

*Shadow Thief Book two:*

# Hunted

*David Lowrie*

BLACKDOG



GAMEBOOKS

SHADOW THIEF: HUNTED  
BY  
DAVID LOWRIE

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10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
FIRST PRINTING, 2020

ISBN 9-798638073060

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*Shadow Thief*

*Book Two*

# *Hunted*

*Words and pictures*

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**BLACK DOG**

**GAMEBOOKS**

# *Acknowledgements*

*Rob Hatton*

*James Spearing*

*Richie Aspie Stevens*

Thanks to you for helping by play testing this book and looking for any gremlins.

Thanks also for proof reading to:

*Red Winter*

Thanks also to the members of the Facebook **Gamebook Authors Guild** for their advice, generosity and support. Having an on-line community for me as a new writer has been a great experience.

And, finally thanks to my family for supporting me, as I endlessly doodle, draw, print, type, read, cross-out, swear and stick pieces of A4 paper together (should've used A3)

# *Playing a gamebook*

The chances are that if you have bought this book, then you will probably know what a gamebook is. If so, then please feel free to move on straight away to the next section.

If by some chance you haven't played a gamebook before, then it's basically interactive fiction. Most books are sequential. You start at page 1 and read page 2, 3 etc. until you get to the final page and the end and each time you read it, the book is the same and the story is the same.

In a gamebook, however, you make choices which indicate which way the story goes. The book is divided up into numbered sections. You start at section 1. You read the text, and you are given the option of, for example, turning left, or turning right.

If you turn left you will be told to turn to a new section, let's say **142**. If you decide to turn right, then you are told to go to section **34**. Therefore, the choices you make determine which route you take through the book. I would say that you are the hero in your own story, but let's see, shall we?

As well as that, you also create a character, with different attributes. In this book there are things like fighting skill, **ENDURANCE** and agility. Your fighting skill helps you when you meet beings you may have to fight. Your **ENDURANCE** is how healthy or close to death you are, as you can easily die in this book - probably many times in many different but equally gruesome ways. If your **ENDURANCE** gets to zero, then unless told otherwise, you are dead and your adventure will end. This means you will have to start the book again – and maybe try a different route, or just be luckier.

Things like fights and tests are determined by rolling dice and adding them to different attributes. For this book you will need two 6 sided dice (called d6). So if you are told to roll 2d6 – you roll two six sided dice and add the numbers together. If you are told to roll 1d6 – roll one 6 sided die.

As well as dice, you will also need a pencil (not a pen!), a rubber and paper. To keep track of your attributes, which will change over

time, there is an adventure sheet in this book which you can write on, or ideally photocopy so you can use them again and again.

I would also recommend using blank paper to draw a map, or a route through the book, as there may be times when the path is not clear and mapping where you have already been will help you immensely.

Of course, this being your gamebook now (as hopefully you have bought it from me) then you can ignore the dice rolling etc., and just read it and try to find your way through without worrying about dying. It's entirely up to you.

So, whichever way you choose, then I hope you enjoy your time playing this book. This is my third published gamebook, and so there may be errors, typos or mistakes. If you do find any then please let me know by joining and commenting on my Facebook page:

## **THE HELLSCAPE GAMEBOOK SERIES**

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Any feedback would be much appreciated. If you get stuck, drop me a line and I will give you a hand (if you deserve it!).

The Facebook page will also keep you informed of upcoming gamebooks that I am in the process of writing.

## *Your character's statistics*

Throughout your adventure you have a series of stats that will determine how good you are at fighting, how fortunate you are, how long you can keep going for and how quick you are. Each of these need to be generated by rolling dice and recording them on the Adventure sheet in the book. These attributes will change over time – normally for the worst!

### *Fighting Skill*

Roll 1d6 and add 6. This is mainly used in combat. It is how proficient you are with arms and in hand to hand combat. There may be weapons or other items that will enhance (or decrease) your **FIGHTING SKILL (FS)**. Your **FIGHTING SKILL**, can go above its original value with some additions.

### *Agility*

Roll 1d6 and add 6. **AGILITY** is useful in lots of ways. In combat it helps you defend against attacks. In pursuits, or other times, then it can help you escape from enemies. It can also help you dodge traps due to your speed of movement. It can never exceed its original value, unless you are told otherwise.

### *Endurance*

This is the ability of your human form to carry on and take wounds. To find out your **ENDURANCE**, roll 2d6 and add 12. If your **ENDURANCE** gets to 0 during a game, your physical form is dead, and your adventure is (most likely) over. You will have to start the book again.

## ***Fitness***

To find out your **FITNESS**, roll 1d6 and add 6 to the score. Fitness is your ability to keep on running, moving or fighting despite your all too human body getting tired. If you are in a fight, the longer it goes on, then the more fitness has to do with it – as you get tired and so are less able to attack and defend effectively. Fitness will go down by a point after each round of a fight or pursuit. However, this is only temporary, and it will return back to full levels by one point each subsequent paragraph. So if you go into a second fight soon after a first, you will be less able to fight.

## ***Intelligence***

This is the ability to think and reason. The higher your **INTELLIGENCE**, the more likely that you may be able to escape traps, outwit enemies and work out the logical puzzles. Roll 1d6 and add 6.

## ***Fortune***

This is the most random of characteristics. Sometimes pure chance will decide your fate. Some items you find may help (or hinder) your fortune so be careful when deciding what you want to take with you. Each time you test your fortune, subtract one from your **FORTUNE** score – as luck is fickle, and good fortune does not last. When you test you **FORTUNE** you need to roll below or equal to your current score. To find out your initial **FORTUNE**, roll 1d6 and add 6.



# Shadow Thief: Hunted

## Adventure Sheet

Fighting Skill	$1d6 + 6$	
Agility	$1d6 + 6$	
Fitness	$1d6 + 6$	
Intelligence	$1d6 + 6$	
Fortune	$1d6 + 6$	If you fail a FORTUNE roll, reduce your fortune by 1
Endurance	$2d6 + 12$	

Skills (pick 5)	Items	Notes

## Combat

OPPONENT	FS	END
<i>Name</i>		

Shadow

	<b>END</b>	<b>FS</b>

[illegible]

	<b>END</b>	<b>FS</b>

<b>OPPONENT</b>	<b>FS</b>	<b>END</b>		
<i>Kamo</i>				<b>Shadow</b>

	<b>END</b>	<b>FS</b>

OPPONENT	FS	END		
<i>Kamo</i>				Shadow

	<b>END</b>	<b>FS</b>

<b>OPPONENT</b>	<b>FS</b>	<b>END</b>		
Kame				<b>Shadow</b>

	<b>END</b>	<b>FS</b>

[illegible]

	<b>END</b>	<b>FS</b>

Combat

OPPONENT	FS	END			
Name				Shadow	
				END	FS

OPPONENT	FS	END			
Name				Shadow	
				END	FS

OPPONENT	FS	END			
Name				Shadow	
				END	FS

OPPONENT	FS	END			
Name				Shadow	
				END	FS

OPPONENT	FS	END			
Name				Shadow	
				END	FS

OPPONENT	FS	END			
Name				Shadow	
				END	FS

OPPONENT	FS	END			
Name				Shadow	
				END	FS

## *Making "Test your..." rolls*

There will be (possibly) many times when you are told to test an attribute. Unless told otherwise, the normal thing to do is roll 2d6 and compare this to the attribute you are testing.

If you roll less than or equal to your current score in that attribute, you pass. If you roll higher, you fail and have to face the consequences. The act of rolling 2d6 may be the difference between life and death!

For example, if you **TEST YOUR FORTUNE**, roll 2d6 and compare that to your current **FORTUNE** score. If it is less than or equal to your current score, then you pass.

## *Combat*

Combat is often avoidable, but sometimes inevitable. To get through this ordeal, there will be times when strength of arms or an iron fist are the only way you can proceed.

This type of combat is aimed at those who either haven't played many game books, or just want to have a quick play through. This is the same as a lot of game books, in that you and your enemy both have a **FIGHTING SKILL (FS)**.

You roll 2d6 for your character and add the result to your **FIGHTING SKILL**. Now roll 2d6 and add the resulting number to your opponents **FIGHTING SKILL**.

The one with the higher total has hurt the other who loses 2 **ENDURANCE** points. You continue until you or your opponent has 0 **ENDURANCE (END)** – and so is dead or defeated.

# *Skills*

It's been three years since you were indoctrinated into the Guild of Thieves. In that time your rise through the ranks has been nothing short of remarkable. Still just out of your teens, you have a reputation as being one of the best thieves in the illustrious 800-year history of the Guild. You have pulled off some of the most infamous heists and theft in recent guild history and are one of the Guild Masters most trusted lieutenants.

Due to your promise and proven abilities, you have been given additional training in the Skills of the Masters.

During this time, you have initially mastered 5 of the Skills of the Master Thief. You choose these Skills in Jailbreak.

However due to your experiences of the last couple of days, you can now choose two new Skills – one Physical, one Mental

Some may help you in this adventure, some may not but will do in further adventures. So choose wisely.

# *Physical Skills*

**Speed and Agility:** All thieves are agile and quick, but you have been given additional training to give you the agility of a trained gymnast. It also means that your body is supple and limber, and you are able to often fall and land on your feet, or roll to reduce injury.

You are also able to move much faster than most people, both in reflexes and physical speed. This means you can often outrun opponents, or react quicker to allow you to get the first strike in.

**Move silently and hide in shadows:** Stealth is a vital part of a thief's skill set, and working predominantly after night you are at home in the shadows. You are able to easily slip into the shadows and seemingly disappear from view as if by magic.

Your training and clothing also allow you to move almost silently on most surfaces and to pass without leaving a trace – except in the most extreme conditions. Having lived mainly in the dark, you also have exceptional night vision. However, due to your overly sensitive vision, bright lights or environments can sometimes dazzle you.

**Lock picking:** One of the first things you were taught was to pick a lock. You are able to open all but the most complicated locks in a matter of moments, and also know how to jam a lock to make it unopenable – even to someone with a key.

You are also trained in the use of corrosive potions that can help to dissolve the largest and sturdiest locks or barricades. Your trusty lock picks are sewn into the soles of your soft leather boots. Do not lose them, as your ability without them is limited.

**Climbing:** You are just at home on the rooftops as you are on the streets. Having lived on these rooftops for several hours a day most nights since you were a child, you have become an expert in climbing onto roofs and scaling almost vertical walls.

Sewn into the sleeves of your clothes are also “cat's claws” that you can quickly put over your hands to give you extra grip. However, given the majority of this experience was gained in the town, you are less at home climbing in the wild – although you will still have an advantage over most others.

**Unarmed combat:** Fighting is not the greatest attribute of a thief, who would rather use stealth, guile and distraction. You also have little love for blood, preferring not to kill, not for moral reasons so much as the attention it draws.

However, at times you may be cornered and fighting is your only option. You have been trained in various martial arts that give you an advantage whilst fighting most unarmed foes. However, there are limitations, and this skill will be of little use against an experienced and armed opponent. So try to avoid fighting. Unless it's the last resort.

# *Mental Skills*

**Charm and guile:** As a thief, you may find yourself in a situation whereby the options are either to fight your way out, or talk your way out. Against armed guards, fighting is inadvisable. However due to your promise, you have been given training in the manners and ways of courtiers, and educated to a much higher level than a common cutpurse. This charm allows you to extricate yourself from many a perilous situation, and also the ability to con and persuade others to do what you want.

**“Sixth Sense”:** Your additional training in paying close attention to your environment has given you the ability to sense or know when something is not as it seems. This can be useful for a number of reasons. You can often tell when a person is lying, or not who they appear to be. Similarly, you can often sense when a situation is just “wrong”, such as a potential trap – physical or mystical. This sixth sense has alone saved your life on 7 occasions. However, this ability is limited when moving fast or using your agility as the environment moves too quickly for even your enhanced senses.

**Chakra:** You have almost complete control over your sympathetic and parasympathetic nervous system. You can slow your breathing and pulse to appear almost dead, you can enter a trance to reduce your need for oxygen, food and water, and you can use the natural energies of your own body to speed up the healing of minor wounds and sprains. However, when you are using this ability, it negates all your other skills – and so make sure that you only use it when it’s safe to do so – or you have no choice!

**Forbearance:** This may not seem like a skill, but many a thief has ended up dancing at the end of a gibbet due to alacrity. There is a well-known saying in the Guild that “A hasty thief is often a dead thief”. Regular mental training has given you the strength of mind to ignore potentially dangerous impulses, and you think nothing of waiting for hour upon hour for the right moment to strike. You have also trained yourself to keep your body supple and responsive during times of inactivity, to avoid stiffness and cramping. You can also, despite being exhausted, often resist the temptation to sleep.



**Divvy:** As a thief you handle a lot of valuables – mostly stolen! However, you must always be aware that there are a lot of fakes around. A combination of experience, education and training has given you the ability to spot a fake.

## *Equipment*

You start your night's work in your normal thief's outfit. You are wearing plain and unremarkable clothing in black and grey. All black looks suspicious whilst moving through the town. Your jerkin is of the softest and supplest leather, and adds protection of a light suit of leather armour. A hood is hidden in the neck of the jerkin. Cat's claws are also sewn into the arms of the jerkin that can be used to aid climbing.

Your boots are also the softest leather, with added grip to the very soft soles to allow purchase when climbing whilst still allowing you to move with great stealth. Sewn into a false sole of your left boot is your set of lock picks. In the top of the right boot, there are a couple of small phials of corrosive potions.

You are armed only with a two long thin sharp stilettos, well-hidden in a scabbard along your back. They are perfectly balanced and can also be thrown. You also have a small length of wire with a hook, a 20m coil of lightweight slim rope, a collapsible bag for your loot, and a handful of poisoned caltrops.

You are carrying no provisions as you are not expecting a journey, but have some snacks to give you energy enough to give you a boost of 2 **ENDURANCE** points.

Tonight started just as practically every other night has done for the last three years – on the roof tops.

## *Eating food*

If your **ENDURANCE** is getting low, you can get food to recover 2 **ENDURANCE** points. You cannot do this during a fight and you can only eat one meal per section.

## *Your character*

This is the second book in the Shadow Thief series. You are Shadow, a young thief of exceptional promise and talent.

If you can survive to the end of this book, your character will be used in future books in the series. Over time, you will learn new skills, grow in ability, and become more adept at your profession.

Therefore, some objects you may find in this adventure, or skills you may choose, may not have relevance in this book, but they may in the future.

Now you are ready to start your adventure.

*Turn the page to the Prologue*

## Prologue

The grate lock gives, and you push it open and climb through. Then with a start you realise you are standing in a vestibule atop a tall, marble clad spire, in the centre of the Amaldi City itself. You look down over the many marble buildings and their stained glass windows. The early morning light reflects off the white stone and coloured glass so that it almost blinds you.

You are staggered to realise that the exit from that evil chamber ended up here. Then you remember the words of Inista, who you found close to death in the cells.

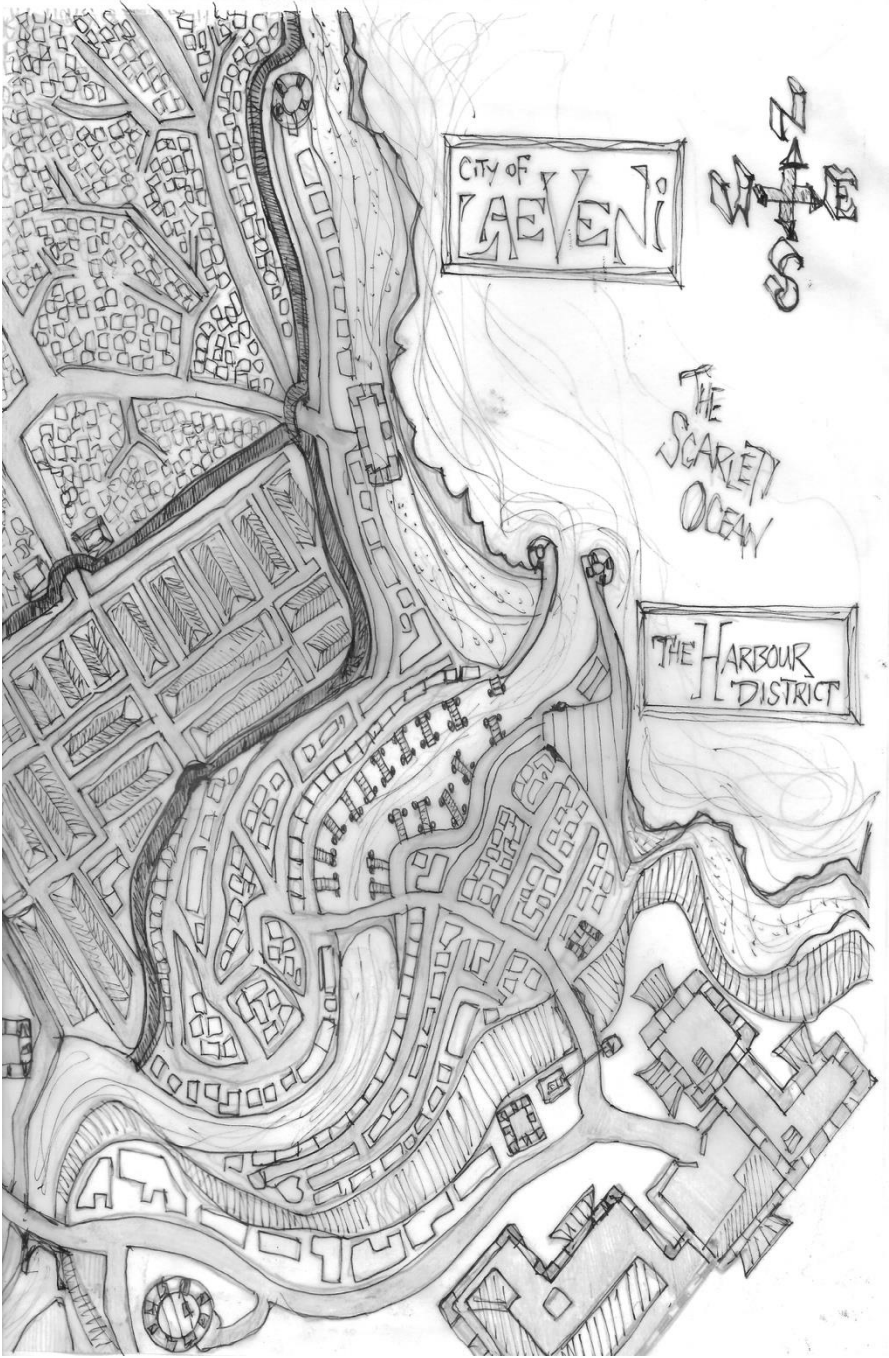
***“There....is a great....evil in Laeveni. The man in charge of this blockhouse is one of .... its chief lieutenants... but the true head of the dragon has yet to be revealed. You must stop this power, as it threatens not just the Guild, but the whole of Laeveni itself....even Most Holy.....Visit the Apothecary on Singing Avenue, and ask for Livia. She can tell you more”***

You know the chief lieutenant is De-Villiers, but he had become something more in the catacombs under the Holy City. You shudder when you realise the implications that high level members of the One True Church may be involved, in a plan that threatens not just your life, but possibly all life on Laeveni.

You look around and see a door from the tower, which you hope will take you back down to street level. You resolve that you must find Livia and find out more.

You open the door and walk through it.

Turn to **1**



You have never been inside the walls of the Holy City before. In fact, you have rarely even been to the upper city, as most of this is taken up by the fortress atop the left cliff and the walls of Amaldi itself. Dawn is approaching and you need to make it back down to the harbour, and seek out Livia.

But first you need to escape from the Holy City. You walk down the steps from the tower and find a door at the bottom. You slowly open it and peer through. You are at the side doors of one of the main churches in Amaldi. You don't know its name but you can see from the grandeur that it is important.

You look carefully around in the pre-dawn light. The church is a huge domed building, surrounded by lavish gardens and a tall ivory clad wall. Guards patrol atop the wall, wearing the ceremonial uniforms of the Amaldi Guard.

The uniforms are white, but striped with gold, and the breeches pull out from the waist before being drawn in above the knee. The guards wear elaborately tied white sandals with gold pom poms affixed to the closed toes.

On their heads are wide brimmed white hats, with gold feathers in their rims. The whole outfit looks ridiculous, ostentatious and impractical to your young eyes. However, the way they carry their halberds and their vigilant manner means you shouldn't underestimate these men. Despite looking like peacocks, they are professional fighting men and zealous in the protection of the Church.

You decide to make for the gates and try to slip through. You look at the options. You can either head down the main route to the gates, or try to sneak around behind the barracks nearby.

If you want to try the main route, turn to **212**. If you would rather try to sneak out, turn to **213**

## 2

You remember as you hide in the corner that you found a dark cloak in the blocktower. You quickly find it in your bag, and shroud yourself in it. Then you use all your training to become almost preternaturally still. You try to slow your breathing and are almost in a trance like state.

You can still hear the footsteps above and the murmuring voices, and the occasional thud as they search the small shop. Clearly they didn't see you go into the cellar and so they are not sure where you went. With luck they may not search the cellar.

But these men are thorough, as soon the hatch opens a crack, and then more, and then a large man carrying a lantern moves slowly down the steps. In his other hand is a large battle axe. He stands at the bottom of the cellar steps, and starts to walk around the room slowly, using his torch to illuminate every nook and cranny. You are sure to be found.

You wait for the inevitable, but the torch goes within two feet of your face and yet the man's almost handsome face does not change – it remains set in a look half of boredom, half of disappointment. He did not see you!

Fortunately, you have found a Cloak of Night, a charmed garment that works to throw light away from the wearer, and make them imperceptible to the naked eye. Legend has it these Cloaks can hide a man in daylight, unless the sun shines directly on the wearer. The large man gives up his search with a grunt, and walks back over to the steps and trudges back up them. The cellar hatch is thrown back down and once again you are in darkness. They continue to search the shop for a few more minutes, and then you hear the footsteps move away. You breathe.

Turn to 22

## 3

You spend time sat on the riverbank recovering and trying to dry off. You take off your boots and hose and strip to the waist, and wait until you dry off. Whilst you are doing this, you examine the contents of your bag. Roll 1d6.

If you roll 3-6 you were lucky, and have not lost anything from the bag.

If you roll 1-2, then you were unlucky, and have lost that many items from your bag. Remove these items from your adventure sheet.

Despite the late hour, it's still hot and dry in Laeveni and you are soon able to dress again. You decide to return to the Harbour, as you feel that Celdron and Elrad will by not be looking elsewhere for you and you have contacts in the Harbour who may be able to help you more with uncovering who is behind the treachery in the Guild.

Turn to **11**



You hare along the street as fast as you dare. You run away from the larger streets and towards the alleys, hoping to lose your hunters in the small streets.

But as you turn the corner you groan inwardly as you see that there's a massive brawl taking place between some Dwarves and a group of Goblins. You try to thread your way through, without getting embroiled in the fight.

**TEST YOUR SKILL.** If you succeed, then you successfully managed to get across the road unscathed.

If you fail, you run into a dwarf and take a fist to the face for your troubles. Lose 2 **ENDURANCE**. It has also cost you valuable seconds as you have to pick yourself up off the floor. To determine how many, roll 1d6.

If this means that either or both of your hunters have caught you turn to the necessary reference.

If you are still ahead after the next round, then turn to **15**



## 5

You vault the counter and pull open the cellar door in one smooth action, and drop down into the dark and musty cellar, closing the hatch behind you.

### TEST YOUR AGILITY

If you did this quickly and skillfully enough turn to **17**. If you failed your test turn to **31**

## 6

You realise time is of the essence and so you can't stay here long, and so you knock back the remnants of your pint. Your head starts to spin a bit. You rarely drink, as it affects your agility and dulls your reflexes, and the beer here is stronger than you are used to – as the area's main customers are fishermen, all rough and tough, and demand a good strong ale at the end of a day's fishing.

Throw 3d6. If this is more than your current **ENDURANCE**, then you must reduce your **SKILL** level by a point for the next 10 references –until you can sober up a bit! You hope you can find Twentyman soon as you are struggling to cope with the strength of the beer. If you throw less than or equal to your **ENDURANCE**, you feel slightly tipsy but nothing serious.

Turn back to **128** and try another tavern.

## 7

You look at Bigly and size him up. He is obviously a local at the tavern, and well known, and gamble that he has pride in his local.

You reply, ***"Sir, my humblest apologies. I meant no offence. It's just the outstanding ale in this most excellent tavern has gone straight to my head. You are most lucky to frequent such a fine tavern – it must be the best ale in the city"***

Bigly grunts, and then laughs, and slaps you on the back which knocks you half a step forward. Lose 1 **ENDURANCE**



“Indeed it is, my fine lad, The Pillars is the best tavern in the wharf front, and I will clobber anyone who says otherwise. I’ve not seen you before. I wouldn’t want you to think The Pillars is unfriendly. Come, let me buy you a beer and put this behind us”

Bigly is obviously quick to anger but quick to forgive. You dare not say no to his offer. He lurches to the bar, his large arm around your shoulders as you are obviously his new best friend. He buys you another pint, and you drink it as quick as you can, without causing offence. Bigly is surprisingly good company and he shakes your hand warmly when you say you have to leave. With regret, you leave.

Make sure you record that you have had 2 pints in The Pillars.

Turn back to **128** and try another tavern or hostelry.



You roll back onto your feet like a cat into a crouch. Your hand flies to the stiletto and the base of your spine. The smoke is clearing from the room and you can smell naphtha. You blink to try to clear the tears from your eyes caused by the acrid smoke. One quick glance is all it takes for you to take in your situation. The front of the shop is no longer there. It has been blown in and jagged pieces of timber jut into the small shop room. The glass is all over the floor and embedded in the furniture such was the force of the blast.

Poor Livia was thrown back by the force of the explosion onto the back counter. Judging from the amount of wounds and blood, she is very clearly dead.

You look through what's left of the shop front, keeping your body low to the ground and compact in case someone is taking aim at you with a crossbow. Outside you see shadows emerging down the street towards the shop. Your quick eyes soon pick out their clothing and features. They are in the uniform of the Black Guard and you can see two distinct figures.

One is small, slight and moves quickly. His hair is greasy and a scraggly beard covers most of his pock marked face.

The other is the huge. Tall and broad, he towers above his companion, and a broad headed battle axe is hooked into his belt. His hair is long, blonde and braided, and his face clean-shaven.

Either De-Villiers' men have found you, or they have linked Inista to Livia.

As they come into focus you realise that as of yet they haven't seen you. You know you cannot avoid a confrontation with the two of them. Elrad by himself would be more than your match. Your only hope is to flee – and quickly.

Your choice is limited.

Just as you are deciding, Celdron spots you and alerts Elrad and they both start to run towards you.

Do you:

Jump up and grab one of the remaining joists and pull yourself onto the half destroyed roof? Turn to **66**

The cellar door is visible behind the half destroyed counter. Do you want to vault the counter and try to enter the cellar? Turn to **5**

Flee out of the front of the shop and trust you can outpace your pursuers? Turn to **73**



You glance behind and can see your pursuers are still on your trail. Your options are limited. The next thing you will need to do is cross into the main area of the market and try to lose your pursuers in the Market Place. However, this is a wide thoroughfare that is far too busy and often populated by guards. You cannot hope to run across the street without attracting notice. As soon as you turn the corner, you stop running.

