a wonder to behold, rivaling even their dwarven predecessors.

The crysteen can vary in height, ranging anywhere from four to seven feet tall, and their jagged, translucent bodies may be of any color imaginable. They even vary in clarity, like valuable gemstones, with some being milky and opaque and others nearly as transparent as glass. They almost always travel in groups, and often have several of their crite servitors in tow.

The crites are mindless crystalline minions that the crysteen control. The crites are automatons and, as such, have no fear. They share their masters' world view, however, and even without the crysteens' guidance have been known to attack when threatened.

Crysteen

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Survival d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 8 (2)

Special Abilities:

- ☞ **Crystal Affinity:** Crysteen have a +2 bonus when using crystal items.
- ☞ **Crystal Dagger:** Str+d4 .
- ☞ **Crystal Skin:** The hard structure of the Crysteen gives them Armor +2 (except against Bludgeoning damage).
- ☞ **Weakness (Bludgeoning):** Crysteen take double damage from bludgeoning attacks.

Crites

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 8 (2)

Special Abilities

- ☞ **Crystal Skin:** The hard structure of the crites gives them Armor +2 (except against Bludgeoning damage).
- ☞ **Claws:** Str+d6 damage.
- ☞ **Fearless:** Not affected by fear or intimidation.
- ☞ **Weakness (Bludgeoning):** Crysteen take double damage from bludgeoning attacks.

Goathleen

Another race of creatures created as a direct result of dwarven magic is the Goathleen. The goathleen are descended from insects mutated by the dwarven Crystal Wardens in an attempt to create slave warriors. With the dwarves gone, the goathleen roam the Dark Hold in search of food and riches to give to their queen.

In form, the goathleen are mostly spider-like, but with only six legs and a small goblinsque torso jutting from the front of their thorax, causing some to call them “goblintaurs”. Their darkly colored exoskeletons are jagged in shape, resembling the crystals that aided in their creation. They can often be seen with tribal markings and warrior make-up decorating their twisted insectoid bodies.

The goathleen may be encountered alone or in groups. Oftentimes, a young goathleen is sent out to fight for its own survival as a rite of passage. If the young one doesn't return with the fresh remains of a crysleen, it will be eaten by its brethren.

Like the crysleen, the goathleen have their own mindless minions that the goblins call grites. Never more than two feet tall, the grites are millipede-like worms with dozens of legs. They also have three pairs of stick-like, grasping arms that are often holding weapons in front of and above their slimy bodies. Ten red eyes crowd the front of their body, just above a sharp pair of mandibles.

Goathleen

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Survival d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 7 (1)

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Armor +1:** Their carapace provides some protection.
- ⌘ **Weapon:** The goathleen will usually have a weapon, typically a spear (Str+d6)
- ⌘ **Wall Walker:** Able to move normally on any surface.

Grites

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Notice d8

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 6 (1)

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Armor +1:** Their carapace provides some protection.
- ⌘ **Bite:** Str+d4 damage.
- ⌘ **Multiple Arms:** They can hold a weapon in each pair of arms. They follow the normal rules for multiple actions, but they're hard to... erm... disarm.
- ⌘ **Size -1:** Grites are about the size of a large dog.
- ⌘ **Wall Walker:** Able to move normally on any surface.

Eagog

Eagog is the goblin word for “Goblin Eater”, which is as descriptive of this creature's diet as you can get. This is a massive beast that stands eight to ten feet high and is covered in sticky, wet brown hair that only parts to reveal its bald face. The hair not only protects the creature from the cold but also serves to mask its presence from creatures whose eyes are adapted to the dark. The eagog's face is broad and flat, with two huge tusks jutting up from its sagging jaw, which sits beneath an upturned nose and beady eyes.

The eagog are solitary beasts who spend the majority of their lives sleeping in the black, cold depths of Dark Hold waiting for their next meal. Their dark-brown shaggy hair is constantly dripping with mucus. This mucus, which strings along behind the eagog as it lumbers through the cavern of Dark Hold, is the animal's primary means of hunting and gathering food. Much like a spider web, whenever a goblin or other creature comes into contact with the mucus it is held fast until it makes a successful Strength check. Through some unknown means—dark magic, vibrations, or something unimagined—the eagog can detect any creature that comes into contact with its strings of mucus and immediately awakens, shambling towards the doomed creature, which is generally an inquisitive goblin.