Do you have an old black cloak? If you do turn to **21**

Do you have the **SKILL of DISGUISE AND HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT**? If you do, turn to **129**

If not, you will have to trust to luck

**TEST YOUR FORTUNE** but add 1 to the roll. If you are lucky turn to **77**. If you are unlucky, turn to **131**



## 10

You decide to make your way to a friendly tavern you know of where you can get intelligence. You sneak down a side street off Bridge Street towards the main centre of the harbour district – the tavern is only a short walk away. However as soon as you turn a corner you stop dead. Standing in the alley is Celdron, who as luck would have it is facing the other way.

There is no sign of Elrad – and you and Celdron are a similar size. You decide it's about time you rid yourself of this nuisance – whilst he is alone. These thoughts flash through your mind in a fraction of a moment and you act without thinking first.

You must fight Celdron. If you have lost a knife, remember to reduce your **SKILL** by 1.

His fighting abilities are different to his running skill:

**Celdron      FIGHTING SKILL 9    ENDURANCE 11**

As Celdron is turned away, you can strike at him unprotected for the first round – he will not get a chance to strike.

**TEST YOUR SKILL.** If you succeed, you manage to strike him unprotected from behind – and you cause 2 **ENDURANCE** damage to his starting score above. You can **TEST YOUR FORTUNE** to try to double this.

If you fail, Celdron's reflexes save him and he parries your blow. Continue your fight.

If you get Celdron's **ENDURANCE** down to 2 or less in less than 8 rounds, turn to **62**

If you are still fighting after 8 rounds, turn to **132**



## 11

You carefully approach the bridge, without trying to look too careful. Your adversaries could be anywhere around. You stop and wait at the side of the bridge, sitting down on the floor, and playing the part of a beggar. You wait, occasionally asking for alms from passers-by. You even manage to earn some gold pieces from drunk sailors with too much money in their purses.

Throw 1d6 and add this amount of gold to your adventure sheet. After half a turn of the watch, you can see no evidence that anyone is watching the bridge and so you get up, bitterly complaining, and stump across the bridge, turning your knee inwards so that you effect a notable limp.

You get back over to the other side, and slip down the side streets.

Did you leave your thief bag on the roof. If you did turn to 91  
If you didn't, turn to 10

## 12

Jac holds out his hand. In it is a blood red jewel set in a gold fixture

***“Take it. I was able to go back and get it before I escaped. I had hidden it in my cell. But I am not fit to carry on. Livia may have stayed the bleeding, but it will be weeks before I recover. You will have to act for me. Will you?”***

You nod

***“Good. I knew I could count on you. I was not the only one taken. The magic user Inista was also imprisoned in that foul dungeon. Do you know of her?”***

Again you nod and reply

***“She’s also dead, I found her in the cell 2 doors from yours. She was tortured to death. But she was just alive when I found her and she told me to seek out Livia”***

Sorrow crosses his face. Then he steels himself and says in a voice cracking with emotion. You realise how weak he is.

***“Inista and I were.....close. In the past few months she had given me information that made me a lot of money but it was more than that. We became.....involved. I loved her and she loved me”***

He shakes his head to clear it but continues.

***“Recently she had become upset and worried. Her divination had discovered something.....rotten... at the core of Laeveni. And something evil. This power is totally and incontrovertibly evil and if left unchecked will lead to the destruction of Laeveni, and the enslavement of all the world. The only people she trusted with this were Livia, and myself. She also told me that this evil had infiltrated the Guild as well, maybe even Twentyman himself.”***

You gasp out loud. Normally able to control your emotions, but this is shocking news. Twentyman, so named for his huge size, is the head of the Guild of Thieves.

***“I still need to rest. I am not strong enough to carry on. Shadow – it is down to you. You must try to find out more and stop this power. Thieves make poor heroes, but it seems the Gods have chosen you. Seek out Twentyman”***

Turn to **128**



Lecas grunts as you order, and turns his back and picks up a mostly clean ale jack and fills it quickly from the tapped barrel racked on the counter behind him. You hand over the gold, and lean casually against the bar and Lecas places the foaming ale on the bar counter.

You pick it up and have a drink. It's a dark porter, thick with malt and a tight frothy head. The ale is nourishing and as it's a porter, it's the equivalent to a meal.

Restore 2 **ENDURANCE** points if you need to.

Turn to **108**



14

Legend has it that the One Eyed Rat was named after a famous smuggler and pirate, Delosa, who had a fearsome reputation in every port on the Scarlet Ocean. Despite being small and scrawny, he was vicious and merciless, and was described as fighting as furiously as a cornered rat. That he also had at some stage lost an eye in a fight added to the name. The name stuck.

So now you find yourself back where you were at the beginning of last night, which now seems like days ago. The Rat is a long low inn right by the harbour. Its roof is mostly covered with climbing ivy. From its windows you could watch the ships docking on the wharf – and so it was an excellent place for thieves to watch for business opportunities.

The Guild has strong links to the Rat, and it would be a good place for Twentyman to frequent if he was concerned for his life. You swear to yourself – why didn't you try this place first? Maybe it was last night's experiences which blocked it from your mind.

You head into the inn. It's busy and lively with games of cards and knucklebones going on at various tables. There's even a small stage to the left with a garishly dressed troubadour playing his lute and singing a good old sea shanty accompanied by a few of the locals when it comes to the chorus.

If this is your fourth drink, turn to **93**  
If not, you enter the tavern. Turn to **43**





## 15

For the next 3 rounds, you are racing around the side streets of the harbour district. If you are still being pursued after these 3 rounds, then turn to **9**

If you lose both your hunters, turn to **149**

If you get caught, then turn to the reference that deals with this: Caught by Celdron (**201**), caught by Elrad (**202**), caught by both (**220**)

## 16

You cross to the counter and try the tea. It is excellent. Regain 2 **ENDURANCE** and 1 **FITNESS** point if needed. The tea also cleans the poison from your body. You take the Sigil from your inside jacket pocket. She sighs, and nods sadly.

***“It is as I feared. That’s Inestas Sigil. No one could take it off her without great difficulty and cost and so it must have been given to you freely. And she would never give it away if she thought she would still live. She must have trusted you at the end, and so I must trust you”***

***“All is not well in Laeveni. Something is challenging Most Holy Zacatecas’s power. The Church is not a kindly Lord, far from it, but Laeveni has lived under their rule for over 400 years – and in that time it has, well, prospered. There have been no wars between the Guilds, and everyone knows their place – or knows the consequences. But now I fear things have changed.”***

***“Zacatecas’s ship sailed out of Laeveni some 4 months ago. It is usual for the Zacatecas to go to a retreat in the summer months to avoid the heat of the city, but never in winter and for this length of time. Most Holy has never left Laeveni for so long”***

***“In this time, someone, or something is trying to seize power away from the Most Holy. And the Zacatecas is a Power in this world, and so nothing less than this would dare cross her. All Inista knew was that she suspected that Kaptain De-Villiers had been corrupted by this Power, and is the main servant of this new horror.***

***Do not underestimate De-Villiers, or the Black Guard under his command. There were also rumours that your Guild has been infiltrated – as she had been told that by one of the Guild's members – a young thief who has also gone missing.”***

***“I feel that there is something of great evil behind this. Inista knew more but would not tell me all. The last thing she said to me was that the key to this is in a stone of blood. That must have been just before she was taken by that wicked De-Villiers. That's all I know”***

Do you have a ruby amulet? If so turn to **81**

If not, turn to **47**

## **17**

Your eyes slowly adapt to the near dark in the cellar. You can make out shelves full of goods for the store, and ledgers and scrolls, as well as many containers of various herbs, potions and ointments. The air is still and there is no evidence of a tunnel or a door out – except the one you came in.

You hear the tread of feet on the floorboards above and dust drops from the cellar ceiling into your eyes. You hear the mumble of voices, and the footsteps come closer to the hatch. You realise that they are going to check the cellar. You are trapped!

Do you have a tattered old black cloak? If yes, turn to **2**. If not, turn to **48**



## 18

You jump down off the rooftops and head quickly towards the Market Square. Both your pursuers are still close on your heels.

Turn to 134

## 19

They arrive at your table and without asking seat themselves next to you. They smell of stale ale and even staler sweat. The leader, a man with a cast in his left eye, smiles an evil smile at you.

***“Now then, my fine fella, it seems to me I know you from somewhere. Where could that be?”***

You can try to bluff, or try to escape

If you try to create a diversion, turn to 165

If you try to escape, turn to 150

## 20

A large shard of glass strikes you. Roll 1d6 to determine the injury it causes.

If you throw 1-5, turn to 102

If you throw 6, turn to 106

## 21

You remember as you hide in the corner that you found a dark cloak in the blocktower. You quickly find it in your bag, and shroud yourself in it. Then you use all your training to become almost preternaturally still. You try to slow your breathing and are almost in a trance like state.

Fortunately, you have found a Cloak of Night, a charmed garment that works to throw light away from the wearer, and make them imperceptible to the naked eye. Legend has it these Cloaks can hide a man in daylight, unless the sun shines directly on the wearer – fortunately, it is not full daylight and so the cloak does its job

You stand in a corner of the Market Square and watch with your heart still racing as Celdron and Elrad emerge into the street. They stop and glare at the crowds, and push through the throngs, pulling back cloak hoods on anyone that looks a similar size to you. This nearly starts a couple of fights until the subject of their attention sees the size of Elrad.

They slowly cross the street, and then eventually pass out of sight. You have lost them – for now!

Turn to **149**

## 22

After what seems like hours, but is in fact minutes, you judge it's safe enough to emerge from the cellar. You creep on light feet across the cellar floor and ghost up the steps to the hatch. You listen intently for a few minutes, but can hear nothing except the normal hubbub of a night in Laeveni. You slowly push the hatch open, expecting at any moment that the hatch will be thrown back and you will be seized in a giant hand. Nothing happens. Your heart thuds in your chest. You raise the hatch so that you can poke the top of your head through and look around. All seems empty.

You eventually chance it, and emerge out of the cellar, and then outside the ruined shop. You round a corner and climb quickly up onto the safety of the rooftops. However, as you rise up onto the roofs you see a few rooftops away your pursuers – and they have seen you!

Now you must try and lose them in a race across the rooftops.

Turn to **235**



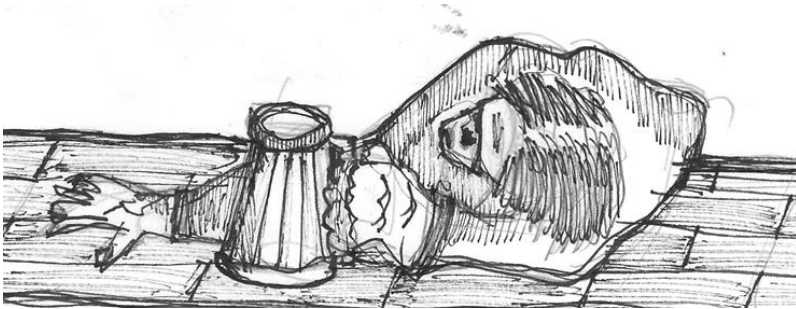
You stagger back hurt and expect Bigly, who is clearly on top, to take advantage. Instead he puts his sword to his face. You recognise this is a sign to stop fighting and you do so, fearing the consequence from his fellow guards if you strike an opponent who had put up his blade.

You mirror his move, and suddenly Bigly laughs

***"Ha ha, I show you, I gave you a good beating little man. Ha ha I think I like you. You've got balls. Go on with your business"***

He turns round laughing, seemingly immune to his injuries and sits back down and resumes his game. You stand for a moment in disbelief, then shake your head slightly and then carry on. Even having been born and bred in Laeveni, sometimes it can still surprise you.

Turn to **227**



The Drunken Goat is the only tavern that's on the right side of the harbour and so you make your way to the Tithe Bridge and cross. This area is a bit rougher than the port side. It's close to the Warehouse District, a walled off area where imported goods are stored by merchants and security is high. Its known locally as Tent Town, as huge long warehouses that resemble long tents dominate the area. Behind Tent Town is the Lowers – so known as it's the lowest area of the harbour district, and is just off the beach. It's also known as the Lowers as its where the main slums of Laeveni are – where most people are poorly paid and poorly educated.

The Drunken Goat is just off the beach, on a corned looking over the harbour walls. It's got a reputation for being lively, as a lot of dockhands, fisherman and longshoremen go there to drink all of their meagre wages.

The tavern is named after a pet that the landlord of years gone by kept, a bearded goat called Bernard. The goat was free to roam the taproom, and was famous for stealing part filled mugs of ale from inebriated customers, and drop the pewter tankards on the floor so he could lap up the spilt ale. Then the customer would inevitably return to the bar to buy a new ale, telling the landlord (who's name no one remembers) that the previous one was drunk by the goat – but in local dialect it sounded more like “Drunk en tha goat”.

Eventually this just got shortened to the Drunken Goat – despite no one ever reporting the goat was ever tipsy. So the goat became legend, and his owner was forgotten.

You head across to The Goat. As you approach, the pub sounds loud and lively, but not unfriendly. You enter through the front door and it's almost full to capacity with fishermen who are, well, as drunk as the goat appears to be on the sign above the door. It's even noisier inside as you approach the bar. You have to dodge through the crowds, getting the odd glare from a patron you have to gently push out of the way. You accidentally push one fellow into another next to him, and this starts an angry exchange between the two and leads to a brief scuffle. You receive a punch in the face for your troubles.

Lose 2 **ENDURANCE** points



You get to the bar otherwise unscathed and order a pint. The ale only costs 1 gold piece – as the fishermen are parsimonious with their money and wouldn't drink here if it wasn't cheap! The beer is deceptive. It appears to be light and cool, with a nice fresh taste and clean finish – but it packs a punch!

You can either stand at the bar and wait to see if anyone comes in. Turn to **151**

Otherwise you notice there are stairs up to a balcony. If you want to climb the stairs and go to the left, turn to **173**. If you want to turn right, turn to **125**



**25**

Either you are too drunk or too tired, but for whatever reason the sailor feels your hand at his belt. He is a burly fellow, a good head taller than you with a broad chest and heavily muscled arms. He turns around surprisingly fast for such a big man, and his gnarled and calloused right fist flies through the air and cracks into your jaw.

You fall to the cobbles like a sack of potatoes.

Turn to **30**



## 26

You empty your rather light purse into Bigly's hand. He stares down at it in disgust.

But still he closes his giant, gnarled fist around the gold and lets you go. You relax a bit.

***"That it, runt? You think you can buy me with that paltry amount?"*** And then he swings his fist towards your face.

**TEST YOUR AGILITY.** If you pass, then you manage to break free of Bigly's grasp and duck, and the punch just grazes the top of your head. Lose 2 **ENDURANCE** and turn to **154**

If you fail, Bigly's large fist crunches square into your face. You reel backwards, stunned and in pain.

**TEST YOUR FORTUNE.** If you are lucky, turn to **83**. If you are not so fortunate, turn to **154**

## 27

Have you met someone called Jac before?

If you have and he was alive when you last saw him, turn to **76**

If he was dead when you last saw him, turn to **39**

If you don't know anything about Jac, turn to **85**

## 28

You need somewhere to lie low and plan. This is getting too dangerous and you don't know who you can trust. You remember there's a safe house known to very few in the Temple District that you could use to lie low in. You head towards it, scampering south across the rooftops towards Dagger Lane.

Turn to **67**

You run effortlessly across the rooftops despite your ordeal. Then out of nowhere a night demon attacks. It catches you unaware as it flies past you and the first thing you know is a pain across your shoulder as its talons rake your back. Lose 2 **ENDURANCE**.

The Dusk Devil lands on the roof in front of you. It is all black with ears like pointed horns on the top of its head. Its red eyes glare at you and its sharp teeth glint in the early morning sun. Its long tail swishes as the claws from its four legs dig into the roof as it prepares to pounce. Dusk Devils are named for their demonic appearance, and as they tend to favour hunting at dusk and dawn. Although not devils, they are still a tricky enemy. They look more like a cat, except three times as large and more fearsome. They are often captured as young and brought up to be the familiars of warlocks and witches.

They are too quick to outrun, and so you must fight

**Dusk Devil    FIGHTING SKILL    8    ENDURANCE 9**

If you win, turn to **71**

Your eyes open and immediately the pain is almost unbearable. The combination of the beer and the blow to the head has left you with a splitting headache. Even the faint light in the room causes you pain. You look around the dark, cramped room that smells of human sweat and excrement. You have been stripped of all your clothes apart from your loincloth.

Also in the room are about 30 other men of your age, all similarly stripped. The atmosphere reeks of fear and despair and it's unbearably hot and clammy. The room is also swaying slightly which you initially thought were due to your headache. Then you look around and realise that you are in the hold of a ship and you can hear the gentle lapping of the waves against the sides of the ship. A rat scurries across your foot.

You realise that you are in the belly of a slaver, and that you are now being transported across the western ocean to be sold at auction. The sailor must have taken revenge on you by dragging you to the docks and selling you to one of the Slave Kaptains.

You are likely to have a very short but very hard life after being sold – as slaves are treated worse than beasts of burden. You have nothing to look forward to except 20 hour days working, regular beatings, poor food, no sleep and no companionship.

Your adventure ends here – as will your life after a couple of years of unbearable work and suffering. If the world survives that long.

### 31

Your eyes slowly adapt to the near dark in the cellar. You can make out shelves full of goods for the store, and ledgers and scrolls, as well as many containers of various herbs, potions and ointments.

The air is still and there is no evidence of a tunnel or door out – except the one you came in. You hear the tread of feet on the floorboards above and dust drops from the cellar ceiling into your eyes. You hear the mumble of voices, and the footsteps come closer to the hatch. You realise that they are going to check the cellar. You are trapped!

Then the cellar hatch is thrown back and light spills into the room, dazzling you. You hear a snide voice saying

***“We know you are in there, my little thief, come out come out, or we will burn you out”***

You hope they are bluffing – and you know that surrender is not an option as you have seen what can happen to those that are taken. You wait, your heart pounding. Then a few moments, that seem like eons, later the voice says

***“Have it your own way, my little thief, hide like a cowardly mole under the earth, we will let the flames do our work”.***

Then there are no more words, but instead a cascade of dark liquid spills down the hatch. You almost gag on the smell – it's pure naphtha. Then a brightly burning torch drops onto the dark pool, and with a whoosh and a suck of air, the whole of the cellar comes alive with red and amber flames.

As the flame's tongues lick the various shelves, potions explode and herbs catch fire, creating a thick dense smog that is cloying and choking. You try not to breathe, but eventually after some moments cannot help but take in some of the foul acrid smoke. The heat is impossibly intense and you can feel the skin on your exposed face and hands blistering. Fortunately, the smoke takes you before the fire, and you fall unconscious to the floor where the flames eventually find you and consume you. All that is left is some charred blackened bones, which then crack and disintegrate into dust.

Your adventure ends here.

32

Finally, you manage to slice through the disgusting flesh of the eel, and almost manage to sever its head with the keen edge of your knife. The restraints on your leg loosen as the eel relaxes in death, and it slowly slips off you and sinks into the depths of the river. As it does, green grey blood spurts out of its gaping neck.

## TEST YOUR AGILITY

If you roll lower or equal to your **AGILITY**, turn to 127

If you roll higher, turn to 69

33

You walk out of the pub and standing in front of you are three rather rough looking fellows. You recognise one of them had been in the pub when you first entered, but then realise you hadn't seen his face when you left. He must have sneaked out and found his friends. Despite their rough attire, they carry themselves like military men. You realise you are being hunted.

Two of them grab you so that you cannot move, and the one holding your left arm, who seems to be the leader, says to the third ruffian,

***“Quick, run to the Rat, get Jocto. He’s there watching the big man. But this is the other one they are after. We will hold him here”***

You struggle to get free but the strong-arms hold you tight and maneuver you to a dark alley, out of the way.

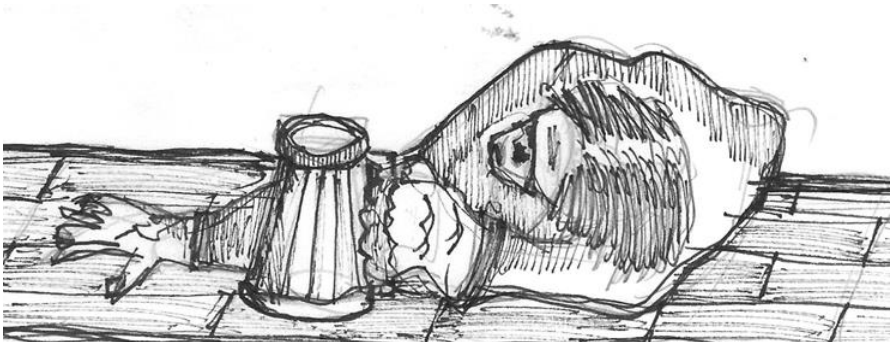
Do you have the **SKILL OF UNARMED COMBAT**? If so, turn to **126**. If you do not, turn to **137**

34

The ruffians are wise to your ploy and are on their feet, pushing past customers. They are right on your tail as you leave via the front door. You cannot hope to beat all 3 in a fight and so your only choice is to flee.

You set off at a dead sprint, and they are soon behind you. You have a slight lead but they are hot on your tail.

You are in a race for your life. Turn to **36**



You tell him everything that you know, and at the end you reach into your tunic and take out the ruby pendant. You pass it to Twentyman, who for the first time since you have seen him loses his composure. His eyes widen and his mouth drops open in shock.

***“Do you know what this is?”*** he gasps?

You shake your head.

***“It’s a Keystone. There are five of them. For millennia they have been hidden across all four corners of Elenisha. These stones were used to cage an evil power from another realm, who once ruled here, 10,000 years ago. The agents of this power have spent all those years trying to find the five keystones to release their Master. They have four and only need this one stone to unleash a plague on this world, an evil from beyond time.***

You sit there, mouth open in shock. Twentyman continues

***“A few days ago, a high power in the Church went to great pains to contact me. He had found out that the last stone had been recovered, and was being returned to Laeveni. He took me into his confidence. Me, a thief, of all people. But he was desperate. Some inside the Church are working to release this evil – as you have stumbled on. He commissioned me to steal the jewel from the courier before it got to De-Villiers.***

***I’m a bit past my prime for out and out thievery these days and so I tasked the best thief in the Guild”***

***“Jac”*** you say

***“yes. You are good Shadow, but Jac is still better. The courier was a magik user of some repute, and so Jac asked Inista to help him counter any mystic guards surrounding the jewel. Three nights ago we got word, and Jac found the courier and relieved him of the jewel, with Inista’s help.***

***But she was caught by the City Watch and thrown into that infernal blockhouse. Obviously that fiend De-Villiers managed to extract some information from her, which led them to us.***

***I don't know when they picked up Jac, but he still had the jewel on him. Fortunately, he must have managed to hide it about his person, and then in the cell. If they tortured him, he must have stayed true. But then something went very wrong. Or very right. You were captured on another job and thrown into the same hell-pit"***

Twentyman frowns. ***"I'm telling you this Shadow, I am betraying my blood oath I made on my very soul to the One Church, and I may be damned to the Hellscape when I die, but I feel like I have no choice. We cannot let this evil free"***

He gets up and walks over to a bureau with a silver tray on it. On top of the tray is a crystal decanter and some crystal glasses. He fills a glass with the clear brown liquid from the decanter. He gestures to you. You shake your head. You've had more than enough to drink so far.

He sits back down, takes a drink and sighs.

***"Dwarven whisky from the Silver Grotto. I don't normally drink this as early as I need my wits about me, but I need a drink before I tell you this as both our lives could be forfeit. So what the hell"***

He takes another drink and continues

***"This is no mere jewel. Inside is an elemental power that can either free or destroy the evil beneath our fair city. In this case it's a ruby – and so the elemental would be of fire"***

He re-fills his glass and leans back in his chair, pinching his eyes in fatigue.

Turn to **78**

The rules of this race are simple. Firstly, make sure you note all your current scores for **AGILITY**, **ENDURANCE** and **FORTUNE**.

**YOUR LEAD:** Now throw 1d6 for each ruffian and add 2. This is how far ahead of each ruffian at the start of the race. So you roll 5, add 2 – and you are 7 seconds ahead.

**EACH ROUND:** Then each round you throw 2d6 for yourself and all of your adversaries. You add this to your **AGILITY** (this is your ability to travel fast)

You then compare scores. If you win, you increase your lead over your adversary. If you lose, that adversary close the distance. You also use your **ENDURANCE** score. For each turn this contest goes on for, you get tired, and so you lose 2 **ENDURANCE** points. If you get down to 0, you pass into unconsciousness. You do not die, and will start to recover all your **ENDURANCE** by the next reference – and so it's not a permanent injury.

<b>RUFFIAN 1</b>	<b>AGILITY 9</b>	<b>ENDURANCE 11</b>
<b>RUFFIAN 2</b>	<b>AGILITY 6</b>	<b>ENDURANCE 9</b>
<b>RUFFIAN 3</b>	<b>AGILITY 6</b>	<b>ENDURANCE 10</b>

For example:

**SPEED SCORE:** You start off 7 seconds ahead of Ruffian 1. You have **AGILITY** 12 and roll 8. You score 20. This is your **SPEED** score of 20 for this turn.

Ruffian 1 rolls 10 and has **AGILITY** 9. A **SPEED** score of 19– and so you extend your lead by a second. You are now 8 seconds ahead of him.

**TO WIN:** If you get to plus 10 on either you have lost that individual, but the others will still keep on coming until you lose them.

**ENDURANCE:** After this turn you all lose 2 **ENDURANCE** points. Ruffian 1 is down to 9, Ruffian 2 is down to 7 and Ruffian 3 is down to 9

**MODIFIERS:**



**SPEED AND AGILITY:** In addition, if you have the **SKILL of SPEED AND AGILITY**, you can use your **FORTUNE** score to increase your advantage or decrease a disadvantage.

For example, if you lose to Ruffian 2 and he gains 4 seconds, you can throw against your **FORTUNE** number. If you succeed, then he gains only 2 seconds. If you fail the throw, then Ruffian 2 gains 8 seconds on you.

However, each time you roll, take 1 off your **FORTUNE** score – but keep track of what it was to start with – as when the race is over it will return to pre-race levels.

Remember this reference in case you need to check the rules again.

Now turn to **96**



37

Lecas grunts as you order, and turns his back and picks up a mostly clean pewter wine cup and fills it quickly from the open flagon on the counter behind him. You hand over the gold, and lean casually against the bar and Lecas places the wine on the bar counter. You pick it up and have a drink.

It's a deep red wine, strong in alcohol and heavy in tannins. Given the trials you have had so far tonight, and your lack of food, you realise you should have gone for the weaker ale. The wine goes straight to your head, and you feel dizzy. You feel intoxicated. Throw 1d6 – and reduce your **FIGHTING SKILL** by 1 for the number of references from the resulting number.

Turn to **108**

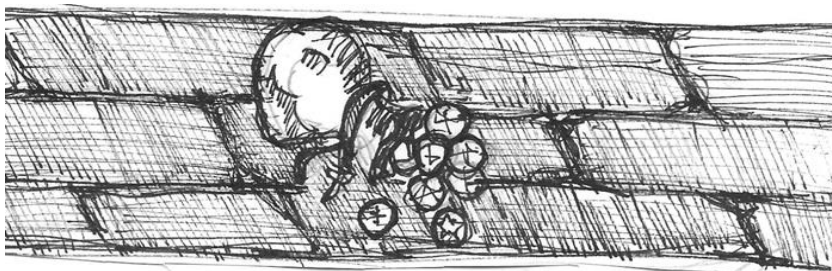
38

The damage it took in the blast has left it very fragile and your added weight is the final straw. As soon as you grab the joist, it bends alarmingly and then snaps. You drop to the floor and roll clear of the thick joist as it smashes into the ground.

Lose 2 **ENDURANCE**.

However, you have now lost valuable time, and don't have time to try the cellar or another route to the roof.

You must take your chances by running out the front door. Turn to **225**



You walk into the hallway of the dark house. All is quiet. You slowly move to the first door, which you know leads to the parlour, and you slowly open the door. No one is in. You sit down and rest. At the side on a table is a letter in a plain envelope. It has a "S" written on the front of it. You open it and recognise Jac's elegant script. It's written in a code known only to you and him, and so its undoubtedly meant for you.

**"Shadow**

***I don't know who else to trust.***

***When I last saw you, 4 nights ago, I was given a task by the Guild Master himself. He said it was very dangerous, but vital. If I am not here now, then I must have been caught or killed – which will end up as the same. I was tasked to find a stone of blood and bring it to him. The fate of us all depends on this stone"***

You reach into your pocket and check it's there, snug in your inner pocket. Your hand closes on it as you continue to read.

***"If you cannot find me, then you must pass this information onto the Guild Master. You can trust Livia, the apochathra and a magik used called Inista – you will have heard of her"***

***"There is something in Laeveni, a cancer that is threatening all we hold dear. I was captured as they are trying to destroy the Guild. The Kaptain of the guard, De-Villiers is part of it, but there is someone, or something, behind him that is the real power. Something he is scared of, and he's not a man to fear anything. If he even is a man. He will do anything to destroy the Guild. The key is this blood stone. You must find it"***

That part, at least, is easy, you think to yourself

***“You keep it, as I am not fit to carry on. Livia may have stayed the bleeding, but it will be weeks before I recover. You will have to act for me. Will you?”***

***“Inista had recently become upset and worried. Her divination had discovered something.....rotten... and the core of Laeveni. And something evil. This power is totally and incontrovertibly evil and if left unchecked will lead to the destruction of Laeveni, and the enslavement of all the world. The only people she trusted with this were Livia, and myself. She also told me that this evil had infiltrated the Guild as well, maybe even Twentyman himself, although I still trust him.”***

You gasp out loud. Normally able to control your emotions, but this is shocking news. Twentyman, so named for his huge size, is the head of the Guild of Thieves.

***“Shadow, my friend, if I am not here then it is down to you. You must try to find out more and stop this power. Thieves make poor heroes, but it seems the Gods have chosen you. Seek out Twentyman”***

You need to trust someone else. As one not afraid of gambling a whole week's loot on a horse or a throw of the knucklebones, then you know how to gamble. You decide you need to seek out the Guild Master. You must find Twentyman.

Turn to **128**

Your eyes open and immediately the pain is almost unbearable. The combination of the beer and the blow to the head has left you with a splitting headache. Even the faint light in the room causes you pain. You look around the dark, cramped room that smells of human sweat and excrement. You have been stripped of all your clothes apart from your loincloth. Also in the room are about 30 other men of your age, all similarly stripped. The atmosphere reeks of fear and despair and it's unbearably hot and clammy. The room is also swaying slightly which you initially thought were due to your headache.

Then you look around and realise that you are in the hold of a ship and you can hear the gentle lapping of the waves against the sides of the ship. A rat scurries across your foot. You realise that you are in the belly of a slaver, and that you are now being transported across the western ocean to be sold at auction. You must have been attacked by members of the Slave Captains crew, looking for new stock.

You are likely to have a very short but very hard life after being sold – as slaves are treated worse than beasts of burden. You have nothing to look forward to except 20 hour days working, regular beatings, poor food, no sleep and no companionship.

Your adventure ends here – as will your life after a couple of years of unbearable work and suffering.

You race off along the streets. Behind you can hear the quick light feet of Celdron and the steady heavier tread of Elrad. This is not your first race across Laeveni– but this is undoubtedly your most dangerous. The men behind you are men of purpose – not overweight unfit City Watch!

Play the first three rounds of pursuit and if you are still ahead of your pursuers, then turn to 4, but before you do write down the below references

If you are caught in these first three rounds, then turn to the appropriate reference below

If at any time you are caught by Celdron, turn to **201**

If at any time you are caught by Elrad, turn to **202**

If they both catch you in the same turn, turn to **220**



42

You reach into your bag, slowly so as to not make any sudden moves, and find a smoke bomb. You remove your hand, palming the bomb and effect an air of impatience at not being served.

As they come within range, you shout ***“oh, what does a fella need to do to get a drink round here?”*** and bang your hand seemingly in frustration and as a distraction.

As the same time, you throw the smoke bomb underhand with your other hand at the feet of the trio. It erupts in billows of smoke. Seeking to cause maximum distraction, you shout at the top of your voice ***“FIRE”*** and everyone scrambles to their feet and heads for the doorways.

Turn to 148

43

The One Eyed Rat is tavern often used by some of your closest friends in the Guild. You enter and survey the scene. The usual clientele of merchants, tradesmen, beggars, whores, strong-arms, brawlers, con artists and outcasts populate the common room. You would ordinarily feel right at home!

The bar is a long, thick wooden plank at the end of the room, on top of a number of large empty hogsheads. The low beamed roof means there is a cloud of smoke from the fire (despite the heat), candles on the tables and pipe weed.

Numerous characters, some more unsavoury than others, stand around or sit at tables swigging ale from large, rough pewter beer jacks. You cannot stay long at the doorway without attracting undue attention.

Do you:

Approach the bar and speak to Lecas, the landlord and a man well known to you. As much as anyone in this God forsaken city who is not in the Guild, you trust Lecas. Turn to 122

Sit at a table and wait to get served by one of the serving girls and try to pick up some gossip. Turn to **138**  
Make your way towards the back room – a room off limits to most except those known to be of the Guild. Turn to **57**



You stagger slightly towards the door. Your vision is a bit blurred and so you don't notice a couple of unsavoury fellows exchange glances and nod to each other. They both get up from their table and nonchalantly follow you out. Your usual sharp senses and thief's wariness are blunted by the ale, and as soon as you round the corner they follow you round and rap you sharply over the head with a billy club.

You stagger forward stunned, but manage to stop yourself from falling to the ground and turn to face them. One of them grabs your money pouch from within your jerkin and then they both turn and flee.

Mark off all of the gold pieces you have from your adventure sheet. Now turn to **140**



From the noise behind you aware you are still not safe. Your options are limited. The next thing you will need to do is cross the Tithe Bridge into the main area of the Harbour District. However, this is a wide thoroughfare that you cannot hope to jump and it is far too public for you go to street level. As you run you smoothly reach for your rope and hook from your pack and swing it as you run. The hinged hook opens up with the momentum and you cast it with a well-practiced arm.

**TEST YOUR FORTUNE.** If you are lucky turn to **112**  
If your luck fails you, then roll 1d6 – this is how long it takes you to re-gather and re-cast you line. Take that off your lead.

Again **TEST YOUR FORTUNE.** If you succeed, turn to **112**



If you again fail, you must continue to roll 1d6 and take this time off your lead, until either you successfully secure the line, or your hunters catch you.

46

You are practically flying across the rooftops, when all of a sudden you stumble. Your vision blurs, and you feel dizzy. You manage to stop yourself and shake your head. The nausea gets worse. You feel a throbbing in your arm and you remember the rat bite. You curse silently. This could be the Dropping disease – and time is of the essence. You need to get this treated as soon as possible.

You stop and realise that you cannot go to the safehouse now. You need to see Livia now – as she not only has information that can help you, but she should be able to treat your illness. You make it to the shop. Despite the early hour, the store window is still lit by a couple of flickering candles.

You climb back down onto street level and quickly go through the door. A small bell rings as you enter, and shortly after a small wizened woman appears from through a curtain behind the counter. Her face seems to be made up of creases and wrinkles.

Turn to **206**

47

You sigh. You had hoped for more information to know what you were getting involved in. Livia was right. Zacatecas's reign had been very good for the Guild, and anything that upset the status quo would not be. Against your better judgement, you realise that this is too big to ignore.

Zacatecas missing. An up and coming magic user affiliated to the Guild taken and tortured to death. One of the Guild's most talented thieves missing. The rumours of the Guild being infiltrated. The horrific scenes at the blockhouse. And your encounter with DeVilliers, whom you defeated, but only temporarily. His spirit form was still alive, and his Black Watch were no doubt on your tail.

You realise how lucky you were to escape the blockhouse. You decide you must return to your safehouse and lie low until dark.

Turn to **124**

**48**

You find the darkest spot of the cellar and settle down. You use all your training to become almost preternaturally still. You try to slow your breathing and are almost in a trance like state.

You can still hear the footsteps above and the murmuring voices, and the occasional thud as they search the small shop. Clearly they didn't see you go into the cellar and so they are not sure where you went. With luck they may not search the cellar.

But these men are thorough, as soon the hatch opens a crack, and then fully, and then a large man carrying a lantern moves slowly down the steps. In his other hand is a large battle axe. He stands at the bottom of the cellar steps, and starts to walk around the room slowly, using his torch to illuminate every nook and cranny. You are sure to be found.

**TEST YOUR FORTUNE.** If you have the **SKILL OF HIDING IN SHADOWS**, you may take 2 off the roll.

If you are fortunate, turn to **80**. If you are **UNLUCKY**, turn to **53**

**49**

You are back in the Harbour District. Feeling much happier to be back on more familiar ground, you quickly flee down Priestgate until you find the nearest alley.

As soon as it is safe to do so, you scamper up the wall of a flop house onto the rooftops. You feel happier and safer here – on the Rat Run, as it is known to the Guild. Laeveni is a city that was not designed, it was thrown together over time. Apart from the few main streets, the majority of buildings are huddled together. This makes the rooftops a network of arteries across the city, and to a thief such as yourself you can move around the town in a fraction of time it takes to traverse the streets.

You know you need to see Livia, but the sun is coming up and you are both tired and nervous about being seen. By now, no doubt, De-Villiers will have his men searching the city for you. You decide to head for a safehouse that's known only to you and one of your friends. There you can rest for the day, and go to see Livia this evening under cover of dark.

Turn to **142**

**50**

***“Do you still have it?”***

You take it out of your jerkin, and offer it to Jac. He shakes his head.

***“You keep it, as I am not fit to carry on. Livia may have stayed the bleeding, but it will be weeks before I recover. You will have to act for me. Will you?”***

You nod

***“Good. I knew I could count on you. I was not the only one taken. The magic user Inista was also imprisoned in that foul dungeon. Do you know of her?”***

Again you nod and reply ***“She’s also dead, I found her in the cell 2 doors from yours. She was tortured to death. But she was just alive when I found her and she told me to seek out Livia”***

Sorrow crosses his face. Then he steels himself and says in a voice cracking with emotion. You realise how weak he is.

***“Inista and I were.....close. In the past few months she had given me information that made me a lot of money but it was more than that. We became.....involved. I loved her and she loved me”***

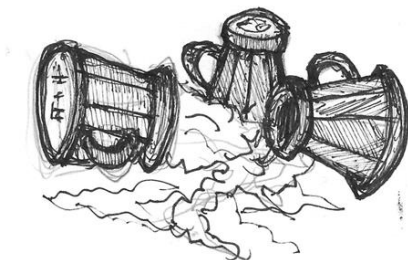
He shakes his head to clear it but continues.

***“Recently she had become upset and worried. Her divination had discovered something.....rotten... and the core of Laeveni. And something evil. This power is totally and incontrovertibly evil and if left unchecked will lead to the destruction of Laeveni, and the enslavement of all the world. The only people she trusted with this were Livia, and myself. She also told me that this evil had infiltrated the Guild as well, maybe even Twentyman himself.”***

You gasp out loud. Normally able to control your emotions, but this is shocking news. Twentyman, so named for his huge size, is the head of the Guild of Thieves.

***“I still need to rest. I am not strong enough to carry on. Shadow – it is down to you. You must try to find out more and stop this power. Thieves make poor heroes, but it seems the Gods have chosen you. Seek out Twentyman”***

Turn to **128**



**51**

If this is your second pint, turn to **6**

If this is your third pint, turn to **74**

If you have had four pints, turn to **92**

You race off across the rooftops. Behind you can hear the quick light feet of Celdron and the steady heavier tread of Elrad. This is not your first race across the rooftops – but this is undoubtedly your most dangerous. The men behind you are men of purpose – not overweight unfit City Watch!

Play the first three turns of pursuit and if you still haven't been caught, turn to **84**, but before you do write down the below references.

If you are caught, turn to the relevant reference

If at any time you are caught by Celdron, turn to **201**

If at any time you are caught by Elrad, turn to **202**

If they both catch you in the same turn, turn to **220**

The torch light moves closer and closer, and all you can do is stay still and hope. You pray to the heathen Goddess of luck, but she has deserted you. As the torch moves to within a few feet of you, you can see Elrad's face orange and ruddy in the flames light. His bored expression changes, as his eyes widen and an evil grin turns up his mouth. He has seen you!

You flick out with your hand, which is holding a stiletto against this moment, and it catches Elrad upon the cheek, leaving a thick red line in his face when it passes. His expression doesn't change, but he grabs your arm surprisingly quickly with one of his massive hands, and snaps your wrist as easily as if he was snapping kindling. You cry out in agony and your stiletto drops to the ground and skits across the earth floor. Then you are thrown back against the wall with tremendous power, and his large fist comes thundering towards you and hits you full on the jaw, smashing your jaw, nose and your cheek and you collapse unconscious.

Elrad picks you up like he might a sack of potatoes, slings your inert form over his giant shoulder, and carries you out of the cellar.

The next thing you know, you awake to find yourself in a dark room with stone walls, and all manner of unpleasant objects hanging from those walls. You are naked but for a loin cloth and tied to the Wheel of Pain. The Inquisitor smiles at you pleasantly, asks you a question, and you shake your head. He sighs, almost happily and he slowly turns the wheel. Your toes are then pulled under the weight of the wheel and it starts to crush these small bones to dust. You scream in agony and the Inquisitor only smiles more and turns the wheel again. Your feet start to be crushed and the pain is even more excruciating.

It takes a long time for you to die and by the time you do your body and spirit are broken you have betrayed the Guild and everything you hold true. Your adventure ends here, and your treachery has doomed the Guild. Within a few days all of the Guild have been either killed or captured and your names goes down in infamy.

54

You are lucky. The joist you have creaks under the pressure but hasn't been overly damaged by the blast. You nimbly pull yourself onto the joist and run effortlessly up it into the roof space, where you can see the tiles have been blown off the roof. You haul yourself up onto the roof and negotiate the treacherous half broken tiles underfoot until you get to a more solid roof next door.

You glance back. You can already see Celdron's head poking through the roof and estimate you are 10 seconds ahead of Celdron and 15 second ahead of Elrad. You are now in a race for your life across the rooftops!

Turn to **235**

Realising that these men mean you harm, you decide the best recourse is to leave. You stand up from your table and ask a passing waitress where the privy is. You make sure you say it loud enough so that the three men hear you. Hopefully this will give you a bit of time to exit the pub. The waitress grunts and points with a hand carrying 3 full mugs of ale.

You head towards the door, casually as you can, your ears straining for any sound of the men following you. As soon as you exit the premises you sprint across the market place and onto Temple Street, running as fast as you can.

However, one of the men followed you – and sees you run off. He shouts his friends and follows you.

You are now in a race for your life. Turn to 36

Your speed and agility gives you a chance, as you move without thought.

**TEST YOUR SKILL.** If you are successful you avoid all of the glass and are remarkably unscathed, turn to 8  
If you fail, turn to 20



57

You open the closed door into the backroom of the tavern and walk in. As soon as you do, strong hands seize you from behind and pull your head back. A fine knife slashes and cuts deep into your throat, severing your vocal chords so that you can only moan. Blood fountains out of the severed carotid artery, and spurts all over the wall. You drop to the floor.

Before your life ebbs from your body, you look up into the face of Twentyman, your Guild Master. Sorrow covers his face, and he says quietly ***“Oh Shadow, whatever made you come here. I am so sorry. So, so sorry”***. Then his face turns blank and he turns his back and says to someone unseen ***“Get rid of him, throw the body in the river”***

Your adventure ends here.

58

You are halfway across the makeshift rope bridge when Celdron reaches the roof edge. You are a sitting duck, silhouetted against the morning sun. He draws a small throwing knife from the small of his back and casts it with practised ease with a flick of his wrist. The knife spins through the air, end over end, and edge gleaming in the moon with every rotation.

### **TEST YOUR AGILITY**

If you succeed, you are able to dodge the knife whilst still crossing the rope.

If you fail, the knife grazes your side, and lose 2 **ENDURANCE**. If you are still alive you make the other side.

Turn to **95**





59

You take a chance and as you run around the corner near to the bridge. If you have a lead of more than 5 seconds over both your chasers, you have time to hide your bag with its equipment before diving into the river. If you do not, then you must take it with you. You launch yourself off the roof into a dive and head for the muddy depths of the river. Unbeknownst to you, as your pursuers come round the corner and see you do this they stop dead. Jumping into the river is almost a death penalty itself.

Along with all the pollution from the tanneries and brew houses, waste from various magic users has been thrown into the river for decades, if not centuries. This had led to some strange creatures being bred in the dark depths of the river. You have lost your pursuers for now, if only you can survive the river!

Turn to 135

60

How long did it take for you to defeat Celdron? If it took you 5 rounds or less turn to 118  
If it takes you longer, turn to 68

The Forked Tail is one of the smaller taverns in the area and a couple of street away from the main harbourside. No one knows the origin of the name, although rumours abound: that Bael himself was once conjured during a midnight rite; that it was once owned by a cult of Death Monks who used the sign of the forked tail as their sigil; or that it was simply at a fork in the road at the tail end of the town – as it was then.

Despite the rather sinister name, when you walk in you find the atmosphere is cosy and friendly – unlike a lot of the taverns in the area which are lively and rowdy.

The barkeep is behind the bar, talking quietly to a couple of customers who are propping up the other side. You walk in and look around the common room and can see no sign of Twentyman, but there are other nooks and crannies that he may be in. Years of surviving as a professional thief in a city as violent as Laeveni has meant Twentyman favours sitting out of the way and near to a back exit.

You walk up to the bar and order a pint of LPA (Laeveni Pale Ale). Mark 2 gold pieces off your adventure sheet. You thank the barkeep and leave the bar seemingly to find an empty table, but in fact to check the other rooms. There are two side rooms and you glance into both – and both are empty.

You sit down at a table and to avoid suspicion, you drink your beer. It's an excellent pint, with, you think, a slight taste of grapefruit and a good, balanced bitterness.

Gain 2 **ENDURANCE** points as the beer is refreshing. Is this your first pint of ale?

If it is, you finish it and now turn back to **128** and visit a tavern that you have yet to visit. If it's not, turn to **51**



You and Celdron were evenly matched. He has a shorter reach, but a longer weapon. You had the better reach, but only a side weapon. Your reflexes serve you well, as you are able to dodge and parry his strokes. Eventually, he makes the smallest of mistakes. He feints towards you and you parry the blow and he overextends his feint by a matter of inches. You seize on the opportunity and are able to grab his sword hand, and pull his body towards you and deliver a savage blow with the point of your knife into his stomach.

He opens his mouth to cry out, but instead blood gushes from it and his eyes roll back in his head. He crumples to the floor with a whimper and is dead. Do you want to search the body?

If so turn to 60

If you would rather just rest, turn to 149

The guard looks startled.

***"I have important business with the Arch Deacon. How dare you hinder my passage"***

The guard looks around and his friends are looking down pretending not to have seen anything.

The guard splutters.

***"What is your name, guard, so that I can report you to your Captain for such impertinence to a member of his Holiness' staff"***

He looks increasingly flustered and blurts out

***"Bigly, but please don't tell the Captain, good sir. My humblest apologies for any offence"***

You stare at him coldly until he can no longer hold your gaze. He wilts under and lowers his eyes, pleading to you. You wait for a long silent moment to add to the tension whilst you pretend to consider your reply. Bigly is noticeably sweating now.

***"Very well, but next time I see you, I had better see an improvement in your behaviour and your appearance. You are an embarrassment to the Church"***

***"Yes, sir, thank you sir, of course"***

You look at him and nod, then walk on. Turn to **227**

**64**

You climb quickly back onto the rooftops and rest. You may eat provisions to restore your **ENDURANCE**.

Turn to **28**

**65**

The next thing you know, you awake to find yourself in a dark room with stone walls, and all manner of unpleasant objects hanging from those walls. You are naked but for a loin cloth and tied to the Wheel of Pain. The Inquisitor smiles at you pleasantly, asks you a question, and you shake your head. He sighs, almost happily and he slowly turns the wheel. Your toes and then pulled under the weight of the wheel and it starts to crush these small bones to dust. You scream in agony and the Inquisitor only smiles more and turns the wheel again. Your feet start to be crushed and the pain is even more excruciating.

It takes a long time for you to die and by the time you do your body and spirit are broken you have betrayed the Guild and everything you hold true. Your adventure ends here, and your treachery has doomed the Guild. Within a few days all of the Guild have been either killed or captured and your names goes down in infamy.

66

You jump up and catch the joist in both hands and start to swing your body up. **TEST YOUR FORTUNE**. If you are lucky, turn to 54. If you are unlucky, turn to 38.

67

You make your way quickly to the house on Dagger Lane. You are soon there and quickly pick the lock with your tools and slip inside the door.

Turn to 27.

68

You make a quick search of the body. Celdron has a pouch containing 4 gold pieces which you pocket quickly. You realise that tonight is about survival and not thievery and so you decide to take his sword. It is an excellently balanced blade, light, razor sharp and lightning quick.

Then you are aware of a hulking silent shape behind you. A huge hand seizes your head and bashes your skull against a hard stone wall. You crumple to the ground, unconscious.

It turns out Elrad was never far from his friend and came running when he heard the signs of a struggle.

Turn to 65.

69

You do not manage to avoid getting covered in the blood of the eel. However, there is an unexpected side effect. The blood actually restores any lost **SKILL** points. You may restore your **SKILL** back to its original level – except if you still only have one knife, then when fighting you must reduce your **SKILL** by one.

Realising the value of this blood, you spy a small bottle on the riverbank and manage to use it to store some of the blood. You can use this to restore your **SKILL** to its original level at any time, except when in action.

You haul yourself onto the bank of the river, and roll away from the water, and remain there panting and trembling with shock. That was close! Turn to **87**

## 70

You manage to slip down the other side back to street level. You are now back in the main city – but still in the area known as the Upper City. You need to take the pass through the cliffs back down into the Harbour District via Priestgate, the main road back into town.

However, the pass down into the Lower City is guarded day and night, and you need a warrant to pass through. You have no such warrant.

You sneak through the streets of the Upper City until you reach the Citadel atop the cliffs. This is where the main city garrison reside, watching over the city from the high cliffs. Due to the time, it's quiet and you are able to slip through to the passage through the cliffs.

You watch and wait. Two sets of barriers face you, at the entrance and the exit. The pass is roughly 20 yards wide and was cut straight through the towering cliff. There is no way around, you must go through.

Each barrier has two guards patrolling it. All are armed with pikes and longswords. Violence is not an option. Despite your recent battles having improved your skill at arms, you are no match for four guards, plus reinforcements who wait in the guardhouse.

If you have found an old black cloak, turn to **205** now.

If not, to get past the first set of guards, **TEST YOUR AGILITY**. If you have the **SKILL OF HIDING IN SHADOWS**, you can take 2 off the roll.

If you pass, turn to **203**. If you fail, turn to **204**

71

You have been injured by a Dusk Devil. The claws of such beasts are coated in a natural poison that will kill you if you don't get treatment soon. It's designed to kill smaller animals and so it takes time with a full grown human - but it still needs treating. You decide you can't wait to find Livia now.

Turn to **206**

72

You leave the bloody Guild House, just as the watch calls the fourth hour. There is not much time until dawn. Do you want to head straight for the west gate?

If so turn to **189**.

If you would rather wait an hour and find somewhere to rest and gain 1d6 **ENDURANCE**, then turn to **190**

73

Judging the cellar is too dangerous to hide in and that you don't have enough time to climb onto the roof, you flee directly out of the shattered front window. Both Celdron and Elrad are soon on your trail. You must try to lose them in the streets of Laeveni.

Turn to **225**





## 74

That last pint is really starting to make you feel rather inebriated. This beer must be rocket fuel!

Roll 3d6+2. If this is more than your current **ENDURANCE**, then you must reduce your **SKILL** level by 1 for the next 15 references and turn to **44**

If you throw less than or equal to your **ENDURANCE**, you cope with the ale. Turn back to **128** and try another tavern.

## 75

You almost reel towards the door and stagger out. Gods, you are plastered! Then the night air hits you and seems to make you feel even drunk. You can hardly walk straight and lurch along the street. You don't get far, when all of a sudden you are rapped smartly over the back of the head.

You drop to the hard cobbled floor like a sack of potatoes

Turn to **30**

## 76

As you turn around from securing the door, you find a knife at your throat. The holder of the knife is in shadow, as is your face in the dark hallway. The point is placed right at the carotid artery and is razor sharp. A trickle of blood flows down your neck. Impossible! No one can sneak up on you like that! No one except someone lightning fast

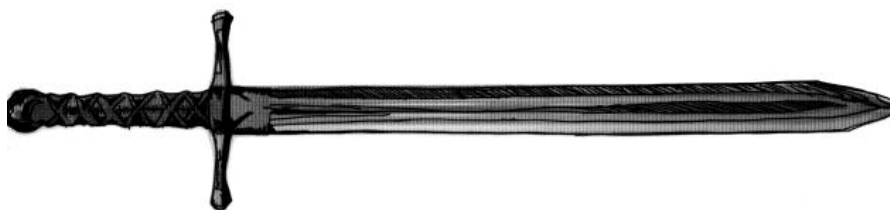
Turn to **104**

You merge into the crowded masses and head towards the Market Place. You do everything you can think of to change your appearance. You alter your stance, crouching over to look a lot older. You manage to pick up a stick from the street and use it as a crutch. You alter the setting of your jawline to give yourself an overbite. You smudge dust into your cheeks to make them look more angular.

Celdron and Elrad emerge into the street. They stop and glare at the crowds, and push through the throngs, pulling back cloak hoods on anyone that looks a similar size to you. This nearly starts a couple of fights until the subject of their attention sees the size of Elrad.