The mucus may be found strung about like a spider web or hidden beneath the dirt of a cave floor. The mucus is so strong that it may even be draped across a river

or running water. Some eagog have even been known to build walls and doors with the mucus, forming a sort of makeshift den.

The mucus also serves as the eagog's means of reproduction. Small embryonic eagogs float in the strings of green slime and will leap out of the mucus, attacking any unfortunate animals stuck to it. The baby eagogs will range in size from 2 to 12 inches and are complete with long, razor-sharp teeth and claws. What the eagog children lack in height and strength will often times be made up in number. Any number of the living cells of the mucus could become a baby eagog, so it's impossible to tell how many there are until they are crawling on top of you.

The eagog is a creature that is well known to the goblins. It is the dark, lumbering beast that they tell stories of by the central stewpot late at night, and the boogeyman that goblin parents invoke to keep their children from wandering off alone.

Eagog

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d10, Stealth d10, Survival d6, Swimming d8

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 7, **Toughness:** 10 (1)

Special Abilities:

- ✧ **Armor +1:** The skin of an eagog is thick and warty, giving it some armor protection.
- ✧ **Claws:** Str+d8.
- ✧ **Bite:** Str+d6.
- ✧ **Egg Sack:** There is a 20% chance the mucus string contains eagog eggs.
- ✧ **Fear:** Goblins have an innate dread of the eagog. Other races consider it just another monster and do not need to make fear checks.
- ✧ **Mucus String:** Notice check at -2 to spot it. Failure means the unlucky creature entangled, as per the spell.
- ✧ **Size +2:** The eagog is about as big as a large bear.

Foulbear

The crags, valleys, and lost places of Dark Hold are filled with strange magic, remnants of ancient battles, alchemical experiments, and occasional explorations into things goblins weren't meant to know. This is known to produce unique creatures, but on rare occasion it creates something that breeds true.

It is well known that wizards enjoy strange experiments, and one long ago produced the owlbear, a creature blending the body of a bear with the head and feathers of an owl. Within the Dark Hold, at some point, one of these creatures laid eggs in a mound of unutterably foul offal and sewage, which became mixed with magical waste and the charred shards of failed crystal-carving efforts. The resulting hatchlings were infused with decay, rot, and corruption, and so became known as foulbears.

Foulbears look like owlbears, but are partially rotted and decayed, with strips of pallid-grey flesh hanging off their bodies, their feathers discolored and ragged, their fur matted in places and mangy in others. Despite this appearance, they are not undead, and they suffer no ill effects from their state of seeming deterioration.

As goblins are highly resistant to the odor of foulbears, some clans have managed to capture and train them as guards or even battle allies, relying on the fact their enemies will be more likely to fall victim to the stench than they will. Even so, no one *enjoys* being around a foulbear, and the job of feeding and handling them is usually assigned as punishment.



Foulbear

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Beak:** Foulbears can bite for Str+d6.
- ⌘ **Claw:** Foulbears can claw for Str+d4.
- ⌘ **Foul Aura:** Anyone within 2" of a foulbear must make a Vigor check on the first round of combat or be unable to approach any closer. A critical failure on this check results in the victim vomiting profusely for 1d4 rounds. Goblins get a +2 on this check.
- ⌘ **Foul Hug:** A foulbear that hits with a raise on a claw attack has pinned his foe. The opponent may only attempt to escape the "hug" on his action, which requires a raise on an opposed Strength roll. Each round they are "hugged", they must make a Vigor check at -4 (-2 for goblins) or gain a level of Fatigue from intimate exposure to the vile morass that is the flesh of the foulbear.
- ⌘ **Size +2:** Foulbears are as large as the largest bears and always walk on their hind legs.

Battle Foulbear

Some foulbears are kitted out for combat, fighting alongside a goblin handler. These creatures have +2 Armor and have metal fittings on their claws, giving them Armor Piercing 1.

Battle Foulbear

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 11 (2)

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Armor +2:** Metal carapace strapped to hide.
- ⌘ **Beak:** Foulbears can bite for Str+d6.
- ⌘ **Claw:** Foulbears can claw for Str+d4.