Then you stop and start talking in a foreign tongue with a nasal tone to a street vendor who eventually has enough of you and pushes you to the ground. Your deception works as they barely glance at you and slowly cross the street, and then eventually pass out of sight. You have lost them – for now!

Turn to 149



***“We have to act” says Twentyman. “We suspect that high members of the Church itself are involved in this plot. I suspect the Guild has been infiltrated, but I need to find out for myself. There are things I need to ascertain and you cannot be part of this”***

He pauses to think once more

***“Give me two hours that should suffice, and then meet me at the safe house in Wychgate”***

You nod.

***“Lay low here. The landlord I trust and he is one of the few who knows my true name. He won’t disturb you. He has kept me safe here these last two days. If anyone else had come looking for me, they would have been dead. You are fortunate Lecas likes you, my boy”***

Twentyman gets up, moving quickly for his size, and with purpose, and leaves without another word.

For nearly two hours you wait in the room, unable to rest, and you are so nervous the wait doesn’t help your **ENDURANCE** as you constantly pace around the room. When you judge it time to head for the safe house you leave, closing the door behind you.

Turn to **147**

**79**

Despite seemingly having his hands full relieving himself, you try to sneak up to the dwarf. However, although not as famed as the elves for their senses, dwarfs still have exceptional hearing (and eyesight) from spending a lot of time underground in the dark. The dwarf hears your approach and feels your hand on his money pouch hung on his belt. He turns round brining his hands up, causing his breeches to drops to his ankles. This would be a quite comical sight, if it wasn’t for the axe that he has snatched from his belt as his trousers drop, which is now heading towards your head.

**TEST YOUR FORTUNE**, if you pass, turn to **176**. If you fail, turn to **177**

**80**

Tense moments pass as the large man searches the cellar, kicking occasionally at objects, but you have managed to hide yourself well enough to fool him.

The large man gives up his search with a grunt, and walks back over to the steps and trudges back up them. The cellar hatch is thrown back down and once again you are in darkness. They continue to search the shop for a few more minutes, and then you hear the footsteps move away

Turn to **22**

## 81

Your hand closes on the red amulet you got from Jac inside your tunic pocket. This must be the key. You decide not to mention it to Livia, as you do not know her well enough, and you decide that the less people that know about the amulet, the better.

Whilst you look around the shop, you see a pile of smoke bombs. You pick a couple up and Livia nods that you can take them. Add them to your adventure sheet. Turn to **47**

## 82

You manage to negotiate your way to the door, keeping the ruffians well away from you. As soon as you get outside, you intend to spring into a sprint and are quickly off round the corner before the ruffians can even get out of the door.

This gains you valuable seconds as the ruffians get caught up in the panic. Roll 1d6 and add this to the lead you have when you are told to calculate it.

Turn to **34**

## 83

You slump to the floor, stunned. You feel Bigly's large hands grab you again, this time he drags you to the door and plants his large boot in your backside and kicks you unceremoniously into the street.

***“Now don’t come back here again, you cheap runt.”***

You hear laughter from the inn, as Bigly returns in

Roll 1d6 – this is the amount of **ENDURANCE** you lose. If you are down to 2 or less, then you pass into unconsciousness, then turn to **30**

If you are still conscious, then you leave the area of the inn as quick as you can. You now have no money, so turn to **140**

**84**

You hare along the roof as fast as you dare. The early morning light means you can easily pick out the right path, but it also makes it far easier for your pursuers to track you. You run diagonally across Livia’s roof away from the larger streets towards the side alleys, hoping to lose your hunters in the small streets of the harbour district.

You now have to jump across an alley onto the houses that front onto the harbour, near the street. **TEST YOUR AGILITY**. If you succeed, then you successfully make the leap and land safely on the roof.

If you fail, you manage to grab the guttering of the nearest roof and haul yourself onto the roof, but this has caused you valuable seconds. To determine how many, roll 1d6.

If this means that either or both of your hunters have caught you turn to the necessary reference:

Caught by Celdron (**201**), caught by Elrad (**202**), caught by both (**220**)

If you are still ahead after the next round, then turn to **45**

Jac is your best friend in the Guild, but he has not been seen for some days. Rumour has it that he was involved in a secret mission for the Guild Master himself.

As you turn around from securing the door, you find a knife at your throat. The holder of the knife is in shadow, as is your face in the dark hallway. The point is placed right at the carotid artery and is razor sharp. A trickle of blood flows down your neck. Impossible! No one can sneak up on you like that! No one except someone lightning fast

Turn to **104**

You wait for your drink. Lecas eventually brings it to you, and says, shortly ***“One gold piece”***.

Having no money, you say ***“Lecas, old friend, it’s me, Shadow. Don’t you recognise me? Put the drink on my tab I will pay you later”***

Lecas stops dead in his tracks, his eyes showing almost blind panic. His eyes flick to the left and three roughnecks sitting at a table near the bar.

***“I know you not, and there’s no credit for strangers”*** he grunts and takes your pint away

But your voice has alerted them and they stand up as one. All are large men, with the calloused hands and scared faces or experienced fighters. They are all armed with short swords and knives at their belts and wear well used leather armour. They head towards the bar.

You realise the mistake you have made and why Lecas didn’t acknowledge you – they are clearly looking for you!

Do you have any smoke bombs? If you do turn to **42**

If you don't, turn to **170**

**87**

Did you have chance to hide your bag before diving into the river?

If you did, turn to **109**

If you didn't, turn to **3**

**88**

The walls are steep and you struggle to keep a hold. You go for a handhold to your right, but your hand doesn't quite grip it and you slip. You start to fall and soon the ground is rushing up to meet you.

You hit it head first.

Your adventure ends here

**89**

You manage to sneak through the gate and you are in the main streets of the Upper City. Turn to **211**



Despite the cold shock, you manage to hold your breath and not swallow any of the foul water. You continue to swim downwards, hoping to get as far away from the bank so that your pursuers lose sight of you.

Turn to 111

You quickly climb up the roof and make your way to the chimney you managed to hide your bag behind. You rummage around and cannot find anything. Then you hear movement behind you. You turn like lightning in a half crouch, your hand diving for your knife. Standing across from you is Celdron, who is smirking at you.

He says ***“ah, looking for this my little thief?”*** he holds up your bag ***“if you want it you will have to come and ask me very nicely. You do have some manners don’t you, little thief. Do you know how to say please and thank you to those who have helped you”?***

His smirk widens into a malevolent grin. You glance around. There is no sign of Elrad – and you and Celdron are a similar size. You decide it’s about time you rid yourself of this nuisance – whilst he is alone

You must fight Celdron. If you have lost a knife, remember to reduce your **SKILL** by 1. Celdron’s fighting abilities are different to his running:

### **CELDRON    FIGHTING SKILL 9    ENDURANCE 11**

If you win, you decide to make your way to a safe house to get intelligence, a rest and a change of clothes.

Turn to 67



92

Throw 3d6+4. If this is more than your current **ENDURANCE**, turn to **75**

If you throw less than or equal to your **ENDURANCE**, you just about cope with the ale. Turn back to **128** and try another tavern.

93

You enter the tavern and approach the bar, but as you do all the beer that's been churning around in your stomach decides to make a reappearance. You try to cover your mouth with your hand, but all that happens is that the sick sprays through your fingers and covers everyone at the bar.

Everyone turns and stares at you, with fury in their eyes. The nearest man, a ruffian with a huge bushy black beard, wastes no time complaining and instead smashes you over the head with his pewter tankard. You drop to the flagstone floor. Just before you lose consciousness you are aware of strong arms taking you under the shoulders and dragging you along the floor to the door, where you are unceremoniously thrown into the street and left – but only after you have been relieved of all your valuables.

Turn to **30**

94

You cross to the counter and push away the tea. Livia tuts to herself – it was well meant and would have helped you cure the poison in your veins. You shudder as it takes hold. Lose 2 **ENDURANCE** points.

Livia looks at you and then walks over and examines you.

***“Fool of a boy. I mean you no harm. Now drink this and it will cure your ailment”***

She hands you the tea again. This time you drink it, and you feel your symptoms lessen.

Turn to **101**

## 95

You are on the other side and run off. You curse under your ragged breath. If you had just stopped to think you could have stopped to cut the rope, stopping any hope of pursuit. Once again, despite all your talents, your inexperience has cost you – but then you have never had to run for your life against two such determined and capable foes. It has rattled you to your core.

Work out how much you lead any of your still active hunters to allow the changes for them crossing the rope bridge. Now roll for the next round.

Turn to **115**

## 96

You head off across the market place and onto Fish Street, running as fast as you can. Resolve the race until either:

You lose all your pursuers. Turn to **107**

If one of them catches up with you. Turn to **139**

If more than one of them catches you, turn to **121**

Your **ENDURANCE** reaches 0. Turn to **174**

## 97

As one, the three rise from their table knocking one stool over in their haste. You realise your mistake. You should have fled. All are large men, with the calloused hands and scared faces of experienced fighters. They are all armed with short swords and knives at their belts and wear well used leather armour.

They head straight for your table - their eyes intently focused on you.

There is no kindness in those eyes.

Do you have any smoke bombs left? If you do turn to **42**

If you don't turn to **19**



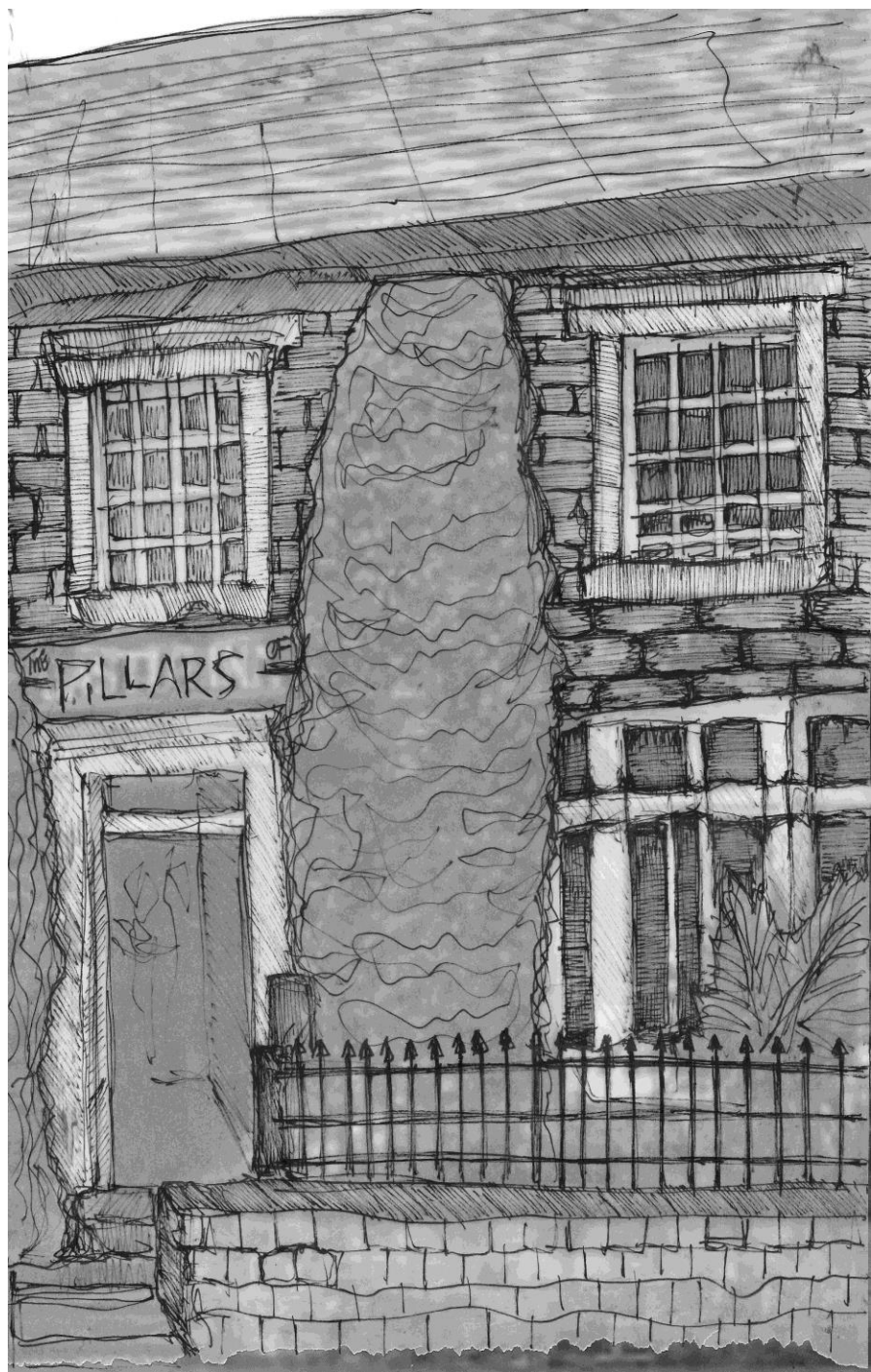
It's a bit of a walk to The Pillars of Amaldi. It is named after the twin cliffs that stand on each side of the port entrance to Laeveni. The port area is between the cliffs and at sea level, but then the cliffs rise up and the rest of the city is only accessible via steep roads cut through the cliffs. The Holy City of Amaldi, the city within the city, sits atop the port cliff – allowing fantastic views and a very defensible position. In over 500 years, no one has ever sacked Amaldi from the sea.

The tavern named after the cliffs, commonly known as The Pillars as a large bush has been left untended and has grown up and covered part of the tavern's sign, so that only the first half of its name can be seen. It's a bit of a hike up, coming from the harbour, up Priestgate, and then you have to turn right opposite the Mitre.

You turn down Rockfall Row, just before you carry on up the road into the upper city. This road is guarded day and night with checkpoints, and you need a valid pass to get through.

You are right at the edge of the harbour district when you arrive at the door of The Pillars of Amaldi, which is nestled against one of the sheer cliff walls, that rise up a full 100 yards.

Contrary to its salubrious name, it's a seedy looking place from the outside. The paint is peeling off the window frames, and the badly painted tavern sign is hanging lopsided from one hook. Faint light spills out of the windows and the open front door. Inside you can hear the general hubbub of a busy tavern, with laughter mixed in with cursing and singing.



You nervously walk through the door. Immediately eyes are upon you. This is quite a clannish part of town where most people stick to their own turf – and you are a stranger on their turf. In order to allay concerns you head straight to the bar, and order a pint of ale from the surly looking barmaid. The bar top is stained and dirty and swimming with puddles of spilled ale. She plonks the stained pewter beer jack onto the counter, causing ale from a puddle to splash you, and gruffly demands 4 gold pieces. If you don't have enough money to pay, turn to **40**

**FOUR** gold pieces, you are almost outranged. This is twice as much as you would expect to pay in an establishment like this, if not three times as much. You have been marked as a visitor and so are being overcharged. You think about complaining but realise that causing a scene in this pub would be a bad idea and grudgingly toss the gold pieces into another puddle on the bar. The barmaid grimaces at you and snatches up the money.

The beer is dark and sickly sweet, more a barley wine than a beer, and is fiercely strong. You turn around and lean with your back to the bar, and take in the environment, searching for Twentyman. The tavern is one large room, and so it's easy for you to covertly check all the faces. Almost everyone here is male, human and appear to be fishermen. All have sun burned faces, ruddy cheeks and peeling skin from the salt water. Most have tattoos on their burly arms. Very few are armed as these men use their large calloused fists as weapons – and brawling is in their nature.

You walk around the room drinking your beer, but it's gone straight to your head and you stumble. **TEST YOUR AGILITY**

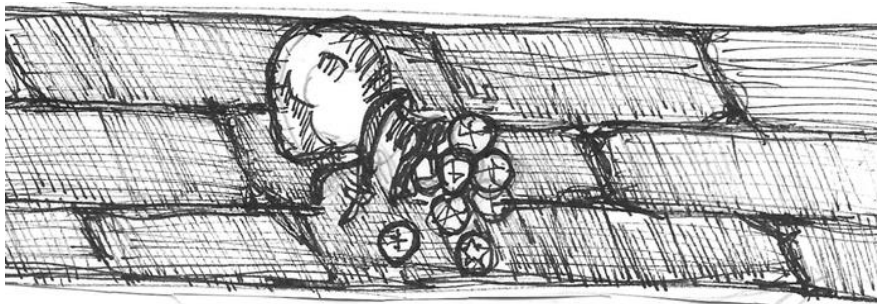
If you pass, turn to **171**. If you fail, turn to **152**



You wait for a few long minutes and then decide that you have to do something. You see a sailor leaving the tavern, staggering and follow him. You approach from behind and reach out to take the money purse from his belt.

**TEST YOUR SKILL.** If you roll less than or equal to your **AGILITY** turn to **146**. However, if you have been drinking you must take the number of pints you have had from your roll.

If your roll is greater than you **AGILITY**, then turn to **25**



**100**

You make it to the top of the wall. You are halfway there. You still need to climb down the other side.

### **TEST YOUR AGILITY.**

Do you have the **SKILL OF CLIMBING**? If so you can subtract two from the roll.

If you pass, turn to **70**

If you fail, turn to **88**

**101**

Lose 1 **FORTUNE** point for not trusting Livia. However, you are now free of any disease or toxin  
Livia stares at you, waiting.

You take the Sigil from your inside jacket pocket. She sighs, and nods sadly.

***“It is as I feared. That’s Inestas Sigil. No one could take it off her without great difficulty and cost and so it must have been given to you freely. And she would never give it away if she thought she would still live. She must have trusted you at the end, and so I must trust you”***

***“All is not well in Laeveni. Something is challenging Most Holy Zacatecas’s power. The Church is not a kindly Lord, far from it, but Laeveni has lived under their rule for over 400 years – and in that time it has, well, prospered. There have been no wars between the Guilds, and everyone knows their place – or knows the consequences. But now I fear things have changed.”***

***“Zacatecas’s ship sailed out of Laeveni some 4 months ago. It is usual for the Zacatecas to go to a retreat in the summer months to avoid the heat of the city, but never in winter and for this length of time. Most Holy has never left Laeveni for so long”***

***“In this time, someone, or something is trying to seize power away from the Most Holy. And the Zacatecas is a Power in this world, and so nothing less than this would dare cross her. All Inista knew was that she suspected that Kaptain De-Villiers had been corrupted by this Power, and is the main servant of this new horror.***

***Do not underestimate De-Villiers, or the Black Guard under his command. There were also rumours that your Guild has been infiltrated – as she had been told that by one of the Guilds members – a young thief who has also gone missing.”***

***“I feel that there is something of great evil behind this. Inista knew more but would not tell me all. The last thing she said to me was that the key to this is in a red stone. That must have been just before she was taken by that wicked De-Villiers. That’s all I know”***

Turn to **47**

102

Although painful, the glass does not seem to have caused any serious damage and you can still move around relatively unhampered. Lose 2 **ENDURANCE**.

Turn to 8

103

Your waiting pays off as you see a young dandy walking unsteadily along the street. He appears unarmed (very unwise in Laeveni) and a bit tipsy. Your sharp eyes can make out a money pouch hanging from his belt. You quickly catch up with him and reach out and slip the money pouch off his belt, and then you turn away and leave.

Turn to 105

104

Out of the shadows comes a man you recognise – Lightning Jac is your best friend in the Guild. Despite looking pale and wan, he is smiling openly. Only a few years older than you, you have often worked together.

He laughs, and says ***“Shadow, thank the old Gods it’s you. No time for niceties now, we must talk”***.

You nod. And are relieved when the knife disappears back into Jac’s sleeve and you can breathe again.

You walk into the main room and there are a few chairs. You both sit and start talking. Jac starts

***“All is not as it seems, Shadow.”***

***“It rarely is”*** you dryly interject. Jac nods, half smiling.



***“When I last saw you it was at the blockhouse and you left me to recover. I managed to stay hidden, and then all hell broke loose, as someone escaped. I am guessing it was you?”***

You nod

***“Fortunately for me, there was such a panic that all the off-duty watch was called to duty. De-Villiers was going mad and no one dared cross him. In the confusion, I was eventually able to slip out. I made my way to the apothecary run by Livia. She helped get me back on my feet as I was in a bad way”***

***“Livia’s dead”*** you say ***“killed by De-Villiers thugs”***

Jac shakes his head, sadly

***“But I was not captured by chance. There is something in Laeveni, a cancer that is threatening all we hold dear. I was captured as they are trying to destroy the Guild. De-Villiers is part of it, but there is someone, or something, behind him that is the real power. Something he is scared of, and he’s not a man to fear anything. If he even is a man. He will do anything to destroy the Guild. The key is the ruby amulet.***

If you were given the amulet by Jac, turn to **50**

If you do not have it, turn to **12**

## **105**

You check the contents. Roll 2d6. That how many gold pieces are in the pouch.

Turn back to **128** and choose another tavern you have yet to visit.

A large jagged shard of rough glass flies through the air, and not even your thief's' reflexes can save you. As you try to duck, it hits a chair and splinters into several smaller, but even more lethal, glass daggers – and you cannot avoid them all. One of them slices through your neck, and nicks your carotid artery. Blood spurts from the wound and you collapse, soon losing consciousness. Then it's only a matter of moments before the rich red blood drains out of you, and you bleed out.

Your adventure ends here.



You manage to slip around a corner and wait. You hide in the dark, trying to control your breathing and stay quiet. You wait for a long few moments to make sure no one is still following you. Your breathing slows down and your heart stops racing. You can return your **ENDURANCE** and **FORTUNE** scores to the same level they were before the race.

You still need to speak to Lecas and so you work your way carefully back to the Rat.

You wait in a dark passage opposite the door to the cellar and stables. Eventually your patience is rewarded, as you see Lecas cross the yard. You quickly make your way over and catch up with him, and grab him by the arm.

Lecas, who is a retired soldier, reacts quickly, turning around with a raised fist, ready to attack. Then he relaxes and smiles.

***“You fool, Shadow, I nearly knocked your head off”***

You smile at Lecas ***“You could have tried, old man”***

He laughs, a short, sharp bark of a noise.

***“It’s good to see you, Shadow. Rumour had it that you had been captured or killed – taken a tumble into the river or worse. There’s a price on your head and every low life in the town will be looking for you”***

***“There is something evil in this city”*** you say ***“What do you advise?”***

***“Indeed there is”*** agrees Lecas ***“I saw your friend Jac a few days ago. He said that if I see you in the next few days to take you to Twentyman. He’s been keeping a low profile”*** says Lecas

***“He told me to seek out Twentyman as well. Do you know where he is?”***

***“I may do. Follow me”.***

Lecas turns and walks to a side room of the inn

Lecas turns and walks back to the inn, and to the door of the private room at the back of the hostelry

Do you want to trust Lecas and follow him? If so turn to **119**

If you don’t trust him, turn to **155**

## **108**

Given Lecas has not acknowledged he knows you, you decide the best option is to play the same game. As you stand at the bar with your back half to the room, the area between your shoulder blade itches. Something here is not as it seems. As you drink you try to look around the bar room and notice that some of the customers are hardly drinking, and seem unusually quiet.

Trying to sound casual, you turn to Lecas who is half-heartedly cleaning the counter top near you. You open saying ***“That’s a good drink, barkeep, you know how to keep your cellar. And reasonably priced. In other cities, the same would cost me 3 times as much! I will have to remember this place”***

Lecas looks up at you, and replies ***“Thank you, young sir. That’s uncommonly good of you to say so. Are you new to Laeveni? I can’t remember seeing you before”***. As he speaks, his eyes flick to the left to a table of three rough necks, and then he returns his stare to you. Almost imperceptively you nod.

***“Just passing through. Can you recommend anywhere for a good night’s sleep?”***

***“I have rooms out back – if you give me a minute I can show you”***

Lecas calls to one of his staff to care for the bar whilst he is away, and beckons you to follow him, ***“this way young Sir, finest rooms in Laeveni, outside of the Holy City, and only 5 gold pieces per night. Let me show you”***

You follow him through to the back of the tavern. As you pass the table of ruffians, they all watch you pass. You see one start to rise, but another, seemingly the leader, puts a hand on his comrade and holds him back. You pass through the room and out the back into a small stable yard with stairs leading to a loft above it.

When you are safely out of sight of anyone, Lucas turns to you, slaps your face and hisses ***“You stupid young fool. You shouldn’t have come here. You are putting me and mine at risk”***. Lose 1 **ENDURANCE** point

You are lost for words at Lecas’ harsh rebuke. He carries on, but moderates his tone and becomes almost friendly and he clasps your hand warmly and shakes it.

***“But it’s good to see you, Shadow. Rumour had it that you had been captured or killed – taken a tumble into the river or worse. There’s a price on your head and every low life in the town will be looking for you”***

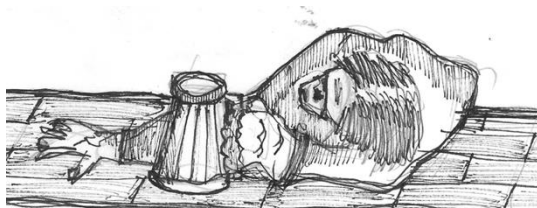
***“There is something evil in this city”*** you say ***“What do you advise?”***

***“Indeed there is”*** agrees Lecas ***“I saw your friend Jac a few days ago. He said that if I see you in the next few days to take you to Twentymen. He been keeping a low profile”*** says Lecas ***“He also told me to seek out Twentymen as well. Do you know where he is?”***

***“I may do. Follow me”.***

Lecas turns and walks back to the inn, and to the door of the private room at the back of the hostelry

Do you want to trust Lecas and follow him? If so turn to **119**  
If you don't trust him, turn to **155**



**109**

You spend time sat on the riverbank recovering and trying to dry off. You take off your boots and hose and strip to the waist, and wait until you dry off. Despite the late hour, it's still hot and dry in Laeveni and you soon able to dress again.

You now have to recover your thief's bag, which you hid on the rooftops near the Tithe Bridge. And you have contacts in the area who may be able to help you more with uncovering who is behind the treachery in the Guild.

Turn to **11**

You collapse to the roof in sheer exhaustion – mental and physical. Your supple and fit thief's body quickly recovers though – you may return your **ENDURANCE** to the same level it was before the race – unless you have been injured during it (these points stay lost). Your **FORTUNE** remains at the level it was at the end of the race.

Turn to 64

Due to the lack of light above and the darkness of the water it is almost impossible for you to see where you are going, and so you close your eyes and rely upon your other senses. The water feels oily and rank against your exposed skin, and was already starting to make your eyes itch before you closed them. You know that you can't survive long in such a hostile environment.

Every now and then you feel something brush past your body or move very close. You involuntarily shudder at the thought of what horrors live in these depths.

Having been brought up in a port and living initially as a beggar on the sea front, you are a strong swimmer who is able to hold his breath under water for 3-4 minutes whilst moving at full pace. You move gracefully through the water, and eventually sense that you are nearly at the other bank. With the lack of light there is no way your hunters will see you at this distance.

You head for the surface and break the water as silently as you can, and take in a gasp of air – which nearly makes you retch due to the stench of the air.

You grab hold of the bank and prepare to haul yourself out, but as you do you feel something horribly soft yet strong hook itself around your leg and hold you firm. Panic nearly seizes you but you struggle against your unseen attacker.

You manage to hold onto the river bank with one hand, whilst unsheathing one of your daggers with the other. You must try to fight this horror one handed to try to get free of its horrid grip.

Turn to **120**

## **112**

Your hook finds its mark in a chimney on the opposite side of Bridge Street, and you quickly secure the end you still have to another chimney pot on this side and pull it so it's taut. The thin but strong material shines in the moonlight.

To determine how long, it takes to cross the thieves' bridge, roll 1d6. As long as this is longer than your hunters are behind you, then you successfully cross before they get to the rope and get a chance to cut it down or worse.

If Celdron reaches the rope before you can finish crossing turn to **58**

If Elrad does, turn to **113**

If they both do, turn to **123**

As they also need to cross the bridge, roll for each: 1d6 for Celdron. If this is less than your score, then he gains on you, if it's more then you increase your lead 1d6+3 for Elrad. Elrad, although surprisingly sprightly on the rooftops for his size, is not as able to run across a rope as you and Celdron – and so it is likely to take him longer. Take his score from yours, and alter you lead accordingly.

Assuming you are still free, roll for the next round and turn to **95**

## **113**

You are halfway across the makeshift rope bridge when Elrad reaches the roof edge. His approach has no finesse. He simply grabs the taut rope with his hands and with a mighty heave he shakes it so that the whole of the rope trembles and quivers. This wave of force soon travels down the length of your flimsy bridge.

**TEST YOUR FORTUNE** – Roll 2d6. If you score less than or equal to your **FORTUNE** score, you are lucky.

If you are lucky, you are close to the end of your makeshift bridge and are able to propel yourself forward in a half dive, half fall and grab onto the opposite roof. However, your body, still travelling with great momentum, slams into the building with a dreadful impact. Roll 1d6 – this is how much **ENDURANCE** you have lost.

Turn to **95**

If you are unlucky, the disturbance happens when you are halfway across the bridge.

Turn to **130**

**114**

Consult below to see your fate:

**Double 1** The Psychic attack from the eel shatters your mind, and you are rendered unconscious. The Eel wraps its slimy body around you, and pulls you to the bottom of the water, where you will be slowly consumed over a number of years. Your adventure ends here.

**Double 2** The shock of the attack mean you lose extra **ENDURANCE** – roll 1d6 and subtract this from your **ENDURANCE**. If your **ENDURANCE** is now 0, the eel takes you as a prize down the murky depths of the stinking river.

**Double 3** The attack rattles your head and you lose focus. Lose 1 **SKILL** for the remainder of the fight.

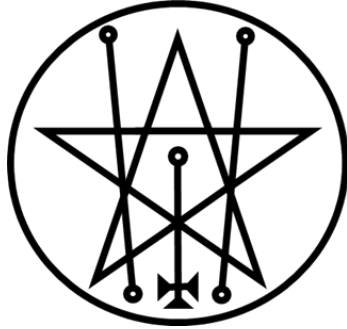
**Double 4** Lose 2 extra **ENDURANCE** points

**Double 5** The attack causes you to drop your knife in shock. It drops to the bottom of the river. You now have to draw your other knife, but if you survive, you now only have one knife and your skill stays reduced until you find another knife.

**Double 6** You are lucky – the eels attack fails, you can continue to fight.



If you are still alive, turn back to **120** and continue to fight the eel. If you throw another double return here – unless it's a double, you have already thrown – in which case ignore it and continue fighting.



**115**

For the next 3 rounds, you are racing over the rooftops of the Harbour district, where the settlements are closely huddled together. The rooftops are close with few impediments to stop you.

If you are still being pursued after these 3 rounds, then turn to **133**  
If you lose both your hunters, turn to **110**

If you get caught, then turn to the reference that deals with this:  
Caught by Celdron (**201**), caught by Elrad (**202**), caught by both (**220**)

**116**

***“Kind sir, I am so sorry, I seem to be lost. I was in a tavern in the harbour when all of a sudden I felt unwell. That’s all I remember until I awoke here. I know not where I am. I just wish to return back to the ship I paid for passage on. Can you help me”***

You look so lost and sound so earnest, the guard takes pity on you. The main reason for guarding the pass is to stop undesirables for getting into the Upper City. Surely, reasons the guard, a ragamuffin like this is better off in the dive bars in the Harbour.

He nods and lets you through and waves to his compatriot on the lower barrier.

Turn to **49**

## *117*

If you are successful, roll 1d6+3 to determine how many gold pieces you have stolen. You make off from the dwarf quickly as he finishes his business and buttons himself up. You are just around the corner when you hear a roar of rage. Your theft has obviously been discovered. You are lucky you are out of sight.

Turn to **128** and try another tavern

## *118*

You make a quick search of the body. Celdron has a pouch containing 4 gold pieces which you pocket quickly. You realise that tonight it's about survival and not thievery and so you decide to take his sword. It is an excellently balanced blade, light, razor sharp and lightning quick. Now that you are fully armed you can add 1 to your initial **SKILL**.

You also find several folded pieces of paper. You don't have time to review them now and so place them inside your tunic. Note these new items on your adventure sheet. There is also a small bottle inside his jerkin. You may keep this if you wish.

Turn to **149**

## *119*

Lecas shows you to a private back room and opens the door and gestures. You enter the room and see a man sitting alone at a corner table. He is cloaked in shadow, despite his massive size. You approach and your heart skips a beat. The man appears to be tall and the size of three ordinary men. He's in his mid-fifties, with greying, receding hair and a thick beard.

He leans forward into the light, and you can see that it is Twentyman. He sees you but his face doesn't change, apart from a slight narrowing of the eyes.

His hands move slightly and you pick out the signal in thief's-talk. He asks if everything is safe. You signal back the sign for danger. He returns with the sign to follow him, but not directly. He stands up from his table and heads round to the left where there is a small well-hidden door.

He unlocks it with a key, opens it and walks through, leaving it ajar. You leave it a couple of minutes until the end of the current song and applaud the troubadour, and whilst the crowd cheers you finish your drink, and follow.

You walk into a dimly lit corridor. You close the door behind you and you hear it "**click**" as it automatically locks again. There's a door at the end of the corridor and light streams from it. You walk up to it and look through the door into a well-appointed room. Twentyman is sitting at a table, his eyes deep in thought, the fire reflected in his dark eyes.

***"Shadow, come in, and come over here and take a seat"***

You do as he asks until you are sitting in front of him. He smiles slightly and then his hand lashes out cat fast and he slaps you around the face. You feel the sting of the blow.

Lose 1 **ENDURANCE** point.

***"You fool, what makes you search for me here? Few know my true identity in this area and I take great pains to keep it that way. What makes you search for me?"***

You flush red in embarrassment, as well as from the slap to the face, and apologise, saying

***"I'm sorry my Lord, but there's no one else I can trust. Jac told me everything. He told me to find you"***



His only response is to grunt, and then he moves and sits in a high leather arm chair next to the fire. He gestures towards its twin, opposite him, and you gladly sit down in the plush leather.

***“Tell me everything”*** he commands and you start.

Turn to **35**

## **120**

You turn round to face your, so far, unseen adversary. It's a Psychosomatic Eel. Once a relative of an electric eel, these monsters can grow up to 10 feet long. However instead of electricity, the years of evolution in the river have given them a psychic ability. They can attack you with a psychic energy as well as fighting you. As you resolve this contest, after each attack round, you must throw an additional 2d6.

If you throw a double, then you must turn to **114**

As you can only use one dagger, you must take 1 from your **SKILL** level for this fight.

**Psychosomatic Eel FIGHTING SKILL 7 ENDURANCE 9**

If you win turn to **32**





As hard as you try, you cannot shake off these men. Who are they? They are not just run of the mill brawlers – you would have outdistanced them long ago if they were. Panic starts to rise in your throat and you fight it down. But then you are aware that they are closing on you, and then one of them tap tackles you from behind, enough to send you sprawling to the rough ground. Strong hands grab you and tie you up.

One of the ruffians laughs, a cruel, heartless sound ***“you led us a merry dance there, so you did my lad. But we’ve caught you and perhaps the boss may want to have a chat to you”***.

Then one of them raps you smartly over the head with a blackjack and you know no more.

Turn to **136**

You approach the bar. You stand at the bar but make no sign, being careful not to attract undue attention to yourself. Lecas looks up and sees you, but his face remains expressionless as he approaches you, saying

***“Yes young man. What do you want? Hurry up hurry up – I haven’t got all night”***

Strange. Normally you would get at least a half smile of acknowledgement and a good bit of banter. Lecas knows that you are above reproach in his tavern – as you never steal from here or cause trouble – and you are a good source of information about what’s happening in the city. This change in his attitude alarms you but outwardly you mask this and remain calm.





If you have enough gold, you can either buy a quart of ale or a glass of Amaldian Red. The ale is 1 gold piece, the wine 3 gold pieces. If you choose the ale, turn to **13**

If you choose the wine, turn to **37**

If you have no money, you will have to ask to have the drink put on your tab, turn to **86**

## 123

You are still crossing your flimsy bridge when both Celdron and Elrad reach the edge of the building. Elrad's approach has no finesse. He simply grabs the taut rope with his hands and with a mighty heave he shakes it so that the whole of the rope trembles and quivers. This wave of force soon travels down the length of your flimsy bridge.

All of a sudden your world is turned upside down. You are thrown into the air and then cartwheel down ungracefully towards the cobbles below. You are three stories up and know that this fall is too high. The ground rushes towards you, and you close your eyes in acceptance.

## 124

As you mull all this information over, Livia busies herself making more tea. You sit down by the counter deep in thought, and then ask her again if there is anything she can possibly remember that may help. Any slight detail may be enough. She furrows her brow, which only makes her face disappear into more wrinkles, so that her eyes can barely be seen twinkling under her bushy brows.

***"Now you mention it, she did say something strange a couple of days before she was taken"***

You press her as much as you dare and she nods, saying ***"Yes that was it. She said....."***

Then there is a blinding flash and a crash behind you and the window explodes into the small shop, showering you with large shards of glass.

Do you have the **SKILL of SPEED and AGILITY**? If so turn to **56**  
If you do not, turn to **20**

## 125

You finish your beer as you walk up the stairs and place the pewter jack on a table at the top of the stairs. You turn right and arrive at a sturdy iron door. As you open it, you are grabbed by a large, scaly green hand and pulled inside the room. Your speed and agility help you keep your balance but you are spun round and stare into a face.

The face is a nightmare. His skin is green and blue hued, pockmarked and scarred, with one deep slash from side to side leaving a huge rent in his large bulbous nose. This causes snot and worse to ooze out of this gash as he breaths, which he does with rasping breaths.

His teeth are fangs, with his orcines overhanging his upper and lower lips by at least 3 inches. The teeth are yellow and stained and have pieces of meat, and you don't want to know what, stuck between them. As he opens and closes his mouth the teeth often slice into the flesh of his lips, causing them to ooze a deep green pus that acts as the Orcs blood. One of them has broken off leaving a jagged half point. The forehead is thick and bony with ridges in it, and the eyebrows are more like irregular tufts of thick black wire wool. His brow is low so his hairline almost reaches his eyebrows, giving him an even more thuggish look and would make him look stupid if it wasn't for his eyes. They glowed an evil yellow from under his heavy brow, gleaming with intelligence and cruelty.



You see that the creature is chained to the wall. There have been rumours of underground orc fights in some taverns – strictly against the edicts of the church. You seem to have found a contestant locked up until his next fight.

***“Small weak man thing disturbs Ozark? Ozark will kill and eat small weak man. Ozark not eaten since he ate a dwarf in his last fight. Ozark Hungary. If weak man is lucky, he may be dead when Ozark eats him. HA”*** he snorts with an evil laughter; his face once again being covered in snot from his wrecked nose.

His thick and gnarled hand reach out towards you. His claws are several inches long and yellowing.

You have no choice but to fight this beast. Even unarmed and chained, he is a fearsome beast.

**OZARK FIGHTING SKILL 10      ENDURANCE 15**

If you win turn to **164**

If your **ENDURANCE** reaches 2, turn to **157**

## **126**

You struggle against their fierce hold on your arms and shoulders, seemingly thrashing at random. But instead you have a plan. You pull forward trying to escape, and as they automatically pull back on your shoulders to stop you from breaking their grasp. You manage to wheel them around so that you are facing the alley wall. You give one more pull forward, as strong as you can, and as they struggle to again pull you back, you raise both your feet and push them firmly against the alley wall.

This sudden change in your momentum, compared with their own, catches them by surprise and you all fall backward into a heap. You roll away and come up into a crouch. As the first of the ruffians rises, you kick his squarely in the temple with a powerful roundhouse kick. He drops to the floor, dazed.

The second ruffian regains his feet, but warily keeps his distance and draws his sword. He is between you and the exit to the alley, which is a cul de sac. You draw your blade and engage with him.

**RUFFIAN 2**

**FIGHTING SKILL 8    ENDURANCE 10**

If you defeat him in under 4 rounds, turn to **153**. If it takes more than that, turn to **158**

*127*

You manage to duck to avoid the horrible blood covering your face. You haul yourself onto the bank of the river, and roll away from the water, and remain there panting and trembling with shock. That was close!

Turn to **87**

*128*

You go to a wardrobe in an upstairs room and change clothing and dress more like an off duty mercenary. You belt a sword around your waist. If you found a sword in Jailbreak you can use this one. Otherwise it will just be a standard sword.

You will need money to buy beer in the taverns you search. You find your stash. Sadly, there is not much in there as you have spent too much of your recent profits on gambling.

Roll 1d6 – that is how many gold pieces you have. You sigh, hoping it's enough, and place the gold in a purse, and tuck it inside your jerkin

You head out back onto the street, closing the door behind you and locking it.



In the past few years Twentyman has spent most of his evenings frequenting the taverns and alehouses of Laeveni. He does this not to get drunk, although he is fond of a few pints or mugs or wine, but instead he uses it to gather information. That way he can identify marks or potential scores, or ships coming in with good cargos that are worth lifting. He has a network in each of the districts who funnel intelligence to him. Although he varies his nights in different districts to stay unpredictable, you know that tonight he was due to frequent the harbour.

Whilst not the most salubrious parts of town, the harbour is home to the fisher families and the fish markets – and a lot of information is shared by fisherman in the local alehouses, as they love to do two things: drink and gossip – and especially gossip to someone buying the drinks!

You will need to trawl the taverns and alehouses to try to find him. This is not a part of town you frequent, partly as you cannot abide the smell, and so you should not be known here. There are 5 taverns you know of in the harbour, but you don't know which ones Twentyman visits. You cannot ask for him by name, as he never uses it when he is out and about and will instead be known by an alias in this district. Sadly, you don't have a clue what he will be called here. You will have to physically search.

You must not look out of the ordinary and everyone will expect you to buy beer in each tavern and drink it. You hope you find him soon as you do not have a head for beer, and will soon feel its effects if you have to visit too many hostelryes – and you cannot risk looking out of place by not buying and drinking a beer at each stop.

Will you try:

The Pillars of Amaldi? Turn to **98**

The Forked Tail? Turn to **61**

The Drunken Goat? Turn to **24**

The Bishops Mitre? Turn to **143**

If you run out of money before finding Twentyman turn to **140**

129

**TEST YOUR SKILL**, but you can take 2 off the dice roll. If you are successful turn to **77**. If you fail, turn to **131**



130

All of a sudden your world is turned upside down. You are thrown into the air and then cartwheel down ungracefully towards the cobbles below. You are three stories up and know that this fall is too high. The ground rushes towards you, and you close your eyes in acceptance.

Your adventure ends here.

131

You wait, milling around in the crowds near the Market Square. Celdron and Elrad emerge into the street. They stop and glare at the crowds, and push through the throngs, pulling back cloak hoods on anyone that looks a similar size to you. This nearly starts a couple of fights until the subject of their attention sees the size of Elrad. But they are getting closer to you. You try to move away when they are within feet of you, but then a rough hand grasps your shoulder and spins you round. Elrad smile coldly when he sees your face, and his huge fist thunders towards you, smashing your nose and cheekbone and knocking you unconscious.





The next thing you know, you awake to find yourself in a dark room with stone walls, and all manner of unpleasant objects hanging from those walls. You are naked but for a loin cloth and tied to the Wheel of Pain. The Inquisitor smiles at you pleasantly, asks you a question, and you shake your head. He sighs, almost happily and he slowly turns the wheel. Your toes and then pulled under the weight of the wheel and it starts to crush these small bones to dust. You scream in agony and the Inquisitor only smiles more and turns the wheel again. Your feet start to be crushed and the pain is even more excruciating.

It takes a long time for you to die and by the time you do, your body and spirit are broken, you have betrayed the Guild and everything you hold true. Your adventure ends here, and your treachery has doomed the Guild. Within a few days all of the Guild have been either killed or captured and your name goes down in infamy.

132

You and Celdron were evenly matched. He had a shorter reach, but a longer weapon. You had the better reach, but only a side weapon. Your reflexes serve you well, as you are able to dodge and parry his strokes, but he is almost as fast as you and so neither of you can manage a decisive blow.

Then you are aware of a hulking silent shape behind you. A huge hand seizes your head and bashes your skull against the hard stone walls. You crumple to the ground, unconscious.

It turns out Elrad was never far from his friend and when he heard the signs of a struggle, had found his way to the alley.

Turn to 65

133

Your plight is getting desperate as people on the street have started to notice the noise above – and that will only bring more City Watch – even in the Harbour, an area where the Guild have strong loyalties. The closest blockhouse is only a couple of streets away. The jump over the street is too wide without your rope, and you do not want to go back the way you came.

Your mind races as you consider your options.

Even after sundown you can see the area is busy with stalls, merchants and customers. You can try jumping down and heading for the busy streets, and try to lose them in the crowds.

If you want to try this turn to **18**

You have noticed that as you run, both your pursuers are wearing their traditional Black Guard uniforms, which consists of heavy leather trousers and jerkins, with a black mail coat over the top of the jerkin. Added to this their heavier weapons, and they are not best suited for a swim! As you come running around the side corner onto Bridge Street, you can try to dive off the edge near the Tithe Bridge, into the murky depths of the river.

If you try this, turn to **59**

**134**

You glance behind and can see your pursuers are still on your trail. You cannot hope to run across the street without attracting notice. As soon as you turn the corner, you stop running.

Do you have an old black cloak? If you do turn to **21**

Do you have the **SKILL of DISGUISE AND HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT**? If you do, turn to **129**

If not, you will have to trust to luck

**TEST YOUR FORTUNE** but add 1 to the roll. If you are lucky turn to **77**

If you are unlucky, turn to **131**

**135**

## THE RIVER

You dive straight as an arrow into the river, and sense rather than

feel a dagger fly past your shoulder – no doubt thrown by Celdron. At least that missed.

You plunge into the dark depth of the stinking river, remembering to hold your breath, close your mouth and breathe out as you enter the water. The cold shock nearly takes your breath away, and you struggle to maintain your breathing. You do not want to take in water from this river!

## TEST YOUR FORTUNE

If you are **FORTUNATE** turn to **90**

If you are **UNLUCKY** turn to **145**

**136**

The next thing you know, you awake to find yourself in a dark room with stone walls, and all manner of unpleasant objects hanging from those walls. You are naked but for a loin cloth and tied to the Wheel of Pain. The Inquisitor smiles at you pleasantly, asks you a question, and you shake your head. He sighs, almost happily and he slowly turns the wheel. Your toes and then pulled under the weight of the wheel and it starts to crush these small bones to dust. You scream in agony and the Inquisitor only smiles more and turns the wheel again. Your feet start to be crushed and the pain is even more excruciating.

It takes a long time for you to die and by the time you do your body and spirit are broken you have betrayed the Guild and everything you hold true. Your adventure ends here, and your treachery has doomed the Guild. Within a few days all of the Guild have been either killed or captured and your name goes down in infamy.

**137**

The hold on you stays firm, no matter how much you struggle. Do you have any smoke bombs? If you do, turn to **166**

If not, turn to **159**

You make your way to one of the few unoccupied tables and wait to order. As you wait you sense something here is not as it seems. You look around the bar room and notice that some of the customers are hardly drinking, and it seems unusually quiet – without the usual hubbub of a busy tavern. No one is laughing, no one is gambling, no one is shouting.

As you look, you notice a group of three roughnecks at a table to the right of the bar. One of them catches your eye, and his eyes widen slightly in recognition. He then whispers intently to his mates. Do you wait to see if they are friendly?

Turn to **97**

Get up and leave quickly? Turn to **55**

You feel an arm on your shoulder and it pulls you back. You stumble round, pulling your blade out. You are facing a rather plain looking man, with a non-descript face and mud coloured hair. He already has his sword free, and the way he holds it and moves shows he's a professional. You must fight him.

## **RUFFIAN 1    FIGHTING SKILL 9**

You both have the **ENDURANCE** levels you have after the race. Each combat round takes 1 second. If you have not lost your other pursuers, then you only have the seconds you are in front of them to beat your enemy. If the fight lasts longer than that, then another pursuer joins the fight and you are overpowered and knocked unconscious. Turn to **136**

If you win, turn to **107**

If you lose, you are eventually knocked unconscious. Turn to **136**

140

You have still to find Twentyman and you have no money to pay for beer. No establishment will take kindly to you wandering in without any gold to buy a drink. You need to get some more money. Fortunately, this should not be too difficult for a thief!

You meld into the background of the street and watch the passers-by, looking for a good mark.

Do you have the **SKILL of FORBEARANCE**? If you do turn to **103**. If you don't turn to **99**

If this is your second time trying to raise money, turn to **167**

141

The brute advances on you and you wait. His fellow guards don't interfere but instead start to place wagers on the outcome - first blood, best wound.

Bigly is strong and an experienced fighter, but past his best, and a bit worse for wear even at this hour.

**BIGLY            FIGHTING SKILL 8 ENDURANCE 10.**

If you are the first to inflict two wounds, turn to **192**

If Bigly is the first to inflict two wounds on you without killing you, turn to **23**

142

Several hundred yards beneath the street, there is a cavern, a cavern you know all too well as you escaped it less than a turn of an hourglass ago. In this ancient cavern, the spirit of De-Villiers rages. You escaped him, and with the token he needs, and now without corporal form, he is unable to leave the cavern.



Instead he summons his Black Guard to him. There are a dozen of them, but at the front are the two Lieutenants.

The first is small, slight and moves quickly. His hair is greasy and seemingly plastered to his head and face, as well as a scraggly beard covering most of his pock marked face. This is a face not to trust. His dark eyes glitter cruelly under his brows. Celdron! One of De-Villiers most trusted Lieutenants. What he lacks in size he makes up for in viciousness.

The other is the opposite. Tall and broad, but without enough bulk to slow him down. He towers above Celdron, and a broad headed battle axe is hooked into his belt. His hair is long, blonde and braided, and his face clean-shaven. It would be a friendly, attractive face if it wasn't for his eyes, which shine like blue ice – but there is no emotion in these eyes.

This is Elrad, Celdron's normal accomplice when working for De-Villiers. He is the brawn to Celdron's brains – and he enjoys using his brawn.

***“My friends, my most loyal servants, the thief called Shadow has escaped me. He has with him a token I need. We need. HE needs. It's a stone of red, and I need it to complete our plan. Rest not, wait not. Seek him out and bring him to me, alive or dead. But bring me this stone”***

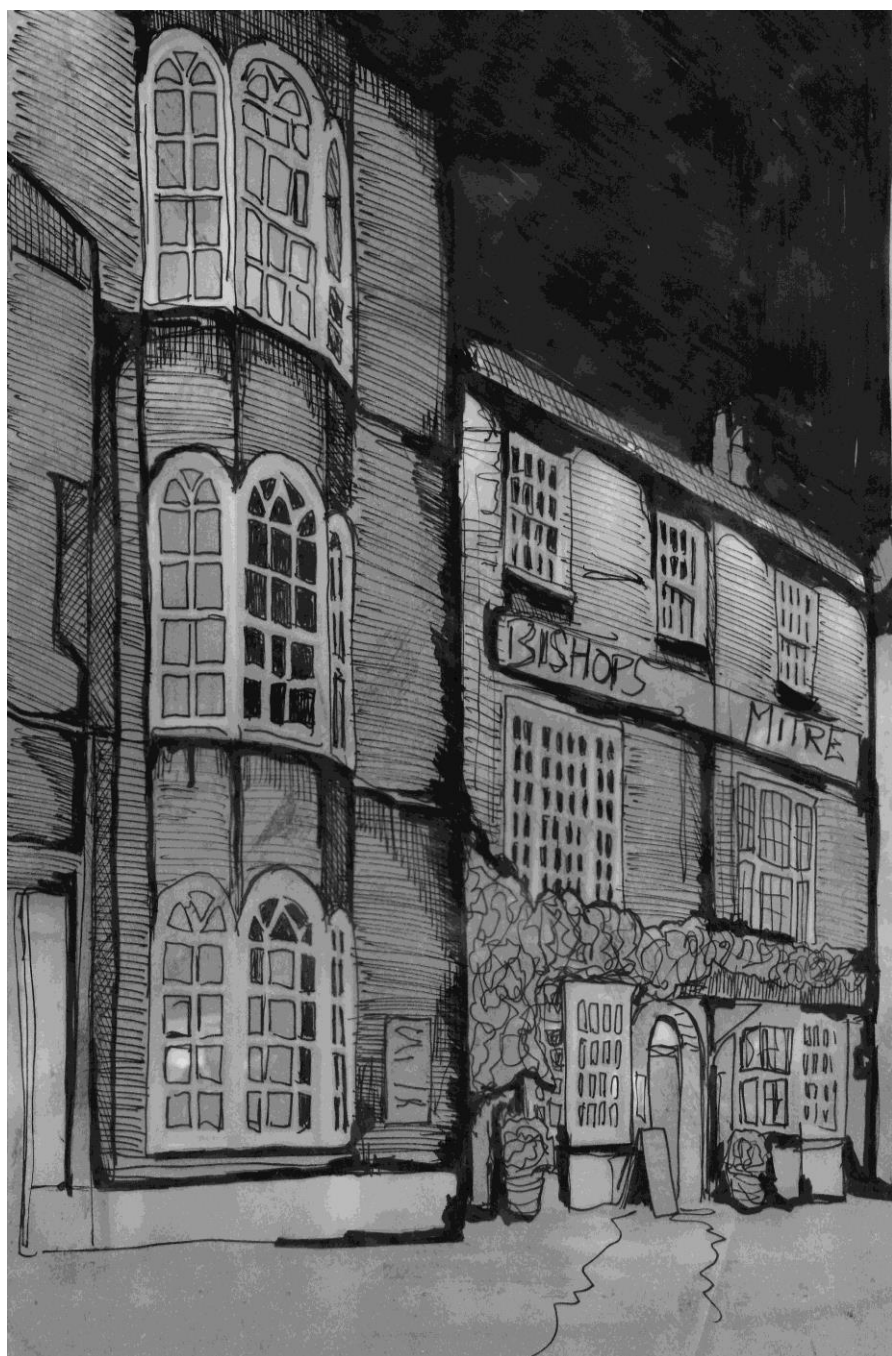
Celdron and Elrad salute, and turn, and the Black Guard file out of the chamber after them.