⌘ **Foul Aura:** Anyone within 2" of a foulbear must make a Vigor check or be unable to approach any closer. A critical failure on this check results in the victim vomiting profusely for 1d4 rounds. Goblins get a +2 on this check.

⌘ **Foul Hug:** A foulbear that hits with a raise on a claw attack has pinned his foe. The opponent may only attempt to escape the "hug" on his action, which requires a raise on an opposed Strength roll. Each round they are "hugged", they must make a Vigor check at -4 (-2 for goblins) or gain a level of Fatigue from intimate exposure to the vile morass that is the flesh of the foulbear.

⌘ **Size +2:** Foulbears are as large as the largest bears and always walk on their hind legs

Pack Rat and Dire Ratling

Pack Rats

The pack rat is a simple creature, but not as simple as one might think from its lowly appearance. Although the goblins may disagree, the pack rat has a society and culture all its own. It is, by comparison, rudimentary compared to other residents of the Dark Hold. but who are we to judge?

The pack rats of the Dark Hold live on the fringes of civilized society, eking out a living just outside goblin and human settlements. They scurry about collecting or stealing whatever is lying around. They are quite adept at this task and the humans only consider the pack rats a minor nuisance. Most goblins share this opinion, but a select few have realized that a pack rat can be a most useful ally. Those goblins will seek out the pack rats and actually trade with them. The pack rats gather items indiscriminately and are not intelligent enough to always realize what they have. Their bargaining knowledge is mostly limited to the fact that the shinier the item, the more food that it can be traded for—and they love human and goblin food.

Goblins that trade with pack rats would like to keep their resources secret so they don't have to compete for the pack rat's goods. The rodents are learning, though. An intelligent species (even one as stupid as the pack rat) does not live on the outskirts of society for long before it begins to adapt. There have even been a few reports of pack rats wearing clothes, but most goblins and humans dismiss these claims outright.

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Pack rats avoid being detected by the goblins in the villages most ardently because some goblins have developed harnesses that use crystal magic to subjugate the pack rats to do the bidding of its owner. Goblins have learnt the lessons of the past, namely that an enslaved servant is generally easier than a greedy partner. Not every goblin believes this, apparently mimicking the humans they have encountered, but not enough for pack rats to not be nervous around most goblins.

Pack rats will fight ferociously when cornered and will defend, to the death, their pack and anyone that they deem a friend. The rats are roughly one to two feet tall and can be as much as three or four feet long, not including the tail.

Pack Rats

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d6, Notice d8, Swimming d4

Pace: 8, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities:

- ⚔ **Bite:** Str+d6.
- ⚔ **Claws:** Str+d4.
- ⚔ **Fleet-Footed:** Pack Rats roll d10s instead of d6s when running.
- ⚔ **Size -1:** Pack Rats are about the size of a dog.

Dire Ratlings

The reports of pack rats wearing clothes are not totally false. Although rare in the Dark Hold these creatures are known as Dire Ratlings, apparently a failed experiment by the Dwarf Overlords. They are a bit slower than the pack rats because they do not walk on all four legs. They also usually have some weapons and armor that were thrown away by other, more civilized creatures. They are well treated by the pack rats they nest with, due to their size and "slight" proficiency with weapons. Dire Ratlings do not tend toward leading pack rat nests as they are generally few in number and, like Goblins, pack rats believe in the strength of numbers over individual strength. A bullying dire ratling rarely lasts long.



Dire Ratling

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Swimming d4, Intimidation d4

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 6 (1)

Gear: Short Swords: (Str+d6), Short Spear: (Str+d6, Parry +1, 2 Hands, Reach 1), Broken and Rusted Two-handed Sword: (Str+d10, 2 Hands, -1 Parry)

Special Abilities

- ⚔ **Bite:** Str+d6.
- ⚔ **Claws:** Str+d4.

Bloodwings

Ranging from the size of a goblin's fist to a goblin's head, these furry, leather-winged beasts subsist on fresh blood, which they procure by grasping their prey with sharp claws and thrusting a sharp proboscis into the victim's flesh.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor 6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d10

Pace: 7, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Blood Sucker:** Str+d4. Characters hit must make a Strength roll or suffer a level of Fatigue.
- ⌘ **Infrared Vision:** Bloodwings don't suffer lighting penalties against warm-blooded creatures.
- ⌘ **Flight:** Flying Pace of 7".
- ⌘ **Quick:** Bloodwings have the Quick Edge.
- ⌘ **Size -2:** Bloodwings are about the size of a housecat.
- ⌘ **Small:** Attackers subtract 2 from their attack rolls.