Turn to 144

143

The Bishops Mitre sits a couple of streets back from the harbour front. It's at the junction of Priestgate and Hallows End on the left hand side when travelling from the port side of the harbour. Priestgate is the main road up from the port side of the harbour, up to the left cliff face and the road up to the upper city and eventually Amaldi City.





It's a large three storey establishment with tall, stained glass windows. It's so named, as centuries ago, a bishop travelling to the Holy City for a pilgrimage stayed there one night – as he was late arriving to port and in those dark days, the pass to the upper city was closed at dusk.

He got so uproariously drunk that he ended up giving a sermon on the evils of drink to the local clientele, whilst stood on the bar of the tavern, clad in nothing but his Mitre.

When you go in, this spiritual theme is continued through the pub. Choral music plays from a mechanical music box. The bar looks like a pulpit from a church and all the walls are festooned with icons of religious figures. It's very quiet inside.

You head to the bar and a red cheeked man behind the bar welcomes you. He is dressed all in black with a white collar, that gives him an ecclesiastical look. He likes to pepper his sentences with lots of praise the lords, and you order a pint. The beer costs 3 gold pieces – make sure you mark this off your adventure sheet.

You can see why the tavern is so quiet.

You move away from the bar to save yourself from the constant diatribe from the barkeep. You walk around checking to see if Twentyman is in here. There are only 4 other customers – all look like tourists. However, unseen by you, one of them notices you, and leaves immediately by a side door.

You walk into the room next door and find there's no one in there. You sit at a table and quickly drink your ale. It's a dark porter, which whilst being strong also provides you with some nourishment – add **2 ENDURANCE** points.

You decide it's time to leave. Turn to **33**



When escaping from the jail, did you get bitten by a rat?

If you did turn to **46**

If you didn't, turn to **29**

## 145

The cold shock causes you to breathe in sharply whilst you are underwater. You involuntarily swallow some of the foul black water. It feels horrible and greasy as it goes down your throat. You cannot head straight to the surface as you know Celdron's eagle eyes will still be on the lookout for you.

Throw 1d6. This is the amount of damage the water has done to your body, and you will slowly become weaker. You will lose 1 **ENDURANCE** point per reference from now. So if you threw 1, you lose 1 **ENDURANCE** point. If you threw 5, you will lose an **ENDURANCE** point for the next 5 references – or until you can find an antidote.

If you rolled 6, if you don't get an antidote by the 6th reference, then the water is toxic to you and you die – regardless of your **ENDURANCE** level.

If you are still alive turn to 111, but make a note of how many **ENDURANCE** points you need to lose.

## 146

You successfully manage to take the money pouch from your quarry without him realising. You quickly turn and head the opposite direction and check the contents. Roll 1d6. That how many gold pieces are in the pouch.

Turn back to 128 and choose another tavern you have yet to visit.

## 147

After 90 minutes you slip out of the back door of the Rat. You watch to make sure you are not followed, and with extra stealth make your way to the Guild safehouse on Wychgate.

Part way down on the left is a single non-descript door. You look around, see there's no one about and turn the handle and step inside. There's now a short corridor to another door with a sliding panel in it. Only those that know the signal will be admitted through this door, as the Guild's strong-arms guard it. You approach and gently knock tonight's code on the door and as you do you are amazed that it starts to open – only a few inches. This door is never left open and is always guarded. Something is wrong.

Your adrenaline starts to flow again, making your senses almost preternatural. Before you even open the door further the smell hits you – a strong iron-like smell mixed in with something even worse that cloyes your nose and mouth. Your ears strain for any noise, but there is nothing to hear.

You draw your sword and slowly push the door open. What you see inside is a scene of horror. The large common room has bodies sprawled around it. Blood covers the floor in pools and is sprayed over the walls in bright spurts and entrails and worse are mixed in with the blood. The stench is almost unbearable and flies have already started to gather on the bodies. Unseeing eyes look up at you from your dead friends and colleagues. The two strong-arms who were guarding lie facing the door. Their throats have been expertly cut from ear to ear and seemingly from behind.

In a chair at the far end of the room is sprawled Twentyman. Tears come to your eyes unbidden. More than anyone Twentyman has been a father to you. He was a stern and demanding master, but fair and he trusted and liked you above all others. You walk over to him and as you do his head moves slightly and he groans. His unfocused eyes struggle to focus on you and he smiles wanly.

***“Shadow.....”*** He says weakly ***“I don’t have much time. I need to tell you a little more I now know.”*** He gasps for breath and blood spurts from his mouth and he coughs. ***“Listen carefully. You can.....trust....no one....in the Guild now.”***

He coughs again, more blood spurts out of his mouth, even darker blood. Hearts blood. You know he doesn't have much time

***“Go to the western gate of the Amaldi City. Show the Kaptain of the Holy Guards this.”*** He presses something into your hand. Struggling for breath he continues ***“But it must be at.....”***

Then you hear a noise behind you. You turn into a cat like crouch, your sword in front of you.

Turn to **191**

**148**

Chaos erupts in the common room. In a town where fires are an frequent and deadly event, then everyone knows better than to sit and wait. Customers flock towards the door, as do you, trying to keep as many people between you and the three men as you can.

**TEST YOUR AGILITY.** If you have the **SKILL of SPEED AND AGILITY**, take 2 from the roll

If you succeed, turn to **82**. If you fail, turn to **34**

**149**

You collapse to the floor in sheer exhaustion – mental and physical. Your supple and fit thief's body quickly recovers though – you may return your **ENDURANCE** to the same level it was before the race – unless you have been injured during it (these points stay lost). Your **FORTUNE** remains at the level it was at the end of the race.

You turn around a corner so that you are out of sight, and when it's safe, climb quickly back to the rooftops. You decide to head to the safehouse on Dagger Lane to rest and wait for night.

Turn to **67**



Using all your speed you try to jump up from the table and flee. But they are surprisingly fast and have been expecting this. Large hands with grips like cold iron encircle both of your arms and you are pulled back down onto your seat. Then one of the men gives you a sharp rap around the back of the head with a blackjack. The whole world goes dizzy and you start to lapse into unconsciousness.

As you do, the last thing you hear is one of the ruffians laughing and saying ***“Oh look, the poor lad can’t handle his drink. But don’t you worry landlord, we’ll take him outside for a bit of fresh air”.***

You lose consciousness

Turn to **136**

You stand at the bar and sip your beer. It’s a ruby red spiced ale that has a real kick of chilli heat at the back of the throat. The spice takes you by surprise and makes you cough, and the cough turns into something else as all the beer that’s been churning around in your stomach decides to make a reappearance. You try to cover your mouth with your hand, but all that happens is that the sick sprays through your fingers and covers everyone at the bar.

Everyone turns and stares at you, with fury in their eyes. The nearest man, a ruffian with a huge bushy black beard, wastes no time complaining and instead smashes you over the head with his pewter tankard. You drop to the flagstone floor. Just before you lose consciousness you are aware of strong arms taking you under the shoulders and dragging you along the floor to the door, where you are unceremoniously thrown into the street and left – but only after you have been relieved of all your valuables.

Turn to **30**



Even your thief's reflexes cannot save you, as you stagger into the broad back of a man. He in turn lurches forward and his beer goes flying into another customers face. He splutters, and shakes his head, and then realising that you were the source of the incident he stares at you, his face reddening with anger. The first turns round and looks down at you. He towers at least a foot over you and he seems to blot out the light from the lamps.

He grabs your shirt front with a broad calloused hand, and pulls you towards him. Your toes drag along the planked floor, as he lifts you almost off your feet. He pulls your face to his, until you are scant inches apart. He stinks of booze, and his breath almost knocks you out as he shouts into your face. Lose 2 **ENDURANCE** points.

***“What did you do that for, runt. I’ve not seen you before, what you doing in The Pillars causing trouble. I ought to snap your arms off for that. No one spills Bigly’s beer in The Pillars. Now what you going to do about it? Or shall we take it out of your skinny hide?”***

Have you met Bigly before? If so turn to **195**

If not, you will have to try to talk your way out of this. Have you the **SKILL OF CHARM AND GUILE**? If so turn to **169**. If not, turn to **7**

The first ruffian that you kicked is starting to come round and staggering to his feet. Wasting no time, you run him through before he has a chance to regain his senses. You leave the alley as quick as you can, as you know their acquaintance has gone to find the man called Jocto.

Realising you are still being hunted, you must still risk the taverns to find Twentyman. Then you realise what one of the ruffians said – to go to the Rat and get Jocto who was watching the big man. The Rat must be the One Eyed Rat, and the big man might be Twentyman.



If you want to try visiting the One Eyed Rat, turn to **14**. Otherwise turn to **128** and try a hostelry you have yet to visit.

## 154

You are on the floor, half conscious. But obviously Bigly hasn't finished yet. He picks you up again, and once again strikes you full in the face. You feel your cheekbone shatter. Then he punches you again, this time your mouth is pulped, and acting on pure instinct you spit out half of your teeth. The ruthless beating continues until you are unconscious and are thrown out onto the street.

Turn to **30**

## 155

There's something in Lecas' demeanor that you do not like. You decide against following him as he walks to the back door, and turn and run out through the open stable gate into the street. As you turn the corner, you see three shadows appear from out a side alley. They block you off, and one of them raps you over the head with a blackjack. You drop to the ground, dazed. A quick kick to the head and you lose consciousness.

Turn to **136**

## 156

You get your purse out of your tunic and Bigly grabs it and pours the contents into his calloused hand. You can see his mouth move as he counts the coins. He looks up, claps you on the back, and turns away from you. Lose 1 **ENDURANCE** as his slap on the back was like a normal man's punch.

As Bigly heads to the bar, you take the chance to leave. But you no longer have any money and still need to find Twentyman. Turn to **140**

The orcs arm whistles down and its claws pierce your flesh once more. Ozark cleverly twists it so that the claws open up the wound even more. Blood spurts from the wound. You scream with abject agony. The impact drives you to your knees. Ozark places his giant boot in the centre of your chest, and pushes you backwards to wrench his claws free of your body. You almost faint, and you feel the blood oozing into the now vacated space.

Ozark grunts, and picks you up by a leg. ***“Lucky you disturbed Ozark. Ozark is hungry, but man-people get mad if Ozark kills anyone just to eat and human food is foul. But you I had to kill! You were in my place. HA! Now it’s food time for Ozark. Ozark likes food warm. HA. Come with Ozark”*** and he smiles almost gently at you.

He drags you to the side of the room and he sits himself down, and pulls your inert body over to him. He opens his mouth and his breath is that of rotten meat and stale ale. He licks his lips with his large ulcerated purple tongue (managing to cut his tongue on his broken fang, not that he seems to care). He rips open your jerkin exposing your bare torso, and almost tenderly pulls you up to his gaping maw.

His fangs pierce your skin, burying deep in your chest, and then he swiftly pulls his head back, tearing his teeth from you, taking large chunks of flesh with him. He chews noisily twice and swallows and takes another bite. Whilst eating, his hands rip apart your dreadful wounds, and his claw-like fingers close around your internal organs and pull, like a fisherman gutting a fish. You remain conscious long enough to see him bring up your glistening deep red liver to his lips, and take a large bite. Then you pass mercifully into unconsciousness never to awake, as the brute continues to devour you.

Your adventure ends here.

By the time you dispatch the second ruffian, the leader is back on his feet. Wary of your feet, from the blow to his head, he keeps his distance, drawing his sword and blocking the exit from the alley

## TEST YOUR FORTUNE

If you are fortunate, then the third of their party has not returned with Jocto and any other help. But you must fight the man in the alley.

**RUFFIAN 1                      FIGHTING SKILL 9    ENDURANCE 11**

If you are unfortunate, turn to **168**

If it takes you 5 or more rounds to win, then turn to **168**

If you win in less than 5 rounds, then you make haste from the alley.

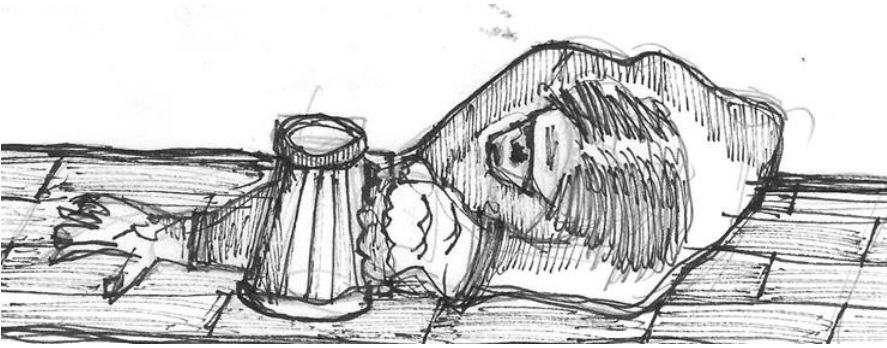
Then you realise what one of the ruffians said – to go to the Rat and get Jocto who was watching the big man. The Rat must be the One Eyed Rat, and the big man might be Twentyman.

If you want to try visiting the One Eyed Rat, turn to **14**. Otherwise turn to **128** and try a hostelry you have yet to visit.

The wait seems to go on forever. Despite your best attempts, you cannot wriggle free from your captors. Eventually, four men walk into the alley. One you recognise as the man in the Mitre who was then sent to get Jocto. Then one of them steps forward and smiles

***“Well, my boy, you’ve been elusive as I would expect from the famous thief Shadow. But we have you now. The boss has got some questions, and I think you may have something he wants a lot. If I were you, son, I’d do as he says”***

Then he signals. Two of his men reach down and haul you to your feet. The leader, who you assume is Jocto, takes a black cylinder from his belt and raps you over the head with it. The black jack knocks you out. Turn to **65**



160

You run out of the alley, but as you do, someone unseen sticks a leg out and you go tumbling over it. You roll along the ground and then come to a stop on your back, looking up. Four faces stare down at you, swords pointing at you. One of them steps forward and smiles

***“Well, my boy, you’ve been elusive as I would expect from the famous thief Shadow. But we have you now. The boss has got some questions, and I think you may have something he wants a lot. If I were you, son, I’d do as he says”***

Then he signals. Two of his men reach down and haul you to your feet. The leader, who you assume is Jocto, takes a black cylinder from his belt and raps you over the head with it. The black jack knocks you out.

Turn to 65

161

You wait for a few moments until a tall slim figure comes into view. You cannot tell if it’s a male or a female, or even human or not, as the figure is wearing a long black cloak, and the cloak’s hood is up covering his / her head. All you can see is a shadowy outline of a long aquiline face, and cold gleaming eyes. These eyes make you nervous.

However, you can see no one else you could try to accost and so you steel yourself and strengthen your resolve. You approach the mysterious figure just as it walks past a street lamp

The light from the flickering torch illuminates the face of the creature under the cowl. You gasp. The pale skin, gleaming silver blue eyes and long straight hair highlight a creature of unnatural beauty – but it's the dark beauty of a Dark Elf.

These creatures are not often seen in Laeveni as they are an arrogant and aloof race who do not like to demean themselves by talking to humans, orcs or, even worse, dwarves. This is a dangerous quarry to stalk. Dark Elves are rumoured to have mythical powers, but their physical abilities are preternatural at least. As fast as you are, Dark Elves are faster, both in speed and reflexes. They also have heightened senses which make them very difficult to sneak up on.

This cannot be done by stealth, you will have to use deception and disguise. You decide to approach the elf openly and pretend to recognise him.

You walk up towards him and shout ***“Oi mate, I knows you I does, it's me. Fancy a beer with your old mate”*** and you close the distance on him.

He turns, casting back his hood and cloak and stares malevolently at you. A gold and ebony handled knife is sheaved at his belt. You can see no money purse.

***“How would I know one such as you”*** he asks scornfully.

But you are next to him and put your arm around him, and say you are Bradoch, doesn't he remember you. Meanwhile your other hand moves slowly and imperceptively towards the knife. Dark elf metal work is rarely on the open market as they hate trading with “lesser” species and this will fetch you a good price. Your hand closes on the knife's handle.

**TEST YOUR AGILITY.** Add 1 to each role for each beer you have drunk.

If you fail, turn to **175**

If you pass, turn to **162**

Amazingly, the elf is so arrogant that he does not even consider you have another motive. He looks down his long aquiline nose at you and says contemptuously

***“If I have met you, then I know not where, and I seldom truck with your kind, but you filthy ground dwellers look alike anyway. Get away with you, before you provoke my wrath”***

You pretend to grovel and apologise, whilst in fact you have successfully stolen the knife from his belt. Dark elven knives are rumoured to have special abilities and so this should be worth a pretty penny. You are down the street and out of sight and then you hear a scream of rage. The Dark Elf has discovered his loss! It would be better for you if you didn't encounter him again tonight – as they make fearsome foes.

Roll 3d6. This is how much you can swap the knife for. You quickly find a back street fence who gives you the money, no questions asked, and you can now continue the search for Twentyman. Turn back to 128 and try another tavern.

You wait for a few moments until a tall slim figure comes into view. You cannot tell if it's a male or a female, or even human or not, as the figure is wearing a long black cloak, and the cloaks hood is up covering his / her head. All you can see is a shadowy outline of a long aquiline face, and cold gleaming eyes. These eyes make you nervous. You decide to wait for another target.

Across the street, a Dwarven warrior walks into view out of an ale house. You curse under your breath – this is not the type of quarry you would normally target – but given your lack of other option you will need to try. Dwarves are notoriously bad tempered and suspicious of other species, and for anyone who gets on the wrong side of an angry dwarf it's rarely a good outcome.



You follow on quiet feet, closing the distance between you and the dwarf. He has obviously been drinking, as he reeks like a brewery, but showing little effect as the Dwarven constitution is legendary. He suddenly stops at the side of the road and undoes his breeches, and then relieves himself into the gutter at the side of the road. This is your chance to strike!

**TEST YOUR AGILITY.** You will need to add 1 to the roll for each beer you have drunk

If you pass, turn to **117**. If you fail, turn to **79**

**164**

The orc is a cunning fighter, vicious and cruel, but finally you manage to beat him. The point of your blade slides between his ribs and upward to pierce his heart. A gurgling noise comes from his fanged mouth, and blood fountains out of it. His scimitar drops from his now almost lifeless hands and lands on the cobbled streets with a clang.

You quickly pull your blade out of the orc's hideous torso and he groans. Then the strength leaves his legs and he drops first to his knees, and then topples forward onto his face. His breathing continues raggedly for some moments, until he finally convulses and his final breath rattles out of him and he dies.

By his side is a bottle. It's plain brown with a cork roughly stuck in the top. You want to open it and see what's inside

You pull the cork and it comes off with a satisfying pop. You sniff the neck of the bottle and it smells like a strong malty ale is inside. Do you want to drink it? If so turn to **172**

If not, you leave the room. If you haven't tried the other door on the balcony, turn to **173**

Otherwise you decide to leave this tavern.

Is this your first pint of ale? If it is, turn back to **128** and visit a tavern that you have yet to visit. If it's not, turn to **51**



## 165

The ruffians are nearly upon you and all you can do is shout “**Oi, barkeep, what sort of swill are you trying to poison me with?**” and you throw your drink across the room.

As the same time, you push past them and run for the door. They are right on your tail as you leave via the front door. You cannot hope to beat all 3 in a fight and so your only choice is to flee.

You set off at a dead sprint, and they are soon behind you. You have a slight lead but they are hot on your tail.

You are in a race for your life but you have bought some time. Throw 1d6 and add this to the lead you have, when you are told to calculate it. Turn to **36**

## 166

The smoke bombs are inside your jerkin, from when you go them from Livia earlier today. You so limp, hoping that the men holding you assume you are too tired to struggle. You manage to inch your hand into your jerkin, as the ruffians have you by the shoulders. You remove the bombs and with a sudden jerk of your arm, hurl them to the ground.

You close your eyes and hold your breath. You feel a whoosh as the chemicals in the bombs come into contact with air and release the acrid vapour. You bury your face into your jerkin to try to stop the fumes going up your nose. Then you hear coughing and spluttering and the grip on you loosens. Exactly what you had been waiting for. You lunge forward and break free, running for the exit from the alley.

You manage to escape, and now know you are still being hunted. But you still need to find Twentyman.

Then you realise what one of the ruffians said – to go to the Rat and get Jocto who was watching the big man. The Rat must be the One Eyed Rat, and the big man might be Twentyman.

If you want to try visiting the One Eyed Rat, turn to **14**. Otherwise turn to **128** and try a hostelry you have yet to visit.

## 167

You meld into the background of the street and watch the passers-by, looking for a good mark.

Do you have the **SKILL of FORBEARANCE**? If you do turn to **163**. If you don't turn to **161**

## 168

You lunge at the first ruffian and the fight starts. He is much better with his blade and you cannot hit him for the first two rounds, but neither does he lay his sword on you. But as you fight, you wheel around so that your back is to the alley exit. You think you have a chance and disengage and turn to run. The ruffian lunges at you and managed to scour along your ribs, a painful blow, as you retreat. Lose 2 **ENDURANCE** points.

Turn to **160**

## 169

You look at Bigly and reply, ***“Sir, my humblest apologies. I meant no offence. It’s just the excellent ale in this most excellent tavern has gone straight to my head. Please let me buy you and your friend a drink by way of apology”***

Bigly’s mood seems to brighten, and he stares at his red faced friend, who nods. He lets you down to the floor but keeps hold of your tunic.

***“C’mon then, put your gold where your mouth is”*** he growls  
You ask to be allowed to get your purse from inside your tunic. Bigly agrees and let’s go of your shirt front, but still keeps a large hand on your shoulder in case you try to bolt.

How much gold do you have in your purse? If it's less than 3 gold pieces, turn to **26**. If you have more than 3 gold pieces, turn to **156**

## 170

They arrive at the bar and stand next to you. They smell of stale ale and even staler sweat. The leader, a man with a cast in his left eye, smiles an evil smile at you.

***“Now then, my fine fella, it seems to me I know you from somewhere. Where could that be?”***

You can try to create a diversion or try to escape

If you try to create a diversion, turn to **165**

If you try to escape, turn to **150**

## 171

Your thief's reflexes save you and you only stagger slightly and don't barge into anyone – a good thing in this tavern. There's no sign of Twentyman – and you dare not ask anyone.

You spend the next 20 minutes trying to mind your own business whilst finishing your ale. You don't want to act suspicious by leaving any – especially for the amount you have been charged, and so decide you must finish your pint – and then leave quickly

Is this your first pint of ale? If it is, you finish it now turn back to **128** and visit a tavern that you have yet to visit. If it's not, turn to **51**

## 172

You have a swig of the ale and it's fiery as it goes down your throat. **TEST YOUR ENDURANCE.** Roll 4d6. If you roll less than or equal to your current **ENDURANCE**, then your constitution is strong enough to cope with the fiery beer, and the beer, or pochi, has no adverse effects on you. In fact, it's surprisingly nutritious so you can restore 2 **ENDURANCE** points.

If you roll more than your current **ENDURANCE**, then the pochi is too harsh and acrid for your feeble human stomach, and you soon feel sick and end up throwing up the beer, as well as your last meal!

You feel decidedly weak. Lose 2 **ENDURANCE** points.

You leave the room. If you haven't tried the other door on the balcony, turn to **173**

Otherwise you decide to leave this tavern.

Is this your first pint of ale? If it is, turn back to **128** and visit a tavern that you have yet to visit. If it's not, turn to **51**

### 173

You take your beer and finish it as you walk up the stairs. At the top you turn left and find a door off the balcony. You open it and walk into a darkened room. You can see two shapes moving in the darkness, making strange moaning noises. You take a step into the room, and then you hear a female voice shouting at you ***“hey, get out, we rented this room for the hour.”***

Then you hear a noise and something strikes you on the head. You reel back staggering, as a pewter ale jack clatters to the floor in front of you. Lose 2 **ENDURANCE** points

You stammer and apology and leave, closing the door behind you. Back in the room, the two shapes continue to writhe together in the darkness.

You can either try the right hand side of the balcony and turn to **125**

Otherwise you decide leave this tavern. It's a bit lively for your liking..

Is this your first pint of ale? If it is, turn back to **128** and visit a tavern that you have yet to visit. If it's not, turn to **51**

You have used up all your strength trying to flee from these men. You start to feel dizzy, and falls to the floor and drift into unconsciousness.

Turn to 136

The elf feels your hand at his belt, and pushes you away before you can grasp the handle. He smiles coldly. There is no humour in that smile. ***“ah so you desire my blade do you? Then you shall have it”***

As quick as lightning, his hand reaches towards his belted weapon and the knife almost seems to jump into his hand. He whips his arm across with the knife blade outwards towards you. The razor sharp edge cuts through your jerkin like it's not there, and slices into your belly. You cry out in pain.

The Elf slowly but deliberately slices across your belly, from side to side, disemboweling you. Your guts spill out onto the ground in front of you and you stare at the smiling elf in shock. You stagger backwards holding at your stomach, and trying to stuff your innards back into the gaping wound. But it is all to no avail. Your legs buckle and you end up kneeling in your own entrails, your hands red with your own blood. The elf continues to stand there watching, smiling dispassionately, until you slowly keel face first to the ground as the life ebbs from your body.

The Dark Elf walks over, and reaches down and cleans his knife blade of the blood, guts and worse on the back of your jerkin. Then he contemptuously kicks you in the face as a final insult for having the temerity to try to rob him. He then sheathes his knife and turns and walks away without a second look.

Your adventure ends here.

You were lucky as well as being fast, and manage to dodge the axe blow and you quickly turn tail and flee. The dwarf tried to chase after you but only manages to half fall over his breeches which are still round his ankles.

The dwarf pulls up his breeches with one hand and does them up, handing his axe back on his belt. He then turns and walks off, muttering about “**bloody surface dwellers**”. But at least he has emptied his bladder and worked up a thirst and so he walks into the nearest tavern and orders a pint of ale. He then regales other customers with his story and laughs with the landlord about the fool that tried to rob him.

You still need to find a target to rob.

Turn to **178**

The axe whistles through the few feet between the dwarf and you and it crunches into your shoulder, angled inwards towards your neck. The combination of the razor sharp edge, the weight of the weapon and the strength and expert timing of the dwarf causes the blade to smash your clavicle and cut into your neck, almost decapitating you. You drop to the floor, blood spurting from the awful wound in thick red spouts. The cobblestones are soon awash with it. The dwarf grunts, puts his surprisingly large boot on your chest, and wrenches the axe free from your body. The last thing you see before the light leaves your eyes is rather unfortunately the naked lower body of a dwarf – a sight that will never forget for the rest of your life. Fortunately, the rest of your life is a matter of seconds.

The dwarf flicks the blood off the axe blade, pulls up his breeches with one hand and does them up, hanging his axe back on his belt. He then turns and walks off, muttering about “**bloody surface dwellers**”. But at least he has emptied his bladder and worked up a thirst and so he walks into the nearest tavern and orders a pint of ale. He then regales other customers with his story and laughs with the landlord about the fool that tried to rob him.

Your adventure ends here.

**178**

You are getting desperate and need to rob someone soon. You have no choice but to steal from the next person or creature you see.

You hear a deep trudge of feet around the corner. Something large is coming this way. Just slip back into the shadows and watch....

Turn to **217**

**179**

You pull your arm away from his grasp and spin and like lightning draw your blade. The bruiser looks at you and laughs, saying,

***"Ha ha, this young shrimp thinks he can turn Bigly into a pin cushion, well we shall see"***

He draws his sword and advances.

You must now fight. Turn to **141**



You know the type. Every group has one, the loud belligerent bully. In the past you have always found that ignoring them and showing no fear was the best way. You pull your arm away from his grasp and carry on up the path without a backward glance.

You hear a voice roar

***"You ignore Bigly. No one ignore Bigly, especially a pipsqueak like you"***

and with that you hear a noise and then he grunts in exertion. The next thing you know you feel an object smash into the back of your head. you are knocked forward but manage to stay on your feet.

Around you are pieces of broken earthenware pottery. He has obviously thrown an empty ale bottle at you.

All you can hear behind you is laughter from the other guards and Bigly shouts

***"Next time you stop and talk to Bigly. Be on your way little man".***

You carry on walking and feel the back of your head. It's wet with a mixture of blood and ale. Lose 2 **ENDURANCE** points and turn to **227**

Despite your natural speed and agility, you are too slow and miss one of the coins. Time almost freezes as it slowly drops towards the cobbled streets but you cannot reach fast enough to do anything about it. You watch in horror as it hits the ground with a notable tinkle and it lands on its edge and bounces across the cobbled surface and hits the orc's hob nailed boot.



The Orc stops dead in his tracks, and turns his head to show his hideous face as he looks to see the source of the noise. His face is a nightmare. His skin is green and blue hued, pockmarked and scarred, with one deep slash from side to side leaving a huge rend in his large bulbous nose. This causes snot and worse to ooze out of this gash as he breathes, which he does with rasping breaths. His teeth are fangs, with his orcines overhanging his upper and lower lips by at least 3 inches. The teeth are yellow and stained and have pieces of meat, you don't want to know what, stuck between them. As he opens and closes his mouth the teeth often slice into the flesh of his lips, causing them to ooze a deep green pus that acts as the Orcs blood.

One of them has broken off leaving a jagged half point. The forehead is thick and bony with ridges in it, and the eyebrows are more like irregular tufts of thick black wire wool. His brow is low so his hairline almost reaches his eyebrows, giving him an even more thuggish look and would make him look stupid if it wasn't for his eyes. They glower an evil yellow from under his heavy brow, gleaming with intelligence and cruelty.

He sees the coin on the floor and notices his sack has been cut. He looks up and sees you half in the shadows and grunts "***Small weak man thing tries to steal from Urglak? Urglak will kill and eat small weak man. If man is lucky, he may be dead when Urglak eats him. HA***" he snorts with an evil laughter; his face once again being covered in snot from his wrecked nose.

His thick and gnarled hand grabs his scimitar in its sheaf and it makes an unpleasant rasping sound as he draws it. The scimitar is thick and heavy with a large point at the end of the blade, that points upwards. It is a crude weapon, but that doesn't mean it's any less dangerous.

You have no choice but to fight this beast.

**Urglak                      FIGHTING SKILL 10   ENDURANCE 15**

If you win turn to **218**

If your **ENDURANCE** reaches 2, turn to **183**

***"Forgive me, M..m..my Lord" you stammer nervously "I am new here, it's my first day. I think I have taken a wrong turn toward the chapel and I am hopelessly lost, can you direct me, my lord?"***

One of the guards at the back says loudly

***"HAHAHA, Bigly is a Lord. Well look at that lads, we are in the presence of nobility"***

And he stands and bows to the large bruiser of a guard, who is clearly Bigly.

All the other guards laugh uproariously at this, and Bigly looks embarrassed and his face starts to flush. He looks angrily at you and says

***"You taking the piss. Me a Lord, you think that's funny. You think I'm funny. Bigly's going to have to teach you a lesson".***

He swings a punch at you. If you want to try to duck under the punch, turn to **221**. If you decide to stay still, turn to **187**

The scimitar whistles down and smashes through your guard on last time, shattering your arm but before the edge reaches your body, Urglak cleverly twists it so that the large spike on the tip is now facing down and it pierces your body, embedding itself in your collarbone. You scream with abject agony. The impact drives you to your knees.

Urglak places his giant boot in the centre of your chest, and pushes you backwards to wrench the scimitar free of your body. You almost faint when the point of the weapon leaves you, and you feel the blood oozing into the now vacated space.

Urglak grunts, and picks you up by a leg. ***“Lucky you tried to steal from Urglak. Urglak is hungry, but man-people get mad if Urglak kills anyone just to eat and human food is foul. Urglaks nest mate Ozark was caught for eating humans. But you I had to kill! HA! Now it’s food time for Urglak. Urglak likes food warm. HA. Come with Urglak”*** and he smiles almost gently at you.

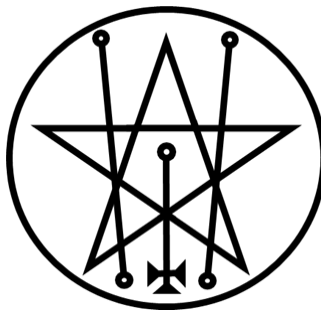
He drags you into a side alley and he sits himself down, and pulls your inert body over to him. He opens his mouth and his breath is that of rotten meat and stale ale. He licks his lips with his large ulcerated purple tongue (managing to cut his tongue on his broken fang, not that he seems to care).

He rips open your jerkin exposing your bare torso, and almost tenderly pulls you up to his gaping maw.

His fangs pierce your skin, burying deep in your chest, and then he swiftly pulls his head back, tearing his teeth from you, taking large chunks of flesh with him. He chews noisily twice and swallows and takes another bite. Whilst eating, his hands rip apart your dreadful wounds, and his claw like fingers close around your internal organs and pull, like a fisherman gutting a fish. You remain conscious long enough to see him bring up you glistening deep red liver to his lips, and take a large bite.

Then you pass mercifully into unconsciousness never to awake, as the brute continues to devour you.

Your adventure ends here.



***“I am so sorry to bother you, Sir, but I really do need to speak to your Kaptain. It is of vital importance, and he will thank you when he knows what news I bring”*** You say, please

***“Hrumph, suppose so, but he’s just come on duty so you’d better be quick”***

The hatch slams closed and you hear a clinking of chains and a turning of locks, and then the door opens and the guard beckons you in. You enter and the guard takes you into an antechamber.

The Kaptain sits at a desk, and turns round and stares at you. You hold out your hand, and hand him the Coin of the Mark. He stares at it briefly, half smiles and then nods, closing his hand around it. He stands and beckons you to accompany him. He takes you down a tunnel deep into the bowels of the Holy City. You arrive at a metal bound oak door and he opens it and stands aside, signalling you through. He follows you in and closes the door behind you.

Turn to **193**

Feeling uneasy, you walk towards the shimmering portal and pass through it. Time and space seem to meld into one. Then you appear in a hexagonal chamber. Everything is black but accented with silver. Black wax candles stand all around you, flickering seemingly with an arcane silver flame.

In the centre is an altar and Devero kneels before it. Atop the altar is a pentacular sigil that you are familiar with. Behind the altar is a black statue of a beautiful young man. Possibly the most beautiful being you have ever seen. On the breast of his robe is the mark of the 5 pointed star.

Devero finishes his devotions at the altar and stands and drinks from a basalt cup. He turns, a dark liquid dribbling down the corner of his mouth. Blood! It looks almost black in the silver light. You shudder.



Devero smiles at you and takes the Coin of the Mark the Kaptain gave him and walks to the beautiful statue. He places the Coin of the Mark into the statue and lowers himself prostrate to the ground. He mumbles some prayers in a language that appears ungodly to your ears.

The statue shimmers and in place of it appears the physical embodiment of the beautiful youth. Instead of black, the figure wears the finest white robes, and seems to shine with a holy light. The face of the youth is perfect, with a high forehead, high cheekbones, and a wide sensuous mouth. His almost colourless hair falls in curls to his shoulders. On his right arm is a tattoo of a snake, wrapped around his wrist, but as you stare you seen the snake moves.

*“Why hast thou summoned us, Devero”* says a voice as rich as the finest wine, and as old as the universe.

*“I apologise, my lord, but we have found him”* Devero says, pointing at you. *“He has the key. He can free the Great Lord”*

*“Ah, then thou hast done well, Devero. Doth he knowest who we are?”*

Devero turns to you and says *“Boy, meet your new master…….”*

Turn to **240**

## 186

You recognise the man as Jocto – who has been trying to capture you as you have been trying to find Twentyman.

*“Ah, Shadow my boy. Shame you had to get here before I finished my job. I do so hate a half finished job. Makes me look quite amateur. Still, here we are.”*

He talks as if you are old friends and something in his manner causes you to almost relax. But then you hear Twentyman’s breathing becoming more laborious and you raise your sword.

***“Ah, a fighter are we now? More than a cut purse. You have grown up, Shadow. It’s not a game anymore to you is it?”*** he says, still smiling pleasantly. Then he raises his sword and advances, his face now hard.

***You have been elusive, my boy, but I have you now”***

With that he leaps forward, swinging his sword and the battle is joined. He is a cunning warrior.

**JOCTO**

**FIGHTING SKILL 11**

**ENDURANCE 8**

If you fail to defeat him in 7 rounds of fighting, turn to **188**

If you defeat him in 7 rounds or under, turn to **196**

**187**

The punch hits you squarely on the temple and knocks you to the ground. Lose 2 **ENDURANCE** in damage. Bigly then walks over to you and towers over you, but offers you his hand. You take it nervously and he pulls you up.

***“Ha ha, you took your medicine like a man. I think I like you, you stop back here sometime and Bigly will buy you a beer. Now be on your way, before this bunch of scoundrels steal my stake”***

He turns around and sits back at the table and you shake your head to clear it and carry on.

Turn to **227**

**188**

You chop Jocto down with a thrust to the neck, and he dies gurgling in a pool of his own blood. You drop your sword and turn to Twentyman, falling to your knees by his side.

Struggling for breath he continues ***“But it must be.....”***

And then he’s gone and he groans involuntarily as his spirit leaves his body. Tears stream down your face and you reach down and close his eyes, and say a brief prayer to the pagan God of thieves.

You open your hand and stare at the item Twentyman pressed into it. You wipe the blood from its gold surface. It's a golden coin with a 5 pointed star in the centre. Mark Coin of the Star on your adventure sheet.

Without wasting any time, you leave the blood drenched room.

Turn to **72**

**189**

Arriving at the tower you knock on the door. A panel slides back and two unfriendly eyes stare back at you. You say you need to see the Kaptain. The panel slides shut with a thud. Nothing happens. You bang on the door again and the panel opens once more.

***“You again? Whatcha want?”***

Again you ask again to see the Kaptain. Do you have the **SKILL of GUILLE AND CHARM**? If so turn to **194**

If you do not, turn to **237**

**190**

Arriving at the tower you knock on the door. A panel slides back and two unfriendly eyes stare back at you. You say you need to see the Kaptain. The panel slides shut with a thud. Nothing happens. You bang on the door again and the panel opens once more.

***“You again? Whatcha want?”***

Again you ask again to see the Kaptain. Do you have the **SKILL of GUILLE AND CHARM**? If so turn to **184**

If you do not, turn to **223**



In the room by the door is a plain faced man. But in his right hand is a blood drenched sword. Have you spoken to or seen a man called Jocto before?

If you have, turn to **186**. If you haven't, turn to **222**

Bigly staggers back, but puts his sword to his face. You recognise this is a sign to stop fighting and you do so, fearing the consequence from his fellow guards if you strike an opponent who had put up his blade.

You mirror his move, and suddenly Bigly laughs

***"Ha ha, you gave me a good beating, a little man like you. And you've earned me some money as no one thought you would hurt Bigly. Ha ha, I think I like you. Go on with your business"***

He turns round laughing, seemingly immune to his injuries and sits back down and resumes his game.

You stand for a moment in shock, and then carry on.

Turn to **227**

The door slams behind you and you look into a darkened chamber. Three figures approach you. All wear long, red robes, with red pointed hoods. One is open faced, but you can only see the eyes of the others.

***"Grand Inquisitor"*** begins the Kaptain ***"this heretic came to our Holy City bearing this"*** he passes the Coin of the Mark to one of the Inquisitors, the one with the tallest and most ornate hood. The Grand Inquisitor looks down and speaks for the first time.



***“Ah yes, the Sigil of Astaroth, a most renowned Duke of the Hellscape. This man must be in league with the enemies of the One True Church, and of Most Holy herself. Leave him to us, Kaptain. We will find out what he knows, and who his contacts are within these very walls”***

You look at him in terror, not comprehending what’s going on.

The Grand Inquisitor beckons, and behind him several more Inquisitors walk forward. They take hold of you, and quickly strip you naked. You are dragged naked across the room to a large wooden frame. They tie you to the frame, your legs and arms pulled diagonally to the corners where they are lashed to rollers at each end.

The Grand Inquisitor looks at you. His eyes gleam with feverish belief in his job. In a voice like honey, he says “now my boy, confess and it will save me a lot of time, and you a lot of pain” Then he signals and one of the Inquisitors turns the handle on the top roller. Your arms are slowly being pulled from you. You scream

***“Confess, my boy, confess”*** the Inquisitor continues, his voice rich and unctuous.

The handle turns again, and you scream again  
Your adventure ends here.

194

***“I am so sorry to bother you, Sir, but I really do need to speak to your Kaptain. It is of vital import, and he will thank you when he knows what news I bring”*** You say, using all of your charm ***“Hrumph, suppose so, but he’s just about to go off duty so you’d better be quick”***

The hatch slams closed and you hear a clinking of chains and a turning of locks, and then the door opens and the guard beckons you in. You enter and the guard takes you into an antechamber. The Kaptain sits at a desk, and turns round and stares at you. You hold out your hand, and hand him the Coin of the Mark. He stares at it briefly and then nods, closing his hand around it.

He signals his guards to leave. Before they do, he commands them

***“You will not bother me again tonight. I will be left alone in this room without disturbance on pain of death. Understand?”***

The guards salute and leave, closing the door behind them. The Kaptain stands and walks to the door, bolting it from the inside.

***“Come”*** he says ***“He is waiting”***

He walks to mantle and reaches underneath. You hear two clicks and then the whole fireplace slides aside, revealing a dark portal. The Kaptain walks through it and it shimmers. You, rather nervously, follow.

Turn to **199**

## **195**

You recognise the first man as the off duty guard you met when trying to escape from the church grounds.

You curse under your breath and hope that he doesn't recognise you.

He looks down at you and smiles.

***“Bigly know you”***

Did you fight with Bigly and win, if so turn to **238**

If you lost, turn to **214**

If you ordered him to let you pass, turn to **207**

You chop Jocto down with a thrust to the neck, and he dies gurgling in a pool of his own blood. You drop your sword and turn to Twentyman, falling to your knees by his side.

Struggling for breath he continues ***“But it must be at.....the 4<sup>th</sup> call of the watch. No other time”***

***“You will be taken to see the man who employed me. Trust no one else. .... It must be that gate.... At that time.....or you risk discovery. When you are taken to this man, whose name I will not say, tell him I .....Sent you. He can be difficult....as he values his privacy....but tell him everything.***

***“Everything?”*** you gaps

***“Yes, EVERYTHING, and show him the keystone. He will know what to do”***

You nod.

***“Finally, Shadow, I am sorry this is all on you. Of all in the Guild, I loved you like a son.....and I would not have anything happen to you.....good luck.....my so.....”***

And then he's gone and he groans involuntarily as his spirit leaves his body. Tears stream down your face and you reach down and close his eyes, and say a brief prayer to the pagan God of thieves. You open your hand and stare at the item Twentyman pressed into it. You wipe the blood from its gold surface. It's a golden coin with a 5 pointed star in the centre. Mark Coin of the Star on your adventure sheet.

Without wasting any time, you leave the blood drenched room.

Turn to **72**

## 197

You have always been quiet and reserved and unwilling to trust. But once you start talking you cannot stop. It's almost as if there is a spell upon you. You tell Devero how you were caught and captured, then escaped. And that you found yourself in the fight of your life against an otherworldly foe. Then you say how you managed to halt the evil beneath the Holy City. But since then you have been pursued and almost everyone you know and trust is either dead, or helpless.

Devero nods as you talk, occasionally asking questions, often about seemingly obscure points. When you are finished you feel exhausted. He stands and walks towards a full sized floor to ceiling portrait of Most Holy and presses a hidden catch. As in the Kaptains office, the portrait slides to one side and he walks toward the shimmering darkness that has been revealed. He waits for you to follow

Are you going to follow the Arch-Cardinal? If you do turn to **185**. If you decide not to turn to **215**

## 198

You enquire politely if you can help the guard. He's an ugly looking bruiser of a man with a bald head, heavy set brows and a nose that has clearly been flattened into his face in a tavern brawl. He stands up and looks down on you, as he towers a good foot above you.

He looks like a tavern brawler who is a bit out of shape, evidenced by the tunic that will barely fasten over his large girth.

***"I know everyone who works here, but you I don't know, who are you, and where are you going so early?"***

Are you going to act nervously and pretend to be new member of staff, turn to **182**; be aloof and ask him how dare he talk to you that way, turn to **219**, or stand back and draw your sword and prepare for a fight, turn to **179**



You appear in a lavishly appointed room. Ornate golden chairs surround a marble table. Jewelled chandeliers hang over the table, which is laden with silver goblets and plates. Heaped on the plates are food. A man in his seventies. He is wearing a white robe, with a white skullcap. Around his neck is a golden cruciform. He rises and beckons you to sit. You recognise him as Arch-Cardinal Devero. He is second in command of the One True Church, and some say the power behind the throne.

He beckons again, at a vacant chair at his side. You nod vacantly, your mind struggling to take in where you are, and who you are staring at.

***“Come, come, my boy, sit. Eat and drink. Recuperate. You have had a busy couple of nights, no?”*** and he smiles. The smile is so full of fatherly joy that you cannot help but feel relaxed. You sit down as requested and realise you are ravenous. You grab a chicken leg from a plate, and a loaf of bread, and start eating

***“Now my boy, who sent you? Tell me all”***

His voice is so fatherly and you feel so drowsy that you want nothing more than to bare your soul to this man.

Will you tell him who sent you? If you want to turn to **197**. If you do not trust him and decide to stay silent, then turn to **215**





You try to bluff your way through, but the guard is having none of it. He calls over to his fellow guard and they soon have you in cuffs and taken to a holding cell in the guardhouse.

A message is sent down to the blockhouse in the Harbour area and soon two men appear.

The first is small, slight and moves quickly. His hair is greasy and seemingly plastered to his head and face, as well as a scraggly beard covering most of his pock marked face. This is a face not to trust. His dark eyes glitter cruelly under his brows. Celdron! One of De-Villiers' most trusted Lieutenants. What he lacks in size he makes up for in viciousness.

The other is the opposite. Tall and broad, but without enough bulk to slow him down. He towers above Celdron, and a broad headed battle axe is hooked into his belt. His hair is long, blonde and braided, and his face clean-shaven. It would be a friendly, attractive face if it wasn't for his eyes, which shine like blue ice – but there is no emotion in these eyes.

This is Elrad, Celdron normal accomplice when working for De-Villiers. He is the brawn to Celdron's brains – and he enjoys using his brawn.

Celdron look at you and smiles

***“Ah, the young thief. You have led us a merry dance, young Shadow, but no longer. My master would like to speak to you again. I think you have something of his that he very much wants returned. Come, young thief, let us make haste. My master grows impatient”***

You realise that his master is De-Villiers, whom you have only just escaped from, and who is trapped in spirit form in an unearthly cavern beneath the city.

You are taken from the cell by the guards, and then Elrad swings one large fist at you.

You come to on the cold stone floor or an all-too familiar cavern. You are hog-tied and so cannot move. Celdron squats down next to you and lifts your head by your straggly hair.

***“He has awoken, master”***

***“Good, you have done well. He is mine now and will not slip through our fingers again”***

You look up and see the spectral figure of De-Villiers floating over you.

***“Now, my boy, where were we? Yes, I think you have a trinket for me”***

There is no escape for you this time, and you are still alive to see De-Villiers use the ruby gem to complete the lock to an otherworldly door. Then the gateway opens and a being with an aura of unimaginable power emerges. Evil seems to emanate from him.

He is tall and powerful and naked, with a well-muscled body and no visible genitalia. Large feathered wings rise from his back. His head is bald, except for a pair of long curved horns protruding from his ears, and a second, shorter set on top of his forehead. Black markings cover his body in swirls. You hear his voice and his name echoing through your head, for this is Bael, the King of Hell.

***“Ah, the taste of freedom after eons of cruel imprisonment”*** says Bael, the Lord of Hell.

He looks down at you and smiles.



You thought you were quick, but Celdron is lightning fast over the rooftops with an agility that almost puts you to shame. Despite your best effort you are unable to shake him off, and he is soon breathing down your neck. He tap tackles you, causing to sprawl to the ground. **TEST YOUR FORTUNE**

If you are successful, you are up in time to fight the first combat round. If you are unsuccessful, you are too slow to get up and Celdron gets in the first blow – lose 2 **ENDURANCE**

Now you must fight Celdron, using the current **ENDURANCE** scores you both have.

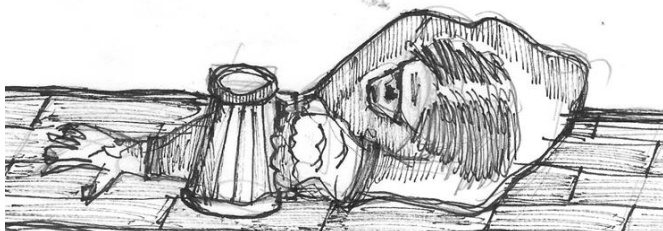
If you haven't already lost Elrad, then note down how many seconds behind you he is. The fighting is fast and furious and each combat round only lasts a second – but each round brings Elrad a second closer.

**CELDRON     FIGHTING SKILL 11 ENDURANCE = CURRENT SCORE**

If Elrad catches you before you get Celdron down to 2 **ENDURANCE** then Elrad catches up and you must now face both. You back away and Celdron and Elrad circle you. Turn to **220**

If you get Celdron down to 2 **ENDURANCE** or less before Elrad catches up, then Celdron passes into unconsciousness and you must continue your chase across the rooftops with Elrad still behind you. His new starting distance will be however far behind he was when the final round of conflict was resolved.

Turn back to your previous reference



## 202

Elrad is not as quick as you, but he's got the constitution of a dwarf or a barbarian, and no matter what you do, you cannot shake him. His pursuit is implacable. You are aware that he is getting closer and closer and yet there is nothing you can do. If he catches you, you are no match for him hand to hand.

Eventually a large hand reaches over and grabs you round the neck, and you are sent sprawling. With unbelievable speed for his size, Elrad unslings his axe, and the last thing you see is it whistling down towards you in a bright arc – and the last thing to go through your mind is its keen edge.

Your adventure ends here.

## 203

Using your skill and agility, you manage to sneak past the first set of guards. You make your way down the passage which is about 100 yards long. Fortunately, the towering cliffs either side of you create plenty of shadow, despite the flickering torches mounted on the walls at 10 yard intervals.

Soon you are at the second checkpoint, but you are feeling increasingly nervous.

You judge your moment to try to slip past the second set of guards.

**TEST YOUR AGILITY.** If you have the **SKILL OF HIDING IN SHADOWS**, take 1 of your roll. If you have the **SKILL OF FOREBEARANCE**, then you wait an extra few moments until the guards are distracted, and so you can take 2 of your roll. You cannot do both.

If you pass, you have managed to return to the Harbour District, turn to **49**

If you fail, turn to **228**

204

As you approach the barrier, one of the guards spies you and shouts out. You stop still, hands up, as a long pike is levelled at your navel.

***“And what do you think you are doing, son?”*** the guard asks, gruffly but not entirely unpleasantly.

Do you have the **SKILL of CHARM AND GUILF**?

If you do, turn to **116**

If you don't, turn to **200**

205

You remember as you hide in the corner that you found a dark cloak in the blocktower. You quickly find it in your bag, and shroud yourself in it. Then you use all your training to become almost preternaturally still. You try to slow your breathing and are almost in a trance like state.

Fortunately, you have found a Cloak of Night, a charmed garment that works to throw light away from the wearer, and make them imperceptible to the naked eye. Legend has it these Cloaks can hide a man in daylight, unless the sun shines directly on the wearer – fortunately, it is not full daylight and so the cloak does its job.

You manage to slip past both sets of guards and you are back in the Harbour District.

Turn to **49**

206

**“Yes young man? Why are you bothering me at this early hour?”**

You apologise and say that it is of great importance. You look round and see there's no one else outside the shop, and pull the tattered curtains closed after blowing out the greasy candles. Then you lock and bolt the door. Livia seems unperturbed by this and busies herself making a cup of alanea tea. She also pours one for you. Do you want to drink the tea?

If yes, then turn to **16**

If no, then turn to **94**

## 207

***"Ha ha, yes Bigly knows you. Lads, remember? This was the runt that ordered Bigly around. Well there is no one to look after you now. Your Arch Deacon is not here, and bad things happen to foolish boys around here"***

He swings a giant fist and you don't have time to dodge it. You stagger backwards, and crash into a table and fall to the ground.

You are on the floor, half conscious. But obviously Bigly hasn't finished yet. He picks you up again, and once again strikes you full in the face. You feel your cheekbone shatter. Then he punches you again, this time your mouth is pulped, and acting on pure instinct you spit out half of your teeth. The ruthless beating continues until you are unconscious and are thrown out onto the street.

Turn to **30**

## 208

You stop and meld into the background behind the last tree. As any thief knows, you need time to case and plan a job, and urgent as your mission is, if you don't stop and watch for a while, you may pay for it - with your life. You wait hidden behind the tree for what seems like hours but you know from your measured counting is only 15 minutes.

In that time, you have seen two patrols pass in front of the gate, as well as numerous servants as the church starts to come to life. As well as the main gates, you can also see a smaller door almost hidden in the side of one of the towers on either side of the gate, that most of the servants seem to use.

Are you going to be bold and try the main gates, then turn to **229**. If you would rather try to sneak out by the servants' gate, turn to **234**

**209**

*“Kind sir, I am so sorry, I seem to be lost. I was in a tavern in the harbour when all of a sudden I felt unwell. That’s all I remember until I awoke here. I know not where I am. I just wish to return back to the ship I paid for passage on. Can you help me”*

You look so lost and sound so earnest, the guard takes pity on you. The main reason for guarding the pass is to stop undesirables from getting into the Upper City. Surely, reasons the guard, a ragamuffin like this is better off in the dive bars in the Harbour.

He nods and lets you through and waves to his compatriot on the lower barrier.

Turn to **49**



**210**

Rules for smoke bombs. To throw a smoke bomb you must first make your **SPEED** roll and then deduct 2 seconds from it. Decide who you are aiming at first.