After the Bloodwings are defeated and the piles inspected, the rest of the chamber will prove a dead end, forcing them to go back the way they came.

Rocknibblers

These oversized worms have segmented purple-and-green bodies, growing up to four feet long. They have a circular maw on one end filled with several rows of rotating teeth that allow them to eat rocks and gems for nourishment—though they've a fondness for bones.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d6

Pace: 5, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 9 (1)

Special Abilities:

- ⌘ **Armour +1:** Natural armour.
- ⌘ **Bite:** Str+d4.
- ⌘ **Burrow:** Can burrow and reappear within 5" (takes 3 rounds).
- ⌘ **Exceptional Hearing:** No penalties for dim or dark lighting.
- ⌘ **Resistances:** -2 damage from acid and fire.

Blindwolves

Eyeless, hairless, and pale, these are ravenous beasts that have been stuck underground long enough to mutate into a decrepit version of their lupine ancestors. While blind, they have keen senses of smell, hearing, and can feel nearby vibrations in the earth.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Tracking d8

Pace: 8, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 9 (1)

Special Abilities

- ⌘ **Armour +1:** Fur and Chitin.
- ⌘ **Bite:** Str+d6; Go for the Throat.
- ⌘ **Blindsense:** Can sense things within 4" that can't be seen, as if in Dark lighting.
- ⌘ **Scent:** Can navigate, track, and detect creatures by scent (range 6", halved for upwind and doubled for downwind, doubled again for very strong scents). Only adjacent creatures can be pinpointed accurately.
- ⌘ **Evil:** Affected by powers and abilities that work on evil creatures.
- ⌘ **Fast Runner:** Roll d8 when running instead of d6.
- ⌘ **Go for the Throat:** Target least-armoured location on a raise.
- ⌘ **Size +1:** Increases Toughness by +1.

Appendix 2: New Items

Crystals

Crystal of Hero's Luck

"I call upon Gronk Thunderbelch for great fortune!"

This silvery-brown crystal enhances the wielder's actions in mysterious ways. To activate its powers, the user must hold the crystal and invoke the name of a heroic figure. Upon activation, the user's Wild Die Aces on a roll of 5 or 6 for ten minutes.

Good luck doesn't last forever, though. Any time the user rolls a 1 on their Wild Die, they lose one charge from the crystal and it must be reactivated. After using three charges, the crystal's luck runs out and its color turns ruddy-brown.

When this crystal is found as treasure, the GM should secretly roll 1d3 to determine the number of charges it has remaining.

Crystal of Coward's Luck

"He who lives to run away, and lives to fight another day, should probably stay far, far away."

—Ancient goblin proverb

A brown crystal was embedded in an equally brown rabbit's foot. When a user activates it by holding it in both hands and chanting this proverb, they gain the ability to roll their Wild Die on one Run check. If they use this crystal to run toward danger, it activates once and then ceases to function afterward.

Miscellaneous items

Belt of Perpetual Motion

This simple belt adorned with a brown-crystal buckle constantly vibrates when worn. The wearer feels a boost of energy and gains enhanced reflexes. When drawing a card to determine initiative, treat the card drawn as being two better than it actually is. Kings and aces both count as Jokers, and Jokers remain the highest card you can draw.

The unfortunate side effect of wearing this belt is that it quickly tires the wearer. After wearing the belt for 4 hours in any 24-hour period, the user becomes fatigued. If he wears the belt for 6 hours he becomes exhausted, and after another 2 hours he falls unconscious and the belt stops functioning until the user awakens. The only way to remove this fatigue is to sleep 2 hours for every hour the belt was worn.

**See the Savage Worlds Deluxe rulebook for more information on these conditions.*

Rope of Excessive Length

After Dorzzot Stumpnose popularized the use of rope, it became trendy in goblin society to carry as much as possible. As time went by, the lengths of rope goblins packed steadily increased; first, 50 feet, then 60, 72, 89.5, and eventually 103.14 feet became the standard size at goblin trading posts. One day, an unfortunate goblin was crushed under the weight of his own rope, and that's when a different, smarter goblin had a great idea.