Then roll 1d6. If you roll an even number, the smoke bomb is not accurate enough or the winds of the top of the roof are sufficient to disperse the smoke. Roll your adversary's **SPEED** scores as normal.

If you roll an odd number, then it has worked! You can now roll your adversary's speed scores and work out the distance gained or lost. Then throw a second 1d6 and this is how much additional time you have gained on your adversary.

You then still need to roll your second adversary's **SPEED** scores – and this will **NOT** be affected by the smoke bomb. Each time you use a smoke bomb, mark it off your adventure sheet.

Turn back to the previous reference.

## *211*

You sneak through the wide streets of Amaldi. All of the buildings lining the streets are richly appointed and faced in marble, with mother of pearl inlays. You do not feel at all at home in this place. The roofs are too high and there are too many spires and single buildings to make travelling across the rooftops an option. The streets are too open with no side streets and alleys, making it difficult to keep off the main routes.

You eventually reach the tall stone walls that divide the Holy city with the larger, sprawling city of Laeveni. They are full 50-foot-high, but the inside walls are quite rough with age with loose mortar in the large bricks and cracks and crevices you can told onto.

You have to try to climb the wall. **TEST YOUR AGILITY.**

Do you have the **SKILL OF CLIMBING**. If so you can subtract two from the roll.

If you succeed, turn to **100**

If you fail, turn to **88**

## 212

You decide to take the direct route and head straight from the church to the gates.

You draw yourself up in a show of confidence and belonging, hoping that anyone you see will not question you being here. You walk briskly yet without hurry towards the tall gates

As it's still early morning few people are around, only a couple of gardeners pruning shrubs, and servants quickly heading across the grounds. All appear too busy to pay attention to you.

You get to the end of the path through the gardens and now you are only a short distance from the gates out of the church's grounds.

Do you want to go straight to the gates, then turn to 229. If you want to wait and watch, turn to 208

## 213

You decide that going straight up the main path is too risky as this seems to be reserved for visitors and guests, and you hope you can blend in as staff. You turn to your left and walk towards the low, ugly barracks building.

Although it is still early morning there are still off duty soldiers sat outside, lounging on rough chairs by tables and drinking ale and playing knucklebones and poker. Each church and temple has its own small garrison.

Currently there are a limited number of guards housed in the barracks, which can hold up to 150-300 men depending on the size of the church

The off duty guards look scruffy and unshaven. Currently 6 of them sat at two tables. As you approach, one guard shouts out to you, saying

***"Why don't you come over here and have a drink with us, pretty boy. Me and my mates could do with the company"***

Do you ignore him and carry on walking, turn to **239**; or stop and talk to him, turn to **198**

## 214

***“Ha ha, yes Bigly knows you. Lads, remember? This was the runt that Bigly gave a beating! Such a small runt. But Bigly buy you a drink”***

You dare not say no to his offer. He lurches to the bar, his large arm around your shoulders as you are obviously his new best friend. He buys you another pint, and you drink it as quick as you can, without causing offence.

Bigly is surprisingly good company. After you have finished this pint, you manage to make your excuses to leave. Bigly shakes your hand warmly when you say you have to leave, almost crushing your fingers. With regret, you leave.

Make sure you record that you have had 2 pints in The Pillars.

Turn back to **128** and try another tavern or hostelry.

## 215

The Arch-Cardinal sighs in regret

***“Ah, it’s unsurprising that a boy such as yourself is low on trust. Shame, I had hoped I could help you, but this is too important a matter. If you do not have faith, then I will just have to leave you behind and take what I need”***

He raises his hand. Upon it is a large gold ring with a black jewel on top of it. A bolt of black light cascades from it and strikes you. You are held in place unable to move. The Arch-Cardinal walks over to you, and moves his hand over your torso, searching without feeling, using some unholy power.

Then he detects what he needs. He clenches his fist and pulls, and you feel something in your pocket being drawn inexorably towards the Arch-Cardinal. You feel heat in your chest, where the pocket is, and then the material starts to smoulder and then burn. Devero pulls his fist back and the ruby, hidden in your pocket since you saw Jac, rips through your jerkin and flies towards the old man. He opens his fist and the ruby flies into the palm of his hand.

He looks down at it, proclaiming

**“At last we have it. We can finish this once and for all. Thousands of years of waiting ended. The Dark Lord will be pleased”**

Then he goes to turn to leave the room, but pauses. He walks back over to you and places his hand on your head

***“If you will not follow, at least let me give you my blessing, and the Dark Lord’s regards”***

His hand on your head starts to throb with energy and dark power courses through your veins, until you feel like your body is about to explode

The Arch-Cardinal walks away and as he does, you look down and see that your body seems to be fracturing into tiny pieces, and dark light shines out between these fractures. Then they explode, and your mortal form is scattered into millions of fractal particles. Just before this happen, you hear the Arch-Cardinals voice say

***“Go with our blessing, my boy”***

Your adventure ends here

**216**

The Sergeant glares down at the parchment and grunts.

***“So your name is Ptero, is that right?”***

**“Yes sir”** you reply, hoping that’s the name on the warrant.

***“Hmm, this is interesting. You seem to have given me a warrant for your own arrest and execution. Seize him boys. Throw him in the cells and inform De-Villiers’ guardhouse we have one of his miscreants”***

Turn to **233**

## **217**

An orc warrior rounds the corner. Orcs are not the best of creatures to cross, as they have been known to bite a man’s hand off for trying to steal from them, but you do not have the time to wait. The orc has around his waist a belt at which hangs a wicked looking scimitar and a long saw tooth knife. There is also a pouch, tucked into the belt, that seems to jingle a bit as the orc walks, or stomps, past.

Taking your chance, you draw your stiletto and reach forward to slice the bottom of the pouch open in a manner thieves have used since time began. The sharp edge of the knife bites into the rough hessian material and you slice deftly. You reach forward to catch the coins as they fall from the pouch

**TEST YOUR AGILITY.** If you pass, turn to **232**. If you fail, turn to **181**

## **218**

The orc is a cunning fighter, vicious and cruel, but finally you manage to beat him. The point of your blade slides between his ribs and upward to pierce his heart. A gurgling noise comes from his fanged mouth, and blood fountains out of it. His scimitar drops from this now almost lifeless hands and lands on the cobbled streets with a clang. You quickly pull your blade out of the orcs hideous torso and he groans. Then the strength leaves his legs and he drops first to his knees, and then topples forward onto his face. His breathing continues raggedly for some moments, until he finally convulses and his final breath rattles out of him and he dies.

You gather up all the coins. Roll 1d6 – this is how many you find. Now turn to 128 and try another tavern.

219

You stop and turn, you hold your head high and look down at the overfamiliar guard as though you have just scraped him from the soul of your boot. **"I beg your pardon"** you say in your most plummy tones **"and what is the meaning of this?"**

**TEST YOUR FORTUNE.** If you have the **SKILL of CHARM AND GUILE**, take one off the throw. If you succeed turn to **63**. If you fail turn to **226**



220

Try as you might, both your pursuers are implacable and you cannot shake them. They catch up with you, one on either side: Celdron with his short curved scimitar, Elrad with his giant battle axe. You pull your daggers, but realise that the best you can hope is to block a couple of blows from Celdron – which you do.

But then Elrad's axe screams through the air and you raise your other dagger to block it with lightning reflexes, but the force of the impact shatters your arm, which falls useless to your side. Celdron takes quick advantage and starts to lacerate your body with his wickedly sharp scimitar, producing sprays of blood that look quite black in the moonlight.

Then Elrad finishes it all with an almost casual backhand with his axe, which sends your head bouncing along the rooftops and into the street.

Your adventure ends here.

Bigly's size is prestigious, but no match for your speed. You duck and Bigly's roundhouse that was aimed at your left temple flies overhead. Without the resistance of you to stop him, Bigly is spun round by the momentum and you give him a good kick on his ample rump to send him sprawling into another table.

He crashes into the table with a yell, and then slowly gets back up. His face, which was flushed, is now red with anger and you realise you should have just taken your punishment. His hand reaches for his sword and he slowly draws it and advance on you. You have no choice but to fight him.

Turn to 141

You haven't seen the man before in your life, but he clearly knows you.

***"Ah, Shadow my boy. Shame you had to get here before I finished my job. I do so hate a half finished job. Makes me look quite amateur. Still, here we are."***

He talks as if you are old friends and something in his manner causes you to almost relax. But then you hear Twentyman's breathing becoming more laborious and you raise your sword.

***"Ah, a fighter are we now? More than a cut purse. You have grown up, Shadow. It's not a game anymore to you is it?"***

says, still smiling pleasantly. Then he raises his sword and advances, he face now hard

***"You have been elusive, my boy, but Jocto has you now"***

With that he leaps forward, swinging his sword and the battle is joined. He is a cunning warrior.

If you fail to defeat him in 7 rounds of fighting, turn to **188**

If you defeat him in 7 rounds or under, turn to **196**

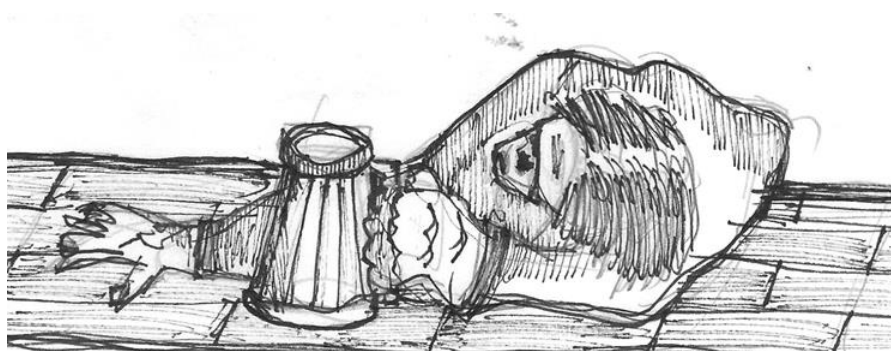
**223**

**TEST YOUR FORTUNE.** If you are fortunate, turn to **193**. If not, then the door slams shut and you hear a voice shouting behind, something about pitch.

You stand, wondering what to do next, and then you hear a noise above. You look up and see a window opening in the tower, and a half pipe comes out of the window. Then too late you decide to move, but by then the red hot pitch hits you in the face. You try to scream but the pitch is in your mouth and throat. You fall to the ground and the pitch covers and burns your body, eating through your jerkin and hose.

Your scream turns into a gurgled whimper and then you breathe no more.

Your adventure ends here.



**224**

Rules for caltrops.

To throw some caltrops, you must first make your **SPEED** roll and then deduct 4 seconds from it.

Caltrops are thrown over a larger area and so you can target both



adversaries on the narrow rooftops.

Then roll 2d6 for each adversary. If you roll a double, they have stood on the caltrop but it hasn't quite pieced their boots, but it has delayed them by the number of seconds equal to the sum of the double. For example, you throw 1-1 – 2 seconds. You throw 5-5 – 10 seconds.

If you roll a double 6, then they land on a caltrop – and the poison paralyses their foot immediately and they are out of the race. You do not need to roll **SPEED** scores in this round and because of this none of you lose **ENDURANCE**.

Each time you use a set of caltrops, mark it off your adventure sheet.

Turn back to the previous reference.

225

## RACE THROUGH THE STREETS

The rules of this race are simple. Firstly, make sure you note all your current scores for **FITNESS, ENDURANCE, and LUCK**

**YOUR LEAD:** Now throw 2d6 for Celdron. This is how far ahead of him you are at the start of the race. So you roll 7, – and you are 7 seconds ahead. Then throw 2d6 for Elrad, and add 1. This is how far ahead of him you are at the start of the race. So you roll 7, add 1 – and you are 8 seconds ahead.

**EACH ROUND:** Then each round you throw 2d6 for yourself and both your adversaries. You add this to your **FITNESS** (this is your ability to travel fast over unsteady areas)  
You then compare scores. If you win, you increase your lead over your adversary by the difference. If you lose, they close the distance by the difference.

You also use your **ENDURANCE**. For each turn this contest goes on for, you get tired, and so you lose 2 **ENDURANCE** points. If you get down to 0, you pass into unconsciousness. You do not die, and will start to recover all your **ENDURANCE** by the next reference – and so it's not a permanent injury.

<b>Celdron</b>	<b>FITNESS 11</b>	<b>ENDURANCE 11</b>	<b>LEAD 2d6</b>
<b>Elrad</b>	<b>FITNESS 9</b>	<b>ENDURANCE 17</b>	<b>LEAD 2d6+1</b>

For example:

**SPEED SCORE:** You start of 8 and 10 seconds ahead of Celdron and Elrad. You have **FITNESS** 12 and roll 8. You score 20. This is your **SPEED** score of 20 for this turn.

Celdron rolls 10 and has **FITNESS** of 11. A **SPEED** score of 21 – so he gains a second on you. You are now 7 seconds ahead of him.

Elrad rolls 7 and has a **FITNESS** 9 and so only scores 16. Therefore, you have gained 4 seconds on him and now lead by 14 seconds.

**TO WIN:** If you get to plus 20 on either you have lost that individual, but the other one will still keep on coming until you lose them.

**ENDURANCE:** After this turn you all lose 2 **ENDURANCE** points. Celdron down to 9, Elrad down to 15, and you are down to 2 less on your **ENDURANCE**. So Celdron is quick but doesn't have much **ENDURANCE**, whereas Elrad is slower but can keep going longer.

## **MODIFIERS:**

**SKILL TO HIDE IN SHADOWS:** If at any stage you get 15 or more seconds ahead of any still chasing hunter, then you can choose to hide in shadows and hope that they miss you. To do this is a **FORTUNE** roll. However, if you fail, then whoever is still chasing you will find you and you will have to deal with the consequences!

**SPEED AND AGILITY:** In addition, if you have the **SKILL** of **SPEED AND AGILITY**, you can use your **FORTUNE** score to increase your advantage or decrease and disadvantage.

For example, if you lose to Celdron and he gains 4 seconds, you can throw against your **FORTUNE** number. If you succeed, then he gains only 2 seconds. If you gain 3 seconds on Celdron and use **FORTUNE** well, then you gain 6 seconds.

However, each time you roll, take 1 off your **FORTUNE** score – but keep track of what it was to start with – as when the race is over it will return to pre-race levels.

**SMOKE BOMBS:** You can also try to use smoke bombs to delay your pursuers. However, doing so will cause you to slow down and lose 2 seconds on your speed score. You then have to throw 1d6 to see if the smoke bomb has any effect. If at any time you want to use smoke bombs, turn to **210**, follow the rules and then afterwards turn back to the reference you were on.

**CALTROPS:** You can also use caltrops, but these will slow you down by 4 seconds – and you need to throw 2d6 to see if they have effect. For caltrops, turn to **224**, and then afterwards turn back to the reference you were on.

Make a note of this reference (**225**) in case you need to check the rules again.

There may also be other hazards on the way – and so good luck!

Turn to **41**

## 226

Despite your attempt to browbeat him, Bigly isn't fooled.

**"I don't like your attitude, friend"** says the large guard, **"Bigly thinks Bigly will have to teach you a lesson, little man"**

He swings a punch at you. **TEST YOUR FORTUNE.** If you are lucky, turn to **221**. If you are unlucky, turn to **187**

227

You walk briskly yet without hurry round the semi-circular path until it brings you back to the gates at the front of the church. The gates are open, as Church law states the doors of all churches must be available to all worshippers and at any time.

Do you want to approach the gates directly? If so turn to 229. If you would rather wait and reconnoiter the scene, turn to 208



228

As you approach the barrier, one of the guards spies you and shouts out. You stop still, hands up, as a long pike is levelled at your navel.

***“And what do you think you are doing, son?”*** the guard asks, gruffly but not entirely unpleasantly.

Do you have the **SKILL of CHARM AND GUILF**? If you do, **TEST YOUR FORTUNE**. If you pass, turn to 209

If you don't, turn to 200

229

You walk up the wide boulevard to the main gate, and seemingly nerveless, as though you belong here, go to walk through the gate, past the guards.

As you go to pass through the gate, two halberds crash down in front of you, forming a cross that blocks your movement. The two guards stare at you with narrow, unfriendly eyes.

You go to speak, but before you can, you are grabbed from behind by strong hands. Do you have any free movement warrants recorded on your adventure sheets from when you escaped from the prison cells. If you do, turn to **230**.

If not, turn to **200**

**230**

You remember the warrants in your bag, and ask the guards if you may show them your documents. It's very risky as you have yet to change any of the names on the warrants.

You pull a sheet of yellow parchment out of your bag and present it to the Sargent. He looks down at it

**TEST YOUR FORTUNE.** If you are fortunate, turn to **231**. If you are not, turn to **216**

**231**

The Sergeant glares down at the parchment and grunts.

***“Let him go, boys, this all appears to be in order”***

You thank the Sergeant, and leave, wordlessly muttering a prayer of thanks to the Heathen God of Luck.

You walk through the gates from the Church into the main streets of the Upper City. You just need to get back to the Harbour District now.

Turn to **211**

232

Your free hand deftly reaches out and plucks the coins out of the air as they fall with incredible speed. However, Orcs are not known for their thrift with money, and this theft only earns you 1d6 in gold.

Now turn to 128 and try a tavern you have yet to visit.

233

You are quickly stripped of all your possessions, until you are just in your undergarments. Any hope of escape by picking the locks go when they remove your boots, as your lockpicks are hidden in the stitching of the soles.

You are bundled into a cell. A message is sent down to the blockhouse in the Harbour area and soon two men appear.

The first is small, slight and moves quickly. His hair is greasy and seemingly plastered to his head and face, as well as a scraggly beard covering most of his pock marked face. This is a face not to trust. His dark eyes glitter cruelly under his brows. Celdron! One of De-Villiers' most trusted Lieutenants. What he lacks in size he makes up for in viciousness.

The other is the opposite. Tall and broad, but without enough bulk to slow him down. He towers above Celdron, and a broad headed battle axe is hooked into his belt. His hair is long, blonde and braided, and his face clean-shaven. It would be a friendly, attractive face if it wasn't for his eyes, which shine like blue ice – but there is no emotion in these eyes.

This is Elrad, Celdron's normal accomplice when working for De-Villiers. He is the brawn to Celdron's brains – and he enjoys using his brawn.

Celdron looks at you and smiles

***“Ah, Ptero is it? I think not my young thief. You have led us a merry dance, young Shadow, but no longer. We have eyes everywhere. My master would very much like to speak to you again. I think you have something of his that he very much wants returned. Come, young thief, let us make haste. My master grows impatient”***

You realise that his master is De-Villiers, whom you have only just escaped from, and who is trapped in spirit form in an unearthly cavern beneath the city.

You are taken from the cell by the guards, and then Elrad swings one large fist at you.

You come to on the cold stone floor or an all-too familiar cavern. You are hog-tied and so cannot move. Celdron squats down next to you and lifts your head by your straggly hair.

***“He has awoken, master”***

***“Good, you have done well. He is mine now and will not slip through our fingers again”***

You look up and see the spectral figure of De-Villiers floating over you.

***“Now, my boy, where were we? Yes, I think you have a trinket for me”***

There is no escape for you this time, and you are still alive to see De-Villiers use the ruby gem to complete the lock to an otherworldly door. Then the gateway opens and a being with an aura of unimaginable power emerges. Evil seems to emanate from him.

He looks down at you. His face is strikingly handsome, but hard and cruel. His body is naked and powerfully formed with large wings surrounding him. His body is covered with dark swirl like tattoos or markings.

***“Ah, the taste of freedom after eons of cruel***

***imprisonment”*** says Bael, the Lord of Hell.

He looks down at you and smiles.

YOUR ADVENTURE ENDS HERE

234

You make your way to the small gate in the wall. The majority of people are coming in through the gate to work in the Church grounds and so you have to try to fight the incoming tide. You see a chance and try to dash through.

**TEST YOUR FORTUNE and AGILITY.** Add both together and now throw 4d6.

If you have the **SKILL of HIDING IN SHADOWS**, you can subtract 2 from the roll. If you have the **SKILL of FOREBEARANCE**, you can subtract 3, as you are patient enough to wait for the best chance. You can only use one skill.

If you roll less than or equal to your combined attributes, then turn to **89**. If you roll higher, turn to **236**

235

## RACE ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS

The rules of this race are simple. Firstly, make sure you note all your current scores for **FITNESS, ENDURANCE, and FORTUNE**

**YOUR LEAD:** Now throw 2d6 for Celdron. This is how far ahead of him you are at the start of the race. So you roll 7, – and you are 7 seconds ahead. Then throw 2d6 for Elrad, and add 1. This is how far ahead of him you are at the start of the race. So you roll 7, add 1 – and you are 8 seconds ahead.

**EACH ROUND:** Then each round you throw 2d6 for yourself and both your adversary's. You add this to your **FITNESS** (this is your ability to travel fast over unsteady areas)



You then compare scores. If you win, you increase your lead over your adversary by the difference. If you lose, they close the distance by the difference. You also use your **ENDURANCE**. For each turn this contest goes on for, you get tired, and so you lose 2 **ENDURANCE** points. If you get down to 0, you pass into unconsciousness. You do not die, and will start to recover all your **ENDURANCE** by the next reference – and so it's not a permanent injury.

<b>Celdron</b>	<b>FITNESS 11</b>	<b>ENDURANCE 11</b>	<b>LEAD 2d6+2</b>
<b>Elrad</b>	<b>FITNESS 9</b>	<b>ENDURANCE 17</b>	<b>LEAD 2d6+4</b>

For example:

**SPEED SCORE:** You start of 8 and 10 seconds ahead of Celdron and Elrad. You have **FITNESS** 12 and roll 8. You score 20. This is your **SPEED** score of 20 for this turn.

Celdron rolls 10 and has **FITNESS** of 11. A **SPEED** score of 21 – so he gains a second on you. You are now 7 seconds ahead of him. Elrad rolls 7 and has a **FITNESS** 9 and so only scores 16. Therefore, you have gained 4 seconds on him and now lead by 14 seconds.

**TO WIN:** If you get to plus 20 on either you have lost that individual, but the other one will still keep on coming until you lose them.

**ENDURANCE:** After this turn you all lose 2 **ENDURANCE** points. Celdron down to 9, Elrad down to 15, and you are down to 2 less on your **ENDURANCE**. So Celdron is quick but doesn't have much **ENDURANCE**, whereas Elrad is slower but can keep going longer.

### **MODIFIERS:**

**SKILL TO HIDE IN SHADOWS:** If at any stage you get 15 or more seconds ahead of any still chasing hunter, then you can choose to hide in shadows and hope that they miss you. To do this is a **FORTUNE** roll. However, if you fail, then whoever is still chasing you will find you and you will have to deal with the consequences!

**SPEED AND AGILITY:** In addition, if you have the **SKILL of SPEED AND AGILITY**, you can use you **FORTUNE** score to increase your advantage or decrease and disadvantage.

For example, if you lose to Celdron and he gains 4 seconds, you can throw against your **FORTUNE** number. If you succeed, then he gains only 2 seconds. If you gain 3 seconds on Celdron and use **FORTUNE** well, then you gain 6 seconds.

However, each time you roll, take 1 off your **FORTUNE** score – but keep track of what it was to start with – as when the race is over it will return to pre-race levels.

**SMOKE BOMBS:** You can also try to use smoke bombs to delay your pursuers. However, doing so will cause you to slow down and lose 2 seconds on your speed score. You then have to throw 1d6 to see if the smoke bomb has any effect. If at any time you want to use smoke bombs, turn to **210**, follow the rules and then afterwards turn back to the reference you were on.

**CALTROPS:** You can also use caltrops, but these will slow you down by 4 seconds – and you need to throw 2d6 to see if they have effect. For caltrops, turn to **224**, and then afterwards turn back to the reference you were on.

Make a note of this reference (**235**) in case you need to check the rules again.

There may also be other hazards on the way – and so good luck!  
Turn to **52**

**236**

You think you are safe as you emerge from the gate into the main streets of the Upper City, but then a strong hand grabs your arm.

Do you have any free movement warrants recorded on your adventure sheets from when you escaped from the prison cells. If you do, turn to **230**.

If not, turn to **200**

**TEST YOUR FORTUNE.** If you are fortunate, turn to **194**. If not, then the door slams shut and you hear a voice shouting behind, something about pitch.

You stand, wondering what to do next, and then you hear a noise above. You look up and see a window opening in the tower, and a half pipe comes out of the window. Then too late you decide to move, but by then the red hot pitch hits you in the face. You try to scream but the pitch is in your mouth and throat. You fall to the ground and the pitch covers and burns your body, eating through your jerkin and hose.

Your scream turns into a gurgled whimper and then you breathe no more.

Your adventure ends here.



***“Ha ha, yes Bigly knows you. Lads, remember? This was the runt that gave Bigly a beating! Such a small runt. Bigly said he would buy you a drink, and so he shall”***

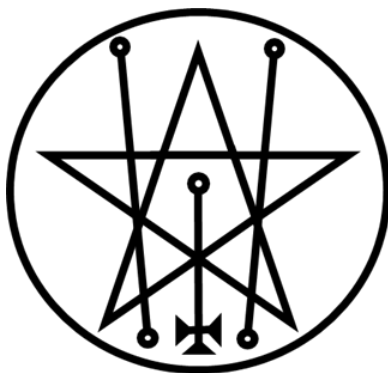
You dare not say no to his offer. He lurches to the bar, his large arm around your shoulders as you are obviously his new best friend. He buys you another pint, and you drink it as quick as you can, without causing offence. Bigly is surprisingly good company but will not let you leave after just one pint – and so he buys you another. After you have finished this pint, you manage to make your excuses to leave. Bigly shakes your hand warmly when you say you have to leave, almost crushing your fingers. With regret, you leave.

Make sure you record that you have had 3 pints in The Pillars. Turn back to **128** and try another tavern or hostelry.

**239**

You pretend you haven't heard him, and carry on walking. However, there is precious little space between the path and the tables at the front of the barracks. As you pass by, the noisy guard, reaches out his hand grabs your arm, stopping you and spinning you around.

Are you going to talk to the guard, turn to **198**; pull your arm away and carry on, turn to **180**, or draw your sword and challenge him, turn to **179**



***“The Lord Astaroth of the Tenth Circle, Duke of Hell”***



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The grate lock gives, and you push it open and climb through. Then with a start you realise you are standing in a vestibule atop a tall, marble clad spire, in the centre of the Amaldi City itself. You look down over the many marble buildings and their stained glass windows. The early morning light reflects off the white stone and coloured glass so that it almost blinds you.

You are staggered to realise that the exit from that evil chamber ended up here. Then you remember the words of Iniesta, who you found close to death in the cells.

*“There.....is a great,,,,,evil in Laeveni. The man in charge of this blockhouse is one of .... Its chief lieutenants... but the true head of the dragon has yet to be revealed. You must stop this power, as it threatens not just the Guild, but the whole of Laeveni itself....even Most Holy.....Visit the Apothecary on Singing Avenue, and ask for Livia. She can tell you more”*

You know the chief lieutenant has become something more than human in the catacombs under the Holy City. You shudder when you realise the implications that high level members of the One True Church may be involved, in a plan that threatens not just your life, but possibly all life in Laeveni.

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