The Rope of Excessive Length is a coil of hemp rope soaked in an alchemical mixture of crystal, which always has exactly 10 feet more rope than a goblin needs for any given situation. Need to cross a 40-foot chasm? Fifty feet of rope should do the trick. Climbing an 80-foot wall? This coil of rope has 90 feet for you to use.

If the rope is ever cut, the disconnected piece unravels in mere seconds and the coil of rope returns to its normal starting amount of 11 feet. The rope itself extends from a large, grey crystal, and when retracted the rope returns to an extradimensional space within the gem. In all other respects, this is normal rope.

Mole Gloves

Dull, golden crystals adorn the backs of each of these gloves. When worn as a pair, the wearer may use the *burrow* power (see the Savage Worlds Deluxe rulebook). The wearer may only affect himself with this power, and the range is limited to the wearer's normal Pace.

These gloves are common amongst goblins assigned bait duty and are often used as a last resort before being swallowed by a rampaging monster.

Appendix 3: Sample Characters

Smiter (Paladin)

Name: Bodog Troubleseeker

Race: Goblin

Gender: Male

Height: 3'8"

Weight: 75 lbs

Profession: Paladin

Rank: Novice

Homeland: Dark Hold

Deity: TaDrak

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d4, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (religion) d4, Lockpicking d6, Notice d4, Stealth d6, Survival d6, Taunt d4

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6 (1), **Toughness:** 7 (2), **Charisma** 0

Edges: Warty Skin

Hindrances: Major: Inveterate Prankster — unable to resist an opportunity to commit a trick or a prank, Minor: Big Mouth; Loyal, Minor: Phobia: Cooked meat

Gear: Holy Tankard, Armor: Medium Shield, Short Sword

Brawler (Warrior)

Name: Limky Broadbarrel

Race: Goblin

Gender: Male

Height: 3'7

Weight: 89 lbs

Profession: Warrior

Rank: Novice

Homeland: Dark Hold

Deity: TaDrak

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Battle) d4, Lockpicking d6, Notice d4, Shooting d8, Survival d6, Swimming d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 8 (2), **Charisma:** -2

Edges: Brawny,

Hindrances: Major: Bloodthirsty, Minor: Mean, Vengeful

Gear: Chain Hauberk, Axe, Spear

Spellslug (Wizard)

Name: Zok Beetlebrow

Race: Goblin

Gender: Male

Height: 3'1"

Weight: 71 lbs

Profession: Wizard

Rank: Novice

Homeland: Dark Hold

Deity: Borkrog

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d4, Intimidation d4, Knowledge (Crystalsmything) d8, Notice d4, Spellcasting d10, Stealth d4, Survival d4, Taunt d6, Throwing d4

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 5 (1), **Toughness:** 4, **Charisma:** 0

Edges: Arcane Background (Magic)

Hindrances: Major: Yellow, Minor: Big Mouth, Minor: Phobia: Ants

Powers: Armor, Boost/Lower Trait, Bolt,

Gear: Crystal forming tools, Staff, Wand

Witch (Witch)

Name: Jez Muckpeddler,

Race: Goblin

Gender: Female

Height: 4'5"

Weight: 69 lbs

Profession: Witch

Rank: Novice

Homeland: Dark Hold

Deity: Vas Teth of the Night

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Knowledge (Curses) d6, Notice d4, Spellcasting d10, Stealth d4, Survival d4, Taunt d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 4, **Charisma:** 0

Edges: Arcane Background (Magic)

Hindrances: Minor: Mean, Minor: Big Mouth, Minor: Illiterate

Powers: Blind, Confusion, Fear

Gear: Spell Book, Crayons, Armor(Robes), Wand

Sneaker (Rogue)

Name: Krang Cragclimber

Race: Goblin

Gender: Male

Height: 3'9

Weight: 82 lbs

Profession: Rogue

Rank: Novice

Homeland: Dark Hold

Deity: Voltekis

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Lockpicking d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Taunt d4

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 5 (1), **Charisma:** 0

Edges: Thief

Hindrances: Major: Curious, Minor: Greedy, Quirk (Kleptomaniac)

Gear: Ledger Book, Armor: Leather, Dagger

Trail Tromper (Ranger)

Name: Tarly Snailseeker

Race: Goblin

Gender: Male

Height: 3'6"

Weight: 81 lbs

Profession: Ranger

Rank: Novice

Homeland: Dark Hold

Deity: TaDrak

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d4, Notice d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Tracking d8, Swimming d4

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 4, **Toughness:** 5 (1), **Charisma:** 0

Edges: Woodsman

Hindrances: Major: Overconfident, Minor: Cautious, Minor: Stubborn

Gear: Canvas sack, Snares, Armor: Leather Bow, Short Sword

Frother (Barbarian)

Name: Limky Thickgrove

Race: Goblin

Gender: Male

Height: 3'10

Weight: 85 lbs

Profession: Barbarian

Rank: Novice

Homeland: Dark Hold

Deity: Yag

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Intimidation d4, Notice d4, Stealth d4, Swimming d6, Throwing d6

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 7 (1), **Charisma:** 0

Edges: Berserk

Hindrances: Major: Arrogant, Minor: Illiterate, Outsider

Gear: Necklace of roughhewn gems, Armor: Leather, Long Sword

Treemucker (Druid)

Name: Zeerak Stumpsucker

Race: Goblin

Gender: Female

Height: 3'11

Weight: 83 lbs

Profession: Druid

Rank: Novice

Homeland: Dark Hold

Deity: Selthik

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d4, Faith d8, Fighting d4, Healing d4, Knowledge (Nature) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d4, Stealth d4, Survival d6, Tracking d4

Pace: 6, **Parry:** 4, **Toughness:** 6 (1), **Charisma:** 0

Edges: Arcane Background (Miracles)

Hindrances: Major: Pacifist, Minor: Outsider, Minor: Phobia: Humans

Gear: Bag of herbs and hard mints, Armor: Hide, Sickle, Sling

HogFriend (Jouster)**Name:** Magnus Vaultcrusher**Race:** Goblin**Gender:** Male**Height:** 3'9**Weight:** 88 lbs**Profession:** Jouster**Rank:** Novice**Homeland:** Dark Hold**Deity:** Voltekis**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d6**Skills:** Fighting d8, Intimidation d4, Knowledge (Nature) d4, Notice d4, Persuasion d4, Riding d8, Shooting d4, Survival d4, Tracking d4**Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 7 (1), **Toughness:** 6 (2), **Charisma:** 0**Edges:** Beast Master, Brawny**Hindrances:** Major: Code of Honor, Minor: Cautious, Minor: Loyal**Gear:** Hog Mount, saddle, Chain Hauberk, Shield, Lance, Short Sword**Stonemover (Miner)****Name:** Stavro Patecrusher**Race:** Goblin**Gender:** Male**Height:** 4'1"**Weight:** 95 lbs**Profession:** Miner**Rank:** Novice**Homeland:** Dark Hold **Deity:** TaDrak the Overlord**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8 Vigor d8**Skills:** Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Knowledge (Mining) d6, Notice d6, Repair d6, Stealth d4, Survival d4, Swimming d4, Throwing d6**Pace:** 5, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 6 (1), **Charisma:** 0**Edges:** Brawny, Liquid Courage**Hindrances:** Major: Clueless, Minor: Big Mouth, Minor: Phobia: Open Spaces**Gear:** Candle hat, Armor: Leather, Pick Axe**Taletwister (Bard)****Name:** Skad Songhoarder**Race:** Goblin**Gender:** Male**Height:** 3'10**Weight:** 85 lbs**Profession:** Paladin**Rank:** Novice**Homeland:** Dark Hold**Deity:** Borkrog**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6**Skills:** Fighting d6, Healing d4, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (legends & Lore) d6, Lockpicking d4, Notice d4, Persuasion d6, Shooting d4, Streetwise d4, Taunt d6**Pace:** 6, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 5 (1), **Charisma:** 2**Edges:** Charismatic**Hindrances:** Major: Inveterate Prankster (unable to resist an opportunity to commit a trick or a prank), Minor: Big Mouth, Minor: Phobia (Ants)**Items:** Pipes, Armor: Leather Armor +1, Knife

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